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metic will give him rank among these new comrades.

"How many blades has your knife got?"

"Four." The new boy's head is still up as he produces a beauty of a knife.

"Whew!" whistles round the crowd. This beats partial payments out of sight.

"Let's have a fight," now says the stoutest little rascal of the party, and this is the supreme test in No. 4. A boy who can do partial payments, has a four-bladed knife, and will fight, can take any place he wants among them.

There is a dead silence for an instant. The stranger's face gets red, his eyes flash; but he stuffs his hands in his pockets, and says, with an effort: "I don't fight."

Did you ever see a gay-coloured little balloon floating in the sunshine above your head, so light, so buoyant, you think it could touch the clouds? But a tiny little rift appears, and the balloon is a piece of shrivelled rubber at your feet. That was just the way with the new boy of No. 4 when he refused to fight. Partial payments went for nothing; a four-blader didn't count. He was a scorn and a by-word.

A week has passed by, and it is noon recess again. Miss Edith sits at the window, pretending to eat her luncheon; but she has forgotten her sandwich and jelly cake.

"What am I going to do about Charley Graves?" she says to herself. "I can't let him fight, and yet—"

Suddenly the noise of battle comes up from the paved court. The teacher looks out of the window; but, seeing only a confused mass of tossing arms and legs, and hearing only a sound as of Kilkenny cats on the warpath, she rings her bell sharply and recess comes to a sudden end.

Up comes the panting, dusty crowd.

"But what is this?" she cries, for the new boy's lip is bleeding, and his forehead is swelling visibly: "I thought you wouldn't fight."

"I promised my mother," said the hero, proudly, "that I would never fight unless I was obliged to; but when Micky twists little Tom Poaque's arm, and won't stop, I am obliged to!"

Miss Edith bound his head with a wet handkerchief, and stuck his lip

up with pink courtplaster, and tried to look sorry; but it was easy to see that she was pleased with her new boy's idea of when he was obliged to fight—not when twenty-four boys were looking black at him, but when a boy twice his size was teasing a little one!—Elizabeth P. Allan.

A TEA PARTY TALE.

By Gertrude Bowen.

Marjorie was very, very happy, there was no mistaking it; for joy-beams sparkled in her eyes, and the new gladness that had come to her lent an extra lightness to her step. She skipped merrily down the street, and burst with a cheerful clatter into the nearest house:—

"I'm going to have a tea-party all my own," she cried breathlessly to the two little next-door girls; "Aunt Lou said I might, and I want you both to come. She's going away this afternoon, Aunt Lou is, and she'll let" Marjorie reserved this best until the last—"she'll let me use her dishes. They're the same ones Aunt Lou used to give her tea-parties with when she was a little girl."

"Oh!" cried Lois and Geraldine together, "we'll go to your party for certain sure; just see if we won't."

Lois and Geraldine had been Marjorie's best friends ever since she could remember. It seemed that they had played together always, for when they first learned to walk their wobbly, uncertain steps had led them toward each other. Geraldine was a little taller and bigger than the other two, but Lois and Marjorie were almost like sisters.

Marjorie had no mother dear to tell things to, or to help her over the hard places, and so the next-door girls grew to be very near, because they shared the sunshine of her brightest days, and the shadow of the dark ones. Mother dear had gone from earth long ago, almost before Marjorie knew how much her protecting love meant. Of course, there was Auntie Lou, but she didn't altogether understand little girls and their ways. You see, she thought that if small people had plenty of bread and butter, and good, clean homes and faces, they ought to be perfectly happy. Now, you know as well as I that those are splendid things to have, but sometimes one wants a bit of "mothering" besides.

And now this wonderful thing had happened, Aunt Lou had suggested that Marjorie have a tea-party, and had brought out delicious things to eat from a middle shelf, and her very own china tea-set from the tip-top shelf of all.

It seemed that Aunt Lou had been a little girl herself once upon a time, with the same wants and pleasures that little girls have at this very day; for there was the tea-set—that showed it plainly enough.

"I'll be ever so careful," Marjorie said, as she lifted them down and placed the precious pieces side by side.

And Aunt Lou had only smiled and said, "I'm sure you will, Marjorie."

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Black, Green or Mixed

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Aunt Lou had grown wonderfully kind and good of late. She even brought out the prettiest cloth for Marjorie's little table—a lacy cloth all starched white that hung far down over the edges.

It was a very happy trio that sat down to the small table spread for three. Marjorie had drawn up low chairs to sit on, chairs that weren't so high that their feet dangled uncomfortably a long way from the floor. These were the right kind.

They had cakes and jelly to eat, sparkling red jelly that shivered and shook. Marjorie filled up the cups, not with real tea, of course, but with something better and more suitable for little girls.

"You've got to hold the lid on," she explained as she poured out a cupful, "because it rattles round and falls out if you don't."

"Won't you have some more sugar?" Marjorie gave the bowl a little push toward Lois. A gentle shove it was, but the edge of the table was, oh, so near, and the other things took up a lot of room. And so, though Lois' hand shot out to save it, she was a few seconds too late, and the plump bowl reeled and went crashing to the floor, where it lay in two broken pieces almost at Marjorie's feet!

"Oh, Marjorie!" cried Lois, with a frightened gasp.

In an instant the three chairs were forsaken, and Marjorie was bending over the jagged pieces of what had been a brave white sugarbowl only a minute before. Her lips quivered pitifully, and the other two tried their best to comfort her. But the deed was done; it couldn't be helped now, and besides a sweet, sugary trail led over Aunt Lou's good carpet.

After the next-door girls had gone Marjorie's heart grew heavy. What would Aunt Lou think? When she had been so kind about lending her dishes, how could Marjorie ever, ever tell her what had happened? All the joy and gladness of the early day went out as quickly as it had come, and her cheeks burned red with sorrow and shame. What would she do?

She picked up the pieces as they were on the table, and placed them together. They fitted exactly, and from a little distance one would never know but that the sugar-bowl was perfectly good and whole.

And then a mean suggestion thrust itself into Marjorie's head. Suppose she put it back on the shelf just as it was, Aunt Lou might never know what had happened, not for some time, anyway.

But Marjorie's better nature won the day. She would do what was right—she would tell Aunt Lou herself that very night.

"Aunt Lou," she began bravely; "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to, but I—"

"Well?" Aunt Lou eyed her sharply. "I broke your white sugar-bowl!" Marjorie expected she hardly knew what after this confession, but nothing could have surprised her more than what Aunt Lou really did.

"Oh, is that all?" she cried in a relieved kind of voice; "bring it here, will you?"

"I broke it myself in the same place a long time ago," she said. "See where I had it mended so well that you could hardly find the place. We'll have it mended again, and I'll give them all to you to keep."

"Oh, Auntie Lou!" cried Marjorie, clinging to her; "I'll never be afraid to tell the truth again, never." Aunt Lou held her tight for a minute, then kissed her, and said, "That's right, dear. Sometimes it takes courage, but it's always best."—"Playmate."

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While looking forward to health and long life it is possible that you are unaware of the conditions necessary to attain healthful old age. Careful eating, and consequent preservation of the health and vitality of the digestive and excretory organs, is of the greatest importance.

Overeating is the usual cause of torpid, sluggish liver action and when the liver fails additional work is thrown on the kidneys and they break down. Kidney disorders are the great source of suffering in old age. Rheumatism, bodily pains, aching arms and legs, backache and lumbago are the result.

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