



came the property of Sir John Robinson, at the time Attorney-General. The site of Osgoode Hall, six acres, was, as we have been assured, the generous gift of Sir John Robinson to the Law Society, and the name which the building bears was his suggestion."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

(Continued from page 410.)

a gospel for the body as well as for the soul. This has often been overlooked, and in the Christian Science movement the Church is suffering the vengeance of a forgotten truth. In fact, almost all sects are due to the Church's neglect of some part of the Catholic Faith. 'When the historic Church forgets, new bodies arise to remind her.' Amongst others, doctors are stimulating the Church to action. In the 'British Medical Journal' of June 18th, 1910, Sir Clifford Allbutt wrote: 'Probably no limb, no viscus is so far a vessel of dishonour as to be wholly outside the renewals of the spirit.' Even the Bishops of the Lambeth Conference of 1908 declared that 'sickness has too often exclusively been regarded as a cross to be borne with passive resignation, whereas it should have been regarded as a weakness to be overcome by the power of the spirit.' A Bishop, it may be mentioned, is instructed at his consecration to 'heal the sick,' yet we seldom hear of them doing it.

"Christian Science, then, reminds us that Christianity is a gospel for the body; there is also something to be learned from a Christian Science service. The whole congregation is the choir; there is a period for silent prayer, and many may think it a good point that there is no sermon.

"Three books written to expose the errors of Christian Science mention these good points in it:—

"(1) As a novel and militant heterodoxy against a narrow and inadequate orthodoxy it is forcing men from the old ruts.

"(2) It has changed the tone of life of many self-pitying people.

"(3) It exhibits 'The victory of mind over its tyrants, fear and anger.'

"A Frenchman once said that the ancient Romans conquered the world because they could learn from their enemies and because their soldiers kept their sacramentum or military oath. This remark is not without its meaning for the Christian Church."

The Bishop's Shadow

by I. T. THURSTON

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CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Theo in Trouble.

Nan had passed an anxious night, for she was sure that there was something wrong, and since Theo's return from the bishop's, he had been so changed that she had grown very fond of him. Being a year or two his senior, she felt a kind of elder sisterly responsibility in regard to him, knowing, as she did, that he was even more alone in the world than she, for she had Little Brother, and Theo had nobody at all.

So she was at Mrs. Hunt's door, talking the matter over with her, when Tag, with drooping head and tail, came slowly up the stairs. He wagged his tail faintly at sight of Nan, and rubbed his head affectionately against her, and then stood looking up at her, as if waiting to be questioned.

"He's been gone all night," Nan was saying to Mrs. Hunt, and, referring to the dog, "but I don't believe he found Theo. He doesn't act as if he had. Oh, Mrs. Hunt, where do you suppose he is?"

Mrs. Hunt shook her head. "The dear knows," she said, "but something must 'a' happened to him, sure. He's been steady as clockwork since ever he took that room upstairs, I'll say that for him." She sighed as she spoke, thinking of her Dick.

"But what can I do, Mrs. Hunt?" cried Nan, her eyes full of tears. "It seems dreadful to keep right on, just as if he were here, as usual. Isn't there any way to find out where he is?"

"Look here, Nan," exclaimed Mrs. Hunt. "Do you know where his teacher—that Mr. Scott—lives?"

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you send word to him? He seems to think a lot of Tode an' Dick. I guess he does of all his scholars. He would know what to do, an' where to look for the boy—don't you think so?"

Nan's face had brightened as her friend spoke.

"I'm sure that's a good idea," she replied. "He's always been so nice and kind to Theo. I most know he'll help find him."

"That's right now, child, stop fretting, for I'll warrant he'll set things straight in no time. I'll let Dick or Jimmy go around to Mr. Scott's as soon as they've had their breakfast."

Relieved by this promise, and trying hard to be hopeful and not to worry, Nan ran back to her room, while Mrs. Hunt called the boys.

Dick pretended to be very sound asleep, and it required more than one call and shake to arouse him, but in reality, he, too, had passed a most miserable night, and he had listened, with heart beating fast and hard, to his mother's colloquy with Nan; and as he listened, ever before his mind's eye was that dark, motionless heap on the ground. In imagination, he saw Theo's dead body on a slab in the morgue, and himself in a prison cell, condemned for murder. Dick's worst enemy could not have wished him to be any more wrtched than he was in that hour, as he cowered in his bed, and strained his ears to catch every word that was uttered. But when his mother shook him, he rubbed his eyes, and pretended to be still half-asleep, and flatly refused to go to Mr. Scott's.

"Let Jim go, 'f anybody's got to," he growled, as he began to pull on his clothes. "Here, you, Jim, turn out lively now!" he added, yanking the

bedclothes off his brother to emphasize his words.

"He's always a-puttin' off on me—Dick is," snarled Jim, as he joined his mother in the other room a few minutes later, but when he learned why he was to go to Mr. Scott's he made no further objections, but swallowed his breakfast hastily, and went off on the run. Jim did not share his brother's enmity toward the missing boy. Jim liked Theo. He liked Nan, too, and was always ready to do an errand for her, if she wanted him.

Mr. Scott was just sitting down to breakfast when Jim appeared, and he left his coffee to cool while he listened with keen interest to what the boy had to tell him. His face was very grave as he said:—

"Tell Miss Nan that I will be around there within an hour. See here, though, Jim—have you had your breakfast?"

"Ye—yes, sir," Jim answered, with a quick glance at the hot cakes and chops that had such an appetizing odour. Jim didn't have chops and hot cakes for breakfast.

"Aunt Mary, can you put another plate here for Jim?" Mr. Scott asked, and his aunt, with a smile, set another chair at the table, and piled a plate with eatables, of which the boy disposed as easily and speedily as if that had been his first meal that day.

Mr. Scott likewise made a hasty breakfast, and then he sent Jim back to Nan, while he himself went to his place of business to arrange for his absence that morning.

Within the hour, as he had said, he knocked at Nan's door. She welcomed him with a feeling of glad relief, assured that at least he would be able to find out where Theo was. He waited only to get what little information she could give him, and then set forth, but before he had reached the bottom of the first flight of stairs, Nan ran after him.

"Mr. Scott," she called. "Wouldn't it be a good plan to take Tag—Theo's dog—with you?"

Mr. Scott thought it would, but now an unexpected obstacle was encountered. Tag refused to go with him. He crept under Nan's dress, and crouched there, looking quietly out at the gentleman, but making no movement toward him, though he called and whistled as persuasively as he could.

"Oh, Tag, do go," pleaded Nan, almost ready to cry at the dog's unexpected obstinacy.

Tag twisted his head and looked up at her, and it almost seemed as if he were moved by her pleading tone, for, after a moment's hesitation, he crept slowly out from his refuge, and followed Mr. Scott down the stairs. Once outside the house, he stopped and gazed with keen, questioning eyes at the gentleman, standing, meanwhile, ready to dart off, should any attempt be made to capture him, but Mr. Scott stopped, too, and said, quietly:—

"Go find him, Tag. Find Theo."

That was enough for the intelligent little creature. With a quick, sharp yelp of satisfaction, Tag set off at such a pace that Mr. Scott had hard work to keep him in sight. In fact, as soon as they turned into a thronged business street, he lost sight of his four-footed guide entirely, but the direction Tag had taken was a sufficient clue. The young man was so certain that the Emergency Hospital was the place to which the dog was leading him that he boarded a car and went directly there, and, sure enough, on the steps sat Tag, his short ears erect, and his eager eyes watching impatiently for a chance to slip inside the doors.

He seemed to know that his chance had come when he saw Mr. Scott running up the steps, for he frisked about and showed his delight in every conceivable fashion. Dogs were not allowed in the hospital, but when Mr. Scott picked Tag up in his arms and



promised to keep him there, the attendant finally consented that he should do so. And so they went first to the waiting-room, and then up the stairs and through the long corridors.

(To be continued.)

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