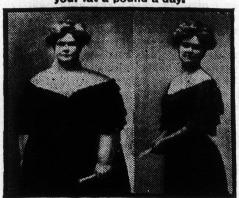
Fat is **Dangerous**

It is unsightly, uncomfortable, spoils the figure, causing wrinkles, flabbiness and loss of vigor. Let me send you my Proof Treatment absolutely Free; you can safely reduce your fat a pound a day.



Note what my treatment has done for others:

Brs. Eva M. Beynolds, Box 114, Lehigh, Webster Co., Iowa, writes: "When I commenced your treatment I weighed 285 pounds. I now weigh 165 pounds, and never feit better in my life."

Mrs. W. D. Smith, Box 34, Abbott, Me., writes: "I have lost 51 POUNDS by your treatment. I used to have heart trouble and shortness of breath; now I am well and can walk and workwith case."

Miss Diele Wilsen, Box 78, Franklin, Tenn., writes: "I have lost 69 POUNDS by your treatment and I feel like a new person."

I could fill every page of this journal with testimonials from grateful patients.

It is dangerous, unsightly, uncomfortable and embarassing to be too fat. Excess fat weakens the heart. The liver, lungs, stomach and kidneys, become diseased, the breathing becomes difficult and the end comes in HEART FAILURE and sudden death. You can save yourself from these DA NGERS.

I want to prove to you that my treatment will positively reduce you to normal and no matter where the excess fat is located, stomach, bust, hips, checks, neck, it will quickly and safely be reduced without exercising or dieting. Your figure will be beautified; flabbiness and wrinkles disappear. Rheumatism, asthma, shortness of breath, kidney and heart troubles leave as the fat goes away. I will send you without a cent of expense on your part, my PRCOF TREATMENT FREE. It reduces fat at the rate of a pound a day and does it safely and permanently.

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C. BRADFORD, M. D., 20 E. 22d St., No, NewYork (Licensed physiciam by the State of New York.)

and in came the pretty Aunt. Littlest Girl jumped up for a hug and tiny smiles peeped out of the corners of her puckered-up mouth; for the Pretty Aunt had been away a long time and there was surely something for each of the children. She sat on the Pretty Aunt's lap and waited—being a well brought-up little girl—until the Pretty Aunt looked through the damp lashes, deep into the blue eyes and saw how it was; then she drew from her pocket a small square box for the Littlest Girl to open, and there, lying on pink cotton, was a beautiful necklace made of little blue flowers, more than you can count, and as pretty as sure-enough flowers. When it was fastened on, it hung nearly to the Littlest Girl's waist, and made her so happy that she ran to the cheval glass to see herself, and forgot the thank-you kiss.

The Littlest Girl liked the necklace very much. She wore it all day, and at night until she found it cut her when she turned over; only when the children played "blackman" or some other game where you had to run, she took it off and hid it for safety under the lilac bush or in some other

delightful secret place, while she played. Now the Boy did not play much with his sisters, for they didn't like "Ogre," or "Indians," and screamed when you jumped at them. One day he played Indians with the neighbor boys, and being on a scouting expedition he saw a glimpse of blue un-der the lilac bush at the end of the yard. It was the Littlest Girl's necklace and just the thing for an Indian Chief. There was plenty of time for him to put it back, he said to himself, for in reality he was a tender-hearted Boy and wouldn't have made the Littlest Girl feel bad for anything. When he returned to the wigwam the braves were at sure-enough war, for each one wanted to be Chief.

"I'll tell you what," said the Boy, "let's make Alexander the Chief."

So the necklace was snapped around the new chief's neck, and the Indians returned gaily to the war-path and they all forgot about the beautiful necklace, until the Boy saw the Littlest Girl sobbing under the lilac

He called the Chief at once and felt round the shaggy neck—but the neck-lace was gone. (The Chief had rubbed it off against the magnolia branches.)

The Boy felt very mean. He coaxed and even kissed the Littlest Girl and offered her his dearest very own things; but she only shook her head and cried until he became angry and said angrily to himself that girls

weren't any account anyhow. That night the fireflies danced round and round the magnolia tree with their yellow lanterns, and the crickets hopped on the grass near-by, and the locusts sat under the magnolia leaves and cried, "Come here! Come here! Come here!" And after a while the tree-toad that lived in the tree began to tell all about it in his loudest and sharpest tones, until Father had to sit inside. But poor stupid people have a kind of cotton stuffed in their earsso that they cannot understand what God's outdoor creatures try to tell them; and not one person, not even Mother, understood that the beautiful necklace was under the magnolia tree.

The Boy didn't get to sleep as scon as usual that night and next morning he thought of the necklace at school-even at recess when everybody was talking of vacation beginning next week-for something inside of said, "Boy, it is all your fault! Yes, Boy, it's your fault!"

That afternoon the Boy made up his mind; he would tell God he was sorry and see what that would do. It was the only thing left. He looked all around. There was no one in sight, and close at hand was the magnolia tree, where the falling limbs made the Ogre's den. There he went that he might modestly kneel unseen. That is how the Boy found the beautiful necklace. He gave one whoop; then, "Thank you, God," he said politely. and ran full-tilt to throw the treasure in the Littlest Girl's lap. "There, take your old necklace!" he

You see he was only a Boy after all.

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