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made the girl's cheeks pink as twin carnations. When they came back I looked up from my paper by the reading lamp in our snug sitting-room and searched their faces silently. I knew that Billy had intended this night to propose to the girl. But instantly I saw that something had happened. His plans had gone awry. He did not wear the gladsome countenance of an accepted lover.

Nell went off to the kitchen to see Mrs. Forbes about something and Billy dropped moodily into a chair by the stove. For perhaps ten minutes he said nothing. I had gone on reading.

"Smith, old man," he said finally, in a hoarse voice, "I'm off to Calgary to-morrow."

"What? To enlist? Are you really?" He nodded.

"I want to get into the 89th and get sent off immediately," he went on, "so I guess I'll run upstairs and start packing." I tried to voice my sympathy but I couldn't find the fitting words and had I been able to they would doubtless have sounded false, for my heart was beating joyously. I felt like a traitor, so glad I was to be able to keep my ward a little longer. I knew that sooner or later some lucky beggar would get her but I was selfish and wanted to postpone the evil hour as long as possible.

Eight months passed. Spring came again to our canyon, and then summer. It was the first day of June and Nell was busy getting out the last of the accounts, so that I was attending to the mail myself. I came upon a letter to myself. It was from Billy—I knew his hand—and was written from a hospital at Boulogne where he lay wounded in the thigh.

"I am getting better though," he wrote, "and am engaged to my nurse. She is an angel, Smith, if ever there was one. Oh, by the way, my elder brother, poor old chap, was killed in the fighting at H— last month and so I am now the heir to the title. No more bushing for me! I shall have to go back to the estate and be a gentleman."

I waited till evening to impart this news to Nell. After tea I asked her to walk up the trail with me to watch the sunset. Then I told her, as we stood under the pines at the edge of a cliff overlooking the tumultuous Fraser. She seemed strangely unmoved, though interested enough. "Billy was a nice boy," she said, "I am glad he is getting better and that he has found happiness after all. You knew, of course, that—"

She paused and flushed slightly, looking away from me. "I knew he wanted you," I said, "and I can't understand how he could think of another girl—much less engage himself so soon after—"

It was my turn to pause.

"So soon after I turned him down? Oh, Billy is fickle in a way. I have a gift of reading people. Dad often used to remark it. I read Billy at once."

"Could you read me, I wonder?" I asked, suddenly. She flashed a rather mischievous glance at me. I stood gazing down at her from my five-foot eleven of height. Very fair and sweet she looked in the soft light of the mountain sunset. She wore a dress of some thin baby-blue stuff and her throat was bare and encircled by a thin gold chain with a tiny nugget pendant.

"Oh—I read you, too," she answered. "In the first few moments after we met. But—with people we like there is always something new and interesting cropping up all the time."

"And do I belong to 'people we like?'" I demanded. She nodded and then I don't just know how it happened. (We never do, we men.) But I was telling her how I loved her and she had crept into my arms. The sunset faded. A galaxy of stars came out. We did not need words for we understood each other so fully that words were almost superfluous.

"Well, dash my buttons!" I said, as we strolled homeward an hour later. "I thought it was Billy all the time. In fact I was so jealous of the young

club I could have choked him once or twice with a glad heart!"

Oh, he doesn't count—never did. It was you all the time. You're a real man. Think I don't know the difference? Why up there in the Yukon I got to know men from the ground up!"

"But—I'm poor, wretchedly poor—" I had begun, but she interrupted me.

"I had forgotten all about that telegram!" she exclaimed, pulling out a folded yellow slip from the front of her blouse.

"Telegram!" I echoed.

"Yes it's from Mr. Brinsley. You remember he stopped off here the last time he was south and we asked him to assay that ore of mine?"

"To be sure. He was almost as optimistic as your father, wasn't he?"

"Well—he is justified, and so was dad, if only he could know of it. Read the message. I received it this afternoon." I struck a match and held it over the telegram, it was a night-letter from the ore specialist who, at our request, had undertaken to look into the old Devil's Rim once more and let us know if it really held any promise.

"Have struck two magnificent veins on the west shaft Devil's Rim. Forming a working syndicate on strength of find. You and Mr. Smith, as joint owners, better run up here, as soon as you can. Never mind expense."

"Hum! This sounds like the biggest thing that ever came our way!" I muttered.

"I would have told you before but you've been away from the store all afternoon and at supper time Mrs. Forbes was there and I didn't like to tell you before a third person."

"I know Brinsley to be very conservative. He wouldn't raise our hopes without reason."

"Oh, if dear old dad had only lived!"

"It pays to be an optimist after all, doesn't it?"

"When can we 'run up' as Mr. Brinsley says?"

"Why, let me see—how would it do to make it our honeymoon trip?" I suggested.

After a good deal of persuasion Nell agreed. We are married now and we do not need to worry about the future, but with all our gold I love best the gold of Nell's hair, as it shines in the evening by the fire-side, when our son and heir has been put to bed and we two are seated hand in hand, "in the gloamin'."

The domestic ingenuity of the man in this story from V. C. may suggest something to economical American householders. He entered a hardware store and asked the price of the small bath-tubs in the window.

"Two seventy-five."

"Whew!" exclaimed the customer. "I guess until prices come down we'll have to go on washing baby in the coal-scuttle."

Mr. Grubb, an elderly bachelor, having been troubled for a week or two with a pain in his back, went to his doctor. The physician, who was just starting to see a patient, prescribed two large porous plasters, and told him to call again in about a fortnight and report.

Mr. Grubb complied with directions. He went to a drug-store and bought the plasters, and after a prolonged struggle with them in his own room, succeeded in getting them properly in place. Being a very small man, however, the two nearly covered his whole back. At the end of two weeks he called at the physician's office again.

"Well, how is your back?" asked the medical man.

"Sound as a dollar. Hasn't pained me any for ten days or more."

"Glad to hear it. You may take the plasters off whenever you please."

"Not much!" exclaimed Mr. Grubb, removing his coat and vest, taking off his collar, and locking the door of the doctor's office. "I won't touch 'em. They're bigger than I am. What I want you to do now, doctor, is to pull me off the plasters."