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PEACE CANTATA.

St. Nicholas' Church, Birchcliff, was packed to the doors on January 21st, when the choir of St. Aidan's Church, Balm Beach, came out with the Beaches Orchestra, to render the cantata "Tidings of Joy," by Charles Darnton. The service was arranged to emphasize the need of peace and unity among Christians in accordance with the request of our Bishops. The service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. T. H. Cotton and the Rev. C. E. Luce, the Rector.

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CANADIAN BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

(Continued from page 71.)

it is completely in harmony with Scripture when it gives as the reason for the assembly of God's people, that they meet together to render thanks to Almighty God, and to set forth His most worthy praise. It is acknowledged on all hands that the Sentences form a natural preparation for confession of sin, and it hardly needs argument that it is just as necessary to form an atmosphere for the proper rendering of thanksgiving and praise the highest act of Christian worship. The wording of the Exhortation would suggest that the Sentences are intended to cover the worship of God in all its essential features of praise and thanksgiving, of prayer and hearing of the Divine Word. If the prevailing note be penitence, there is no wise reason which should necessarily exclude praise.

The Bishop's Shadow

by I. T. THURSTON
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II. (Continued.)

NAN'S NEW HOME.

"WHAT'S all this row about?" he demanded, sharply, as he looked from Tode's bleeding face to the big fellow's bruised eye. "He took my beat. I've sold papers here for three years," cried Tode, angrily. "What you got to say?" The policeman turned to the other. "He give it up. He ain't sold a paper here for a week past," growled Carrots.

"Whose beat is it?" The man turned to the other boys as he asked the question.

"Reckon it's Tode's." "He's on'y been layin' off fer a spell."

"It's Tode's sure 'nough." So they answered, and the officer turned again to Carrots. "You're a bigger feller'n he is. You let him alone an' go find a new beat for yourself, an' see 't I don't catch either of ye fightin' in the streets again, or I'll put ye where ye'll get another kind of a beat if ye don't walk straight. Now scatter—all of ye!"

The "fun" was over and the boys needed no second bidding. They scattered in all directions and the next moment, Tode's shrill voice rang out triumphantly, while his rival stalked gloomily off, meditating dire vengeance in the near future. Meantime, after Tode and Dick had departed, Nan had spoken a few grateful words to Mrs. Hunt, and then laying the baby on the lounge, she said, earnestly, "Please show me just how you make those bags. I'm sure I can do it."

It was simple work and it did not take her many minutes to master the details. Her quick eyes and deft fingers soon enabled her to do the work fully as well and as rapidly as Mrs. Hunt could do it.

"Well, I never! You certainly are a quick one," exclaimed the good woman as she gave up her seat to the girl. "Now if you can finish that job for me, I can get a little sewing done before dark."

"Oh yes, I can finish this easily," exclaimed Nan, delighted that there was something that she could do in return for the kindness shown her.

By and by, Jimmy, Nellie, and the younger children came in from school, staring in amazement at the two strangers who seemed so much at home there. Nan made friends with them at once, but she dreaded the arrival of the father.

"What if he shouldn't want us to stay?" she thought anxiously, as she heard a heavy step on the stairs, and Nellie called out, "Here comes father!"

There was a general rush of the children as he opened the door and he came into the room with boys and girls swarming over him. Nan's fears departed at the first sight of his honest, kindly face, and his cheery greeting to her.

"Wal' now, this is nice," he said, heartily, after hearing his wife's brief explanation. "Never can have too many little gals 'round to suit me, an' as fer this young man," he lifted Little Brother gently as he spoke, "he fits into this fam'ly jest like a book. Ted here's gettin' most too much of a man to be our baby any longer."

Ted's round face had lengthened as his father took up the baby, but it brightened at these words, and he

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straightened himself and slipped his hands into the pockets of the very short trousers he was wearing.

"I'll be a big man pretty soon," he remarked, and his father patted his head tenderly as he answered,

"So you will, sonny, so you will, an' the more you help other folks the faster you'll grow."

That was a happy evening for Nan. As she sat at the supper-table at "father's" right hand the only shadow on her satisfaction was the fear that she might not be allowed to remain in this friendly household. But somehow, even that thought could not cast a very dark shadow on her heart when she looked up into the sunshine of Father Hunt's plain face, or met the motherly smile of his good wife. She lent a helping hand whenever she saw an opportunity to do so, and the table was cleared, and the dishes washed so quickly that Mr. Hunt remarked to his wife,

"Look here, now mother, why can't you an' me go somewheres this evening? You ain't been out with me for more'n a year, an' I feel's if I'd like a bit of an outin' to-night."

Mrs. Hunt looked up doubtfully, but Nan spoke up quickly,

"Do go Mrs. Hunt. I'll take care of the children and be glad to." "That's right! That's right!" exclaimed Mr. Hunt. "Course ye will, an' I 'spect you'll make 'em have such a fine time that they'll be sorry when we get back."

Ted put his finger in his mouth and gloom gathered on his round face at this suggestion, but it vanished as Nan said,

"Teddy, I can cut fine soldiers out of paper, and animals too. After your father and mother go I'll cut some for you."

Teddy's face brightened at this promise, and he saw the door closed behind his mother without shedding a single tear.

Nan put Little Brother to bed and then all the children gathered about the table and Nan drew men and animals on brown paper and cut them out, to the great delight of the children. Teddy especially was so interested that once Nellie remarked, "You needn't get quite into Nan's mouth, Ted."

Nan laughed. "If he only won't get his fingers cut instead of the paper," she said.

"There! I've got a whole fun'ral of horses," remarked Ted, in a tone of great satisfaction, as he ranged a long string of the figures two and two on the table.

"Look out, Ted, you'll knock over the lamp!" cried Jimmy, hastily.

The warning came too late. Even as the words were uttered, the chair on which Ted was standing slipped from under him, and as he struck out wildly to save himself from falling he hit the lamp and knocked it over

on the table. The oil spread over the floor with a crashing sound, and up Ted's horses and of paper as it went. The burning paper lit his apron and he was blazing, and with fright, while Ted ran crying into the room, but Ted. He—petri stood still with mouth open, gazing at the fire as it crept over the table.

It all happened in a moment, but Nan did not flinch. She jerked off Nellie's apron and fastened it around her, and then, regarding the coalhod, she threw it into the lounge, she threw the lamp, and gathered the lamp, paper and the flames. In two minutes she was over, Nan and the frightened creeping slowly back.

Teddy did not cry or animals any more was ready to go to bed. Nan undressed him and the others sat up until their mother came home. The story of their bravery. The mother with tears as she patted the child's head as many of the children gathered into them in silent gratitude laid his hand kindly on the brown hair as he said,

"Child, you've earned this home. As long as you're just as good as the rest—you and

Nan's eyes were wet. "Twas nothing," answered, "and I'll pay for Little Brother we can stay here."

Dick had come to his parents, and had said a word of silence to the story.

"Humph!" he said. "Twasn't so awful that fire. I'd a done it a been here."

It seemed to Dick and mother were too much of this evil spirit of jealousy head in his heart. not brought those anyhow.

When, the next morning, he and Little Brother were on the street and Little Brother gruffy,

"Oh, they're all right. But are they any place?" questioned

"Spect so," said Dick, gruffer than before.

"I'm agoin' 'round to-day," remarked Dick, made no reply.

Tode repeated, "I heard what you said."

"deaf?" and Dick marched off.

Tode looked at the punch

said, under his breath, "if his folks hadn't stayed on there."

Nothing daunted his friendly manner, self that afternoon.

door. He found Ted and Nan both busy cutting.

All the children were at school, and Little Brother on the old shawl.

Tode gave an awkward greeting and disappeared from the floor beside the

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