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In a letter home written by a doctor of the R.A.M.C., at the front, he tells of a celebration of the Holy Communion, which was held in a cowshed and which was a most impressive service under the circumstances. On the same day in the evening a service conducted by the Chaplain and a Wesleyan minister was held in a barn, which was lit by camp candles only. A great crowd of both officers and men were present at this service, which was also of a most impressive character. Hymns were sung heartily, but when the prayer for dear ones at home was read, there was hardly a dry eye amongst these brave men who faced death daily.

In the East the Liturgy is regarded as an act of thanksgiving of such

a festal type that it is considered unsuitable for the stricter fasting days. The language of the Divine Liturgy is Slav, an archaic form of Russian which presents considerable difficulties to the modern orthodox. As the Russian Church in the Mission field translates the Liturgy into the language of its converts, one fails to see any good reason why modern Russian should not be used at home. The people are extremely devout in church. Their usual posture, even for the act of Communion, is standing, but at other solemn moments they kneel or prostrate themselves. They are expected to know the service by heart, and in consequence Prayer Books are not used. There is no daily Eucharist, but in towns Saints' Day cele-

brations are extremely frequent. Sacramental Confession and Fasting are indispensable preliminaries to Communion. Only the most devout communicate every month. The Liturgy is always celebrated with music, incense, and full ceremonial, "low celebrations" being regarded as an irreverent Roman innovation. The Liturgy is preceded by the recital of Matins and Lauds with Prime. It is hardly necessary to say that the Choir Offices, important as they are, do not bulk so largely in Orthodox eyes as they do in our own.—Abridged from "The Orthodox Church in Russia," in the Scottish Chronicle.

just have died of fog or a surgical operation.

For about twelve years it had been Eneas's habit at Christmas to put a limited number of sixpences and shillings into the boxes and network bags of sweets which he sold over his counter. He set those "lucky bags" on the side, so that they might not pass into unsuitable hands. Only the very poor and needy got them.

This year, however, was to be a downright red-letter Christmas in Eneas's experience and someone else's. He had begun to think of it in August, and in October had settled to do it. He had read of the unparalleled benefactions of a certain American millionaire, who scattered free libraries about the country like sugar-plums. The example had thrilled him. Why should not he do something really useful like that?

He, too, was rich, comparatively. His savings had outgrown the limits of three post-offices years ago. They had swelled and swelled, so that the fear of burglars had come upon him. He had bank-notes up his bedroom chimney and sovereigns under the floor of his shop counter. Probably eight or nine hundred pounds altogether. And no one to leave it to, and no good being done with it; so that at times he felt he was a criminal fit for a jail, to be piling up money like that, with so many starving poor all around him! Hence this five pounds idea of his. And the more he dwelt upon it, the more he approved of it.

When the crisp bit of paper was completely invested in the doll's crimson skirt, and a second cheap, black lining was fastened over the bank-note, Eneas took the candle and went to bed. He had pricked his finger about ten times, but he had made a job of it.

"It's as good as a novelette to think about what'll come of it," he said, radiantly, as he smiled at the candle before setting it in front of his cracked little mirror. But when he was in bed he realized something of the other side of the question. He was briefly depressed at the thought of the responsibility he had undertaken. Only briefly, however.

## Eneas Riddle's Happy Thought

### A Christmas Story

PART I.

By C. Edwardes.

MR. ENEAS RIDDLE, of the toy and sweetstuff shop at the corner of Gilfillan Street and Wood Street, was grizzled and wizened and wrinkled, and so slovenly and belated in his attire, that when he stood at his shop door with his hands behind his bent back, he was a sight to kindle contempt in those who did not know him. And not many did know him. He was a Riddle of no interest to anyone except himself, and not deeply interesting even to himself.

This was his belief, and, on the whole, it suited him. He had grown so accustomed to it that it would almost have pained him to be proved wrong in the matter.

Nevertheless, on this wretched December night, with the black fog of the East End trying hard to choke the very gas-pipe over his head, he was not without a charm of a sort.

He was sewing at a young lady's dress—a skirt of crimson silk, with black lace scalloped about the hem. Putting a lining on it, to be precise. The patch of crimson was the blithest object in the room—something for the eye to gaze upon with a relish.

So Mr. Eneas Riddle seemed to think during certain of his resting moments. Holding it a couple of feet from his nose, he grimaced cheerfully at this crimson skirt. The lining was half fixed, but the other half hung loose, with the word "Five" very plainly to be read on it.

Then he turned it round and exposed a tissue slip fastened to the lining with a fragment of stamp paper, and broke into a short series of those chuckling sounds.

These words were written in pencil on the slip:—

"A Christmas present."

But why make a long tale of the old fellow's extraordinary development of eccentricity on this twenty-third day of December? The lining to the silken skirt was a five-pound Bank of England note, and the skirt was a doll's. The doll itself, some eighteen inches long from its flaxen head to its naked feet, lay on its back on the table, in nothing but its bodice and petticoat. It looked as if it might

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