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Used While You Sleep

ENGLAND'S BURIED WINDOWS.
 Famous Glass of Westminster Abbey
 and St. Margaret's to be Re-
 placed in Positions.

The famous stained glass windows of Westminster Abbey and St. Margaret's, which were taken down and buried in the crypt of the abbey after the first German air raid on London, are about to be reinstated in their former positions.

Only the most valuable of the windows were removed, the work of dismembering being too lengthy and too costly for all to be taken to a place of safety. Each bit of glass had to be carefully taken out, numbered and stored away—a delicate and tedious task, but comparatively easy beside that of replacement.

The most historically interesting window that has been thus preserved is the east window from St. Margaret's, famous for the beauty of its glass and the extraordinary story connected with it.

It was originally intended for the chapel of Henry VII in Westminster Abbey, being the gift of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain to that king on the occasion of the betrothal of his eldest son, Arthur, to their daughter, Catherine of Aragon. Made in Flanders, it was unfinished by 1509, when Henry VII died, and it never found its way to the abbey on account of a remarkable chain of events.

Prince Arthur had died before his father, after a brief married life of four months and nineteen days, and the crown, therefore, passed to Henry VIII, who, soon after succeeding to the throne, married his brother's widow. This alone made the window an inappropriate reminder of the fact, which for the moment Henry desired to forget, for in the left and right bottom lights were the figures of Arthur and Catherine.

Still less appropriate did it become when Henry began to tire of Catherine and desired to divorce her. It was accordingly sent to the abbey church of Waltham, where it remained until the dissolution of the monastery, when it was set up in a private chapel at New Hall, Wiltshire.

The property was soon afterward purchased, curiously enough, by Sir Thomas Boleyn, father of Anne Boleyn, who became the wife of Henry after his desertion of Catherine. The property—and the window—subsequently passed into the hands of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whose son sold it to General Monk.

The latter is said to have buried the window to preserve it from the mistaken zeal of Puritanism during the civil war. At the restoration of the monarchy the window was replaced in the same chapel, which in the course of time became ruinous.

It was then taken down and sold for another private chapel at Copt-hall, near Epping. The proprietor of the latter in 1758 offered it for \$2,000 to the church wardens at St. Margaret's, who were able to purchase it out of a grant from Parliament in aid of the restoration of the church. Thus after 250 years the beautiful window found a home within 200 yards of its intended haven.

THE METAPHYSICAL WHITE CAT.

By Mary Morgan Dean.

The second edition of Mrs. Morgan Dean's charming little play, suitable for Sunday Schools, is again on the market, with several changes which make it very easy to produce. Instead of "Cutting off the White Cat's Head" as before, her form is restored through the true love of Jacko (this being done behind the scenes), and forgiveness and "Good Thought Fairies" surrounding the Cat Princess. The play was designed to make it possible to get up Sunday School and other kinds of entertainments with "stage properties" that were accessible in any district. The first edition has been performed in many parishes, leading off with St. Alban's Cathedral, Toronto. Those who have seen it performed pronounce it novel and interesting, one of the few plays for children that teach a lasting lesson under bright and pretty conditions that make it worth the trouble to have it produced. Books, 25 cents each, with synopsis, and clear description of scenery and dresses. Woven in with the story is the teaching that "love is the greatest thing in the world," and that those who find love, gain also "Wisdom and Understanding." Obedience and reverence to parents is also taught. The play has been tested and holds the attention of the audience well, and interests the little folks who take the parts.

SOLDIERS' BOOKS.

Up Against It.

By A. B. Macaulay, D.D., and F. J. Paul, B.D. Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto. (241 pp.; \$1.75.)

Dr. Macaulay and Prof. Paul toured the camps in France lecturing on fundamental religious questions. The addresses met with a splendid response, because they handled in a straightforward fashion current questions regarding religion, destiny, the future and a lot of the big questions that are on the fringe of most men's mind. "Is Religion's Day Done?" leads to the conclusion that it is only beginning. The idea of a Master Mind is examined, along with the questions of Evil, Suffering, the Bible and Fatalism. An interesting series is that on the Churches and Prayer. A striking sentence occurs in the chapter about the Future: "Very few of you men believe that courageous conduct, even to the utmost limit of self-sacrifice, gives a man any claim to spiritual reward. On the other hand, among the padres, the view you reject finds considerable support. I cannot but think that some have allowed their sympathy with you and their admiration of you to disturb the balance of judgment. The error were more pardonable, were it not for the serious moral and spiritual injury that such a belief is causing." The book is valuable to the average man, as sustaining the idea of the All-wise, All-good God, without technical or philosophical terms being used in the discussion.

Boys and Girls

Dear Cousins,—

No, I did not stay in England, as many of you have no doubt been thinking. It is so many weeks now since I wrote to you, that you might well suppose I was lost. However, here I am back again on my own old back page, and I'm very well, thank you, how are you?

Do you know what I've been thinking of mostly since I came back? Of course, I've been as busy as ever in my office, but in between times, I've been amazed to find how glad I was to get back to Canada. I always knew it would be good to be back, but I didn't think it'd be like this. I felt like hugging all my cousins by armfuls for a week after I landed. Aren't you glad you didn't meet me at the station, any of you? I'm a fairly big cousin, and when I hug anybody, its like a bear!

Well, you remember how I told you in one letter from England that I hoped that some day all of you would get the chance of going to England, and I still hope so, because you can't realize all that the Old Country and the British Empire mean till you have really crossed the ocean. But I know when you come back, you will love Canada as you never did before. You will love to cross the sea and crouch up in the bows of a great steamer some night, watching the water curl away from her prow and fall in great shining paths on each side of the boat. You may see it, as I saw it, the white foam full of green stars of fire, where the phosphorescence was glowing. You may even see, as I did, the fish swimming madly to get out of the way of the boat, and leaving trails of fire behind them. Curious, isn't it? I saw the fish better at night than I ever did in the daytime. Then you will watch for land, and pass by desolate shores, and see wonderful icebergs. Then you will see little groups of fishermen's cottages at the bottom of cliffs, and perhaps the fishermen themselves, rocking about in their little boats.

And all the time, you will be able to feel like the explorers did long, long ago, when they came ever so far over the water and found strange lands at the end of their voyagings. Why, I used to love to go away in a corner at night on the boat and play a new game I invented myself. I called it "playing Columbus," and I used to pretend I was Christopher Columbus himself, just coming to land after sailing west goodness knows for how long. (Now you needn't tell your mothers and fathers this. Remember I'm a grown-up cousin, and supposed to be past playing games like that, so it's just between you and me, because we know all about it, don't we?)

But what's best of all in coming back, perhaps, is to feel that we have a great big country here, waiting, waiting for us to build our homes on her prairies, and hoping so hard that we shall grow up into a nation that is generous, and honest and kind, to everyone who comes to us from the countries in Europe. And you know, we can't have a nation like that unless every single one of us makes up our mind to be generous, honest and kind our own selves. We're the people who matter, and how much we matter we don't know. Why, only this very afternoon, I met an unknown cousin who came from England only three weeks ago, and almost the first thing she said was: "People here seem so friendly and kind; I think it's so good of them." Can't you imagine how glad I felt for that? Perhaps it was some Canadian cousins of mine who had been kind to her. I shouldn't wonder.

Now good-bye. I'll see you again in a fortnight, and before that, I hope I'll have had some letters from some of you, telling me all about what you did this summer. Seems to me I've told you lots about my summer.

Your affectionate
Cousin Mike.

HOW WILSON WON THROUGH

A London (Eng.) Hospital Experience
By Capt. (Rev.) F. W. Cobb, M.A., C.F.

"SISTER, where is that Canadian boy who is on the danger list to-day?"
 "There, in the corner bed, with the screens around. But I can't allow you to see him, padre."
 "Not just for a handshake, and a word to cheer him?"
 The sister of ward F. was inexorable.

It was the time of the last "flu" scourge, and Wilson had come to our big hospital badly gripped as the soaring line on his temperature chart plainly testified. You could not wish to set eyes on a more splendid specimen of Canadian young manhood than this great lad from Muskoka, and having come scatheless through the fire of many a fierce stunt in France surely he was not going to pass from us here.

So we hoped, so some of us who



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