

Vapo Cresolene
ESTABLISHED 1892

Use While You Sleep
For Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Catarrh.

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves the spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a boon to sufferers from asthma. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For sale by all Druggists
THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
Leeming-Miles Building Montreal, Canada

The Secret Of A **PERFECT BUST** And Form Sent Free

Madame Thora's French Corset System of Bust Development is a simple home treatment and is guaranteed to enlarge the bust six inches; also fills hollow places in neck and chest. It has been used by leading actresses and society ladies for twenty years. Book giving full particulars sent free. Letters sacredly confidential. Write to-day.

Madame Thora Toilet Co., Dept. M, Toronto, Ont.

THE WORLD-RENOWNED

Trade Mark

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT AND PILLS

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL

15 Richardson Street, Pt. St. Charles, Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

Dear Sir,
I have sent you two dollars for some Grasshopper Ointment. The way I got your address was through a friend telling my wife to get Grasshopper Ointment for her leg. She has suffered for over fifteen years and could get no cure; it was so painful she could hardly walk. We got some Grasshopper Ointment and after using three boxes she is almost well again; it is a wonderful Ointment.

Yours respectfully,
B. ROBERTS.

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT AND PILLS, is a certain cure for Bad Legs, Poisoned Hands, Ulcerated Joints, Housemaid's Knee, Carbuncles, Snake and Insect Bites, etc., etc.

Prepared by ALBERT, Albert House, 73 Farrington Street, London, England, and sold at all Drug Stores.

Sold in England at 1s. 3d. and 3s. per box.

FREE TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent developments, whether it is present as occasional or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense, that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and then begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do It To-day.

FREE ASTHMA COUPON
FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 797S
Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N.Y.
Send free trial of your method to:

Children

Jimmie's Christmas

SAY, Jimmie, come on over tomorrow, I want to show you something."

It was the Friday afternoon before Christmas, school was over for two weeks, and the two boys, Jimmie Cameron and Roy Harris, were on their way home. They lived but half a mile apart and were the best of friends. In fact, one was seldom seen without the other. Jimmie, the younger by a year, had red hair and freckles and was of slender build. Roy, on the other hand, was of fair complexion and because of his size, no one except his parents or the teacher ever called him anything but "Fat." Of the two, Jimmie was the leader. When any mischief was afoot he usually planned it and as a rule his word was law not only with his chum, but with the other boys as well. Tonight, however, Fat would not give way to him.

"What you got to show?" demanded Jimmie.

"I can't tell you now," returned the other, "because I ain't got it yet. It's something I'm going to get in the morning."

Jimmie questioned and threatened; he tried to catch his chum off his guard and learn what this mysterious something was, but all in vain. Fat refused to tell his secret.



Hard Work

"You come over in the morning, Jim," said he, "and you'll see it."

"Huh, I'll bet it's a new pup or a cat or else some early Christmas present," returned his friend. "Don't know whether I'll get over or not. I'll probably have something of my own to tend to."

"Oh, you can get over in the morning, all right," said the other as they parted at the Cameron gate. He knew that Jimmie would not rest easy until he had solved the mystery and so had no fear of not seeing him on the morrow.

Sure enough, the next morning Jim was up bright and early. He hurriedly milked the two cows assigned to him, fed the calves, and even managed to get the chickens fed before breakfast. He ate hurriedly and before the others were half through, left the table and started to slip quietly out of doors.

"James," said his father, "where are you going?"

"Just over to Fat Harris'. I'll be back in a little while, Dad. I've got my chores all done, all but filling the wood box and I'll do that at noon."

"Well, be sure to do that before dinner, because I want you to help me this afternoon."

"Yes, sir, I will." With that the boy grabbed his cap, slammed the door behind him, and went off down the road. Ten minutes later he was in the Harris yard whistling for Fat. Presently that worthy appeared, his face still bearing traces of the breakfast egg.

"Gee whiz," said he, "you're early enough. Must of wanted to see that

thing I told you about pretty bad. I thought you'd get here all right."

"Oh, I guess I'd have got along without seeing what you've got," returned the other, with a fine show of indifference. "I didn't happen to have anything to do this morning, so I just came over, that's all."

"I'll bet it is. Well, wait till I get my cap and we'll go down to the barn. What I told you about is down there."

With that Fat disappeared in the house and as promptly reappeared with an old cap stuck on the back of his head.

"Say, Jim, but it's a dandy. Bet you'll wish you owned it when you see it," said the fat boy as he led the way.

"Well, what the deuce is it anyway," growled the other. "Anybody'd think you was afraid I'd steal it."

By this time the two had reached the barn and Fat, stepping inside, pointed to the first box stall.

"There it is in that stall. Ain't it a dandy?"

Jim stepped inside and looked down to see a cow with a wobbly, awkward calf by her side.

"Why," he said, "Brown Bess has got a calf." Then he turned back to Fat. "Is that calf yours?"

"Yep. Dad gave it to me for helping with the milking all summer. Now I'll bet you'll see a letter from me on the junior page telling how I earned my calf. She's all mine and if I want to sell her any time, I can and I'll get all the money she brings. Don't know whether I'll sell her or not yet."

Jim looked the calf over carefully and it was evident that he was the least bit envious of his chum's good fortune.

"Yes," he said, "that's a good calf" all right and she ought to make a good cow. Brown Bess is the best cow in the barn, ain't she?"

"She gives the most milk of any, but, of course, the two pure-breds are worth more money. Wish Dad would let me have one of their calves. It would be worth a lot more money."

"Well by gosh, can't you ever be satisfied with anything? You've got a blamed good calf now and you ought to be thankful for it. Look at me. I ain't got nothing. Gee, I wish I could get one as good as that. Bet I wouldn't be hollering for another one the first thing. Say, how're you going to pay for what this calf eats? Is your Dad going to give it to you for nothing?"

"No, he won't give it to me for nothing," returned Fat with some resentment in his tone. "I'm going to earn its feed, too. Got to work an hour a day to pay for it. That's seven hours a week and if I want to, I can work extra Saturday and then not do so much other days."

"What kind a work you got to do?" demanded the younger boy.

"Oh, just regular work like milking, cleaning the barn, cleaning horses, and things like that."

"Pretty soft for you, Fat Harris. You'd have to do all that, anyway. Feed for that calf is just like getting something for nothing."

"Well, I guess I earn it. My dad says what I do is worth more than that to him, and from now on he's going to pay me for what I do. The way he talks I'll have to be earning my spending money next thing. Don't know as I'm very struck on that."

Jimmie appeared to be struck with a new idea. "Say, why wouldn't that be all right, anyway? Let's figure up and see what a fellow could earn that way. When Dad hires help by the day it costs him 20 cents an hour and sometimes more besides board. We ought to be worth half as much. That's 10 cents an hour or 20 cents a day if we was to work two hours. Seven days in a week makes it \$1.40. Now there's 52 weeks in a year. How much does that make?"

This was too much for Fat's powers of mental calculation but he produced a stub pencil from his overalls' pocket and proceeded to do some figuring on the barn door.

"Seventy-two dollars and eighty cents," he announced.

"Gosh, that ought to be enough to feed a calf and, besides, a fellow lots of times works more'n two hours on Saturdays and in vacation. Bet I've earned \$100 this year. Lots of days last summer I worked as long as the hired man did. I'm going to ask Dad if I can't earn a calf, too."

SUFFERED WITH HACKING COUGH

COULD NOT SLEEP AT NIGHT.

The constant hacking cough that sticks to you in spite of everything you have done to relieve it, is a source of danger. The longer the cough stays, the more serious menace it is to your health.

It is easy to check a cough at the outset with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. If you have let it run though, it takes a while longer to cure, but Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will cure it even then after other remedies have failed.

Mr. J. Henry Landry, South River, Burgeois, N.S., writes:—"I received such great benefit from Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup that I cannot help expressing my thanks. I suffered with a hacking cough for over a month, and could not sleep at night. I used many kinds of remedies, but they didn't do me any good, until I used 'Dr. Wood's,' and found great relief right from the start. I only used two bottles, and was completely cured. I will never be without it as long as I live."

There are a number of substitutes on the market for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, so when you ask for it see that it is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c., and that it bears the name, The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

MOTHER SAID TRY IT

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Mrs. Copner after Doctor's Failed.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—"I want you to know the good Lydia E. Pinkham's



Vegetable Compound has done for me. I was in such bad health from female troubles that I could hardly get off my bed. I had been doctoring for a long time and my mother said, 'I want you to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.' So I did, and it has certainly made me a well woman. I am able to do my house work and am so happy as I never expected to go around the way I do again, and I want others to know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."

—Mrs. JOSIE COPNER, 1668 Harrison Ave., Fairmount, Cincinnati, Ohio.

No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from choice roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

HORLICK'S Malted Milk for Infants

A safe milk diet, better than cow's milk alone. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract.

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