

## 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  
75c \$1.00 \$1.25 \$1.50

**Channell Chemical Company, Ltd.**

369 Borauren Ave. - Toronto.



The Round Mop



One Way  
To Use It.



## Keep a Kodak Record

THE photograph of the young orchard—just as it  
starts the summer growth—then another photo-  
graph, 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."

**CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED**

610 KING STREET W., TORONTO

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

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 reason-  
ing, 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."

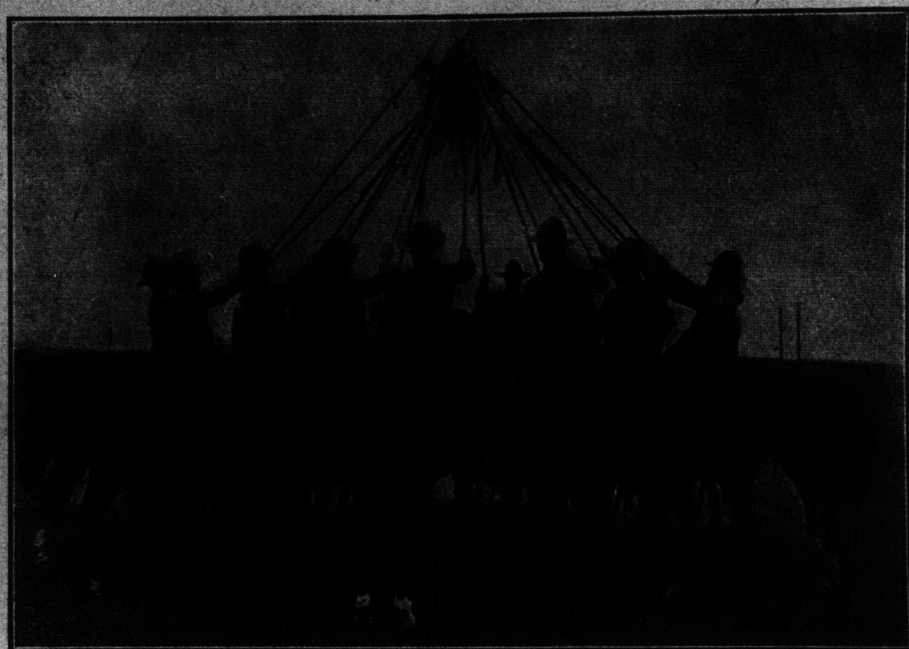
"Unhappy! I wasn't unhappy until  
you grew so cold and strange and I  
thought—"

"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 al-  
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. "For-  
give," 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 doc-  
tor to deliberately prescribe only food  
for a despairing patient, instead of re-  
sorting to the usual list of medicine.

Some truly scientific physicians recog-  
nize 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 sum-  
mer 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 sur-  
prised 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 in-  
terest.

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