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To advertise is to work along the line of least resistance in bringing your products before the consumers.

Advisory advertising has invariably proved profitable.

The essential elements of successful advertising are quality and quantity.

The quality is the class that is the natural purchaser of your product.

The quantity should be proportional with the price paid to secure the quality.

The Western Home Monthly is read every month by fully 175,000 home buyers. Therefore the quality and quantity element can easily be determined.

The advertising rate is 10 cents a line for 1000 or more lines, for a less number of lines 12 cents.

Fourteen lines, each the width of this column, constitute an inch; an inch of advertising, therefore, on a 1000 line contract costs \$1.40. In other words, the Western Home Monthly will carry your message to over 175,000 home buyers for \$1.40 per inch.

All the theory of advertising can be summarized in one word—RESULTS.

The testimony of scores of satisfied advertisers is at your disposal, and one of the axioms of the advertising world of to-day is "Advertising in the Western Home Monthly."

Introduce yourself now to the great buying clientele of this widely read magazine, for the advertising harvest will be commensurate with the bountiful crops which the farmers of our great West will reap this Summer and Fall.

If you will send us any advertising literature you may have—letter-head, card, booklet etc.—we will design an advt. and outline a plan that should prove profitable to you.

We are as much interested in your advertising success as you are, so you can depend on securing our best efforts.

We shall be glad to hear from you. Why not let us take up the matter now.

Phone 7000

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG, CANADA

tered and cleared at the custom-house, took dinner at the hotel, thus avoiding his cook, smoked some fat cigars, and marveled through the day at his improved state of health, while down in the dusty hold Mr. Macpherson shoveled potatoes with his hands and invoked anathema on the head of Jock Billings.

He came up a noon, brown as a nut, except where perspiration had traced muddy-banked channels on his face, and with his eyes shining luridly, ate his dinner in silence, the psychic center of a cold wave that quieted and banished the cook from his vicinity. He smoked through the noon hour, went down again when the potatoes began to tumble, and trimmed until the hold was full, by which time supper was ready, and the captain, smoking and smiling, cleared, pink-cheeked and joyously appreciative of the beautiful world he lived in, had arrived to insult him with his happiness.

A seaman's code of ethics had impelled the mate to finish a task once begun, and the same code permitted him to claim his supper as part of his pay; but when he had eaten it in silence, ignoring the captain's jocularity, he said, sourly, "I never quit a skipper in a hole, sir; but there's na wind, an' ye can get another mate before it comes. I want my money."

"Oh, no, no, no, Mr. Macpherson," said the captain, sitting up in alarm. "There's too much work in this craft. Ye promised me a mon, but I've had it all to do. Workin' ship an' holystonin' while ye sleep; trimmin' cargo with men on the dock lookin' for work."

"But, but, Mr. Macpherson," said the captain, in a conciliatory tone, "it's because you're worth more than any three men to me. Why, I never could get my deck holystoned before; and now I want to go on, and slick up the schooner. I want the spars scraped."

"Ye do."

"Why, yes; and the rigging set up and tarred. It takes a salt-water man like you to do it."

"Aye, for a dollar a day."

"Oh, well, I'll make that all right. Of course, you can quit if you demand the right, inasmuch as I didn't sign you on the articles. But you stay on, I'll make it another fifty cents a day, and we won't bother about the articles."

Mr. Macpherson was silent, thinking of two things—possibly three. The two were that his name and that of Jock Billings were on the articles, and that a dollar and a half a day was good pay at that time of the year; the other thought might have been connected with the captain's strange infirmity, for after grunting "I'll stay, sir," he added, tentatively, "but I'd be easier in my mind, capt'n, if ye'd admit, honest an' candid—as I've been to you—that ye're the mon that slugged me in Fat Anna's bardin' house in Bombay in the year—"

"Of course, I am, you Scotchman," said the captain, rising, with a laugh.

"For why did ye slug me?" demanded the mate, with a new interest in the matter. "I'd done nawthing to you."

"Because you were Scotch. Isn't that enough?"

Though the captain's laugh was ordinarily contagious, Mr. Macpherson was immune. He glowered at the retreating figure, and said to the observant cook, "I call ye to witness that insult, cook. Did ye no hear him—would ye no infer by it that it's right an' proper to hit a Scotchman on any occasion?"

"Yes, sah," answered the cook, coldly turning away. "I heard him, but you told a lie, sah. You said you done all de holystonin' while he was asleep. Now—"

"D-d-dry up!" yelled the mate, disgustedly, as he followed the captain on deck, adding, from the companionway, "the intreecacies of this case are beyond ye, cook. Put it off your mind."

Several times that still summer evening, before Mr. Macpherson laid his weary bones in bed, he heard Captain Billings chuckling softly to

himself; and he went to sleep, trusting in Providence for what the morning might bring forth as a result of the captain's reminiscence. His trust was justified. Captain Billings was not in his berth at daylight, but Mr. Macpherson routed Jock Billings out of the forecabin, and there being wind enough, took the schooner out and shaped a course down the lake.

A fat man in the forecabin and a Scotch mate with the Lord on his side are of themselves a combination to make for trouble on shipboard; and in this case the trouble was hastened and precipitated by the mutinous behavior of the erstwhile tractable Jock. First, there was a summer gale of wind, which, dying away to a dead calm, left for a half-day a long, heaving swell, in the trough of which the little schooner rolled her rails under. Jock acquitted himself well in the gale, furling the gaff-topsails as nimbly as though many stones lighter; but on being told to go aloft with a "bosun's chair," and scrape down the main topmast, he calmly asserted that he was an able seaman, and not supposed to go above the lower masthead.

"It's you or me, ye child o' iniquity," stormed Mr. Macpherson. "An' I'm a mate, not supposed to go above the rail. Get ye aloft."

For answer Jock passionately gripped him by the shoulder, turned him around, and pinning his arms to his side in a vise-like hug, lifted him from the deck, and supportin' him, kicking on his protruding stomach, carried him aft and deposited him gently on the cabin. Then he went forward, while the mate, marveling at the wonderful feat of strength, waited until Jock seemed to have forgotten the incident, then repeated the order from a safe distance. This time Jock obeyed.

His dumb, patient suffering under the mate's persecution on that long drift down the lakes need not be enlarged upon. He scraped both topmasts while thrashing from side to side from the rolling of the schooner; then the sun came out hot, and his hat being gone overboard, he greased them down bare-headed. Then the cook mercifully gave him his other hat, and with the canvas down on deck, he rigged triangles and scraped the lower masts and greased them. Next came the setting up (tautenin') of the rigging—a day's work of itself—and this done, he was given a tar-bucket, and again sent aloft in a bosun's-chair to tar down. Through it all he was the target for a running fire of comment and abuse, the burden of which was Mr. Macpherson's disapproval of his mistaken estimate of Scotchmen. But it was not until he was well launched into the tarring-down job that the fatuous mate realized that the tar-stains would remain on his hands for days, and that if he wakened in time he would know who had done the work. However, he was past caring for consequences now—only intent upon punishing the man who had "slugged" him for being Scotch.

But there was a dark Nemesis camped on his trail. Unknown to him, the cook, who slept in the forecabin, had questioned the ox-like animal that tumbled down the ladder for a few hours' rest in the night, and the result was that he ceased all his surprised comment from the galley door, and waited.

Whatever truth there may have been in the mate's surmise that reminiscence was what threw Captain Billings into his past, certain it is that he was wrong in his selection of the antidote. Hard work did not waken him, though it did him a world of physical good. While still Jock Billings the little schooner made Goderich during the night, and as Jock Billings he went to sleep, as usual, in the forecabin, and as Captain Billings he wakened in the morning before either the cook or the mate, and came up to find his schooner moored to the old familiar dock, her deck bleached whiter than before, her rigging taut and tarred, and things generally more shipshape than he had ever seen them. Rous-

ing the cook, he went aft, with many an admiring look around and about, and wakened his treasure of a mate. And when Mr. Macpherson appeared, he greeted him with enthusiasm and brotherly love.

"You've done well, Mr. Macpherson," he said, beaming. "I'm proud of you—that I am. You and I'll get along. But, by George, I'm in a bad way myself—in fact, I need just such a man as you. Wakened in the forecabin. Been asleep all the way down, haven't I?"

"Aye," answered the mate, cautiously. "An' it's to the forecabin ye go when ye want to lie doon an' rest."

"Funny. I must see the doctor and have it tended to. I'm getting worse. But you're the two ends and the right of a seaman, Mr. Macpherson." He looked aloft. "Scraped and tarred down, and everything set up. And you did it all alone. Well, well have some paint aboard next trip."

"Aye, paint her if ye like, sir, but I'll take my money here, sir, an' go. There's too much work makin' a yacht oot o' this hooker. I have to do it all."

"Dat's a lie, cappen," said a dis-trusted voice behind them. "He never done a single t'in—but boss de job. He made you scrape de masts, an' grease dem down, an' den you work like a roustabout wid tackles an' ropes, an' den you go up an' tar down—an' you didn't know anythin' bout it, sah."

"Hold your evil tongue," roared the mate. "It's a liar ye are. Let's have my money, capt'n. I'm through."

"Look at yo' hands, cappen," persisted the cook, indignantly. "Jes' look at de tar on yo' hands."

The captain looked, and his face darkened.

"Is this so, Mr. Macpherson," he said, "that while in my other self—a sailor again—you have worked me as such aboard my own schooner?"

"Pay me off an' I'll answer ye," said the mate, doggedly.

Red in the face, Captain Billings darted toward him; but Mr. Macpherson eluded his grasp, and being the better runner, gained the dock.

"Give me my money," he said; "that's all I ask."

"You're not on the articles," said the angry captain. "You'll get nothing for this trick. You have no legal claim."

"I am on the articles," insisted Mr. Macpherson, "at a dollar a day, an' ye promised me an extra fifty cents in Duluth. Fourteen days' work at a dollar an' a half makes twenty-one dollars ye owe me, Captain Billings. Ye can toss it to me, an' ye can direct your Senegambian friend to toss my bag o' clothes on the dock. I'm through wi' you."

Captain Billings went below and inspected the articles. Then he removed his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and told the cook to throw the mate's bag on the dock.

"Mr. Macpherson," he said, calmly, when he reached the deck, "I find you are right, and within the law. You shipped a man named Jock Billings, and made him work. You're a smart man, besides being a whole seaman. I'll pay you off at three dollars a day, and sign you on for the season, but you must come aboard and get it."

Mr. Macpherson looked at the huge muscles he had developed on the captain's arms, and at the determined expression on his face; then he sat down on a spike to think it over, while the captain went below to give him time. Then he rose, still thinking, picked up his bag, and slowly moved away.

Not Cold Storage.

Paddy Doolan went into a shop one day to buy eggs.

"What are eggs today?"

"Eggs are eggs today, Paddy," replied the shopman, looking quite triumphantly at two or three young lady customers who happened to be in the shop.

"Faith, I'm glad to hear you say so," replied Paddy, "for the last ones I got here were chickens."