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# Canadian Churchman CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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**CANADIAN CHURCHMAN** 36 Toronto Street, Toronto, Ont.

glance from a pair of intelligent brown eyes took in the situation, and the principal. "He called him a redthe head disappeared.

"Yes, I saw him, with my own eyes, expect. Was that it, Pat?" rush at the other boy, grab him by the collar, and fling him down!" The sharp voice was pitched so as to enter the principal's ear, and penetrate to tears of shame, to his teacher's inhis rather kind heart, arousing it to tellectual face; and the look in her headed boy; he's a treasure." execute a righteous judgment on the eyes brought him to his feet. red-headed culprit.

you in?" The red-headed boy looked

in mine!" The sharp voice had em- thought he was still reading after she phasized "still."

"Did you attack this boy first?" "With my hands, yes, sir."

"Why do you say with my

hands'?"

Because he attacked me first, with his tongue."

The principal looked at the other boy, who grinned and flushed.

There was a tap on the door. "Come in!" called the principal; and

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sympathetically into the eyes of both boys, causing them both to blush with shame.

The red-headed boy blushed, because he remembered the fight he had the previous year; and how this redheaded teacner from another grade had walked all the way home with him. How she had told him that God had made both their heads red; how He had numbered each of those red hairs; how it did not just happen to be red, but that God had permitted it to be that colour; and that it was wrong to fight about it, because it was like reproaching his Heavenly Father for making it red.

"Have a seat, Miss McClain; I'm glad you have come. Now," to the black drooping head, "how did you attack him first with your fongue?"

Both boys' faces got redder. After an embarrassing silence, the red head was thrown back, and a pair of honest blue eyes looked at the principal.

"He don't want to tell you because Miss McClain is here. Please, Miss McClain, go out! Then you come back when we holler, 'Come'!"

The blue eyes looked beseechingly into the brown ones. The principal raised his eyebrows; the thin lips of the sharp-faced teacher curled contemptuously; Miss McClain laughed merrily.

"Excuse me, Professor; but perhaps you don't understand. Why, it's something about red heads. You see Pat is so sensitive on the subject that he can't realize that I'm not at all so. Don't mind me, Ernest, just speak the truth," but the boy looked more ashamed of himself.

Miss McClain smiled knowingly at headed, freckled-taced Irishman, 1

"Ask him." Pat Dillon nodded his red head toward Ernest's black one.

Ernest raised his black eyes, full of

"Professor," he stammered, "I-"Be seated, boys. What grade are that's exactly what I said, only—that wasn't all. I said his mother nearly whipped him last night because she "Indeed, I'm sorry to say he is still saw a light through the transom and had told him to put out his light and go to bed, but she found it was only the light from his head. I-I didn't know how low down it was, untiluntil Miss McClain came in."

Pat was on his feet before Ernest had finished.

"It was my fault! I promised Miss McClain last year that I would stop and spell 'God made it red,' before I fought about it; and I forgot to-day; a tall young woman with red hair but it is the first red-headed fight I've and brown eyes entered. She looked had since I promised her," and they all believed it.

The principal rose and shook hands with the boys.

"Now shake hands with each other! that's right. Pat, my boy, I believe this is to be your last fight on account of your hair. Now, I want you to study your hardest, so I can pro- and excited boys, she hesitated. mote you to Miss McClain's room. appreciate red hair."

"Ernest, your teacher is justly proud of you. You can both go."

## Food For Growing Children

A "Bovril" sandwich at Recess er a cup of "Bovril" at lunch hour will give increased stamina to children.

Professor Thompson's experiments proved that "Bovril" is an important sid to digestion and a great body-builder.

IS CONCENTRATED BEEF

noticed him in the school, we've had came on past him, and in their rear a queer sort of understanding. I'm came a red-headed boy, dragging an sure we could make the most of each unconscious senior.

"I sincerely hope he will be promoted!" snapped his teacher.

Pat Dillon was promoted at Christmas, and from the day he entered Miss McClain's room-and looked into her eyes, he became a different boy. He was from the beginning her messenger, because, when she looked up to select some one a pair of eager blue eyes begged to be of service.

The principal watched with interest the development of the red-headed boy, by the stactful, intelligent, red-

"Miss McClain has the best behaved grade in the school. I've taught it twice," declared one senior to another whom she had met in the hall, on her way to fill Miss McClain's vacant seat.

"I'm certainly glad to hear it, for I'm awfully nervous about teaching boys and girls from ten to thirteen; they are simply at an abominable age! I'm not surprised that she has these violent headaches to come on suddenly.'

"Don't you worry. If you want any information, just ask that red-

The nervous senior found the report to be true, and everything had gone on smoothly until the arithmetic class was called, the eight pupils were at the board when suddenly the fire alarm rang.

"The fire drill!" exclaimed the senior excitedly.

in the street below.

and rushed from the platform. Pat step is paralysis.
You will be fortunate if, like Mr.
Black, you get the building-up process raced down the aisle, caught her his arms, and hurried her back to Miss McClain's desk.

Interest in Pat's maneuvers had saved the grade from panic.

Holding the struggling, half-hysterical senior, Pat gave the necessary number of sharp, commanding taps. The grade responded mechanically; but when the little girl who led the line looked into the smoky hall, and saw white-faced teachers struggling desperately to control themselves, and the crooked lines of crying girls

I think there you would soon learn to ed Pat, "and every one hold on to the one in front!"

"Oh, I do hope you can promote ing their lawful place next the wall. him, professor! Ever since I first A line too compact to be broken, they

In the morning paper was the principal's account of how Pat Dillon, in the absence of his teacher, had preserved the honour of the sixth grade. Miss McClain read it and was proud of her red-headed boy.—Christian Instructor.

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The senior sprang from her seat lose control of the limbs. The next

in action before it is forever too late. By forming new, rich blood Dr. Chase's energy to every organ and every mem-

per of the human body Mr. Henry Black, 81 St. Catherine street east, Montreal, Que., writes:—
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"Ernest, lead the line!" commandd Pat, "and every one hold on to to to health and strength. I now work twelve to fifteen hours a day, and keep

in excellent health."
"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a From the foot of the stairs the principal saw Miss McClain's grade hold-

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