December 23, 1920.
THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN

GEORGE CRAWFORD
Oranist and Choir Master
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CHAPTER XXVIII. (Continued.)
Letters From Home.
"Boy Blue was so lonesome and restless yesterday that I went out Swamp. It is lovely there. We
gathered a nice bouquet of flowers, and then sat down at the foot of the Twin Cedars and watched the birds for nearly an hour. I was so inter.. was, and Boy Blue brightened up wonderfully. He told me a good deal I didn't know about the birds. There
were a great many all around us. were a great many all around us.
They seem to be fond of the swamp, but stay mostly near the edge for, as Daddy says, not very many birds
choose the solitude of the deep woods. Most of them like human society-at a safe distance of course. "I was particularly interested in the
Flickers. Of course I have seen hundreds of them before, down in the grass hunting for ants and things or
drumming on dead trees in search of the insects hidden there.
"But I had never been so close to one of them before, and I was surprised to find how beautiful it was It had looked to me before like a dull back; but when one of them perched on a bush just a yard or two away
from us I found out that it is quite a handsome bird.
"Boy Blue was quite excited, for he had never seen one so close before. you what the Flicker is like when you meet him at his own garden gate. "His coat is brownish, barred with black, and the wings and tail are yel-
low on the under side. When he flies low, on the under side. Whes on quite a golden hue, and it must be for that reason he is sometimes called the
Golden-winged Woodpecker. Highhole, High-holder, and Yellow-hammer are, some more of his names. I wonder why one bird shourd have the many. He has black stripes on the crescent on his breast. This black
must have been given to show off by contrast the pretty pinkish fawn color of his throat. There is a red band on the back of hifully against the brown.
"Nature is a wonderful painter, and people who never see the birds at close range miss a great deal of tern. I have missed a lot myself, but you know mothers have so many depend a good deal on other people's eyes.
cir. Flicker, after taking a good "Mr. Flicker, after taking a good
look at us and letting us take a good look at him, flew down off the bush and began pecking in the grass. We soon found that and was makin a very hearty meal off the inhabitants of the little ant city.
"Wouldn't it be dreadful to be an ant and have a great big bird ever
so much bigger than you, come and gobble you up without so much as giving you time to say good-bye? tell you, Dimple, when I stop to think of it it seems to me that you and I with all our troubles have a great deal still to be thankful for. You my little girl for 'a while, but it might be worse for both of us-if we were ants! a little while our friend flew away to a dead tree not far flew away. He lit and clung just in front
of a hole near the top, and what do
you think we saw?-Some little heads peeping out, asking for something to "Daddy bird seemed" to be feeding them, though we hadn't / seen him sarry anything away. Flickers swallow the food first and are able to get it back in
something the same way a cow gets her cud to chew. That is an easier
way of feeding their young, and saves them a good many trips. Soon after, we saw the mother bird come to a
little bank near by and pick some stravberries, which she fed to the "Daddy has same way.
"Daddy has been helping Mr. West to get in his hay to-day, for it looks him. I hear their voices at the gate now, so I must hurry and get tea
ready. They are sure to be hungry. "Good-bye, my darling. Try to be as happy as you can. "What a nice letter!" the nurse "I should like to know your mother." "O! You'd just love her," Dimple replied eagerly, "and Daddy and Boy
Blue too. Read Daddy's letter next, Blue too. Read Daddy's letter next, Dimple, however, had to wait a whole hour for that other letter, for the nurse was suddenly called away,
and in her haste laid the precious folded sheets on a table just out of the little patient's reach.
She was not impatient and the hour passed quickly; for her Mother's letter seemed to have opened assed, in gate through which she passed, in caressing sunshine and spicy breezes,
of smiling flower faces and cool green leaves where the friendly feathered folk made their homes. There, with
Mother and Boy Blue under the Twin Cedars, pain and loneliness were laughed away; the roar of the street the pines, and the honk of motor cars soften
birds.
(To be continued.)

PUZZLE CORNER.

1. Riddles.
2. Why would a sixth sense be un2. Why is a pig a paradox?
3. Why is the sun like a well-made
4. Word Diamond.

The head of a pin; an old English a thing; the eighth consonant.
3. Beheaded Word.

Complete, I am increasing; behead me, and I am an aquatic pastime; a third time, and I am part of a bird; behead again and transpose, and I am
a beverage; behead a fifth time, and a beverage; behead
I am a preposition.
Answers next week.
Answers for Last Week's Puzzles.


