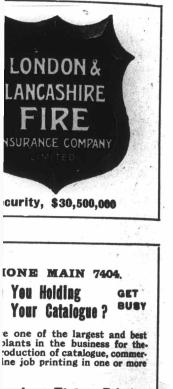
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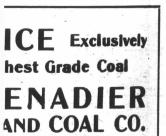
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September 7, 1916.



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Boys and Birls

THE COMING MAN

Say, boys, did you ever stop to think That we are the coming men? That we've only a few short years to prepare

Ourselves for the work, and then The fate of the world will rest in the hands

Of those who are boys to-day? I tell you it makes a fellow feel that He wants to be armed for the fray! We cannot afford to hamper ourselves With habits that work us harm; We need to be true of head and heart, With a steady, strong right arm; With a love of life and its joys, But ever ready to stand for the right; And in order to do that boys, We've got to begin right now, or else—

No, I am not "Preacher Ben," And don't let us forget in our work

or our play That we are the coming men! —Anon.



THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

C^{HARLES} was on his way from the post-office one Saturday morning. He carried the mail beneath

his jacket, to keep it dry, for an April shower was falling in beautiful crystal drops about him. It was making little streams trickle from the brim of his ragged straw hat over his freckled little face, and even into the big blue eyes. As he brushed them aside with his sleeve a streak of dirt crossed the pug nose, and ended at his ear. But Charles was hugging tight beneath his jacket Miss Jean's mail, and picking out an occasional puddle along the way that he might wash the dirt from his chubby feet. To be sure, he took particular pains to walk into the next ashheap, but then there was another puddle just ahead, so he tacked his way homeward from ashheap to puddle, but carefully protecting the mail beneath his jacket as he went.

"Say, Charles, what you got under your jacket?" asked Clyde Hevner, as he joined him.

"Miss Jean's mail," replied Charles. "I'm Miss Jean's mail-carrier. Go twice a day or it. She pays me a penny a trip. I've twenty-five cents in my bank now. Mother says if I save half enough, she will pay the other half for a new suit next summer; then I'm going with father out on grandpa's farm for a month. Mother says these clothes will do all right for picking berries and riding horses, but 1 must have a new suit for Sunday School and church. My Sunday suit, you know, is getting too small; so Bob will take it, and I will hustle round and get a new one. Two cents a day until July will be a lot of money, you see."

"Well. I guess," replied Clyde; "your bank can never hold that much. Let's see the mail you got? My, what a lot! · Look at that pretty postcard, all covered with roses! That's a beauty. Here, I'll give you this penny for it. Miss Jean will never know where it went. Well, then, I'll give you these two pennies. What difference will it make? Only a card! Miss Jean don't know that it is 'coming. You'll have twenty-seven cents in your bank then."

"Yes, twenty-seven cents and no

had not fallen into a puddle. Clyde was about to stoop to pick up the coveted treasure, but Charles dealt him a blow in the chest which made him stagger for a moment. Charles quickly picked the card from the walk, wiped it on his sleeve, and placed it beneath the jacket.

"There, Clyde Hevner. 1'm not a fighter, but when it comes to a fellow losin' his job, business is business, I'd have you understand. The next time I tell you to let me alone I guess you will do it." And he turned to the next ashheap by the edge of the walk, thoroughly covered his feet with the dust, and then as carefully washed them off in the next puddle, so continued to the home of Miss Jean, when he explained to her the little difficulty he had in keeping the postcard; and she then readily understood why it was wet and soiled.

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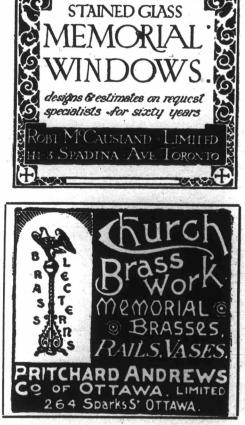
"Say, bubby," called the senior member of the Finch clothing firm the next Monday morning as Charles hurried to the office before school, "where are you going?"

"I'm going for Miss Jean's mail, sir, and I cannot stop to talk, for it is almost time for school."

"But I want you to bring the mail for our store along with you. I happened to see the little difficulty you had on Saturday with the fellow who tried to take your mail, and I said to myself: 'There's a boy that can be trusted; he's the one we need for special errands.' So just take this order to the post-office, and when school is out to-night, come round, and we will make arrangements for the pay."

Charles took the order for the Finch Company mail, and hurried to the office and back with the mail. By running two blocks he got home in time to brush his hair and gather up his books, and get to school five minutes before the bell rang.

"What do you think, mother? Mr. Finch will give five cents just for bringing their mail with Miss Jean's twice a day. Then, he said that if we got along all right he would give me fifty cents each Saturday I did errands for the store, besides giving me a suit at first cost. We'll get along all right, I know, 'cause I intend to do that work as well as any boy he can



SHOOTING STARS

Shooting stars are not real stars at all, but are small bodies which the earth runs into and which are made so hot by friction in the atmosphere that they are burned up. The real stars, as those of the dipper, are very, very far away, so far that no one knows the distance. They are bright bodies like our sun, but seem like points of light because they are so far off. As the earth moves about the sun, it frequently meets little bodies. It is moving so fast that when it strikes them the friction in the air is very great, and usually they are burned up. They seem like moving stars, but are really only a few miles above us in our atmosphere. Sometimes one is so large that it comes through the air, without being wholly burned up, and falls on the ground.

1 22 22 28

The boys of Harrow School have contributed £500 to pay for a Y.M.C.A. hut which is to be erected in France.



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Clyde, still coveting the gorgeous roses of the card, tried to pull open the jacket, but Charles held it firmly over the mail.

"Now, you let me alone, Clyde Hevner, or take what you get; I'm tending to business, and I want you to let me alone."

Canadian title. If Indeyour ing hardbodwork it to \$3.00 D., Ltd. Clyde made another grab at the coat, but Charles dodged him, and ran ahead. But as he ran he felt the mail slipping from beneath the jacket. He glanced backward—there lay the beautiful card with the gorgeous roses on the walk, but it fortunately IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN."

get—and better, if I can."

And sure enough they did; for Charles went out on the farm next summer, wearing the best boy's suit that was in the Finch store, and earned, not half, but all by himself.

When Charles opened the package containing the suit he found it contained a big straw hat and a suit of denim for farm-wear, and with them a communication from the firm, stating that they "wished to add a little to the pleasure of their employees on their vacation, and thought the inclosed garments would add much to the comfort of their messenger boy in the hay-field on the farm next month. For, having secured a trustworthy messenger boy," the letter read, "we wish to retain him. Business is business, you know."-Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

