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Does Advertising Pay?

AN interesting answer to this question is found in a letter from a publisher of a book of prayers. He spent \$56.00 advertising his book of prayers in a list of religious publications, running a one-inch advertisement only two times. The orders came in a large quantity, and before the advertising had spent itself he was able to report that while orders were still coming in, he had already sold over 1,700 books of prayers.

This fact shows that the Church paper is closely read by some very good people, who have great confidence in its advertising columns, as well as in its reading columns.

Birds of the Merry Forest
 By LILIAN LEVERIDGE
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CHAPTER XVI.
 Shadow Hears the News.

"HALLO!" said Twilight the Nighthawk, alighting to rest a moment in a maple at the edge of the Merry Forest. "If there isn't my old friend Shadow, the Whip-poor-will. Hallo, Shadow! You're back again at last, are you? Aren't you pretty late? I've been looking for you the last three weeks."

"Yes, I expect I am a little late," answered the Whip-poor-will; "I thought it better to be sure than sorry, so I just waited to give the lilacs time to come out. Last year I came back too early, and was sorry. For I had no sooner chosen a nice quiet spot for a home, and was just settling down for the summer, when what do you think happened?"

"Go on. I'm no good at guessing."

"It suddenly turned cold in the night and began to snow, and before morning the whole world was white. There must have been two or three inches of snow. Oh! it was cold; and though my eyes won't stand the sunshine, I'm certainly a lover of warmth and comfort. I'm sure the little baby leaves and the flowers were as sorry as I was, for they all shivered and shook. I told them they shouldn't have been so venturesome, and they said I had better practise what I preached. It was a lesson I won't forget in a hurry, and this year I waited till West Wind brought me a breath of lilac perfume. Then I knew it was all right, and here I am."

"Don't you just love the lilacs? They are my favorite flowers; they make the night so sweet. I love to brush my wings against them when they are all wet with dew and glistening with moonbeams. The lilies of the valley will soon be out now, too, and the narcissi. They both are sweet and lovely, too, and I love them; and I know all the places where the lilies hide, and the narcissi lift up their white faces to the stars."

"Well, I declare, you are the same old chatterbox," laughed the Nighthawk. "If you didn't have to stop to get your breath once in a while no one else would ever have a chance to get a word in edgeways."

Shadow took this remark rather as a compliment than otherwise, and he answered proudly. "I try to keep up the honour of our family. The Whip-poor-wills have always been noted as fluent speakers, and I never knew one to lack for a word. We never lack for an audience either. All the trees in the woods love us, and the flowers listen to our voices all night long. People resting on their verandahs or in their gardens often stop talking when we begin to sing, and lovers *always* do."

"That's all right, Shadow, and it's very true," interrupted Twilight the Nighthawk, a trifle impatiently. But it is very important that good speakers and singers should be good listeners too. Don't you want to hear the news?—I tell you, there's been some wonderful things going on in the Merry Forest this Spring. I wasn't here for the beginning, but the Chickadees and Robins and Bluebirds and others have told me everything. You have missed a lot, but after all, I believe the best is yet to come."

Now the Whip-poor-will is a good listener, because he is so in love with life and so full of enthusiasm—you

can tell that by his song. He knows that a great many interesting things happen in the daytime when he is asleep, and he is always anxious to hear about them. So Shadow answered eagerly. "I knew there was something unusual in the air. I felt it, but haven't had time yet to make any enquiries. Do tell me all about everything."

"Don't get excited—keep your feathers on!" laughed Twilight teasingly. "I haven't finished my supper yet, and there are millions of little gnats dancing to the music of mosquito bagpipes away up in the air above the Green Meadow and the Winding River. Dancers and musicians all come into my net, and it takes a lot to make a meal. You go and see if the dew is on the lilacs yet, and I'll join you there when I'm ready."

"O Twilight, won't you tell me that wonderful news first?" begged Shadow. "I'm dying to hear it."

But already Twilight the Nighthawk was up and away. Shadow watched him sailing about in the blue sky, away up above the tree-tops. "I wish I could do it," he sighed somewhat enviously, "but it would make me dizzy. There's no use in me trying to get up there among the stars." Shadow thought the Nighthawk was almost touching the stars with his wings; he didn't in the least realize how very, very far away they were.

Presently he flew to his favourite spot, an old deserted garden where once a home had been. The house had been burnt down years ago, and no one had lived there since. Two locust trees that in a few weeks would be full of honey-sweet pink and white blossoms grew in the fence corners, and the whole place was overgrown with lilacs—big, tall bushes, laden with fragrant spikes of white and purple bloom. There were little winding, criss-cross, grassy pathways in between, and hiding in all sorts of unlikely nooks were stray plants of narcissus, heartsease, bouncing Bet, lily of the valley, pansies, bleeding heart, southern wood, tansy and ribbon grass.

Nothing but a rickety old rail fence separated this lovesome spot from Mr. Marlowe's carefully kept garden and orchard, and as you may suppose, the twins knew it and loved it quite as well as the Whip-poor-will.

Shadow found the dew on the lilacs all right—tiny, tiny drops just enough to make the leaves shine like silver in the starlight. There weren't many stars yet, for it was early, but one star hanging low in the west was particularly bright and clear.

Shadow brushed his wings against the fragrant blossoms, then perched on a low bough of white lilac and began his sad, sweet melody. There was always a tone of sadness in the song of the Whip-poor-will. That was because the beauty and sweetness of the night filled his heart with longings he could scarcely understand and could express in no other way.

To-night as he watched his friend Twilight sailing around so easily up in the sky and having such a glorious time, Shadow longed more than ever to be up there, too, up among the stars.

"It's no use," he sighed over and over. "It's no use wishing; my wings are not strong enough. But if I could only get up there once, just once, I'd die happy."

And yet this dearest dream of the Whip-poor-will's was to come true

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