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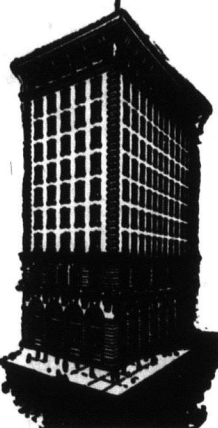
The Great-West Life Assurance Co.

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HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

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Head Office, Winnipeg
Total Assets as at Nov. 30,
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Sometimes the subject will fool you. I was out on a fairly big steamer, she was wooden built, old and tender. I knew the Captain jockeyed her along as carefully as I did my cameras—she was a bit top heavy too, if the truth must be told—and the old wharves on the islands were all eaten and honey-combed with the Tored worm until they were just a mass of waterfilled cells. The Captain did bump one a wee bit one day and it settled into the tide, lumber, shingles, machinery and all; so, when I saw a big sulphur bottom whale headed straight for us down the channel I rather felt the jumping-off place had been reached. I hurriedly set my big camera, leaped up on the cable stays at the bow and focused where I thought it would come up next. Our bow was curved up a bit and that bally whale came up clear out of sight underneath, without touching our crazy old hull either. I might have known he wouldn't bump us, as they are very careful of their tender skins—bet the Captain had a tender skin for a minute.

Now comes another tale of woe. They hunt the whale on the Pacific Coast with bomb harpoon guns set in ninety foot tugs. The swell—I think it comes clear across from Japan unbroken—runs about fifteen feet high and two hundred feet long, and these nice little boats float with steam off at times in that roll. I knew I could not do the work, as old sailors, who had rounded the Horn many times, were dreadfully seasick on the whaling tugs, so I went in the person of a deputy, duly paid and hired, to take all and sundry pictures of the whales seen and the work done. "Nothing can make me seasick, sir," he assured me. So we penetrated the rich swell, so rich you could taste it, and I saw him safely on board.

Two days later the tug returned, a blow and a late catch had kept her out, she had three air-filled whale carcasses bobbing behind her—they insert a pipe into the body and pump it full of air. So I was duly elated. I stood waiting for my noble deputy to leap over the gunwale and report to me. No leap, so I ventured forward. No sign of the deputy, so I questioned the Captain. "Ole," he called, "go and see if Dudley is able to get up yet." Able! that aroused me—I guess they managed to arouse him; for some minutes later a very haggard looking young man, bearing my camera,

and the knot on the oilskin cover looking suspiciously like my tying, staggered over the staging towards me. I greeted him kindly and took the camera from him.

"Had a fair trip?" I questioned. "Fair what?" yelled the Captain. "Say, he never left my bunk since he poked her nose out of harbour." I paid him off sadly and left him standing there, my heart was too full for utterance.

The Captain, out of sympathy, sent me a whale's ear drum, all dried, and a whale barnacle, freshly cut off. I loaded everything into the wee cabin of the next old wallop I was to use. Once you stray off the steamship line of the C.P.R. routes you do get it, and that barnacle ripened faster than any specimen I have ever obtained, in fact it drove me out of that cabin into what they called the main cabin, fully ten by six and smelly. We were out in the worst of it now; the waves were tremendous and the night black as pitch, all inner lights were put out for fear they would jump from their holders and "fire us. The wretch who made the cabin seats made them fully nine inches wide and every roll pitched me on to the floor. I had sense enough to stay there after a while, so I finished my snooze—at times on the floor, at others on the walls, and once, when she made a gorgeous roll, I nearly snoozed on the ceiling.

Next morning the Straits were a sight of wonder, the wind had freshened and on the tops of the great rollers was a mass of white scud, on it and in it and in the trough of the great seas fed a myriad host of seafowl, greater than any man might number, they stretched away off for miles on either side, behind and before; and amid them sounded and rolled great black glittering bodies of the feeding finbacks, each one a monster whale in itself. All this flying and swimming mass were feeding on a little pink sea grill which exists in fairly unbelievable masses.

To give courage to our landlubbers' hearts we picked up and passed a native canoe and crew inward bound too. It was almost impossible to watch them for we buried our bow clear back to the wheel house time after time, and the wee window I peered through at times was down in the clear green sea water. We made the next harbour safely, with much pumping, and I gleefully disembarked.

The Picked Chicken

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Louise Calvin

MARY Ann Mushrush came slowly down the main street of Saeger's. Her old fashioned "square" made of outing flannel was caught primly about her shoulders, and she held to the fence and looked furtively about her as if fearful of meeting someone. It was only "Mary Ann's way," for she had lived her whole life out in this same village and had nothing to hide from any living soul. At length she reached the corner where Cal Williams kept store and with another glance about her she slipped in.

"Well, Mis' Mushrush, an' what's your'n to-day?" asked genial, red-faced Cal.

Mary Ann sidled up to him, she looked timidly itself, though she over towered the fat grocer by four inches and better. She took him aside and he winked humorously as he followed her to the group of store loungers.

"Ten cents' worth o' chewin' tobacco, Cal," she whispered, and Cal with great show of secrecy wrapped up her purchase for her.

"Can't say her soul's her own, can't Mary Ann. Looks clear blue with the cold, she does!" "Bud" Granger remarked as she disappeared again down the street. "Reckon old Jerry's goin' soft on the wood again, eh? Wonder how she ever managed to save enough money fer that there tobacco!"

"Poor old Mary Ann!" agreed Cal. "Dunno what's the matter o' Jerry. Stingiest old cuss about wood ever I see. Mary Ann's never warm. An' look at old Jerry, too, he could buy an' sell you an' me, Bud!"

"Tis just that kind is the stingiest," remarked Harvey Judd through his ample "chaw" of Spear-head.

Meanwhile Mary Ann had reached home. It was a pleasant, comfortable cottage, furnished in painted chairs and old fashioned rag rugs, with life sized,

staring chromos of "father" and "mother" hung awry on the "parlor" walls, and in the kitchen a big square mirror of antique make, a walnut clock of octagonal shape and underneath it the latest drug store almanac hung.

Mary Ann passed quickly from the bleak "parlor" to the more homelike kitchen. Even here there was no fire and the wood in the wood-box was low. She went to the table for a caseknife and with it shaved off a tiny bite of the tobacco; then she wrapped the piece carefully again in the paper and thrust it far back in the table drawer. With the tobacco in her mouth, she seemed to have gained a momentary kind of courage, for she went to the wood box, took out a few sticks and kindled a half blaze, though with an anxious air. She was holding her reddened hands close over the tiny flame when the door behind her suddenly opened.

Mary Ann jumped as if caught in a crime. She seized the stove lid and tried in vain to hide the blaze. The wizened little old man in the doorway, Jerry Mushrush, her husband, pounced at her across the kitchen.

"A-wastin' wood again, air ye, Mary Ann?" came his shrill, sarcastic tones. "A-wastin' wood an' it ten shillin' the cord! A fine November day like this ye'd ought to be out in the open like I be, workin', and not allays huggin' the stove! I won't hev ye wastin' it this kind o' weather. Bad enough when snow's flyin'. Put it out, ye hear!"

Mary Ann dared not confront the irate old man; big as she was she trembled before him. She shifted the tobacco nervously from one side of her jaw to the other and pretended to be busy in the kitchen.

"Thought mebbe I'd git tea," she murmured.

"Git tea, nothin'! Middle o' the after-