

## One Roofing Used Twice

After fighting smoke, burning cinders and storm for seven years, the roofing shown above on the old Wells Street Station of the C. & N.W. R. R. in Chicago, was rolled up and used to re-roof several suburban stations.

# NEPONSET PAROID ROOFING

This hard wear has not taken a bit of the life out of the roofing, and it is now giving perfect service in its new locations. A good life insurance risk is the man who lives beyond the average time—longer than he is *expected* to live. A good roofing is one that lasts *longer* than is necessary. That's what NEPONSET Paroid does. An ideal roofing for factories, storehouses and farm buildings.

### Blue Print Barn Plans—FREE

They are the kind of plans that appeal to every Canadian farmer.

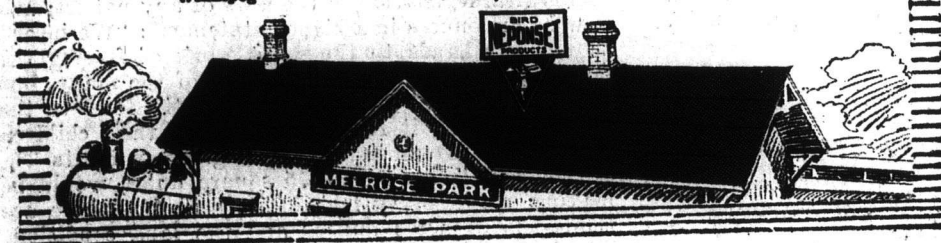
NEPONSET Roofings are made in Canada

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Established 1795  
St. John, N. B.

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## What's in a Name.

Written for the Western Home Monthly By Irving Thomas.



MINTURN is not a poetically musical name, neither is there anything mysterious about it which might suggest the occult. So far as I know it is not borne by any one sufficiently great to attract attention, yet by pronouncing this name within the hearing of a passing strange traveler in the North completely changed the course of two men's lives.

Bob Minturn came to the fur country fifteen years ago. He is one of the few successful independent fur traders. There is no bit of Northland lore he does not know. He repeats the language of every Indian with whom he comes in contact, knows the secrets of the wild, the habits of its animals, the ways of the winds and snow, and moreover he is a man of unusual physical strength and endurance. He has run as far as eighty miles in twenty-four hours with his dog team at heel when it was too cold for the dogs to rest long at a time. They were trained to lie at night, one under his head, one along each side of his body, one on his feet, and the leader lengthwise on top of him.

hearing, one of them said to the other, "Three blacks, two silvers."

"How you know?"

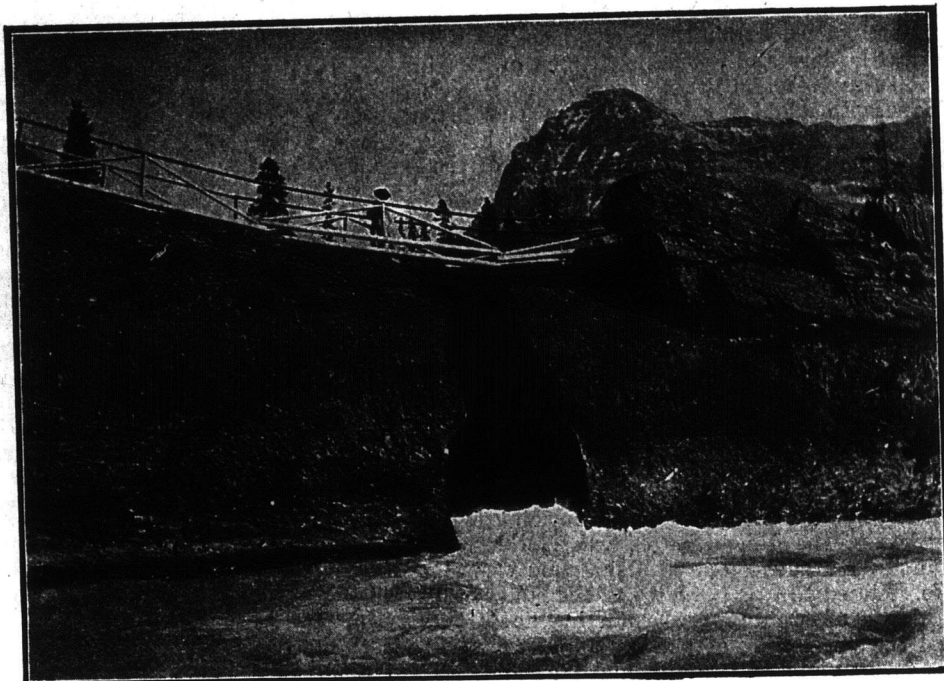
"Rain-in-the-face say he sell him one silver, know where he buy the others and more fine furs, none but the finest."

As Mark was hitching his dogs one of the half breeds said to him: "To the fort?"

"Yes," said Mark.

"We go, too, make company."

Mark had hoped to get away unobserved, for he was aware the half breeds' eyes rested covetously upon his pack. Failing of this, he accepted the proffered comradeship, as though it were a privilege. As they struck off toward the fort the tales he had heard since coming to the fur country of white men purposely lost by half breeds chased one another through his memory. The first day passed uneventfully, but Mark noticed that the half breed in the lead was setting an unusually smart pace, and kept it up all day. At night he dared not sleep so soundly that he would not notice any movement about camp. In the morning another of the half breeds took the lead, setting the same smart pace of the day before, while the one who led on the first day fell behind. Mark



Natural Bridge, N. Field, B.C.

As soon as they began to get cold and uneasy he would get up and run twenty miles, and lie down again until the dogs grew restless, then on again.

His mother died when he was a child, and his father married again. His half brother, Mark, was a lad of ten years when Bob left England fifteen years ago. Mark did not come to Canada for the express purpose of looking up his half brother, but it is likely that when he decided to leave England the fact that Bob was in Canada influenced his choice when he was picking out a new spot in the British Empire. It was because Bob was in the fur country the last time he was heard from that Mark made up his mind to have a look at it before selecting his occupation in Canada. He ran across traces of Bob here and there, and the wonderful tales he heard of his prowess as a runner made him eager to give it a trial himself. After working as a supply runner in the employ of an experienced man for a year he started for himself. The season was well on, and he was prospering. His whole season's purchase was contained in his pack. He had bought nothing but black fox, silver fox, and other expensive furs. Though he discussed the value of his pack with no one he could not conceal it. He had learned the trick of observing people closely without seeming to watch them, and found it difficult to suppress a feeling of anxiety as he noticed three half-breeds at the post eyeing his pack furtively when they thought he was not looking. Outside, out of Minturn's sight and

concluded that they were after him, and that the game was to play him out. He fell behind, giving as a reason that one of his feet was hurting him, and that he did not wish to delay the others, but they were of no mind to disregard the courtesies of comradeship, and slowed down to his pace. His intention at first had been to start ahead of them, and run fast enough to prevent their overtaking him. Accordingly he had "loaded light," and would run out of grub if he did not make good time. The half breeds knew this, and were sure that he would not dare to delay them much. The second night he was afraid to go soundly to sleep as on the first. On the third day it was difficult for him to keep the pace which he knew was necessary if he were to reach the fort before his grub ran out. Anxiety began to prey upon his mind, for he knew that he could not lie awake and run during the day for much longer.

The half breeds knew it too.

On the third night, as he crawled with his sleeping bag he thought that he had never been so tired in his life before, but for the first half of the night he maintained his usual vigilance, but after midnight when everything about the camp was still he fell into a sound sleep. How long he slept he did not know, but suddenly he found himself very wide awake watching his dogs as they went off at full speed behind the sled of one of the half breeds. He had slept so soundly that they had stealthily broken camp without waking him, tied his lead dog behind one of their sleds,