

To The Younger Generation

LIFE INSURANCE should appeal with peculiar force—for the reason that a Life Policy is the only investment in which the young have a decided advantage over their elders. Not only in the considerably lower cost—but in the greater immunity from ill health and other causes that prevent insurance—there is a strong argument for arranging this urgent matter of protection early in life.

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The Great-West Life Assurance Company

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GRAIN

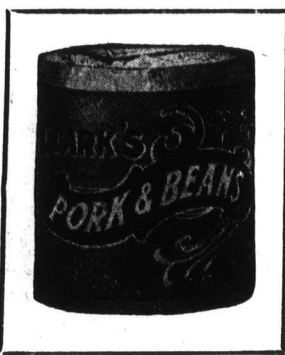
We continue to act as agents for Grain Growers in the looking after and selling of car-lots of Wheat, Oats, Barley, Rye and Flax, on commission only. The members of our firm give personal expert service in checking the grading of cars, and have been frequently successful in getting grades raised. Liberal advances made at seven per cent interest on grain consigned to us for sale. Write to us for market information and shipping instructions.

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They are cooked ready—simply warm up the can before opening

W. CLARK

MONTREAL

Home in a Huff

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Charles Dorian

SOME people call it temperament, but Tom Burnside is the last man in the world you would accuse of having such a thing attack him even for a moment," said Jim Desson, telling the story among friends. "It is a funny thing that they were both hit with it at the same time, whatever it was. I can understand his wife getting peevish, but Tom, well, it isn't his nature, and yet see what happened later!"

Tom Burnside had surely made a terrible mistake. The fact that he acknowledged it showed that it had assailed him from without and was really no part of his nature. That its developments involved his very sanity goes a long way to prove that even the slightest

When he arrived back at his home terminal, therefore, Tom was called into the private office of the master mechanic and told that he was virtually responsible for the debacle that followed his fast running through the restricted section of railroad. Tom did not tell the master mechanic that before leaving, his superintendent had told him to think nothing of that trip but getting the train over the road on time, that the record had not been so good lately, and the fretting management were prodding him for better results. Now Tom was to get a heap of demerit marks, the first against his record, and he felt meanly about it.

For the first time in his railroad career he failed to whistle or hum softly to himself on his way home. He was down-



Sweet Content

incidents are fated. There was, of course, a pathological reason for Mrs. Burnside's action.

Were he a poet or an artist it might be understood of Tom Burnside, but his occupation was that of a locomotive engineer. He was, in fact, the youngest passenger engineer on the Canada Provincial's Huron Division, and possessed all the cocksureness of youth.

It was the reprimand that nettled him, yet it was coming to him for ignoring a slow order over a muskeg. His argument was that he wanted to bring his train in on time and he had to let her out to the last notch every inch of the road.

He believed in hunches and felt that he could swing his train across that soft stretch in safety and he did bring the train in on time, for which the management was thankful. Yet a freight train following plowed into the slowed track and the engine nosed into the oozy road-bed up to her bumper, and blocked the main line for miles. Luckily, the freight train was not observing the slow order or it would have turned over a new leaf in the serious lockad-

cast and sullen. Tom was usually placid and cheerful, a frequent concomitant of blue-eyed, fair and muscular men. The dumps did not become him and the effect was peculiar because of the highly-strung nervous condition of his wife.

She was brown-eyed, dark and thin; a combination often belonging to the mentally alert, and although these two young people were very much in love with each other they met at the door that early morning with daggers drawn.

The terrible mistake that Tom made was that he did not kiss her; she was just in that mood that a good kiss-shower would have soothed away. But poor Tom was in need of similar treatment. Each wanted to be petted, instead each fretted. They spoke in monosyllables. Estrangement bulked up between them and abated at their willingness to be divided.

Tom went to bed without his customary breakfast. When he awoke at four in the afternoon he was hungry. He went to the refrigerator and cut a slice of cold meat and, peppering it profusely, placed it between two thick, well-buttered slices of bread. He enjoyed it because

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