

er 31, 1918.

Girls

I am quite sure I when you see after all these Do you know, I the office since for I had so attend to that way downtown. y uptown office feel the sun would feel chilly, and ve had that in- ht me when I had to stay in k, and I'm just neans to be con- ery nice, either. to be off and nd berries and and not being walk up the road e state of affairs, ust have a good ave been down orry for all of though I rather ers don't mind a holiday from ding a good deal bout Boy Scouts elping tremen- carrying soups pting food of all e who had no- uldn't help won- cousins in that

ve all quite for- vell, I was going ed to have; only ed that none of h I know some w, you were all lly the ones who often, that when of your letters I as if we'd had I want you to haven't forgotten e, and I want us in with a good e same as we t is, have Com- y three weeks, ls under 16, for s from last year, rize-winners had s, and I know be disappointed. this week is a ny we have had ve to read pretty I can understand now how, in all cities and out in rch often builds s for people who f-the-way parts. y built in your ut it isn't quite clergyman in ime to think out wants painted in e church, and he n to choose them. ts them to go:— ck of the Holy where the chancel side wall of the be a little longer, rtrance door. efully, that will togethery, you'll 1 to choose them that they won't lace where you're and, more than hey are suitable. n from any part New Testament, ite clear in an- and verse where eceiving answers November 21st,

and please address them to "Cousin Mike," care of Canadian Churchman, Limited, Continental Life Building, Toronto.

It seems a long way off, November 21st, but, you see, we must give the far westerners a chance, and I am hoping to hear again from my cousins in Vancouver, and High Prairie, and Saskatchewan. Please don't disappoint me.

Your Affectionate  
Cousin Mike.

Text Choosing Competition.

For instructions, read my letter carefully.

Please note:—

1. Competitions are open to boys and girls under 16.
2. Every competitor must write clearly on his or her answer, name, age and full address. If this is not done, you are disqualified at once.
3. Last day for answers this time, Thursday, November 21st.

Talking about influenza reminds me of something I found the other day, when I felt lazy, very disinclined for hard work, and yet I thought I ought to do something. So I turned out some old papers, and amongst them I found some verses I wrote when I was young, when I had a cold (nothing like the "flu," though), and when everybody was so upset about it that the whole family flocked into the house with remedies of one sort or another. I thought you might like to see it, and at the same time it occurred to me that we might have a space on this back page of ours for any poems and stories which my cousins care to send in. Don't be shy and pretend you never do it. I know perfectly well that dozens of you do, and it would be lots of fun if we tried to turn our page into a little magazine all by itself, with contributions from everybody. It'd save the Editor a lot of work, too. I'm sure we'd love it. And besides, the grown-up Churchmen write contributions for the grown-up part of the paper; why on earth shouldn't the young Churchmen start in and contribute to their part of it? It'll be excellent practice for the time when you are grown up, and you'll feel as if the paper belongs to you more then. What do you think of the idea? Hurry up and write to me so I can have some letters to print in the very next number. I do want to know how it strikes you. Meanwhile, here is what I wrote once upon a time. Its title is very simple:—

I Have a Cold.

My mother follows me about with bottle and with spoon—  
I've drunk at least a quart of Scott's Emulsion;  
"With colds like that," dear grandma says, "you can't begin too soon."  
So now I swallow capsules on compulsion.  
Kind aunties say that camphor is the safest cure for colds,  
While father pins his faith on Ferrie's snuff;  
The eucalyptus bottle in her hand my sister holds,  
Saying nothing, but I've had about enough.  
I'm getting so bewildered, I shall glycerine my toes,  
And rub my aching chest with well-warmed gruel;  
Drink camphorated oil and put hot bottles on my nose,  
For, really, the attention's something cruel.  
But still I have some comforts left, although I'm nearly dead,  
And such as I would never dream of scorning:  
My breakfast and my supper are brought up to me in bed,  
And I don't get up till half-past ten each morning!

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The  
Jolly Animals' Club  
By LILIAN LEVERIDGE  
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XVI.

On the Wings of the Wind.

"HALLO, CHRIS! What's the matter? You look kind of mopy."

Chris looked up at Gwen from the darkest corner of his cage, but didn't answer by so much as a chirp. The fact is he was homesick—dreadfully homesick. He kept thinking and thinking of the Merry Forest. When he closed his eyes and sat very still he could see the sunshine on the leaves, and hear the music of the wind in the pines. He saw all his old friends, happy and busy and free, while here he was shut up in a cage in a noisy town. Little wonder he was mopy!

Gwen opened the cage door and coaxed him to come out. "Come Chris," she said. "Come and sit on my shoulder. I want to talk to you."

Chris noticed that she looked especially nice to-day. She had on a pretty dress just the colour of the sky after a rain, and her shiny hair was tied up with a big bow of blue ribbon. Chris liked the sound of her voice, especially when he was lonesome, so he climbed up on her shoulder.

"Chris," Gwen began. "I wonder how many birthdays you've had. I've had ten and Roy has had twelve. It's our birthday now—they come both together, which is lots of fun. Do you get any presents on your birthday? I got a lovely doll—I guess it's the last I'll have, because I'll soon be too old. She's a very fine lady, and I call her the Queen of Sheba. Roy got a balloon. Oh, it's a dandy! We're going to give the Queen of Sheba a ride in it in a few minutes. Wouldn't you like a ride too? But I guess you'd be scared green when you found yourself up in the air so high, wouldn't you?"

While Gwen was chatting in this way Roy came in. He, too, tried to cheer up the little squirrel, but Chris wouldn't be cheered up. He found his way into Roy's coat pocket, but instead of clambering up as usual on to his shoulder with a peanut, he just curled himself up in the pocket and was so quiet that very soon Roy forgot all about him and went out-doors.

It was easy for the brother and sister to forget about Chris, for they were very much interested in getting ready to fly their balloon. Chris, whose bright little eyes were peeping out of the pocket, was interested too. It was such a strange looking thing. Chris had never seen anything like it before, and he couldn't quite make out if it was alive or not. It looked like a huge round ball with a long string fastened to it, and it carried a little basket, in which sat the Queen of Sheba, looking very splendid in a green silk dress trimmed with beads.

When Chris saw this strange thing rise away up into the air, carrying the Queen of Sheba in the basket, he decided that it must be alive. How else could it fly in the sky like a bird? But when he saw that Roy and Gwen kept a tight hold of the long string so it couldn't fly any farther than they chose, he felt oh! so sorry for it. How well he knew what it felt like not to be able to get away and go where you liked!

Roy soon began to feel pretty warm, and took off his coat, forgetting all about the squirrel in his pocket. Chris at once forgot all about being mopy, and tired, and cross. He could hardly keep from whistling. "Now's my chance," he said to himself. "If I don't get back to the Merry Forest,

if I ever let them catch me again—well, I'll deserve all that's coming to me."

Very quietly he peeked his head out and looked around. Nobody was in sight. He slipped away ever so softly and hid under the veranda. It was a good, safe hiding place, so he decided to wait there till night and then make a dash for freedom—or die in the attempt.

Night was a long, long while coming, and it was an anxious time till it grew dark, for Roy and Gwen hunted all over the place for Chris. Even when it was dark it was another long time before everything was quiet.

At last Chris slipped noiselessly out of his dark corner and looked around. There was nobody in sight, and even the cats and dogs were all asleep. The moon was racing along the sky behind a white, lacy curtain of clouds; the wind was blowing softly.

"Now or never!" said Chris under his breath, as he set his face toward a dark line of forest in the distance. But he had only gone a few steps when he ran right up against the balloon, that strange, silent creature that flew without-wings. It was tied to a post in the garden, and the Queen of Sheba was sound asleep in the basket.

Now, you will be wondering why this balloon that couldn't possibly get away, and couldn't hurt Chris if it did, should stop him a single moment. But this is how it was—it came over him all of a sudden—a great wave of pity for the balloon that wanted to fly up in the lovely summer sky among the stars and was tied down to earth. Chris himself had suffered tortures of longing during the past days, and he knew how to feel for a friend in trouble.

It flashed into his head that he could, if he liked, set the balloon free. He could gnaw through the string that tied it down; but the string was very thick and it might take him all night. He was just wild to be getting away to the woods, but he knew that if he did he could never forget that he had turned his back on a friend in need—it might be an enemy for all he knew, but that wouldn't make any difference.

There was no time to sit down and think about it, so he set to work gnawing at the cord as if his life depended on it. Maybe it would cost him his life instead, but it wouldn't do to think of that. He got into the basket where he could get at the cord most easily, and gnawed, and gnawed, and gnawed.

At last the cord was nearly cut through. Just one more bite would finish it. "There you are, old fellow," he said. "Good-bye and good luck to you!"

But it wasn't good-bye this time—not by a long shot. Red-Tail (for having left his cage and his captors behind, he was Chris no longer), was suddenly jerked off his feet and thrown in a heap beside the Queen of Sheba. He picked himself up in a hurry, but when he looked out over the rim of the basket he found that the balloon was carrying him up and up and up into the air, past the roofs and the chimneys and the tree-tops—and still up.

Red-Tail didn't say a single, solitary word, but just sat there and shivered with delight. Every hair stood on end, as once before, but his feelings this time were altogether different—oh my, yes! All his life he had loved to sit rocking in the tip-top of a tall tree, and he had always envied the birds that flew so easily in the sky. Now, if this wasn't flying it was just as good. Up, up, and still up they went, and when they passed through the lacy cloud curtain and saw the man in the moon grinning down at them, Red-Tail laughed right out. It didn't matter now, not a bit.

"Hallo, Mr. Man-in-the-Moon!" he called gaily. "We're coming to call on you in a jiffy."

But West Wind laughed softly. "Not so fast, not so fast, little brother!

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We have a few other calls to make first."

They sailed softly along over the fleecy floor, then launched out into the great blue deep. Red-Tail wondered if he could catch a star or two to play with, but when he looked down and saw Lucky Lake like a sheet of ripply silver below, he began to think of the Merry Forest. It would be lovely if the balloon should carry him home. By and by he saw the Winding River down below, and then he knew.

All this time the Queen of Sheba had been sleeping like a top (I don't know why a top sleeps so soundly, but they say it does. I suppose it gets very dizzy). "Wake up!" Red-Tail called to her at last. "We're going home, home to the Merry Forest. You want to be ready to jump out any minute, because the balloon may not want to stay."

But the Queen of Sheba slept on.

West Wind blew softer and softer, and the balloon sank lower and lower till it was caught and held by a branch of the very same tree from which Red-Tail had started on his strange and perilous adventures. The basket tipped, and the Queen of Sheba slipped out into the eager arms of a little leafy bough, but Red-Tail was already in his old favourite spot, too happy to speak.

"Shall I tell you why we brought you home?" whispered West Wind. "Yes, tell me."

"It was because of the kindness in your heart that made you wait to set the balloon free. You'd never have got home alone, never in the world. But you are home now, and I'm going to tell Professor Owl all about it. You'll hear from him to-morrow."

With that West Wind caught up the balloon and sent it again on its journey, and then called on the Professor.

Red-Tail certainly did hear from Professor Owl, and if you don't think he was given a royal welcome in the Jolly Animals' Club—well, you'd better think again. As for the Queen of Sheba, she never woke up. They made a little bed for her in the Cave of Fireflies, and there she is sleeping to this day.

"A little boy only six years old was boasting that he worked in a blacksmith shop. 'What do you do there?' he was asked. 'Do you shoe horses?' 'No, sir!' he answered, promptly. 'I shoo flies.'"—Our Dumb Animals.

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