



Planning the holiday gift with a Waltham Jeweler is a mutual pleasure. The shopper delights in the beauty and design of the Waltham Watch Models. The experienced jeweler knows the inward perfection of Waltham construction.

WALTHAM WATCH

For over three generations Waltham has stood for the highest expression of the Watchmaker's art. High grade Waltham movements—up to the Premier Maximus at \$250, the watch *de luxe* of the world—are invariably named, and offer models of exquisite design and workmanship, combined with timekeeping qualities of unrivalled accuracy. *Riverside*, for instance, guarantees a consistent high grade watch in all popular sizes, men's or women's. Ask your Jeweler.

Handsome booklet describing various Waltham movements and full of valuable watch lore, free on request.

"It's Time You Owned a Waltham."

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, - - MONTREAL, CAN.

The Millions Who Don't Have Corns

Do you know that millions of people never suffer from corns? Just as soon as they feel one they attach a little Blue-jay plaster. There's no pain after that, no inconvenience. One simply forgets the corn.

In that plaster lies a bit of soft wax—the wonderful B & B wax. That gently loosens the corn, and in two days it comes out. No soreness, no feeling of any sort.

Why pare a corn at the risk of blood poisoning? Why nurse and protect it? Millions of people remove them at once. They never suffer at all. Why do you?

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 15c and 25c per package

(9) Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters. All Druggists Sell and Guarantee Them. Sample Mailed Free. Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

FOR GIRLS

For chlorotic or anaemic girls

Wilson's Invalids' Port

[a la Quina du Perou]

has no superior—It produces prompt improvement in the condition of the blood, restores appetite, improves the digestive functions, and causes rapid gain in flesh and strength.



Big Bottle

Ask YOUR Doctor

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

Just then the house agent called—"Mrs. Milburn!"

The girl's colour rose again at the sound of his voice.

Mrs. Milburn hurried away in answer to the call, and a few moments after he came into the room.

"I've asked Mrs. Milburn to get you some tea," he said, "and meanwhile we might inspect the garden and orchard."

Again that feeling came over her as she looked at him, at once of pleasure and alarm. He had not asked her permission first, she noticed, but took the reins into his own hand.

And, curiously enough, she liked it, following him quietly out on to the lawn and round the well-kept grounds.

"And you think you like the place well enough to take it?" he asked, as they returned to the house.

"Oh! I made up my mind to that the moment I saw it," she laughed.

"Then I'm glad I persuaded you to come down," he said, with unmistakable feeling. "I was afraid you might find it too quiet."

"That is exactly what my mother needs. And I daresay some of the neighbours will call on us, and we shan't find it so quiet as you fear."

"I'll guarantee that—that is, if you will promise to include me among your friends?"

She flushed, then paled suddenly.

His question brought her face to face with the problem of her life. She knew in a flash the reason of her misgivings—knew that if he were to be excluded from her society she would never know happiness again. And yet—

He was gazing at her earnestly, watching the changes in her face, the sudden look of regret and longing in her eyes.

He must have guessed partly the meaning of that look, though not the real cause. Anyway, he acted on his impression, for he leant forward and took her unresisting hand in his.

"Do you know what happened when I saw you standing in the doorway this morning?" he asked, gently. "When I looked up and saw you it was exactly as if you had opened the door of my heart, and were standing there uncertain whether to enter or no. I declare to you that I gave an inward cry to you to enter in and be my tenant and my trust for ever. May I hope it will be so?"

She trembled with the sudden inexpressible joy that thrilled through and through her. No more alarm or doubt now. She knew she had found the man of her heart, and all thoughts of worldly distinctions were swept away from her mind for ever.

"It is wonderful," she said, dreamily, drawing closer to him. "But if you will accept me for a tenant I will gladly enter in."

"And yet I take possession!" he cried, folding her to him with a passionate embrace.

"But how about Mr. Hooper," she murmured, after ever so long; "you'll will have to tell him?"

"Of course. And he'll be one of the first to congratulate me. For I have found a tenant for my heart, if I lose a tenant for the house."

"Lose a tenant—how? We can live here, can't we?" She blushed charmingly as she suggested it.

"That is for you to say. If you prefer it, I am quite sure I shall. But you have not seen Hind Court yet, and you might like it better."

"Hind Court? That is not to let, is it?"

"Not exactly, but, 'pon my word, it might just as well have been for the last three years."

"Then why mention it?"

"Why, indeed, except that it is the old home, and badly needs a mistress. But, after all, that can be decided on later on."

She had been looking at him with a growing wonder and bewilderment in her eyes.

Then she suddenly broke from him. "Do you realize," she said, slowly, "what I have done?"

"With all my heart and mind, I believe."

"No, I don't think so; I'll tell you. No, don't come near me till I've finished."

I have pledged myself to you, and I don't even know your name!"

How good his laugh sounded. So deep and true. "Then I must plead guilty, too," he said, "for I was every bit as unbusinesslike, and never inquired yours."

"No, don't laugh at me," she replied, allowing him once more to take charge of her. "But tell me, what is Mr. Hooper to you?"

"My very good London agent, who is kind enough to manage my affairs when I'm away."

"Then you are—"

She broke from him again at the sound of a footstep behind them.

"Excuse me, Sir Charles," she heard Mrs. Milburn call, "but the tea will all be cold if you don't come soon."

"Then we'll go in and drink it, sweetheart," he said, "and confess our sins of negligence over the bread and butter, and, after that, if it's not too late, we will run up and take a look round the old home, and you shall decide whether it is to be Hind Court or the Dower House."

Then, with a sigh of utter content, she surrendered wholly to his embrace, and the old Dower House seemed to welcome her home.

The Height of Comfort

AT the far end of the barber shop lay a man with every muscle relaxed. His back pressed deliciously into the comfortable chair, and good felt the weight of his arms, which sprawled across his body and rose and sank pleasantly to his effortless breathing. His head lay a dead weight in whatever position the hands of the man working upon it gave it. His closed eye-lids dimmed the light to a mysterious near nothing. Mingled pleasing odours gently assailed his nostrils, and in his ears sounded lulling murmurs of a seemingly far-off conversation.

The steaming cloth bit delightfully; and exquisite was the cooling, freshening touch of the mysterious liquid from the bottle that had tinkled pleasantly against another when lifted from its place. His favourite barber's fingers had the softness and caressing touch of a woman's.

Lazily opening his eyes and snuggling his head about on the plush rest, he smiled up at the man of the soothing touch and said, "The barber shop is the greatest institution in the world."—W. A. C.

A Near Tragedy—A very young man who lives adjacent to Niagara Falls having been crossed in love walked out to the precipice, gave one lingering look at the gulf beneath him, and—went home. His body was found next morning—in bed.—The Tatler.

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A Child's Wisdom—"I'm writin' a letter to Lillie Smith, mother."

"But, my dear, you don't know how to write."

"That doesn't matter. She doesn't know how to read."—Life.

* * *

A Fair Guess

Said the teacher to Johnnie, "What is half of one-third?"

And John, unaccustomed to such vague things and obscure, said, "I don't know for sure,

But it can't be so awfully much."

—Woman's Home Companion.

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She "Came Back."—She was a bright girl and her escort, who was also her intended, was delighted to find how quickly she grasped the points of the game. She got on so well that he ventured a light witticism on the subject.

"Baseball reminds me of the household," he remarked; "there's the plate, the batter, the fowls, the flies," etc.

"And it reminds me of marriage," she retorted; "first the diamond where they are engaged, then the struggles and the hits, then the men going out, and, finally, the difficulty they have in getting home."

And he sat and thought.—Boston Transcript.