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How Weather Changes Bring Death to Roofing

The life of Roofing is Saturation and Coating. Yet this vital part is sorely neglected by nearly every Roofing maker. The Basis of most Roofing, except Brantford, is wood pulp, lute or cotton-cloth—all short fibred. When it passes through "Saturatory Process," it does not become actually saturated—merely coated. This "Coating" is of refuse and quickly evaporates—wears off—exposing foundation to savage weather. It absorbs water and moisture, and becomes brittle, cracks, rots and finally crumbles. Even when new it softens under heat, sagging and dripping. But the Foundation of Brantford Roofing is a heavy, evenly condensed sheet of long-fibred pure Wool, saturated with Asphalt, which is forced into every fibre—not merely dipped. It is heavily coated with time-defying, fire-resisting Rock Crystals, which require no painting. This special Coating cannot evaporate and protects inside. Brantford is indestructible, pliable, tight, water, weather, spark, acid, alkali, smoke, fire-proof.

Brantford Roofing

cannot absorb moisture, freeze and crack in cold weather, or become sticky and lifeless in hot weather. Brantford Crystal Roofing is not the kind all manufacturers care to make, because it costs extra money, yet it costs you no more than short-life Roofing. Roofing Book and Brantford Samples are free from dealer or us. Brantford Asphalt Roofing, Nos. 1, 2, 3. Brantford Rubber Roofing, Nos. 1, 2, 3. Brantford Crystal Roofing, one grade (heavy) Mohawk Roofing one grade only.

BRANTFORD ROOFING COMPANY LTD., BRANTFORD, CAN.

Winnipeg Agents: General Supply Co., of Canada, Limited, Woods Western Bldg., Market St. East. Vancouver Agents: Fleck Bros, Limited, Imperial Building, Seymour Street.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

ahead of Mac' to speak to his gigantic friend.

"Hello, Donnybrook! where did you come from?" said the genial contractor, as he quickly recognized that never-to-be-forgotten face.

"Straight from the police station, sir. They had me up for shtearin' a tin dollar bill. What d'ye think of it?" and the little Tipperary terror had no other expectation written on his face than that his big friend would rise at once to his own ingenuous appreciation of the absurdity of the idea. And he did.

Magilligan coming up at the moment gave what was certainly a less circuitous, if not quite so picturesque, an account of the incident as Micky would have given.

"Funny thing, Donnybrook, I was speaking about you the other day. I want you again, my boy, if you want a good job. What do you say?"

"Well, sorr, I was thinkin' o' doin' a bit o' homesteadin'."

"Ah Chucks! You come with me, Doolin, and we'll find you something better than homesteadin'. Here! this man is waiting for me an. I can't talk to you here. Come up to my office in that big new building there at 4 o'clock this afternoon and give that card to the first chap you see. Tell him you've got to see me."

In the end, Micky was appointed to one of the most responsible positions in the stores and equipment department of the great railway contractor, a post that might be filled by any man of "average" intelligence but in which absolute fidelity to the most trifling detail was of the first importance and was recognized accordingly in the matter of remuneration.

The physical proportions of Michael Doolin when he came out of that office were probably no greater than when he entered it, but mentally he was a king among men and held the whole world at his mercy.

It was needful that on the following

evening, Michael should wait upon the "grr-ate man" at his suburban home to receive final instructions before leaving the city to enter upon his new sphere in North West Alberta. At the moment he arrived at the address given, a rig drew up, and from it there was carefully deposited on the sidewalk a handsome trunk and a young woman, belonging to it, consigned to the same address as Michael sought.

As in the twilight he held the gate open to admit the young lady, what were his emotions when he found that she was no other than the blue eyed Scotch lassie who had so recently been called upon to testify against him!

The "Divinity that shapes our ends" had brought them together again, and by common consent, yet without one spoken word, they read their fate in that strange meeting.

The lady of the "grr-ate man" wanted a handmaid at the same moment her lord required a henchman into whose hands he could trust his life. Mary had just arrived to take up her position in the household and Michael had come to receive his marching orders for the part he was about to take in the building of the great Transcontinental.

Fortune again was kind to them that evening. It chanced that Micky had to wait a long time until his chief was at liberty to see him, and that interval of waiting was not lost by either party. At parting, Mary offered no objections to receiving a picture post card from Michael now and again, but the day came, and very quickly, when the hearts of this happy pair could no longer be held within the limits of picture post cards.

At the moment of writing, the "grr-ate man" had seen no reason to call in question the conduct of his Irish lieutenant, but long ago his lady had to find a new Abigail—much to her regret, for Mary Mackenzie had been "a gem of a servant"; no less, however, than Michael Doolin continues to find her a jewel of a wife.

The Great Bubble Syndicate.

Like the Great Mississippi Bubble, it Ended by Bursting.

By Lloyd Osbourne.



I SUPPOSE it was a fool arrangement, but anyway we did it; and Harry Prentiss, who is learning how to be a corporation lawyer, and has specialized on contracts, spent a whole week making it what he called ironclad. When it was typewritten it covered nine pages, and was so excessively ironclad that nobody could understand it but Harry. He said it undoubtedly covered the ground, however, and would be worth all the trouble it cost him in the friction it would save afterwards. You'd hardly know Harry as the same boy that played Yale full-back, he's grown so cynical and suspicious, and he's got that lawyer way of looking at you now as though you were a liar and he was just about to pounce on you with the truth. I thought he might have brought Nelly and himself into the agreement under one head, considering he was engaged to her, and that they were only waiting to save a thousand dollars in order to get married; but he couldn't see it that way at all, and spoke about people changing their minds, and how in law you must be prepared for every contingency (especially if it were disagreeable and unexpected), and put supposititious cases till Nelly broke down and cried.

They had got five hundred toward the thousand when they were both taken with automobile fever—and taken bad. And then they decided that, though marriage was all right, they were still pretty young, and the bubble had the first call. Harry had been secretly taking the Horseless Age for three months, and as for Nelly—anybody with a four-cylinder tonneau could have torn her from her happy home. Not that she didn't love Harry tremendously. She was crazy about him, but crazier for

a bubble! It's an infatuation like any other, only worse, and I guess I was no better than Nelly myself, for I used to ride regularly with Lewis Wentz—and you know what Lewis Wentz is! And he only had a wheezy old steam carriage anyway, and sometimes blue flames would leap up all around you till you felt like a Christian martyr, and his boiler was always burning out when he'd try to hold my hand instead of watching the gauge! You paid in every kind of way for riding with Lewis Wentz, and people talked about you besides—but I always went just the same. Oh, I know I ought to be ashamed to admit it, and I said to myself every time should be the last, yet he only had to double-toot at the front door for me to drop everything and run. This naturally made him awfully forward and troublesome, not to speak of complicating me with Pa, who didn't approve of him the least bit, and who used to regale me with little talks beginning: "I would rather see you lying dead in your coffin," and winding up with, "Now, won't you promise your poor old dad," till I was all broken up. But, as I said before, Lewis Wentz had only to toot for me to forget my old dad and the coffin and everything.

With only five hundred dollars to go on, Harry and Nelly, of course, had to look about for more capital; and that was why they chose me to go in with them. I didn't have any capital except a rich father but I suppose they thought that was the same thing. People are so apt to, though I never found it the same thing at all. Then, too, Nelly and I were bosom friends, and they naturally wanted to give me the first chance. Their original plan had been to have the bubble held in four equal shares, taking in Morty Truslow as the fourth. I think there was a little scheme in that, too, for Morty and I hadn't spoken for

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