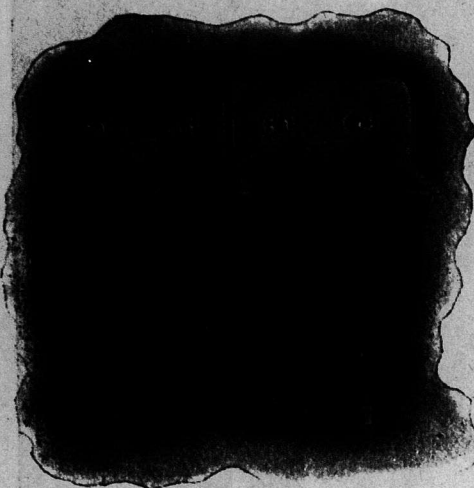


NOWHERE DOES PERFECT WORK COUNT MORE

than in the sanitary equipment of a modern home. Poor plumbing is synonymous with loss of health, loss of comfort, loss in savings, loss in property values.



"Standard Ideal" Porcelain Enameled Ware

installed in the bedroom, bathroom, kitchen or laundry guarantees health for the family, reduces home expenses and adds to the cash value of the home.

Practical in construction, made in one piece, lasting as iron, finished in pure white enamel, smooth as a billiard ball, with no joints, crevices, or lodging places for dust, dirt or microbes.

"Standard Ideal" Ware is the finest gift of the master-artisan's craft to the home-builder. Moderate in cost, it pays for itself a hundredfold year in and year out.

"STANDARD IDEAL" WARE LASTS A LIFETIME.

Your architect or plumber will tell you no modern home is properly appointed without it. Ask them.

The Standard Ideal Co., Limited

PORT HOPE, ONTARIO

Sales Offices and Sample Rooms: Toronto, 50 Colborne Street; Montreal, 128 West Craig Street; Winnipeg, 24 Telfer Building

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention The Western Home Monthly.

Free to Men



Until Robust Health, Strength and Vigor is Re- gained.

Perfect manhood. The man of courage, of strong heart, iron nerves, good health, self-confidence and undaunted energy. The embodiment of success popular in every walk of life, respected and esteemed by all. Such is the manly man.

For forty years I have been making strong, vigorous men out of the puniest weaklings. A man comes to me weak, nervous, dispondent and discouraged; with Drains, Losses, Impotency and Varicocele, Rheumatism, Lame Back, Kidney or Stomach Troubles. I give him my world-famed Dr. Sanden Electric Belt, with Suspensory, absolutely free, to use for two months. Mind you, not one penny in advance or on deposit. A few nights' use convinces him that he has found the right remedy. It fills him with new life, joy, vigor and strength, and at the end of the time he is only too glad to pay me for the Belt and to recommend it to his friends.

This is the way I cure men. This is the way thousands every year regain their lost strength without the slightest risk to themselves, for if I fail it costs you nothing whatever. You pay me only when cured, and in many cases the cost is only \$5.00; or, if you want to pay cash, full wholesale discount.

My great success has brought forth many imitations of my Belt, but my great knowledge, gained by forty years' experience, to guide and advise my patients, is mine alone, and is given freely with the Belt. Be sure you get the genuine.

Call to-day and take a Belt along. Or send for one and my two books on Electricity and its medical uses, which I send free, sealed, by mail.

DR. W. A. SANDEN

140 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

Office Hours: 9 to 6;
Saturdays until 9 p. m.

A Lover's Pilgrimage.

By Richard LeGallienne.

Sid Norton could not recall a time when he had not been in love. From his earliest boyhood, falling in love had been a habit with him, and his heart, if he might be said to retain possession of an organ that was always being lost to some new face, was a sort of sentimental graveyard, a veritable necropolis of dead love-affairs—dead, but unforgotten; for, incorrigible lover as Sid was, his memory would sometimes go flitting from grave to grave, like a butterfly, philandering even with the past. In spite of these excursions, and in defiance of the apparent paradox of the statement, Sid Norton found himself in love—for the first and last time. This he said of himself gravely, not only in private to the lady who was credited with this marvel, but also in public to his intimate friends. He said

bliss. The something so "utter" in Sid's look touched Rosamund's elfish sense of humor, and, though she was just as much in love herself, she could not refrain from a gay little teasing laugh.

"Is he so happy, little boy?" she said, lifting up his chin, and looking whimsically into his face.

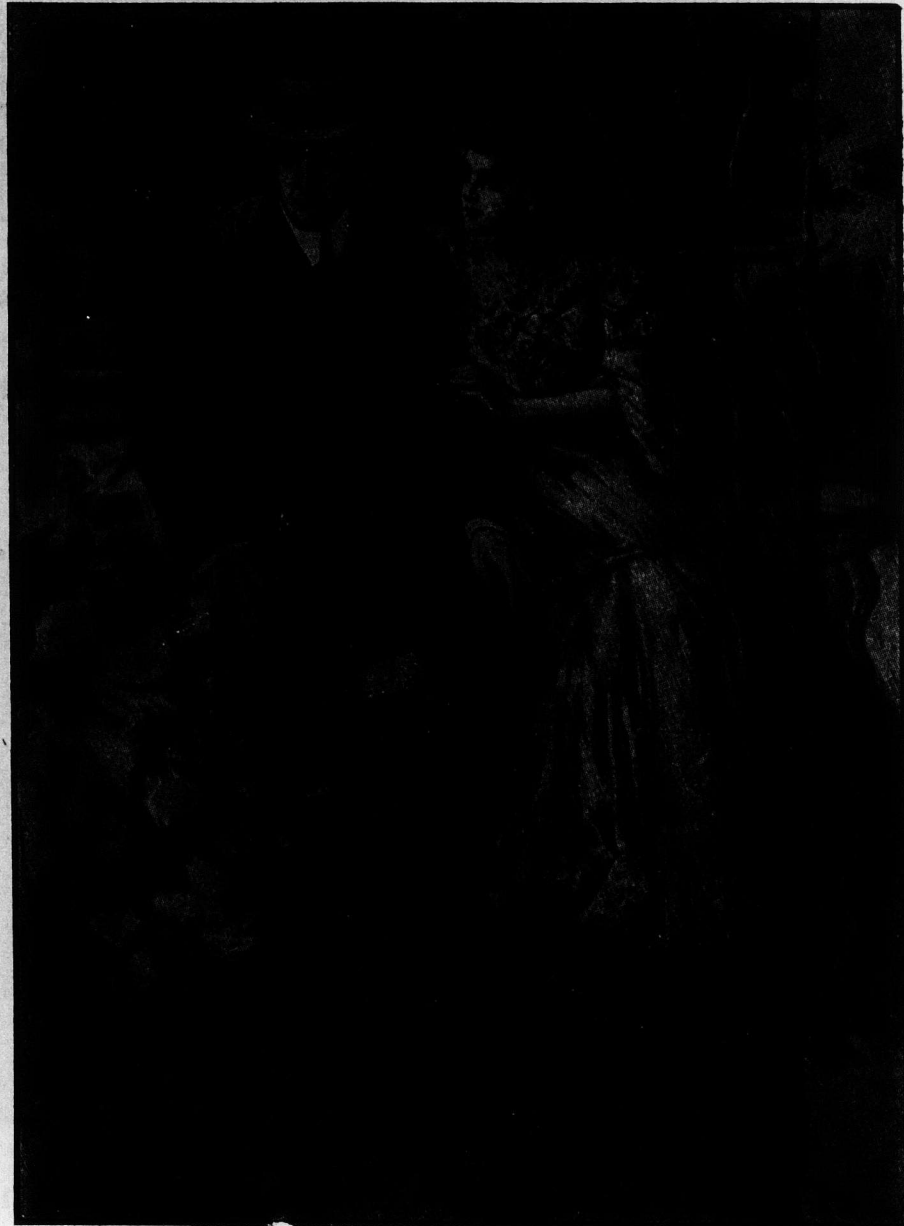
Sid's answer was silent and long, and when it was ended, Rosamund continued, holding his face at arm's length, and looking into it with quizzical seriousness.

"But, aren't you just a little frightened sometimes?"

"Frightened?"

"Yes! when you think that—it's for life!"

"Ah! thank God," answered Sid rapidly.



"If you refuse I shall always feel that you were afraid of it, secretly afraid that the temptations of it would be too strong for your faith."

it, and there was no doubt that he meant it.

Now Rosamund Lowther was an exceedingly clever young woman, an adept in the management of the emotional male, and easily Sid Norton's match in experienced flirtation. The friends of both watched the progress of their sudden volcanic attachment with cynical expectancy, and when, after six months of a trance-like courtship, during which it might be said that the infatuated pair had never taken their eyes off each other, Sid Norton suddenly sailed for Europe, you can imagine the sensation and comment it caused. Neither vouchsafed any explanation; their engagement remained intact, at all events there was no formal bulletin to the contrary; and the thing was a piquant mystery to all but the two concerned. For them it was their whimsical secret.

One late summer afternoon a week or two before, the two enamored ones had been seated side by side in the old orchard of the Lowther country home. Both were very evidently happy, but Sid's face was absolutely idiotic with

"No, but think—for life! No more pretty flirtations, no more butterfly by-paths—only me—me—till the end. Be honest—doesn't that make cold shivers run up and down your back?"

"You angel," exclaimed the abject one, attempting to answer her as before.

"No, no; listen to me. I am serious. Do you realize that you are in a cage, my cage, for life—that escape is impossible—that it will be in vain to beat on the bars—that only I have the key—that you are there for better or for worse—that you are there, I repeat, for life—that there is no help for it—nothing to do but make the best of it—do you realize that?"

The sense of certitude, of absolute possession, which Rosamund, comedian as she was, infused into her voice, was irresistible, and Sid laughed, laughed for joy that the girl he loved had such attractive brains as well.

"What a delightful fancy!" he exclaimed.

"Fancy, do you call it? Try and escape, my boy, and you will see how much of a fancy it is."

"Divine, ac-
mean; Oh, R
that it is tru
and throw it
want to be fr
"No use if
loss of the co
"My poor b
ly, in a carese
really can't h
you, you who
freedom, you
wanderer. I
it? Tell me
man, as they
of your hear
bit wistful so
dom?"

"Never," an-
tious sincerity
"Never!
ever feel a li
of your old
would be like
Sid shook
Rosamund,
Sid's world,
the main lin
tory, and kno
ous divinities

"An-
Besides, Sid,
with known
his heart on
by the public
entitled "Th
ume consiste
to various la
time to time
devoted; an
figured und
identities we
gossips of S
been a thorn
met and lov
which she
by using to
the volume v
as she turned
riment in he
meditated s
lery.

"I do wish
me forget th
it were at th
have the w
will, to-morr
"Oh, that
raptured Ros
I should still