

An accurate fit for every man

In the Hewson line there's an accurate, comfortable fit for the big, as well as the average men.

Hewson Underwear is made in oversizes as well as regular sizes.

Cut by a special system so as to fit snugly around neck and under arms—to fit accurately everywhere.

Hewson Nova Scotia Wool—a heavy, elastic ribbed garment—is recommended especially for warmth, comfort and long wear.

Hewson Woolen Mills, Ltd.
Amherst Nova Scotia
15

HEWSON'S
UNSHRINKABLE
UNDERWEAR

The Pickling Season Now On

To make good pickles depends largely on the Vinegar used. Blackwood's have stood the test for the past fifteen years and have been acknowledged the best by competent judges.

Ask your grocer for Blackwood's special Pickling Vinegars, manufactured in Malt, White Wine and Cider.

THE BLACKWOODS, Limited.
WINNIPEG.

GET YOUR FALL SUIT FROM US BY MAIL

and get more style, better cloth and better fit than you can get from your local tailor at any price. This is not mere talk. We guarantee absolutely to do what we claim or refund your money without question.

The 2 Macs is the largest establishment in Canada, confining itself exclusively to Men's and Boys' Apparel. We can supply all your personal wants by mail better than you can buy them in your own town.

We do business on such an immense scale that we can afford to employ the most expert London and New York cutters.

Try one order. If you're not satisfied, say so, and we'll refund your money.

FREE. Send for our illustrated catalogue. It contains over 100 pages of everything men and boys wear.

Cloth Samples and Measurement Blanks free on request.

Ask your local Member of Parliament about

THE 2 MACS LIMITED
OTTAWA

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

sailed, and is two miles on her way already?"

"Oh, dear!" said the fair one, sitting down and mopping her—or his—eyes. "What shall I do? Can't you go back and put me on shore?"

"Go back!" shouted the captain in horror. "Of course I can't. I should lose the tide."

"Oh, c-captain, can't you really?" was the sobbing reply. "What will become of me? Where is the ship going?"

"To Belfast, to pick up cargo. She will not be there till night."

"Oh, that's all right," said the visitor, clapping his hands. "How nice. My papa lives in Belfast."

"Well, it's precious lucky he does," said the skipper. "You've done a very foolish thing."

"I don't mind," said Archie. "This is a beautiful ship, and I love sailors," she said coquettishly. "My papa was a ship's captain, but he wasn't so good-looking as you. But please, you'll take Archie back, won't you?"

"No," said the skipper gruffly. "I'm sorry, but he's dismissed. I can't put up with his performances any longer."

"Oh, do take him back," pleaded the culprit, with clasped hands. "He will be good if you take him back—I know he will."

"It can't be done," said the captain, shaking his head. "Quite impossible; I never take back anyone I've dismissed."

The visitor, sobbing pitifully into his handkerchief, tottered forward, and, as if by accident, his head, with the large plush-trimmed hat and the golden hair, bowed down upon the captain's manly chest.

"Oh, I thought you looked so nice and kind when I came in. I said: 'There's a kind man, who's too kind-hearted to discharge poor Archie, who never did much harm, I'm sure.' Oh, you can't be so cruel. Boo-hoo-ho!"

"Oh, come, come!" said the skipper awkwardly, patting his visitor's back. "Really you know! Bless my soul! Don't cry so, there's a good girl! It—it makes me quite uncomfortable."

"Take Archie back again!" sobbed the masquerader.

"I—I can't," muttered the skipper. "I've told everybody he is dismissed. Discipline would go to pieces. Dear, dear! I must see if I can get him a job somewhere else. Don't cry so! There!"

He sank down heavily in one of the cabin chairs, and the disguised culprit, still weeping into the handkerchief, sat gently on his knee.

"Oh, dear, dear," said the skipper, putting his arm round the sufferer's waist to soothe her. "Don't go on like that; it's quite painful! Archie can't come back, but I—"

He broke off with a violent start. Into the cabin walked the sedate and whiskered first mate, Mr. Potter. Mr. Potter stopped as if he had been shot, and stared with amazement at the scene before him. The visitor jumped off Captain Foyle's knee with a squeak of alarm.

"How dare you!" she cried hotly to the captain. "How dare you take such a liberty with me." She burst into tears again. "Just because I was crying and couldn't see!"

"I beg your pardon, captain," said Mr. Potter stiffly. "I am afraid I intrude."

"I was only—er—soothing the girl because she was crying," exclaimed Captain Foyle, beside himself. "I am old enough to be her father."

Mr. Potter coughed severely. "Quite so," he said.

"It is that young Morris's sister," said the captain distractedly. "She has come to ask me to take him back, and was crying because I—"

"You behaved abominably!" said the visitor, stamping her foot, "and when we get to Belfast, my papa will—oh!"

She banged her head violently against the swinging lamp, and at one fell swoop off came the wig and hat, showing the flushed features of the supercargo.

The two men stared, dumbstruck, Captain Foyle was the first to move.

"You young villain!" he roared, striding forward, purple in the face. Archie dodged hastily behind the table, and Mr. Potter, collapsing into a chair, roared with laughter.

"Please, sir," said Archie hastily. "you—er—you don't want a fuss made about it do you? Nobody knows what's happened except Mr. Potter."

"Eh!" cried the captain, stopping short.

Mr. Potter laid a hand on his arm. "Better hush it up, sir," he said, in a whisper, grinning broadly. "You'll never hear the last of it if that young rascal spreads the tale about. Shocking bad for discipline. Better take him on again, and make him promise to keep quiet. Your arm round his waist, you know!"

The captain bit his lip; then, despite himself, he broke into a grin.

"You want me to replace you in your berth?" he said roughly to Archie. "How can I keep you about me after this performance?"

"No, sir," said Archie demurely. "It would be awkward, wouldn't it, sir? But, perhaps if you could recommend me for a purser's assistant on the passenger boat—"

"Very good," said the captain abruptly. "Anything to get rid of you, and on condition you give me your word not to say anything about this little—er—incident. But you will have to turn over a new leaf."

And all Dick said when Archie announced his promotion to the liner, was: "Archie, you'll live to be hanged!"

The Seaweed Lesson.

This was the story as it was told one summer day when the sea was blue, and Dodson's Island lay like an emerald off the Point.

Many years ago a young girl lived in one of the coast fishing villages a few miles from the island. She had known the island always—it was a part of the daily background of her life. When, therefore, the young keeper of the lighthouse on it came over one morning to take her back with him, she did not feel that she was going to any new world—rather she was still to live in her old one with the perspective a bit changed, that was all.

For a few months things went well. She soon acquired her husband's pride in the light, and learned to care for it; she liked her queer little house, and her small, rugged kingdom. But when winter came the situation changed; then for the first time the terrible isolation began to press upon her, and to look across the land and to know herself cut off from all the familiar ways of life maddened her.

One day in the spring, wandering over the rocks, she noticed some peculiar seaweed, and took it into the house. It looked so pretty that she began to search for other varieties, and pressed them on bits of paper and pinned them about the walls of her sitting-room. She never guessed that they had names or life-stories—they were merely something to look at.

But that summer something happened. A visitor to the lighthouse, passing through the little sitting-room, stopped suddenly before one of the bits of seaweed.

"Where did you find that?" he demanded.

"On the rocks," she told him, wonderingly.

"Can you take me to the place?" he asked.

For answer she threw her apron over her head and led the way to the rocks. She was puzzled and almost contemptuous. The stranger, looking up, caught her expression.

"Do you mean that you don't know what you have here?" he asked.

"I don't know anything about them," she answered.

"Then," he retorted, promptly, "you shall. I am going to send you books. It will be a small return for what you have given me."

Two weeks later the books came, and she began to read them, at first idly—then with absorbing interest. She began to search the island with new purpose, to write letters, to exchange specimens. She no longer lived in a prison, but in a world which daily revealed new wonders.

One morning, thinking about it all, the secret flashed upon her—prisons are made to get out of.

There were many difficult times yet before her in her long life, but her seaweed lesson helped her through them. In her own way she, too, had learned, with Browning, the secret of prisons of all kinds:

Held, we fail to rise, are baffled to fight better. Sleep to wake.