

Western Home Monthly Free Library

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FAMOUS NOVELS

BY

POPULAR AUTHORS

The following is an entirely new list, just published, of standard and popular works of fiction by well-known authors. Each book is complete in itself, and is well printed from readable type on good paper. The size is convenient for reading and preservation.

Included in the list are the most popular works of some of the most celebrated authors of America and Europe, and each book is published complete, unchanged and unabridged. Look the list over, and we are sure you will find therein a considerable number that you would like to read and own:

By A. Conan Doyle

g12 The Secret of Goresborpe Grange

By Josiah Allen's Wife

g9 Miss Jones' Quilting
g19 Our Jonesville Folks

By Mrs. Jane G. Austin

g14 The Cedar Swamp Mystery
g46 The Twelve Great Diamonds
g58 The Wreck of the Kraken

By Emerson Bennett

g11 The Kidnapped Heiress
g21 The Midnight Marriage

By Charlotte M. Braeme

g6 Lady Gwendoline's Dream
g16 Beauty's Marriage
g24 Coralie
g28 On Her Wedding Morn
g34 My Mother's Ring
g41 The Mystery of Birchall
g47 Marion Arleigh's Penance
g59 The Story of Two Pictures
g64 The Tragedy of the Chain Pier
g69 The Coquette's Victim

By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett

g30 The Tragedy of a Quiet Life
g36 Pretty Polly Pemberton

By Mary Kyle Dallas

g15 Cora Hastings
g33 The Mystery of Mordaunt Mansion
g73 The Devil's Anvil

By "The Duchess"

g25 A Maiden All Forlorn
g32 A Little Irish Girl
g48 Sweet is True Love
g57 A Little Rebel

By Alexander Dumas

g44 Otto the Archer
g55 The Corsican Brothers

By Mrs. May Agnes Fleming

g3 Hinton Hall
g10 The Child of the Wreck
g20 The Rose of Erstein
g45 The Mystery at Blackwood Grange

By Anna Katherine Green

g56 Two Men and a Question
g60 Three Women and a Mystery
g65 The Old Stone House
g70 The Doctor, His Wife and the Clock

By Marion Harland

g13 Lois Grant's Reward
g50 Stepping Stones

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

g1 The Gabled Roofed House at Snowdon
g17 The Old Red House Among the Mountains
g39 Rice Corner
g61 The Brown House in the Hollow
g66 Tom and I
g71 Kitty Craig's Life in New York

By Etta W. Pierce

g22 The Blacksmith's Daughter
g31 A Mad Passion
g52 The Heir of Brandt

By Effie Adelaide Rowlands

g62 The Power of Paul Latrobe
g72 A Love Match

By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth

g2 The Crime and the Curse
g5 The Wife's Victory
g8 The Little Rough-Cast House
g18 The Refuge
g29 The Phantom Wedding
g42 John Strong's Secret
g68 The Fatal Secret

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens

g26 The Bride of an Hour
g37 The Love That Saved Him
g51 The Charity Scholar

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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY,
WINNIPEG.

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Gentlemen:

Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send me The Western Home Monthly for one year and the following books, postpaid (order by number)

Yours truly,

Sunday Reading

He's My Brother

I met a slender little maid
A rosy burden bearing,
"Isn't he heavy, dear?" I said,
As past me she was faring.
She looked at me with grave sweet eyes,
This fragile "little mother,"
And answered, as in swift surprise,
"Oh, no, ma'am; he's my brother."
We larger children toil and fret
To help the old world onward;
Our eyes with tears are often wet,
So slowly it moves sunward.
Yet, would we all the secret seek
Of this dear "little mother,"
Unwearying we'd bear up the weak,
Because he is "my brother."
Minnie Leona Upton.

John Wesley's Old Age

In the new abridged edition of "John Wesley's Journal," by Mr. Percy L. Parker, the following interesting and valuable reasons are given by Wesley for his long and healthy life:

Saturday, June 28.—I this day enter on my eighty-fifth year; and what cause have I to praise God, as for a thousand spiritual blessings, so for bodily blessings also! How little have I suffered yet by "the rush of numerous years!" It is true, I am not so agile as I was in times past. I do not run or walk so fast as I did; my sight is a little decayed; my left eye is grown dim, and hardly serves me to read; I have daily some pain in the ball of my left eye, as also in my temple (occasioned by a blow received some months since), and in my right shoulder and arm, which I impute partly to a sprain, and partly to the rheumatism.

I find likewise some decay in my memory, with regard to names and things lately past; but I am not conscious of any decay in writing sermons; which I do as readily, and I believe as correctly, as ever.

To what cause can I impute this, that I am as I am? First, doubtless, to the power of God, fitting me for the work to which I am called, as long as He pleases to continue me therein; and next, subordnately to this, to the prayers of His children. May we not impute it as inferior means,

1. To my constant exercise and change of air?
2. To my never having lost a night's sleep, at land or at sea, since I was born?

3. To having sleep at command; so that whenever I feel myself almost worn out, I call it, and it comes, day or night?

4. To my having constantly, for above sixty years, risen at four in the morning?

5. To my constant preaching at five in the morning, for about fifty years?

6. To my having had so little pain in my life; and so little sorrow, or anxious care?

Even now, though I find pain daily in my eye, or temple, or arm, yet it is never violent, and seldom lasts many minutes at a time.

Whether or not this is sent to give me warning that I am shortly to quit this tabernacle, I do not know; but be it one way or the other, I have only to say:

My remnant of days
I spend to His praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem:
Be they many or few,
My days are His due,
And they all are devoted to Him!

The hard treatment meted out to Wesley at Charterhouse School may have had something to do with his hardy nature and length of days. Though always abstemious, he attributed his foundation of health to his obedience to his father's wish that he should run round the Charterhouse garden three times every morning. Still, the Charterhouse regime was unduly harsh, for, by the law that right is might, the elder boys took the meat away from the younger; and it is on Wesley's record that "a small daily portion of bread was his only food"; yet he lived to his eighty-eighth year, and sixty-fifth of his ministry.

CATARRH TRUTH

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all. Something new and different, something delightful and healthful, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it overnight—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

I Am Free—You Can Be Free

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality. But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

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