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"You don't!" exclaimed Effie, dying to know where she did live. "No, not here at all," was what the

little mermaid answered.

"What do you eat?" inquired Effie, growing each moment more jealous of Katy Tadpole.

"Oh, beautiful things, beautiful things down in the deep, cool place!" Then she said, "I suppose, Katy, you've never tried living on land? I live on land and water both."

Katy Tadpole's little face was bright with pleasure. "Oh, can you? how wonderful! I can only live in water."

"Yes," said Effie, beginning to feel bigger at once. "It is rather wonderful. If you don't mind I can just pull you up on shore."

"Oh, thank you," said Katy Tadpole, not knowing what wicked thoughts Effie had in mind.

At once she felt her tail striking the sand; then she heard Effie say, "Now I'll pull you up the rest of the way," and the next thing she knew Effie Beaver had her by both arms and was pulling her, bumpity, bumpity bump, over the sand and shells and stones high and dry on the shores of Lily THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN

clapped his hands together. With one look at him Effie Beaver ran and ran and ran until she reached Beaver Pond. And while Effie was running homeward old Master All-Wise helped little Katy Tadpole to the edge of Lily Pond and gently put her in again.

N. N. N.

## Faithful Diamond By Dora Raynor.

But there was no sign of Tom that night. A few days after, when Diamond was feeling the loneliness to be almost intolerable-the days were not so bad and the customers were pleasant, but the evenings were long-one Wednesday afternoon, when all Melkford shops shut themselves up, Diamond clad in her best dress walked up to Burnside Farm. When she arrived she was tired. It was a good two miles walk, but she was glad of that in her heart of hearts, for she made an excuse to herself for Tom's non-appearance; it was so far from the village. She asked for Tom. The gardener, a rough-looking man, who stood at the gate, answered sharply.

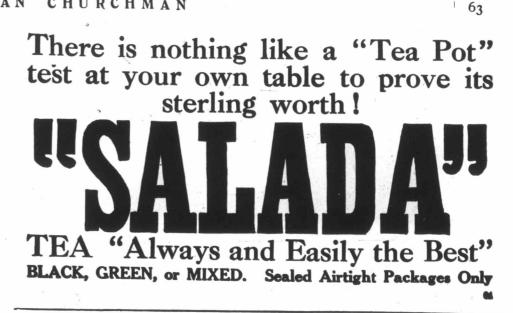
"'Opper? 'E's got his notice to quit fo-day. We couldn't stand his impudent, foolish ways no longer. There 'e is."

With beating heart, Diamond beheld the only relation she had left in the world, a sulky-looking lad, with an untidy head of hair and a shabby suit, who came lounging round the house.

"My grandnephew, Tom !" she said, holding out her old hands which were delicately gloved in white cotton. "Oh I say," muttered the boy. He came up unwillingly.

"Didn't you get my letter, my dear? I am your Aunt Eliza."

Her practised eye instantly took in the shabby details of his attire, and



"Yes, my dear, certainly," said the simple Miss Diamond. Tom had scarcely expected this ready acquiescence. She moved into the small shop, opened the till, and took out three shillings, which she held out to him. "Have some tea," she said soothingly. "Tom, I haven't seen you since you were a baby!"

"Can't stop. Going to London," he said.

"You can always come and live with me till we find you something else to do, my dear."

He shook his head violently. "Live here! Live with you!" He laughed scornfully and rushed out. Miss Diamond did not seek to detain him. She went to bed earlier than usual, praying again that he might be restored to her. He wanted kindness, kindness to drive away that half savage look from his eyes. He had lost his mother when he was nine. She pardoned everything, only longing for his return. She felt he was coming back to her. And that very night she was awakened by violent tapping at her door. She rose at once, believing that God was sending Tom back to her. She held a candle; and as she opened the door, the light fell on the faces of two strange men, carrying a burden.

"Are you Miss Diamond?"

en aunt, even if it only meant lodging with her.

But great happiness was in store for Diamond, the only thing that could have made her happy—for, in spite of the Bradell's care and thought, a shop was not enough to satisfy her loving and unselfish heart. Miss Diamond made an effort, and spoke nervously one day as she sat by his bed:

"Would you like to live here, Tom. I have some money saved, and could buy you a bicycle if your work were far away." (She saw his boyish face light up at the word bicycle.) "Would it be very dull for you, dear Tom?"

The loutish, neglected, homeless boy looked at her bent figure and her mild old face. She had conquered; he had again the old certainty he used to have when his mother was alive that he had someone to care for him. He liked it; he could not give it up. He could not express himself, but he managed to blurt out sturdily, "Very well, Aunt Eliza—it's—it's all right, being here, it is."

And grace was given to old Diamond in this her divine moment not to burst into tears nor to kiss him and draw him to her arms. She simply blinked. She had known the Bradell boys; she knew Master Humphrey hated kisses. She merely said, while her old heart leaped and sang

## Pond.

Poor little Katy Tadpole couldn't do a thing, she was so frightened; the sand gritted on her beautiful, bright skin; her hair was all tangled, and she held her little arms helplessly toward the water out of which Effie Beaver had so cruelly dragged her.

Effie, on the whole, was a good beaver, but at this minute she was very, very far from good, for she was laughing at Katy Tadpole and dancing around to show how capable she was on land as well as in the water. She was so busy amusing herself that she did not see who was standing near by on the same shore. Then Effie told Katy she was going to leave her alone, and the poor little thing began to cry.

Old Master All-Wise, who was standing not far away, heard what Effie said. He had often seen Katy Tadpole shining in the water and he liked her pretty manners and her pretty golden hair. But naughty as Effie Beaver was, he liked her too. Quickly he went toward them both now, but instead of beating Effie with a stick as he would have beaten a boy, he lingered on his shabby boots, and her heart sank at the sound of his rough voice.

"Ain't got no time for aunts," he said, rudely.

He brushed past her and disappeared. The gardener looked at her. "I thought so!" he said. "That lad's a wrong 'un. He'll never be no good." "But if he's dismissed, where will he sleep to-night?" she said anxiousby

"On the road, very like," said the man, indifferently. "That's all he's fit for."

Miss Diamond said no more, and made her way homewards with a slow step. To think that her own grandnephew had come to this! She came to her cottage again feeling weary and disheartened. If he had only come to her—come to be mothered and made better. She prayed that he might yet come as she mechanically set about getting herself a cup of tea.

As she was pouring it out, the door burst open, and Tom Hopper stood before her.

"I'm so glad you've come, Tom," she said.

"I want some money," he blurted.

"Yes, yes. Is that—"

"There's been a motor smash, and this boy, your nephew, got run over. He was asleep by the hedge."

"Come in, come in," said Miss Diamond, in a shaky voice.

They carried Tom Hopper in. He was insensible. "Doctor's coming," said one of the men. It is only his ankle, I think."

So it happened that Tom Hopper came, in spite of himself, to his aunt's home. She almost regained her old self in nursing him. For Tom was obliged, whether he liked it or not, to lie for a fortnight in bed with a bruised foot. And during that time Miss Diamond cooked for him all the dainty invalid messes that she had been accustomed to prepare for the beloved Bradells in the old days whenever they were ill, meals rather different to the bread and dripping Tom was used to.

Miss Diamond was very humble, She never believed for a moment that Tom would elect to stay with her when he got well. She said to herself over and over again that he would go off; it was a boy's nature to love freedom and to dislike a life with an old maidwith joy, "Well, we must see about the bicycle to-morrow. Now, what sort shall it be?"

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PART II.