

McKAY'S - "The Shrine of Fashion"

YOUR VISIT TO WINNIPEG

During Bonspiel, will land you right in the midst of Our Big Discount sale.

February is a month of big Bargains with us; it is Stock-taking time and during the Curlers' Holiday particularly, we will quote some interesting buying chances.

Friends from the country who will be in town during this period should make it a point to at least pay us a visit.

Our Entire Stock is nothing if not the newest and most reliable and we begin this week to effect a gigantic Stock-lowering of \$10,000 worth, with discounts ranging from

20 to 50 per cent off everything

This Stock comprises Furs, Cloaks, Millinery, Blouses, Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, Shirts, Costumes, Teagowns, Wrappers and Natty children's Wear of every kind.

No article in the Store is exempt from a 20 % reduction.

The Ladies Store

G. S. McKay & Co.

297 - 299 Portage Ave.



MAGNIFICENT Blue Fox Ruff FREE NO MONEY REQUIRED

Think of it, a beautiful Ruff of Blue Fox, the most fashionable fur worn, given absolutely free. Such an offer was never made before. The only reason we can afford to do it is that we arranged for these handsome Furs during the dull season in the summer and got them nearly at cost. The Ruff is 4 inches long, nearly 4 inches wide, made of the handsomest Blue Fox Fur, very rich, soft and fluffy. It is warmly padded, lined with the same kind of satin and ornamented with four long tails of Blue Fox also. Such a handsome Fur has never before been given away, and you can get it so easy. Just send us your name and address, plainly, and we will mail you 3 sets of

Picture Post-Cards

to sell at 10¢, a set (4 cards to a set). They are beautifully colored, all the rage, and sell like hot cakes. Such an opportunity was never offered before to the women and girls of Canada. You couldn't buy anything in the Fur Stores that would look richer, be more becoming or more stylish, and remember, it won't cost you one cent. Write today. We trust you and send the Picture Post-Cards by airmail. Colonial Art Co., Dept 828, Toronto



COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE FREE

It plays every kind of instrumental music, sings every class of songs, tells you all kinds of funny stories.

SEND NO MONEY. Just your name and address plainly written and we will mail you postpaid 3 doz. large beautiful packages of Fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10¢ each. (A certificate worth 50¢ free to each purchaser.) Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 51 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in the vegetable world. **They sell like hot cakes.** When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you this real Columbia Graphophone exactly as illustrated, with spring motor, large metal an. living horn; all handsomely enameled, gold trimmed and nickel plated.

also one musical and one song record—Blowaway, Dixie Girl, Annie Laurie, Carry me back to Old Virginia, My Old Kentucky Home, Old Oaken Bucket, Sally in Our Alley, My Wild Irish Rose, Kathleen MacAvoy, I'm going back to Dixie, The Holy City, Home Sweet Home, etc., etc. Understand this is not a toy or a machine that must be turned by hand, but a real self playing Graphophone, with which you can give concerts in any size hall or room, as it sings as loud and clear as any \$50.00 Talking Machine. Write for no-dut-to-day sure, **Prize Seed Co., Dept 324 Toronto**

When writing Advertisers kindly mention The Western Home Monthly.

Love's Madness Not Due to Love Alone.

Written for the Western Home Monthly.

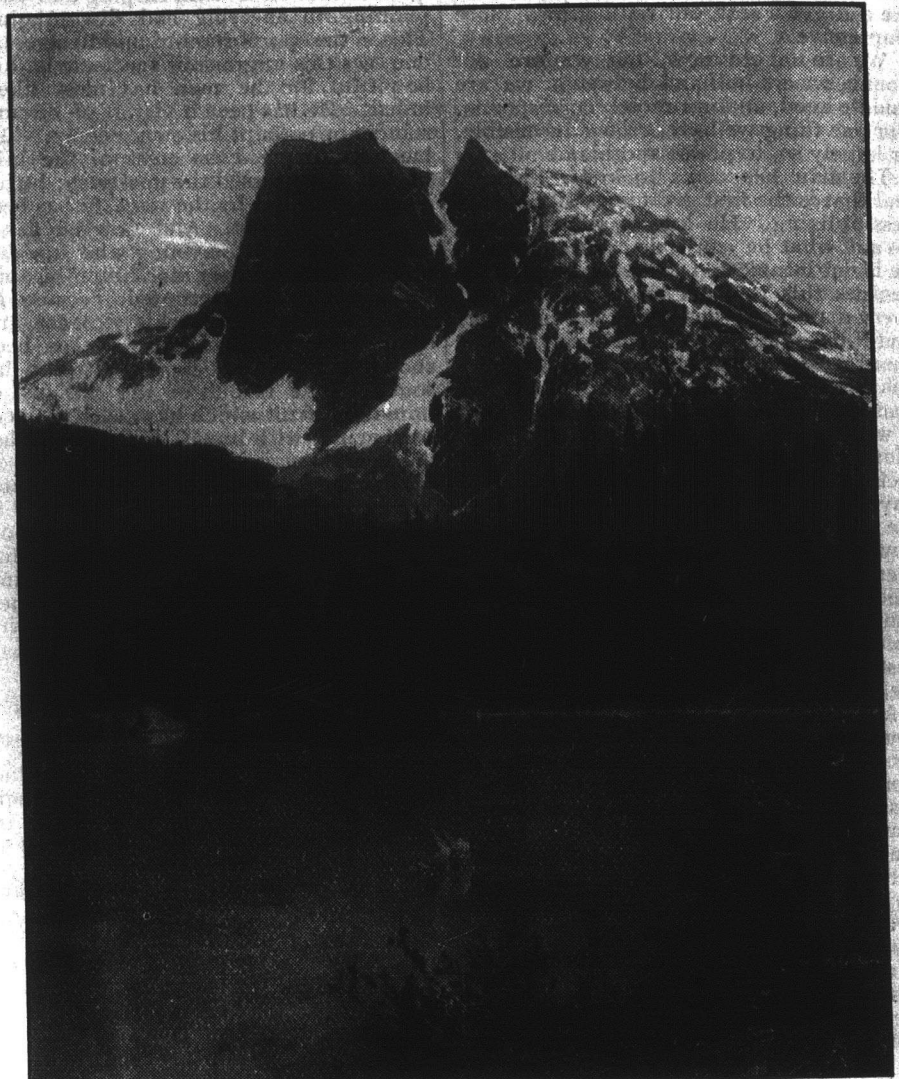
From time immemorial love and wisdom have been accounted incompatible. Laberius tells us that "to love and be wise is scarcely given to the highest," while Shakespeare writes that love is madness and deserves the whip, alleging that the reason that it is not so punished "is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love, too." Lord Bulwer comes nearer the truth when he defines a lover as "a man who in his anxiety to possess another loses possession of himself," and La Rochefoucauld, when he tells us that "all the passions make us commit faults, but love makes us commit the most ridiculous ones."

Nevertheless, there is no great and insuperable reason why, when one loses one's heart, one's wits should forthwith go a-wool gathering. If self-preservation be the first law of nature, self-control, for the sake of oneself and of others, is, or ought to be, a close second.

It is quite true that the fool in love is more that likely to become a greater fool

and behaves himself with sense, however deeply engaged his affections may be; the hasty, impulsive man is the one who acts the fool and rushes into matrimony pell mell, faring as well, perhaps better, than he deserves. It may be safely said that men manage their love affairs about as well and as badly as they manage the rest of their business in life.

There are men of what Carlyle called "idiotic extravagance in love." Men who are literally obsessed by love as a one idea, and who neglect or pay scant attention to aught else, not realizing that other things may be made contributory to love and therefore should not be despised by the most ardent lover. For example, take the man who literally wastes precious hours dreaming of the beloved, perhaps "inditing a sonnet to his mistress' eye brow," when he should be attending to business; men who spend every moment which they can spare, and some which they cannot, in the company of the adored. Wherein they are foolish, and that not



EMERALD LAKE, B. C.

than ever, while the wise man, not over-gilted with common sense, often has his head completely turned by his infatuation. It is in nowise to be gainsaid that love causes many people to perpetrate all sorts of extravagances and follies. We read daily in the newspaper of the insane and crazy doings of the simpleton in love; how he ruins himself financially by making absurdly expensive presents to the woman with whom he falls in love; how he sacrifices his good name to some enchantress with neither heart nor reputation; how he blows out his brains or asphyxiates himself because some girl has had the good sense to refuse to marry him. The fool in love provides much reading matter, amusing or tragic, for the general public, whereupon that public jumps to the conclusion that he is a fool because he is in love. Which is a mistake. Love affords him a theater for the display of his folly and enables him to demonstrate to the world how little sense and self-control he possesses; that is all.

It will be found by any one who will take the trouble to investigate, that love, instead of metamorphosing men and women, merely cuts the veneer and brings out the stuff of which they are made. As a rule, which has few exceptions, a prudent man falls in love sensibly

only because of the wasted time. "Familiarity breeds contempt." The man who is wise does not visit his sweetheart too often or stay too long; he gives her a chance to miss him, upon the same principle that one allows a sufficient interval to elapse between meals in order to provoke an appetite. A man may easily be idiotically extravagant over a woman in other ways than that of spending money which he can ill afford.

Often, however, it is the woman rather than the man who is to blame. For example, a young man engaged to a girl whom he says he loves devotedly, writes that he has an excellent opportunity to take lessons upon a subject which would be of material assistance in his future career. But the lessons would occupy all his evenings, excepting Sundays, and thus allow him to see his fiancée only once a week, and prevent his taking her out anywhere except to church. When he told his fiancée of the plan she burst into tears and made remarks concerning "the love which grew cold." A woman like that cannot be depended upon to help a man along in life. She who demands that her lover shall sacrifice his prospects for her own selfish gratification is of the kind who had best be severely let alone.

Neither is jealousy, as so many erroneo-