

when I could help it by ringing or stopping."

"Come here, please Dick," called a voice from the doorstep of one of the handsomest houses on the avenue. "You are the very boy I want to drive a pony to the country and back. It is out to the Marlinton Boulevard. Would you like to go?"

"Why, yes, ma'am," quickly answered Dick. "I have an errand out there, and was just dreading the walk."

"Then I am glad you may ride. I was wondering if I could trust one of those boys to be kind to Pet, when I overheard about the sparrow. That made me willing to trust you."

REAL FRIENDS.

"You'll catch it, when your mother sees you," said Joe to Charlie, as the latter picked himself slowly from the ground and ruefully eyed a jagged hole in his new trousers and the mud that was literally plastered over his clothes. But Charlie answered: "Humph, you don't know my mother."

"I'll bet she'll give you a regular scolding," replied Joe.

"My mother never scolds," said Charlie. "She'll say, 'Well, I guess you've had a tumble; did you hurt yourself, dear?'"

Joe looked in open-mouthed amazement at his friend, and said, slowly, "Do you mean that she'll really think about you first, before she talks about the mud and the hole?" To which Charlie rather indignantly replied: "Of course, I do. My mother knows I wouldn't tear my clothes and roll in the mud on purpose. You want to remember that my mother and I are more than just related to each other—we're real friends."

How many boys can say that? If yours cannot, be sure there is a grave mistake somewhere. It is true that a mother must guide, control, advise, or command, as the occasion requires; but to degenerate into either a servant or an officer is to abuse God-given opportunities.

A problem worthy of the careful, prayerful study of every mother is, How can I be "real friends" with my boy?

Would you like to know how one mother did? She believed that there is no need of a boy's being rude, boisterous, or mean, and finding excuse in the oft-repeated phrase, "That's the boy of it." Therefore in that home the boys received habitual courtesy from their mother; not a servile attention, but graceful, dignified politeness, that by its own heartiness won a response in kind. Did a boy friend come to the door, he was genially welcomed, and made to feel so much at home that he was glad to come again. Sometimes her own boys grew tired of being quiet, and the mother would suggest that they run out and ask three or four other boys in for some fun. This did not mean a

BRITISH GROWN

Ceylon Teas are fast displacing all others.

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA
IS THE WORLD'S PREFERENCE.

Lead Packets only.

All grocers.

25c., 30c., 40c., 50c., 60c.



To Our Readers



The readers of the Canadian Churchman are appealed to to use every effort this year to double the circulation of the Canadian Churchman as a testimonial to Mr. Frank Wooten, the proprietor, to show their appreciation of his very arduous and self-denying work in this his twenty-fifth year of conducting this paper. Let each subscriber do his best to get one or more additional subscribers, and they will earn the gratitude not merely of the proprietor, but of the true friends of the Church of England in Canada. For sample copies, &c., address

CANADIAN CHURCHMAN,

Box 2640, TORONTO, ONT.

Offices—18 Court Street.



SIX REASONS

FOR
SUBSCRIBING
TO THE

CANADIAN

CHURCHMAN

1. It is loyal to Church principles.
2. It has for twenty-five years steadfastly maintained them.
3. It is not a party paper.
4. It is the most extensively circulated Church paper in Canada.
5. Its Contributors are some of the most prominent Churchmen and best writers in the Dominion.
6. It is newsy, brightly written, well done, and it is what its name implies—A Family Church Paper.

SUBSCRIPTION:

\$2.00 per year,

but if paid strictly in advance,
One Dollar.

We should be pleased to have you become a subscriber, and also any of your friends.

Sample Copies sent free to any address.

ADDRESS

Canadian Churchman,

BOX 2640,

TORONTO, ONT.

Offices, 18 Court Street.

back room means; for cultivated possible, mother was it all. Gan theirs, and ly love son was always lunch. Th limited necessary. boiled har soned with butter, ar slices of b into triang of the pre wiches th "just swel chocolate happy: a was, in th just as gr were gues you wonc friends gr

Someti and pop lemonade never-fail dainty se

No wo boys tho place in spoke of Do you boys? No treatment traits of

Perha had ple far too boys." house w even ha and iron sewing, fingers. a large many a her eve her mir of her loving Whatever pected did.

And happy boys, his mo his lips always Home, other chivalr to you

It p the bc

It c effort; is it n Real f ship. is Ch discip

To is not while let he childr ship; it, ar into