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(don't forget this part), write a few lines under each one, saying why you like it.

Last day for sending in answers, Thursday, May 15th.

Please mark envelopes, "Competition," and address them to

Cousin Mike,

Care of Canadian Churchman, Ltd.,
Continental Life Building,
Toronto.

Prize Hymn.

Come, children, sing to God our King,
Lift high to Heaven your voices;
This is the happy Easter-tide
When everyone rejoices.

Our Heavenly Father gave His Son
To die for you and me;
He rose again on the third day
And set His people free.

Come, let us pray and let us sing,
And lift our hearts and voices
In praise to God our Heavenly King
While all the world rejoices.

Isobel McKay (age 10).

Returns show that nearly 24,000 persons in India were killed by snakes last year and more than 2,000 by wild animals. Tigers caused 1,000 deaths, leopards 300, wolves and bears 280 and elephants and hyenas 80. Government rewards were paid in the course of the year for the destruction of 74,000 snakes, 1,200 tigers, 6,000 leopards, 2,000 bears and 2,000 wolves.

The Bishop's Shadow

by I. T. THURSTON

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VII.

AFTER TODE'S DEPARTURE.

IN the bishop's household Mrs. Martin was always one of the earliest to rise in the morning, and just as Tode sat down to breakfast with Nan and Little Brother, the housekeeper was going downstairs. Tode's door stood open and she saw that he was not in the room. Her quick eyes noted also the pile of neatly-folded garments on a chair beside the bed. She stepped into the room and looked around. Then she hurried to the study, knowing that the boy loved to stay there, but the study was unoccupied.

By the time breakfast was ready she knew that the boy had left the house, but the Bishop refused to believe it, nor would he be convinced until the house had been searched from attic to cellar. When Mr. Gibson made his appearance, a gleam of satisfaction shone in his narrow eyes as he learned of Tode's disappearance.

"I was afraid something like this would happen," he remarked, gravely. "It's a hopeless kind of business, try-

ing to make anything out of such material. I've had my suspicions of that boy for some time."

"Don't be too quick to condemn him, Mr. Gibson," exclaimed the bishop, hastily. "He may have had some good reason for going away so. I've no doubt he thought he had, but I had grown to love the lad and I shall miss him sadly."

"Did you never suspect that he was not deaf and dumb, as he pretended to be?" the secretary asked.

The bishop looked up quickly. "Why, no, indeed, I never had such an idea," he answered.

An unpleasant smile flickered over the secretary's thin lips as he went on, "I heard the boy talking to himself, here in this room, last evening. He can hear and speak as well as you or I."

"Oh, I am sorry! I am sorry!" said the bishop, sadly, and then he turned to his desk, and sitting down, hid his face in his hands, and was silent. The secretary cast more than one swift, sidewise glance at him, but dared say no more then.

After a while the bishop drew his Bible toward him. It opened at the fourteenth chapter of John, and there lay Tode's poor, little soiled and blotted note. The bishop read it with tear-dimmed eyes, read it again and again, and finally slipped it into an envelope, and replaced it between the leaves of his Bible. He said nothing about it to his secretary, and presently he went to his own room, where for a long time he walked back and forth, thinking about the boy, and how he might find him again.

Then Brown came to him with a telegram summoning him to the sick-bed of his only sister, and within an hour he left the city, and was absent two weeks.

Meantime, Tode the morning after his scrubbing and whitewashing operations, had carefully folded the clothes he had worn when he left the bishop's house and tied them up in an old newspaper. Into one of the pockets of the jacket he had put a note which ran thus:—

DEAR MRS. MARTIN:

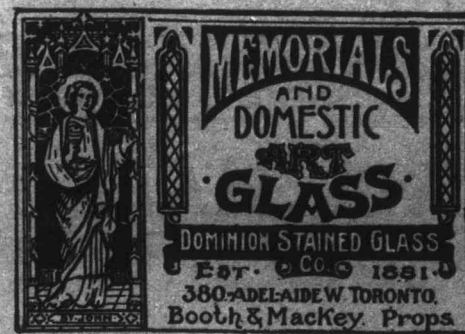
Pleas giv thes cloes to the bishop and tell him i wud not have took them away if i had had any others. I did not take shoes or stockings. I keep the littel testament and i read in it evry day. Tell him i am trying to be good and when i get good enuf I shall go and see him. You was good to me but he was so good that he made me hate myself and evrything bad. I can never be bad again while i remember him.

TODE BRYAN.

He hired a boy whom he knew, to carry the bundle to the bishop's house, and from behind a tree-box further down the street, he watched and saw it taken in by Brown. The boy's heart was beating hard and fast, as he stood there longing, yet dreading, to see the bishop himself come out of the house. But the bishop was far away, and Tode walked sadly homeward, casting many a wistful, lingering glance backward, as he went.

Brown carried the package gingerly to Mrs. Martin, for the boy who had delivered it was not over clean, and Mrs. Martin opened it with some suspicion, but when she saw the clothes she recognized them instantly, and finding the note in the pocket read it with wet eyes.

"I knew that wasn't a bad boy," she said to herself, "and this proves it. He's as honest as the day, or he wouldn't have sent back these clothes—the poor little fellow. Well, well! I hope the bishop can find him when he gets back, and as to the boy's pretending to be deaf and dumb, I'm sure there was something underneath that if we only knew it. Anyhow, I do hope I'll see the little fellow again sometime."



When the bishop returned the accumulated work of his weeks of absence so pressed upon him that for a while he had no time for anything else, and when at last he was free to search for Tode, he could find no trace of him.

As for Tode, he had never once thought of the possibility of the bishop's searching for him. He looked forward to seeing his friend again sometime, but that time he put far away when he himself should be "more fit," as he said to himself.

One evening soon after his return, Nan had a long talk with him, a talk that left her wondering greatly at the change in his thoughts and purposes, and which made her regard him with quite a new feeling of respect.

"Nan," he began, "I told you I'd got loads of things to do now."

"Yes?" The girl looked at him inquiringly.

Tode was silent for a little. It was

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A Barrie Man Tells of Persistent Headaches and Indigestion—
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The reason Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is so effective in cases of this kind is because of its extraordinary blood-forming influence. By creating an abundance of rich, red blood it strengthens the action of the heart, revitalizes the exhausted nerves and builds up the system in every way.

The appetite is restored, digestion improves, you rest and sleep well, and the new vigour and energy is felt in every organ of the human body. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is doing wonders for men, women and children whose systems have become weak and run down. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.75, all dealers or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Limited, Toronto.

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