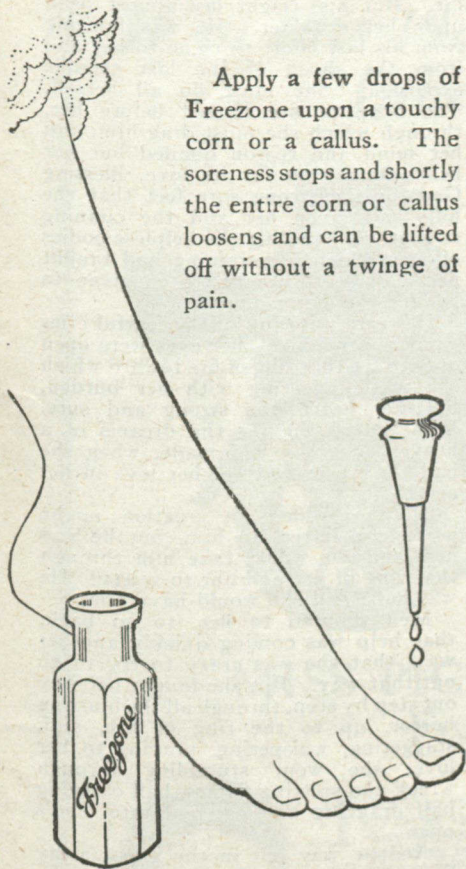


Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen
corns or calluses so
they lift off



Apply a few drops of
Freezone upon a touchy
corn or a callus. The
soreness stops and shortly
the entire corn or callus
loosens and can be lifted
off without a twinge of
pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft
corns, also corns between the toes and
hardened calluses. Freezone does not
irritate the surrounding skin. You feel
no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of
Freezone on your dresser and never
let a corn ache twice.

Tiny bottle costs few cents
at drug stores—anywhere

ASTHMA COLDS

WHOOPIING COUGH SPASMODIC CROUP
INFLUENZA BRONCHITIS CATARRH

Vapo-Cresolene

Est. 1879

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoid-
ing drugs. Used with success for 40 years.
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 is invaluable
to mothers with young
children and a boon to
sufferers from Asthma.

Send us postal for
descriptive booklet
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS
VAPOR-CRESOLINE CO.
Leeming Miles Bldg. Monr't

Used
While You Sleep

EARN MONEY AT HOME

WE WILL PAY
\$15. TO \$50. WEEKLY
FOR YOUR SPARE TIME
WRITING SHOW CARDS

No Camerising. We Instruct You and send
You Steady Work The Year Round

Write at Once

The Brennan Show Card System Limited
84 Currie Bldg. Spadina & College, Toronto, Can.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises
for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear
Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises,
and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones.
Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness
is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or
Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in,
easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." In-
expensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn
statement of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD
Suite 202 70 5th Ave. . . . New York City

There was a queer thumping noise
coming from somewhere, which he
could not make out, and which annoyed
him. It was not gunfire of any kind—
didn't he know every kind?—and if it
were, what would it be doing around
here? He must be miles and miles down
from any fighting line. This was a
regular, big, established hospital. He
had no idea as to just where it was, but
it was certainly a long way from where
fighting was to be done. Yet there were
explosions going on somewhere around
here. He had no personal interest in
the matter, but he wanted to know what
the deuce they were thinking of.
Didn't they know that there were
wounded men here who ought to have
quiet!

But the thumping kept on, and
came closer.

Now there were other sounds, voices
outside. Other people had noticed the
thing, and they were going to have it
stopped. Well, it certainly ought to
be stopped. Wardwell saw that some
of the fellows around him were being
waked up by it, and he felt sorry and
indignant for them. It was a shame.
Some confounded fool—

The heavy thud and shudder of an
explosion shook the light walls of the
ward, and on its heels there followed a
roaring, tearing, ripping sound of
timbers and boards being torn apart
and flung about through the air. Then
there arose the cries of men and women,
running together and shouting in the
night. Then you could hear sharp
orders snapped out of the confusion.

Another and more terrifying explosion
blew out the end of a building just a
little way from the ward where Wardwell
lay, and a flying timber, driven endwise,
jabbed through the roof and stuck six
feet of its length into the ward, right
over a fellow's head, fourth bed to the
left. Wardwell was sure he counted
right. He would like to know who the
poor fellow—



NOW there came a continuous rock
and roar that seemed to come up
right out of the earth and turn to
smash everything flat, and the popping
of aircraft guns hurried up by cursing
men began to announce the hideous
truth of what was happening.

A man whose cot lay foot to foot
across from Wardwell's sat straight up.
He was an oldish man among the men
here, with a good round face and a
bald head.

"God blast them blind!" he said
soberly. "They're bombing the Red
Cross right over our heads!"

The wardmaster came walking up
the line between the beds, speaking
steadily through the roaring, splintering
din.

"Silence, boys," he was saying, "and
keep the blankets up over you. It's all
we can do. They're passing over now.
It can't last long."

Now Wardwell considered this thing,
and his hands went slowly and craftily
up to the bandages around his neck.
He was fairly certain that if he loosened
the bandages he would bleed and faint
and die in a very short time. God! A
man had some rights in this business!

He had stood out and lain out to
be shot at from every angle with every
kind of a gun that had been made.
And he had not even complained at
the gas. But to be butchered now,
when he was lying here with a pain in
his throat that would have made him
dry if even the gentlest nurse's hand
touched him! He would not have it!
A man had some rights!

His hands found the bandages and
began to tug at them, but a frightful
crash up at the end of the ward, where
the wardmaster had just walked, held
his attention for a moment.

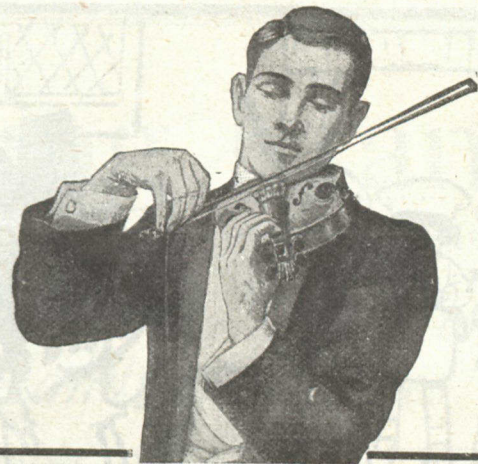
In the tail light of the explosion he
saw boards, and men, and a medicine
chest, and beds, and the end of the
building, erupting all together out into
the night. And then, when he could
look again he saw through the open
space the low horizon stars shining
gently in their places.

The lights were gone now and he
could feel the fright rising in the men
around him. They were afraid in the
dark. They began to yell. Some swore
queer oaths, original ones, with tears
in their throats. Some called to God.
And some yelled pitifully to somebody
to bring a light.

Wardwell began again to tug at the
bandages.

But just then, above the cursing, and
some praying, and the frightful, tearing
roar of death all about, he heard a
girl, down near the end of the room
(Continued on page 52)

Piano
Organ
Violin
Cornet
Guitar
Banjo
Mandolin
Harp
Cello
Trombone
Flute
Clarinet



Piccolo
Ukelele
Sight
Singing
Harmony
and
Composition
Hawaiian Steel
Guitar
Tenor Banjo
Viola
Saxophone

Learn Music at Home

Music no longer difficult! New plan makes it easy
to learn by home study. Positively easier than with
private teacher. Faster progress. You will be able to
play your favorite instrument in a few short months.
Read the letters in our free book. More than 200,000
men, women and children have learned by our method.
You too, can learn. We give you all lessons free.
Write for particulars.

Special Offer

We want to have one pupil in
each locality at once to help
advertise our home study
method. For a short time, therefore, we offer our mar-
vellous lessons FREE. Only charge is for postage and
sheet music—average of which is small. Beginners or
advanced pupils.

Mail the Coupon NOW

Mail coupon or postal for free book, telling how we
reach by mail. Act quick, while offer of free lessons
is open. Write to-day—NOW. Instruments sup-
plied when needed, cash or credit.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

102 Brunswick Building, New York City

Mail this
NOW

U. S. School of
Music
102 Brunswick Bldg., N.Y.

Please send me your free
book, "Music Lessons
by Mail," and particulars
of your offer of free lessons
on any instrument.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Prov.....

Gray Hair Disappears In from 4 to 8 Days

A Scientific Discovery

Science has discovered a way
to restore gray hair to its origi-
nal natural color

Not by old-time crude dyes so
distasteful to dainty women. But
by a scientific hair color restorer.

Women have long been wait-
ing for this discovery. All
women want to end gray hair.
Yet few have wanted to use
greasy dyes.

Now women no longer hesi-
tate. Thousands have already
used this scientific hair color re-
storer. And many more thou-
sands are learning of its wonder-
ful results.

A Convincing Test

Mary T. Goldman's Scientific
Hair Color Restorer is a clear,

Mary T. Goldman's
Scientific Hair Color Restorer

Accept No Imitations
For Sale By Druggists Everywhere 215

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
1533 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of
Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer
with special comb. I am not obligated in
any way by accepting this free offer.

The natural color of my hair is
black..... jet black..... dark brown.....
medium brown..... light brown.....

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

Co..... Prov.....

.....