and it was nearly midnight when he

took up a final stand near the spacious portico of St. Martin's in the-

Fields. He began playing " Home,

Sweet Home," but his tired hands shook, and the strains were too feeble and uncertain to reach the ears of

many of the passers-by, fresh from the life and stir of opera and theatre. Across the road came two tall, handsome men in evening dress, which their light overcoats but half

concealed. "You have made a hit, lack," said the first. "You will be

the succes of the season! I have never seen an audience so spell

bound! The recitation was splendid.

and that last aria simply superb! And you were not in the least ner-

"Never once. The applause was

"Well, if success is so sweet, how

bitter must be failure! There's a contrast for you, Jack." And Ralph

Fairburn motion d towards the poor

blind fiddler, whose side they had

grand. It stirred every fibre of my being. I could have sung on for-

BETTER THAN EVER

AND STILL THE BEST.

Critics succumb on a "Tea Pot" test.

Sold in Lead Packets only. All grocers, 25c., 30c., 40c., 50c. & 60c.



His companion paused, hesitated, then stepped up to the blind man. "Permit me," he said, and taking the instrument from his hand; drew the bow across the strings, and sang. The rich, full vei e rang through the night air, and from Trafalgar Square, from St. Martin's Lane, from Charing Cross, from all around the people crowded. Ballads and operatic airs followed in turn till the throng grew so dense that Police Constable A 74 dared no longer listen and enjoy. "Move on here; move on," he said forcing his way to the front. "Excuse me, sir, but we can't 'ave this 'ere block, ye

see, sir."

K

5

e

"Lord bless you, sirs," he murmured. "It's my 'ome an' my wife night. An, as fur the music, all my born days I've never 'eered the like," and the tears streamed down his poor sightless eyes.

"I wish as you could 'ave 'eered im, Meg," he said, when he had once reached home, and had poured the whole story into his wife's delighted ears. "It was a voice—a voice like an angel's!'

"There, then," replied the old lady, drawing herself up triumphantly; "didn't I tell yer as it bean't wings as makes angels?

THE GIRL WHO IS EVER WELCOME.

The welcome guest is the girl who, knowing the hour for breakfast, appears at the proper time, does not keep others waiting, and does not

CURED CURED!

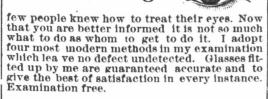
Linten Orthophonic Institute, Brock-Canada. Established 1891. High-class. dance than all other schools of its kind in the schools of the kind in the schools. Prospectuses.

get in the way of being down half her lips a seal of silence, so that "All right, Robert, don't excite an hour before the hostess appears. when she goes from the house, she 5. Its Contributors are some yourself," broke in Fairburn. "I'll The welcome guest is the girl who, repeats nothing but the agreeable show you how to clear a crowd," if there are not many servants in things she has seen. This is the and doffing his hat, he went round the house, has sufficient energy to welcome guest—the one to whom with it. The crowd did disperse, take care of her own room while she we say "Good bye" with regret, but not till coppers, silver—ave, and is visiting, and, if there are people and to whom we call out "Welgold, too—had been dropped in the whose duty it is, she makes that come "with the lips and from the 6. It is newsy, brightly writhat, and emptied out into the hands duty as light as possible for them by heart. putting away her own belongings, and so necessitating no extra work.

as you've given back to me this be pleasant to every member of the She is the one who knows how to family, and yet has tact enough to retire from a room when some special family affair is under discussion. She is the one who doesn't find children disagreeable, or the various pets of the household things to be dreaded. She is the one who, when her hostess is busy, can entertain herself with a book, a bit of sewing, or the writing of a letter.

She is the one who, when her friends come to see her, does not disarrange the household in which she is staying that she may entertain them. She is one who having broken the bread and eaten the salt of her friend, has set before

A Hundred Years Ago



I. B. ROUSE, Expert Optician, 8 College St., Toronto

A CLEAN CONSCIENCE.

A little girl said to me once, says a thoughtful writer: "I hate washing dishes, but when mamma tells me to I try and wash them, so my conscience is clean too." It sounded very funny from her lips, for she was a little will-o'-the-wisp, with saucy black eyes. But she was right. In the simplest daily task the conscience can be washed "clean

I saw four men carrying bricks one day. One worked busily while his master's eyes were watching, but smoked by a sunny wall in his absence; one tossed bricks into his hod with feverish energy, and ran up the plank with hurried steps in the morning, but by night was unable to work from fatigue; again another wandered with idle steps, stretched his aims, yawned, and slowly half filled his hod; while the fourth industrious y plied backward and forward from the brick pile to where the masons were at work, diligently, methodically working, without haste, without waste. Which one of the four do you think had at night best earned his daily Offices, 18 Court Street. wages?

SIX REASONS

FOR SUBSCRIBING TO THE

CANADIAN CHURCHMAN

- 1. It is loyal to Church principles.
- 2. It has for twenty-five years steadfastly maintained them.
- 3. It is not a party paper.
- 4. It is the most extensively circulated Church paper in Canada.
- of the most prominent Churchmen and best writers in the Dominion
- ten, well done, and it is what its name implies -A Family Church Paper.

SUBSCRIPTION:

\$2.00 per year,

but if paid strictly in advance, One Dollar.

We should be pleased to have you become a subscriber, and also any of your friends.

Sample Copies sent free to any

ADDRESS

Canadian Churchman,

BOX 2640,

TORONTO, ONT.