

on the table. The chimney rolled to the floor with a crash, and the burning oil spread over the table licking up Ted's horses and the scattered bits of paper as it went. Then a piece of the burning paper blew against Nellie's apron and the next instant that was blazing, and Nellie screaming with fright, while the other children ran crying into the inner room—all but Ted. He—petrified with terror—stood still with mouth and eyes wide open, gazing at the fiery stream rolling over the table.

It all happened in two or three seconds, but Nan did not lose her head. She jerked off Nellie's apron without regard to fastenings, and crammed it into the coalhod, then snatching up her old shawl which was lying on the lounge, she threw it over the burning lamp, paper and all, so smothering the flames. In two minutes the danger was over, Nan had lighted another lamp that Nellie brought her, and the frightened children came creeping slowly back to the table.

Teddy did not care for paper men or animals any more that night. He was ready to go to bed, and Nellie undressed him and put him there, but the others sat up until the father and mother came home, all eager to tell the story of their danger and of Nan's bravery. The mother's eyes filled with tears as she put her arms about as many of the children as she could gather into them and looked at Nan in silent gratitude, while the father laid his hand kindly on the girl's brown hair as he said, gravely,

"Child, you've earned your place in this home. As long as I'm able to work you're just as welcome here as the rest—you and the baby too."

Nan's eyes were shining happily.

"'Twas nothing much to do," she answered, "and I'll find some way to pay for Little Brother and me if only we can stay here."

Dick had come in soon after his parents, and had listened in gloomy silence to the story of the children.

"Humph!" he said to himself. "'Twasn't so awful much to put out that fire. I'd a done it in no time if I'd a been here."

It seemed to Dick that his father and mother were making altogether too much of this strange girl, and the evil spirit of jealousy reared its ugly head in his heart. He wished he had not brought those two home with him, anyhow.

When, the next day, Tode met him on the street and inquired about Nan and Little Brother, Dick replied, gruffly,

"Oh, they're all right 'nough."

"But are they goin' ter stay't your place?" questioned Tode.

"Spect so." Dick's voice was gruffer than before.

"I'm agoin' 'round there to see 'em to-day," remarked Tode.

Dick made no reply.

Tode repeated, "Don't ye hear? I say I'm agoin' ter see 'em to-day."

"I heard what ye said. S'pose I'm deaf?" and Dick turned his back and marched off.

Tode looked after him angrily.

"Like ter punch his head fer him," he said, under his breath. "Would, too, if his folks hadn't let Little Brother stay on there."

Nothing daunted by Dick's unfriendly manner, Tode presented himself that afternoon at Mrs. Hunt's door. He found that good woman and Nan both busy over the paper bags.

All the children except Dick were at school, and Little Brother was lying on the old shawl at his sister's feet.

Tode gave an awkward nod by way of greeting and dropped down on the floor beside the child.

"Hello, little chap!" he said.

There certainly was a mutual attraction between the two, for the baby again responded to his greeting with a smile, and held out his scrawny little hands.

Tode was delighted. He lifted the child in his arms and sat down with him in an old rocking-chair.

Nan cast a quick, disturbed glance at the two. She had dressed the baby in some clothes that Mrs. Hunt had found for her—a few that had survived Ted's rough usage. They were old but clean, and it was trying to Nan to see Little Brother's pure, sweet face and fresh garments held by Tode's dirty hands against his dirtier jacket. But the baby did not mind. He looked as contented as Tode did, and when the boy's grimy fingers touched his thin cheek, Little Brother laughed a soft, happy, gurgling laugh that was music in Tode's ears. But suddenly the boy's glance took in the contrast between his soiled hand and the little face against which it rested. For a moment he hesitated, then he arose hastily, placed the child gently on the old shawl again and said to Mrs. Hunt,

"Ye ain't got a bit o' soap you could lend me, have ye?"

Mrs. Hunt looked at him inquiringly, then she answered a little unwillingly for even soap costs money, "You can take that bit on the shelf there."

Tode seized it and vanished. Few things escaped his quick eyes, and he had noticed a sink and a faucet in the hall outside the door. There he rubbed and scrubbed his hands for full five minutes vastly to their improvement, though even then he looked at them doubtfully.

"Can't do no better," he muttered, as he wiped them—well, he had only one place to wipe them, and he did the best he could. When he went back he glanced somewhat sheepishly at Mrs. Hunt as he put the remains of the soap back on the shelf, and again took up the baby. Nan smiled at him but she made no remark, and tried not to look at his jacket.

After he had gone Mrs. Hunt asked, thoughtfully, "How long have you known that boy, Nan?"

"I never saw him until yesterday," answered the girl. "He was good to me then."

"Yes, I know, an' of course you don't want to forget that, but, Nan, I'm afraid he's a bad boy. Dick says he is. He says he lies and steals and swears. I guess you don't want to have much to do with him."

Nan looked troubled. She answered, slowly,

"I guess he hasn't had much of a chance, Mrs. Hunt. He can't remember anything about his father and mother, and he says he's never had any home except the street. Do you s'pose 'twill hurt for him to come here sometimes to see Little Brother? 'Seems as if it might help him to be a better boy. He likes Little Brother."

For a moment Mrs. Hunt was silent. She was thinking how hard she tried to bring up her children to be good boys and girls, and yet they were not always good. She wondered what kind of a boy her Dick would have been if he, like Tode, had had no home and no one to keep him from evil ways.

"If that's so, there's some excuse for him," she said, in response to Nan's plea for Tode. "P'raps 'twill help him somehow if he gets to carin' for that innocent baby, an' I don't mind his comin' here sometimes, only be careful that you don't learn any evil from him, my dear," and she leaned over and kissed the girl's cheek.

"Oh, Mrs. Hunt, I *must* be good always, you know, for Little Brother's sake. I can't ever forget or break my promise to mother," Nan answered, earnestly. And Mrs. Hunt, as she saw the solemn look in the dark eyes uplifted to her own, felt that she need not worry about Nan and Tode.

(To be continued.)

### Boys and Girls

Dear Cousins,—

You'd never imagine the exciting time I had judging your Text-hunting Competition. It was a very easy one this time, and I wondered what sort of a mistake any of you could possibly make—but I soon found out! There was one person who had four, a few who had three, a great many who had one, and the prize-winners didn't have any at all. Besides getting theirs all right, they had written their papers by far the most neatly of all. Some of the Highly Commended people were very, very close to them, but in one or two cases I just couldn't be quite sure of what a certain figure was meant to be, and when you all run close, it has to be the little details that count. Besides, I'm getting to be an old man, and I have to wear specs, and I like letters and figures written BIG, so I can see them.

Not like a man I once heard about, though. A soldier he was, and an officer came up to him one day when he was writing a letter. He looked over his shoulder, and saw that the soldier was writing the most enormous letters you ever saw. "Why, Jim," said the officer, "who is it you're writing to, making such big letters as that?" "Well, sir," says Jim, "it's to my mother, an' she's deaf, so I'm writing her a loud letter!"

This takes me a long way from your papers. Most of your mistakes you made in copying up from your rough paper which you made out first. That must have been it, for it was just a wrong figure in chapter and verse that spoilt it. So mind you watch out next time. If you look at the list, you'll see how many ten-year-olds did well. Good for them!

I have quite a number of new cousins, too! I'd like to shake hands with them all, but as I can't, I must just say here that I'm very pleased to—shall I say see you all? and I hope you'll stay a long time.

Now I must print your lists, and tell you about the new competition, which, I hope, you'll like.

Your Affectionate Cousin,

Mike.

#### Prizes for Text-Hunting Competition.

1. Elinor Matthews (age 10), 306 Princess St., St. John, N.B.
2. Sara Todd (age 10), Box 124, Kemptonville, Ont.

#### Highly Commended.

1. Ruth Gardner (age 10), Bobcaygeon, Ont.
2. Paul Gardner (age 12), Bobcaygeon, Ont.
3. Dorothy Pyburne (age 11), Cobocok, Ont.
4. Flo Maxwell (age 10), 88 Kee-watin Avenue, Toronto.
5. Freda MacGachan (age 10), Collingwood, Ont.
6. Kathleen Seaborn (age 13), 84 Follis Avenue, Toronto.

#### Text-Completing Competition.

Here you find twenty "texts," or rather skeletons of texts, which I want you to fill in. There is one dot for every missing word (at least I hope the printer-man will put one each, as I want him to!), and that ought to be a help. You'll find the texts in the Gospel according to St. Mark, and, besides filling them in, I want you to put chapter and verse for each one.

1. - art - - - in - - - well -
2. - out - - - a - place - - -
3. - thou - - - me -
4. Son, - - - thee.
5. - not - - the - sinners -
6. But - - - be - now -
7. - - - hath - - - given.

### When did you remit?

Subscribers are reminded that our address labels are only reprinted once a month.

For any remittances received since January 1st the new date would not appear on label till the first issue in February.

The Canadian Churchman.

8. - - hath - - - let - -
9. And - - - and - - - great -
10. - - faith - - - whole.
11. Come - - - into - - - rest -
12. Be - - - it - - - not -
13. - - both - - - and - - - to -
14. - art - -
15. - - man - - - first - - - be -
- all - - -
16. - - little - - - unto -
17. Go - - - faith - - - whole.
18. - was - - - and - is - - our -
19. But - - - not -
20. - - into - - - and - - - Gospel

Last day for receiving answers will be Thursday, February 20th.

### Always Had Headaches

Liver Was Torpid and Bilious Spells Brought Sick Headaches—Lost Much Time, But is Now Completely Cured.

Here is convincing evidence that, however much you may suffer from liver trouble and consequent biliousness, there is cure in the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Overeating is the most common cause of sluggish liver action. You lose your appetite, have distressing bilious spells, usually accompanied by headache and vomiting, the bowels become irregular, constipation and looseness alternating, digestion is upset and you get irritable and down-hearted.

No treatment so quickly awakens the action of the liver and bowels as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For this reason this medicine is wonderfully popular and has enormous sales.

Mr. Charles R. Tait, Newtown, N.B., writes: "I was nearly always troubled with headaches, and would often have to stop work for a day or two. I lost many a night's sleep every month with bilious sick headaches, and although I tried doctors' medicines, it was without success. When I had these headaches I would vomit, and could keep nothing on my stomach.

"I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills from G. M. Fairweather, druggist of Sussex, N.B., and after taking one box I was so much relieved that I continued to take them until I am now completely cured. My advice to anyone suffering from sick headaches is to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and be completely cured."

Mr. A. S. Mace, J.P., endorses the above statement, and says: "This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Charles R. Tait, and believe his statement in every way to be true and correct."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Substitutes will only disappoint. Insist on getting what you ask for.

