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got for a moment their puzzling disappointment.

"Let's sit down," said Boy Blue in a minute or two.

"Yes," assented Dimple, "and we'll see what's in our parcels. I hope it's something to eat, 'cause I'm nearly starved. Aren't you?"

"I'm almost hungry enough to rob that chipmunk of his acorn," replied Boy Blue. "Kee; Look here! Egg sandwiches and fruit cake and a chocolate bar!"

"Mine's just the same," said Dimple. "Aren't you glad we've got such a good mother?"

Surely nothing had ever tasted so good before! And there was enough to save a taste for the birds.

"There's old Jack Crow in that little oak tree," said Boy Blue. "He's watching us. I wonder if he likes fruit cake," and with a true aim he landed a good big piece of it at the foot of the oak tree.

Jack Crow flew down and ate it with a relish.

"I'll bet that's the first time you've tasted plum cake," ventured Boy Blue, only half expecting a civil answer.

"I'll bet it isn't," returned Jack. "I know the taste all right, all right—had some away, 'way off on the Island."

"What island?"

"Oh, ask somebody else. I've no head for Geography."

"Who gave you cake, Jack?" asked Dimple.

"The Teacher."

"Oh! Miss Miller?"

"No! She was never on my Island. It was a boy—tall and straight and strong—finest lad I ever met."

"Oh, do tell us about him," cried Boy Blue, and Dimple added, "Yes, please do, Mr. Crow, and I'll give you half my cake."

"Don't call me 'Mr. Crow,'" the bird replied, "My name's 'Jack.' That's the name he gave me."

"Please, then, Jack," said Dimple, "tell us about that nice boy teacher on your far-away island."

"Come another day and I will," Jack replied, "I'm too busy just now building my house."

"You couldn't just tell us, I suppose," Boy Blue ventured, "the name of the bird with the golden crown?"

Jack gave them a funny look, first out of one eye, then the other. Then he asked in his slow, wise way, "If you could reach this hill-top just by stepping out of your front door, would you like it as much as you do now?"

"No," Boy Blue answered, "More than half the fun is in climbing up."

"Exactly. Well, if there were someone to tell you everything you didn't know—"

"O! I see! I see!" Boy Blue interrupted eagerly. "We must work for our knowledge else it won't be worth much to us. But how can we find out the names of the birds?"

"There's a key," said Jack with a mysterious shake of his head. "The boy teacher had one, I saw it."

"Oh! What is it? Where is it? How can we get it?" they both cried in a breath.

"Find it," the Crow answered, "Caw, caw, caw!" and laughing at their puzzled faces, away he flew.

**TRY THIS ON YOUR FRIEND.**

Professor Sandiford, of Toronto Faculty of Education, supplies the following list of words, with this comment, "Anyone who can spell twenty of these thirty words is a passably good speller":—

Anoint, benefited, inoculate, super-sede, battalion, tyranny, harassed, embarrassment, supererogation, paraffin (e), sateen, desiccated, consensus, hypocrisy, accommodate, gauge, innuendo, picknicking, bilious, plaguy, sacreligious, vilify, doggerel, cynosure, bacillus, subpoena, percolator, suede, auxiliary, pique.

**WHAT A BOYS' BIRD CLUB CAN DO.**

Carolyn W. McKinlay.

Under the inspiration of Miss Hazel Bervin, assistant librarian of the public library in Aberdeen, Washington, a strong boys' bird club was organized last April for the purpose of studying the birds of that region and helping in their protection.

The boys call the club the "B. B. Club," the initials of a secret name. They also have a secret pass sign, and have as their symbol a bird with a human face. They meet at the library twice a month, every other meeting having a programme, the others being for business.

A sample programme of their study meeting is the one which consisted of papers on the topic, "The Three Great Problems of Bird Life: First, Food; second, Safety; third, Reproduction." Interesting papers on the three subheads were given by three members of the club.

The club owns many fine pictures in colour of the birds of western Washington, which are pinned on the walls of the library for study.

Among the club members is a boy older than the others, who has been studying birds for some time, and who will take the boys on "hikes" to study bird life in the open when the weather is favorable. Only those willing to study are allowed in the club, "slackers" and idlers soon being dropped.

The boys have been building attractive bird-houses, which they will have ready to put out in the spring, and which, they hope, will induce the birds to come in greater numbers. They also do all they can to protect the birds, and to induce others to do the same.

**THE WRONG BIRD.**

A labourer, having won a goose in a Christmas raffle, was returning home with his prize, and on the way went into an inn for refreshment.

Laying down the goose, he was proceeding to satisfy his thirst, when a seedy-looking individual, seizing the goose, made off.

He at once started after him, and before running far had his man by the neck.

"What did you take the bird for?" asked he, angrily.

"Sure," said the seedy-looking man, "I took it for a lark."

"Did you?" was the retort. "Then you'd make a bad judge at a bird show!"

**MANY WERE WILLING.**

A certain Rector, just before the service, was called to the vestibule to meet a couple who wanted to be married. He explained that there wasn't time for the ceremony then. "But," said he, "if you will be seated I will give an opportunity at the end of the service for you to come forward, and I will then perform the ceremony." The couple agreed, and at the proper moment the clergyman said, "Will those who wish to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony please come forward?" Whereupon thirteen women and one man proceeded to the altar.

Preaching in one of the State capitals, an Australian Bishop noticed in his congregation a strange face. The following Sunday the same individual appeared, and later in the week the Bishop met him in the street. The Bishop stopped him, congratulated him upon his attendance at the cathedral, and added, "You don't live here, do you?" "No," said the stranger; "I live 'way back," mentioning the name of the place. "Have you many Episcopalians there?" inquired the Bishop. "No, sir," was the reply. "What we are mostly worried with is rabbits."