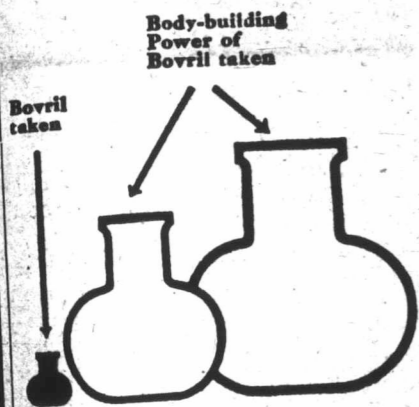
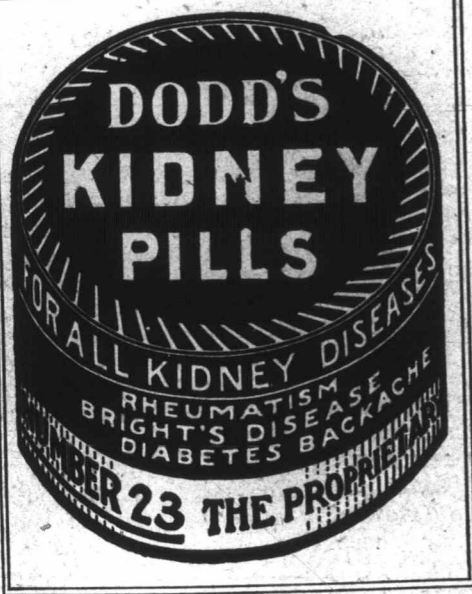


# BOVRIL

The great "key food" that makes other foods more nourishing.



Independent scientific experiments have conclusively proved that the Body-building Power of Bovril is from 10 to 20 times the amount of Bovril taken.



## To Our Subscribers

Please don't wait for a second notice if your subscription to this paper is overdue. Ask your label—it tells expiry date.

When you and others send in promptly the small amounts you owe, we are able to pay the large sums we owe. We pay every month; let us have yours every year.

A prompt remittance from subscribers still in arrears will be greatly appreciated.

## WHOOPIING COUGH

SPASMODIC CROUP ASTHMA COLDS INFLUENZA BRONCHITIS CATARRH



A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, ensuring restful nights. It is invaluable to mothers with young children.

Send us postal for descriptive booklet. Sold by druggists. VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO. London, Ontario, Canada.



# Birds of the Merry Forest

By LILIAN LEVERIDGE

[COPYRIGHT APPLIED FOR]

## CHAPTER III.

### Friends Tried and True.

BLACK-CAP the Chickadee felt very desolate indeed after the disappearance of his friend the Nuthatch. He knew Neddy was not to blame; Neddy would have stood by him through thick and thin if he had been let. But once in the clutches of that Teacher what could he do? What had she done to him, Black-Cap wondered. Whatever it was, she had not been long about it, for there she was back again in the school-room, looking up at him, and lying in wait for him, no doubt.

Round and round he flew, keeping up near the ceiling, striking now against one window, now another. Soon, however, his little wings began to grow tired, and he perched for a few moments' rest on the stove-pipe. It was pleasantly warm to his feet, but bless you, he was warm enough already, with his tiny, frightened heart beating, beating in his fluttering breast.

During that short breathing space he looked round him a bit. It really wasn't a bad looking sort of a prison—if only it were safe! There were six windows—those queer openings where you could see the sky and the trees and the snow, but where you bumped up against something you could not see, and made your head swim. There were framed pictures on the walls, one of a kind-looking lady with a crown on her head, and another of a nice-looking man with lots of funny buttons and things on his coat; and there were pictures of birds and animals, and of pretty trees and grass and blue water.

Black-Cap took another circling flight, and then perched for a rest on the picture of the lady with the crown.

He was beginning to lose his fear a little. After all, he was pretty safe up there, for a time at least. None of those people, not even the monster, Miss Miller, were tall enough to reach up to him. And thank goodness! people had no wings. So he ventured to look down quite calmly at the young people, sitting in straight, stiff rows and looking up at him, one and all, with such big, bright eyes.

"O joy," Black-Cap chirped suddenly. "There's Dimple and Boy Blue!"

He had quite forgotten his little friends, but there they were, smiling up at him so eagerly. Whoever else might be plotting against his liberty or his life, Black-Cap felt sure that he could trust the twins.

"Chick-a-dee-dee-dee!" called Boy Blue in his sweet little voice.

"Dee-dee-dee!" Black-Cap answered, and the smiles of delight that suddenly shone out on every face, even the Teacher's, were like a gleam of sunshine on a grey day.

"Please, Teacher, may I get some crumbs for the Bird?" asked Boy Blue.

"Yes, certainly," said Miss Miller. Boy Blue made a bee line for his tiny dinner pail and took out half a slice of cake; then he scattered some crumbs on the window sill near him and some on his and Dimple's desk—for the twins, of course, sat together.

Black-Cap suddenly discovered he was hungry. He looked longingly at the feast, but sat for a minute or two longer and faced the situation squarely. It didn't take him long to make up his mind what to do. It was very plain that there was no use try-

ing any more to get out through those strange squares of light, and he might as well make the best of it.

He was equally certain that Dimple and Boy Blue were not trying to trap him—they just couldn't be! And as for the rest, were they not all friends, tried and true? Couldn't he just see the love and gentleness and friendship shining in every face? The more he thought about it the more sure he felt, and in a very short time his last flutter of fear vanished.

Other boys and girls, having gained the Teacher's permission, were scattering crumbs on window sills and desks, and even the Teacher herself placed a few on her table. Seeing this, the Bird flew softly down to Boy Blue's desk and picked up a few crumbs, while the children sat perfectly still, their eyes shining.

"Dee-dee-dee," the Bird said for "Thank you." Then he sampled a few crumbs here and there on other desks; perched on maps, brackets, lamps, chairs—explored everything, in fact, and found the process most interesting. The day's work had begun by this time, but the Teacher made no effort to keep any pupil's eyes glued to his book. Her own were too apt to follow the antics of that Bird.

For Black-Cap was truly having a good time. Oh! he was enjoying himself immensely. And as for the children—well, some of them, Dimple and Boy Blue especially, felt as if they were living in a fairy tale.

A boy never knew what moment the Bird might alight on his desk and peep inquisitively into his lesson book. He would hear a soft little sound of wings behind him, and the next moment would feel the two tiny feet resting lightly in his hair—for the Bird thought that heads were the most convenient perching places. This startled some of the children, but most of them sat very, very still, pleased with the Bird's confidence and proud of the honour.

"Keep very still when the Bird comes near you," the Teacher advised again and again, "and don't try to catch it. Let it feel that it can trust you." For often a little hand would reach out toward it with the intent of having and holding. That would never do.

Several times Black-Cap alighted on the Teacher's own head, and then she would pause in her speech, or speak low, so that it might not be afraid. Whenever Black-Cap did this he would titter to himself to think how scared he had been of her, and what a story he would have to tell Neddy the Nuthatch.

At noon a feast was spread on the window sills, and Dimple filled her dinner pail lid with water for him. He drank the water very daintily, and chirping a sweet little "Thank you" to Dimple, pecked at the crumbs with renewed appetite. But by way of variety he would sometimes alight on a boy's hand and steal a bite or two of his cake.

Once during the afternoon a class was interrupted by an alarm cry, "Please, Teacher, the Bird is dying."

The Teacher looked up quickly, and seeing Birdie sitting with drooping head and closed eyes on the window ledge, she answered with a reassuring smile, "O no, Dimple, I think not. He is only sleeping."

The Teacher was right, and when his short nap was over, he took a little more refreshment, exercised his wings for a while, and then perched on the back of a chair beside Miss Miller. Again his eyes closed and his



## And His Family Medicines

MOST people first knew Dr. Chase through his Receipt Book. Its reliability and usefulness made him friends everywhere.

When he put his Nerve Food, Kidney-Liver Pills and other medicines on the market they received a hearty welcome, and their exceptional merit has kept them high in the public esteem.

Take Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for example. There is no treatment to be compared to them as a means of regulating the liver, kidneys and bowels and curing constipation, biliousness, kidney disease and indigestion.

One pill a dose, 25c a box at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.



## Does your paper reach you regularly?

If not, please write or phone us; it is our only way of knowing you are not getting service.

The Canadian Churchman  
Phone—Main 5239

## Strength for Endurance

Influenza and its kindred complications have left a trail of weakness in many homes. Thousands need and would find definite tonic-help in

## Scott's Emulsion

famed far and wide for its ability to nourish the body and restore vitality. If your body is weakened from any cause, gather strength for endurance—take Scott's Emulsion often.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

