

**Pebeco
or "Acid-Mouth"
WHICH?**

Take your choice. *You can't have both.*

You never find "Acid-Mouth" when Pebeco is used regularly.

By overcoming "Acid-Mouth" Pebeco destroys the cause of 95% of tooth-decay.

**Pebeco
Tooth Paste**

Pebeco keeps teeth *sound* by keeping tooth-enamel *whole*.

You will prefer Pebeco's unsweetened taste to one of candy-sweet flavor.



"The poor condition of my teeth almost prevented my passing the physical test for policemen. Besides putting my teeth into condition, my dentist said to me, 'You surely ought to use Pebeco.' The fact that I haven't seen nor felt the first signal of tooth-decay for over a year now proves this advice just what I needed."

Pebeco costs a bit more. Comes in *extra-large* tubes. No need to put it on "thick." Use one-third of a brushful only.

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

employs 300 girls in her factory and farms out work to 500 women in and around New York. A Harlem woman originated negro dolls. Handsomely dressed, they are sold to well-to-do coloured families. She built up a national business and has found a good market through local toy-exporters to North Africa, where many kinds of American toys are distributed by caravans over enormous trading zones.

A factor in making American toys popular in Europe in recent years is the large number of gifts of toys sent from here by fathers, brothers, or sisters of the little Germans, Russians, Poles, Austrians, or Italians. There are many imitations of domestic toys in Europe, but the majority of buyers prefer the genuine American-made toys, which, while they cost a little more than the imitation products, are said to last longer.—New York Sun.

MARRIAGE

ABBOTT-LAYCOCK—On Monday, July 20th, at Christ Church Mission, Shaftesbury, Peace River, Alta., the Rev. F. Vale Abbott to Miss Margaret Agnes Laycock.

CHURCH BELLS SCHOOL

Ask for Catalogue and Special Donation Plan No. 70. Estd. 1888. BELLS for Churches are DUTY FREE. The C. S. Bell Company, Hillsboro, Ohio. U.S.A.

**THE GIRL WHO GETS YOUR REMOVE THE THISTLE
LIVING FOR YOU**

Jessie B. Pours, in C. Evangelist.

The bright, little business woman had been breathlessly descanting on her extreme busyness, and the woman physician, noticing the thin face, weary eyes, and evident nervous tension of the talker shook a sympathetic head. In parting she laid her gentle hand on the other's arm.

"Remember," she quietly suggested, "that this is the girl who gets your living for you, and don't work her too hard."

"What do you mean?" asked the business woman, a little startled.

"Just that," was the physician's answer. "This is the girl who gets your living for you, and as such is entitled to the consideration of a wage-earner. You have told me that you are dependent on your own exertions. Your body and brain, I take it, represent your capital in life. You know what happens when the capital of a business is dissipated, however worthily, leaving no reserve fund for emergencies or special occasions. Millionaires, perhaps, can afford to be reckless with their capital, but not so those of smaller financial opportunities. And few modern women, as few modern men, can afford to play tricks with their physical and mental stock-in-trade.

"If you had a child, a horse, or a dog to care for, you'd make a point of seeing that it had sufficient food and rest, was never worked to exhaustion. Common sense would urge such a course upon you, quite irrespective of the human side of the question, and I've known you to interfere more than once in behalf of overworked horses. But this poor, little body of yours, slightly built, sensitive, nervous, none too well supplied with physical vitality, you're willing to overwork shockingly, robbing it, meanwhile, of the proper means of recuperation. Such a course, to say the least, is 'penny wise and pound foolish.' Sooner or later, my dear, you'll have to learn better. And if you won't learn sensibly—well, many a depleted toiler has acquired belated wisdom on the flat of the back. That's all."

The kindly doctor's hint is worth noting by men no less than women. The present-day temptation toward overwork is ubiquitous and almost irresistible. Many of us are like the "capable" housewife who on Monday morning dashed into the room of her sleeping daughters and roused them by nervous exhortations to rise quickly. "To-day's Monday, you know, and wash-day. To-morrow there's the ironing to do, Wednesday the baking, Thursday the cleaning, Friday the mending, and Saturday baking again, with everything to get ready for Sunday. Goodness, girls, do hurry up and get started! The whole week gone and nothing done!"

But it is not this kind of work that in the end proves most effective, while killing the goose that lays the golden eggs of self-support and service for others is a process resolving itself into a species of self-murder, criminal as unwise.—Ethel Colson, in the Interior.

Tommy comes to his mother with a swollen finger and an expression of pain on his round face.

"Please get it out," he begs. "What is it?" she questioned, as she holds the finger up for examination.

"I guess it's a thistle. I got it in yesterday, but it didn't hurt much then. Ouch, mamma! Have you just got to hurt like that?"

"Indeed I have, Tommy, boy! It wouldn't have hurt much to take it out yesterday, but to-day it has festered and cannot be pressed without giving pain. And to-morrow the hurt would be far worse, so be a man and let me get the thistle now."

Tommy squirms a little, and two big tears force themselves into his eyes, but presently the thistle is out and he runs back to his play, whistling a merry tune.

His mother sits still, looking very serious. She is thinking about bigger thistles and bigger hurts.

The friend of her youth has not written to her in months, and she can give a guess concerning the reason. This friend is rich, and at their last meeting Tommy's mother was foolish enough to feel a jealousy of her, and to show what she felt. Her friend resented the feeling, as was perhaps natural.

"I was ashamed of myself almost at once," said Tommy's mother. "Why didn't I say so? Why didn't I take out the thistle then? I can't do it now without pain."

There is another thistle in the heart of Tommy's mother. Last night her husband criticized her for what he felt to be her extravagance. She gave a hasty, impatient answer, and he, evidently vexed with himself for having hurt her, made a semi-apology. She was too angry to accept it, and left the room without a word. It would have been easy to remove the thistle then, but now! Tommy's mother remembered the silent breakfast and the perfunctory good-bye, and tears like those in Tommy's eyes rise to hers. The thistles hurt so now.

But they will hurt worse to-morrow. With this thought she suddenly rises, goes to her desk, and pours out her heart in a letter to the friend of her youth. She calls her by the foolish, fond little name by which she was wont to call her in their school-days. She grows merry over the reminiscent nothings. At the end she says: "Please forgive me for not being nicer to you when I saw you last. I wasn't as meanly jealous as I seemed to be, truly I wasn't. I believe that in my deepest heart I was glad of your prosperity, only it is always hard for me to feel that my husband seems to himself to have failed of success in the world when the husbands of other women have succeeded. Is that childish sort of pride? I suppose it is, but I'd rather you should know it was this, and not mere selfish covetousness of the pretty things that suit you so well and that I truly love to see you have. Please believe this, and write me a dear little letter to say that you believe it."

**FROM
PANTRY
TO FRONT-
PORCH**

**CLEAR THROUGH
THE HOUSE THERE
ARE A HUNDRED
USES
FOR**

**Old Dutch
Cleanser**



Many Uses
and Full Directions
on Large Sifter Can 10c

"There!" said Tommy's mother, as she sealed the letter. "It hurt to write that, but I'm glad it's done."

She goes upstairs and dresses thoughtfully. She puts on her blue dress, because blue is her husband's favourite colour. A woman's sense of symbolism in the matter of dress is something which a mere man can never appreciate. If she wished to please him particularly she invariably puts on the colour which he has sometimes told her is his favourite, though in the interval he has probably forgotten that he has any favourite.

When her toilette is finished she looks into the glass with approving eyes. She has done her best with herself.

"I must say 'I'm sorry,'" she tells herself. "And the saying so will hurt her. But I'm glad it's to-day instead of to-morrow, or, maybe, never!"

And she goes down the stairs humming the tune that Tommy whistled a little while ago, to throw herself into her husband's arms with all the abandon of their honeymoon.

This holiday season brings to all of us reminders of hurts that should be healed. Why not remove the thistle before it is too late?

**Dr. Chase is
No Stranger**

In This Home—Receipt Book and Medicines Kept at Hand All the Time.

There is no better safeguard against disease and suffering than a good cathartic medicine. In the great majority of homes Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are constantly kept at hand, because they quickly awaken the action of liver, kidneys and bowels, and cure the most common ills of life.

Mrs. Thos. Smith, Jamestown, Ont., writes:—"Dr. Chase is no stranger in our home, for we have two of his Receipt Books in the house. My father and my husband's father each had one, and I have been familiar with it ever since I can remember. It was only natural that we should use the Kidney-Liver Pills, and we found them so satisfactory in regulating the digestive system and curing the common ills of life that we always keep them on hand. Many a time these pills have saved me much suffering and prevented serious disease. We also keep the Ointment in the house all the time."