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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Plum Cake
By ANNE CAREW

TWO weeks before Christmas Arthur Loring tiptoed into the playroom and closed the door.

"I know where there's something good to eat!" he said mysteriously.

"Mince pies," guessed Ella and Grace, while Henry turned a somersault and refused to guess at all.

"What's the use?" he asked. "Cook wouldn't give us a teeny piece before-hand, would she?"

"She wouldn't—not a bite," agreed his brother and sisters sadly, and Arthur added with a chuckle: "But it isn't a pie, you see. It is in the garret!"

"The garret?" In an instant the three had jumped to their feet and were following Arthur up the winding stairs.

In one corner of the garret was a cupboard, far away from the warm chimneys, and here it was Mrs. Loring's custom to keep certain good things to eat. It was cold and dark in the cupboard and yet not cold enough to freeze.

Arthur lifted the cover of a round pasteboard box like a small bonnet box and folded back some tissue paper.

"Oh! Um-m-m!" they all whispered excitedly.

You would have been excited, too, if you had glimpsed that beautiful, big, frosted cake. It was big and round and covered with thick white frosting all over. In the middle were green leaves cut from citron and some little red candies that looked just like a bunch of holly.

The children looked and looked, growing hungrier every minute. Finally Grace put out her hand and picked off a ragged drop of icing from one edge, and a small piece of cake came with it. She looked frightened, but put it all in her mouth. It was full of raisins and citron and tasted delicious.

The other children looked scared, but Henry boldly broke off another piece and then Arthur and lastly Ella. When each had tasted a bit there was a hole in the side of the cake as large as a very large egg. Arthur quickly covered the hole with tissue paper, and then he covered the box and closed the cupboard door. They stole downstairs, feeling very guilty indeed.

Well, so it went on for a week before Christmas. First one and then another, never telling, sneaked up to the garret and ate a few crumbs.

It was Christmas eve when Ella took her last crumb and noticed that the frosted top of the cake was beginning to crack.

She was frightened and sorry and very, very unhappy, and so were Grace and Arthur and Henry, for all had been guilty.

Christmas morning they had all their presents, and each one got just what he and she wanted.

"Santa Claus is a good guesser," cried Arthur.

"I should say he was," said Grace as she dressed her new doll. She wondered why she did not feel as happy as usual this Christmas, and then the thought came that it was because she had deceived her parents.

"Now for the surprise," cried Aunt May at 5 o'clock. "All you kiddies go upstairs and get into your best frocks. You must be down at 5:30 sharp!"

Beside the four little Loring's there were their two cousins, Amy and Fred, and before 5:30 the doorbell rang several times, and other children came.

"We've come to your party!" cried the guests excitedly.

This was the surprise father and mother and Aunt May had so carefully hidden from them.

And they knew that the plum cake had been a surprise for their Christmas party, and they had spoiled it.

There was an empty space in the middle of the supper table. The children knew it was for the cake. They had just sat down when the mother came in, carrying the cake on a silver tray. Mother said:

WHEN BUYING YEAST INSIST ON HAVING THIS PACKAGE

ROYAL YEAST CAKE

NEW GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT., MONTREAL

DECLINE SUBSTITUTES

"This was such a lovely cake! Aunt May baked it as a surprise for the children, and it was hidden up in the garret cupboard. Today we found it with all the outside eaten off. Just think what had little mice have done!"

All the children exclaimed in wonder and disappointment except the guilty one. Then Arthur got up and cried out:

"It was two legged mice, mother."

"Indeed?" asked mother in surprise. Then his brother and two sisters all got up, and they all made confession and cried a little. But none of them was allowed to have any of what was left of the cake.

WATFORD PEOPLE GET INSTANT ACTION

Those who have used it in Watford are astonished at the INSTANT action of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc. as mixed in Adler-i-ka. Because it acts on BOTH lower and upper bowel, ONE SPOONFUL Adler-i-ka relieves almost ANY CASE constipation, sour stomach or gas. It removes such surprising foul matter that a few doses often relieve or prevent appendicitis. A short treatment helps chronic stomach trouble. Taylor & Son, Druggists.

A Mixed Up Christmas
By BERTHA M. MASTERS

HE three little Burtons listened open mouthed and wide eyed to Bobby Taylor.

"And a pair of ice skates and a pair of roller skates," he ended breathlessly.

"But, Bobby, you've got both kinds of skates," protested Jimmy Burton forlornly. "Santa Claus wouldn't bring you more skates and not leave me any at all."

The Taylors' house was large and handsome. On the other side of the iron fence was the little red cottage where the Burtons lived.

But now it was the day before Christmas. Everything was covered with snow, and the three Burton children were feeling very unhappy. First their mother had told them that perhaps Santa Claus might not leave them very much this year, there were so many poor little children.

"Poorer than we are?" asked Molly.

Mrs. Burton laughed and kissed the little girl. "Bless your heart, baby, we are not poor," she cried happily, and so the three had told Bobby Taylor that they were not poor.

But Bobby had laughed at them and told them that their father worked for his father in the store and that their mother sewed for his mother.

"We cannot even have a tree this year," Jimmy whispered to Sadie.

"That's because daddy was sick so long, and mother said we were not to mind. I'd rather hang up my stockings," said Sadie bravely.

"So would I," added Jimmy. And little Molly lisped mornfully:

"But my stockings are the thinnest, and I wanted a dolly carriage, I did!"

On the other side of the iron fence Mr. Taylor was walking to and fro smoking his cigar. He had heard every word that had been said, and long after the children were asleep that night he was talking to his wife.

"That Christmas eve Santa Claus stopped at the Taylors' chimney and thought a long while.

"Bobby Taylor lives here," said Santa to himself. "He has so many beautiful toys I don't know what to give him, so I'll just give some candy and nuts and oranges and maybe a book,

and I'll give the same to his sister Laura. All these skates and dolls and other things I shall leave at the little cottage next door."

So he left some candy and nuts and oranges and books for Bobby and his sister Laura, and he passed on to the Burtons' cottage, where the chimney was so small he could not squeeze through, so he had to creep around to the parlor window and pry it open.

There wasn't any Christmas tree here, but on the mantelpiece hung threestockings in a row, and pinned to Molly's little white stocking was a note Sadie had written:

Please put the doll carriage on the floor, Santa.

So it wasn't surprising that the three little Burtons awoke with shrieks of delight to play with their toys while Bobby Taylor wouldn't believe that Santa Claus had actually passed him by until his father said he was afraid that Santa had thought Bobby didn't need any new toys. Besides, he and Laura had been selfish.

Just then there came a ring at the doorbell, and in came Jimmy and Sadie, the first carrying a pair of roller skates in one hand and a pair of ice skates in the other. Sadie was holding two lovely dolls.

"Merry Christmas, all!" cried Jimmy. "See, Bobby, Santa Claus brought me two pairs of skates just like yours!"

Bobby hung his head. "I didn't get any skates at all," he confessed.

Jimmy drew a long breath and held out both hands.

"I'm more used to going without things," he said simply. "One pair is enough for me, Bobby; you take one."

Bobby began to cry at his playmate's generosity, and Laura did the same, for Sadie had offered her one of her two dolls.

Mr. Taylor smiled at his wife. "I believe they have learned their lesson," he whispered, and she nodded and opened the doors into the parlor.

The children screamed with joyful surprise. There in the middle of the room was a big, beautiful tree, laden with toys and gifts of every sort. There were presents for the Burton children and one for Mr. and Mrs. Burton. It was a slip of pink paper in an envelope, and Mrs. Burton cried over it, and Mr. Burton and Mr. Taylor shook hands very hard. Bobby whispered it was a check, which was just the same as money.

PENALTY OF A RIME.

Caustic Collingborne Paid For His Taunt at Richard III.

Did you ever hear of a spring poet who came to his death because of a rime? Doubtless many spring poets have merited the same fate, but in our day justice tarries and the world suffers in silence.

It was not thus when Richard III, last of the Plantagenets, ruled England. In the main the people who did not agree with the Duke of Gloucester were wise enough to keep their opinions to themselves, but William Collingborne thought to stretch poetic license to make it cover an attack on his majesty at a time when the murder of the two princes in the Tower ought to have taught prudence.

The king was under the sway of a beautiful and clever woman, Mrs. Lovell, who was thought to dictate much of his policy, which was hopelessly bad. Now, Collingborne had recourse to the fact that the wolf dog was called a "lovel," and so he penned the famous rime, "The rat, the cat and lovel, our dog, rule all England under the hog." As a result, England was decidedly "on the hog."

Did the rime escape the eagle eye of Gloucester? Well, if it did it was overlooked by the lady. That was a year before the famous battle of Bosworth, when the Earl of Richmond came to the rescue of his suffering people. Richard had put down Buckingham's rebellion, and all the traitors had paid the price with their heads, so another head more or less did not matter. Collingborne was summoned into court, given a perfunctory trial and sent to the block. However, there is no evidence that he was punished for writing atrocious poetry.

WHY SUFFER WITH BACKACHE, KIDNEYS OR RHEUMATISM NOW?

Letter Tells of Long-looked-for Prescription.

Dear Readers—If I can do any good in the world for others, I wish to do it, and I feel that it is my duty to write about the wonderful results I received from the use of "Anuric." I was suffering from kidney and bladder troubles, scalding urine, backache and rheumatism, and feet and ankles swelled so that at times I could not walk without assistance. Had taken several different kinds of kidney remedies but all failed. I sent for a box of Dr. Pierce's newest discovery, "Anuric," which I received by mail in tablet form. I soon got better and am convinced that this popular new medicine is good. I wish to recommend it to my neighbors and everybody suffering from such troubles.

MRS. M. J. SARGENT.

Note: You've all undoubtedly heard of the famous Dr. Pierce and his well-known medicines. Well, this prescription is one that has been successfully used for many years by the physicians and specialists at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., for kidney complaints, and diseases arising from disorders of the kidneys and bladder, such as backache, weak back, rheumatism, dropsy, congestion of the kidneys, inflammation of the bladder, scalding urine, and urinary troubles.

Up to this time, "Anuric" has not been on sale to the public, but by the persuasion of many patients and the increased demand for this wonderful healing Tablet, Doctor Pierce has finally decided to put it into the stores, or send 30 cents for large trial package or 50 cents for full treatment.

Simply ask for Doctor Pierce's Anuric Tablets. There can be no imitation. Every package of "Anuric" is sure to be Dr. Pierce's. You will find the signature on the package just as you do on Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the ever-famous friend to ailing women, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, proven by years to be the greatest general tonic and reconstitutor for any one, besides being the best blood-maker known.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Sleepy Time Story About a Little Girl's Visit to Fairyland.

A WONDERFUL ADVENTURE.

Beautiful Things She Beheld on a Remarkable Journey—Song That Always Drives Away Loneliness—Other Reading Games For Small People.

Now, youngsters, said Uncle Ben to little Ned and Polly, I am going to tell you the story of

THE ENCHANTED SHELL.

Myra wandered along the beach, wishing very much that she might see a mermaid, or a merman, or at the very least a sea serpent. She was lonely and wanted something exciting to happen.

"If only the days of fairy tales were not over!" she sighed as she sat down in the hollow of the rocks and rested her curly head against some lovely seaweed dried by the sun. As she looked dreamily out to sea she was startled to hear some one singing close to her ear:

"Oh, don't you know the way To the land of elf and fay, To that fair strand of golden sand Where it is always day? Then follow, follow me To my cave beneath the sea."

Myra delightedly raised her head to find that the song seemed to come from the mouth of a large conch shell lying close to her. As she gazed the shell grew larger and yet larger until it opened invitingly to her.

"Oh, this is too lovely!" cried the little girl, tripping into the shell without much hesitation.

As she tripped down the mysterious passage of the seashell the light grew more and more rosy, the music more beautiful. It was indeed like a song from fairyland which still led her on.

Suddenly the hall widened into a marvelous green chamber, in which grew wonderful sea flowers. On a throne made of pearl sat a very lovely lady, with long golden hair, pink cheeks, smiling eyes, robed in green with trimming of fluffy white, like the crest of a wave.

"You are right welcome, my child," she said to Myra, who stood abashed before such beauty. "I am the spirit of the seashell, and it is my voice which sings to little children whenever they bend their heads to listen. They who hear my song are never lonely again. They realize that the world of fairy lies very close to them."

As she spoke soft music sounded, and Myra seemed to be lifted up, up, up, until she found herself lying on the rocks just as she was when she first heard the song of the shell. As she sat up she caught sight of the shell and, snatching it up, carried it home with her, remembering the words of the fairy, "Those who hear my song will never be lonely again."

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