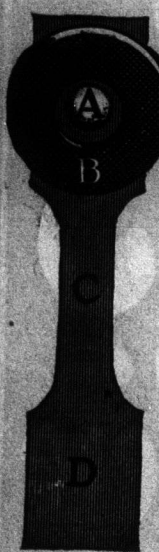


That Corn Will Go for Good



It will be ended forever in 48 hours, if you use a Blue-jay plaster.

The pain ends instantly when you apply it. Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In two days it comes out, root and all.

No soreness, no

discomfort. Nothing else known does what Blue-jay does.

That's why millions use it. You will never let corns disturb you when you find this out.

Nor will you ever pare them. Paring takes off just the top of the corn. And a slip of the blade means infection — sometimes a dangerous one.

The right way—the easy way—is to end them completely with this famous Blue-jay plaster. Prove it today.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (152)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

BE SLENDER

Your Face and Figure Can Be Restored to Their Youthful Lines.



No woman can look her best while she is too fat.

You need not stay fat. Your former grace and beauty can be brought back safely and surely. Because of my striking success in reducing even the fattest people to normal weight, I am going, for a limited time to place my Treatment within the reach of all. Therefore, if you apply quickly you may have a **FREE** Trial of my Treatment for Obesity, without a cent to pay. However fat you are, wherever your excess fat is located, I can reduce you to normal weight without starving, or any interference with your usual habits.

You Can Reduce Five Pounds a Week With Perfect Safety

Think what a difference it will make both to your health and comfort to have your burden of fat taken off. You can be reduced safely, pleasantly and surely by my Treatment. I guarantee results to be satisfactory so you run no risk of being disappointed. Just read what some of my cured patients say:

E. A. Richards, Ex-Mayor of Holly Hill, Fla., says: Your Treatment cured me of obesity permanently, as it is three years since I stopped taking it and have not regained a pound.

Rev. Mary Kimball, 112 So. Jackson St., Janesville, Wis., says: Since taking your Treatment my waist is reduced six inches and my hips eight inches. My garments now are so large they seem made for another woman.

Mrs. John E. By, Minneapolis, Kansas, says: "My husband says it is worth \$1000 to him and the children since I took your Treatment. It reduced me from 300 pounds to 145, and also wonderfully improved my general health."

Hundreds of testimonials on my files prove that my Treatment takes off fat at the rate of 5 to 7 pounds a week, and what is more, that the fat does not return when normal weight is reached and the treatment stopped. **Asthma, Rheumatism and Heart and Kidney Troubles** leave as the fat comes off.

No need to take my word for it; I will prove these statements at my own expense. Fill in the Free Treatment Coupon printed below TODAY and mail it to me, and you will be taking the first step towards being slender and shapely instead of corpulent and unsightly. Do it now.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Dr. J. Spillenger, 72 Madison Ave., Dept. 603F New York. Please send me Free Trial of your Treatment for Obesity, and your illustrated book on Obesity. It is understood these are to be sent me absolutely free of any charge whatever.

Name

Address

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

hors chewing tobacco and the "rag," would care to write, they will find my address with our editor. Would Handsome Kid, Sask., please write. Well, I must "ring off," as my letter is already far too long. I will sign myself,
Flora Dora.

Curly Billy—Here's One for You.

Now, Curly Billie,
Don't think me silly,
Because these lines I write,
As I, like you,
Am lonely, too,
Our lives we might unite.

And as I hear
This is Leap Year,
When girls may have a chance,
Without alarms,
Display their charms,
And some kind heart enhance.

And I can bake,
And fry beefsteak,
Can knit, and mend, and sew;
All inside work
I do not shirk,
But outside, man must do.

Where's the Dictionary?

Huronville, Sask., March 11, 1912.

Dear Sir,—Once again I emerge from the narrow confines of the sublime philosophical supercarnivorous existence of the stoically tacit bachelor into the cold, seething (something diadadic that), unsympathetic world of Western Home Monthly correspondents. What mighty muster, what rushing, roaring, terrific turmoil have we here! Now, in the ever increasing throng, I perceive Archibald with a tri-colored flag, waving it frantically, "Down with the Suffragettes! Down with petticoat tyranny!" Here, again, is Josephus, struggling to maintain the honor of his already sadly torn anti-dance pennon against the overwhelming numbers. Now, in the clamoring, swaying hubbub, I perceive the Heavenly Twins. Here, ah—Oh, You Kid floats past me in a sudden haze. How my attention is attracted to a young flaunting, yet hard, determined-looking young man. His appearance bespeaks him a son of the soil. With a youthful impetuosity, he elbows right and left, and an expression of righteous



Tobacco sure,
I can't endure,
Liquor or talk profane,
But hearty laughs,
O'er cards or drafts,
Amuse and entertain.
And music sweet,
I term a treat,
Piano I can play,
A two-step, too
I gladly woo,
To wile an hour away.
I'm rather tall,
And somewhat dark,
And not inclined to spat;
I'm eighteen, too,
O'er young for you,
But, oh! what matter's that;
If hearts are free,
And tastes agree,
And money ample in view.
We might decide
To stem life's tide,
And paddle tandem canoe.
If this you see,
Then write to me,
And I will do the same,
Then we may say,
Thro' all our day,
Long live the W. H. M.
Tidy Tilly.

rage on his countenance slowly settles. Whither away, Young Farmer, with such terrific haste. Now the crowd sways slightly and — hello, old timer. There stands The Doctor. Now, I know where the galvanised Young Farmer is so strenuously striving to approach. He will annihilate the poor Doctor, he will. Now, my coat is off and I am into the fray. Young Farmer I pursue with relentless and unabating ferocity. Now I turn to Josephus, and, gathering speed, I follow the anti-dance knight with a swiftness equal to that of an impoverished hydrophobian after a Jew pedlar. Poor Josephus! His letter in that fateful column! I suppose, though, that it was too fantastically absurd to excite anything but commiseration and pity. Why, Josephus, it is not an embrace. It is perfectly natural that a man should so support his lady partner. And then he says "with their breasts literally throbbing against each other." My dear Josephus, allow me to assure you that this is not the proper attitude in dancing. The lady is rather to one side, is she not? She is not directly in front of her partner. Then, remember, Josephus, that nobody thinks of the attitude while dancing. If you ever danced you would know this.

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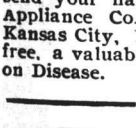
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