

Rich Yet Delicate—
Clean and Full of Aroma.

"SALADA"

is blended from selected hill-grown teas, famed for their fine flavoury qualities. Imitated yet never equalled.

evidence, is a modern Jonah. Although he seems to bear a charmed life himself, the ships on which he sails almost invariably go to the bottom. He was on the "Titanic" and the "Empress of Ireland" when they went down, and on the "Lusitania" and "Florizian" when they were torpedoed by German submarines. His portrait, as that of the man who couldn't be drowned, has been shown at many of the "movies." Among the sailors of the transport his extraordinary career was well known and his reputation as a Jonah firmly established. He said they had threatened to throw him overboard if he joined the ship. "So, you see, your worship," he explained to the magistrate, "if I had sailed on the ship they wouldn't have let me stay on her long. And though my luck might have held good again if they had chucked me overboard, I didn't want to risk another wetting, especially in winter."

The Archbishop of York, in a speech on the war at a mass meeting of men, held lately, at Stockton-on-Tees, said there were methods of warfare which he prayed with all his heart they might never borrow from the enemy. Let them never contemplate an order being given to British troops or British sailors to sink ships containing innocent women and children, or an order to British airmen to drop bombs on innocent women and children. These were not the methods they needed to borrow, but one which was, perhaps, more difficult to borrow, and which was the main strength of the enemy—the

national self-discipline which lay behind its armies, a whole people whose habits were steered and organized by discipline. That was just where we found all our old traditions of freedom were so difficult to overcome. They had no right to applaud the men in the trenches and the sailors on the seas unless, day by day, they practised that self-discipline in expenditure without which all the sacrifices these men were making might be made in vain. Don't let them begin in the old English fashion of telling their neighbours what to do. Personally, he had set an example by shutting up half of his house, reducing half of his establishment charges, and putting every penny that he could into the War Loan.

British and Foreign

The new St. Thomas' Church, New York, is (D.V.) to be consecrated on Easter Tuesday, April 25th, by the Bishop of New York.

An anonymous donor has given a new Bishop's throne to Bristol Cathedral, which is now nearing completion and will shortly be dedicated.

The three hospitals which have been established at Cambridge contain close upon 3,000 beds. A large number of the patients have been prepared for Confirmation, and they have been confirmed by the Bishop of the diocese (Ely), who has paid weekly visits to Cambridge for that purpose.

After twenty-five years' work in tropical Africa the Right Rev. J. E.

Spent Countless Nights Unable to Rest or Sleep

Was Run Down and in Terribly Nervous Condition—By
Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Gained Regularly.

In this letter is told once more the story which comes from many thousands of women. It is the story of exhausted nerves, of a run-down system and of all the accompanying misery of sleeplessness, headaches and loss of energy and vigor.

But there is a silver lining to this cloud. There is the light of new hope and courage which comes with the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

This letter is so representative of the kind we are daily receiving that you can judge from it what you might expect from this treatment under similar circumstances.

Mrs. Conrad Schmidt, R. R. No. 1, Milverton, Ont., writes: "Two years ago last spring I was run down, had nervous prostration, and was in a terribly nervous condition. I could not sleep or eat. Could scarcely count the nights that I passed without sleep, and if I did eat, had sick headaches and vomiting spells. My limbs would swell so badly that it hurt me to walk. I would jump up

in bed, awakened by bad dreams; in fact, I was so bad I thought I could not live, and started to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food without much hope.

"It was not long before I began to improve under this treatment, and I can truthfully say it has done me a world of good. It took some time to get the nervous system restored, but I kept right on using the Nerve Food regularly, and gradually gained in health and strength. I have a fine baby boy now. He weighed 12 lbs. at birth, and though my friends were anxious after the condition I was in, I got over that fine, and now weigh 120 lbs. Before using the Nerve Food I was a mere skeleton."

You are not asked to expect miracles from Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. But if you are willing to feed back your exhausted nerves to health and strength you can depend absolutely on this great food cure to produce the desired results. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Hine, D.D., M.D., has been forbidden by the Medical Board of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa to return to Africa. He has been appointed by the Archbishop of York to the Vicarage of Lastingham, on the Yorkshire moors.

Thirteen sons of Bishops have fallen in the war up to date, namely: Second-Lieutenant Leonard R. Burrows; son of the Bishop of Sheffield; two sons of the late Bishop Atlay, of Hereford; a son of the present Bishop of Hereford; two sons of the Bishop of Buckingham; sons of the Bishops of Winchester and St. Asaph; sons of Bishops Mylne and Fyson, who have retired from the Sees of Bombay and Hokkaido; a son each of the late Bishops Popham Blyth, of Jerusalem, and Venables, of Nassau, and a son of the new Archbishop of Dublin, translated from Ossory since his son's death.

Rev. Norman Tubbs, Principal of St. John's School, C.M.S., Agra, in the United Provinces of India, writes: "One thing is clear to me: the war has not hindered our Christian message one iota. It is Christians at home who are perplexed (and I do not wonder!) at the distressing spectacle of Christian nations fighting one another. . . . The fact is, Indians would have been horrified if we had not gone to war. They would have doubted our sincerity and Christian principles. A small boy in our hostel put it in a nutshell. Some of the boys were discussing why we had gone to war. 'It is like this,' he said; 'suppose you saw a big boy bullying a little one, you would immediately try to stop him. Germany is bullying Belgium, and of course, England steps in to stop it.'"

NEDDY ON THE POND

I've a new pair of skates;

Just wait, see me go.

Have I tried it before?

On ice skates, oh, no!

But on rollers, all say

I'm the best in the place

For keeping my balance

Or winning a race.

Now I'm ready to start,

Let's count—one—two—three;

I'll dash 'cross the pond

To the little birch tree.

Now watch me—oh, dear!

I don't think it's nice!

This slippery, hard,

Disagreeable old ice!

"ON THE RESERVE."

A Memory of August, 1914.

(By Donald Bruce.)

Sunday afternoon, with that sense of calm which always should, and often does, pervade the day. There had been some talk of impending trouble in war; but facts were scarce, and theories many, and we resolved not to meet difficulties half-way.

We had had a busy week, and the quietness of the Sunday was welcome; so the three of us—one on the sofa, two in arm-chairs—rested comfortably in the dining-room until it would be time for afternoon tea. Suddenly a voice roused us from our dosing, a voice sounding outside, calling repeatedly in raucous tones, and ever coming nearer—nearer.

Instantly we sprang to our feet. No need to ask what the call was; no need to question the reason.

"War Special!" came the cry—and Tom and I looked at Jack, and Jack's eyes smiled bravely back at us; but to us three the fear had come.



Tom hurried out for a paper, and breathlessly we scanned the news. . . . Well, we were Royalists to the core; and when need came we were ready—and proud to give. But our hearts were human, and parting is never easy.

We drank our afternoon tea in silence.

After a bit we began to talk.

"You may never be needed, Jack," Tom said. "Things may settle up all right."

"Oh, yes. Our country must be ready for any emergency, of course, but we may not require to go to war."

"And even if you are called up," I added, "it might only mean a week or two at the Barracks, and then home again."

And so we talked. But the Fear was there.

"Are you coming with us to-night, Jack?" I said, as Tom and I looked out our backs for church.

"No—not to-night."

"I'd like you to come," I said. "It's maybe our last Sunday together just now." My voice faltered a little.

"I can't help it. I'm not coming. I—I don't want to come to-night."

NOTICES UNDER THE HEADINGS OF BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS 25 CENTS EACH INSERTION

DEATH NOTICE

COBB—At 11 Cloudesley Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex, England, on February 14th, 1916, the Rev. William Francis Cobb, M.A. (Cantab.), for 8 years curate and for 52 years rector of Nettleton, near Maidstone, Kent, aged 86 years.

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A few drops of Campana's Italian balm rubbed over the hands and face after washing, and before thoroughly drying, will prevent chapping. For sale by all druggists, 25 cents the bottle. A special size sample bottle sent postpaid on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps, by E. G. West & Company, 80 George Street, Toronto.