

Thanksgiving Lost and Found

Through the deep silence of autumn dusk, the wagon, overflowing with its load of newly-plucked corn, rumbled up the road toward the house whose whiteness stood out strongly against the blackness of the grove that lay beyond. The load was heavy and the incline abrupt. The driver, a well-built young man, dressed in overall and faded blue shirt with a red handkerchief knotted about the collar, stared moodily over the long stretch of corn field to the west, where only the rosy afterglow told of another day that had passed into the effacing oblivion of time.

John Farrar loved this season of the year. The haunting thin rustle of the evening wind through the ragged ranks of the yellow cornstalks filled him with a sense of quietness, with the peace of nature. It seemed to be the living voice of the twilight. The breeze, moaning through the weeds at the roadside, was keen and made the blood tingle with a sense of life.

Still, he rebelled, tried to shake off the sense of beauty that came to him. The earth had been too unkind to him, he would not be lured by it. He had been hurt, and it had festered in his mind afterwards, making him roughly suspicious. The distrust had in due course of time extended to its creature, man.

In the direction of the house a door slammed. A moment later, the yard-gate clicked as it swung closed.

"Say, dad, may I light the lantern while you're unloading?" The voice was boyish.

Farrar did not turn his head. "No," he replied briefly. "I'll tend to it." The boy climbed up the front of the wagon and watched the shovel eat into the corn. The dimness of the light could not hide the wistful expression of his eyes.

Finally the wagon was empty. The boy unfastened the tugs and swung them over the backs of the horses with a flourish.

"Give me the bit and straps, Dad, and I'll pump water for them. You just wait and see—nothing for you 'd's. I intend to do chores—didn't I mean to?"

"You go into the house, Billy, and stop trying to do work you can't handle." The voice was brusque, but not unkind.

The boy did not follow this injunction, but lagged behind the horses as his father led them to the water trough. Here he was accorded the privilege of pumping. The horses were thirsty after their work in the field, and the pump-handle reached too high for the stubby figure of the boy to get a full stroke. Before the horses had their fill, his breath came in gasps.

After the team had been unharnessed, they walked through the darkness to the house, the boy reaching eagerly for the calloused hand of the man, who passively accepted the comradeship.

As the door opened the light from the hanging-lamp revealed a small room with a table in the centre set for the evening meal. Over the stove leaned a young woman who turned quickly as they entered. She had dark hair and wide appealing eyes like a boy's, but the soft rounded cheeks and sensitive mouth were entirely feminine.

"Get a good load, John?" she asked with an anxious smile.

"Oh, fair," he grunted over his task of unlacing his heavy shoes. The woman turned her attention to the stove once more, while the man drew off his boots and tossed them into a corner.

The meal was a silent one at first. The boy, in spite of his evident appetite, fidgeted about in his chair. Finally he burst out excitedly speaking to his father:

"Say, folks, d'you know what day it is to-morrow? Why, it's Thanksgiving!—an' I was first to find it out of the whole family! There's goin' to be great times at everybody's houses. I bet, why, y'ought t' see folks drive past school this afternoon. They was streakin' it t' town for stuff t' eat—cranberries, apples, an' peanuts, most everything they got in the stores. And what d'you know, Ma?" he turned to his mother, "The Stanleys are fixin' up t' have a turkey! A ten pound, Harry says!"

"That's natural," grunted the man heavily, "they're the most shiftless of all the neighbors."

"An' Teacher told us all about Thanksgiving, too!" cried Billy, regardless of his father's interruption. "An' say, mayn't we have Thanksgiving, too? All the fellows are goin' t' have it!" The boy, his face flushed and earnest, pleading for a Thanksgiving, brought a happy light into the eyes of his mother.

"Let's celebrate to-morrow for the first time since we were married, John." Her tone was vibrant with feeling. "We have so much to be thankful for."

"Such to be thankful for!" The man repeated the words with bitterness. "I can't see where that comes in," his words tumbled out violently.

"There's a lot of things I can feel thankful for, you mean. For five years after we were married everything went to pieces on my hands. The crops failed, the hogs died of the cholera, we lost three horses in a runaway and not once was it my fault! I wanted to make things nice for you,

but something always broke up my plans. I'm tired of it all!"

"But this year our crops are the best in the neighborhood, and you know that everything else has turned out better than we expected," she gently insisted.

"That's no credit to anybody but ourselves. Each time we climbed a little way out of the ditch, we were pushed right back again. But I'll make it yet, in spite of all! Only don't expect me to be thankful! I deserved all the luck that came my way!" A hint of the desperation that had haunted the man during those lean years rang out in his voice.

"Billy—he wants it so," murmured the mother timidly.

"I say no!" cried the man impatiently. "I'm going to husk corn to-morrow. Even as he spoke, he looked up and saw a flash of hate in the eyes of his small son. The man turned away uneasily and frowned. Billy had no right to look at him that way."

"And what's more, I don't intend to pamper Billy in a darn fool sentimental belief. Life is life and fancies are fancies, and this being thankful on Thanksgiving Day for what's no call of being thankful for is plain out fancy."

"You have said that for so long," Had the man listened, he might have been struck by a trace of mockery in his wife's tone. However, he made no answer, but got up and abruptly left the room.

Next morning at five o'clock, before dawn had even touched the sky, Farrar was at work with the farm chores.

By ten o'clock he had made three rounds and neared the roadside once more. Stopping to make a turn, he saw a carriage drawn by sleek horses coming from the north. Ah, they were the Stanleys. Depend upon them to get away from the farm.

"Hello, John! Goin' to work a spell this mornin'? Better go home and get ready for dinner." This was followed by a laugh in which Farrar thought he detected a trace of derision.

"No," he replied sourly, "I'll work out the morning—and the afternoon, too." Angerily he turned to the carriage. "Get along!"

In spite of the crispness of the air, the wagon did not fill up with the usual rapidity. Once Farrar stopped to strike the horse severely with the slack of the reins because they had broken out of the path in order to reach tempting mounds of corn just outside their reach.

For a long time he stood as one hypnotized, staring into the distance. It couldn't have been them! It simply showed that he was allowing that absurd situation of the preceding evening to bother him.

But it was with a sense of repugnance that Farrar looked over the yellow field of cornstalks that shivered with a thin murmur in the morning breeze. With a growing uneasiness, he felt that his wife and boy had really asked a small thing of him and that he had played the part of a senseless tyrant. Oh well, he would drive home when he had completed the row. No use working this way.

Arriving there, he tied the team to the hitching-post and went into the house. Inside, all was dim, with the curtains down. He called out once. No answer returned to him. The silence of the empty rooms seemed to stifle him with a sense of loss. The man stood stock-still in the centre of the room for a long time. Then he strode out of doors. He hurried to the stable. Rob's place at the manger was empty!

With a haste that made his fingers fumble, he placed the single harness upon the back of the young horse he had hurried to bring in from the pasture. Then he hitched it to the old buggy and turned out of the driveway into the road that stretched away, undulating, southward to town.

At the village, Farrar tied the colt to a hitching-post and then hesitated for a moment. Suddenly, from the little white church a short distance up the street, came the sound of slow, measured singing, mellow and pleasing in the quiet air. A strange expression flitted across the man's face. Swiftly he strode up the street.

Inside the church, the minister had just announced the sermon, so Farrar slipped into one of the seats in the rear where it was dim.

Once accustomed to the shaded light that streamed through the leaded windows, Farrar looked about him. Far ahead he saw the Stanleys, the entire family wedged into a small pew, looking decidedly comfortable and happy. Farrar could not help feeling that there were some pleasant aspects to being shiftless like Stanley.

Past the Stanleys, his eyes searched every pew. Finally they rested in a corner of the church opposite from his. Intense relief came into his face. There they were, wife and boy, and at the eager gladness in their eyes, the man turned his face away. A great humiliation and shame possessed him. But he could not withhold his gaze for long. What a soft, dreaming look lay in Marjorie's eyes! He noticed that the dejection had gone and, in its

place, was devotion and rest. Beside her snuggled the boy, his eyes roving over the congregation, apparently not listening at all. Regular boy, Billy was, trying to count how many of his school-mates were present. Then John Farrar drew back and lowered his head for Billy's eyes might find him out. He remembered that the boy's eyes had shown hate for him the evening before.

Tl's man felt lonely. Marjorie and Billy were not his family. They belonged together and he was an outsider, alone.

But now the minister's voice broke in on Farrar's thoughts. The words rang out clearly. John Farrar bent forward.

"Today a whole nation gets down on its knees to thank God for its many blessings. All of humanity—except those individuals too petty and mean to realize their benefits. They should be glad at least that they are alive and well, with the power of going on."

Then the minister changed his tone and Farrar listened as he told the meaning of Thanksgiving for them, of their untrodden prosperity, their simple friendships, and of their family life. The gray-haired leader of his flock spoke to them as they talked with each other, and as he finished, a gleam of terror came into the eyes of the man who sat alone in the rear of the church. Was he petty and mean? What if he lost Marjorie—the boy! A sob clutched at his throat. But he hadn't! and that was a great reason for being thankful. Rather timidly, he joined in the last hymn. A hush, while the simple benediction was uttered upon them.

At the side of the church, where Rob and the new buggy stood, John Farrar waited. At last he saw them coming and such a dread seized him that he would have liked to run from the place. But he remained, with eyes downcast. He waited a long time. Then he looked up and saw Marjorie regarding him with steady wondering eyes, while Billy clutched her hand in evident distrust of his father. Farrar stared up through the leafless branches of the trees about them.

"I got to thinking that maybe my family was worth more to me than my corn crop, and I'm pretty sure of it now. Marjorie, if you could forget it—if you won't care—" He stumbled badly but his eyes were humble and pleading. She answered him with the old, sunny smile and he needed no words to tell him that the past years were forgotten.

They spoke no word for a long time. Then Farrar looked speculatively at his son. "Now if I was only sure that Billy would help me," he began quizzically, "I really believe we could get something from the stores and fix up a fine Thanksgiving dinner. But—"

Billy was too much of a boy to hold out against this. With a bound he was at his father's side, plucking excitedly at his sleeve. "Come on, Daddy!" he cried, "we can fix it. Why I can carry 'bout a hundred pounds."

There was a sound of a stifled sob from the mother, but looking up, Farrar saw that her eyes were glowing with eagerness. For her the light of romance was gilding the vista of the remaining years of her life.

With joyful hearts the little family turned to a nearby store window, a window that contained cranberries and nuts and all the things that help to make people more thankful on Thanksgiving day.

The New Harvest.
Golden leaves from the trees down-drifting,
Hazy sunlight through branches sifting;
Sweet scent of pine
In the air, like wine,
Silver mists from the valleys lifting.

Reddening apple and ripening corn,
In fields sun-kissed by the autumn morn;
A blackbird's throat
Sounds a happy note,
Greeting the day from the wide hawthorn.

Over the meadow and through the lane
The harvesters move in a merry train;
After long years
Of grief and fears,
Joyful the harvest they reap again.

Autumn Days.
The feathers of the willow
Are half of them grown yellow
Above the swelling stream;
And ragged are the bushes,
And rusty now the rushes,
And wild the clouded gleam.

The thistle now is older,
His stalk begins to moulder,
His head is white as snow;
The branches all are bare,
The linnet's song is rarer,
The robin pipeth now.

The Country Fair.
It is a place of memories, of happy days gone by,
Of frost-nipt maples with their torch-like heads against the sky,
Of autumn clouds of snow—
But what did anybody care at Rockton, long ago?

For I had washed the buggy, rubbed the harness bright as new,
And polished up the old bay mare, and cleaned the lap-rug, too;
And Sarah Jane sat by my side—the whole world seemed to glow,
We were so happy, she and I, at Rockton, long ago!

We watched the speeding in the track, and saw the judge decide
The merits of the sheep and cows, and then we bravely tried
The charms of all the Midway, where we wandered to and fro,
And smiled to see the world so gay, at Rockton, long ago!

When all the sights were over, and the pleasant day was done,
We turned our faces homeward at the sinking of the sun,
And kissed each other shyly, as the stars began to show
To crown the day's dear happiness, at Rockton, long ago!

—Nina Moore Jamieson.

The Festival.
Fair earth takes off her broidered robe
Of flowers, and croons a melody;
Ah! soon in Autumn's great abode
She'll join in rare festivity.

She sees the azure-vested sky
Stare at her; and the passing hours
Gaze with a deep astonished eye
To see her doff her gown of flowers.

Her maid, the morn, sings of the joy
King Autumn gives to earth each year;
No sounds unquiet e'er annoy,
There none but priceless gowns appear.

The heaven a royal robe will don,
And moonbeams glisten on his breast,
The wind will silken garb have on,
Rich purple asters on his vest.

Oh, wait for the dress she'll wear to-night!
A breath of fragrance near her leans,
And answers her in whispers light:
"A gown made by the hands of dreams."

The sunset gates of gorgeous hue
Roll silent back and there is seen
Resplendent to our eager view
Proud Autumn, with the Earth his queen.

The Empress.
With gold my paths are paven,
Purple is mine attire;
My broad and billowy bill crests
Are lit with crimson fire.

Mine is a triumph music
That sets the blood aglow;
The marching pipe and tabor
Before my footsteps go.

My amber clad battalions
Approach in glistening line;
No olden pomp or pageant
Was mightier than mine.

Tossed by the winds of morning,
My flags are far unfurled;
I hold within my storehouse
The treasure of the world.

Far in the dim lost aeons
I had my royal birth;
Behold in me the Autumn,
The Empress of the Earth!

Fading-Leaf and Fallen-Leaf.
Said Fallen-leaf to Fading-leaf:
"A heavy foot went by an hour ago;
Crushed into clay I stain the way;
The loud wind calls me, and I cannot go."

Said Fading-leaf to Fallen-leaf:
"Death lessons life, a ghost is ever wise;
Teach me a way to live till May
Laughs fair with fragrant lips and loving eyes."

Said Fallen-leaf to Fading-leaf:
"Hast loved fair eyes and lips of gentle breath?
Faded then and fall—thou hast had all
That life can give. Ask somewhat now of death."

A Farmer's Thanksgiving.
For forty wagon loads of wheat,
And twenty tons of seed,
And twenty blood-red yearlings,
All good enough to breed;
For corn—a thousand bushels,
For hogs galore and then some more—
We thank Thee, Lord, to-day.

"I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise;
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.
And so, beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.
I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

The "Upside-Down" Day

Every Thanksgiving Day since Elva could remember, Aunt Clara, a neighbor who lived alone, had brought her a Thanksgiving surprise—a small pie, a salad, a dish of marmalade, ice cream. So when on Thanksgiving morning Aunt Clara left a pumpkin and a large apple on the table, Elva was disappointed.

True, the pumpkin was trimmed with a green, fluffy paper hat and red roses on its yellow head. It had blue eyes, a red nose and a mouth drawn with crayon, and dough stuck on with pins for ears and teeth. Think of it! It had wavy strips of yellow paper under the hat for hair and a green, fringed paper collar pinned below its mouth. For arms it had twisted rolls of red paper, which were pinned where its shoulders should be, and at the end of each arm five paper fingers.

"Why does she think I want a pumpkin? Ugly old thing! We have pumpkins and apples. And mother is sick, besides. If the pumpkin were set on a round, wooden body, with sticks for legs, I'd have a pumpkin doll. I'll call her Prinky Prim." Elva almost smiled. "I know! I'll take Prinky to lame Sally. Mother likes me to take her something—I don't want the ugly thing. Then I won't need to take her any of my paper dolls. She may think it's pretty, and her mother can make her Prinky pies."

Elva felt cross because her mother was sick and they could have no Thanksgiving dinner.

After the meal who prepared lunch, had gone away, Elva carefully carried Prinky Prim three blocks to Sally's door and gave her to Sally's mother, a washerwoman. "I'll not go in," Elva decided. "Sally is tiresome and asks so many questions!"

The afternoon was long and wearisome. When the time came for Elva to prepare her supper of bread and milk, the telephone rang violently. "Come over and help me to eat the splendid Thanksgiving dinner you brought! I just discovered it. I'll wait for you!" Sally called in an excited, squeaky voice.

"What do you mean? Yes, I'll ask mamma," Elva was going to add, but Sally had stopped talking.

"What does Sally mean? I never took her any lunch. Maybe her mother has baked Prinky into pies. To-day has been full of upside-downs. I'll take Miss Apple Sauce and divide with Sally in the pumpkin lunch."

When Elva had hurried to Sally, what do you think she found? Turkey, sandwiches, tarts, two ripe peaches, and tiny piecemeal pies inside of Prinky's wobbly, yellow head! It was from Aunt Clara, who had prepared it.

"It has been the thankfulness day!" Sally cried joyfully. "How did you think of it? Mother and I planned to take Prinky to the hospital for the children to look at; and when I was looking to see 'tactly how her hat and hair were made so I could tell the children, her hat fell off and I found the lunch."

The top of the pumpkin had been cut off, as when jack-o'-lanterns are made, and the stem wrapped round with paper, over and round which the top of the hat had been gathered. Paper had been pleated round the edge of the cut-off top, which had been carefully placed on the pumpkin again with two new wire hairpins stuck through to hold it in place. That was the rim of the hat, and it concealed the place where the top had been cut.

After a jolly luncheon Elva was peeling the apple, when she exclaimed, as a slice dropped from the bottom of the apple, where it had been cut, although it was held in place by bits of toothpicks that could hardly be seen. "Why, here's money and a note inside the apple! Look on the porch at six o'clock. Use money for two thrift stamps!"

Aunt Clara had placed them inside the apple, which had been scooped out. "It's six o'clock now!" and Elva rushed home to find a large tomato and another pumpkin decorated with flags. It did not take Elva long to find the cake and ice cream inside the pumpkin. "Patriotic Pumpkin ice cream! Enough for two mamma's, Sally and me!"

The inside of the tomato had been scooped out and filled with candy and nuts. The top of the tomato had been held in place by small flags, the staffs of which had been sharpened at the end.

Then such a hustle and bustle! For think what Elva and Sally did! They cut out paper dolls and dresses, pictures, stories; they made toys, such as paper windmills and small rag dolls, which they put inside of Prinky—filled her full; they popped corn, while Sally's mother made molasses candy. Then they cut eyes, nose, mouth, even ears, in Patriotic Pumpkin, and filled it with pop corn, candy and hickory nuts, with a flag stuck down the centre, for they left the top of the pumpkin off. Then think! They put a stick of candy into each ear and eye, a pickle in its nose, and a sandwich into its mouth. How queer it looked! Then they carried the

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pumpkin over to the hospital children, who screamed with delight.

"Better'n turkey!" one boy said with a grin, as the girls distributed the gifts.

Sally's mother afterwards made pies from the pumpkins, and such good pies they were too!

Thinking Elva would discover the luncheon and note when she played with Prinky and ate the apple, Aunt Clara had brought over Elva's Thanksgiving dinner because her mother was sick.

"The day—everything—has been full, but not of upside-downs," Elva declared happily, after giving Sally the money for a thrift stamp.

Autumn.
Apple-green west and an orange bar,
And the crystal eye of a lone, lone star
And, "Child, take the shears and cut what you will,
Frost to-night—so clear and dead-still!"

Then I sally forth, half sad, half proud,
And I come, to the velvet, imperial crowd,
The wine-red, the gold, the crimson, the pied,
The dahlias that reign by the garden-side.

The dahlias I might not touch till to-night!
A gleam of the shears in the fading light.
And I gathered them all—the splendid through,
And in one great sheaf I bore them along.

In my garden of life, with its all-late flowers
I heed a voice in the shrinking hours:
"Frost to-night—so clear and dead-still."
Half sad, half proud, my arms I fill.

Thanksgiving Hymn

For light and heat and rain and dew,
For life and food and raiment too,
For blessings great and not a few,
We give Thee praise.
For health and strength and vital air,
For peace and joy and love and care,
For morn and noon and evening fair,
Our hymns we raise.

Lord of the seed-time, hear us now,
As we beside Thy footstool bow,
Entreating that Thou wilt endow
With gratitude
And teach our slothful hearts to pay
Due tribute to Thy care, and say
The words they should.

Our favored lives each passing day,
And heard the harvest bright with gold,
Who, in the ages dim and old,
Didst bid the willing fertile mould
Bear fruit and grain.
Teach us all selfish ways to shun,
That we may seek each needy one
Beneath Thy free, impartial sun,
In mart or lane.

And while we find each earthly need
Supplied so well with fruit and seed,
Lord, in Thy grace we gladly read
Of bread above,
Conferring life that cannot fade
On those who from Thy presence strayed;
Hence grant that we whom Thou hast made
May prize such love.

Thanksgiving Pumpkin Pie.
Oh, the mellow days of autumn
When the sun is hanging low;
The harvesting is over
And our hearts are all aglow;
The proclamation's sounded,
Thanksgiving's drawing nigh,
And already comes the longing
For the old-time pumpkin pie.

Oh, the happy days of boyhood
When we harvested the corn,
When the golden tinted maples
Blazed out at early morn;
When mother did the cooking,
While we were standing by,
And watched the rich crust rising
Round the luscious pumpkin pie.

Of course we went to meeting
To hold the solemn thought;
It told of many blessings
Coming daily into view;
We were glad when it was over,
"Amen" came with a sigh;
There are "heaps of human nature"
Round a luscious pumpkin pie.

When lonely hearts are aching
And others may be breaking
To have friendships formed anew;
At the old Thanksgiving dinner
Wipe the tear from every eye.

Autumn's Passing Splendor.
The banners of the crimson sun
Flame radiant through October's air,
The trees are doffing, one by one,
Their varied gorgeous Autumn wear.
Bewildering were their bright array—
Like happy madd in garments gay.

And gay they were. Etruscan gold
Gave regal hue to hickory tree;
While graceful maple, blushing red,
Attention challenged full and free.
And others darkened where they stood
In tints as deep as dragon's blood.

Short lived the glory—All too soon,
The beauteous tints were doomed to pass;
A fleeting splendor—nature's swoon—
Now drear decay—alas, alas.
And list ye—the sad wind is calling—
Ay, note ye—the dead leaves in falling
Are emblems true of man's life—
Brief—
Just as the leaf, ye fade—
Just as the leaf.

Give Thanks.
For the race that the faithful feet
have run;
For the bitter strife, for the battle won;
For brave deeds planned and brave deeds done;

For the truth that liveth forevermore;
For mercy's graciously open door;
For the light that shines from the other shore.

Give thanks, give thanks! Lo! the Spirit saith,
Let everything that hath voice or breath
Give thanks—for life—for life and death.

Autumn Days.
Are these the "melancholy days,"
These days of balmy weather,
When sunshine falls in gentle rays
Upon the ripened fields, where plays
The braiding breeze and autumn haze
O'er meadow, wood and heather?

And share in love and gladness,
The old-time pumpkin pie.
So let us live for others,
The golden rule our guide,
And always have Thanksgiving
Till we reach the other side;
Then glory comes to greet us,
Right here before we die,
Because we shared with others
Our Thanksgiving pumpkin pie.

Let us be thankful, thankful for the prayers
Whose gracious answers were long,
long delayed,
That they might fall upon us
unawares,
And bless us, as in greater need we prayed.

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