

SOME CURIOUS WOUNDS

There have been a number of curious casualties in the war. One man was struck by a small splinter of shell, which passed through his cheek, broke all his teeth, and came out near his jaw without injuring his tongue at all. He escaped with a very swollen face and a great deal of pain from his teeth.

Another soldier was wounded by a large splinter of shell, which struck him absolutely flat on his chest. The only harm done to him was a gigantic bruise. In the case of a third a bullet passed through his body just above his heart, avoiding all important vessels. He was able to march two miles with his knapsack and rifle to hospital. On arrival a nurse gave an antiseptic dressing to his wounds, and he was discharged next day cured.

THE WREN AND THE CAT

A BIRD-HOUSE placed on an extension to a post of one of our cat yards is occupied by a wren family. Just now the parent birds are coaxing the little ones to try their wings. It is a period of great importance, very much like commencement day to human fathers and mothers.

One morning Father Wren was on the house roof, alert and watchful, the little ones awkwardly balancing themselves on the railing of the front porch, while the mother hovered over them, explaining all the intricacies of flying.

Suddenly the father gave a quick, little cry of warning. The mother turned and looked where his keen eye indicated. Along the fence below a cat came, slowly, neither looking at the birds nor down at several dogs that were playing in the yard. She was equally indifferent to both, but the Wren family were suspicious. The mother and father exchanged a rapid conversation, and the children were hurried back into the house. The cat continued her journey to a point where the fence widened and afforded a comfortable resting-place. Here she lay down and stretched her graceful body at full length, evidently enjoying the sunshine immensely.

Mrs. Wren was not at all pleased. Mr. Wren urged that there was nothing for it but "watchful waiting," but Mrs. Wren could not agree to this policy. She ventured nearer to the cat, dropping down toward her by slow stages rather than by her usual direct flight. When she was quite near she uttered a little, angry cry. The cat lifted her head, and the eyes of the two met. The cat rose and went back along the fence as she had come.

Rising with a glad song, Mrs. Wren

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.

called to Mr. Wren. He returned an equally glad reply, and the little mother returned to her house and the education of her children. But this was not the end of the incident.

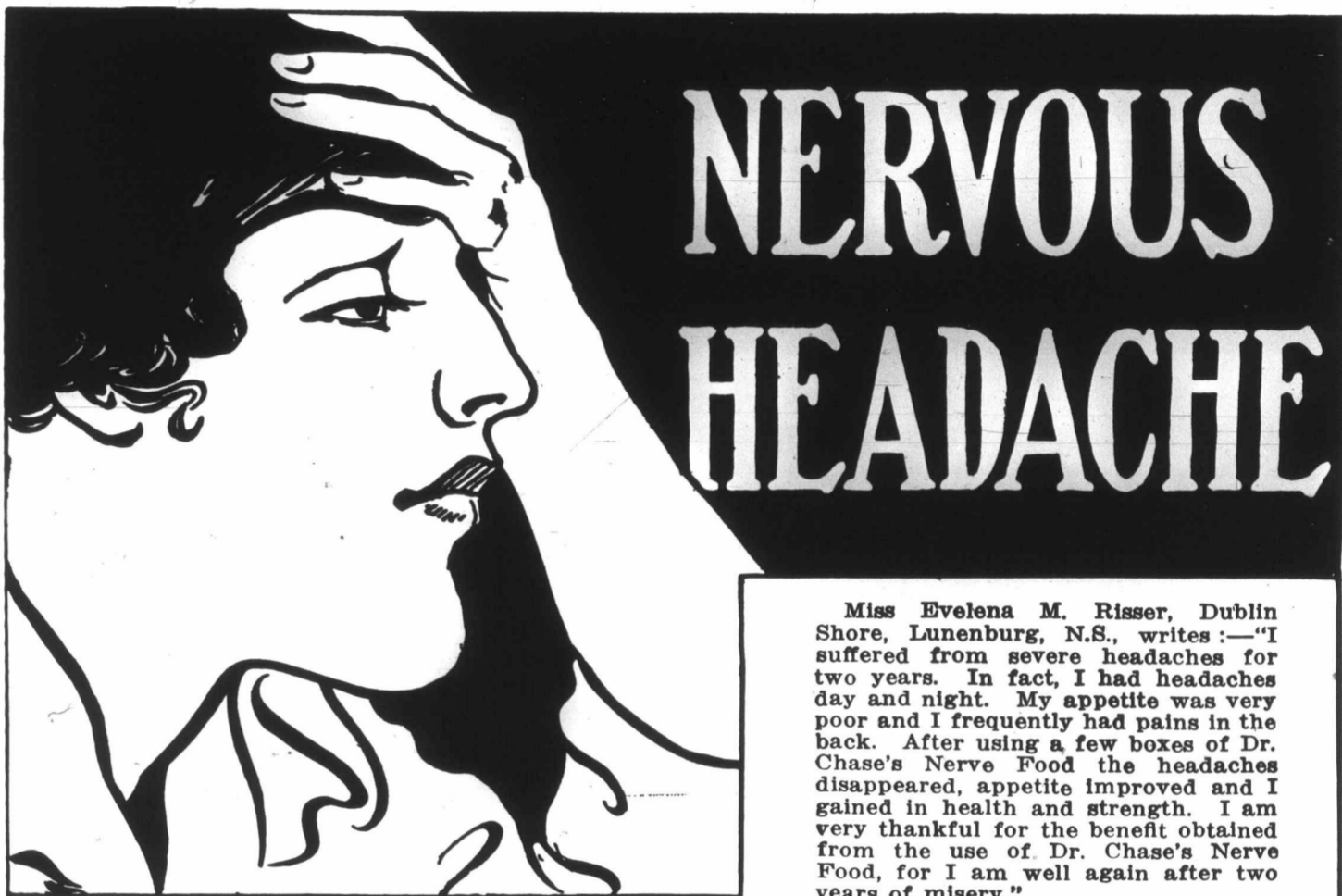
The cat, whose name is Jane, is herself a mother, and a very proud and tender one. Just when everything up above in the Wren house was going charmingly again, she returned by the fence, bringing her one kitten with her. Reaching the same comfortable place, she lay down and carefully smoothed her little

one's soft hair. Up above, the young birds were sent indoors. The father protesting from his perch on the roof, the mother once more approached Jane. She came very near this time, circled about and paused. Jane moved her body a little, but paid no apparent attention to Mother Wren.

The bird kept near, all eager and attentive. Just once she called back some word to the family at home. Jane lifted her eyes, and again the eyes met. There was a slow, tense

moment. Then, so near that either one might have touched the other, some word, and a reply, passed between them, after which the wren rose quickly, calling to mate and children as she went. Plainly she told them that all was well. The training of the little birds now went on. Peace and confidence were restored.

If we might only know what the magic word was that passed between those two, we might end the war.—Kansas City Star.



Miss Evelena M. Risser, Dublin Shore, Lunenburg, N.S., writes:—"I suffered from severe headaches for two years. In fact, I had headaches day and night. My appetite was very poor and I frequently had pains in the back. After using a few boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food the headaches disappeared, appetite improved and I gained in health and strength. I am very thankful for the benefit obtained from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for I am well again after two years of misery."

The object of pain seems to be to give warning that something is wrong in the human system. For this reason, when you have a headache, for instance, you should honestly seek for the cause.

Headache is not a disease in itself, but rather a symptom. If you find other indications that the nervous system is exhausted—if you are restless, nervous, sleepless and irritable—you may rightly suppose that to be the cause of the headache.

The headache warns you that with neglect of the nervous system you later expect nervous prostration, locomotor ataxia, or some form of paralysis. Wisdom suggests the use of such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to build up the system, and thereby remove the cause of the headache, as well as prevent more serious troubles.

The use of headache powders is not only a dangerous practice, but the shock to the system of drugs which are so powerful and poisonous as to immediately stop pain is most harmful. The relief is merely temporary, and with this danger signal removed the disease which caused the headache continues to develop until results are serious. The moral is, when you have headaches or pain of any kind look for the cause and remove it.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is not intended as a mere relief for headache. It cures by supplying the ingredients from which nature rebuilds and revitalizes the wasted nerve cells. Some patience is required for this reconstructive process, but the results are wonderfully satisfying, because they are both thorough and lasting.

If you would be freed from headaches, as was the writer of the letter quoted above, put Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to the test. Working, as it does, hand in hand with Nature, it can no more fail than can other of Nature's laws.

50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food



Dr. Chase's Recipe Book, 1,000 selected recipes, sent free if you mention this paper.

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