

Estries

l Saints' Church, ve increased the n Arthur Carlisle,

estry meeting of urch, Woodstock, H. Shaw, was in cial report was a e.

nal reception at thedral, Ottawa, he people's war- port, laying forth to be carried out renovation of the

ry meeting of St. Barrielfield. The the report, which st of years. The \$1,944.55, which 5 to missions, be- nonical collections de objects. The . Cooke, spoke of psonse to the For- which the parish 1,126. The mort- ectory property, was paid off dur- ng the parish free ecial Easter offer- 123. The Rector's ed \$200. The ad- a hand the plac- g system in the aning and decorat- f the church.

LAMILTON, LON- GSTON VESTRY HELD OVER.

of the late Judge polis Royal, N.S., preached from the He made warm character and work and quoted at the ten by the Judge's in great physical

day breaketh, f pain is o'er; e light is shining- golden shore. er the river. t and morning star th to Heaven, g from afar. a day breaketh vs flee away; see the glory ernal day.

K TO WEEK.

rom page 248.) l Christ-like things workers. Is there statesmanship or ng the union club banqueting hall in e public weal? The still and denouncing m and finally yield- ed to do so is a pit- ake. No man, or ses prospering through- operation of other y hope to stand in ss they are planning nt of fellow-citizen- time when reckless the air can't these sir own safety is at heir sense of justice ay we not hope that in the conventions of our industrial ancial leaders there uate place on every ted to the considera- are, happiness, peo- ple, generally, quite hought of dividend?

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Birds of the Merry Forest

By LILIAN LEVERIDGE

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CHAPTER IV.

A Tired Little Boy.

SEVEN sevens are forty-nine, seven eights are fifty-six, seven nines are—seven nines are— Dimple, how much are seven nines?" "Hush!" whispered Dimple. "We mustn't talk in school, you know. Look at your book."

"I'm tired looking at my book. It makes my head go round. I'm awful sick of lessons, Dimple. Seven sevens are forty-nine, seven eights are fifty-six, seven nines are—"

"Chick-a-dee-dee-dee!" Boy Blue and Dimple looked up with a smile of joy. There was their dear little bird friend on the window ledge outside, looking right in at them.

"Please, teacher," said Boy Blue, holding up his hand, "may I open the window. Here's the bird wanting to come in."

Miss Miller nodded assent, and the twins together raised the window sash a wee bit. It was a big effort for Boy Blue, and quite took his breath away, but the bird wouldn't come in.

"Chick-a-dee-dee-dee!" it said. "Come out, Boy Blue. Come out to the Merry Forest and visit us birds. We'd love to have you, and we'll be as good to you as you were to me yesterday. Come on out."

Boy Blue was certainly surprised to hear the bird talking like that. He wondered if he was dreaming; he felt as if he were. But he answered in a low tone, "Oh! I can't, Birdie. I've got to learn the seven times table, and it's awful hard, but I'd like to go with you."

"Never mind the seven times table," coaxed the bird. "Come on out."

Boy Blue felt very queer. The room seemed to be rocking like a boat on the water, and it made him dizzy. A blue mist blurred the faces of the other children. It grew darker and darker. Then the light suddenly went out and he fell asleep.

When he awoke he was just dreadfully tired—almost too tired to open his eyes. But he heard Dimple asking him in a coaxing voice to wake up, so just to please her he tried hard to raise his heavy eyelids.

When at last he succeeded he found himself lying on the floor, up near the paltform, with the teacher's coat under him and her fur muff for a pillow. His face felt damp, and the teacher was rubbing his hands.

"There; that's right!" she said, gently. "You'll soon be as chirpy as a sparrow. Take a little drink," and she held a glass of cold water to his lips. "Do you feel better now?"

"A little," he replied, "only I'm awful tired. It's funny I went to sleep in school. I didn't mean to, teacher."

"I know you didn't, dear, and it's all right. I expect your Daddy will be along soon. Jimmie went for him, and until he comes you just lie still and rest."

In a few minutes there was a jingle of sleigh bells, and in came Daddy, looking very worried and anxious. "How is the boy?" he asked the moment he stepped inside.

"He's coming round all right," Miss Miller answered, "and I think he will be quite bright as soon as he gets out into the air."

Daddy strode across the room and lifted Boy Blue in his big, strong arms. "What happened you, son?" he asked, tenderly.

"I don't know, Daddy. I just got awful tired and sleepy and couldn't stay awake. But I'm nearly all right now. I'm glad you came, so Dimple and me can have a ride home."

The teacher brought his coat and cap and mittens, and helped Daddy put them on, and by that time Dimple was ready, too.

"Good-bye, teacher," said Boy Blue, as they went out. "Your muff made a nice, soft pillow, but I like my Daddy's shoulder best."

Daddy kept the boy in his arms as he drove along the white woodland rode. Neither of them talked very much. Only once, when they passed some chattering chickadees on a spruce tree, Boy Blue lifted his head and asked his sister, "Dimple, did you hear what that chickadee said to me—the one that came to the window just before I went to sleep?"

"No," said Dimple. "What did it say?"

"It wanted me to come on out into the Merry Forest for a visit. I said I had to study the seven times table, and it told me not to mind the seven times table, but come on out."

"I didn't hear it. I wish I had," Dimple replied, wistfully.

"Wasn't it funny, Daddy," Boy Blue whispered, "that the bird should talk to me like that?"

There was a very grave and worried look in Daddy's eyes as he glanced down at the little, pale face on his shoulder. "Hush!" he answered. "You know birds can't talk. You were dreaming."

"Maybe," said Boy Blue, doubtfully; "but I hadn't gone to sleep then. I was wide awake."

"Well, don't talk any more now," and Daddy silenced the child's lips with a kiss.

Mother was waiting with open arms at the door, and very soon her tired, little boy was resting comfortably on the softest cushions in the cosy corner by the open fireplace. She brought him a bug cup of hot milk and some dainty slices of thin bread and butter. He drank the milk, but didn't want the bread and butter, not even when she put sugar on it.

When Daddy came in, after putting up the horse, and saw that untasted plate of bread and butter, he turned to Mother and asked her, "What do you think of sending for Dr. Wise?"

"I would if I were you," she said.

So the doctor came. Dr. Wise, tall, ruddy and youthful, was like a big, jolly schoolboy himself, and he seemed to carry a bit of breeze and sunshine with him wherever he went.

As soon as he had gone, Boy Blue, who had been put to bed in his own little blue and white room, sent for his sister.

"Dimple," he said, as soon as she appeared at the door, "come here and sit on the bed where I can see you. I want to talk to you, and I'm too tired to turn my head."

Dimple was up beside him in a moment. "What did he do to you?" she asked.

"Do? Nothing—only talked. Do you know what he said, Dimple?"

Dimple shook her head.

"He said I was to have a year's holiday from school—a whole year! Just think of it!—and be out doors a lot."

"A year! My! but that's a long time. Are you glad?"

"Y-yes," he answered, hesitatingly. "There's only one thing I mind."

"What's that?"

"When I go back you'll be away ahead of me, and we can't be together

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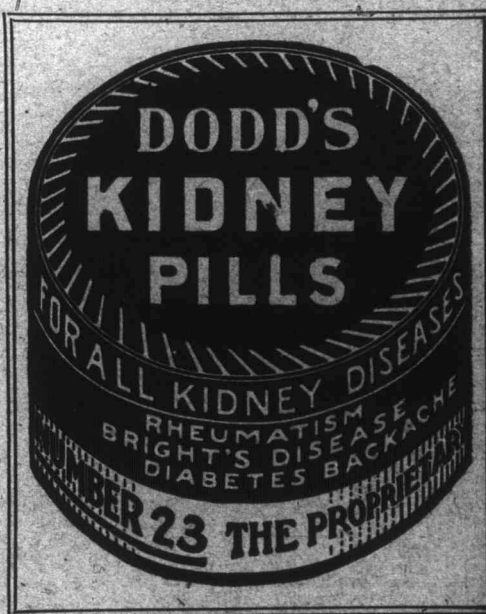
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