



Another
Sample
of the
HAT
We Sell
by Mail.

Write to-day
for Catalogue

Orkin's Millinery, 259 Portage Ave
Winnipeg



Let Me Tell You How To
SAVE MONEY

"Metallic"

Will make your house and barn **Absolutely Fireproof and Weather-proof**—reduces your insurance rates and practically eliminates the annual repair bill.

A Fireproof Roofing

"**Eastlake**" **Metallic Shingles** are made from the finest quality galvanized steel—only the **best and toughest** will hold the bold, clear "Eastlake" pattern. The patented telescopic sidelock and gutter make it the **easiest and quickest** to lay, and the **countersunk cleat** insures a **perfectly weathertight** roof.

For The Ceilings and Walls

"**Metallic**" is the **best** interior decoration. It gives a handsome appearance to any room—is **sanitary** and **will last** a lifetime—never cracks like plaster and wood. Unequalled for offices, store and residence.

The Best Siding For The House

"**Metallic**" **rock-faced siding** in either brick or stone design gives a house a genuine brick or stone appearance. It is **weather** and **fireproof** and very durable. An artistic, economical siding for implement sheds.

Protections For Barns and Elevators

Our **corrugated iron**, galvanized or painted, is of the **highest quality** material. The corrugations are **pressed**, one at a time, not rolled, thus insuring a **perfect fit**. Our "**Manitoba**" Steel Siding for large buildings, elevators, mills, storehouses, etc. Over 900 elevators in the Western Provinces are sided with **Manitoba Siding** and roofed with "**Eastlake**" Shingles—a proof of the superiority of "**Metallic**."

Our illustrated booklets "**Eastlake Metallic Shingles**" and "**Interior Decoration in Metal**" will interest you. Write for them. Manufacturers

The Metallic Roofing Co. Limited
TORONTO & WINNIPEG

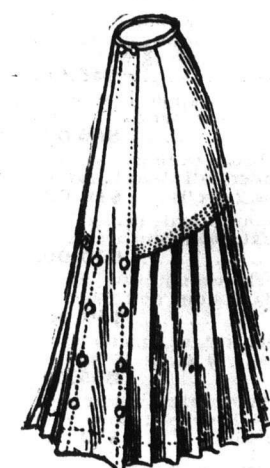
STEREOSCOPE



GIVEN
FOR
SELLING
XMAS
POSTCARDS
6 FOR 10c.

Hardwood Frame, Oxidized Copper Hood, with velvet edge; best of lenses, with 50 colored views of beautiful scenes and famous places; for selling \$3.00 worth of **Lovely Christmas Postcards**; 50 designs; all gems of art; exquisitely colored; many richly embossed on gold. Worth 5c. At 6 for 10c they go like hot cakes. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. 54W Toronto.

\$5 Panama Skirt \$2.95



STANDARD GARMENT CO.
London, Canada.

Send to-day for this Skirt. It is a \$5 all wool Panama Skirt. It comes in all shades. Give waist and hip measure also length desired. Say color preferred. Its the new style, side pleated and button trimmed. Beautifully tailored. Guaranteed to fit perfectly, and give satisfaction in every way. Same style may be had in all shades of all wool Venetian for \$3.25. Reduced from \$5. We can also supply same style in Vicuna in all shades at \$3.25, reduced from \$5. Order one of these wonderful skirt bargains at once. Add 35c. and we will pay postage.

Woman's Realm.

By-Low Song.

Softly and softly the wind does blow:
Bye-low, bye-low;
Brighter the little star glances grow;
Bye-low, Baby.
Moon-mother puts on her silvery crown,
Rock-a-by, Baby, in your white gown;
Bye-low, Baby.
Softly and softly the wind does blow,
Bye-low, bye-low;
Waving the lily-buds to and fro,
Bye-low, Baby.
Kissing them gently, "Good-night, good-night,
Sleep till the morning, and wake in the light,"
Bye-low, Baby.
Softly and softly the wind does blow,
Bye-low, bye-low;
Up in the elm where the cradle-nests show,
Bye-low, Baby.
Little birds drowsily swing the night through,
Warm and content, my own Baby, like you;
Bye-low, Baby.
Softly and softly the wind does blow,
Bye-low, bye-low;
Softer and sweeter his whispers grow;
Bye-low, Baby.
Far and away, o'er the waters dim,
Baby shall dreamily follow him.
Bye-low, Baby.

The First Last.

The Paris papers have been discussing the six essential virtues of woman. The result is somewhat amusing, and gives us a new idea of the working of the Latin mind.

Economy is placed first, with 1,420 votes; fidelity and modesty each received 1,357; kindness received 1,182, and maternal love 539. Cleanliness and patience were last on the list.

Here we have the acknowledgments of the Frenchmen, given by the recent newspaper vote, that the woman who saves a man expense stands higher in his estimation than the one who is faithful to him! A little infidelity he does not mind, if she is economical in her financial expenditures!

Were I a man and knew women as I do (which would, of course, be impossible), I would wish a wife to possess the six virtues in the following ratio: First of all kindness. I would place kindness first—because the absolutely kind nature could not fail to be faithful to the highest obligation.

Fidelity would come second, as the natural result of innate kindness. Cleanliness, too, would follow, as the kind, womanly woman could not offend or hurt her husband's feelings by being untidy in any way.

Patience, also, would be an outgrowth of a kind heart, and so would modesty; and, lastly, the ever kind wife would look to her husband's best interests and see that she was not extravagant. Kindness of thought would act as the one great quality needed in the world, in the church, in the market, in the family. The progress of the world comes not through saving, but through using.

System in Housework.

It is hard to over-estimate the value as a time-saver, in picking up the house at night before going to bed. If newspapers, magazines and books are left scattered around the living room, with perhaps the confusion augmented by a pair of boots taken off and left on the spot by a tired father, and if in the bedrooms each member leaves his clothes in disorder upon undressing, the effect on the mind next morning, to the housekeeper who must reduce all this chaos to order is very disheartening. Let every member of the family help in keeping order. The kitchen, dining room and living room must be neat in the morning, if those hours are to be used to the best advantage. Then teach the occupants of every bedroom to hang up such garments as are not to be used that day, to put away shoes and slippers, and above all, to leave the dresser in neat condition, besides opening the bed and putting bed-

clothes and pillows to air beside the open window before leaving the room to come down to breakfast. It is a mistake to hang away in closets garments that have just been taken off, but after airing all night they may be hung up in the morning, and every child should be taught these orderly habits early in life. Where this is not done, through mistaken kindness on the part of the mother, or through lack of force to insist on it till neatness grows to be a habit with children, not only do they grow up careless and selfish, but the housewife's work in the home is never done. Teach them as well not to throw hats and wraps down upon entering the house, instead of putting them in their place; teach them to look each time they come to the head of the stairs to see if there is anything deposited there to be carried down and put away; teach them never to leave a washbowl or bathtub after using without scrubbing clean, and that a used towel is not to be flung down in a heap on the floor, but spread out to dry before being consigned to the clothes hamper. If there is no servant, it is easy to clear the table after a meal, if each member of the family piles up his own dishes and carries them to the kitchen sink. Let your boys see that helping mother is not alone a daughter's work. At a luncheon given a few of her friends not long ago, in a home where there was no maid, the hostess' little son of twelve served a five-course meal in a manner that would have done credit to the best trained waitress.

His Mother's His Sweetheart.

"His mother's his sweetheart—the sweetest, the best!"
So say the white roses he brings to my breast;
The roses that bloom when life's summers depart;
But his love is the sweetest rose over my heart!
The love that hath crowned me—
A necklace around me,
That closer to God and to Heaven hath bound me!
"His mother's his sweetheart."
Through all the sad years
His love is the rainbow that shines through my tears;
My light in God's darkness, when with my dim eyes
I see not the stars in the storm of His skies.
When I bow 'neath the rod
And no rose decks the sod,
His love lights the pathway that leads me to God!
"His mother's his sweetheart." Shine bright for his feet,
O lamps on life's highway! and roses, lean sweet
To the lips of my darling! and God grant His sun
And His stars to my dutiful, beautiful one!
For his love—it hath crowned me—
A necklace around me,
And closer to God and to Heaven hath bound me!

Prize-Winner.

We make a present of a book each month for the best original story. The prizewinner this month is Bella McIrwin, Foxwarren, aged 14. Evidently the people in that district require the services of a missionary.

A Cautious Answer.

Here is another good story forwarded by a correspondent.
A gentleman who was no longer young, and who never was handsome, said to a child in the presence of her parents:
"Well, my dear, what do you think of me?"
The little girl made no reply, and the man continued:
"Well, you don't tell me. Why won't you?"
Two little fat hands tucked the corners of a pinafore into her mouth, as she said in a timid whisper:
"Cause I don't want to get whipped."