

ad of the writ- is delighted to off together. opportunity to the heart and at man. They from the wide e houses, into trict, and final- g, where many r—such as it fter another of op led the boy, d knocked at a g.

ed by a woman if she had for- of a light flash- of her visitor. chair with her hoph took it he e of the little mother's skirts, le children, but ionless on a bed room.

ired the bishop, mpathy, as he ran face. filled with tears. d, "I doubt I'm I feel I ought ce—but I can't" little form and lids.

it, my daugh- and the woman r—the old story rovided for his n, when he was to starve when sessed him. He for three weeks, noney for medi-ild, or food for

was told the bis- is pocket and he y to the woman, what you need. r you to get it, nd I will see to u come back." a moment, then hanks, threw a l and was gone.

ed the three older one on each knee close to his side, s that held them sick baby began eebly. Then the taking the little his strong arms, orth in the small aning cry ceased.

He had just laid when the mother er arms full of k of dull despair r worn face, and of hope in her ily prepared the by, while the bis- open one of the bread into the children.

He will' rnestly, as the bis- with a promise to seat in a corner d listened to all, he bishop down to until they came to. The boy did not ace it was. After- at it was the poor-

an driftwood gath- s one old man who r, working at his e had strength to p had known him fore he gave up his was the one delight life to have a visit and knowing this, failed to come sev- rear. The old cob- memory of these lonely weeks that ooking forward to bright spots in his

"You'll pray with me before ye go?" he pleaded on this day when his visitor arose to leave. "Surely," was the quick reply, and the bishop, falling on his knees, drew Tode down beside him, and the old cobbler, the child and the man of God, bowed their heads together. A great wonder fell upon Tode first, as he listened to that prayer, and then his heart seemed to melt within him. When he rose from his knees, he had learned Who and What God is, and what it is to pray, and though he could not understand how it was, or why—he knew that hence-

forth his own life must be wholly different. Something in him was changed and he was full of a strange happiness as he walked homeward beside his friend.

But all in a moment his new joy departed, banished by the remembrance of that pocketbook.

"I found it. I picked it up," he argued to himself, but then arose before him the memory of other things that he had stolen—of many an evil thing that he had done, and gloried in the doing. Now the remembrance of these things made him wretched.

The bishop was to deliver an address that evening, and Tode was alone, and he did not feel like going to the housekeeper's room.

He was free to go where he chose about the house, so he wandered from room to room, and finally to the study. It was dark there, but he felt his way to his seat beside the bishop's desk, and sitting there in the dark the boy faced his past and his future; faced, too, a duty that lay before him—a duty so hard that it seemed to him he never could perform it, yet he knew he must. It was to tell the bishop how he had been deceiving him all these weeks.

Tears were strangers to Tode's eyes, but they flowed down his cheeks as he sat there in the dark and thought of the happy days he had spent there, and that now he must go away from it all—away from the bishop—back to the wretched and miserable life which was all he had known before.

"Oh, how can I tell him! How can I tell him!" he sobbed aloud, with his head on the desk.

The next moment a strong, wiry hand seized his right ear with a grip that made him wince, while a voice with a thrill of evil satisfaction in it, exclaimed in a low, guarded tone, "So! I've caught you, you young cheat. I've suspected for some time that you were pulling the wool over the bishop's eyes, but you were so plaguy cunning that I couldn't nab you before. You're a fine specimen, aren't you? What do you think the bishop will say to all this?"

Tode had recognized the voice of Mr. Gibson, the secretary. He knew that the secretary had a way of going about as soft-footed as a cat. He tried to jerk his ear free, but at that Mr. Gibson gave it such a tweak that Tode could hardly keep from crying out with the pain. He did keep from it, however, and the next moment the secretary let him go, and, striking a match, lit the gas, and then softly closed the door.

"Now," he said, coming back to the desk, "what have you to say for yourself?" "Nothing—to you," replied Tode, looking full into the dark face and cruel eyes of the man. "I'll tell the bishop myself what there is to tell."

"Oh, you will, will you?" answered the man, with a sneer. "I reckon before you get through with your telling you'll wish you'd never been born. The bishop's the gentlest of men—until he finds that some one has been trying to deceive him. And you—you whom he picked up out of the street, you whom he has treated as if you were his own son—I tell you, boy, you'll think you've been struck by lightning when the bishop orders you out of his sight. He never forgives deceit like yours."

Tode's face paled and his lips trembled as he listened, but he would not give way before his tormentor. His silence angered the secretary yet more. "Why don't you speak?" he exclaimed, sharply. "I'll speak to the bishop—not to you," replied the boy, steadily.

His defiant tone and undaunted look made the secretary furious. He sprang toward the boy, but Tode was on the watch now, and slipped out of his chair and round to the other side of the desk, where he stopped and again faced his enemy, for he knew now that this man was his enemy,

though he could not guess the reason of his enmity. The secretary took a step forward, but at that Tode sped across the room out of the door, and up to his own room, the door of which he locked.

(To be continued.)

### Boys and Girls

Dear Cousins,—

In case you wondered where I was last week—well, here I am this week to tell you! I was right here in the city, only Somebody Else who works in this office (you may be able to guess who it is, because I consider only a few people important enough for capital letters)—well, Somebody Else told me that there'd only be room for my letters once a fortnight for a while. I guess he has some sort of a surprise up his sleeve for you, but I don't know what it is.

So all this time I've been thinking about you: wondering how many of you have been welcoming back the birds and watching out for pussy-willows and springy things like that. Why, even here in the city, one day last week a fat, old robin suddenly sat down on the fire-escape outside my office window, and I'm pretty certain he winked at me. He comes quite often now, and wakes me up early in the morning, whistling away outside. It's all very well for him to get up bright and early. He doesn't stay up late the way Cousin Mike's and people have to. He goes in for Daylight Saving all the year round.

Now, about our Scripture Clocks. After my deluge of answers for the text-hunting competition, I had been expecting another flood of answers to this, but I guess I have some cousins who like the easy competitions better than the other sort. I've had so few answers that I half thought of not settling it this week at all, and waiting to see if more came in. But if I do that, I can't give you any results for a fortnight longer, since I'm not writing to you so often, so it'll have to be this week. I must say that those which have come look very neat and tidy, and I see I have two or three new cousins. I always find somebody new every competition.

If you didn't want to do Scripture Clocks, how will you want to do the new Competition I'm going to ask for? I want you to write me a short Easter hymn, just two or three verses long, and I want them sent to the office not later than Thursday, April 10th, so that I can have them ready to print in the "Churchman" for April 17th, which is the issue just before Easter. Don't you think it would be nice to have the best hymn printed then? I do. We've only had one hymn competition ever before, and that was a great while ago, for one Christmas-time. I got some very good verses then, though, and it was a St. John cousin who won the prize that time. I wonder who it'll be this time?

Your Affectionate Cousin Mike.

#### Results of the Scripture Clock Competition.

##### Prize.

Millie Miller (age 13), R.R. No. 1, Linwood, Ont.

##### Highly Commended.

1. Kathleen Seaborn (age 13), 84 Follis Avenue, Toronto.
2. Fred S. Vickers (age 12), Heathcote, Ont.
3. Dorothy Dutton (age 10), Gilbert Plains, Man.
4. Jean Seaborn (age 10), 84 Follis Avenue, Toronto.
5. Jack Seaborn (age 8), 84 Follis Avenue, Toronto.

**SHAW'S BUSINESS SCHOOLS**  
 Toronto, give High Grade Courses qualifying for Good Positions. No vacations. Free Prospectus. Write W. H. Shaw, President, Yonge and Gerrard, Toronto.

**Do You Want to Become a Nurse?**  
 The Salvation Army offers a unique opportunity to Christian young women (Savaliolists or otherwise) desiring to take a course in Maternity nursing. Through and efficient Hospital training given under physicians and graduate nurses.  
 For terms and other information write to the Women's Social Secretary, S. A. Headquarters, Albert Street, Toronto.

**HYGIENIC SHOES, now a Necessity**  
 Step into a new life, by wearing a pair of our Natural or Semi-Natural Tread Shoes. We specialize. Get our Booklet, "An Exposure, Feet and Shoes."  
**NATURAL TREAD SHOES, Ltd.**  
 310 Yonge Street

**TORONTO OPTICIANS LIMITED**  
 6 BLOOR ST. E. TORONTO

**MEMORIAL WINDOWS**  
 FINEST ENGLISH DESIGN  
 WE INVITE YOU TO SEE OUR WORK  
**LUXFER PRISM CO. LTD.**  
 296 RICHMOND ST. W. TORONTO

**FREE TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS**  
 A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.  
 We have a new method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as occasional or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.  
 We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show them at our own expense that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.  
 This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now, and then begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do It Today.

**FREE ASTHMA COUPON**  
 FRONTIER ASTHMA CO. Room 1514T, Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N.Y.  
 Send free trial of your method to:

**ROYAL YEAST CAKES**  
 HAS BEEN CANADA'S FAVORITE YEAST FOR MORE THAN 30 YEARS  
 MAKE PERFECT BREAD  
 MADE IN CANADA  
 EWING GILLET COMPANY LIMITED  
 TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG MONTREAL

**Hymn Competition.**  
 Open to girls and boys under 16 years of age. (Age must be stated.) Write a hymn—no longer than three verses—suitable for Easter.  
 Last day for receiving answers, Thursday, April 10th.  
 Please mark your envelopes "Competition," on the outside, and address them to "Cousin Mike."  
 Care of Canadian Churchman, Ltd., Continental Life Building, Toronto.

**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 downhearted.  
 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, and also many other patent 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 Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Substitutes will only disappoint. Insist on getting what you ask for.