



CORSINE Develops Form and Bust

Our book on the development of form and bust will be sent in plain, sealed envelope to any lady who writes us, enclosing three 2 cent stamps. This French System of developing the figure and bust (invented by Mme. Thora) is a simple Home Treatment which will increase the bust six inches.

Ladies attend all correspondence at our offices and all letters are held strictly confidential. We never publish names. Our book contains photographs from life showing figures before and after using the Corsine System.

We have an agency in the U.S. from which we supply our American clients, thus saving them the payment of duty.

Write for copy of our book enclosing six cents in stamps.

The Madame Thora Co., Toronto, Ont.

EVERY MAN (Young and Old)

Should have our Free Book A Remarkable Recent Discovery of a New Harmless, Agreeable and Infallible Remedy.

FREE

To all interested men, we will send by mail our FREE BOOK, carefully sealed in plain envelope, which fully explains our modern treatment, how weak men of all ages, suffering from masculine debility, loss of power, etc., can now rapidly recover their lost vitality and vigor. No matter your age, or the cause of your present weak state, our remedy acts in a most marvellous manner and makes premature old men, strong healthy and vigorous. All letters and communications strictly confidential. Address,

Agote Institute, 55 University Street, Montreal, Canada

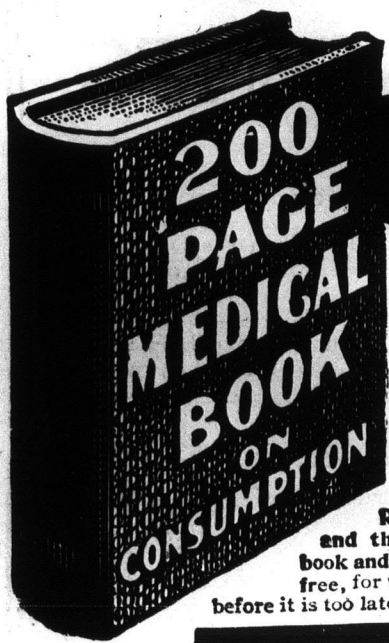
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No bottles—liquids—mops—or hard work. "2 in 1" shines instantly and gives a hard, brilliant, lasting, waterproof polish. Contains no Turpentine, Acids or other injurious ingredients. ALL DEALERS, 10c.

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Consumption Book FREE



This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of anyone suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case was hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 1562 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

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

"But why do you ask me, and then disbelieve what I say? You have neither faith nor trust."

"Oh, I believe everything I am told," said the Caterpillar.

"Nay, but you do not," replied the Lark. "You won't believe me even about the food, and yet that is but the beginning of what I have to tell you. Why, Caterpillar, what do you think those little eggs will turn out to be?"

"Caterpillars!" sang the Lark; "and you'll find it out in time;" and the Lark flew away, for he did not want to stay and contest the point with his friend.

"I thought the Lark had been wise and kind," observed the mild, green Caterpillar, once more beginning to walk round the eggs, "but I find that he is foolish and saucy instead. Perhaps he went up too high this time. Ah, it's a pity when people who soar so high are silly and rude nevertheless! Dear! I still wonder whom he sees, and what he does up yonder."

"I would tell you if you would believe

ful things, I know no reason why there should not be more. O Caterpillar! it is because you crawl, because you never get beyond your cabbage-leaf, that you call everything impossible."

"Nonsense!" shouted the Caterpillar.

"I know what's possible and what's not possible, according to my experience and capacity, as well as you do. Look at my long, green body and these endless legs, and then talk to me about having wings and a painted feathery coat! Fool!"

"And fool you! you would-be-wise Caterpillar!" cried the indignant Lark.

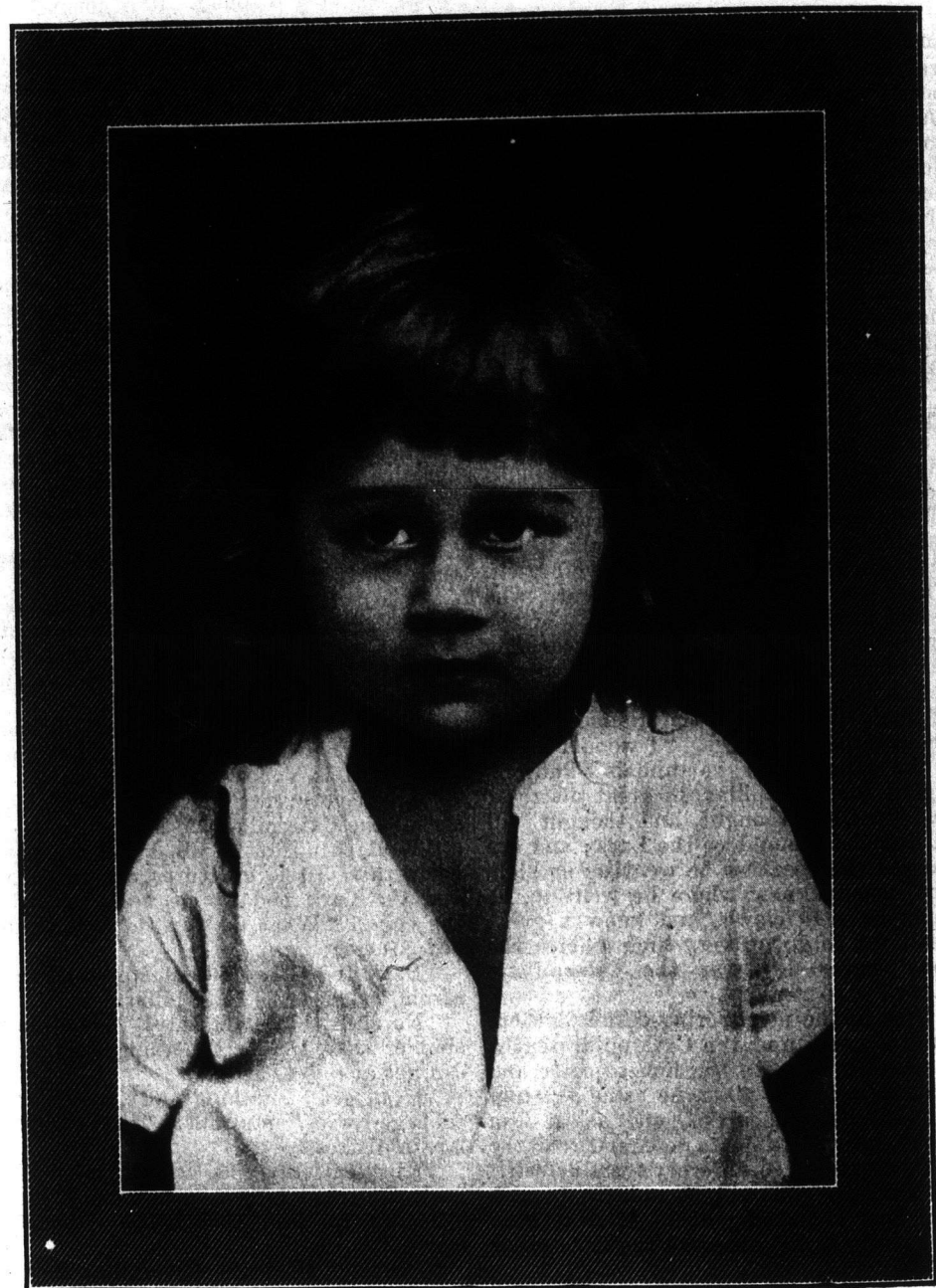
"Fool, to attempt to reason about what you cannot understand! Do you not hear how my song swells with rejoicing as I soar upwards to the mysterious wonder-world above? O Caterpillar, what comes to you from thence, receive, as I do, upon trust."

"That's what you call——"

"Faith," interrupted the Lark.

"How am I to learn faith?" asked the Caterpillar.

At that moment she felt something at



Expectation

me," sang the Lark, descending once more.

"I believe everything I am told," reiterated the Caterpillar, with as grave a face as if it were a fact.

"Then I'll tell you something else," cried the Lark. "For the best of my news remains behind. You will one day be a butterfly yourself."

"Wretched bird!" exclaimed the Caterpillar, you jest with my inferiority—now you are cruel as well as foolish. Go away! I will ask your advice no more."

"I told you you would not believe me," cried the Lark, nettled in his turn.

"I believe everything that I am told," persisted the Caterpillar; "that is"—and she hesitated—"everything that is reasonable to believe. But to tell me that butterflies' eggs are caterpillars, and that caterpillars leave off crawling and get wings, and become butterflies! Lark, you are too wise to believe such nonsense yourself, for you know it is impossible."

"I know no such thing," said the Lark warmly. "Whether I hover over the cornfields of earth, or go up into the depths of the sky, I see so many wonder

ful things, I know no reason why there should not be more. O Caterpillar! it is because you crawl, because you never get beyond your cabbage-leaf, that you call everything impossible."

Shame and amazement filled our green friend's heart, but joy soon followed; for, as the first wonder was possible, the second might be too. "Teach me your lesson, Lark!" she would often say; and the Lark would sing to her of the wonders of the earth below and of the heaven above. And the Caterpillar talked all the rest of her life to her relations of the time when she should be a Butterfly.

But none of them believed her. She nevertheless had learned the Lark's lesson of faith, and when she was going into her chrysalis grave she said, "I shall be a butterfly some day!"

But her relations thought her head was wandering, and they said, "Poor thing!"

And when she was a butterfly, and was going to die again, she said, "I have known many wonders—I have faith—I can trust even now for what shall come next."