

Take my Poultry-for-Profit Outfit Without Spending a Cent of Cash

Tell me to ship you a PEERLESS Incubator and a Brooder, and you take three years to pay for them in



You never saw an incubator so certain to hatch strong chicks—nor a Brooder so sure to raise them

You can start raising poultry for profit without spending a cent for the important part of your outfit.

Simply tell me to ship you a PEERLESS Incubator and a Peerless Brooder—you need them both to start right.

Promise to pay for them in three years' time—that's all I ask you to do.

I will tell you exactly what to do to make a success of poultry raising. I will work with you as your expert advisor, if you want advice. I will see you through—show you just how to make most money quickest.

I will even find you a good high-paying buyer for all the poultry you want to raise.

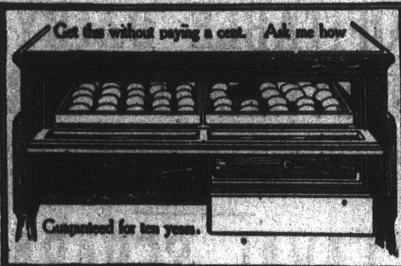
And I will put a Ten-Year GUARANTEE behind the incubator and the brooder—an absolute, plain-English guarantee that puts ALL the risk on me, where it belongs.

I can afford to, because I know for sure you can make money if you go at it right,—and then I will sell you more incubators and more brooders—

So I can afford to give you a ten-year guarantee—and three years' time to pay for the outfit in.

It will earn its whole cost and plenty besides in the very first year, if you will do your part—and it's no hard part, either.

I know every incubator that's sold on this continent. I don't hesitate to say that the Peerless has them all beaten a mile as the foundation for a poultry-for-profit enterprise.



Unless I can prove that to you beforehand I won't be able to sell you a Peerless. What I ask you to do is just to let me submit the

proof for you to examine.

You do your own thinking, I know. Read my free book—it's called "When Poultry Pays"—and think over what it says. Then make up your mind about my offer to start you raising poultry right—

Remember that the risk is on me. The incubator and the brooder will easily earn you much more than their cost long before you pay me for them.

Suppose you send for the free book anyway—and send now. That commits you to nothing and costs you nothing

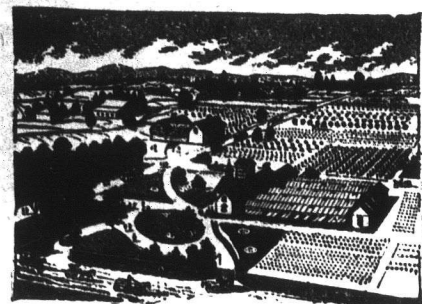
To save time and freight Western orders will be shipped from our Winnipeg warehouse. All letters ought to be sent to Pembroke

The Lee-Hodgins Co., Limited
174 Pembroke Street, Pembroke, Ont.

HARDY TREES FOR A TREELESS COUNTRY

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Thoroughly tested and recommended by the Western Experimental Stations at Brandon and Indian Head as suitable varieties for MANITOBA, ALBERTA and SASKATCHEWAN.

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Start now at best selling time. Big Inducements. Pay Weekly. Permanent Employment. Specially designed Western Outfit Free. For full information and catalogue write

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Toronto, Ontario.

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In Lighter Vein.

Lookin' Out.

Life's a mighty risky thing these busy, dizzy days. You've got to keep a-watchin' in a dozen different ways; Lookin' out for autos that come hustlin' down the road, An' wonderin' if they're goin' to run you down or jest explode. Lookin' out for engines when you drive across the track— There doesn't seem a minute when you aren't on the rack; Lookin' out for sunstroke when the summer days unfold, An' when the winter comes a-lookin' out for ketchin' cold. Lookin' out for prices when you've got some crops to sell; Lookin' out for bunco men that knows yer folks so well; Lookin' out for germs that comes a-flyin' through the air An' never leaves you any chance of restin' anywhere! Lookin' out for burglars when you shut the house at night; It rely seems existence isn't regulated right. I'd like to be more cheerful, but I can't see what about; It seems like there is nothin' to this life but lookin' out!

Sparklets.

A school inspector put a few questions to the lower-form boys on the common objects in the schoolroom. "What is the use of that map?" he asked, pointing to one stretched across the corner of the room; and half a dozen shrill voices answered, "Please, sir, it's to hide the teacher's bicycle!"

Mr. Smith: "I believe there is a special Providence which protects bricklayers' laborers. Do you know that only yesterday one slipped off a forty-foot ladder and was not hurt in the slightest degree?" "That sounds almost miraculous," said Mrs. Smith. "Oh, no; there was nothing miraculous about it; he slipped off the first rung."

Diogenes sighed wearily as he entered the grocery and steered for his usual cracker-box. "How now?" queried one of his enemies. "Beshrew me, but you seem ill of temper." "Alack," responded the philosopher. "This morning I essayed with a lantern in quest of an honest man and be-thought me to have found one." "And had you not?" "I doubt me sadly," rejoined the sage, "that his integrity was impeccable for even as I was congratulating him he swiped the lantern."

Glad News.

"I can hardly believe it." The face of the man in bed was un-naturally pale in its peacefulness. His white hand, lying on the coverlet, betokened that his illness had been extreme, yet his brightened eye indicated either that the crisis was past or that some sudden good news had come to him. "Maria," he said feebly, but with an intonation of gladness, "I have been thinking of you. Do you remember those baked beans you have prepared for me every Saturday night?" "Surely," she assented; "there are some left over from last week now. When you get well—"

A shudder passed over the prostrate form, but it was only momentary. "And do you remember, Maria, those biscuits of yours—those large, glossy, beautiful biscuits?" "Of course. I shall make some more soon."

"And that cottage pudding that we had every Tuesday, with the good, hard sauce. Do you remember those apple pies you made for me with their fine, adamantine aspect? And the apple dumplings your loving hands fashioned, not to speak of the boiled dinners you always had on Mondays, and the specialties you surprised me with? Maria, they are all back numbers now; no more of them for me, dear wife of mine."

"What do you mean?" she said anxiously. "You are going to get well, aren't you, for my sake?"

"Yes, dear," he replied. "I expect and hope to get well, but—a heavenly smile suffused his face—"they tell me now that I must have my stomach removed."

Willing to Oblige.

Trate Customer (to butcher)—So you called me a muttonhead, did you? Will you take it back?

Butcher—No, I can't take it back, but I'll exchange it for you.

A Business Woman.

"What did your wife do when she found that you had paid your creditor with her dowry?"

"Do? Why she divorced me, and married the creditor."

His Closest Relation.

"Mamma," said a young Winnipeg hopeful the other day, "who is my closest relation? Are you?"

"No," sweetly replied the mother. "Your father has that distinction. He never gives me a cent unless I ask him for it."

And it was a full half hour before the head of the house discovered that the paper he was reading was upside down.

He Belonged to the Union.

Representative McNary of Boston and Representative Madden of Illinois were discussing the traits of character of the Irish. "I want to call on a constituent of mine," said Mr. Madden, "to see a new baby. I found the youngster all battered up, black and blue in spots. 'What's the matter with him?' I asked. 'Oh, nothing,' answered his mother. 'You see he was christened yesterday, and while his daddy was holding him the six o'clock whistle blew.'"

Catalogued.

They were in the garden, and they took their smiles from Nature. "You are my dear, little, clinging vine," he murmured.

"Yes, and you're my darling, big tree," she gurgled.

"And what in thunder am I?" cried the Rejected One, parting the bushes angrily.

"You?" they answered. "Oh, you are just a rubber plant."

Then there was silence in the garden.

A Reciprocal Sacrifice.

John Drew, the actor, not long ago met a friend, formerly a player in his company, but now engaged in business.

Mr. Drew had heard a rumor to the effect that the former player was about to wed the widow of his deceased partner, so he genially remarked:—

"Ah, my boy! I understand that you are to marry the old man's widow. Furthermore, it is whispered that she has effected a great reform in you—"

"that you have given up many little enjoyments of which you used to be so fond—smoking, for instance."

"Yes," replied the ex-player, she gives up her weeds, and I give up mine."

The Wrong Number.

Patrick, lately over, was working in the yards of a railroad. One day he happened to be in the yard office when the force was out. The telephone rang vigorously several times, and he at last decided it ought to be answered. He walked over to the instrument, took down the receiver and put his mouth to the transmitter, just as he had seen others do.

"Hello!" he called.

"Hello!" answered the voice at the other end of the line. "Is this eight-six-one-five-nine?"

"Aw, g'wan! Phwat d'ye think Ol am—a box-car?"

Cheap Courting at Epping.

There lived in the town of Epping, N.H., an old man who was noted for his penuriousness. One winter the school teacher boarded at his house, and she had a beau who came once a week to spend the evening with her.

This, of course, necessitated heating and lighting the parlor.

Nothing was said about this item of expense at the end of the term, when the teacher paid her board bill, but the next day, happening to meet the young man on the street, the old man accosted him, and after a few preliminaries about the weather, remarked:

"You know we've been to some little expense this winter running that fire in the parlor for you and the teacher. I didn't say anything to her, but I thought perhaps you'd be willing to make it right."

"Why, yes," replied the young man. "I am willing to pay anything reasonable, of course. How much do you think you ought to have?"

"What?" drawled out Mr. B. "I guess 'bout ten cents will do."