

Pebeco Goes the Whole Way

The crying need of your teeth is protection from "Acid-Mouth." Tooth-enamel needs positive protection, such as

Pebeco Tooth Paste

gives. Pebeco is a vastly different dentifrice, because, in addition to cleaning and polishing teeth, it stops "Acid-Mouth"—the cause of 95% of all tooth decay.



"The young men in my class are studying to become physical instructors. I see to it that they understand the value of scientific care of the teeth. I'm glad Pebeco Tooth Paste has become a fixture in the personal hygiene of so many of my pupils. It 'strikes twelve' with them, because it saves their teeth, as no other dentifrice can."

Pebeco tastes different. Its undisguised taste is immeasurably superior to a flavor which is merely sweet.

Pebeco costs more and is worth more. You need use one-third of a brushful only.

Manufactured by LEHN & FINK, New York
Canadian Office, 1 and 3 St. Helen Street Montreal

no one attempted to hit him. Then a flying figure appeared from the opposite trenches with the intention of saving the poor chap I referred to, but scarcely a dozen paces had he gone before a volley laid him low; then the order "Cease fire!" came from the officer whom I had personally ear-marked "Nervy." He jumped forward from the trench, and, no doubt, with the intention of taking revenge for their comrade, the Germans fired. He was hit badly, too, for he staggered, but with a magnificent effort kept his feet and rushed on. "He's gone mad," a voice near me exclaimed, but he regretted it an instant later, for the sight witnessed from both trenches was greeted with a roar of cheers, and not another single shot was fired for nearly an hour.

Arriving at the wounded German, although badly wounded himself, our hero picked him up, and, to the amazement of all, carried him direct to the German trench. We heard the distant roar of cheers as he arrived and gently laid the body before an officer, and saluting, turned on his heel to return to us, for he was as safe during those few moments as he would have been at home, but he was not to return unrewarded, and the German officer climbed up from the

trench, and, removing his own Iron Cross, pinned it on our hero.

Have you ever heard "Goal" from the crowd at the Palace on Cup-final day? The cheer from both sides was similar, and I'm certain had a German soldier fired at him as he came back to us he would have been killed by his own men. They gave us time to shower our praise upon him before attacking again, and that evening I had the honour of taking him back to the hospital. Before leaving the general informed him that he would be recommended for the V.C. the next day, but I am broken-hearted to say that his cross is a wooden one among more of the heroes who have made England what she is.

GREAT-GREAT-GRAND-MOTHER'S HAT

A True Story.

By Frances Kirkland.

"PLEASE, grandmother, may I open this one?" Betty bent over a tiny trunk ornamented with brass-headed tacks. On the cover the glittering tacks formed initials surrounded by a star. Betty traced the letters (E. L.) with her finger.

"Whose trunk was this?" she asked, turning to her grandmother.

The little, white-haired lady was taking dainty, old-fashioned frocks from a huge trunk in a nearby corner.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, laying down a pile of garments.

"I have been wondering what is in this tiny trunk," Betty explained.

"Oh, I really believe the hat is in there after all," her grandmother said, quickly. "That was her trunk. The initials stand for Elizabeth Landon, your name, too, Betty."

Softly they raised the lid. The pungent odour of old lavender floated up. The trunk was lined with pictures of children in quaint costumes. On a pile of little dresses lay a child's leghorn hat, with faded ribbons and rosettes. The straw of the crown was broken by a frayed hole.

"There it is! That was your great-great-grandmother's hat, Betty," said her grandmother.

"Poor little great-great-grandmother!" Betty exclaimed as she put the hat on her own curly head.

"The hat came from England, and your great-great-grandmother was very proud of it."

"You said it had a story, grandmother!"

"Yes, little Elizabeth Landon of far-away times was as much of a mischief as her great-great-granddaughter."

Betty hung her head.

"Come to the Peep-of-Day window," said her grandmother, "from there we can see the waters of the bay. Another little Elizabeth Landon used to watch there for the coming of the British ships, in the time of war."

"What did she do if she really saw them?" asked Betty, looking over the far blue water with round eyes of wonder.

"She ran clattering down the attic stairs and called to the family and servants, 'The British! the British!'"

"Then all through the great house there would be bustle and commotion. All valuables must be hidden and the men must take the horses and the cattle to the woods where no soldiers could find them. At last the children would be called and the family and servants would go down to the secret room in the cellar, where they must stay locked in until the British went away. All this happened many times. Betty grew tired of the hours spent in the cellar room listening to the tramping of the British in the rooms overhead.

"When the soldiers appeared the next time Betty did not go with the others to the secret room. Among the many children she was not missed at first, so when the house was silent and empty she stole up the broad stairs and put on her best hat. Yes, the very hat you are wearing. Then she tiptoed down the stairway and out into the yard. No soldiers were in sight. She climbed to the top of the great, round ball that ornamented the gate-post; there she sat waiting.

"Soon the British soldiers came marching along the road with their gallant young officer in the lead. His red cloak hung from a pair of broad shoulder. Betty watched him with delight.

"Suddenly from behind the trees colonial soldiers appeared. There was firing, sharp and quick. When the smoke cleared Betty saw the young British officer lying in the dusty road. The Continentals were gone. Solemnly the Redcoats gathered about their captain. One stooped and covered the upturned face. Betty watched them closely—no one seemed to see her. The men who had been sitting by the young officer rose at last and gently they laid him in the freshly-dug earth, wrapping his scarlet cloak about him. Betty realized that she had seen a burial. She almost cried out to the men not to leave the young officer in the ground.



Removes Finger Marks and Other Spots from

Painted Walls

"Quickly the soldiers formed ranks and started to march away; then one of them saw Betty.

"See the child!" he cried.

"Another gave a horrid laugh and stuck his bayonet through Betty's hat and started to carry it off.

"Give me my hat!" screamed Betty.

"The leader turned. 'Give back the hat to the little girl!' he commanded.

"The hat was restored and the soldiers went on their way. Soon Betty heard her mother calling.

"Betty, Betty, where are you? We have been so anxious!"

"Betty climbed down from her perch on the gate-post and with a very white face told her story. Very soberly she led the way to the mound under the spreading apple-tree.

"Not long after the soldiers came by night and carried away their captain's body, but always there lived in Betty's mind the picture of the gallant young officer lying dead in the dust."

"I think I know how that other Elizabeth Landon felt, grandmother. I'm glad I'm her granddaughter and yours. Thank you for the story," said Betty, as she laid the little hat in the old trunk.—N. Y. Churchman.

The Joy of Good Health Is Now Experienced

Nervousness, Dizzy Spells and Sleeplessness Are Now a Thing of the Past.

This is a cheerful letter from Mrs. Peacock, and it should bring joy to the heart of many a reader of this paper. Dizzy spells and sleeplessness are symptoms of exhausted nerves, and are the bug-bear of many women, who do not know just what treatment to use. You can read Mrs. Peacock's letter and take courage, for she has proven that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a complete cure for these troubles. So pleased was she with the results obtained that she wants other women to know about this food cure. Mrs. Thomas Peacock, 23 Hiawatha street, St. Thomas, Ont., and whose



husband is conductor on the Wabash Railway, states:—"I was quite run down in health, was very nervous, did not sleep well, and had frequent dizzy spells. Believing this to be the result of an exhausted nervous system I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and can say that this medicine did me a world of good. It entirely freed me of the symptoms stated above, built up my health generally, so that to-day I feel that I am quite well again."

In a more recent letter Mrs. Peacock writes:—"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good, and I would be pleased to tell everybody so."

In nearly every issue of this paper you will find letters about Dr. Chase's medicines. If this one does not describe your case watch for others or write to us. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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