

Don't Hesitate—

The very next time that you are buying Tea insist upon getting a packet of

"SALADA"

and you will enjoy Tea, as you never did before, "Then Again", it is the true Tea for economists.

This was the beginning of many happy hours for Tode. Perhaps it was the weakness and languor resulting from his accident that made him willing to sit quietly a whole morning or afternoon in the study beside the Bishop's table, when, before this, to sit still for half an hour would have been an almost unendurable penance to him; but there was another and a far stronger reason in the deep, reverential love for the Bishop that, day by day, was growing and strengthening into a passion in his young heart. The boy's heart was like a garden-spot in which the rich, strong soil lay ready to receive any seed that might fall upon it. Better

seed could not be than that which, all unconsciously, this man of God—the Bishop—was sowing therein, as day after day, he gave his Master's message to the sick and sinful and sorrowful souls that came to him for help and comfort.

It goes without saying that the Bishop had small leisure, for many and heavy were the demands upon his time and thought, but nevertheless he kept two hours a day sacredly free from all other claims, that he might give them to any of God's poor or troubled ones who desired to see him, and, believing that Tode could hear nothing that was said, he often kept the boy with him during these hours.

Strange and wonderful lessons were those that the little street boy learned from the consecrated lips of the good Bishop—lessons of God's love to man, and of the loving service that man owes not only to his God, but to his brother man. Strange, sad lessons, too, of sin and sorrow, and their far-reaching influence on human lives. Tode had not lived in the streets for nearly fourteen years without learning a great deal about the sin that is in the world, but never until now had he understood and realized the evil of it and the cure for it. Many a time he longed to ask the Bishop some of the questions that filled his mind, but that he dared not do.

Among these visitors there came one morning to the study a plainly-dressed lady with a face that Tode liked at the first glance. As she talked with the Bishop, the boy kept his eyes on the book open in his lap, but he heard all that was said—heard it at first with a startled surprise that changed into a sick feeling of shame and misery—for the story to which he listened was this:—

The lady was a Mrs. Russell. The bishop had formerly been her pastor and she still came to him for help and counsel. She had been much interested in a boy of sixteen who had been in her class in the mission school, a boy who was entirely alone in the world. He had picked up a living in the streets, much as Tode himself had done, and finally had fallen into bad company and into trouble.

Mrs. Russell had interested herself in his behalf, and upon her promise to be responsible for him, he had been delivered over to her instead of being sent to a reform school. She went to a number of the smaller dry goods stores and secured promises of employment for the boy as parcel deliverer. To do this work he must have a tricycle, and the energetic little lady having found a secondhand one that could be had for thirty dollars, set herself to secure this sum from several of her friends. This she had done, and was on her way to buy the tricycle when she lost her pocketbook. The owner of the tricycle, being anxious to sell, and having another offer, would not hold it for her, but sold it to the other customer. The boy, bitterly disappointed, lost hope and heart, and that night left the place where Mrs. Russell had put him. Since then she had sought in vain for him, and now, unwilling to give him up, she had come to ask the bishop's help in the search.

To all this Tode listened with flushed cheeks and fast-beating heart, while before his mind flashed a picture of himself, wet, dirty and ragged, gliding under the feet of the horses on the muddy street, the missing pocketbook clutched tightly in his hand. Then a second picture rose before him, and he saw himself crowding the emptied book into that box on the chapel door of St. Mark's.

The bishop pulled open a drawer in his desk and took from it a pocketbook, broken and stained with mud. He handed it to Mrs. Russell, who looked at him in silent wonder as she saw her own name on the inside.

"How did it get into your hands?" she questioned, at last.

"You would never guess how," the bishop answered. "It was found in the pastor's box at St. Mark's, and the rector came to me to inquire if I knew any one of that name. I had not your present address, but have been intending to look you up as soon as I could find time."

"I cannot understand it," said Mrs. Russell, carefully examining each compartment of the book. "Why in the world should the thief have put the empty pocketbook there, of all places?"

"Of course he would want to get rid of it," the bishop replied, thoughtfully, "but that certainly was a strange place in which to put it."

"If the thief could know how the loss of that money drove that poor

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foolish boy back into sin and misery, he surely would wish he had never touched it—if he has any conscience left," said Mrs. Russell. "There is good stuff in that poor boy of mine, and I can't bear to give him up and leave him to go to ruin."

(To be continued.)

My Limbs Would Twitch

And Waken Me—Unable to Rest or Sleep, I Walked the Floor in Nervous State—When Specialists Failed I Found a Cure

This is the kind of cure that has set Windsor people thinking and talking about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. The action of this food cure is so radically different to the usual treatments for the nerves that everybody wants to try it. Gradually and certainly it nourishes the starved nerves back to health and vigor and the benefits obtained are both thorough and lasting.

Mrs. M. Smithson, 27 Arthur Street, Windsor, Ont., writes: "I was suffering from nervous breakdown, which was caused by a shock when fire broke out in the adjoining house. My nerves were in such a state that, after going to bed I could not get my nerves quieted down sufficiently to go to sleep. I used to get up and walk around the room, or go downstairs. Even when I would be dropping off to sleep my limbs would twitch and waken me. I used to have cold, nervous night sweats; sometimes would become unconscious and lie that way for quite a little while. I was always cold and it seemed impossible for me to get warm or keep warm. When on the street I would see two or three objects at once, and did not want any person to speak to me or bother me. Any little noise irritated and annoyed me very much. I had consulted specialists and tried many remedies during this time, but could not gain relief. At last I tried Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and before long could see that this treatment was proving of benefit. I am now feeling so much better that I can go out on the street without any difficulty, can go across the river and go about the same as usual. I sleep well at night, and am feeling more like myself every day. I am pleased to be able to write you to tell you how much good the Nerve Food has done me. It has strengthened and built up my whole system. I am recommending it to everybody I find suffering from nervousness of any kind."

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