

Birds of the Merry Forest

By LILLIAN LEVERIDGE
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CHAPTER XXVII. (Continued.)

Lost—A Temper.

It was such a weak little voice that she knew it could never reach her father's ears. For what seemed to her a long, long time, but was really scarcely half an hour, she lay there sobbing out her pain and grief and bitter repentance.

Then her swollen and tear-blinded eyes caught a flash of scarlet. The Scarlet Tanager was hovering about her, alighting now on the old tree trunk, now on a bush or jutting rock. She had never seen the bird so close before and was glad of something to take her thoughts in some slight measure from her pain. Its bright scarlet body and black wings and tail seemed almost the colors of a dream or fairy tale. She wondered why it seemed so interested in her and if it understood her sad plight, but when she tried to speak to it she found she had sobbed all her voice away.

The next moment she heard a shout above her, and there on the crest of the hill was—who but Jimmie! He was pointing to her and calling to some one the other side of the bridge.

Dimple's senses were growing dull, and the next thing she saw was her father's face bending above her.

"Dimple! My poor child!" he said in a voice full of love and sympathy. "Daddy! My own dear Daddy!" she whispered, reaching up her one sound arm to put around his neck. "How did you know?"

"The bird brought us," he replied, glancing up toward the Tanager that still fluttered excitedly from bush to bush. "Where are you hurt? Is it your arm?"

The painful hours that followed Dimple would have been glad to forget had it not been for the love that shone through the darkness like a star.

They carried her home as gently and tenderly as possible, and sent for the doctor. But good, kind Dr. Wise had been summoned home that very day to see his mother who was dangerously ill. There was no other doctor within reach until his return late the following afternoon. When at last he did come he shook his head gravely at the swollen arm and fevered pulse, and advised the hospital in the distant city where his mother was. He was going again himself the next day and offered to take charge of his little patient on the way.

And so it came about that at last Dimple found herself in a long white hospital ward, far away from everybody who knew and loved her.

Lying there in the long, quiet hours she remembered the advertisement the Song Sparrows had been reading on the maple leaves—or had Boy Blue just made it up? Anyway, she wished she had not gone such a long and painful way to find that lost temper of hers.

Dr. Wise went back to his post, leaving his mother on the way to recovery. Dimple said to him when he bade her good-bye, "Tell them all at home to write me long, long letters, and specially to tell me all about the birds."

"That I can safely promise you," the doctor replied. And the promise was fulfilled.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Letters from Home.

The quiet days in the hospital seemed very long to Dimple. For

a few days pain and weariness kept her from taking much notice of her surroundings, but after that she began to discover what an interesting place the hospital was.

The first thing, however, that really roused her from her own troubles was a letter from home—or rather three letters in one fat, bulging envelope. The sweet-faced nurse in white uniform brought it to her with a smile as bright, if not as large, as a sunflower. It reminded Dimple of that joke of the Sparrows.

Dimple reached for the letter eagerly and tried to say "Thank you," but a lump came with surprising

suddenness into her throat, and her name in her father's clear, firm handwriting swam before her eyes in a misty blur.

For a few moments she could only hug up hungrily that precious letter. Then the nurse asked gently, "Would you like me to read it to you, dear?"

"Oh, yes, nurse, please!" was her eager response. "Read Mother's first."

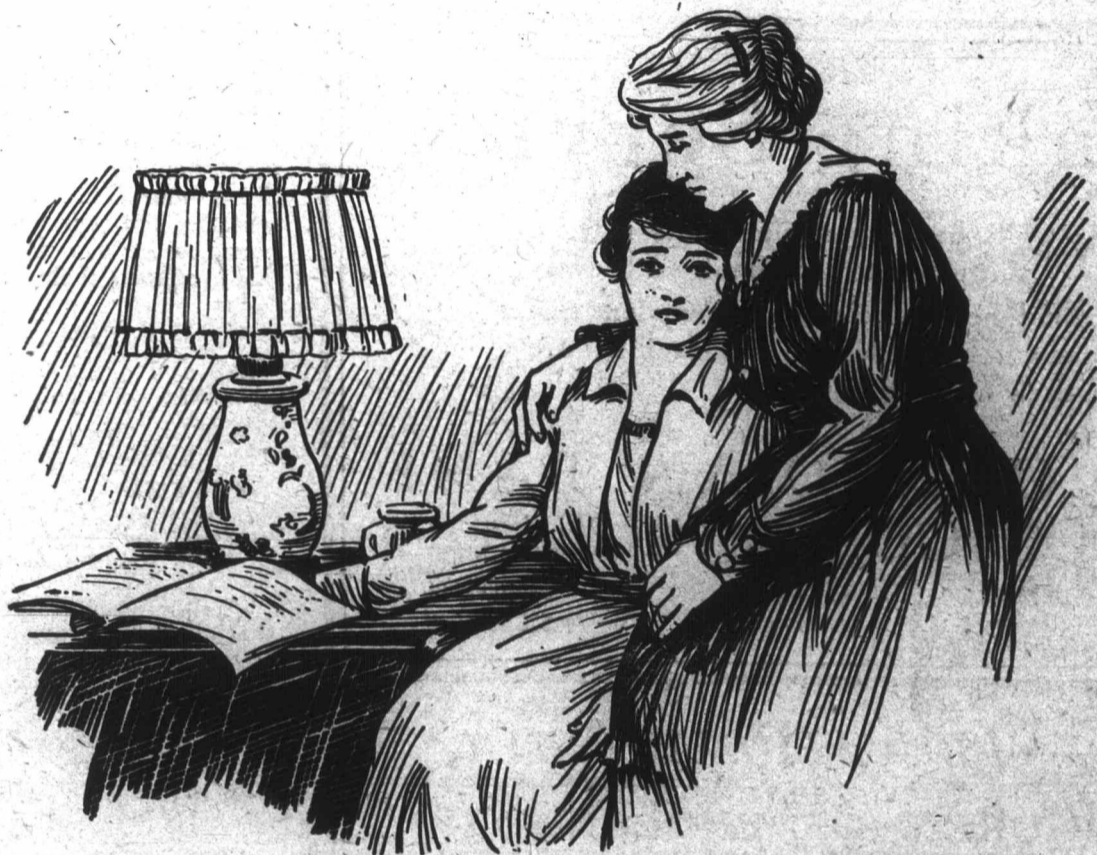
This was Mother's letter:

"My dearling Dimple:
"You can't guess how much I miss my little Sunbeam, my singing Bluebird—how we all miss you. The hours seemed endless until the doc-

tor got back, but then he cheered us all with such a good report of you. He says you were as plucky as a little soldier all through, and he thinks it won't be long before you are home with us again.

"How happy we shall be when that day comes! Boy Blue wanders about like a spirit that has lost its way among the stars, but he cheers himself up by planning for your homecoming. Daddy is as lonesome as he can be. The birds are not singing as much as they used to. I am sure they miss you too. You must hurry up and get well.

(To be continued.)



When Mother's Advice is Most Needed

A GIRL'S future health and happiness depends to a large extent on conditions during the adolescent period.

At about fourteen years of age important mental and physical changes are taking place, which every girl should understand. Then it is that she needs the care and advice of her mother.

Unfortunately this is about the time when school work and examinations are likely to prove an excessive strain on the nervous system.

Anaemia, chlorosis or nervous breakdown in the form of St. Vitus' dance are not uncommon at this age.

There is a failure of the blood to supply the nourishment required by the nervous system. Excessive mental effort consumes the nervous energy required to insure good digestion and the proper functioning of the vital organs.

It is surprising to find how quickly the nervous system responds to the restorative influence of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. There is no longer any question that this treatment is admirably suited to help girls through this most critical period of their lives.

In almost every community are many cases to prove the exceptional restorative influence of this well-known treatment.

The use of the nerve food stimulates the appetite, improves digestion, and builds up the system in every way.

Miss Rena B. Crossland, Kempt, Queen's Co., N.S., writes: "I feel it a duty, as well as a

privilege, to tell of the wonderful benefit I derived from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. In March, 1917, I had anaemia of the brain, and the mental and physical suffering I endured is indescribable. I had treatment from three doctors, and for twelve days was unconscious; while for three months I was fed and cared for like an infant. My mother was so anxious for me to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food that she crushed it and baked it in my food. After using two boxes I could feed myself, and after using it for two months, my health improved so rapidly that doctors and friends said my recovery was a miracle.

"I cannot recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food too highly, even to those who seem to be facing death. We keep it in the house now, and I use it occasionally to 'keep fit.' I shall always regret that I did not follow my mother's advice and use it while I was away teaching, whenever I felt nervous or tired. But as I had no serious illness and did not realize the value of it, I neglected heeding mother's advice until it was too late and I had a complete breakdown. But, thanks to Providence and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I have been enjoying my former health and strength for the past two years."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. On every box of the genuine you will find the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.