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BIRDS OF THE MERRY FOREST
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CHAPTER XX.
 A Series of Mishaps.

AS soon as the picnic lunch had been disposed of the three children took off their shoes and stockings and waded in the shallow water along the shore. They ran races up and down with an interesting little Water-Thrush, laughing at its continually-tilting tail and bobbing head. They called to a pair of Loons some distance away, admired their graceful swimming and diving, and wished for a closer acquaintance. "I wish we had a boat," said Boy Blue. "Then we could row over to them." But Jimmie assured him that the Loons were exceedingly elusive in their associates, and would be "not at home" to callers of their class. He told how he and his father had once found a Loon's nest on a tiny island. There were two very large, brown mottled eggs in it, which, a little later, were replaced by two of the dearest, fluffiest little baby birds, that could swim almost as soon as they were born. Jimmie, however, was anxious to begin fishing, for he wanted to make sure of that string of fish he had promised his father. "I brought plenty of worms for bait and two extra hooks and lines," he said, "so if you two would care to fish you can."

Boy Blue was delighted with the idea, and Dimple agreed to have a try, too, but she was not very eager about it. It took Jimmie only a few minutes to cut and trim three good fishing-rods and to fasten on the lines. They went to a spot where the water was shadowy and pretty deep, and soon the three corks were bobbing on the rippling water. The fish began biting at once. Evidently they were hungry, and they had not been disturbed for some time. In less than two minutes Jimmie had a good, big fish floundering on the grass, and shortly after Boy Blue was the proud possessor of a fine sunfish of his own catching. Dimple, however, was not so fortunate. The very first visitor to her hook stole her bait and made away with it in safety. That made it necessary to put on another worm, which Boy Blue insisted she must do this time herself, and the process was anything but enjoyable. Next time her cork went under she whipped out the line in a hurry—too much of a hurry, for the fish, when she thought it was hers for sure, dropped back into the water. The hook swung back and caught the skirt of her dress behind.

The boys laughed. "Well, Dimple," said Jimmie, "you've caught a big fish, sure enough, this time." "I'm not a big fish," snapped Dimple, crossly, "and I hate fishing, anyway," she was vexed at her series of mishaps, and it wasn't a bit pleasant to be laughed at. Instead of carefully removing the hook, she jerked at it savagely, with the natural result of a scratched and bleeding finger and a badly-torn dress. "Oh! I'm so sorry," said Boy Blue, sympathetically, when he saw what had happened. "Oh, I don't care," returned Dimple, with a toss of her head, but, all the same, she did care very much. She threw aside the offending fishing tackle and wandered off to amuse herself in her own way. "Don't go and get lost," called Jimmie after her. "I guess I know how to take care of myself, Jimmie West," she retorted.

Jimmie whistled under his breath. "What's the matter with her to-day?" he asked.

"Oh, she gets cross like that sometimes when things go wrong," Boy Blue replied, "but it won't last long."

"I don't suppose you ever get cross," Jimmie ventured, with a sly twinkle in his eye.

Boy Blue did not answer for a minute. Then he said, "Don't you think you are scaring the fish, Jimmie?"

Jimmie laughed softly and turned his attention to his cork that was just disappearing under the ripples. "Boys, oh, boys! These fish are just crazy to be caught," he exclaimed as he threw out a big trout.

"You just can't help catching them," laughed Boy Blue as he landed another. The sport was so good and their excitement so great that for the next half-hour or more they forgot all about their unfortunate little partner. Then, suddenly they heard a terrified scream, and, looking round in the direction from which it came, they saw a sight which froze their tongues with horror.

Dimple, meanwhile, was having some excitement of her own. She wiped the blood from her finger on a corner of her torn dress, but the stain looked so horrid that she tore off the soiled part and threw it away. Then she was amused to see the Blue-bird pick up the little pink rag and carry it away into the branches of a big pine tree that leaned out over the water.

"It must be building a nest up there," she thought. "Oh! I wish I could see it."

Was it possible to climb up that tree? She went over to find out, and was delighted to discover, close on the other side, a little spruce with branches all the way up. She could easily climb the spruce and step from it into the oak where its branches began.

It seemed a rather daring thing to do, and she hesitated just a minute. Then from the top of the tree a hoarse voice suddenly called, "Come on up! come on up!"

(To be Continued.)

A very successful garden party was held on the grounds of St. George's Church, Cameron, recently. A large number were present, a delicious repast prepared, and an excellent programme given. We believed somewhere about \$150 was realized, and is to be used to help build a basement.

A CHURCH FOR THE BOYS.

One church in Vancouver which is "doing its bit" for the boys of the city is St. Mark's Anglican Church, of Kitsilano. It is practically the pioneer church in the city in regard to boys' work and during the past year many other churches have been following its lead.

There are over 200 boys at present from eight years of age and up, members of the 14 different clubs which go to comprise the boys' section of St. Mark's parish.

The work is carefully planned. The church has one of the largest and finest gymnasiums in the city. The work is under the direction of the physical director, Mr. Ivan Miller, who has a corps of assistants under him who take charge of the various groups. These are all St. Mark's boys. Besides having three teams entered in the Sunday School Base-

ball League, there are two baseball leagues in formation among the boys of the parish themselves. The Trail Rangers and the juniors form the leagues. A pageant took place in the early summer, showing the work which the men in St. Mark's have been doing for the boys. The Rev. A. H. Sovereign is the Rector of this church.

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