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Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 18-34

"Nan, I seen the bishop last Sunday."

"What bishop?" inquired Nan. "The one that talked at the big, stone church—St. Mark's, they call it."

"I wonder't they let you in, if you wore them ragged duds," remarked Mrs. Hunt.

"The bishop asked me to go in an' he took me in himself," retorted Tode, defiantly.

"For the land's sake," exclaimed Mrs. Hunt. "He must be a queer kind of a bishop!"

"A splendid kind of a bishop, I should think," put in Nan, and the boy responded quickly.

"He is so! I never see a man like him."

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"Never see a man like him? What d'ye mean, Tode?" questioned Mrs. Hunt.

Tode looked at her as he answered slowly, "He's a great big man—looks like a king—an' his eyes look right through a feller, but they don't hurt. They ain't sharp. They're soft, an'—an'—I guess they look like a mother's eyes would. I d'know much 'bout mothers, 'cause I never had one, but I should think they'd look like his do. I tell ye," Tode faced Mrs. Hunt and spoke earnestly, "a feller'd do 'most anything that that bishop asked him to—couldn't help it."

Mrs. Hunt stared in amazement at the boy. His eyes were glowing and in his voice there was a ring of deep feeling that she had never before heard in it. It made her vaguely uncomfortable. Her Dick had never spoken so about any bishop, nor indeed, about anybody else, and here was this rough street boy whom she considered quite unfit to associate with Dick—and the bishop himself had taken him into church.

Mrs. Hunt spoke somewhat sharply. "Well, I must say you were a queer-lookin' one to set in a pew in a church like St. Mark's."

Nan looked distressed, and Tode glanced uneasily at his garments. They certainly were about as bad as they could be. Even pins and twine could not hold them together much longer.

"Tode," Mrs. Hunt went on, "I think it's high time you got yourself some better clothes. Dear knows, you need 'em if ever a boy did, an' certainly you must have money 'nough now."

"Spect I have. I never thought about it," replied Tode.

"Well, you'd better think about it, an' 'tend to it right away. 'F you're goin' to church with bishops you'd ought to look respectable, anyhow."

Something in the tone and emphasis with which Mrs. Hunt spoke brought the color into Tode's brown cheeks, while Nan looked at the good woman in surprise and dismay. She did not know how troubled was the mother's heart over her own boy lately, as she saw him growing rough and careless, and that it seemed to her hard that this waif of the streets should be going up while her Dick went down.

Tode thought over what had been said, and the result was that the next time he appeared he was so changed that the good woman looked twice before she recognized him. His clothes had been purchased at a secondhand store, and they might have fitted better than they did, but they were a vast improvement on what he had worn before. He had scrubbed his face as well as his hands this time, and had combed his rough hair as well as he could with the broken bit of comb which was all he possessed in the way of toilet appliances. It is no easy matter for a boy to keep himself well washed and brushed with no face cloth or towel or brush, and no wash basin save the public sink. Tode had done his best however, and Nan looked at him in pleased surprise.

"You do look nice, Tode," she said, and the boy's face brightened with satisfaction.

(To be continued.)

The annual meeting of St. Alban's, Beamsville W.A., held last week, showed excellent progress made during the year. The Branch, in addition to making up its pledge fund, has provided an outfit for a boy, part outfit for a girl and, in addition, a 100-lb. bale for the Sarcee Home. A Mission Study class was quite a successful feature of the year's work. The special object of intercession for this year, is the work of the Bishop of Mackenzie River, thus carrying out the "prayer partner" idea.

## Boys and Girls

Dear Cousins,—

I have already had some of your answers for the Text-Completing Competition, and I see that one or two people have found it quite hard. Jean Matthews says she had to read St. Mark through about five times before she got them all. I had to read it through once myself to get them all, and I know how long it took me, so I understand how some of you must have worked. And Jean sends me a type-written letter, too; I wonder if she did it all herself, or if her sister Elinor did it for her? It's very business-like, and beautifully done.

Again I am very glad to have answers and letters from new cousins, and I am beginning to wonder how many more I'll have this time next week. I am printing one letter this week: it's from Dorothy Pyburne, who says she'd like to write to Ruth Gardner at Bobcaygeon. Well, Ruth, it's up to you, it seems. Read the letter, and then tell me if you will. Supposing you did—and I hope you both do—wouldn't it be fun if you met each other one day? Here I am introducing you to each other in the "Churchman," a new way of doing it.

I went into a great big office to-day where I'd never been before, and a very important office it is, too. It has long corridors paved with marble, and great wide staircases, and elevators, and I don't know what. So I went up halls and down halls and all over the place looking for the room I wanted, and in one hall there were doors all along one side; one door was open and I looked in; there it was, a great big safe—you know what a safe is—with a heavy, thick door, only the place was as big as a room, and inside it sat some men working away at dusty old papers by a yellow light, as though they'd forgotten there ever was such a thing as sunshine in the world.

I hurried away from them, for I had a sort of feeling that if I stopped to look much longer, some magician or wizard or something would push me in, too, and shut the door on me, so I'd never get out again. You don't know how thankful I was that my office isn't like that; anyhow, even if I'm not outside, I can see outside, and hear the wind and watch the sunshine and the clouds. But how I wish and hope that none of you will have to work in a queer place like that. It made me long for the country right away; it's hard work enough, living on a farm, but I'd a heap rather do that than work among papers and things all day. Wouldn't you?

Now I must stop and leave room for Dorothy's letter. I told you it's quite long, didn't I?

Your affectionate

Cousin Mike.

### DOROTHY PYBURNE'S LETTER.

Coboconk.

February 6th, 1919.

Dear Cousin Mike,—

I am a new-comer, but I have read the children's part for years. I read a lot, and mother says I must be careful, or I will become a book-worm. I have to wear glasses now. I am not a very good writer, but hope to get a prize sometime. I am a better reader than a writer.

My grandfather was the parson here; we lived with him. He died four years ago. We may move away sometime so I can go to High School. I am in the Junior Fourth book, and I am going to study hard.

I have one brother and no sisters. I would like to correspond with Ruth Gardner, if she will write first. I have been in Bobcaygeon once. In



the 6th text, I couldn't find "now," but I found "new." I put a x beside it.

I must write my competition now, so I will close. If I am writing too long a letter I am sorry.

From your loving Cousin,  
Dorothy Pyburne.

The Canadian Government is about to award to the widows and mothers of soldiers who were killed or who lost their lives during the war, a silver cross which is to be worn on a purple ribbon round about the neck.

## Eczema Cured Five Years Ago

A Treatment Which Has Proven a Wonderful Healer of the Skin—Certified Evidence of Lasting Cure.

The old notion that eczema is a disease of the blood is refuted time and time again by the cures that are daily being effected by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

It matters not what the cause may have been, if you apply Dr. Chase's Ointment regularly, you will obtain relief and cure of eczema. Here is the proof:—

Mrs. Stephen G. Thwaites, Box 205, Jordan, Ont., writes: "My brother had a bad case of eczema on his legs. He was troubled nearly all one fall and winter with it, and could not work for days at a time. He tried different salves and ointments, but none cured him. One day he tried Dr. Chase's Ointment, and it gave almost instant relief. He continued its use, but had not quite finished the second box when he was cured. It is now about five years since then, and it has never returned. We certainly can recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment, and are very grateful for my brother's cure."

(Rev. S. F. Coffman, Vineland, Ont., states: "This is to certify that I know Mrs. Thwaites and the party to whom she refers, and her statements are correct.")

Mr. J. E. Jones, 228 University Avenue, Kingston, Ont., writes: "I had eczema in my hand for about five years. I tried a great many remedies, but found that while some of them checked it, none cured it permanently. Finally I tried Dr. Chase's Ointment, and in six weeks my hand was completely better. I would not do without a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment in the house, if it cost \$2 a box. I am giving my name to this firm so that it will get to those who suffer as I did."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Limited, Toronto. Substitutes will only disappoint you. Insist on getting what you ask for.