

**TO THE CLERGY**

We would earnestly urge the clergy to secure some person in their parishes to obtain subscribers for us. *The Church Paper* is for all classes of Church people. We will pay a liberal commission. The Church's best workers are those who read *The Canadian Churchman*

the works of Ruskin, which Her Majesty likes her daughter to read. Besides Ruskin, there are volumes of memoirs of famous people, biographies, history and travel, and a few—very few—novels. The little Princess has probably read less fiction than any other girl of her own age in England. There is hardly any time for them, for there is so much that the poor child has to know.

Near one of the windows stands the Princess' desk, and in it lies the diary that she has kept with the greatest regularity every day for the last five years. As she has already assisted at many ceremonies and met a great many famous folk, this diary, should it ever be published, ought to be most interesting reading. A piano stands near another window, and in one corner of the room are a pair of light clubs and a pair of dumbbells, with which Her Royal Highness does an hour's light exercise every morning. This is her father's idea.

Out of this room is yet another, which Princess Mary calls her "workshop." Here is a small gas stove, where she cooks cakes and other light dainties, about which her brothers chaff her mightily when they are at home, but which they never fail to devour all the same. A table stands near on which she makes her pastry,

In the furthest corner from the window is a table devoted to her photography, at which Her Royal Highness may most often be found in her spare time. No need for dark rooms now, and she does all her own developing and printing.

One other room—and the one least

inhabited by Her Royal Highness—is a small drawing-room, in which she entertains her friends when they come to see her, for "playing hostess" is regarded as part of her education. Princess Mary regards this part of her life as a "dreadful bore." Not that she doesn't care for her friends, but she is such an "outdoor" girl that open-air pursuits and boys' games are her favourite pastimes. A game of cricket with her brothers she loves and, indeed, she can give them all a good game—even the Prince of Wales himself. She is a good and fearless rider, and can swim, golf and play hockey as well as most girls of her age.

**THE COW THAT ATE JACKY'S GARDEN.**

By F. H. Sweet.

"Oh, papa!" yelled Jacky, as he ran madly toward the house, "old Jonty's cow has got in and eaten up nearly all my garden—lettuce and beans and celery, and 'most all my flowers. Oh, dear! Let's whip her and then drive her out to the pound and shut her up. That'll make old Jonty mad, and he'll have to pay a whole dollar to have her took out. And—and can't the law make him pay for my garden, too?"

But papa and mamma had gone across to the orchard, on the opposite side of the house, to look at some new fruit-trees that were coming into bearing, and did not hear.

Jacky saw old Jonty himself turn in at the road entrance and hobble toward the house, with anxiety expressed in every motion of his frail body.

"Seen anything o' my cow, Jacky?" his cracked voice quavered before he was half way up the path. "I try to keep an eye on her all the time, but can't, seein' I have to be here an' there an' yonder sawin' wood an' doin' arrants, an' she bein' in the road."

"Yes," Jacky forced himself to answer, pleasantly; "she's down by the wall eatin' grass. I—I drove her out there. You see," hastily, "it's better feedin' there, and the high grass ought to be cut down, anyway."

"Well, now, I am glad," old Jonty ejaculated, with a great sigh of relief. "I was feared she might be pokin' in somewhere an' do damage. I'm forever pestered 'bout that cow, an' skeered o' her bein' put into the pound. It would come ter'ble hard to spare the money to bail her out. Someway, it don't seem jest right to let her run the roads so, but what can I do? The doctor says for me to have milk for my sick boy; but havin' the fambly I've got, an' no work but what a broken-down old man can get peddlin' round, I never could buy."

"I—I don't believe the neighbour's care—very much," Jacky stammered, colouring guiltily. "And that's splendid high grass along the wall, better than your cow could find anywh'r on the public road. If you like, you may leave the cow there all the afternoon."

"W-e-l-l," doubtfully; "if ye're sure it won't bother ye any, it would be a big easement. I've promised Mis' Brown the cuttin' of a half cord o' wood."

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He turned away with a nod of thanks and hobbled back toward the road. Jacky watched him for some seconds in silence, the last of his resentment disappearing.

"Oh, say, Mr. Jonty," he called, "there's lots and lots of grass all along the wall. You can turn your cow in every day, and I will look after her."

**THE BIRD'S CONCERT.**

The birds gave a concert  
One summer day,  
In a green tree-top  
Over the way.  
Thrushes and linnets  
And blue-jays together,  
Every one dressed  
In his very best feather.  
The larks and the black birds  
Came in a crowd,  
And gold-crested robins  
Feeling so proud.  
The wrens and the sparrows  
Came with the rest,  
Each one determined  
To do just his best;  
The robins were leaders,  
And pitched the tunes high;  
The larks went a-soaring  
Up to the sky.  
The voices of blue-jays  
And blackbirds all blended,  
And every one thought  
The concert was splendid!

**NOW IS THE TIME.**

No one was ever sorry for promptly doing a kind or generous action. Thousands, however, have bitterly regretted, when it was too late, the postponement of a tender act. A gentleman thus tells with thankfulness an experience of his boyhood.

"One day—a long hot day it had been, too—I met my father on the road to town.

"I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim," he said, hesitatingly.

"Now I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and just out of the hayfield, where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles into town. I wanted to get my supper, and dress for the singing class. My first im-

pulse was to refuse, and to do it harshly; for I was vexed that he should ask me, after my long day's work. If I did refuse, he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me—one of God's good angels, I think.

"Of course, father, I'll take it," I said heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men. He gave me the package.

"Thank you, Jim," he said, "I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day."

He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town; and as he left he put his hand on my arm, saying again: "Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim."

"I hurried into town and back again. When I came near the house I saw a crowd of the farm hands at the door. One of them came to me, the tears rolling down his face. 'Your father!' he said, 'He fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words that he spoke were to you.'

"I am an old man now; but I have thanked God over and over again in all the years that have passed since that hour, that those last words were:—'You've always been a good boy to me.'"

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