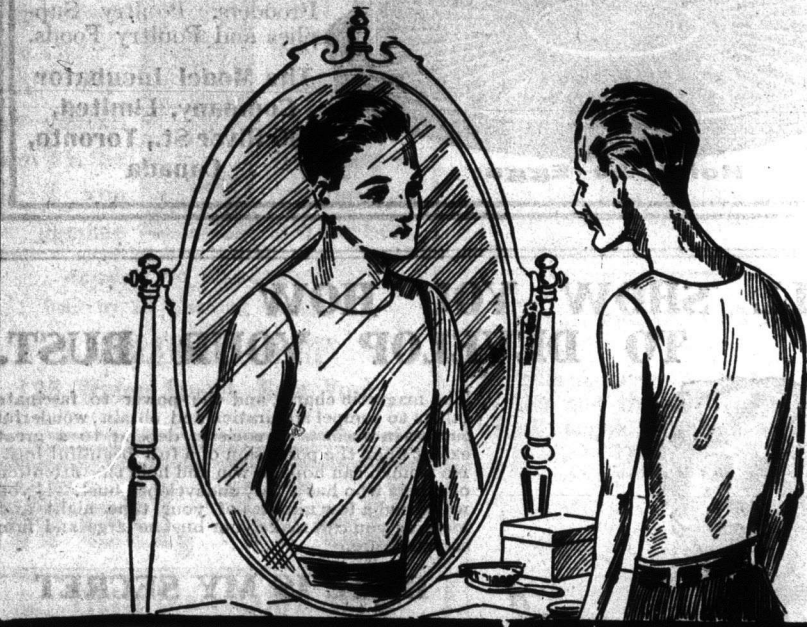


## LET US MAKE YOU FAT 50c BOX FREE

We Will Prove at Our Own Expense That It Is  
No Longer Necessary to Be Thin,  
Scrawny and Undeveloped



The Mirror Shows Plainier Than Words What a Wonderful Improvement  
May Be Realized by a Gain of Even 10 or 12 Pounds.

This is a generous offer to every thin man or woman in Winnipeg and vicinity. We positively guarantee to increase your weight to your own satisfaction or no pay. Think this over—think what it means. At our own risk, we offer to put 10, 15, yes, 30 pounds of good, solid "stay there" flesh on your bones, to fill out hollows in cheeks, neck or bust, to get rid of that "peaked" look, to rejuvenate and revitalize your whole body until it tingles with vibrant energy: to do this without drastic diet "tonics," severe physical culture "stunts," detention from business or any irksome requirements—if we fail it costs you nothing.

We particularly wish to hear from the excessively thin, those who know the humiliation and embarrassment which only skinny people have to suffer in silence. We want to send a free 50-cent package of our new discovery to the people who are called "slats" and "bean poles," to bony women whose clothes never look "anyhow," no matter how expensively dressed, to the skinny men who fail to gain social or business recognition on account of their starved appearance. We care not whether you have been thin from birth, whether you have lost flesh through sickness, how many flesh builders you have experimented with. We take the risk and assume it cheerfully. If we cannot put pounds and pounds of healthy flesh on your frame we don't want your money.

The new treatment increases the red corpuscles in the blood, strengthens the nerves and puts the digestive tract into such shape that your food is assimilated and turned into good, solid, healthy flesh instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. It is a thoroughly scientific principle, this Sargol, and builds up the thin, weak and debilitated without any nauseous dosing. In

many conditions it is better than cod liver oil and certainly is much pleasanter to take.

Send for the 50-cent box to-day. Convince us by your prompt acceptance of this offer that you are writing in good faith and really desire to gain in weight. The 50-cent package which we will send you free will be an eye-opener to you. We send it that you may see the simple, harmless nature of our new discovery, how easy it is to take, how you gain flesh privately without knowledge of friends or family until you astonish them by the prompt and unmistakable results.

We could not publish this offer if we were not prepared to live up to it. It is only the astounding results of our new method of treatment that make such an offer and such a guarantee possible on our part. So cut off the coupon to-day and mail it at once to The Sargol Company 5-R Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y., and please enclose 10c with your letter to help pay distribution expenses. Take our word, you'll never regret it.

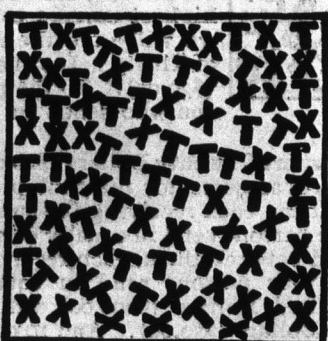
### GOOD FOR 50c BOX

Sargol Co., 5-R Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Gentlemen;

I have never tried Sargol, and ask you to send me a 50c box free as per your offer. To help pay postage and distribution expenses I enclose 10c. Please send in a plain package with no marks to indicate its contents. Write your name and address plainly and

CUT THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER



1912 CONTEST

COUNT THE Xs AND Ts

**\$100.00**

**GIVEN AWAY**

And many other prizes according to the Simple Conditions of the Contest (which will be sent).

This is a chance for clever persons to win Cash and other Prizes with a little effort. Count the Xs and Ts in the Square, and write the number of each that you count neatly on a piece of paper or post card and mail to us, and we will write you at once, telling you all about it. You may win a valuable prize. Try at once.

SPEARMINT GUM & PREMIUM CO., Montreal, P.Q. Dept. 21A

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

## In Lighter Vein.

### The Aptness was Too Much.

A minister, a man of great vigor and vehemence, while preaching one Sunday, bent forward and shouted with great force the words of his text: "The righteous shall stand, but the wicked shall fall."

Just as these words escaped from his lips, the pulpit broke from its fastening, and he fell out and rolled over on the floor before the congregation. Picking himself up he said:

"Brethren, I am not hurt, and I don't mind the fall, but I do hate the connection."

### Much Too Good.

Mother: "Johnnie, why are you beating little sister? Surely she has not been unkind to you?"

Johnnie: "No, Mamma, but she is so fearfully good I simply can't stand her."

### The Only Attraction.

"Is your husband going with you to the concert?"

"Oh, no! He's not interested in hats and frocks."

### The Vein of Poetry.

"I'm sure I've got a vein of poetry in me, dad; it only wants bringing out."

"You'd better see a doctor and have it out."

### More Faith than Cure.

"What is your opinion of the faith cure?"

"I am beginning to fear," answered the sceptical person, "that it requires hope and charity more than it does faith."

### To Be Married Again.

Marie: I hear you are going to be married again.

Edith: Again! Why, I've never been married yet.

Marie: No; but I can't recall the number of times you "were going to be."

### A Cautious Man.

Jacks: Townley is an exceedingly cautious man, don't you think?

Johns: Cautious! Why, he wouldn't pay a compliment without getting a receipt for it.

### His Meerscham Pipe.

Mr. Williams (exhibiting it to visitor): I've had this old meerscham pipe forty years, and I think a great deal of it.

Mrs. Williams: And I can't think of anything else for twenty-four hours after he has smoked it in the house.

### An Expert.

"I need a man for the information bureau. He must be one who can answer every question, even the most unexpected, without losing his head."

"I'm just the man you want. I'm the father of eight children."

### Shameful Waste.

Pa Smith threw down his newspaper in despair.

"It's shameful," he exclaimed, "the way these 'ere colleges waste money on furniture! Here's an account of somebody giving Harvard \$200,000 for a new chair."

### New Possibilities of the Auto.

Bones: Why are you crawling under the machine? There's nothing the matter with it.

Jones: I know it, but there comes Brown. If he sees me with this auto, he'll expect me to pay the money I owe him.

### The Haughty Man.

"Helloa, Pepper, old chap!" exclaimed a man to another, "you have altered—scarcely knew you."

"My name—haw—is not Pepper," protested the other, haughtily.

"Ah," remarked the first speaker, in no way abashed, "then your name has altered, too. Bye, bye."

### An Impression.

"Now, I have an impression in my head," said the teacher. "Can any of you tell me what an impression is?"

"Yes'm, I can," replied a little fellow at the foot of the class. "An impression is a dent in a soft spot."

### Taking No Chances.

Speaker Cannon, at one of the unique dinners that he gives in Washington (these dinners are strictly limited to one hour of time), talked about mean rich men.

"The meanest rich man in Illinois," he said, "lives in Vermilion County. He is a bachelor, and we'll call him Crust."

"One day the superintendent of the local cemetery told his lot salesman to call on Crust and see if he couldn't work off a cemetery lot on him."

"The salesman set out with a hopeless air, and in a half-hour he was back again."

"No go," he said.

"Couldn't get him, eh?" said the superintendent.

"No," said the salesman. "He admitted that I reasoned well, and that the lots were fine ones, but he said that if he bought he mightn't get the value of his money in the end."

"Why, said the superintendent, 'there's no fear of that. The man will die some day, won't he?'"

"Yes, said the salesman, 'but he says he might be lost at sea.'"

### She Said It.

A visitor of noble birth was expected to arrive at a large country house in the North of England, and the daughter of the house, aged seven, was receiving final instructions from her mother.

"And now, dear," she said, "when the Duke speaks to you do not forget always to say 'your Grace.'"

Presently the great man arrived, and after greeting his host and hostess, he said to the child, "Well, my dear, and what is your name?" Judge of his surprise when the little girl solemnly closed her eyes and with clasped hands exclaimed, "For what we are about to receive may we be truly thankful, amen."

### John Cheerfully Agreed.

A lad who was visiting at a relative's house was unused to the form of saying grace before meals. He began to eat at the dinner-table without waiting or watching to see what the rest did.

"John," ventured his uncle hesitatingly, "we-e usually say a little something before we eat."

"Say all you want, say all you want," replied John cheerfully. "You can't turn my stummick!"

### She Knew Her Man.

It was New Year's morning, and Mary Ellen and John Stubbins, as broad north-country folk as you like, stood dutifully before the marriage altar, the clergyman reciting the service in his most dignified tones.

"Will you have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" he presently asked.

"I 'ull," Jack made answer.

"You must say 'I will,'" corrected the cleric, and he asked the question over again.

"I 'ull," resounded Jack, more firmly than ever.

The clergyman threatened to stop the ceremony if the response was not properly given.

That was too much for Mary, who broke in quite spiritedly:

"Get along wid ye, mon; thee 'ul 'ave our Jack say he won't in a minute or two."

### Fresh Supplies Wanted.

A missionary writes from the Fiji Islands as follows:

"Our small force of brethren seems to be absolutely unable to cope with the distress which prevails in this dark and benighted land. Many of the natives are starving for food. Please send a few more missionaries."