

The Bishop's Shadow

by I. T. THURSTON
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CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.) THEO'S SHADOW WORK.

After Theodore had gone out, Nan had put all the flowers into two big dishes with plenty of water, and the next morning she was up early and separated them, putting together two or three pinks or a rose with its buds and a bit of foliage, or a cluster of geranium blossoms and green leaves.

When Theo came for them she laid the small clusters carefully in a basket, and sprinkled them with fresh water. Then as she stooped and buried her face among the fragrant, beautiful things she exclaimed:—

"Oh, Theo, I wish I had time to go with you, and see how happy you make them all with these beautiful, lovely flowers."

"I'll begin with you," laughed the boy. "Pick out the ones you like best."

But Nan put her hands resolutely behind her and shook her head.

"No, I'm not sick, and I've had the pleasure of seeing them all, and fixing them, beside my pot of geranium. That's plenty for me."

Theodore looked critically at her, then at the blossoms; then he picked out three delicate pink carnations.

"No, no! Please don't, Theo," began the girl, but with a laughing glance at her, Theodore laid the blossoms in Little Brother's small, white fingers and hurried away.

He went first to Tommy O'Brien's room. The sick boy's weary face brightened at sight of him, but it fairly beamed when Theodore held up the basket, saying, "Choose any one of 'em, Tommy—the very prettiest of all."

"O—oh!" cried Tommy. "I never saw so many. Oh, Theo, where did you get 'em all?"

Theo told him while the woman and the children crowded about the basket to see and exclaim over the contents.

Tommy chose a spray of lily of the valley and Theo added a pink rose and bud. Then he gave a blossom to each of the children and to their mothers as well, and went away, leaving softened faces and smiles in place of frowns and sullen words.

The old woman whose breakfast was so often forgotten was not alone to-day. Her daughters were at home, but they were not paying much attention to her. At first she peered stupidly with her half-blind eyes into Theo's basket, then suddenly she cried out:—

"Oh, I smell 'em! I smell vi'lets. Where be they? Where be they?"

There was one little bunch of violets in the basket. Theo snatched it up and laid it in the wrinkled, trembling hands. The old woman held the blossoms against her withered cheek, then she pressed them to her lips, and two big tears rolled slowly down her face.

"La! Ma's cryin' over them vi'lets. Here, Tode, gi' me some o' them bright ones. Gi' me a rose!" cried one of the young women, and Theo handed each of them a rose and went away in silence. He glanced back as he left the room. The old woman was still holding the violets to her cheek, and it was plain, even to the boy, that her thoughts were far away.

So, from room to room he went, and nowhere did he fail of a glad welcome because of the gifts he offered. In the dirtiest rooms, the most hardened of the women, the roughest and rudest of the children, seemed to

become momentarily gentle and tender when the flowers were laid in their hands.

When all had been given away except one rose, Theodore paused and considered. There were several rooms that he had not visited. To which of these should he carry this last rose?

Not to Old Man Schneider surely. He was standing at the moment outside Old Man Schneider's door. The old man was the terror of all the children in the house, so ugly and profane was he, and so hideous to look at. Fearless as Theodore was—the sight of Old Man Schneider always made him shudder, and the boy had never yet spoken to him.

While he stood there trying to de-

cide who should have the rose, he heard a deep, hollow groan, and surely it came from the room of Old Man Schneider. Theodore stood still and listened. There came another groan and another, and then he knocked on the door. There was no response, and he opened it and went in. He had been in many dirty, dismal rooms, but never in one so dirty and so dismal as this. It looked as if it never had been clean. The only furniture was a tumble-down bed in one corner, a chair and a broken stove. On the bed, the old man was lying, covered with rags. He fixed his sunken eyes on the boy and roughly demanded what he wanted, but even as he spoke he groaned again.

"You are sick—can't I do something for you?" asked the boy.

The old man gazed at him for a moment, then he broke into a torrent of angry words, ending with:—

"Get out o' my sight. I hate boys. I hate everybody an' everything."

Theodore stood still. The rose in his hand looked strangely out of place in that squalid room—but—beautifully out of place, for it seemed to shed light and colour as well as perfume through the close, unhealthy atmosphere.

"Clear out, I say. Why don't ye go?" The old man tried to shake a threatening fist, but his arm dropped weakly, and in spite of himself he moaned with pain.



Children's Diseases Are Not Necessary

They Add Nothing to the Well-being of the Child and Invariably Leave the System in Worse Condition Than Before They Came

IN fact, they often sow the seed which, in adult life, develops into disorders of the heart and blood vessels and degenerative diseases of the kidneys.

So if children escape any child's disease they are the gainers in general health by just that much. It may be that years are added to their lives or chronic invalidism avoided. Then there is the enormous risk which every child runs who has measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, or other diseases.

Perhaps this does not agree with your idea of letting your children have these ailments when young, with the belief that they must have them some time. This old idea has cost many thousands of lives. It is time to forget it, and to put forth an effort to save the children from these ailments.

All these children's diseases are known as germ diseases, and germs are harmless to a body strong enough to fight them.

Rich blood is the greatest of germicides. Therefore, seek to keep your children's blood rich and pure by giving them whol-

some, nourishing food, and by allowing them to exercise freely in the open air.

If they grow pale and weak and languid—if they fail to derive proper nourishment from the food they eat—if their nervous systems get run down from the tax of school work—use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as the best means which medical science affords to enrich the blood and build up the exhausted system.

Children whose blood becomes thin and watery are helpless before an attack of measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough, or other contagious disease. They seem to "catch" everything that is going. They are always "catching" cold. Their resisting force is nil.

But their young bodies soon respond to the nourishing, invigorating influence of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. As their blood is enriched they become healthy, robust and rollicking—they enjoy their food—their play—their work at school, and grow into strong, healthy men and women.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. On every box is the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.

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