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A Perfect Tonic for the Skin and Complexion

DELICATE, luxurious, soothing and refreshing, restoring elasticity, while vanishing quickly and completely through its rapid absorption by the pores.

It is especially welcome to those who dislike the feeling of anything heavy or oily. It is absolutely non-greasy, and will not cause growth of hair.

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Used by gentlemen after shaving, it promptly allays the irritation from the razor.

Supplied in a convenient, patent, collapsible tube, having the advantage that the user cannot lose the cap.

Can also be had in glass jar with screw top.

Price, per tube or jar,
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Sold by all druggists and stores

135

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Mrs E. COATES COLEMAN
224 SMITH STREET, WINNIPEG

Phone Main 996

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If your reply depends upon your pocketbook, you are in just the position in which hundreds of young men and women found themselves early in July last year—men and women who later enjoyed just the vacations they had hoped and planned for. In your own town we need several representatives to look after new subscriptions and renewals to

The Western Home Monthly

We will pay you, for part of your leisure time, a liberal commission and salary. Renewals count the same for you as new subscriptions. In the two months or three months remaining before vacation time arrives, you can earn all you need, and more, to put your plans into effect.

Last year hundreds eventually spent their vacations where they wished and did what they wanted to do—through answering a similar advertisement of ours. Your reply to this advertisement will not obligate you in any way. Address *Agency Division*

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

"You?—no—a thousand times no. I forbid it."

"I shall follow."

"No—I say no."

"Yes I will—through storm or sunshine—war or peace—what does it matter?"

"Xenia," he pleaded.

"Danillo come, let us ask the blessing of grandmother."

From the shadows a shadow came forward, "Children, you need not move, I am here, Xenia girl, you shall go if you wish—and nurse the wounded—I am too old to be of any help, otherwise I would join you."

As she spoke a mystic light seemed to come from the sky above and radiate on her face. Hand in hand Danillo and Xenia knelt before her. They could not hear her blessing, but they felt it fall on them. It was a message of peace.

"Grandmother," said the girl, rising to her feet, "I do not intend to nurse the sick, but to fight."

"Fight?—Mother of God, hear the girl."

"Keep hearty, grandmother mine," whispered the man, "They will not let her do it. But better let Xenia come with me, else she might go alone."

The old Bulgarian woman stepped back into the shadows listening to the dying footsteps of the children she loved. She was left behind. Perhaps she would never see them again, and her old lips prayed not to ask that they might be safe, but that they might do well their duty to Bulgaria.

Down below the village was in a tumult, women cried, children wandered here and there unheeded and half-frightened, while their big sisters wept on their lovers' shoulders. One by one they left to join Danillo and Xenia who had taken the lead, for they had a long way to go, before they could reach the railway station.

All the night on they walked, through the mountains and the hills, crossing big dark forests, while the stars shining brightly above them spoke only of love and peace! Sometimes one of the men would sing a wild anthem speaking of Freedom, of God, and of Bulgaria, and all would join in the chorus. The mountains caught the strain and sent it back enlarged. It seemed that the voices of the woods, of the peaks, of the wilds, sang with them of the greatness of their country.

It was late in the morning when, tired and hungry, they reached the small town, from which they were to take a freight train for Sofia. Officers then stopped Xenia and refused to let her go with Danillo, saying that men only boarded this train.

"But I will fight the Turks, too," answered the girl. And the officer trying to reason with her, had to give it up. All pleading, all reasoning, broke under her firm resolve. At last when Xenia realized that there was nothing to be gained by arguing she left Danillo and raced to a captain who was watching soldiers loading supplies and ammunition. "Little Father," she cried, kissing his hand, "Danillo, my sweetheart, is leaving now, and the officers up there forbid that I should go too."

"Right," smiled the old man. "Let him fight, girl."

"But" she urged, "I can hold a gun too."

"Listen, pretty one, war is the business of men, and not of women. Now run—I am busy."

"Little Father—pray—" The captain shook his head. "No—I have said no. Better that you should go, girl."

Xenia looked at him for fully a minute. Suddenly a thought came to her. A light showed in her dark eyes, it lasted but a second, and already she was racing madly out of the station yard. When Danillo saw her it was to catch the flutter of her skirt as she turned into the street. His heart leaped. She was gone—gone without a parting kiss—that seemed harder than the rest. Yet he was glad that she should be spared the battle—the fighting—all the horrors of war.

Danillo sat in a corner, his head in his hands, for a man cannot cry for his beloved when God has chosen him to save his country. The minutes dragged dully by. A whistle blew, and slowly the train started. Danillo, with the

others, stood up. A mob of women and children waved and shouted. Suddenly out of the crowd a man raced to the train, was dragged for a while, and then hauled on board. And then came again the parting cries and sobs of those left behind.

Danillo could bear it no longer, and fell back in his corner with but one thought—Xenia—, he had loved her since childhood, and though it seemed impossible, he felt that every day he loved her better. For him she had such charm. He could remember things she had said years ago. Only the night before, when in the long walk to town she had refused to slip her arm through his, saying that she would not add to his burden. And through his sadness and the yearning of his heart he was glad. Glad that she had not come, for he felt that she would have followed through battle eyes shining, ignoring death to think of him.

A hand falling on his shoulder aroused him from his thoughts. A stranger with warning finger on rough lips was looking at him. For a minute he could scarcely believe his eyes, for in the man standing there he recognized—Xenia—his Xenia—. Yes, others might be deceived, but not he. He knew too well every curve of the face he loved. Yet, just the same, how could she be there and in a man's garb. He would have liked to ask a thousand questions and yet he could not utter a word.

"Danillo," she whispered, sitting down beside him, "Love of my heart, it is I—Xenia—did you recognize me?"

"Recognize you—yes indeed—at once. And just when I was thinking I had lost you forever. How did you come here?"

"Come closer, Danillo, I will tell you. First you must have guessed that the captain refused to let me join you. I was in despair when a thought occurred to me, so I raced to the nearest house, got into these clothes, cut my hair, and made another race for the train. It was all luck that I thought of it in time."

"But, Xenia, why did you do it?"

"Mostly for you, silly, and a little, too, for my country. I can shoot pretty well, you know that much," and she laughed softly.

Careless of the others, he took her hand in his. After a while she dropped asleep, and Danillo watching, prayed God to save her if need be at the price of his own life. She smiled in her sleep. No danger could assail Danillo—for she would save him from any—was she not there just for that purpose?

Sofia—the noise—the bustle of the big city—the greetings of soldiers—the commands of officers—and always near Danillo, Xenia just a trifle pale, but with eyes as hard as steel.

That night the recruits camped beneath the stars, Danillo watching long over Xenia, while around them men crowded, some sleeping, some snoring, some eating the remains of their supper, and many smoking, the light of their cigarettes being the only bright spots in the darkness.

The morning broke in a mist of grey clouds. Drums and clarions awoke the men. The great day had come which was to make them soldiers. That they felt proud of it showed in every face. Then the inevitable happened. Someone stopped Xenia and she could not deny that she was a woman. Again she knelt, praying the officers to let her fight next to the man she loved, but one after another they shook their heads and refused. In despair she waited hours near the tent of a General, and when he came out knelt in the dust begging to be allowed to be a soldier. But the answer was ever the same.

That evening Xenia went back to see Danillo.

"Sweetheart," he said, kissing the red cheeks all wet with tears. "Sweetheart, it is for the best. Don't cry my own girl. Some day I shall come back to you."

"Danillo, listen, I shall not go back, I shall fight with you, and if I do come back it will be together."

"Xenia, I am proud of you, my love. But it is useless thinking to be a soldier. They won't let you."