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stolidly to the little wooden stable, as they had done for years at the close of day. They never looked up at the sunset sky when a British aeroplane was also wending its way home, with balls of shrapnel smoke floating in its wake, or paused to regard the greater bombardment just beyond the next farm. The farmer—and doubtless the horses as well—knew the set programme of the day, and it did not trouble them at all.

Keen wit and sagacity is another quality that horses show under many trying circumstances.

A patrol was keeping its vigil, when the sound of galloping horses was heard. The watchers rang out the "Halt!" No response came. The patrol eased over their safety catches and opened the cut-outs of their rifles, the click of their bolts betokening the possibilities of what might soon happen. That click had a magic effect, as the roar ceased almost instantly.

The men of the patrol were astonished to find that the cause of the disturbance was about a score of horses—riderless.

There is one soldier at the front, Private Blake, who owes many a debt of gratitude to his old charger.

Without exaggeration, you could easily bury a wagon in a hole made by a "coal-box." We had to trust to the horses to keep us out of the holes, and I can tell you honestly that I should have been badly hurt more than once if it had not been for my old charger. Talk about a dog being a man's friend, I should prefer my horse to any dog.

At the beginning of the War the mortality amongst horses was particularly heavy. They served as such a mark in those summer days, standing out in relief against the green of

the hedgerows and the gold of the harvest fields. Experience has taught wisdom, and now it is no uncommon thing to see a horse stained a dull green. White horses are not allowed at the front these days, and as the dyeing of them brown had led to woeful results, the new shade was tried.

The other day twenty-four horses of one battery were dyed with a new stain, and to the delight of officers and men the rain seemed to have no bad effect. But one night the horses had a specially hard bit of work to do. They sweated and lathered freely, and to the horror of the drivers, they were a bright green when the morning light fell on them.

Something in the stain—the proud inventor keeps its composition secret—had changed its colour when mixed with the perspiration of the hard-worked horses.

One sturdy little French gunner was heard to express his disgust pretty freely when, as he said, "I saw my horse turn as green as an apple."

One can imagine a stampeding band of these horses doing a sideline in "frightfulness" one of these days, if they happen to turn their heads in the direction of the German trenches.

**HE TRUSTED ME**

I was only twelve years old, and a pickpocket and thief in Brighton. I suppose I had a round, rosy, innocent-looking face, and knew how to assume very good manners when I chose.

One wet, dreary day in October I was lounging against the railing in Albert Street, when a door on the opposite side opened, and a clear,

ringing whistle attracted my notice. A young man stood on the steps, holding some letters in his hands. I dashed across and touched my hat. "Can you post these for me?" he inquired. "I am sorry to send you in the rain, but there is no one here to take them; and I dare not go out myself, as I am not well."

I noticed then that he looked very ill. He was tall and slender, not more than twenty-four years of age, but his face was white and thin, with a bright crimson spot on either cheek, and the blue veins stood out like cords on his temples, and his long, thin hands were almost transparent. He had a thick, plain dressing-gown about him, but he shivered in the damp air.

"I'll post them, sir."

"Here's a shilling for you. And will you also run round to Mr. Gordon's—the vicar at St. John's Church, you know—with this little packet?"

"Certainly, sir." But all my professional cunning could not keep the delighted grin from my face. That packet contained money; Mr. Gordon might bless his stars if he ever saw it. I think the beautiful eyes read my thoughts. The invalid's thin, white hands rested lightly on my shoulders, and he looked me straight in the face.

"I'll trust you, my boy," he said, gently.

"You may, sir," I said, promptly, as I touched my cap again.

He put his hand to his side with a look of pain as he turned away.

I hurried off on my errands.

"No one ever said that before, nor had reason to; but here goes to Gordon's."

I got a job that kept me all next day. When it was finished I ran round to Albert Street. I wanted to tell the man that had trusted me that, for the first time in my life, I had been worthy of trust.

With far greater pain than I felt when my father was taken to prison for breaking a policeman's head, I saw that all the blinds were drawn. With the boldness of a street Arab, I ran up the steps and rang the bell. A sour-looking woman opened the door.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"Please, can I see the gentleman that lives here?"

"No, you cannot; he is dead."

"Dead!" I cried, bursting into tears, regardless of the passers-by.

"Come inside, my boy, and tell me what is the matter," said the woman.

I sobbed out my story, and begged her to let me just look at my friend.

"What is the matter?" inquired a gentle voice; and I turned to see a young lady with fair hair and grey eyes dimmed with weeping.

"This boy wants to see your brother, Miss Graham," said the lady, briefly; "he says he spoke kindly to him yesterday."

"At what time?" she asked eagerly.

"Late in the afternoon, Miss," I sobbed.

She glanced at the woman.

"Perhaps he was the last one darling Claude spoke to," she said, trying to steady her voice.

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"Come here and tell me what he said to you," said Miss Graham, gently.

I repeated all I had told the landlady.

"So like him," she murmured, with tears in her eyes; "and you would like to see him? Come with me, then."

She led the way upstairs to a quiet room, where lay the lifeless form of the only man who had ever spoken kindly to me.

He lay as if asleep, the fair hair turned a little to one side, the white hands folded in a natural position on the lifeless breast, while on the calm features rested the peacefulness of that repose which God gives to His beloved.

My tears fell fast as I gazed.

"I wanted to tell him that I kept my word, but now he will never know."

The bereaved sister had her hand on my arm. "Ask God to prepare you to go where he has gone, and then you can tell him."

"I will," I answered, checking my tears.

"Please, Miss, may I just kiss him?"

She nodded, and I kissed the cold, rigid lips, which only a few hours before had uttered that genteel, "I trust you, my boy."

"I'll starve afore I'll steal again," I said, as I followed Miss Graham from the room.

And I kept my word.

I am now, by God's kindness, a prosperous and happy man; but I eagerly anticipate the day when I shall be able to tell Claude Graham how much his trust in me has accomplished.

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