

The Corns

That Did Not Go

Thousands of people, asking for Blue-jay, are told something else is better. Some amateur creation, some out-of-date liquid. When it fails, they think Blue-jay also fails. But it doesn't.

While you putter with corns, Blue-

jay is removing a million corns a month. It stops the pain instantly. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out.

Doctors employ it. Every user endorses it. It is modern and scientific.

Try it on that stubborn corn which "just as good" things don't help. On the corn you have doctored and pared and eased. Let Blue-jay take it out.



A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B Stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

Physicians gladly supplied for tests.

(346) Bauer & Black, Chicago & New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

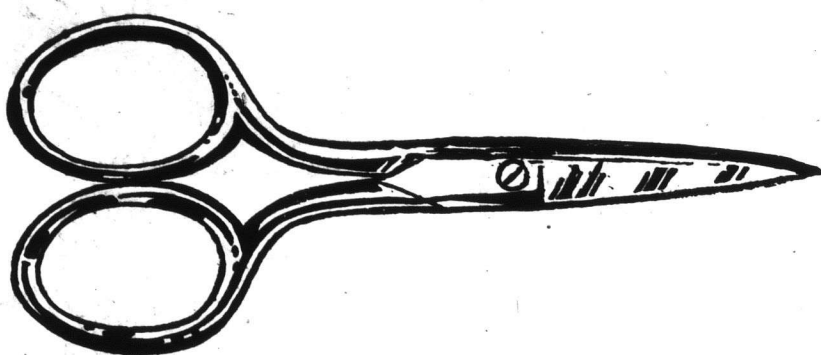
Moles, Warts and Small Birthmarks are successfully and permanently removed by Electrolysis. This is the only safe and sure cure for these blemishes. Thick, heavy eyebrows may also be beautifully shaped and arched by this method. There are several poor methods of performing this work, but in the hands of an expert it may be done with very little pain, leaving no scar. I have made this work one of my specialties, and with fifteen years' experience, the very best method in use, and a determination to make my work a success, I can guarantee satisfaction. Write for booklet and further particulars.

Mrs. E. COATES COLEMAN

224 SMITH STREET, WINNIPEG

Phone Main 996

A Premium Worth While



This Handsome Pair of Embroidery Scissors Free for One New Subscriber

These Scissors are made of the finest Sheffield steel and are useful in a thousand and one ways to every farmer's wife.

The usual retail price of these Scissors is 60 cents, so that you are in reality getting \$1.60 value for \$1.00. A limited number only on these terms, so let us hear from you immediately.

FILL OUT THIS COUPON

Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen,—Enclosed please find \$1.00 for Western Home Monthly to be sent to.....

and Embroidery Scissors to.....

Temperance Talk

Reckoning With Rum

A thick set, ugly looking fellow was seated on a bench in the public park and seemed to be reading some writing on a sheet of paper which he held in his hand.

"You seem to be much interested in your writing," I said.

"Yes. I've been figuring my account with old alcohol, to see how we stand."

"And he comes out ahead, I suppose?"

"Every time."

"How did you come to have dealings with him in the first place?"

"That's what I have been writing. You see, he promised to make a man of me, but he made me a beast. Then he said he would brace me up, but he made me go staggering around and then threw me into a ditch. He said I must drink to be social. Then he made me quarrel with my best friends and be the laughing stock of my enemies. He gave me a black eye and a broken nose. Then I drank for the good of my health. He ruined the little I had, and left me sick as a dog."

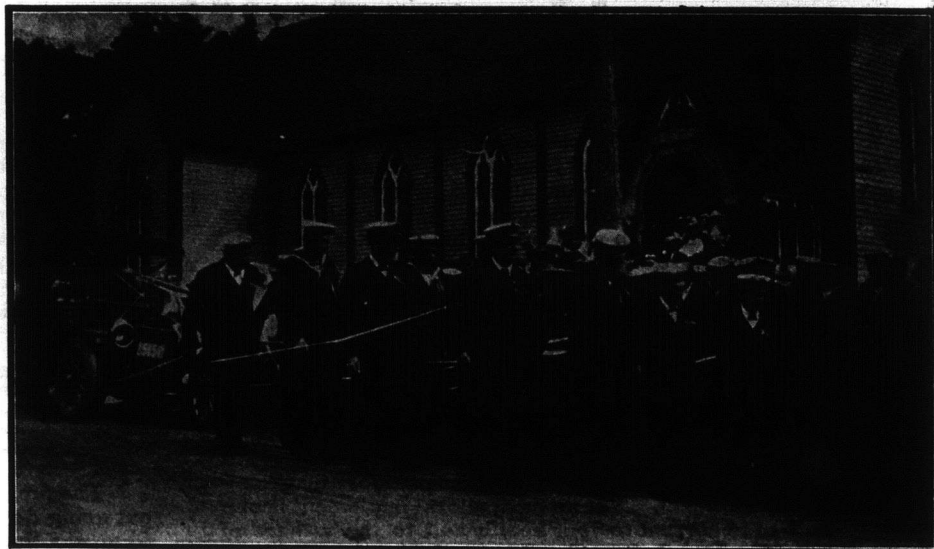
"Of course."

"He said he would warm me up, and I was soon nearly frozen to death. He said he would steady my nerves, but instead he gave me delirium tremens. He said he would give me great strength, and he made me helpless."

"To be sure."

"Then came a time when this funeral business landed on me like a pile-driver. Inside of a year four or five of the men I had known best, the men I had loved best, the men who had been my real friend, and my companions, died, one after another. Also some other friends developed physical derangements I knew were directly traceable to too much liquor. Both the deaths and the derangements had liquor as a contributing, if not a direct cause. Nobody said that, of course; but I knew it. So I held caucus with myself. I called myself into convention and discussed the proposition somewhat like this:

"You are now over forty years of age. You are sound physically and you are no weaker mentally than you have always been, so far as can be discovered by the outside world. You have had a lot of fun, much of it complicated with the conviviality that comes with drinking and much of it not so complicated; but you have done your share of plain and fancy drinking, and it hasn't landed you yet. There is absolutely no nutriment in being dead. That gets you nothing save a few obituary notices you will never see. There is even less in being sick and sidling around in everybody's way. It's as sure as sunset, if you keep on at your present gait, that Mr. John Barleycorn will land you just as he has landed a lot of other people you know and knew. There are two



Naval officer's wedding at Esquimalt, B.C. Officers of H.M.C.S. Rainbow dragging the Automobile from the Church

"He promised me courage."

"Then what followed?"

"Then he made me a coward, for I beat my sick wife and kicked my little sick child. He said he would brighten my wits, but instead he made me act like a fool and talk like an idiot. He promised to make a gentleman of me, but he made me a tramp."—Exchange.

Cutting It Out

When Sam Blythe cuts a thing out, consider it cut out. Moreover, one may be sure that when he cuts a thing there is a reason for it, and here is his reason for cutting liquor: "I had taken good care of myself physically, and I knew I was sound everywhere. I wasn't sure how long I could keep sound and continue drinking. So I decided to stop drinking and keep sound. I noticed that a good many men of the same age as myself and the same habits as myself were beginning to show signs of wear and tear. A number of them blew up with various disconcerting maladies and a number more died. Soon after I was forty years of age I noticed I began to go to funerals oftener than I had been doing—funerals of men between forty and forty-five whom I had known socially and convivially; that these funerals occurred quite regularly, and that the doctor's certificate, more times than not, gave Bright's disease and other similar diseases in the cause-of-death column. All of these funerals were of men who were good fellows, and we mourned their loss. Also we generally took a few drinks to their memories.

methods of procedure open to you. One is to keep it up and continue having the fun you think you are having, and take what is inevitably coming to you. The other is to quit it while the quitting is good and live a few more years—that may not be so rosy, but probably will have compensations."

The Grapple Plant

Did you ever read a description of an African thorn called the grapple plant or hook-thorn? It reminds me of the power which ardent spirits have over their victims. It grows along the ground, or trails its long branches along from the trees, and when in bloom is very beautiful in appearance, covered with its large and abundant blossoms of a rich purple hue. But these branches are closely covered with sharp barbed thorns set in pairs. These are bad enough, but, as the plant matures and the purple petals fall off the seed-vessels are developed; and these are covered with a multitude of sharp and very strong hooked thorns. This seed-vessel splits along the middle, and the two sides separate widely from each other, so as to form an array of hooks pointing in opposite directions.

These thorns are as sharp as needles and steel-like in strength; and if but one catches the unwary traveller's coat-sleeve he is held a prisoner at once. His first movement to escape bends the long, slender branches, and hook after hook fixes its point upon him. Struggling to escape only trebles the number of the thorned enemies. The only way