

from, as the Huns had Canada all taken—on paper—and the U. S. wasn't going to butt in, either, as she was at peace then. But I wanted to tell you about my pal sitting in the life-boat. We got yarning, and this is about what I learned of how he got his Blighty. He was a sniper and he overlapped; that means he went out at dusk to find a devil who had an angle range on the trench, and crept right past him; and the first thing he knew about it was a 'bang!' some hundred feet behind (Mr. Hun Sniper firing from a set piece at some sure spot in our line). He was without his spotter, working alone. Back he crept and listened for it, seemed hours, until he heard a snore and a cough—one asleep and the other on watch. There was a bit of machine-gun fire since the sniper shot, but all three were in shell holes.

"When the sun arose next morning our man awoke with a start. Our trenches were a long way toward the rising sun, and two dummies and two snipers were between. Through the long grass he could see the silly faces of the dummies, and at rare times get a back head view of one, sometimes two Huns. All day long he laid there, vainly trying to get a sight on that pair. Once, through the glasses, he saw that one wore a silk mask that looked exactly like the grass he lay in. The other chap was painted worse than any clown. He knew if he shot it must be low to guard our trenches, and that a hail of

death would sing along from those same well disguised lines. These two Huns knew the game: 'Never snipe save at dawn or dusk, unless you have a sure thing, or fire as a signal for something.' Our man's iron rations saved him this day, and there were some gruesome sights in that shell-hole, too. A company of Germans had been there when our H. E. struck—good-night company. The second night a bright moon illuminated No Man's Land and through his glasses he located the enemy, but too indistinctly to get him. At dawn the sniper crawled right up on the back slope of the hole. Our man told me he could see both the Hun, his rifle, and our man he was aiming at in the trenches—some 'greeny,' with a rear light, showing him up. 'Ping!' went our sniper, killing the Hun and causing him to fire his rifle, too, as the sand jumped into the air off the muzzle, and the weeds waved. Just then a machine gun in the enemy's line worked up, and our man got into a stream of bullets, pulping his arm from wrist to elbow—and he crept in after dark, all in.

"Here a flying man broke in with, 'Jolly day for the boys overhead, I don't think. Did I ever have anything strange happen to me? Oh, no—not much. But I'll tell you a few things that happened to the other chap'—meaning 'Heinie.' 'They send their sneaking spies over to the schools, and as every man's record can be easily traced away back before enlistment in our ranks, if he is a good one, these shady characters are usually spotted pretty soon. There was one smooth devil who went through all the classes and then asked for a mechanic's job, on account of dizziness. Dizzy, my eye! I'd seen him doing all sorts of stunts when off on his own—nose dives that he never learned at any of our schools—so, one day I saw him hurriedly unscrew a feed and drop something in. The bus was just about going up, but I happened to be in charge that day, so I cancelled the trip, and had the chap put away. After I gave my little speech at the examination they told him they had kept the machine under lock and key, and they wanted him to take the old bus up for a spin. Not on your life. Then they held a proper one and gave him his choice of a flight or a bullet. He chose the latter, as he said "he had got twelve men with his dope already"—and seemed Hunnishly proud of it, too. The mixture, fed to an ancient marine engine, promptly burst into flames. 'Any others? Oh, lots of them'. One of ours, going into his big dugout behind the lines to get his bus, heard a noise in the dark and turned on his flash. Here was Mr. Spy again, one of our trusted mechanics, spring saw and paint and putty and varnish and all. Our man just whistled, got his squadron men all together, forced the brute to show just where he had weakened the trusses, and he'll never weaken any more. Another of ours actually caught a chap out monkeying with a strap just before he went up—cut as neatly, and almost in two as you could wish for. Remember when I tell you of these things occurring in England and Flanders and France, you want to watch out, for the same crafty, far-reaching hand is trying them on in Canada and the U. S. at every roll of this sea-bucking transport. My, what a dandy big target she would make for one of our big seaplanes—big as she is we could put her out in a jiffy with the new fire-works.

"And so go the tales, between card games and visits to the rail. Really some men seem fond of gazing down at the sea. I wonder if they are always looking for subs, as they say, and is the green hue of their faces only sea reflection, for not one of them has been seasick this swift voyage—to hear them tell it."

N.B.—The editor joins with the readers of the magazine in extending congratulations to Laddie, Jr., on his return to Canada. Like many other heroic Canadians, he bears the honored scars of war and is at present in hospital in Toronto. Good luck and a speedy recovery to him. His letters from abroad were read with great interest by many.

At The Chemistry Examination

Professor: Can you tell me what will happen to gold when it is left uncovered in the air?
Student: It will be stolen.

FIRST
GRADE
\$10

19 ounce

19 OUNCES WEIGHT
(FIRST-GRADE)

Three ounces heavier than an umbrella.

\$10

Sent fully insured against Ocean Risk and Duty and Postage Paid for Price. Sold subject to return within 7 days if unsatisfactory, and refund of full price paid.

For Lady or Gentleman. Also made in Sporting, Riding and Military Styles.

Eight models are illustrated in the "Mattamac" Booklets Series. Free for a postal.

You can't possibly get wet in the

Mattamac
Featherweight WATERPROOF

A "Mattamac" is identical in appearance with the usual London three-guinea Weatherproof. In utility also, it equals its much more costly Competitor. It wears as long, weighs one-third and is absolutely waterproof. Though light and compact-folding, it is Wind-proof as well as Wet-proof, and can be used additionally as a light Overcoat for Driving, Motoring, etc.



FOLDS
INTO A
HANDFUL

"Mattamac" Fabric is intensely strong and exceedingly compact. The coat worn by the 6-ft. Civilian beneath, when folded, just made this handful.

This is an actual Photograph of his hand and "Mattamac." The illustrations beneath are, in each case, direct Drawings from Photographs of ordinary stock "Mattamac's." Thrown over the arm, the 19-oz. "Mattamac" is almost weightless. It can be carried as easily as an umbrella, or folded to fit into the jacket pocket on sunny days.



MODEL No. 1. \$10.
The Lady "Mattamac."



MODEL No. 3.
Wide-Skirted
22-oz. Cavalry "Mattamac." \$14



MODEL No. 2. \$10.
The Civilian "Mattamac."

This Horse-back Model is fitted with extra wide Skirt, Riding Vent with Saddle Flap, adjustable Leg Straps, etc. In 16 Khaki sizes.

MODEL No. 1P is the same Coat, but with Belt to buckle, and Detachable Shoulder Straps.

\$16

MODEL No. 7
Lady's Belled "Mattamac".....\$12
MODEL No. 4
Infantry Khaki "Mattamac".....\$10

Sporting
"Mattamac"
Ladies
and Men's
\$10

TIN 8 MODELS, 6 SHADES AND 40 SIZES
The "Mattamac" is made for Ladies and Gentlemen, from \$10 up, and also for Children.

"Mattamac's" are made in the West-end of London, where the best Overcoats are produced, with a graceful, tailored "hang," wide skirt, easy Raglan shoulders and roomy under-arms.

Each "Mattamac" has wind-strapped adjustable cuffs, perpendicular pockets, lined shoulders, is conscientiously finished in all details, and is guaranteed to be made entirely from the genuine all-weather-proof "Mattamac" Fabric.

If your Dealer does not yet stock "Mattamac's" we supply direct. Send measurement around chest over waist-coat, state height, color, model, and enclose remittance.

SEND FOR "MATTAMAC" ART BOOKLETS, POST FREE

Send a postcard for the "Mattamac" Booklets "Series 91A" and free patterns of "Mattamac" Fabric. The series illustrates eight "Mattamac" Models, including Town and Sporting Models for Ladies and Gentlemen (\$10), the Lady Belled Model (\$12), and the Infantry Khaki Model so much worn in France (\$10). "Mattamac" Sou'westers, Pullovers, Trench and Fishing Waders, and "Mattamac Vests" have the same Weatherproof light-weight qualities. The Booklets describe them also. Write for Booklets "Series 91A" including prevailing shades of "Mattamac" Fabric, Ordering Forms, etc., to the Sole Makers of "Mattamac" Stormproofs.

PEARSON
BROTHERS

WESTERN HOUSE,
45, CONDUIT STREET,
LONDON, W. 1., ENGLAND

GOOD CLASS DEALERS ARE INVITED TO WRITE FOR ATTRACTIVE AGENCY TERMS

Canadian Visitors to London can inspect all models at the Conduit Street Show-rooms and make their purchases on the spot in English currency—subject also to full refund if unsatisfactory on return within 7 days of purchase.



Lieutenant H. A. Harper
Scaforth Highlanders
Killed in Action on Western Battle Front

THE death of Lieut. Harper of the Scaforth Highlanders will have more than passing interest for *Western Home Monthly* readers, as he was married to Miss Irene Keane, of Edmonton and Brantford, Ont., one of the cleverest of the younger school of Canadian writers, and well known to the readers of these pages before the war. The marriage took place at All Saints' Pro-Cathedral, Edmonton, in January, 1914, the opening year of the war, and young Harper was called to the colors shortly afterwards. He was killed in action on April 15th, 1918, on ground made sacred by the blood of the very flower of British manhood.

The many friends of Mrs. Harper, whose literary labors were interrupted to take up war work, will learn with regret that the long strain of waiting, with the usual tragic ending of war, resulted in her becoming critically ill after her husband's death, but we hope that the fortitude she showed in facing death with her gallant husband will enable her to recover and continue her labors for others.