

"said Mr. Scripture. We have time to sing it. I'm sure," responding that Mrs. Thompson of a few extra minutes rose from his seat, uttered a startled "What in Christendom?" he cried. quickly around, and able to control her of the ridiculous, burst erry, girlish laughter. a scarlet flush upon e face, was frantically sheet of tanglefoot the seat of his broad- with a tenacity that ighted the heart of the patent. Another sheet hair-like the curtain

Ruth laughed, the minister blushed, exploded at length, train your levity for a occasion?" violent effort at self- ose to offer assistance; und herself in a similar he fit of "levity" re- doubled force. son, who had made a as passing the parlour oment, and, wondering such mirth following a hymn in the min- ce, peeped in to see the cause.

dearest friend and con- s. Thompson ever ac- relating that episode, ll her born days had old satisfaction as she- nent in seeing the dig- nister, who had so re- d her own humiliation, I beg or two." She he nearest chair and er own mirth. Only however, did she for- as hostess. "Well, laughin' like this!" ging quickly up. "Oh,

r turned at the ex- the sight of a third- huge practical joke a the ruffled waters of or the space of a min- three of them laughed then went each to the ace. son went round to the drew up every blind- which brought forth a from Ruth, who was a and air. Then, after clerical cloth had been ed off, Mrs. Thompson what discomfited guest

Scripture," said the when grace had been yerself, and do try to- nner. I'm awful sorry utter, but—" hy, I thought you was this mornin'," said her

pson glanced at the of her littlest guest, simply, "Well, I didn't, ave no meat," she went ally, "but take an egg, I can recommend 'em, ameron biled 'em. She am just right." re took an egg and n the dish down the k you, Mrs. Thomp- l. "I prefer eggs to

e he cut the top off his iddenly laid down his aned back with an ex- ated expression on his sly, Mrs. Thompson and toward his plate and head of a tiny dead ded from the shell!

"Well, Mr., I guess you've got meat after all," remarked Mr. Thompson, with a chuckle, while Sammy and Ike smothered a giggle.

"Amos!" cried the horrified hostess in a tone that effectually silenced any tendency to mirth. "Where did you get them eggs, Miss Ruth?"

"Out of the bucket on the pantry shelf," answered the girl, with crimsoning face.

"They ought to have been good. How in sense did that one get in? Try another, Mr. Scripture."

Mr. Scripture did not think he cared for eggs to-day, but, being closely pressed, he did try another—with the same result. He leaned back in unconcealed disgust, while the rest hastened to test what manner of meat was in their eggs. Everybody found a chicken!

Meanwhile, Brownie stuffed Johnnie cake into his mouth as if it were a matter of life or death that he must demolish so much in a given time.

"Brownie," said Robin in a low, ominous tone as soon as that unhappy meal was over, "did you get them eggs?"

Brownie nodded. "Well, I jest want to tell you that we're goin' home right straight. We'd go if I had to walk ten miles with my sore feet and carry you every step."

It was with a long, deep sigh of relief that Mrs. Thompson saw the two boys beside Amos on the high seat of the wagon and headed for home.

(To be continued).

FOR OUR MEN AT THE FRONT.

Bishop Reeve's Alteration.

God save our valiant men;
Bring them safe home again;
God save our men.

Grant power and victory,
Patience and chivalry;
In air, on land and sea,
God save our men.

SIGNOR MARCONI.

Guglielmo Marconi, whose name will for ever be associated with the wonderful invention of wireless telegraphy, was born in 1874, near Bologna, Italy. He is now an officer of the Italian army, with whose present valorous struggle for Italian rights he is in deepest sympathy.

Signor Marconi's father was an Italian and his mother was Irish. The great inventor's wife is also Irish.

He is a member of the Waldensian Church of Italy, and has the reputation of being a devout and earnest Protestant. About eight years ago the Rev. G. Quattrini, who had been young Marconi's pastor at Leghorn, wrote of a visit he had paid to the distinguished electrician in Pisa, where he was most cordially received by Signor Marconi and his wife. Both of them spoke to him of their deep interest in the Waldensian Church and its mission work in Italy. Signor Marconi expressed his sorrow at the Romeward tendency of so many of the clergy of the Church of England, and also at the increasing atheism of France and Italy. He added that the Vatican had made something in the shape of overtures to himself, not only in Rome, but also when he was in Canada, but he stated that he would always remain a devoted son of the Waldensian Church.—Bulwark, October, 1915.

MENEELY & CO. WATERLIET
(West Troy, N. Y.)
THE OLD CHURCH
MENEELY CHIME
FOUNDRY & OTHER BELLS

Boys and Girls

Dear Cousins,—I did think that after all this long time I would find myself setting you a competition this week-end, but the unexpected has happened, and I have a cold! A most unusual thing, and also most unpleasant, as I have to stay in the house, while everybody comes in, says how sorry they are, and immediately begin to tell me how beautiful it is outside and what perfect weather I am missing! I can't bear to stay in, especially after being outside all summer, and I am hoping I'll be able to be outside to-morrow. It seems such a long time since I saw a lake of any description. I was busy planning a return to the farm yesterday, for the grapes will be ripe all over the countryside now, and I am so anxious to see what those vines look like, loaded down with purple clusters. And I am very anxious to see those two little dogs again. I told you I'd met one called Mike, didn't I? And the week after I knew him, I met another Mike—a black Pom, who was very-pretty, but not very friendly, except to his master. He did love him, and whenever he stood still in the field where he was watching us work, the little dog used to give him no peace till he'd been picked up and tucked away under his arm. Then he was happy, and content to be carried round like a baby.

I suppose you all started school in the beginning of September and are feeling as if you never were out of it: did you find it had to begin, or were you glad to be back? Once you get in to the swing of it, it is rather nice to be back, knowing that you have a steady winter's work ahead of you. Have you made any plans for the winter? Are you going to be Boy Scouts, or if you're a girl-cousin, are you going to learn to bake or sew, or make clothes or anything? It's an excellent thing to plan out something definite for the winter and work steadily at it; then you can give yourself a surprise when the summer comes round again and you see how much more you can do than you could the year before. Why, I've got something new all planned out for this winter. I can't tell you what it is, but I can scarcely wait to begin it. I have to wait for a few days though, for I have a good deal to do first, before I can call much time my own, but when I do start—why, I'll never be able to stop!

Now, goodbye for the present, and I really will try to get a competition ready for next week.

Your affectionate Cousin,

Mike.

PUZZLING.

It's a most remarkable thing to me, How good little children used to be! Now father says that when he was young, When lessons were over, then hymns were sung,

And that little boys never made any noise,

Never slammed doors or broke up their toys,

But when I slam doors in grandma's house,

Or creep up to frighten her, sly as a mouse,

She scolds, then smiles and says, "Why, Ben,

You're your own dear father right over again."

—Exchange.

WHY MINNIE COULDN'T SLEEP.

She sat up in bed. The curtain was drawn up and she saw the moon; and it looked as if it were laughing at her.

"You need not look at me, moon," she said. "You don't know about it; you can't see in the daytime. Besides, I am going to sleep."

She lay down and tried to go to sleep. Her clock on the mantel went "tick-tock, tick-tock." She generally liked to hear it, but to-night it sounded just as if it said: "I know, I know, I know."

"You don't know, either," said Minnie, opening her eyes wide. "You weren't there, you old thing; you were upstairs."

Her loud noise awoke the parrot. He took his head from under his wing and cried: "Polly did."

"That's a wicked story, you naughty bird," said Minnie. "You were in grandma's room, so now."

Then Minnie tried to go to sleep again. She lay down and counted white sheep, just as grandma said she did when she couldn't sleep. But there was a big lump in her throat. "Oh, I wish I hadn't!"

Pretty soon there came a very soft patter of four little feet, and her pussy jumped on the bed, kissed Minnie's cheek, and then began to "purr-r-r, purr-r-r." It was very queer, but that, too, sounded as if pussy said: "I know, I know."

"Yes, you do know, kitty," said Minnie. And then she threw her arms around kitty's neck and cried bitterly. "And—I guess—I want—to see—my—mamma!"

Mamma opened her arms when she saw the little weeping girl coming, and then Minnie told her miserable story.

"It was awfully naughty, mamma, but I did want the custard pie so bad, and so I ate it up—most a whole pie; and then—I—I—oh, I don't want to tell, but I s'pect I must—I shut kitty in the pantry to make you think she did it. But I'm truly sorry, mamma."

Then mamma told Minnie that she had known all about it, but she had hoped that the little daughter would be brave enough to tell all about it herself.

"But, mamma," she asked, "how did you know it wasn't, kitty?"

"Because kitty would never have left a spoon in the pie," replied mamma, smiling.—Little Men and Women.

A DUTCH KITTEN.

I have a little kitten gray;
She's just a ball of fluff,
Without a name to answer to—
She doesn't know enough.

Her nose is kind of wobbly pink,
Her eyes look greenish, but
It's hard to tell their colour, 'cause
She keeps 'em mostly shut.

My auntie brought her 'cross the sea
More'n a thousand miles,
From some warm Holland fireplace
All shiny round with tiles.

I sometimes ask my kitty gray,
"Say, do you love me, dear?"
And then I blow real gently in
Her tiny tufted ear.

And when she shakes her head for
"no"

I do not mind it much,
'Cause o' course she doesn't know a
word
Of anything but Dutch!

—Selected.

Pains Over Left Kidney

Warned This Captain That the Kidneys Were Responsible for His Pains and Aches—Freed of Pain and Suffering by a Well-known Medicine.

Hereford, Que., Sept. 27th, 1917.—Captain Peabody is well known all through this section, and his cure by use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills has aroused great interest in this great medicine.

The Captain had been suffering for a long time, and could never get any treatment to afford lasting relief until he began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Captain A. Peabody, Hereford, Que., writes:—"For years I suffered from indigestion, rheumatism and neuralgia. Lightning-like pains would shoot all through my body, and I also had severe pains over my left kidney and through the hips. I doctored for years and tried all kinds of remedies, but the only result was money spent without relief. At last I read in Dr. Chase's Almanac of his Kidney-Liver Pills and decided to try them. One box made such a change that I sent for five more. Before I had finished them the pains in my kidneys and hips had disappeared, and I was clear of those sharp, shooting pains through the body. I still take these Pills occasionally to keep my bowels regular, and would not be without them, as I have them to thank for my cure.

"I can also speak highly of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Powder and Linseed and Turpentine. The former cured me of catarrh in the head, which caused frequent headaches. I am completely cured of this now, and breathe freely as when a boy. The Linseed and Turpentine proved of great benefit for a bad cough which bothered me continually for three winters. Last winter I took one bottle of the Linseed and Turpentine, and have not been bothered with a cough since."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Don't be talked into accepting anything said to be just as good. Imitations and substitutes only disappoint.

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