

Every Hunter or Trapper in Canada

Will be Interested in this Article and Should Read It Carefully



This bear was mounted by our student, W. Kohli, Bluffton, O.

Do you know that you can learn to prepare, mount and stuff the fine GAME HEADS, BIRDS and ANIMALS that you secure? Do you know that you can mount them as well as a professional taxidermist, and that you can learn the wonderful art right in your own home at very small cost? Such is the case. It is now possible for every hunter, trapper and nature lover to be his own taxidermist, and save the splendid trophies that he secures by his skill with the gun and rod.

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LEARN TO MOUNT BIRDS AND GAME HEADS

also whole animals, fishes, to tan hides, make rugs, robes, etc. Our school can teach you these things easily and quickly right in your own home. We teach Taxidermy in all its branches BY MAIL. By taking our course of 40 lessons you can save all your fine trophies, decorate your home and den, and make splendid money mounting for others. Men, boys and women, all over the world are members of our school and endorse the course in highest terms. WE HAVE SEVEN THOUSAND STUDENTS IN CANADA ALONE

FREE

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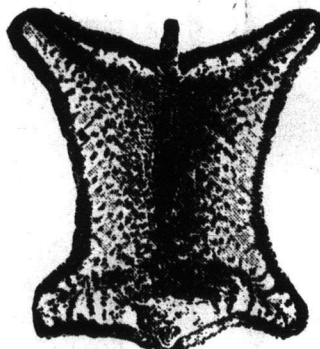
OUR SCHOOL

This school has taught Taxidermy successfully for more than 10 years. We have more than 30,000 students among the leading sportsmen of Canada and the United States, and all of them fully and without reserve recommend the school to all other hunters and trappers. Let us mail you FREE our printed matter and explain what we can do for you.

SPECIAL RATE: 10c MONTH.—We are offering SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS to all Canadian inquirers THIS MONTH. If you want to know about this special low rate, and if you have any desire to know this splendid art of Taxidermy, you should not neglect this opportunity, but write without delay for full information. Simply say "Send me your catalog and Taxidermy Magazine" and we will take pleasure in doing so promptly. WRITE FOR THEM TO-DAY.



Photo of our student, D. W. Morden, Pilot Mound, Man., Canada, mounting a snowy owl. He is one of our thousands of successful students in Canada.



Wildcat rug, tanned and made by our student, Chas. Donart, Klamath, Ore.



Our student, E. C. Shabolin, Orangeville, Ill., and deer head mounted by him.



Deer head, mounted by our student, E. Wallace, Carson, Ia.

BIG PROFITS FOR YOU

This wonderful business is a big money-maker, whether you work at it in your spare time only, or go into it for a life profession. By selling your mounted specimens and doing work for others you CAN EARN FROM \$20.00 TO \$50.00 PER MONTH FROM YOUR SPARE TIME, or if you open up a Taxidermy shop you can make FROM \$2,000 TO \$5,000 PER YEAR. These are facts. No other line of work is so profitable, or can be learned so quickly. It will pay you to investigate.

WONDERFULLY INTERESTING

You will be delighted with the study of Taxidermy. You will enjoy mounting the fine moose, deer, wolf, bear, ducks, grouse, and hundreds of other animals and birds you secure. You will be proud of a collection as fine as found in any museum, and to know that you have done the work yourself. YOU CAN LEARN THIS ART BY STUDYING JUST A FEW HOURS EACH WEEK THIS WINTER. Will you try it? Are you interested? If so write to us to-day for our FREE BOOKS and full particulars.

The North-western School of Taxidermy, 5011 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Nebr., U.S.

less about the old. He almost looked upon it as a past, for the new side of the world was infinitely vast and took much time to explore.

There were fellow-clerks who lunched with him and called him Jimmy, or Hopkins, or Hop. There were important persons of the firm, the manager, the customers, the office-boys, the places to which he was sent on errands, the banks, the lunch place, the street crowds, the groaning underground trains, the boarding-house, the lodgers—a myriad of things all new and absorbing. A man simply did not have time to think about his mere millions. Here, for instance, was a perfect museum of humanity, called a boarding-house, with a wide variety of exhibits. Some of them were teachers, he learned, some clerks, or sold goods, or kept books. One of them gave music lessons. Another wrote things. They were a new people to Hopkins—people with purposes, and ambitions, and hopes and disappointments. And most of them talked about what they did, so that he learned about them amazingly fast.

Living on twenty-five shillings a week became a financial hobby. He had virtually dared himself to do it. "If I'm going to play the game, I'll play the game, that's all," said Hopkins. "While I'm playing it I'll do it on a twenty-five shilling limit." So he never sent for money, or drew on an account that was almost at his elbow. Out of the balance, after his board was paid, he found that he could buy magazines and newspapers, and pay car-fares. He did not try to save. Nothing of that sort entered his head until the firm raised his salary. He had been a business man for nearly six months when that happened.

"Hopkins," said the manager, "We are going to give you thirty shillings a week. You seem to take an interest in your work. We want to make you more interested. We'll put you in the stock department for a while."

Thirty! Whew! When Hopkins went

home that night he had a desire to run that almost overpowered him. It seemed as if his feelings could only find expression in a wild sprint through the streets. He had earned a rise! He was getting on in the world.

Almost irresistible was the impulse to blurt it out at the dinner-table. It seemed as if his fellow-boarders really ought to know about it. But instead, he saved up the news and confided it, as they sat on the front porch, to the girl with the brown eyes. Who was she? Oh, a pleasant girl to talk to. By day she typed letters in a lawyer's office. Her mother lived in the country. At odd times, when there was enough left, she sent a little money home, because it was needed there. She was so different from the girls he knew in the days when he was J. Graham Hopkins that at first he decided she was a shy little thing. But the shyness began to melt when they exchanged opinions on the serious affairs of life and discovered that they were on a common field of battle.

True, for a while Hopkins felt the hypocrisy of his part, but gradually that perception was dulled as the new order of things became more real to him. He found the girl interesting, at first because hers was a typical struggle with fortune. She was quiet and brave and unassuming, but she had a world of ambition. All the sincerity of her nature went into her work, unromantic as it seemed. She wanted to get ahead in the world. He liked to talk to her because the spirit of her sincerity seemed to infuse him and made him seem more like a real toiler himself.

"I got a rise to-day," he said awkwardly.

The girl's eyes brightened.

"Did you? Isn't that fine!" she said.

"I'll get thirty shillings now; I'm in the stock department," he added.

He thought he detected a fleeting wistfulness in her glance, but she said heartily:

"I am glad you got it. I think you worked hard for it."

"Oh, I worked hard enough, I expect," he corroborated. "But it's good fun, at that. I think I'll begin to save now."

She laughed and nodded.

"I've been saving ever since I worked," she said. "It's not so hard as you'd think."

But he knew that the savings were not for herself, and that it was hard. She never complained about it, however, and he liked her for that. For awhile they talked about their miniature finances until he completely forgot that he was an interloper among the toilers. Then he took what struck him as a daring step.

"It's pretty warm, Miss Blachard," he ventured. "Would—would you like to come and have an ice?"

As the words left his lips a vision of J. Graham Hopkins, millionaire, rose for an instant before him. It mocked him and put a feeling of foolishness into his heart. He wondered if she, too, could see it, and if she had the measure of his hypocrisy. But she was merely looking at him frankly and shaking her head reprovingly.

"I thought you were going to save," she laughed.

"So I am," he said stoutly. "You see if I don't. But I want to celebrate that rise just a little bit, you know."

She nodded understandingly, rose, and they strolled down the street to a little shop, where they revelled in ice-cream like children.

Hopkins began to work harder now, partly because he was developing a real interest in the hardware business and partly because he wanted to earn that thirty shillings. The vision of J. Graham Hopkins visited him less frequently. He thought seldom of the days that seemed now so long past. Occasionally he would chuckle as a motor rolled past, or when he encountered some other reminder, for he was able to observe these things

without envy, knowing that they were his when he chose to have them. But it was really satisfying just to be Jimmy Hopkins, earning thirty shillings a week and starting an account in the savings bank. It was the only bank account in which he had ever taken a live interest. He watched it grow with curiosity and gratification. He did not permit himself to reflect that it was an absurdity, viewed in the light of the true order of things. He liked it because it represented his own endeavor. He was independent; standing squarely on his own feet! He was never troubled by longings for the old luxuries. He did not bother his head by comparing his attic bedroom with a Park Lane mansion. He never sighed because he could not afford the opera. He had grown into his new life almost without effort. It was only at the rare times when he mentally stood aside and inspected himself that there seemed to be anything incongruous in it.

Nobody in the boarding-house paid much attention to him, or to the girl who wrote letters in the lawyer's office. They were allowed to drift into an unobtrusive comradeship almost without notice. Her own little story he had gathered scrap by scrap. As for his, to confess that he was J. Graham Hopkins would have seemed like an intrusion. Sometimes his conscience pricked him, and he wondered if he had gained a confidence under a false pretence. But it was partly her fault if he had, because she had a way of making him believe that Jimmy Hopkins was a real person in his own right, and not a materialisation of the spirit of J. Graham Hopkins.

When Hopkins received another and unexpected advance in the hardware business, the effect of it was paradoxical. The manager discovered that the young man in the stock department, when called upon in emergencies, had a knack of getting along amazingly well with customers. So he made him a city sales-