

**"To Inform the Mind
and Awaken the
Conscience"**

Canadian Churchman Readers:

Among Anglicans there is a lack of information regarding the Church at large which may be attributed to indifference or to ignorance of the existence of periodicals that tell of the Church's activities.

One of the problems of the Nation-Wide Campaign is to remedy this condition. The religious papers are co-operating by making special six month offers to new subscribers.

You who know "The Canadian Churchman," won't you help in this work? Many of your friends never see a church paper. Tell them about "The Canadian Churchman." If it has interested you, let them know it. Tell them they may subscribe for six months for \$1.00, and urge them to do it.

Possibly some of you will want to subscribe for your friends. The offer is open to you as well.

Your loyal support has always been a matter of supreme gratification to us. It is needed now as never before so that our church people may awake to their responsibilities as churchmen through a knowledge of what the Church is doing.

Boys and Girls

THE THREE WISE MONKEYS.

Did you ever hear the little tale
Of the wise little monkeys three?
They sat on the ground
With their arms around
Each other as nice as could be.

One had his hand upon his mouth,
The second covered his eyes,
And the other his ears,
And it really appears
That they were wondrous wise.

The first, no evil could he say;
The second, none could see;
And the third, as free
As a monkey could be,
From gossip and scandal was he.

So now, my children, give good heed
To this tale of the monkeys three.
Guard ears, mouth and eyes,
And be just as wise
And happy as you can be.

—Selected.

BUZZY WUZ AND BUZZY BOOM.

Buzzy Wuz was an industrious honeybee. Buzzy Boom was a lazy bumblebee. They met one day in a clover field. Buzzy Boom settled lazily down upon a big clover blossom and began to make himself sociable to busy little Buzzy Wuz.

Now, Buzzy Wuz had a great many combs to fill with honey that day, and she flew right by Buzzy Boom without noticing him. Being Buzzy Wuz's cousin, Buzzy Boom began an indignant protest against this disregard of their relationship.

"Bm-m-m! Seems to me that you are in a great hurry," the bumblebee complained. "You might at least say good morning."

"Why, Cousin Buzzy Boom, I didn't see you," the busy little honeybee buzzed back.

"I am never too busy to see my relations," the disgruntled bumblebee retorted.

"Perhaps you would be if you had to work as hard as I do," Buzzy Wuz ventured to assert. "She well knew the lazy habits of her more beautiful cousin. His black-and-yellow jacket certainly attracted more admiration than the honeybee's rather sober-colored garb. But what work had the bumblebee family ever been known to do?"

Buzzy Boom grew very angry at Buzzy Wuz's outspoken remark. But Buzzy Wuz did not stop to hear what he had to say; she was too busy with her own affairs to allow a bumblebee's noisy bluster to disturb her; and when she reached her hive she emptied her honey basket into a cell of her little comb chest and flew off in another direction for her next supply.

By night Buzzy Wuz was very tired. She had been working hard all day, and when bedtime came she dropped off to sleep without a thought of lazy Buzzy Boom, whom she had left scolding in the clover field.

Next morning she was up with the sun. Her first trip took her to the clover field where she had done so much of her shopping the day before. The clovers all nodded their heads in a friendly way, for they were very fond of this sociable little bee customer and were always ready to display their goods to her.

Suddenly Buzzy Wuz stopped her humming. "Bm-m-m!" That surely sounded like the voice of her bumblebee cousin. But nowhere could she see his black-and-yellow jacket which always rendered him so conspicuous.

"Bm-m-m!" The sound seemed to come from the grass below the clover blossom upon which Buzzy Wuz was balancing herself; and, looking down,

she discovered Buzzy Boom rolling uneasily about in the grass.

"Matter? Well, I should think so! I ate so much honey yesterday that I was sick all night. I dropped right off that clover blossom you just left, and here I've been ever since," Buzzy Boom groaned, while his feet kicked the air.

Buzzy Wuz was so ashamed of her greedy, lazy, cousin that she was tempted to fly away and leave him. But she was as kind-hearted as she was industrious; so she assisted Buzzy Boom to regain his feet, for he had fallen on his back and was so gorged with honey that it had been impossible for him to turn over unaided.

When Buzzy Wuz had done this kind act, she flew back upon the clover blossom and hummed a little song:—

"It's best to be a busy bee!
Hum, hum, hum!
And gather honey just like me!
Hum, hum, hum!
If I should spend the livelong day
In such an idle, lazy way
And be a greedy bee like you,
I don't know what the hive would do;
They'd turn me out—that's very true;
Hum, hum, hum!"

"Perhaps she's right. I've a mind to take her advice," Buzzy Boom buzzed as he spread his wings and boomed away over the clover field.—
Helen M. Richardson, in Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

A VALUABLE GEM.

Sam, the chore man, returned from the city with a scarfpin that contained a diamond of no usual size. It was the pride of his heart, and the envy of his village companions. He treated all inquiries from them as to its value and its authenticity with high scorn.

His employer, after a week of basking in its radiance, asked Sam about its history.

"Sam," he said, "is it a real diamond?"

"Wal," said Sam, with calm confidence, "if it ain't, I've been skun out of a half dollar."

THE MAIN THING.

"My poor man," said the sympathetic prison visitor, "do let me send you some cake."

"Thank you, mum. Dat would suit me fine."

"What kind would you prefer?"

"Any kind, mum," said the prisoner, lowering his voice to a whisper, "just so it's got a file in it."

GETS AHEAD OF STRANGER.

The stranger on a walking tour came across an "old, old man" sitting on a gate, and began to ask questions.

"You are a farmer, I suppose?"

"No, not now. I used to be, but I gave it up."

"Well, you don't seem to be very busy. You have plenty of time on your hands, haven't you?"

"Lots of it."

"Ever do any work?"

"Once I did."

"What do you do now, if I may ask?"

"Don't do nothing. Hain't done nothing for nearly ten years."

"So. Why, you're in luck! If I had done nothing for half that length of time I should be in the poorhouse." The old man's face beamed with a glad surprise, and then, as one who knows his rare good fortune and values it at its just worth, he cried delightedly: "That's where I be!"

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