

Don't Doctor Corns With Steel

Don't pare them. That just removes the top layer. It leaves the main part to grow.

A slip of the blade may mean infection. Sometimes a dangerous infection.

This form of home surgery should be ended forever.

A few years ago a chemist invented the B & B wax—the heart of the Blue-jay plaster.

Now you simply apply this plaster. It is done in a jiffy. The pain instantly stops, and the corn is forgotten.

This wonderful wax gently loosens the corn. In two days the whole corn, root and branch, comes out. No soreness, no discomfort.

Please don't doubt it.

Fifty million corns have been removed in this way. Millions of people know it. Just try it yourself, and never again will you let corns cause you pain.

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 (149)

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

More About The Loading Platform

The present generation of western farmers will never know the difficulties and vexations experienced by their predecessors in the earlier years, when no one could get a carload of grain shipped in bulk except by loading it through an elevator. The system forced the majority of farmers to sell their grain to the elevator owners at arbitrary prices, and oftentimes to submit to heavy dockage and other annoyances, causing continual dissatisfaction. Now, however, the distribution of cars as fixed by the Grain Act, and the use of the loading platform, provide facilities which enable the farmer to secure satisfactory treatment in the disposal of his grain, and the highest market prices at time of sale. Every farmer therefore should more and more endeavour to use the loading platform in shipping his grain to the terminal elevators. It is the safeguard of the farmers' freedom in disposing of his grain to the best advantage for himself. If farmers refrain from using the loading platform freely, it might result in its being done away with, because railway companies and elevator owners are strongly opposed to it. It is easy to understand why elevator people desire the loading platform abolished. The railway people on their part say it delays the loading of cars and helps to cause car shortage; this we know to be nonsense, because frequently after cars are loaded, whether with grain, coal, lumber or other merchandise, they are sidetracked for days and even weeks instead of being promptly moved forward to their destination. It is engine shortage and shortage of competent train men which mostly cause grain blockades on the railways, and not lack of cars. Let every farmer, therefore, do all he can to use the loading platform and become an independent shipper. In subsequent advertisements we will state in detail the savings and other advantages of direct loading into cars as compared with loading through elevators.

We handle the farmers' grain strictly on commission; make liberal advances on car bills of lading; supervise the grading at time cars are inspected; secure the highest prices at time of sale, and make prompt returns when sold. Write us for shipping instructions and market information.

THOMPSON, SONS & Co.

Grain Commission Merchants

701-703D. Grain Exchange

Winnipeg, Canada

A GOOD RELIABLE FIRM TO SHIP YOUR GRAIN TO—
DONALD MORRISON & CO. Grain Commission
711 Grain Exchange
WINNIPEG, MAN.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

"Nonsense!" he said. "It's perfectly easy. Get your hands on the wheel, and your nervousness will vanish"; and he shoved me down into the place.

I was in a panic. The wheel, brake, clutch, levers, all looked alike—I did not know which was which.

"The lever is in neutral," I heard him say. "Now throw out the clutch and put the lever into first."

I grabbed the emergency brake and pulled it back, and at the same time put on the foot-brake.

"Not quite right," he said.

I recognized it, too, and, as they say in the army, I returned the car to "as it was."

He told me again what to do. This time I did it.

"Now speed up the engine a little, this way"—shoving up the throttle—"and let in the clutch, slowly."

I released the clutch so quickly, the car started with a jerk that threatened to break my neck, just missed the curbstone, and made straight for a tree on the other side of the road.

"Whoa! Whoa!" I cried—and sat perfectly helpless, my hands on the steering-wheel, but never thinking to turn it, or to put in the brake.

The agent reached over and straightened out the car.

"Now push out the clutch and throw into second-speed," he said.

As though there was but an instant in which to do it, I seized the lever and tried to make the change. A horrible grinding resulted, as if the car was being torn asunder.

"Push out the clutch! Push out the clutch!" he cried. "There! You see, it goes in easily now. Keep the car straight. Don't forget to guide it. Now push out the clutch again—that's right—and throw into high."

This time I managed to effect the change properly.

"That's good," was the comment.

"Now you've got nothing to do but guide it."

I breathed a sigh of trepidation. "I can never learn all these things," I said.

"Nonsense! In two days you'll be running it without assistance. Give it more juice—I mean gasoline—you're coming to a hill."

I was tardy in obeying—we made half the hill, then began to slow.

"Ease the clutch a little," said he. "Not so much—not so much! No, you'll have to throw into second."

I grabbed the emergency brake and ground it down. We stopped instantly.

"You stalled the engines," he said.

I looked at him vacantly. I should have understood him quite as well if he had told me I was the undefinable X or the fourth dimension.

"Here, take the car!" I exclaimed, disgusted.

He put his hand on my shoulder. "No, no! This is excellent experience for you."

I subsided meekly.

"Now throw into neutral," he said.

I did it.

He jerked the spark up and down the quadrant, and the engine started. "Now push out the clutch. Keep it out—that's it—and throw into first speed—that's right—keep out the clutch! Now listen, but don't act: take off the brake quickly, and just as the car begins to move backward let in the clutch. Do you understand?"

I nodded.

"Then, do it!" he said.

And somehow, I did it.

"Bully!" he cried enthusiastically. "Now we're up the hill you can go into second-speed, and then into high, taking out the clutch each time."

I made the intermediate without much difficulty, but getting into high was again accomplished by a clashing of gears that instinctively made me let go the lever. It slipped, of its own accord, into neutral; we coasted a short distance and stopped.

"I'm done!" I exclaimed, and got up.

"You can run it—I'll look on."

"Very good," he acquiesced. "You can learn by looking. I'll explain as I do it—and give you the reason why."

For an hour longer we drove through the Park, and he illustrated everything in the management of a car, until I began to see why the clutch must come out before you change speed, why you must speed up the engine when "step-

ping down," and why let it run down when "stepping up"—and any quantity of other whys. Not that I could act upon them—that would require practice—but I was not in quite so intricate a labyrinth of mystery as at first.

"Now, Mr. Randolph, I want as a small favor," he said, as he drew up in front of my house, "that you will not commit yourself for a machine until you have seen me again. I have as good a car as there is made, for the money (we think it a little better), and I don't want another man to get all the advantage by taking you out, when you know nothing about driving. In other words, give me a chance."

"I'll do it," I averred. "I'll sign no contract until I've seen you again."

"Thank you, sir," he said.

My wife was on the piazza. She greeted me with a smile.

"You were trying a car?" she asked, as I came up the steps.

"Yes," said I, as I kissed her. "That was a Rameses. It's a pretty fair machine," I added condescendingly. "The Speedway man will be out at half-after seven to give us a run. I thought you would like to try it, dear."

Ordinarily, we finish dinner at about a quarter to eight, but this evening we had just come out on the piazza when a Speedway, burnished and glistening, drove up. My wife and Harold got in the rear seat; I took the seat in front.

We had a delightful ride. For two hours we sped through the Park, and out through the suburbs—fast, slow, any gait we wished. It was enchanting! And now the agent, having his car, made it perform—put it through its paces. Never the shock of clashing gears, never the screeching of a bearing, never the rattle of a fender. Man and machine were one complete whole.

"What is the difference," asked I, after a while, "between the Speedway and the Rameses?"

The man beside me smiled complacently.

"Just the difference between the full moon, there, and the half full," he said.

"They are the same price," I protested weakly.

"Yes, that's it!" he said. "We will make twenty thousand cars this year; the Rameses five thousand—you can figure how much more you get for your money with us. Our engineer gets twenty thousand dollars—that's one dollar a car on cost. The Rameses would be four dollars a car, if they pay him as much as we do ours. If they don't, they have an inferior man—and their car will show it. It's the same with material, dies, everything. The more you manufacture, the cheaper they are—and the better grade you can put in the car. It's a simple question of mathematics. Take our engines, for example."

And then I had the Speedway, from the radiator to the tail lamp, gone over in detail. When he had finished, I was ready to admit it was the best car on earth.

He wanted me to sign the contract before he left that evening, but I had sufficient nerve to decline. I promised, however, to see him to-morrow, and with that he had to be content.

"Well, which is it to be?" asked Helen, when we were once more seated on the piazza, and I had lighted a cigar.

"I admit I don't know," said I.

"The Speedway is a nice car," she observed.

"And so is the Rameses—both good cars—and, so far as I can judge, every one who has either is satisfied with his choice. There doesn't seem to be a toss-up between them."

"Then, why not toss up for it?" she inquired.

"By thunder, I'll do it!" I exclaimed.

"Here! Heads, Speedway; tails, Rameses," and I flipped a half-dollar in the air.

It fell just between us.

"Trails it is," I said.

"Rameses!" cried my wife. "I'm glad; that is what the Spottswoods have."

"How like a woman!" I thought.

The next morning, I bought the car.

"Let us keep it here for you a few days, until you've learned to manage it," said the agent.

And I gladly consented. At the end of a week, I thought I had mastered the control sufficiently to take it home;