

**FIRST
GRADE
\$10**

You can't possibly get wet in the

Mattamac

19 ounce

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.

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.



**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 a "Mattamac." The illustrations beneath are, in each case, direct drawings from photographs of ordinary stock "Mattamacs." 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.

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. 1 is the same Coat, but with Belt to buckle, and Detachable Shoulder Straps.

\$16



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



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



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

MODEL No. 7
Lady's Belted "Mattamac"..... \$12

MODEL No. 4
Infantry Khaki "Mattamac"..... \$10

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

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

"Mattamac" 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" we supply direct. Send measurement around chest our 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 Belted Model (\$12), and the Infantry Khaki Model so much worn in France (\$10). "Mattamac" Sweaters, Pullovers, Trench and Fishing Waders, and "Mattamac" Vests have the same Weather-proof 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.



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.

The Cat---Alias Cupid

Written for The Western Home Monthly. By Evelyn Gowan Murphy

IT was a wet cheerless night and the girl, curled up on the couch heaped high with cushions, straightened up from her reading, yawned with sheer boredom and threw the book into a far corner.

"If only," she thought, "things would happen the way they do in novels where the girl always meets the hero just the minute she wants to and every thing in the garden is lovely."

Rumpling up her dark fluffy hair she reached for a hand mirror and surveyed herself. Wide-open grey eyes looked back from the glass. The girl in the novel had possessed "twinkling grey eyes." Her's only looked wistful. A small nose "tiptoed as a flower" and a mouth that might have been the gift of a fairy godmother. No doubt the fairy prince could have found no possible fault with the face reflected in the glass, but that was just the trouble, there was no fairy prince.

Presently, above the sound of rain, driving in sheets against the window, she heard "Meow—meow—ow" outside, in the hallway. Dropping the mirror among the cushions, she ran to the door, opened it, and in walked a large yellow cat. Doris, with a little laugh of delight, picked up the visitor and carried him back to the couch. Settling herself in the cushions again and stroking pussy's soft fur, she confided to him what a tiresome, lonesome life a stenographer has who leaves a little town where she has known everyone, and comes to earn her "bread and keep" in the city where she didn't know a soul and even envied the shop-girls going home, two by two, at night. How her time was divided between a stuffy office all day and a cheerless room to return to each night. And pussy purred and purred in complete understanding. Then the confidences were interrupted by a firm step coming down the hall, and a deep voice: "Kitty, kitty, Bobby, now where the deuce?" and in one bounce pussy was at the door making his presence known as loudly as he knew how.

The girl followed more slowly as the man came to a standstill outside and called, "Kitty." "Meow," answers Bobby and the girl swung open the door.

"Oh, I say," stammered the six foot one inch outside, taking his pipe from his mouth and stepping back as he sees the pretty flushed face opposite him.

"I really wasn't stealing him," said Doris, "he was crying outside my door and I was so lonely—I do so like cats so I called him in. Is he yours?"

"Well, I'm his guardian," answered the man. "My sister has shut up her house and shunted Bobby onto me to keep while she's away. I've lost him three times already, and he's no end of a nuisance. Stepped in my ink bottle to-day, most awful mess, and I scrubbed at his paw for ten minutes without improving it a little bit. You couldn't suggest any way of getting the ink off, could you?"

Turning his brown eyes resolutely away from the girl silhouetted in the doorway, he regarded Bobby who was circling about her and rubbing against her skirts.

"I take ink spots off my handkerchiefs with milk, soak them in it," she said.

The man shook his head. "Bobby'd drink it before it had time to even wet his meddlesome paw. The ink will just have to wear off I expect. It was awfully good of you to take him in, and I say, if it isn't troubling you too much, if you should come across him wandering around, could you just drop him inside my door? I'm in the suite at the end of the hall. Marsden's my name, Lorne Marsden. My card is stuck on the door."

"Oh," ventured Doris. "Oh, do you think I could have him till your sister comes back if you really don't like him. I'd be ever so grateful. He's such a cheerful looking cat." She stopped, her cheeks the color of a rose and eyes that shone exactly like the heroine in the novel, and the man looking down at her felt a queer happy little thrill run through him.

"Do you really mean you'd like to be bothered with him, honestly now? If I had the responsibility of that cat off my hands I'd feel about ten years younger."

Could you have him! Well, rather. Only you would have to let me make good for the milk and things he eats, the hungriest beast I ever—

"You mustn't call the dear thing a beast," cried the girl, stooping to pick up Bobby and tucking him up against her soft cheek. "He's the loveliest, wooliest cat. I just can't tell you how I'll appreciate the loan of him."

"Well, Bobby, surely seems willing to stay with you from the row he is making." "That's purring, not a row," corrected Doris. "Say good-night to your late guardian, pussy."

Bobby meow'd loudly and the girl backed into the lighted room.

"Good-night, Mr. Marsden," said she with a little double nod that the man thought vastly attractive.

"Good-night, Miss er—er?" but the door was closed gently and he retreated to his room where he sat the remainder of the evening, puffing away at a favorite pipe, his mind full of the girl, hearing again her soft voice, and thinking of all the things he might have said, and hadn't.

And the girl, down on her knees beside Bobby who was lapping up a saucer of milk with his inky paw firmly implanted in the dish, she espied the discarded novel in the corner, picked it up and straightened out the crumpled pages. "He's ever so much nicer looking than that chap in the story," she said. "Oh, Bobby, I do think yellow cats are lucky things to have around the place."

Next day and the next and the next, Doris went to the office without seeing Bobby's late guardian. On the fourth day, wending her way homeward she was caught in a sudden storm, without an umbrella and took hasty refuge in an area-way to save her hat from ruin. It was a particularly becoming little hat, and the dark hair peeped from under the close-fitting brim in little curling tendrils to which the raindrops still clung, jewel-like and shining. And then she saw him coming toward her, the rain splashing against the long mackintosh and dripping from his umbrella. Would he recognize her or should she call to him? No—she couldn't do that. But for once Dan Cupid was not neglecting his business, the man turned his head in her direction and the next instant was beside her.

"Marooned?" said he. "Do you think I'd do for a friend in need?"

"Is it big enough to cover two?" queried the girl.

"Suppose we try," he answered.

So out into the rain they went, joining the home going throngs, and splashed along talking of Bobby. The man by degrees drawing from Doris the story of her uneventful life, and finding how nearly it tallied with his own experience, for he, too, knew what it meant to be isolated and friendless among the thousands around him. And all unnoticed and unenvied the shop girls, two by two, chatting happily, tripped past the pair under the big umbrella.

It was a very happy girl with two shining grey eyes who lifted the yellow pussy up from a cushion as she entered and planted a kiss between his ears. "Oh, Bobby," she whispered. "Everything in the garden is just lovely."

And the man, equally happy, eyes shining, too, strode down the hall singing in soft tones to himself: "Listen Bobby."

"I'll be your rain—beau,
I'll beam for you."

Innocent Youth

After her third day at school, says Everybody's Magazine, Pauline was retelling stories of her classmates' naughtiness.

"That's bad," commented her mother, "Didn't the teacher have to correct you?"

"No," Pauline assured her. "She had to speak to all the class except me this afternoon."

"That's queer," remarked her father somewhat suspiciously. "What did she say?"

"She said," reported Pauline, "Now, children, we will all wait till Pauline is in order."