

## Our Latest Booklet On RUBEROID ROOFING

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is entitled, "RUBEROID—WHY?"

There's nothing dry or heavy about it. It's a breezy little story of some of the adventures of "The Ruberoid Man."

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## "A Beautiful Form and No More Hollows"

How I Enlarged my Bust 6 Inches in 30 Days

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the medical and scientific investigators, and in a few weeks each of the ten ladies had obtained a most marvellous enlargement of the bust. Next it was tried by fifty ladies and the same marvellous enlargement was obtained. Mme. C. Sire, of Montreuil, Bel-lay, says: "The result that I have obtained from the Venus-Carnis treatment convinces me that it can always be used with success." This is a simple, easy process that any lady can use at home without the knowledge of anyone, and I am so grateful for what it has done for me that I feel I should reveal my secret to all my sisters who need it. Simply address Margarette Merlain, Dept. 1038, 85 Great Portland St., London, W., England, and I will send you particulars by return post in a plain sealed envelope. Ladies who fear that their busts may become too large should stop the treatment as soon as they have obtained all the development desired.

When purchasing from Western Home Monthly advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

## The Town Bicycle.

(Continued from Page 14)

"But it is such a paradise!" and her eyes wandered over the verberna bed. "And to think there is never a serpent in it!"

"Oh, but there is! I regard Hiram in the light of a serpent."

"Hiram! Hiram is a dear, a dove and an angel. He has promised to give half the crop of his turnip-field to the bicycle fund."

"That's nothing. I'm willing to give my entire share of the turnips."

"Oh, no! She couldn't expect you to give up beefsteak and turnips both. I am sure she wouldn't."

And so the bicycle fund grew and grew. Miss Matilda was entirely undisturbed; she simply let affairs take their own way. She had set the ball rolling, or rather the wheel rolling, and the boarders were doing the rest. That was as it should be. She denied them nothing—in fact, she even added crullers to the frugal breakfast. But their interest in the fund did not seem to need fanning. The strawberry festival was a great success, chiefly owing to the fact that the June Rose ordered twenty boxes sent to her mother, while the other boarder, for lack of a mother, ate, himself, as many saucerfuls at ten cents a plate. The Rose had imported a large number of friends, who cheerfully paid fares and expenses amounting to two or three dollars that she might reap the benefit of their ten cents admission. Everybody said it was beautifully managed. The Rose had announced that she should pay for everything and only hope to make legitimate profits; but when she went the rounds to bargain for the berries and the sugar, and the cream and the cake, the silver quarters that she dutifully drew out of her little purse to bear witness to her willingness to pay, clung so lovingly to her little gloved fingers (mind you, I don't say that her fingers clung to the money), that farmer, farmer's wife and groceryman at once announced their firm intention not to accept a cent. Then they went and paid ten cents admission to look at their berries and sugar, and cream and cake, as arranged for the festival, and ten cents more for the satisfaction of seeing how they tasted in such novel surroundings, and then, because they tasted well, ten cents for another plateful. Oh, yes! It was beautifully managed.

And so the fund grew and grew. Grahame bore patiently the depletion of his purse and the sacrifice of his beefsteak, but when the Rose suggested that he begin deliberately to earn for the fund, and give up riding his bicycle in the afternoons to hoe corn for Farmer Platt at fifty cents a day, he demurred.

"Can't I make you understand that if we give her bicycles at the end of the season there isn't any need of raising a fund?"

"Of course there isn't any need. But it's such fun to see the money accumulate! And you can always buy more things to go with it: tools, and lanterns, and cyclometers, and waterproof capes and lunch-baskets."

"Well, if you must have money to accumulate, I promise to pay fifty cents a week into the fund for the privilege of riding my own bicycle till the time comes to give it up, if you'll allow me to let Farmer Platt hoe his corn without me. There may be less corn for the market, but if there is I promise to eat canned corn next winter."

"But if there isn't any corn how can there be any corn canned?"

"There can't. That's the advantage, don't you see? Wouldn't you be glad to

have canned corn eliminated from the market?"

"Yes, if I could have mushrooms instead."

"Very well, you shall eat mushrooms if you'll only let me ride my wheel in peace till the time comes to give it up."

So she graciously accorded her permission.

But the fund idea was too fascinating. The next day she had formulated a new plan.

She would help gather in the crops. She could pick berries and cut the fresh vegetables—and oh, glorious new ideal! She could preserve the strawberries left over, and jelly the currants, and churn butter for market, and make ever so much! She could help Hiram—

This was too much. She was not only going to stop riding with him, but she was going to begin lingering with Hiram. "Didn't I point out to you the other day that there was no need of a fund at all, as we are going to present the town with our wheels?"

"Yes, but—"

"But what?"

"It's such fun to see the money accumulate! And they are sure to want something."

"Well, I want something, too."

"What do you want?"

He came very near telling her, but postponed it and merely suggested: "I want to murder Hiram."

Still Hiram went unmurdered to the end of the season, and gradually the fund craze died away as the hot July weather made churning butter seem less enjoyable than rides through the cool woods. In due time the boarders departed, leaving their wheels behind them, and the town passed a vote of thanks to Miss Matilda for the effort she had made in its behalf. The following summer Mr. Grahame Johnson and the June Rose came back, as he had once gracefully expressed it, "together."

"Do you know," he said to her as they walked up the garden path again, "why B is my favorite letter in the alphabet? It's because it turns a 'ride' into a 'bride'."

## The Religion We Need.

Some men are afraid of being too religious. What we need today is men who believe down deep in their souls what they profess. The world is tired and sick of sham. Let your whole heart be given up to God's service. Aim high. God wants us all to be his ambassadors. It is a position higher than that of any monarch on earth to be a herald of the Cross; but you must be filled with the Holy Ghost. A great many people are afraid to be filled with the Spirit of God—afraid of being called fanatics. You are not good for anything until the world considers you a fanatic. Fox said that every Quaker ought to shake the country ten miles around. What does the scripture say? "One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight." It takes about a thousand to chase one now. Why? Because they are afraid of being too religious. What does the world want today? Men—men that are out and out for God, and not half-hearted in their allegiance and service.

To discern and deal immediately with causes and overcome them, rather than to battle with effects after the disease has secured a lodgement, is the chief aim of the medical man, and Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is the result of patient study along this particular line. At the first appearance of a cold the Syrup will be found a most efficient remedy arresting development and speedily healing the affected parts, so that the ailment disappears.



Watching Kitty.