

## Recommended by Every Woman Who Uses It

That is the best thing anyone  
could say about the

**O-Cedar Mop**  
Polish  
(Made in Canada)

The strongest recommendation possible.  
No other verdict could be possible.

You dust clean and polish all at  
once. Gets into every nook and cranny  
high up and low down—under heavy furni-  
ture—tops of doors and windows—every-  
where.

Puts a high, hard, lasting polish on  
furniture, woodwork, hardwood floors.

Round and Triangular  
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**Channell Chemical Company, Ltd.**

309 Spadina Ave. - Toronto.



The Round Mop



One Way  
To Use It.

managed this second generosity when she knew even the first must have caused him great inconvenience. The swift tears had gathered again but this time she choked them back and tried to reason herself into forgetting all that was behind her and to look forward to the pleasure at the end of her journey.

When at last the train drew into the noisy depot she met the crowd of friends who had assembled, with a smiling face. Perhaps her eyes sparkled too much but none could guess that tears had been very near them all the journey.

The next few weeks was a round of receptions, theatres, and balls which somehow had lost their old time charms and she found herself living only for the days that brought a letter from John. But as each came her heart ached with fresh disappointment. The letters lacked nothing in thoughtfulness or consideration but the loving tenderness was all gone.

One day a sudden yearning seized her to go home and when her aunt entered the room dressed for the reception she found Claire busily packing her trunk. To the amazed questions she had only one reply, she felt she must go home; and nothing they could say would dissuade her. So, in spite of all coaxing and reasoning, she started that night.

"John, do you think anything could keep me from you when I thought you wanted me?" She was startled by the swift illumination of his face.

"Claire, do you really mean that? Do you care for me still?"

"John, you never thought—oh, John and you sent me away."

"Sent you away? Why, my darling you were unhappy cooped up here in this little house away from all the things you used to like so much."

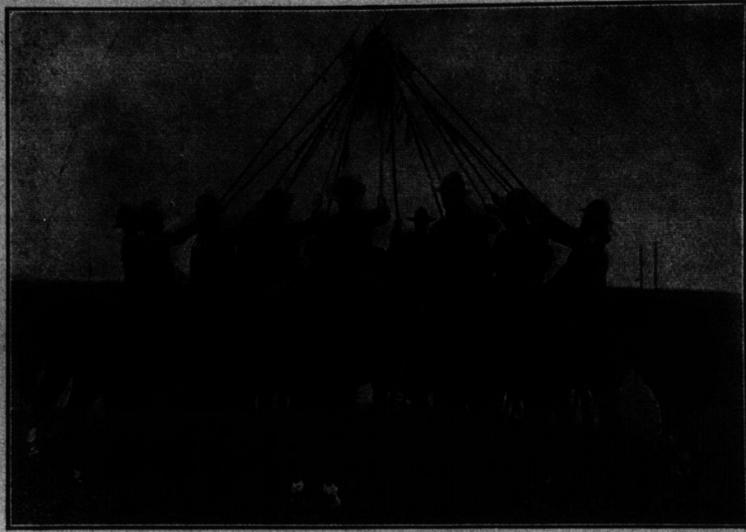
"Unhappy! I wasn't unhappy until you grew so cold and strange and I thought—"

"My poor little sweetheart," his arms were about her and she was crushed to his heart as if never again she could escape.

"What a stupid blundering fool I have been. But I saw you crying, and Mrs. Carson had told me how you missed your former life, and you seemed lonely—"

She looked up from her refuge on his breast, "I was lonely," she said with quivering lips, "lonely for my lover."

He bent and kissed tenderly the sweet, trembling mouth. "Your lover has come back, Claire," he said gently, "he only went because he thought the dearest person in the world had ceased to love him—and all through a wretched piece of gossip. But he was never far away, only



16th Saskatchewan Horse Cadets in a musical ride.

It was growing dusk the following afternoon when Claire drove up to the gate. There was no light in the windows and in the cold sleety rain the little house looked cheerless. She walked quickly up the steps. John would not be home from the office yet so she would have time to make everything comfortable before he would get back. Putting her hand to the ledge she was surprised to find that the key was gone and was still more surprised to feel the door yield as she turned the handle. Surely John had not forgotten to lock it when he went away? As she opened the door of the living room she caught her breath with sudden fright. A man was sitting half crouching before the low fire. He turned quickly as she entered.

"Claire," he said oddly, "Claire, is it you or am I only dreaming again?" He half rose to his feet and she could see that his face was very white. In an instant she was by his side.

"John, are you ill?" she questioned fearfully. "Oh why didn't you let me know?"

"Is it really you?" he said slowly not heeding her question. "I have had such strange dreams sitting here. I thought you came but when I tried to touch you you always vanished."

"John, you are ill." She pushed him gently back into the easy chair. "Your head is burning hot. Oh why didn't you send for me?"

"No I am all right," he insisted, "It is only this beastly cold and my head has ached some these last days. I came home early to-day to have a rest. I'll be all right. Why did you come home?"

"Didn't you want me, then?" she answered, her voice breaking.

"Want you, Claire," his voice was almost abrupt. "But how did you know it?"

"I felt it and I could not rest. Oh, John, how long have you been sick?"

"Felt it?" he said slowly, "and you left all that pleasure to come home because you thought I wanted you?"

hiding his aching heart under a coat of pride whose iron grip hurt him more than it ever could you. Can you ever forgive him, Claire? He has suffered much for his folly."

A soft cheek was pressed to his. "Forgive," she whispered, "there is no such word where there is love."

### CAREFUL DOCTOR

#### Prescribed Change of Food Instead of Drugs.

It takes considerable courage for a doctor to deliberately prescribe only food for a despairing patient, instead of resorting to the usual list of medicine.

Some truly scientific physicians recognize and treat conditions as they are and should be treated. Here's an instance:

"Four years ago I was taken with severe gastritis and nothing would stay on my stomach, so that I was on the verge of starvation.

"I heard of a doctor who had a summer cottage near me—a specialist—and, as a last hope, sent for him.

"After he examined me carefully he advised me to try a small quantity of Grape-Nuts at first, then as my stomach became stronger to eat more.

"I kept at it and gradually began to have color in my face, memory became clear, where before everything seemed a blank. My limbs got stronger and I could walk. So I steadily recovered.

"Now after a year on Grape-Nuts I weigh 153 lbs. My people were surprised at the way I grew fleshy and strong on this food."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



## Keep a Kodak Record

THE photograph of the young orchard—just as it starts the summer growth—then another photograph, say in October when the growth is ended and the wood is hardening, will make an interesting and valuable record. Such pictures become a real asset when used to show *comparative growths* of trees or crops that have had different treatments in fertilizers or in cultivation.

And picture making is very simple by the Kodak method, and less expensive than you think. Ask your dealer or write us for our new booklet, "The Kodak on the Farm."

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