

or less severely wrecked. Altogether, our losses are estimated at about a quarter of a million. St. Mark's Church, situated in the devastated area, together with its parish hall, was wiped right out. Only a little pile of ashes marked the place where it stood. Trinity Church was so badly shattered that a completely new church will have to be built. St. Mark's seated about a thousand and Trinity eleven hundred. Emmanuel, a smaller mission church in the north end of Dartmouth, was also completely destroyed.

Old St. Paul's escaped almost miraculously, not even its memorial windows were broken. The Cathedral had all its big windows smashed and other serious damage. St. George's, St. Matthias', St. John's, St. James' and St. Augustine all suffered about in the order named. St. George's being most badly wrecked, while Christ Church, Dartmouth, with its parish hall, was very considerably damaged.

We are expecting the Dominion Government to make good the losses to a very large extent. But the special needs of the localities affected, the extra cost of materials required, and the difference in value between old and new buildings will necessitate the expenditure of between \$125,000 to \$150,000 in excess of such aid. For these reasons an earnest appeal is made to the generous sympathy of the Churchpeople of the Dominion to come to our aid in Halifax and help us provide church homes for our sorely stricken parishioners in the hour of their distress.

Girlhood's Charm

The fascination of youth lies in the freshness of the complexion. That charm may be possessed by any woman who takes good care of her skin. Fresh-looking, delicately-colored, clear, smooth complexions come from the use of CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM. It softens epidermal roughness, heals sores, cures blemishes, beautifies the skin and refines its texture. The one thing every lady should have. Sold by all druggists at 35c.—E. G. WEST & CO., Wholesale Druggists, 80 George St., Toronto.

"THE PRIESTS AND THE PROFITS."

(Continued from page 149.)

yard outside the school building.

"Good morning, Canon," he called out as he recognized an old friend, Canon Britel, in one of the groups.

"Good morning, Burson. Been into the service, I see."

"Yes. Why didn't you go in, what kept all these chaps outside the opening service?" he asked.

The Canon laughed. "I rarely ever get to a service while at Synod. Most of these men I suppose are the same. Once in a while I may drop in, but not often, as I like to look about, meet the men as they come in, and, besides, I get plenty of services at home. One comes to Synod to get about, meet friends, have a good time, and I generally haven't time for services anyway."

"But surely all the services are not as poorly attended as this morning's, are they?" Burson asked, with a sense of shock. "What is the Synod for? Isn't it to bring the men together in just such services?" He remembered Hinks' words and continued. "I hear the Synod is dry and dead. If all the fellows, or most of them, miss the services, what else can we expect, anyway?"

The Canon patted him good-naturedly on the back. "My dear young friend, we have to meet to listen to reports, and, like a big business house, balance our books and elect committees and the rest of it, but men who have to sit through the tedious hours listening to reports as dead as Cæsar, are not in the spirit for worship. We may be to blame for this, but you'll find the daily prayer even less attended than the service this morning," and he hurried away as he recognized another acquaintance. Burson felt the growing sense of disappointment and loss. Was this the time of spiritual blessing and inspiration he had waited for? Still, it was only part of the proceedings; the session of the Synod would supply that.

As the day passed, however, the young clergyman felt more and more a sense of amazement, disappointment, sorrow. He listened as report

BIRTH

The Rectory, Granton, Ont., on Feb. 28th, to Rev. J. R. and Mrs. Bythell, a son.

after report was given dealing with the Jewish work, Finance and Investment, Sales and Mortgages, Apportionments. Report after report was submitted, the members of the Synod present paying listless attention and often slipping out of the building as the opportunity occurred. As each report concluded he noticed the air of relief that was visible, occasionally questions would be asked; once or twice a little friction arose between members over some clause, that was visibly welcomed as a pleasant change by most of the clergy, but at 5 o'clock the day's business was brought to an end, and the Bishop dismissed the Synod until the following morning, urging the members to attend the open meeting in the Cathedral Hall that night when Dr. Boreem would address the Synod and outside visitors on "The Value of Steeples on Parish Churches."

Burson walked home to his billet slowly. Where were the debates, the open discussion, the sense of the brotherhood of the clergy, the spiritual inspiration he had looked forward so much to? He felt too much disappointed to even attend the open meeting of the evening and decided to remain quietly at home with his friends.

The next day was practically a repetition of the first, the election of the standing and other committees taking a great deal of the time. Towards the early afternoon, when an address on the state of the Church was to be given, many of the clergy began to depart, to catch trains back to their parishes, and as the elections and reports had taken so much time there was only a couple of hours left to deal with general matters. At 5 o'clock the Bishop rose to pronounce the Benediction, and the Synod was over for the year.

Late that night, Burson with his wife and hosts, also another young clergyman, sat talking. His amazement had given way to a keen sense of disappointment and bitter condemnation. Was this the time of receiving fresh inspiration, the meeting of the Church's leaders in prayer and fellowship, the time and place where clergy and laity from small, poor and difficult parishes might be given fresh enthusiasm and inspiration? Why this, he thought, had been nothing more than a meeting of stockholders in some secular organization, without half the freedom of discussion, debating on profits and financial outlook, in a cold, business way.

"What did you think of the Synod, pretty dull, wasn't it?" his friend asked as they chatted.

"Dull! It is worse than that, it's deadening. Why, is it any wonder so many churches are dead, and that the clergy get into a rut that they can't be shaken out of? Where in the name of creation are they to get the renewing power and inspiration they must have? Christ took his disciples apart for prayer and teaching; the early Church looked for the Holy Ghost and received it in their assemblies; how much of the Holy Ghost would be in to-day's Synod? As much as in a business meeting of the T. Eaton Company. Tired, burdened priests come to the one and only assembly of their brethren to find what? Indifference, dry reports, limited discussion; the men from the outside places and small parishes taking no part in the debates on the floor of the house; no Synod sermon; no time for discussion of parish and personal problems; and the men who are summed up as the successful ones, those who can pay the most towards their apportionments. Why, think of it. If a Church doesn't meet its dues this way, through some difficulty or other, its delegates are barred from the Synod. Money is the passport into the Church's supposed time of Pentecost. If ever the Church of Christ is to be a living and moving power amongst men, it will only

be, when the Church thinks more of its priests and less of its profits."

"Yes," his friend replied, "it's too evident that our Synods are mere business meetings. One could overlook or even approve of this if there were other assemblies of the clergy where the spiritual was as prominent as is the business in this. One must have these reports and all the other dull routine, but why can't the Synod have times of prayer, spiritual discussion, sermons by the men best fitted to deliver them, talks by successful parish priests (not in the way of raising money, I don't mean). We can't always keep feeding our people unless we too receive. We go back to-morrow tired, discouraged and with a sense that the very foundation and centre of the Church's life is rotten and material."

Burson made no reply. He felt again the old weariness and depression that for a few weeks he had forgotten.

Two years later, the following item was published in the city daily papers: "The Rev. William G. Burson, for two years Church of England Rector in the village of Tanton, has resigned his charge, to take the position of secretary in the M.O.B.A. His many friends will greatly regret his departure as he is a young man of undoubted ability and promise. No reason has been given by Mr. Burson for his change of labours."

Lived Entirely on Liquid Food

Nerves Were So Exhausted That Digestion Entirely Failed—Was Almost Like a Skeleton From Loss of Flesh.

Bowmanville, March 7.—This letter from Mrs. Varcoe will be of interest to a great many people because it describes a form of indigestion which is not very well understood. When the nerves get much exhausted the flow of gastric juices in the stomach fails and as a result the food is not digested. Mrs. Varcoe tells in this letter how she was cured.

Mrs. George Varcoe, Odell Street, Bowmanville, Ont., writes: "I was ill and suffered for over a year with what I feared was chronic dyspepsia. I went to different doctors and tried their treatments without getting any better. For months I lived entirely on liquid foods, fruit and broth. My whole system was run down until I became almost a skeleton from loss of flesh. Finally, upon the advice of my druggist, I commenced using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It proved to be just what I needed. Under this treatment I began to feel like a new woman. I regained health and strength, and could eat my meals without difficulty.

"I might also mention that during last Summer I gave a treatment of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to my little boy, who had suffered from concussion of the brain. He had a constant numbness and pain in the head, but the Nerve Food helped him, and he is now real strong and healthy. I cheerfully recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to all suffering from nervousness of any description." This statement is endorsed by Mr. John Lyle, J.P.

The demand for this great food cure has become enormous, for people are beginning to realize more and more that there is nothing to compare to it as a means of building up the nervous system.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for \$2.75, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

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