

COWAN'S Perfection COCOA

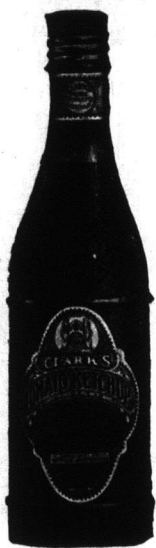
Little
Miss
MAIDEN
CANADA

Registered

Don't miss half the
usefulness of this Cocoa.
Try it for icing—
good results!



Clark's Tomato Ketchup



In 8 oz., 12 oz., 16 oz. Bottles
and 1 gallon Stone Jugs.
Made from home grown ripe
red tomatoes only and guar-
anteed absolutely pure. Your
grocer keeps it.

W. Clark Ltd. Montreal

Blackwood's Raspberry Vinegar

Something Delicious

To be obtained of all Grocers

Manufacturers of Blackwood's Celebrated Soft Drinks

The Blackwoods Limited

Winnipeg

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

The English nurse, arriving noiselessly, stood spellbound at the door. The bell-boy was issuing commands in a loud voice and Cornelius Reginald Desborough laughed and danced about, making incompetent lunges at his opponent. Three chairs had been overturned and the bric-a-brac was momentarily threatened. Two hectic spots burned on Cornelius' cheeks.

The nurse at last found voice.
"Cornelius! Bellboy! Stop it, I say! I shall tell your mamma Cornelius. Bell-boy you go downstairs!"

Jimmy stooped for his mitts, which the nurse had jerked from her charge's hands.

"It's time for your iron drops now, Cornelius. Open your mouth wide," continued the nurse, briskly.

Cornelius silently and unprotestingly obeyed but when the girl turned to replace the bottle on the table he made a grimace in her direction.

few bold but telling strokes on the paper (signing C. R. D. in the corner) and then cry:

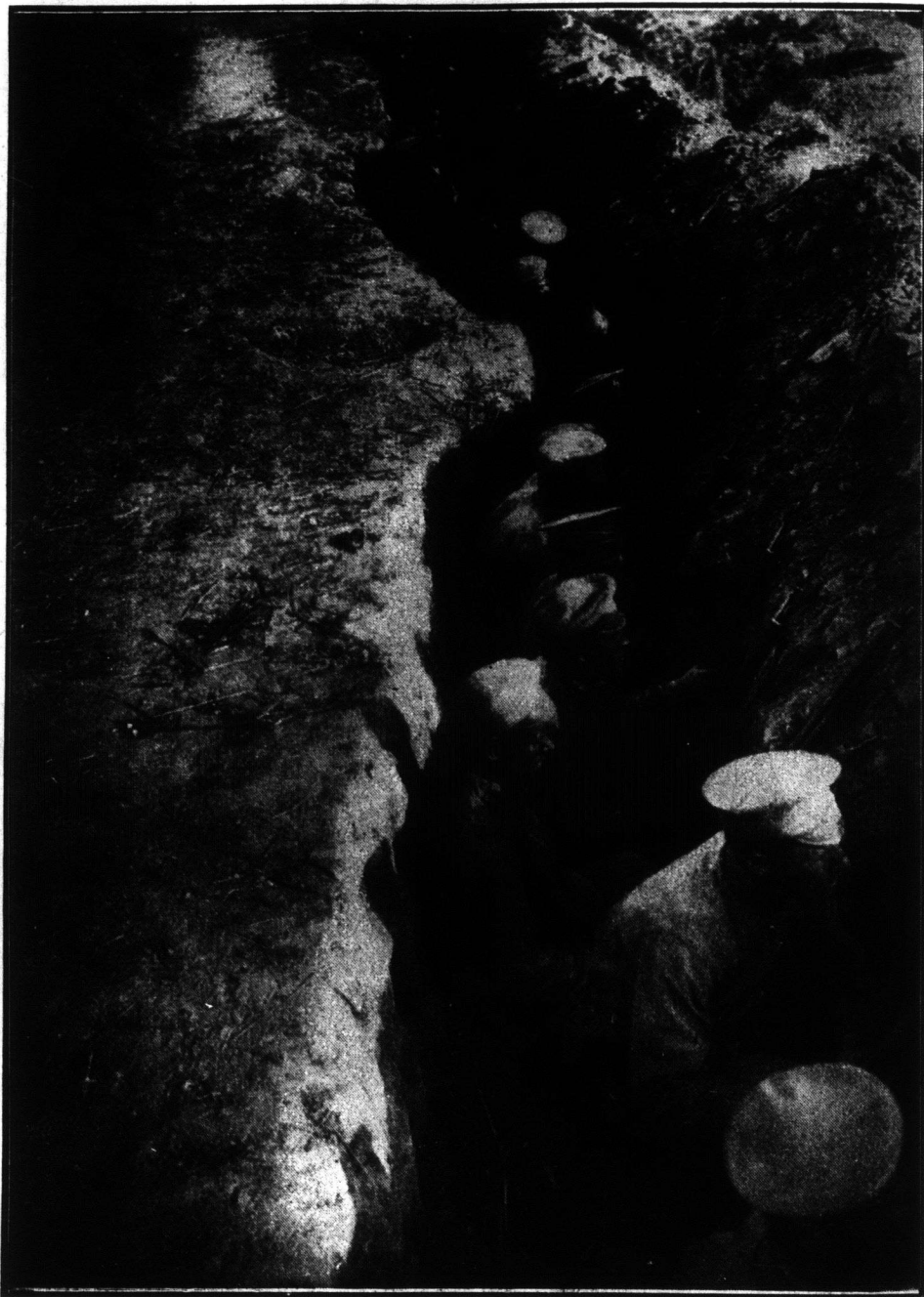
"Now for de Johnson-Jeffries act!"

The boxing lesson often encroached upon the piano practice but Cornelius' cheeks daily grew less transparent and his coughing spells further apart. Daily Jimmy examined his muscle.

"Gee, kid, yer comin' on! You'll beat me in 'bout another week!" he would declare.

As for the medicines, Connie completely forgot them in the more engrossing interests of upper-cuts, left-hand jabs, eye-swats and knock-out passes, and at the end of the bout Jimmy would invariably pour a large teaspoonful of each prescription out of the window.

With the opening of the baseball season, the young semi-invalid was allowed to walk in the park and watch the games from the fence. Nurse Hoadley,



Members of the famous Ponogorijski Regiment of Moscow lying low in a trench awaiting the order to charge. These are some of Russia's best fighters and they have been called to stem the German advance

"Here kid, take dis chew o' gum," whispered Jimmy, as he passed out. "It will take away de rummy taste."

Every afternoon at two o'clock, Miss Hoadley, the nurse, took a siesta of an hour's duration. Connie was supposed to apply himself to his drawing from two till three, with piano practice later, and at five the brougham arrived to take him and his nurse for an airing. Jimmy Dolan had a great ambition—greater even than his desire to excel in the wrestling ring or the baseball field. He wanted to be a cartoonist. When not engaged in his usual occupation of "hopping" at the hotel, he was drawing caricatures. A striking likeness of "Blondy" the day clerk had attracted the attention of several guests who predicted for the artist a bright future. Thus it was that at two o'clock every day Jimmy stole up to suite 80 where Connie sat dejectedly before a pile of well-sharpened pencils, trying to draw a dog's head which might by much stretching of imagination be identified as such. Or again it would be a glass and a lemon or a pile of books leaning against a vase, or a carrot and a potato hobnobbing together. Jimmy had only to seize a pencil and make a

asleep over her book on a park settee, made but an indifferent guard and often awoke to find herself alone and her young charge out on the field gaining valuable pointers on the game.

The Stripe Sox was a nifty organization. In local parlance there were "no flies" on them and from all of the lower Queen Street teams but one they held the trophies. Shorty Regan was pitcher, his star pitching equalled only by his ability to "shinny" out of school. He was the only Stripe Sox man still under fourteen and his numerous escapes from and skirmishes with officers of the law only whetted his hatred for learning and his genius for ball playing.

So it seemed a severe stroke of ill luck that befell the team on the very last rehearsal day before the big contest with the "Riverdale Cubs," who held the last remaining trophy of the league—a bronze cup. The small group of enthusiasts who were watching from the fence had just sent up a hoarse roar of delight over an especially fine "run" for the home base on the part of Long Kelly, whose foot was all but at the goal when Shorty Regan's ball tapped it a fraction of a second before. Scarcely had the cheer-