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American Silk
HOSIERY

We Want You to Know
These Hose

They stood the test when all others failed. They give real foot comfort. They have no seams to rip. They never become loose and baggy as the shape is knit in, not pressed in. They are GUARANTEED for fineness, for style, for superiority of material and workmanship, absolutely stainless, and to wear six months without holes or replaced by new pairs free.

OUR FREE OFFER

To every one sending us 50c. to cover shipping charges, we will send, subject to duty, absolutely free;

Three pairs of our famous men's AMERICAN SILK HOSE with written guarantee, any color, or

Three pairs of our Ladies' Hose in Black, Tan or White colors, with written guarantee.

DON'T DELAY—Offer expires when dealer in your locality is selected. Give color and size desired.

The International Hosiery Co.
21 Bittner Street
Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A.

GET
RID of the Dirt from
BASEMENT to ATTIC
with
Old
Dutch
Cleanser
MANY USES AND FULL
DIRECTIONS ON LARGE SIFTER—CAN
10¢

BAPTISM

TREZISE (SYDNEY)—Of Essex, England, Age 21, Baptized in St. Luke's Church, Fort Vermilion, Peace River, on Sunday, 16th of August, by the Reverend R. E. Randall.

MARRIAGE

MAHAR-SMITH—On the 28th of July in St. Luke's Church, Fort Vermilion, Peace River, by the Ven. Archdeacon Scott (of Winnipeg), John Mahar of Ottawa, to Eliza Smith of Stoney Point, Fort Vermilion.

BIRTHS

LAWRENCE—On the 15th of July, at "The Renche," Fort Vermilion, Peace River, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Lawrence. Baptized "Kathleen Mary" in St. Barnabas' Church, Stoney Point on Sunday, 9th of August, by the Ven. Archdeacon Scott (of Winnipeg).

A STRANGE ACCOUNT
BOOK.

A fire broke out in Farmer Dike's barn one night. As the hired man had been smoking his pipe out there during the evening, it was supposed that he had tossed a burning match into some hay or litter, or had emptied his pipe ashes into some inflammable stuff. The spark had probably smouldered and the thin streak of fire had spread, until at last it had burst out into full flame.

Jacob Dike, the eldest son, was the first to discover the conflagration. A smell of smoke and the lurid shadows dancing on the wall had awakened him.

With a few wild cries, he roused the rest of the family, and they were all soon rushing in and out of the burning building, attempting to save the animals, the grain and hay, and the tools and machinery.

It was evident that the fire was making such rapid progress that very little could be saved. One of the neighbours, who had hurried half-dressed to the scene, was therefore astounded to see the old farmer himself calmly working away with a screwdriver at the hinges of the barn door.

"Man, you're crazy!" he shouted. "Let that old door burn! There's two calves in there yet, and the corn-sheller, and lots of other things. Come on!"

But Farmer Dike still worked away at the tough old door, while one by one valuable living creatures and expensive tools were left to perish.

Just as the roof dropped in with an awful crash, and a shower of sparks and brands fell all around him, he staggered out into the open, with his big barn door on his back.

"I hope you're satisfied now," sneered the neighbour. "You might have saved a hundred dollars' worth of stuff while you have been unscrewing that big piece of kindling wood."

"I couldn't stop just then to explain," said the old farmer calmly, "but I'll let you know now, that all my accounts for the last seven years are on that barn door. It's worth more to me than the whole barn besides and all that was in it."

It is generally wise to reserve one's opinion until one knows the facts in the case.—Christian Herald.

WHEN BOBBY CHANGED
HIS MIND

"I hate school," muttered Bobby as he sat on the curbstone in the bright spring sunshine, holding under one arm a much-worn arithmetic and in

the other hand three shining marbles. "Besides, there's plenty of time to learn multiplication-tables and spelling lessons without doing 'em on days like this," Bobby grumbled to the arithmetic and the marbles.

"Yes, but when you have learned those things you'll find there are many more to learn. Because there are many more things to learn in this world than there is time to learn them."

Bobby looked up in surprise at these strange words. There was no one in sight. Then he heard a strange swishing noise overhead, and he saw it was the big maple nearby that had spoken.

"Do you see the flowers on my branches?" asked the tree.

Bobby's eyes searched the spreading branches overhead. The tree was covered with a soft haze of greenish yellow, something Bobby thought must be leaves.

"Why, your leaves are out. I hadn't noticed them before," he said.

"No, no! Not leaves, but flowers! I am very busy now, more so than at any other time of the year," replied the tree. "Just as soon as the ground warms in the spring, and the sun searches into the hearts of the buds on my branches, I am very busy with these opening blossoms. Do you smell them?"

Bobby sniffed the air, and, sure enough, a delicious, spicy odour came from the tree.

"You said my pretty flowers were leaves, but you had never noticed them before, or you would have known. These flowers will open wide and be full-blown before my little green leaves will come. But you see when the flowers are open my work is only half done. The blossoms have a tiny seed in the heart of each, and the sun and light and water cause this to grow and ripen until it is as large as the blossoms itself. By the time the seed is full-grown the blossom has become withered and old, and has fallen off. Then I have to shake my branches, and hold them out to the winds."

"The winds?" interrupted Bobby.

"Yes, the winds," replied the tree. "When the seeds are full-grown they look as if they had wings. They are picked up and whirled about by the spring winds. Sometimes they fall on the ground, where they soon sprout and take root."

"You think you are worked hard," continued the sweet, whispering voice, "because you have to learn the multiplication-table on a spring day. Let me tell you of the things I have to do. I am sending my roots down into the ground for moisture. I am bending and stretching all my branches to get the sunlight and air, and by doing these things well I can produce the buds of the pretty flowers you see now; the little, winged seeds follow the flowers, the seeds are blown to the ground, where they often grow into young maple-trees. Then, later come the cool, green leaves which shade you children. I cannot do these things one at a time, as you may learn the multiplication-table, but I must be working at them all in the selfsame moment."

"You are busy, aren't you?" Bobby said.

False Teeth are
No Joke

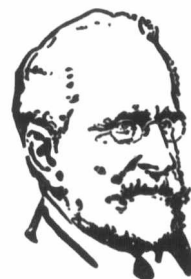
They are a mighty serious reality to lots of people. And what else can you have if you lose your natural teeth?

Don't just think about it. Do something. Find out what is the cause of tooth-decay. Scientists say that, in nine out of ten cases, it is acid mouth. Find out if you have "acid mouth." If so, use

Pebeco
Tooth Paste

It counteracts "acid mouth" at the same time it is cleaning and whitening the teeth.

Your morning-and-night brushing of the teeth can be made their protection against decay if you use Pebeco.



"I find a double economy in Pebeco; it comes in a big tube and goes 3 times as far because you use only 1/3 as much. Pebeco is the 'business-identificer' which appeals to hard-headed business men."

Ten-day trial tube and acid-test papers to test your mouth for acid—sent free.

LEHN & FINK
1 and 3 St. Helen St. Montreal

The next day Bobby's teacher did not have to correct him once when he repeated the multiplication-table as far as the sevens.—Alice R. Griffin.

Skin Troubles
on the Scalp

Skin Dried and Cracked and Hair Fell Out—Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Eczema is annoying and distressing at any time, but doubly so when it gets into the scalp and causes the hair to fall out. Here is a grateful letter from a lady who was cured by using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mrs. Hector Currie, Tobermory, Ont., writes: "I was cured of a disagreeable skin disease of the scalp by using Dr. Chase's Ointment. The trouble started with itching and pain in the scalp, the skin would get dry and crack, and at times would bleed, and the hair would fall out. I tried three doctors without benefit, and suffered for three years. Reading in the almanac about Dr. Chase's Ointment, I began its use, and am now completely cured. The hair has grown again, and I am as well as I ever was. You are at liberty to use this letter, for I am glad to recommend so excellent a treatment."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has no rival as a cure for itching skin disease.

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