



A REMARKABLE INVENTION FOR THE CULTURE OF HAIR

THE EVANS VACUUM CAP is a practical invention constructed on scientific and hygienic principles by the simple means of which a free and normal circulation is restored throughout the scalp. The minute blood vessels are gently stimulated to activity, thus allowing the food supply which can only be derived from the blood, to be carried to the hair roots, the effects of which are quickly seen in a healthy, vigorous growth of hair. There is no rubbing, and as no drugs or chemicals of whatsoever kind are employed there is nothing to cause irritation. It is only necessary to wear the Cap three or four minutes daily.

60 DAYS' FREE TRIAL! THE COMPANY'S GUARANTEE

An Evans Vacuum Cap will be sent you for sixty day's free trial. If you do not see a gradual development of a new growth of hair, and are not convinced that the Cap will completely restore your hair, you are at liberty to return the Cap with no expense whatever to yourself. It is requested, as an evidence of good faith, that the price of the Cap be deposited with the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Company of London, the largest financial and business institution of the kind in the world, who will issue a receipt guaranteeing that the money will be returned in full, on demand without questions or comment, at any time during the trial period.

The eminent Dr. I. N. LOVE, in his address to the Medical Board on the subject of Alopecia (loss of hair) stated that if a means could be devised to bring nutrition to the hair follicles (hair roots), without resorting to any irritating process, the problem of hair growth would be solved. Later on, when the EVANS VACUUM CAP was submitted to him for inspection, he remarked that the Cap would fulfil and confirm in practice the observations he had previously made before the Medical Board.

Dr. W. MOORE, referring to the invention, says that the principle upon which the Evans Vacuum Cap is founded is absolutely correct and indisputable.

An illustrated and descriptive book of the Evans Vacuum Cap will be sent, post free, on application.

The Secretary, Evans Vacuum Cap Co., Limited
REGENT HOUSE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

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A Practical Apron and Sun Bonnet.

Send us 50 cents and we will mail you the Western Home Monthly for one year and in addition will send you free of charge the Pattern for a practical Apron and Sun Bonnet.

This is an offer that is sure to appeal strongly to women readers, and, while our supply of patterns lasts, Subscribers will be furnished patterns free in the order which their enclosure is received by us.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE

Practical Apron and Sun Bonnet

Now that the warm days are here and the glorious sunshine is finding its way to every nook and corner, the housewife finds more or less needing her care out of doors and an apron and sun bonnet which will be just the thing for wearing on such occasions are shown. The apron is very simple, becoming and practicable, the yoke band serving as support for the full skirt portion and little labor being needed for its making or tubbing. The sun bonnet is excellent because of the same characteristics, the least experienced being able to fashion it. Percale, madras or gingham may serve as material, of which 5/8 yards 36 inches wide are needed in the medium size.

6379—Sizes, 32, 36, 40 inches bust measure.

Something every woman needs.—Send 50 cents—it will pay your subscription to the Western Home Monthly for one year, and will also entitle you to a Pattern and instructions how to make, free, a practical Apron and Sun Bonnet

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Date.....

Name.....

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WRITE CHRISTIAN NAME IN FULL

SIZE REQUIRED.....

"Come along and read this, w
It's regularly spooky!"

"This," proving to be a lar
tacked to the little battered do

They read it separately, ov
other's shoulders, in concert.
miracle—for miracle it must
away their breath. They ey
other askance, as though each
picious of the other. But, n
them had left the barn until th
together. The thing took on
unfathomable.

"I told you it was spooky," r
Kit, in an appropriate underton

"Kit will know," quoted t

"Where's v-o-e-f-s s-v-h, Kit?

that key! We may as well t

the gods provide." But Kit

know. It was not his brains,

big feet that solved the puzzle

bit, by scuffling aside the rug

tiny porch and bringing the

light. He caught it up with a

"Queer, though, I can't

that Rooshian combination of t

bet," he commented dryly. "I

so familiar!"

"Probably you forgot it w

put on long trousers—hold on, I

myself—Georgy knows! The

gibberish the girls at home talk

took the next-to-the-right lett

time—listen, will you?—u(v)

e(f)r(s), r(s)u(v)g(h)—un

rwg! Didn't I tell you Georgy

Inside, the battered little h

further surprises—further

For one thing, there had been

outside to suggest luxury or

or, as Kit put it, a soul. But

all three! Here were gay

thrown about at random, dai

eries at windows and doors,

rather good sketches and

bad watercolors, and one or

prints, pinned to the walls on

Here was a banjo, there was

here a chafing-dish had a sn

to itself, there somebody had

college flag over an unsightly

the wall-paper. The effect of

as a whole was surprisingly h

and pleasant. To come, wet

disgruntled, out of the storm

a place, was a thing as agr

it was miraculous.

"We've died and gone to

rumbled Kit, solemnly. "But

the angels? I always sup

should find no end of ang—

"Kit, will you read this?"

startled awe in the other's v

was pointing dramatically to

placard on the wall, that

mistaken at first for some

poster. A raggedly-sketch

flaunted a ragged banner,

appeared these mystic words

"Ye hungry, listen! A

waiteth!—doughnuts!—tarts

mother used to make! Take

door and go straight ahead.

stop till you get to the last

"Spooks!" ejaculated Geor

land.

"Angels!" murmured Kit, "A

on their trail, old man." A

it seemed they must be. Wh

gels could know how hungry

boys could be? how mince-p

nuts, tarts that their mother

make, could appeal to them!

"This is great!"

"We're in luck, Kit, for su

on. Think we're going to r

of the goodies the gods pro

"Never!—not when they'r

pies and such!"

On the kitchen door was

announcing that there were

and dry sticks in the wood-h

ing to be useful. "Keep war

the placard. And what could

ering, damp youths be expect

but obey? Probably the an

how it felt—er—that is, prot

could appreciate, being angel

felt to be caught out in a dr

with the Old Girl. Next t

pie and such," a warm fire

agreeable. If Heaven had se

wonder and question and was

On a door that might be

the cellar-door—they found th

tonishing poster yet

"Oh, I say, Kit!" ex

Georgy, in tones of remonstr

"Don't say anything. Come