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"Guess we have," Mr. Bluejay replied. "Say," and he put his head first on one side, then on the other, while the twins felt that he was sizing them up, and perhaps marking them down at a pretty low figure. Black-Cap felt a little uneasy at the long pause, for one never knew what a Bluejay might take it into his head to say. At last the handsome bird asked, "Did you make that nice blue suit yourself?"

"No! I should think I didn't," said Boy Blue replied. "Why?"

"I was just wondering if you had copied mine. Yours isn't bad, but there's lots of room for improvement. Haven't you learned to make yourself a suit yet?"

Boy Blue looked a little embarrassed, but he was saved the necessity of replying, for at that moment an impatient Woodpecker rapped a tattoo on the tree. "Time's up," he called, and, with a saucy, little toss of his head, Mr. Bluejay led his brothers off the stage.

"Rat-tat-too! Let's fall to!" was the greeting of Downy, the Woodpecker, who, with his two brothers—distinguished from their sisters by the red patch on their heads—now occupied the bough by the window.

"Just what I was thinking!" called Mr. Bluejay over his shoulder.

"Hear, hear! That's it, that's it!" came from the Redpolls and Chickadees, and before the twins had time to examine the pretty black and white pattern of the Woodpeckers' coats and caps, all the birds were scrambling among the boughs for the suet. And didn't they enjoy it!

"That just about fills the bill!" declared Neddy. This was saying a good deal, for, as the twins noticed then for the first time, his bill was about an inch long.

The Chickadees ate daintily, looking up every now and then to say, "Thank you."

"We planned to surprise you," said Black-Cap, "but we had no idea there would be refreshments provided."

The twins looked on with shining eyes; but before the feast was quite finished a big, grey, striped cat appeared in the garden below.

Instantly every bird took fright, and before you could say "Jack Robinson," they were on the wing.

"Come and see us! Come and see us!" they called as they flew away to the Merry Forest. Only the Nut-hatches could't speak, for each carried in his long bill a dainty morsel for his storehouse.

Just as the last bird disappeared the children heard Mother calling them to supper.

A MAN OF HIS WORD.

She—"When are you going to give me the money to buy that new dress?"

He—"Next week."

"That's what you said last week."

"Yes, and that's what I say now, and am going to say next week. I ain't the kind of a man who says one thing one week and another thing next week."

LUCKY MAN.

At a Church conference a speaker began a tirade against the universities and education, expressing thankfulness that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college.

After proceeding for a few minutes, the Bishop, who was in the chair, interrupted with the question: "Do I understand that Mr. Dobson is thankful for his ignorance?"

"Well, yes," was the answer; "you can put it that way if you like."

"Well, all I have to say," said the prelate, in sweet and musical tones—"all I have to say is that he has much to be thankful for."

BESIDE THE CAMP FIRE
Notes on Scoutcraft
by Commissioner Rev. Geo. W. Tebb

ON Thursday last 60 Boy Scouts and Wolf Cubs of the Burlington Troop, Ontario, were entertained at a banquet given by the father of the Mayor of Burlington, Mr. S. Cleaver. In the course of an address given by the host he offered a prize of six dollars for the best suggestion to be written in not more than twelve words on "How to boost Burlington." Songs, readings, shadowgraph and lantern views were given by the boys themselves. The young ladies of the town waited on the tables, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Being the anniversary of St. Julien Day, Commissioner Tebb gave a short history of the famous battle in which Canada saved the day for the Allies when the Germans first used poison gas upon the coloured native troops of the French army. Two camps are being arranged for the Burlington Troop, one for the Scouts and another for the Wolf Cubs, during the summer.

Scout Smith—"My grandfather has to-day reached the age of 96. Isn't it wonderful?"

Scout Jones—"Wonderful nothing! Look at the time it has taken him to do it."

Local Church Troops are always at the service of the Billeting Committees of Synods and Church Conferences in acting as guides to the strangers. Make use of them. They will also undertake the distributing of flowers to the sick and from the flower services to the hospitals. The boys like to do this work, and it solves a real difficulty at times.

The Man of To-Morrow.

It is just twenty years since readers of newspapers throughout the British Empire thrilled to accounts of the heroism of soldiers, who commanded by Col. Baden-Powell, held Mafeking from the grasp of the enemy in the South African War.

A kind of Scout work for boys had been tried in England by Baden-Powell previous to that time; but it was his experiences in South Africa which opened his eyes to the possibilities of the movement, and the strength of purpose which made him the hero of Mafeking sustained him after his return to England, in carrying his cherished plan of Boy Scout work into practical effect.

The normal boy, no matter what the social status of his parents, must belong to a gang, and will join an unorganized and possibly a vicious group if he cannot find one that is organized and healthy. The gang spirit is one of the strongest factors of a boy's life; and it needs to be cultivated along right lines, so that boys may be trained to become useful citizens when they grow up. A Boy Scout troop is a gang of the noblest kind, a gang wherein a boy is taught sound principles of loyalty, bravery, unselfishness and service; and a gang, moreover, in which all a boy's natural craving for action is gratified.

It is the man of to-morrow who will fight wars or prevent them, who will make the world safe or unsafe for democracy, who will advance civilization or retard it, and in Boy Scout Troops, some men of to-morrow are to-day getting an education which will make them efficient members of society.

To encourage the Boy Scout Movement in your parish therefore is most definitely to aid in securing the peace and safety of the future.