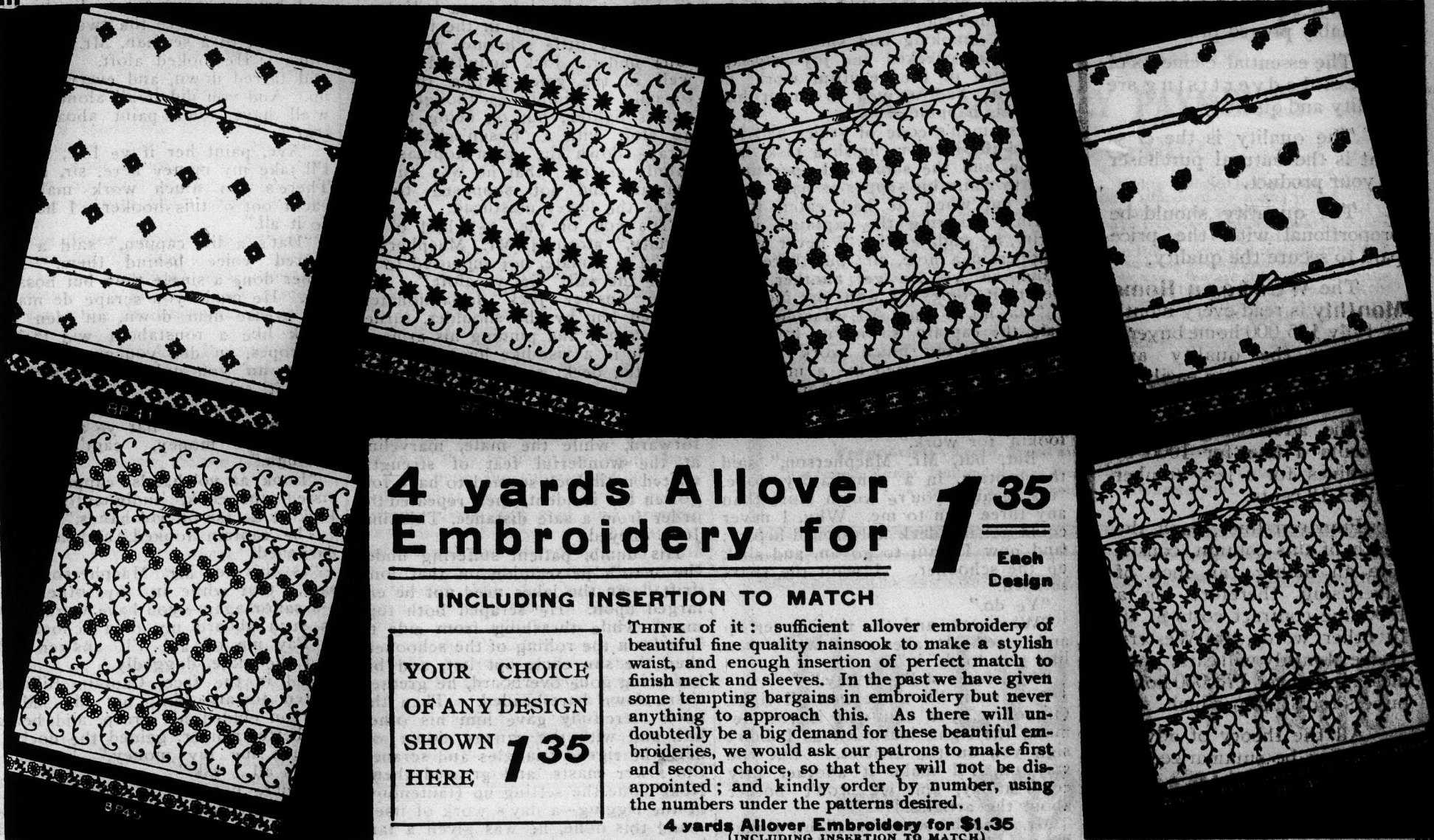


Our New Fall and Winter Catalogue is out

If you have not received a copy, write for it. As usual it is an authority on the newest styles in Men's and Women's Wearing Apparel, a standard of low prices. It is sent for the asking.

In requesting samples, always try to send a clipping of the color you want, and select the catalogue number of the goods you desire. We will then be able to fill the request to your satisfaction. But in ordering goods from us there is really no necessity of having samples, because if the goods ordered do not open to your satisfaction you can return them to us at our expense, and we'll exchange them for other goods or cash as desired, and will also remit any transportation charges you may have paid on the unsatisfactory goods.

Here is a striking example of Eaton values:



4 yards Allover Embroidery for 1³⁵
Each Design

INCLUDING INSERTION TO MATCH

YOUR CHOICE OF ANY DESIGN SHOWN HERE 1³⁵

THINK of it: sufficient allover embroidery of beautiful fine quality nainsook to make a stylish waist, and enough insertion of perfect match to finish neck and sleeves. In the past we have given some tempting bargains in embroidery but never anything to approach this. As there will undoubtedly be a big demand for these beautiful embroideries, we would ask our patrons to make first and second choice, so that they will not be disappointed; and kindly order by number, using the numbers under the patterns desired.

4 yards Allover Embroidery for \$1.35
(INCLUDING INSERTION TO MATCH)

Write for a copy of our Grocery Catalogue. It is issued every two months.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

If you cannot get the goods you require at home, write to us, we procure what we do not carry.

So Jock had it easier that night—though he slept his watch below in the fore-castle—and on the following days, when he holystoned but part of the time, steering the rest, while Mr. Macpherson, ignoring watch-and-watch, took cat-naps on the hatch, only rousing himself at times to oversee things generally and to answer the puzzled comments of the cook.

The weather remained fine, the wind a succession of cat's-paws between long intervals of calm, the passage up the two lakes became a drift, and before the converging shores to the north and south met the town of Duluth, Jock had finished holystoning, and the deck, fore and aft, was a glistening surface of white wood, fit to adorn the yacht of a millionaire. And now, with port in sight, it was advisable to have the captain awake; but he remained Jock, stupid, short of memory, very cheerful, but with lesser girth, freer joints, and several pounds of fat turned into solid muscle. The last of the holystoning had not fatigued him. There was no harder work to send him to, and Mr. Macpherson's face showed misgiving, while the cook's remarks were such as to demand attention.

"Fo'-de Lawd," he said frequently, more to himself than to the mate,

"I neber see such a cappen, an' Ise sailed up an' down dese lakes a long time. He don't seem to keer, no-how."

He seldom got further than this, for Mr. Macpherson's disapproving eye usually silenced him.

The mate ordered Jock to go to sleep on the hatch. Jock tried, and complained of insomnia. He led him aft, and put him to bed in the captain's berth, hoping the associations of the place would rouse him. Jock followed him out, complaining bitterly of the imposition. Fearing mutiny as much as the cook's curiosity, he led Jock forward and berated him.

"Ye aggravatin' bunch o' pervairity," he said in his ear, as he shook him vigorously, "will ye wake up an' take command o' your craft goin' into port? A joke's a joke, but enough's enough."

But Jock was true to himself, and with a sigh he sent him to his bunk in the fore-castle; then, an evening breeze springing up, he sailed the little craft into Duluth, and with the cook's help took in the canvas and moored her to a dock, leaving Jock to do what he could with himself throughout the night. Jock did nothing; he appeared at breakfast-

time, smiling and stupid, ready for work, which the overburdened Mr. Macpherson soon found for him. A man came aboard, introduced himself as the agent who had chartered the schooner by telegraph, and without asking embarrassing questions, announced that the cargo of potatoes would come down and be dumped into the hold by a force of men furnished by him, but the trimming, of course, would be done by the schooner's crew. To which Mr. Macpherson, to get him out of the way, assented. The crew went into the hold, and with hands and feet, as the agent objected to shovels, trimmed the cargo level as it came down the hatches. It was hard work for fat Jock Billings, bringing into play muscles unused for years and untrained by the holystoning, and it is small wonder that the laggard soul within him deserted its post—at a moment, too, most embarrassing to Mr. Macpherson; for it happened when he stood beside the perspiring Jock in a directive capacity, and a wheelbarrowful of potatoes came down on their heads, knocking both on their backs, and leaving the mate in such a position—scrambling out from under the avalanche—that he appeared to the wakening vision of

the captain to be at work trimming cargo.

"Hello," exclaimed the latter, sitting up on the pile. "Been asleep again, haven't I?"

"Ye have," spluttered the angry, but quick-witted mate. "Neglectin' your duties an' leavin' everything to me. I've navigated for ye, stood both watches, done all the work, an' now we're in Duluth, where I'm trimmin' cargo for ye. An' you've been danderin' round decks like a Dutchman, na mair use than a spare pump."

"Good. You're the man for me. How's the holystoning getting on?"

"All done—na thanks to you, Capt'n Billings."

"Good. I'll go up and see. Trim well over into the wings, Mr. Macpherson. I know this cargo. Don't let it pile up under the hatches."

He ascended, and easily took up the burden of his later existence, leaving the burden of the old on the shoulders of Mr. Macpherson. He admired his beautiful white deck, and boasted to the agent of the wonderfully efficient mate he had secured—for this reason, too, waving away some sailors looking for berths; he needed none with such a mate. He sauntered ashore with his papers, en-