

## Eye Glasses Fitted Accurately

BY  
**NORMAN H. NEILL**  
Optometrist  
290 Smith Street  
WINNIPEG

## Steam-No-More EYE GLASS CLEANER

Steam-No-More Eye Glass Cleaner is a compound that no wearer of eye glasses can afford to be without. Applied occasionally to eye glasses it keeps them dustproof, weatherproofed and brilliant at all times. No dirt can accumulate on the glasses. The difference in the atmosphere does not affect them in the least. Glasses will remain perfectly clear and will not cloud up, even when subjected to steam. If you wear glasses, you will realize what an excellent little commodity this is, and it actually does everything claimed for it. Guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded.

Steam-No-More Eye Glass Cleaner makes eye glasses, mirrors, etc., perfectly clean and makes them steamproof.

Price 25 cents postpaid.  
WINNIPEG INTRODUCE CO.,  
P.O. Box 56, Winnipeg, Man.

## How I Killed My Superfluous Hair

Hindoo Secret Banished It So It Never Returned After Electricity and Many Depilatories Had Failed

LET ME HELP YOU ABSOLUTELY FREE

Until nearly middle age I was sorely troubled by hideous Superfluous Hairs. My face was a sight, with a heavy moustache on my lip and a tough beard on my chin. My arms were also heavily covered. I tried one thing after another without success. The electric needle only made the growth worse. Finally, my husband, an officer in the British army, secured from a Native Hindoo Soldier (whose life he saved) the closely-guarded secret of the Hindoo Religion, which forbids Hindoo Women to have even the slightest trace of hair on any part of their body except that on their head. I used it and in a few days my hair-growth had entirely disappeared.

To-day not a trace of it can be found. I will send Free and without obligation to any one, full information and complete instructions so that you can follow my example and completely destroy all trace without having to resort to the dangerous electric needle. So stop wasting your money on worthless depilatory preparations and write me to-day, giving your name and address, stating whether Mrs. or Miss. All I ask is that you send me a 2c stamp for return postage. Address, Mrs. Frederica Hudson, Suite 912 E. Bronson Bldg., Attleboro, Massachusetts.

**MRS. HUDSON**  
Whose Soldier-Husband's Bravery Secured the Sacred Hindoo Secret.

**Important Note:** Mrs. Hudson belongs to a titled family, high in English society; she is connected with leading officials there and is the widow of a prominent Officer in the British Army, so you can write her with entire confidence. She has opened an office in America for the benefit of sufferers from Superfluous Hair. Here full address is, Mrs. Frederica Hudson, Suite 912 E. Bronson, Bldg., Attleboro, Mass.

## Don't Whip Children

Or Soold older Persons who wet the bed or are unable to control their water during the night or day, for it is not a habit but a Disease. If you have any Kidney, Bladder or Urinary Weakness, write to-day for a Free Package of our Harmless Remedy. When permanently relieved tell your friends about it. Send no money. Address:

ZEMETO CO., Dept. 40, Milwaukee, Wis.



Stem wind and set watch, guaranteed 5 years, for selling 20 art and 100 pictures or 20 pigs, post cards at 10c each. Order your choice. GATES MFG. CO. Dept. 441 Chicago

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"Tell your story," he said, facing abruptly around on his mate.

"I—I was bad the other mornin'," faltered Carson. "I—I tried to do you, didn't I?"

"You did," said Delaney grimly. "Tell your story."

"What's the use!" Carson's voice was very tired. "What's the use! I've been chased out of every shop East. An' then I came here. I ain't good for anything else, not a thing else, I'm just a fitter—just a fitter and—" The voice trailed off.

"Just a fitter. Just a fitter." The words rang in Delaney's ears. He was a fitter, too—JUST A FITTER!

"How'd it happen?" he asked, and swallowed a lump in his throat.

"I don't rightly know," said Carson slowly. "I got a crack on my head about two years ago in the Penn shops. It didn't amount to much then, seemingly, but ever since I've had turns off and on. I think it must be that."

Carson ran his fingers aimlessly through his hair.

"Most times I know when the spells are comin' on, then I stay at home. Others I don't, and then—then—you know! Thank God, I never hurt anyone yet, but I've come near it. They didn't know, an' they thought it was carelessness. So they fired me for carelessness, all along the line—all along the line. Yes, I know. A railroad shop's the last place in the world for a man like me. Taint right by his mates. But—but—Yes, I'll go—somewhere. Thank you for that lie you told the little woman."

Delaney caught the other's shoulder.

"Wait a bit," he said, unsteadily.

"I've been tryin' to think this out. Me an' Dixon are pretty thick, an' what I ask him he'll do. There's always jobs for two together, apart from havin' charge of an engine, an' he can pair us off permanent—it's the only thing I know to do. An' such bein' the case you, Jack Carson, will pass me your solemn oath that if ever I'm out of the shops, sick or anything, you'll stay out, too."

"Delaney! D'ye mean it? Delaney! Delaney!"

The words were almost sobs. Carson was patting the other's sleeve. Then suddenly he straightened up.

"No!" he cried. "I'm no cur. I tried to kill you once an', God help me! In another of those spells it's like enough I'd do it again. I can't—can't let you. Taint—"

"Shut up!" said Delaney, gruffly.

He was staring away through the twilight, seeing again the little cottage, the two children framed in the open doorway, the poor, bare hall beyond, through the door at the right into a room with its pitiful furnishings that spoke so eloquently of want—and then the red flood surge to the plucky little woman's face. No doctor! She knew what to do! Plain enough. Carson shifting from place to place, out of work half of the time, and most of the money going for moving expenses. Delaney's hand in his trousers-pocket played with the coins he had drawn from the bank the day before.

"You didn't have any time comin' when the pay-car was along last month," Delaney was speaking quickly, his eyes still averted from Carson's face. "This'll tide you over till pay day, or whenever you get ready to pay it back."

He thrust two double-eagles into Carson's hand, and turned hastily away.

A few paces and Carson's voice reached him, the simple words, full of the man's soul, haltingly, brokenly spoken:

"God—bless—you—Delaney."

And Delaney, as he strode along, dug fiercely with his knuckles at the sudden moisture that had sprung to his eyes.

Once or twice in the weeks that followed Carson was out of the shops for two or three days at a stretch. No comment on these absences ever passed between the two men; only Delaney remembered—and the fear that was always with him would grow the stronger—that morning in the pit under 518. And then, one day, it happened.

Up on the top of a big mogul, where the footing on the bare boiler-shell is precarious at best and doubly so when it

comes to manipulating a heavy dome-cover, Delaney was kneeling to assure himself that the little copper wire around the dome-seat was intact before lowering the cover that was already resting on the studs. On the other side of the dome stood Carson, a short tommy-bar in his hand.

"All right," said Delaney. "It's tight. Heave the cover a sixteenth to me an' she'll be plumb on the studs."

He glanced up from his kneeling posture—then his face went deathly white, and a cold terror gripped him. He saw Carson dash his bar beneath the cover, heard the hideous chuckle as he strained to topple it over, saw the bar glance from its grip and Carson fall half-forward as his feet went out from under him, and then go pitching headlong to the floor. Saw all this in the winking of an eye as he himself leaped wildly back, then he, too, lost his balance and—fell.

Days after when, swathed in bandages and splints, he could sit up in bed and talk, Dixon was his first caller.

"Hm," said the little foreman, poking his head in through the door, "You're gettin' round, eh? That's good, Dicky; though, 'pon my soul, if you weren't

chuckle: "You know how the gang loafes when I'm out, eh? I'll see you to-morrow, an' the hands 'll be droppin' in off an' on now they know you're receivin' callers. An', oh, say, Delaney," halting in the doorway, "I meant to tell you the boys are passin' a paper for Carson's missus an' kids till he gets out again, an', bein' as how you're single with a bit laid by, I thought you'd want to do a little for your mate with the rest of us. You'll chip, hm?"

"Sure," said Delaney, simply, still looking out into the sunlight. "Sure, I will."

## How Germans are Driven

A poor professor of Latin at the Gymnasium of Bonn, torn from his teaching by conscription and driven to fight against his will, has been killed in France, and in his pocket was a diary. He was Private Becker, of the 6th Company of the Ersatz Battalion of the 3rd Foot Guards, and these passages from his diary show how the German officers treat their men, and how some German soldiers long for peace.

### In Russia

Aug. 2. On again. Exhausting march. Many bombarded villages, several completely destroyed. Bad food.

Bad treatment of stragglers, insulting language. They are given extra guards. The officers lounge in carriages. The men are indignant.

Aug. 3. March in burning heat through demolished villages. No water. All the wells are destroyed; cholera and flies. Loathsome dirt. It makes one weak. One dreams of fresh springs and wells. Brutishness.

Aug. 4. March to Zamosz. I can go no farther. Always the same brutality of the N.C.O.s towards the men who are going lame. Low spitefulness. Abuse.

Aug. 6. I long for peace. Treated like criminals and worse. Everybody is discouraged. Men of peaceful nature are crushed.

Passionate desire for peace, amounting to physical pain. And why should one die? Why?

Aug. 18. Spent the day in holes. Slept; nothing to eat. In the evening made a line of trenches joining up the shell-holes. The German soldier has no personality, he is a machine, and that is what he is trained to be; as soon as he is left to himself he is idle, stupid, and a blockhead. He has only one idea, eating and sleeping, and his brutishness is only limited by barbarous punishment. He never knows of his own accord what he ought to do.

Aug. 19. The day before the fight I saw, on the march, a color-sergeant beat a recruit with a stick. This morning the same sight. Captain Becker said in so many words, "Tan them as much as you like so long as they obey."

Aug. 25. Started about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Soon deployed in skirmishing order; moderate gun and rifle fire. Lieutenant Reinicke is never there when firing is going on. When the danger is over he rushes impetuously to the front. The whole company laughs at it. He is a grotesque sight. The section leaders grumble and are worried; they don't know what to do.

## Rheumatism

A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvellous healing power. Don't send a cent: simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 714B Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.



British Submarine Commander who have made the Battle "unhealthy" for the German fleet—Lieutenant-Commander Comrie