

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, Jack," said the first. "You will be the success 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 nervous?"

"Never once. The applause was grand. It stirred every fibre of my being. I could have sung on forever."

"Well, if success is so sweet, how bitter must be failure! There's a contrast for you, Jack." And Ralph Fairburn motioned towards the poor blind fiddler, whose side they had reached.

His companion paused, hesitated, then stepped up to the blind man. "Permit me," he said, and taking the instrument from his hands, drew the bow across the strings, and sang. The rich, full voice 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 have this 'ere block, ye see, sir."

"All right, Robert, don't excite yourself," broke in Fairburn. "I'll show you how to clear a crowd," and doffing his hat, he went round with it. The crowd did disperse, but not till coppers, silver—aye, and gold, too—had been dropped in the hat, and emptied out into the hands of the blind fiddler.

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

"I wish as you could 'ave 'eard '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 beant' 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

STAMMERING CURED TO STAY CURED!

Linton Orthophonic Institute, Brockville, Canada. Established 1891. High-class. Fully endorsed. Open always. Larger regular attendance than all other schools of its kind in Canada combined. Permanent cures. No ad valorem fees. Prospectuses.

BETTER THAN EVER AND STILL THE BEST. "SALADA" CEYLON TEA

Critics succumb on a "Tea Pot" test.

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

FROM MAKER TO USER.



Singer Sewing-Machines cannot be obtained through department stores or merchandise dealers; they are delivered directly from maker to user only through our own employees. They are offered to the public on their intrinsic merits as the best device obtainable for family sewing.

CAN YOU TRY ONE FREE?
CERTAINLY. Deliver it at your door, in our own wagon, upon application to any of our offices, located in every city in the world.

EITHER LOCK-STITCH OR CHAIN-STITCH.
ANY STYLE OF CABINET WORK.
 Sold for Cash, or Leased.
 Old Machines Exchanged.

SINGER SEWING-MACHINES ARE SOLD ONLY BY THE SINGER MFG. CO.

get in the way of being down half an hour before the hostess appears. The welcome guest is the girl who, if there are not many servants in the house, has sufficient energy to take care of her own room while she is visiting, and, if there are people whose duty it is, she makes that duty as light as possible for them by putting away her own belongings, and so necessitating no extra work.

She is the one who knows how to be pleasant to every member of the 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

her lips a seal of silence, so that when she goes from the house, she repeats nothing but the agreeable things she has seen. This is the welcome guest—the one to whom we say "Good bye" with regret, and to whom we call out "Welcome" with the lips and from the heart.

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 too."

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 arms, yawned, and slowly half filled his hod; while the fourth industriously 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 wages?

A Hundred Years Ago



few people knew how to treat their eyes. Now that you are better informed it is not so much what to do as whom to get to do it. I adopt four most modern methods in my examination which leave no defect undetected. Glasses fitted up by me are guaranteed accurate and to give the best of satisfaction in every instance. Examination free.

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

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.
5. Its Contributors are some of the most prominent Churchmen and best writers in the Dominion
6. It is newsy, brightly written, 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.

ADDRESS

Canadian Churchman,

BOX 2640,

TORONTO, ONT.

Offices, 18 Court Street.