

s and bird voices, he and  
 at on the doubtful quest,  
 art as light of foot. The  
 unusually short.  
 r if there'll be any letter  
 Hilda to-day," Robin said  
 ed the lid. "Yes, here's  
 June! one of 'em's for  
 ick flush of pleased sur-  
 into Robin's face as he  
 address: "Mr. Robin  
 ldsdale, Ont."  
 y nice!" exclaimed June.  
 your Daddy?"  
 ok his head doubtfully as  
 magic words over and over  
 don't know," he answer-  
 never writes to me. I  
 a letter before—from any-

Robin, how funny! Let's  
 get out of sight of the  
 then you can read it."  
 minutes' run brought them  
 little nook where, seated  
 stone beneath flecked sun-  
 in opened his first letter.  
 his father. Looking over  
 June helped to decipher  
 ly scrawled lines:  
 bin. The money i inclose  
 an June to decide ekwaly  
 n yer to do jest wot ye like  
 aint fer boots nor clos nor  
 out only jest wot ye'd like  
 neby ye mite rite and tell  
 get. i aint fergot how ye  
 an thers mor wer this cum  
 rs truly David Christie."  
 e, how much money is it?"  
 e breathlessly when they  
 o the end.

ds that trembled in their  
 Robin unfolded the en-  
 of paper. It was a money  
 e hundred dollars.  
 eped up and clapped her  
 an ecstasy of joy. "Oh!  
 Fifty dollars for each of  
 t lovely! And isn't your  
 ly splendid!"  
 not speak, but his radi-  
 as as eloquent as June's.  
 Dave Christie could have  
 at that moment he would  
 fully satisfied. The two  
 tread on air all the way  
 what to do with this unex-  
 eful proved a fruitful  
 theme of conversation.  
 what I want most," June  
 books that will tell us all  
 rds and flowers and things  
 ething we can both use.  
 of the splendid times ahead  
 at are you going to buy?"  
 ' we can both use too. I  
 ' it for a long time."  
 , what?"  
 a."  
 lovely! I've always want-

airy feet the minutes sped  
 appy pair bounded up the  
 ay to proclaim the joyful  
 nt Hilda.  
 lady's surprise was high-  
 g. She did not, however,  
 either books or camera.  
 she could not have right-  
 red if they had each cho-  
 fifty dollars' worth of "all-  
 s," she was wise enough  
 e words. She did advise  
 d better not be in a hurry  
 l their money at once—  
 to which they gave good

ne nor Robin were troubl-  
 wavering indecision as to  
 ed purchases; but where  
 get them was a question  
 ted some difficulties. At  
 thought occurred to June.  
 Miss Cameron," she ex-  
 She'll be sure to know."  
 agreed to this, and they  
 set off at once had not  
 insisted that June must  
 any more walks that day,  
 o restrain their impatience,  
 ey went over the next day  
 Miss Cameron very willing  
 help them. Together they

studied over catalogues and prices, and finally made their selections.

The following Wednesday the two hastened to the letter box in the eager hope of getting some word about their purchases. As soon as they came within sight of the box, each uttered a joyful exclamation. At the foot of the tree were two express packages, one addressed to Robin and the other to June.

To the same sun-flecked spot which had witnessed their first happy surprise the two parcels were carried. "Let's look at one at a time," June suggested. "That will make the fun last longer. Yours first."

"No, yours," returned Robin gallantly, laying aside his own.

With trembling impatience June untied the knots and removed the wrapper; and when the books for which she had longed so fervently lay piled in her lap, her joy was at first too deep for words. Together they looked through them, only taking a quick glance here and there through the pages, as a humming bird dips into one after another of the garden blossoms, for the other package was yet to be opened. The volumes contained hundreds of beautiful coloured plates of birds and flowers and animals, with a great deal of descriptive matter.

"Oh, it will be easy, easy now to tell the names of them all," cried June. "There must be every flower and bird here. I never knew there were so many in the world."

"There's more than we'll find here," Robin affirmed. "Now let's have a look at the camera."

Besides a camera, the bulky package contained a developing tank and everything necessary for the completion of the pictures; for Robin intended to work on the "Hoe your own row" principle. It was an outfit to delight the heart of any boy or girl, and these two, bent on exploring the beauties and wonders of their little world, thrilled with ecstatic happiness as they viewed in prospect the joys this mysterious-looking invention was to seize and hold for them. Neither of them knew the A B C of picture taking, so the queer little black case was as a sealed book to them until the instructions should be carefully studied.

At last everything was carefully packed and tied up again, and they returned to the island. Then came the new delight of exhibiting the treasures. Hilda dismissed the books with a brief scrutiny, but took a little more interest in the photo outfit. It was well, however, that the joy of the young people was built on too firm a foundation to require much support from her.

"You needn't think, Robin," was her sole comment after everything

had been displayed, "You needn't think that you're goin' to fool away all your time fussin' over pictures. There's lots o' work to be done. There's the garden all wants cultivatin', and two cords o' wood to split and pile up in the woodshed, and—"

"O Aunt Hilda, I'll do it all," Robin promised readily, "I'll do everything you want me to do; and there'll be plenty of time for my pictures and things, I guess."

"Yes, Aunt Hilda," added June, "and I'll do all I can to help you, too. I'm as strong as anything now, and I can do such a lot."

"Oh, I guess you don't need to hurt yourself workin'," Hilda replied. "There's lots o' little things you can do, and there's no need for any girl to grow up a dunce about house work, as I see. But I ain't sufferin' from overwork, and you'll have time enough to addle your brains with book-larnin' if you want to."

(To be continued).



### A CANADIAN ST. DUNSTAN'S HOME.

Systematic training for blinded Canadian veterans has been started in Halifax and bids fair to become an important part of the Dominion's work for returned men. Already four men are under instruction at the present School for the Blind, studying massage, and soon a new building, dedicated especially to the soldier, is to be erected nearby. The men now there will soon take the examinations of McGill College, with which the present school is affiliated. Thus they will become self-supporting practitioners and also be able to assist in the care of other disabled men. This new department of work for the returned soldier will be modeled after the famous St. Dunstan's Home in London for blinded soldiers and sailors, conducted by Sir Arthur Pearson. Canada's leader in this field is Sir Frederick Fraser, who, in the face of appalling obstacles has, since 1872, built up the present school to its present high standing. His administrative genius now will be brought to bear on the establishment of the new institution for blinded soldiers. As an essential feature, Sir Frederick is planning to include in the new plant a printing house for publication of literature in raised type for the use of the blind. It is hoped to print not only books but a daily newspaper and perhaps a magazine as well. In order to carry out these plans, Sir Frederick has in view a campaign to establish an endowment fund. In his appeal to the public he will cover the entire Dominion, assisted by his blind secretary, John Weir.

## Boys and Girls

Dear Cousins,—

This is the first day it has really felt like winter, and there is a chilly north wind blowing my curtains about, and making me half inclined to shut my window altogether, though I don't quite like to. When I was out this morning I saw much piles and piles of brown leaves that had blown from the trees, that I began to wonder if there were many left still, and then I remembered that when I came back from the last of my lakes, I had seen a few yellow leaves fluttering down even then—a whole month ago—and I had refused to think about them, because I didn't want autumn to come so quickly. Still, we may yet have some beautiful warm days and directly we do I shall be away to my favourite place—which is where I won't tell you!—and see what the cliffs and the woods have to tell me, for its spring since I was there last, and doubtless there is plenty of news. To begin with, they'll be telling me how the little berries have grown, and perhaps I'll see some and gather them for myself. I already have just a few in a vase brought in by a friend, and last night I thought I heard them whispering that they had many brothers and sisters who were wanting to come and be kept warm in a house through the winter, so I'll be after them soon.

Now comes this competition I've talked about for so long: I wonder if you've been looking forward to it at all? I am going to set you some verses out of the Bible that have one or two words left out, and I want you to fill those words in so as to complete the verse. I'll tell you which book they come out of, but that is all the guide you will get, so there's going to be some careful reading ahead of you. Those of you who want to make your answers specially good may draw an illustration of the missing word also; don't you think you'll have plenty to do?

There will be a fortnight for the competition to run; that means that the last day on which I can receive answers will be Friday, October 19th. Don't forget the date; don't forget to put your name, age and address on your papers, and don't forget to write me letters soon, because now I've begun, really and truly, to write to you regularly; I want to hear from all the old friends again, and many new ones, too.

Best wishes for the Competition,  
 Your affectionate Cousin,  
 Mike.

### OCTOBER COMPETITION.

Open to Boys and Girls under Sixteen.

Fill in the words which are missing from the following verses, and, if you can, draw an illustration of the missing words:—

1. Thy word is . . . unto my feet and a light unto my path. (Psalms.)
2. Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the . . . be broken: or . . . be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. (Ecclesiastes.)

3. Ye blind guides, which strain at . . . , and swallow . . . . (Matthew.)

4. Or what man is there of you, who, if his son ask . . . , will he give him . . . ? (Matthew.)

5. Is . . . brought to be put under a bushel, or under . . . , and not to be set on . . . ? (St. Mark.)

6. Carry neither . . . nor scrip, nor . . . , and salute no man by the way. (St. Luke.)

7. Peter then denied again, and . . . . (St. John.)

8. And out of his mouth goeth . . . that with it he should smite the nations and he shall rule them with . . . and he treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God. (Revelation.)

Closing date, Friday, October 19th. Don't forget to put your age.



The Y.M.C.A. National Council in the United States plans a campaign to raise \$35,000,000 for war work.

## Ringworm on Child's Head

Caused Great Distress and Spread to Neck and Ears—Cure Was Speedily Effectuated When Right Treatment Was Recommended.

Grand Bend, Ont., Oct. 4th.—There is no disease of the skin more obstinate than ringworm, and the mother who writes this letter does so fully realizing what it will mean to other anxious mothers to know about Dr. Chase's Ointment.

This remarkable cure was brought about two years ago, and as there has been no return of the distressing disease there can be no doubt that the cure is permanent.

Mrs. D. Stebbins, Grand Bend, Ont., writes: "I am going to tell you of my experience with Dr. Chase's Ointment. My little girl had sores come out on her head which looked like ringworms. They were spreading fast, and I tried home treatment, but nothing helped her. I took her to the doctor, and he opened some of the sores, which were as big as the yoke of an egg. The salve he gave me to put on was very severe, and the poor child would cry for an hour or more after an application. For six weeks it continued to spread all over her head, and came down to her neck and ears. She suffered terribly. At last some kind ladies told me about Dr. Chase's Ointment, so I got a box, and the first time I put it on she was relieved of pain, and the second time the swelling was all gone. Before we had finished the first box the sores were nearly all gone. I have told all the people around here about your Ointment, and I cannot praise it too much. It is now two years since my little girl was troubled in this way, and it never came back, so you can see she is completely cured. You are at liberty to use this statement for the benefit of others who may be suffering in a similar manner."

Joseph Brenner, J.P., endorses this statement as follows: "This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Mrs. D. Stebbins, of Grand Bend, Ont., and believe her statement with reference to Dr. Chase's Ointment to be true and correct."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Be suspicious of the druggist who tries to talk you into accepting a substitute.

## For Boys and Girls

You can earn a

- |   |                              |
|---|------------------------------|
| Stylographic Pen with Filler  | for 2 New Annual Subscribers |
| or, Fountain Pen, Fine or Medium or Coarse or Stub                                      | 3 " " "                      |
| or, Nickel Plated Cyclometer  | 3 " " "                      |
| or, No. 2 Brownie Kodak   | 4 " " "                      |
| or, No. 2A " " "  | 6 " " "                      |
| or, Small Gun Metal Swiss Lever Wrist Watch, with Leather Band                          | 10 " " "                     |
| or, Small Sterling Silver Swiss Lever Watch, enclosed in good Russet Leather Wrist-band | 12 " " "                     |

For further information and subscription forms, write

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 613 Continental Life Building,  
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