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ever, and soon his eyes again closed wearily, but this time in sleep, health- ful and refreshing, instead of the stupor that had preceded it, and the doctor turned away with an expres- sion of satisfaction.

"He'll pull through now," he said in a low tone. "He's young and full of vitality—he'll soon be all right."

The Bishop rubbed his hands with satisfaction. "That's well! That's well!" he exclaimed, heartily.

The doctor looked at him curiously. "Did you ever see the lad before you picked him up yesterday?" he asked.

"No, never," answered the Bishop, who naturally had not recognized in Tode the boy whom he had taken into church that Sunday, weeks before.

The doctor shook his head as he drove off and muttered to himself:—

"Whoever saw such a man! Who but our Bishop would ever think of taking a little street urchin like that right into his home and treating him as if he were his own flesh and blood! Well! Well! He himself gets taken in often, no doubt, in another fashion, but all the same the world would be the better if there were more like him!"

And if the doctor's pronouns were a little mixed, he himself understood what he meant, and nobody else had anything to do with the matter.

The next morning Tode awoke again, and this time to a full and lively consciousness of his surround- ings. It was still early, and the nurse was dozing in an easy-chair beside the bed. The boy looked at her curi- ously, then he raised himself on his elbow and gazed about him, but as he did so he became conscious of a dull, throbbing pain in one side of his head and a sick faintness swept over him. It was his first experience of weakness, and it startled him into a faint groan as his head fell back on the pillow.

The sound awoke the nurse, who held a spoonful of medicine to his lips, saying:—

"Lie still. The doctor says you must not talk at all until he comes."

"So," thought the boy. "I've got a doctor. Wonder where I am an' what ails me, anyhow."

But that strange weakness made it easy to obey orders and lie still while the nurse bathed his face and hands and freshened up the bed and the room. Then she brought him a bowl of chicken broth with which she fed him. It tasted delicious, and he swal- lowed it hungrily and wished there had been more. Then as he lay back on the pillows he remembered all that

had happened—the horses running down the street, his attempt to stop them, and the awful blow on his head as it struck the curbstone.

"Wonder where I am? 'Tain't a hospital, anyhow," he thought. "My! But I feel nice an' clean an' so—so light, somehow! If only my head wasn't so sore!"

No wonder he felt "nice and clean and light somehow," when, for the first time in his life his body and garments, as well as his bed, were as sweet and fresh as hands could make them. Tode never had minded dirt. Why should he, when he had been born in it and had grown up knowing nothing better? Yet, none the less, was this new experience most deli- ghtful to him—so delightful that he didn't care to talk. It was happiness enough for him, just then, to lie still and enjoy these new conditions, and so presently he floated off again into sleep—a sleep full of beautiful dreams from which the low murmur of voices aroused him, and he opened his eyes to see the nurse and the doctor look- ing down at him.

"Well, my boy," said the doctor, with his fingers on the wrist near him, "you look better. Feel better, too, don't you?"

Tode gazed at him, wondering who he was and paying no attention to his question.

"Doctor," exclaimed the nurse, sud- denly, "he hasn't spoken a single word. Do you suppose he can be deaf and dumb?"

The Bishop entered the room just in time to catch the last words.

"Deaf and dumb!" he repeated, in a tone of dismay. "Dear me! If the poor child is deaf and dumb, I shall certainly keep him here until I can find a better home for him."

As his eyes rested on the Bishop, Tode started and uttered a little in- articulate cry of joy; then, as he understood what the Bishop was saying, a singular expression passed over his face. The doctor, watching him closely, could make nothing of it.

"He looks as if he knew you, Bishop," the doctor said.

The Bishop had taken the boy's rough little hand in his own large, kindly grasp.

"No, doctor," he answered, "I don't think I've ever seen him before yes- terday, but we're friends all the same, aren't we, my lad?" and he smiled down into the grey eyes looking up to him so earnestly and happily.

Tode opened his lips to speak, then suddenly remembering, slightly shook his head while the colour mounted in his pale cheeks.

"He acts like a deaf mute, certain- ly," muttered the doctor, and, step- ping to the head of the bed, he pulled out his watch and held it first to one and then the other of Tode's ears, but out of his sight.

Tode's ears were as sharp as a fer- ret's and his brain was as quick as his ears. He knew well enough what the doctor was doing, but he made no sign. Were not the Bishop's words ringing in his ears? "If the poor child is deaf and dumb, I shall cer- tainly keep him here until I can find a better home for him."

There were few things at which the boy would have hesitated to ensure his staying there. He understood now that he was in the house of the Bishop—"my Bishop," he called him in his thought.

So, naturally enough, it was taken for granted that the boy was deaf and dumb, for no one imagined the possibility of his pretending to be so. Tode thought it would be easy to keep up the deception, but at first he found it very hard. As his strength return- ed there were so many questions that he wanted to ask, but he fully believed that if it were known that he could hear and speak he would be sent away, and more and more as the days went by he longed to remain where he was.

(To be continued.)

Boys and Girls

Dear Cousins,—

I never knew anything like the way Saturday comes. Did you know it is generally Saturday when I write to you? Seems to me it comes so quickly that sometimes I think old Saturday pushes young Wednesday out of the way and takes two days in the week for himself instead of one.

I had been thinking all week it would soon be about time for me to begin going off on my exploring trips again, and I'd almost planned one, when all of a sudden, Jack Frost took a look over his shoulder just when everybody thought he'd packed up for good and was off North; he saw that Ontario was much too brown for the time of the year: (it ought really to be white now), and he suddenly decided that he'd still got too much snow left in his pack, and he didn't want to carry a great heavy load back, so he dropped a good deal of snow—and I couldn't go exploring.

You might wonder how I know all this. Well, it was the March wind told me. You know the way March comes in like a lion—roaring and making a terrible noise? Well, he came into my office all of a sudden like that one day, and he made such a noise that it took me a long time to calm him down so that I could find out what it was all about. Finally, he told me, and then he thought it was such a joke that he burst out laughing, and got so boisterous again, that I simply had to turn him out, or I wouldn't have had a picture left on the walls. He'd have blown them all down!

So instead of tramping I don't know where, I've been sitting indoors, listening to my radiator. It always has a long tale to tell, about this time of day, and just now, it must be rather funny, for it is chattering away at a great rate, and chuckling every now and then so loudly, I can hardly hear myself write!

I shall have to stop writing and make it be quiet, but first of all, I must print a letter or two, as I said I would. I have just been looking at some of your old letters, and Robert Blow told me away back in February that the sap was running, and he'd seen a robin. Well, only yesterday, I went into a shop to buy some maple sugar, because I know somebody over- seas who likes it, and the man told me I was too early for this year's sugar yet! I was so surprised that I didn't know what to say. But I didn't get any, all the same. Maybe I will next week.

Your affectionate
Cousin Mike.

The Clock Competition is open to anyone under the age of 16 years.

HENRY WHITE'S LETTER,
The Church House,
High Prairie,
Alta.,

Feb. 10, 1919.

Dear Cousin Mike.—

I was pleased to be able to enter this competition. The other one I did not see in time to compete. For nearly three months, the school here was closed, and I am glad it has opened again, and there are two new teachers.

My two sisters and I have had the flu. But I am glad to say, not badly. Did I tell you I have been learning music, and I learnt two hymn tunes? Here we have two horses and a cow, and some chickens. Our chickens are not laying yet.

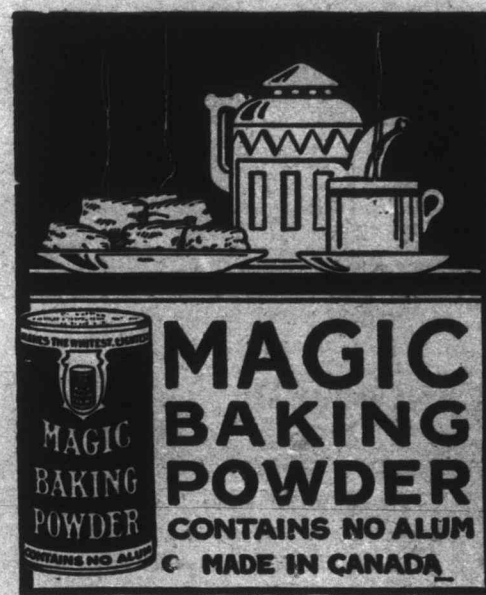
Goodbye.
From your little Cousin,
Henry P. White.

HUGH SMITH'S LETTER,
323 Soudan Ave.

Toronto,
Feb. 9, 1919.

Dear Cousin Mike,—

I am trying for the Text-hunting competition, and hope to get a prize.



I go to St. Clement's Sunday School. I have a dog named Biddy; she is black all over except her chest, and one inch of her tail (I measured it) all white.

I go to the Model School and am in Form III, and in the Senior Class. I am eleven years old.

From your loving Cousin,
Hugh Smith.

Every person has "a past." You can obliterate part of yours by deserting the "1918 Class." See page 174.

Could Not Lift
Stick of Wood

Would Almost Faint from Severe
Pain in Back—Doctors Could
Not Get the Kidneys
Set Right.

A great many people suffer the re- sults of deranged kidneys and do not understand the cause of trouble or the way to obtain cure. The writer of this letter suffered excruciating pains in the back, and in vain his physician tried to cure him. For some reason or other his medicines did not have the desired effect.

Mr. Olts' brother was a merchant, selling, among other medicines, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and he heard his customers telling about how they were cured of kidney derange- ments by their use. This led to Mr. Olts putting them to the test, with the splendid results reported in this letter.

Mr. E. C. Olts, Benton, Carleton County, N.B., writes: "I am glad to let you know how much your medi- cine has done for me. I suffered from my kidneys, which at one time were so bad I could not lift a stick of wood without getting on my knees, and then would almost faint from the pain in my back. I consulted a doctor about it, and he gave me some medi- cine, but it did not help me. My brother, who is a merchant, and car- ries all your medicines, advised me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I got one box, and they helped me, so I got another one, and kept on until I had taken five boxes, which cured me. I have had no trouble with my back since, and am never without Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in the house. Last summer I also suffered from piles. I used three boxes of your Ointment, and it cured them. I can certainly recommend Dr. Chase's Pills and Ointment."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, five for \$1.00, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substi- tute or you will certainly be disap- pointed.

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