



METAL AS A BUILDING MATERIAL

"A few years ago wood was thought the one and only building material. Wood was used on the roof, as siding, in fact the entire building would be of wood. Now it has changed, we are in the Metal Age. Good wood is very expensive and does not last nearly so long as galvanized steel. Then it is not fire-proof—your wooden buildings with their contents are an easy prey to the flames. Let us tell you of further reasons why metal is the best building material."

CORRUGATED IRON FOR BARN AND GRANARIES

Our corrugated Iron is made of the best sheet steel. After cutting, every sheet is carefully galvanized, making it absolutely rust-proof. The corrugations are pressed, not rolled, one at a time, thus insuring accuracy and uniformness in laying. It is an absolute protection against fire, lightning, wind, rain, or snow. As a granary lining or siding it is unequalled. Your grain is as safe as if in the bank.

Write for information regarding our Metallic Portable Galvanized Granaries.

"I always maintain actual 'Proofs' are better than 'Claims.' You know this firm has 25 years of actual test behind their metal goods."

—The Philosopher of Metal Town—

EASTLAKE SHINGLES—A WEATHER-PROOF ROOF.

"Eastlake" Steel Shingles make a roof absolutely fire-proof, lightning-proof and weather-proof. They are the easiest and quickest shingle to lay and cost less when laid than a wooden roof equipped with lightning rods. We can show you house and barn roofs covered 25 years ago with "Eastlake" shingles that are in perfect condition today, never having cost a cent for repairs. Another point—"Eastlakes" are the only metal shingle with as much as a 3" overlap.

N. B. Over 800 elevators in Western Canada are sided with Manitoba Steel Siding and roofed with "Eastlake" Shingles.

We also Manufacture — Metallic Cornices, Steel Conductor Pipe — Eavetrough — Pressed Zinc Ornaments — Rock Faced Stone and Brick Siding — Manitoba Siding, etc.

METALLIC CEILINGS AND WALLS

Metallic is far superior to wall paper or any other wall covering. Every spring or summer the torn and discolored paper has to be replaced—a dirty, disagreeable job. Metallic Ceilings and Walls do away with this labor and expense. They are sanitary, artistic and fire-proof. No dust or falling bits of plaster—a nuisance with plastered ceilings. They can be had in hundreds of pretty embossed designs suitable for any room and will last a lifetime.

If you will send us measurements we will be pleased to give you suggestions and a complete estimate of costs.

MANUFACTURERS



Bridget, who had administered the culinary affairs of the Morse household for many years, was sometimes torn between her devotion to her mistress and loyalty to the small son of the house.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Morse, in a tone of wonder, after an inspection of the storeroom, "where have those splendid red apples gone that the man brought yesterday—those four big ones?"

"Well, now, ma'am," said poor Bridget, "I couldn't rightly say; but I'm thinkin' if you was to find where my loaf o' hot gingerbread is, likely them four red apples would be in' right on top of it, an' I'm hopin' his little stummick can stand the strain."

SEED

BUCKWHEAT VETCHES, also open for shipments
Butter, Eggs and Cheese

LAING BROS.

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A. F. DUFF,

Gen'l. Agent Passenger Dept. Phone Main 7088.
269 Portage Ave. Winnipeg, Man.

red calf, and four little kittens and a wee collie pup. I do so love baby animals; they are so cute.

Goose—Berry.

FOND OF READING

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—Please excuse me for writing so soon, but I thought I would like to try for a biton. We are having fine weather out here. There are a lot of wild geese

out here, but I have not succeeded in shooting one yet. Would any of the Wigs like to correspond? If they would, I would answer all letters promptly. I am very fond of reading and have just finished "The Honor of Grade II", by Sarah McClean. I would like to get some more of her books.

Prairie Cree.

THE GOLDEN DOG

By WILLIAM KIRBY, F.R.S.C. Copyright L. C. PAGE Co. Incorpd.

A thrill like a stream of electricity passed through the company. Their mirth was extinguished, for none could wholly free their minds from the superstition of their age. The good Doctor sat down, and wiped his moistened eye-glasses. He would tell no more to-night, he said. He had really gone too far, making jest of earnest and earnest of jest, and begged pardon of Jumonville for complying with his humor.

The young soldier laughed merrily. "If fame, immortality, and true love are to be mine, what care I for death? It will be worth giving up life for, to have the tears of the maids and matrons of New France to lament your fate. What could the most ambitious soldier desire more?"

While this group of merry guests, half in jest, half in earnest, were trying to discover in the stars the "far-reaching concords" that moulded the life of each, Amelie led her brother away from the busy grounds near the mansion and took a quiet path that led into the great park which they entered.

They sat down upon a garden seat overlooking the great valley. None of the guests had sauntered out so far, but Amelie's heart was full; she had much to say, and wished no interruption.

"I am glad to sit in this pretty spot, Amelie," said he, at last, for he had listened in silence to the sweet, low voice of his sister as she kept on her half sad, half glad monologue, be-

cause she saw it pleased him. It brought him into a mood in which she might venture to talk of the matter that pressed sorely upon her heart.

"A little while ago, I feared I might offend you, Le Gardeur," said she, taking his hand tenderly in hers, "if I spoke all I wished, I never did offend you that I remember, brother, did I?"

"Never, my incomparable sister; you never did, and never could. Say what you will, ask me what you like, but I fear I am unworthy of your affection, sister."

"You are not unworthy; God gave you as my only brother, you will never be unworthy in my eyes. But it touches me to the quick to suspect others may think lightly of you, Le Gardeur."

He flinched, for his pride was touched, but he knew Amelie was right. "It was weakness in me," said he, "I confess it, sister. To pour wine upon my vexation in hope to cure it, is to feed a fire with oil. To throw fire into a powder magazine were wisdom compared with my folly, Amelie: I was angry at the message I got at such a time. Angelique des Meloises has no mercy upon her lovers!"

"Oh, my prophetic heart! I thought as much! It was Angelique, then sent you the letter you read at table?"

"Yes, who else could have moved me so? The time was ill-chosen, but I suspect, hating the Bourgeois

as she does, Angelique intended to call me from Pierre's fete. I shall fair, I should only love her the more for her faults, and make them my own. Were she to come to me like Herodias with the Baptist's head in a charger, I should outdo Herod in keeping my pledge to her."

Amelie uttered a low, moaning cry. "O my dear infatuated brother, it is not in nature for a De Repentigny to love irrationally like that! What maddening philtre have you drunk, to intoxicate you with a woman who uses you so imperiously? But you will not go, Le Gardeur!" added she, clinging to his arm. "You are safe so long as you are with your sister,—you will be safe no longer if you go to the Maison des Meloises to-night!"

"Go I must and shall, Amelie! I have drunk the maddening philtre,—I know that, Amelie, and would not take an antidote if I had one! The world has no antidote to cure me. I have no wish to be cured of love for Angelique, and in fact I cannot be, so let me go and receive the rod for coming to Belmont and the reward for leaving it at her summons!" He affected a tone of levity, but Amelie's ear easily detected the false ring of it.

"Dearest brother!" said she, "are you sure Angelique returns, or is capable of returning, love like yours? She is like the rest of us, weak and fickle, merely human, and not at all the divinity a man in his fancy worships when in love with a woman." It was in vain, however, for Amelie to try to persuade her brother of that.

"What care I, Amelie, so long as Angelique is not weak and fickle to me?" answered he; "she will think her tardy lover is both weak and fickle unless I put in a speedy appearance at the Maison des Meloises!" He rose up as if to depart, still holding his sister by the hand.

Amelie's tears flowed silently in the darkness. She was not willing to plant a seed of distrust in the bosom of her brother, yet she remembered bitterly and indignantly what Angelique had said of her intentions towards the Intendant. Was she using Le Gardeur as a foil to set off her attractions in the eyes of Bigot?

"Brother!" said Amelie, "I am