



## The Satisfaction and Profits of Gardening

are just in proportion to the quality of the seeds you plant! If you are ambitious to produce prize-winning vegetables and record crops—or if you simply aim to keep your table supplied with the best—be sure to get

## Ewing's Reliable Seeds

Forty-five years of success in amateur and market gardens have proved Ewing's to be sure in germination, vigorous in growth, true to name, and of choicest strains.

Our new 1916 Catalogue, with its handsome 4-color cover, is bigger and finer than ever. Write for a copy at once, (it's free) and if your dealer hasn't Ewing's Seeds, order from us direct.

The William Ewing Co. Limited  
SEED MERCHANTS 48  
McGill Street - - Montreal

**\$1.**

**KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE**

Save a horse and you won't have to buy one. Don't sell or destroy any horse on account of Spavin, Splint, Ringbone, Curb, Sprains or Lameness. Spend one dollar for a bottle.

has saved a great many horses—has put them back to work, even after they have been given up. Over 35 years of success have proved its value.

Mr. Geo. R. Steele of Garden Plain, Alta., writes: "I have used your SPAVIN CURE, and found it satisfactory and all it is represented to be."

Get Kendall's Spavin Cure at any druggist's. Price \$1. a bottle, 6 bottles for \$5. "A Treatise on the Horse", free at druggists or from Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enosburg Falls, Vt., U.S.A.



**BE A VENTRILOQUIST** Throw your voice in the under the belt, into the air, into the dog, cat, etc. of your friends. Be a Wizard. Shine a Star in your town. Get our VENTRILOPHONE. Fits roof of mouth. Cannot be seen. Boys and girls can use it. Wonderful invention. Sent with full directions. Also book "Art of VENTRILOQUISM." All for 10c, 4 for 25c. Write today. **TEEL CO., Box 4, HURLEYVILLE, N. Y.**

hoofs in another direction. Two riders were coming this way. The Duke and his companion turned too, and Wellington plucked the sleeve of his aide. "Tell me," he said, "who is that approaching?" The other looked for a moment, then gasped. "Shades of a hundred years ago, it is the Emperor, Sir," he said.

Wellington started. "Bonaparte?" He did not say "the Emperor," as his aide had done. As he exclaimed the two approaching riders came up and the watcher beheld the stocky figure on the white horse. It leaned forward jerkily in the saddle and Napoleon spoke.

"M. le Duc?" he said.

"It is I, General Bonaparte," Wellington returned. "What do you here? The same as I?"

"If that be to watch over the destinies of the brave descendants of the soldiers of my day, M. le Duc, then we share the same purpose."

The little humped-up man that had played for an Empire and had lost—but gamely—paused a moment. "Then, your hand, M. le Duc," he said.

"Gladly," the tall man leaned over his horse and he and Bonaparte grasped hands. "So perish for ever our feud, M. le General. A hundred years ago, egad, sir, it seems but a day. Know you that we stand but the distance of a modern gun shot from that famous field of ours?"

Napoleon smiled grimly. "Aye. And to-morrow is the 18th, M. le Duc!"

"And the same three nations engage in battle where you and I and old Blucher fought."

"But Blucher was a different German," replied Napoleon.

The two aides, Napoleon's and Wellington's, stood behind conversing.

"I never thought to see them take each other's hand," said one.

"Nor I." The other pulled at his side whiskers. "But it bodes good to the Allies—"

"And ill to the other side of the triangle," finished the other.

The four voices ceased and the watcher beheld with the watched black lines here and there across the rolling plain as troops moved out and guns with them. Artillery and infantry were in motion for to-morrow's great battle. The watcher saw with all his eyes and heard with all his ears.

"They still fight as I told 'em," said Wellington, "in line." And he grasped the arm of his one-time antagonist and pointed to the moving black spots that lengthened into dashes and into long lines.

"Aye, M. le Duc," replied Bonaparte, "and I taught 'em to mass their guns. See!" he cried excitedly, "they are doing so now!"

Again there was silence. The watcher held his breath. Then spake Napoleon—the Emperor—for so half the world acclaimed him. "M. le Duc, I must be off."

"Where do you go?"

"To see Joffre and help him make his plans. We fight together, he and I, for la belle France. Vive la France!"

And the little General's face enthused with a light that never was on sea or land. "Adieu," he went on, "adieu, M. le Duc. Convey my regards to your brave English. Doubtless you go to hearten General French?"

Wellington nodded.

"Ah, you have to come to us for a name," said Napoleon, and his eyes twinkled.

"How so?"

"The name of your Commander-in-Chief is French." And Napoleon's laugh rang out. "Adieu again. I salute our brave English through you. You were a great leader M. le Duc. You came of a great family. Two of your family were among the three great Englishmen of action—yourself and Wesley\*. No wonder I cried 'Ah, those English, those English!'"

Wellington and Bonaparte raised their hands to the salute.

"Tell Joffre, as I shall tell French," cried Wellington, "that we are with them to-morrow. We fight for freedom for ourselves, for our peoples everywhere and for the world. We could not be joined in any cause half so worthy. Goodbye, sire."

It spoke volumes that Wellington added the last word.

The four horsemen dispersed, two going this way and two that.

"And now to headquarters," said Wellington to his aide. He paused a moment, reined in his horse. He turned about him and seemed to look full upon the watching, dreaming Canadian. "If only our brave boys, our boys of England, Scotland and Ireland, of Canada and Australia, and of India could know just how proud I am of them." His voice grew husky. He faced his aide. "God bless 'em, I say, sir!"

"Amen to that."

The morning came again. That same sun, whose light had lain in ashes, rose to a new, clean, unspotted day. The grass grew brighter and still brighter. The still morning suddenly seemed to awake as the sounds of the men moving broke in upon it in multitudinous concert. The Allies' forces foregathered, ready for whatever should happen.

The curly-headed lad stood talking. There was a look of profound determination in his eye.

"Do you know," he said, "I feel as if to-day will be a big day. I had such a curious dream."

"Was your salute part of it?" teased a friend.

"Why, did I salute?"

The other nodded. "You saluted and shouted: 'Up guards and at 'em!'" he said.

The order came sharply and the line fell in. Shoulder to shoulder they stood there, British of Britain and Greater Britain, and French of France, and France Overseas, to fight and to conquer because they fought for the right, the unconquerable, eternal right.

And the blessing of their God and Wellington's was upon them.

\* Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, came of another branch of the same family as that to which John Wesley belonged. † For so it has been recently proven.

### A Persistent Pest

The buffalo-bean, a humble creeper with a russet-colored, woolly little pod, is a dangerous growth of Central Africa. The woolly appearance is due to a coating of almost invisible hairs. At a touch they become detached, and if any alight on your person they cause the most exquisite torture. Messrs. Melland and Cholmeley, who journeyed on bicycles and on foot from Northern Rhodesia to Egypt, tell in their book, "Through the Heart of Africa," how one of them got well-sprinkled with this impalpable fuzz. He thus describes the experience:

I had walked several steps before I had any notion of what had happened, and then the fun began. First a slight tickle on an arm, then another at the back of the neck, then all over. The spreading torture left me quite bewildered. I did not know where I should scratch!

From seven o'clock till evening the intense irritation continued, and although I tried everything I could think of to alleviate it, nothing had more than the slightest temporary effect.

In despair, I asked one of my natives what they used, and he recommended hot ashes. Even blisters seemed preferable to my present suffering, and I ordered him to rob the nearest fire without delay. Fortunately, consideration for his own fingers prevented the boy from applying the ashes too hot, but by the time he had finished I was about as much like a dustman as I ever shall be.

The counter-irritant had a slightly distracting effect, but even that was not permanent, and I realized that the only thing to do was to sit as still as possible and let the irritation wear off, which it finally did between four and five o'clock, leaving me an exhausted and considerably wiser man.

Even then I had not heard the last of it. Why or how the tiny hairs that cause the trouble to disappear at all, or whether they merely lose their poisonous powers, I do not know; but I had an unpleasant reminder of them a few days later, when I put on the same garments again, after a thorough washing and beating. I found that the fine hairs were still present, and the clothes were not fit to wear.

## MID-WINTER CLEARING SALE BARGAINS

Genuine Bargains

# \$125

and up saved by purchasing at this sale. We ship direct from our Winnipeg Branch. All middlemen's, jobbers', dealers', agents', travellers', railway fares, hotel bills, etc., are cut out, and we save you \$125.00 on a Clinton or Doherty Piano, and \$150.00 on a Player Piano. Never have we offered such an assortment of genuine bargains in Pianos, Player Pianos Organs, Phonographs, Player Piano Music Rolls, Piano Stools, Chairs, Duet Benches, Music Cabinet etc., many sizes and styles to choose from. We have just what you are looking for in new or slightly used instruments. Cut out the Coupon and mail to-day to 324 Donald Street, Winnipeg.

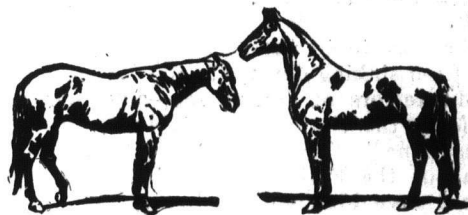
The Old Reliable Piano House  
**Doherty Piano Co., Ltd.**  
Established 1875

Over Ninety Thousand Satisfied Purchasers of Doherty Instruments. Branches from Coast to Coast.

### COUPON

Doherty Piano Co. Ltd.,  
324 Donald Street, Winnipeg.  
Gentlemen:—Please mail me at once full particulars of your January clearing sale on Pianos, Player Pianos, Organs, Phonographs, etc., also list of used instruments. I saw your ad. in The Western Home Monthly, February, 1916

Name .....  
Address .....



## THE TIME, NOW!

All the winter long, the troubled owner of a lame horse reads our advertisements. Then, day after day slips away while he talks, laments, listens, takes advice and hesitating—FAILS TO ACT—till the Springtime is on him and his horse is not yet able to work. Meantime the thrifty, prosperous, resolute man reads, considers the evidence carefully—Decides Promptly—and his horse is quickly cured, worked, too, if needed. That's exactly what happens every winter.

"I Want the Whole World to Know What It Has Done For Me."—Frank Stevens, of Greenwood, Ind., and adds: "Save-The-Horse has cured bone spavin, thoroughpin, and one with a spained stifle."

Our Charges for Treatment ARE MODERATE. But write for our 96 page "SAVE-THE-HORSE BOOK"—it is the last word on the UP-TO-DATE treatment of 53 kinds of Lameness—Ringbone—Thoroughpin—SPAVIN—and ALL Shoulder, Knees, Ankle, Hoof, and Tendon Disease.—Fully ILLUSTRATED.

WE ORIGINATED the plan of giving a Signed Contract Bond to return money if remedy fails. But write, BOOK, Sample Contract and ADVICE—ALL FREE (to Horse Owners and Managers). Address TROY CHEMICAL CO., 143 Van Horn Street, TORONTO, ONT.

(Made in Canada) and Druggists Everywhere sell Save-The-Horse with CONTRACT, or we send by Parcel Post or Express paid.

## RAW FURS

We Pay Highest Values  
Write for Price List  
and Shipping Tags

**Pierce Fur Co., Ltd.**  
King and Alexander, WINNIPEG, Canada

We also Buy Hides and Seneca Root

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.