

\$20 SUIT to measure FOR \$8

Curzon's \$8 Suit has been valued by thousands of their Canadian friends at \$20.

All Curzon clothing is sold with a guarantee (satisfaction given or money returned) and is produced from genuine British Textiles.

That "There's comfort in the Curzon cut" is no mere idle statement, and is a truth which has been attested by clients residing at all points of the habitable Globe.

Greatest attention is paid to the cutting of every individual order, and the style of production of these suits is equal to anything sold anywhere at twice and thrice the money—at least, this is what the Curzon clientele say about the Curzon \$8 Suit.

Then there is the tailoring. As is well known, London is the hub of the tailoring craft, and Messrs. Curzon Bros., as practical tailoring experts themselves, are in a position to secure the most qualified workmen in the trade. For all these reasons Curzon tailoring is sold with the following guarantee:

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY RETURNED IN FULL.
Awarded 2 Gold Medals for Tailoring Excellence.

Our methods appeal to the thoughtful man: that is perhaps why we number among our clientele such well-known men as the following:—
Rev. R. J. Campbell, Hon. G. E. Foster, M.P., Horatio Bottomley, M.P.,
Lieut.-Col. A. E. Belcher, Lieut.-Col. Dr. S. H. Glasgow, Hon. R. R. Fitzgerald, Rev. Canon Davidson, Comte. Ubaldo Beni, Lieut.-Col. Hugh Clarke, J. P. Downey, M.P., W. H. Doyle, M.P., Hon. F. W. Aylmer, Mr. Eustace Miles, Dr. T. R. Allinson, Major-Gen. J. C. Kinchant, Mr. Matheson Lang, Mr. Montague Holbein.

Fill in a post card and address same to us as below, asking for our latest assortment of materials. Together with patterns, we send you fashion-plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all sent free and carriage paid. We dispatch your order within seven days, and if you do not approve, return the goods, and we will refund the money.

\$20 SUIT TO MEASURE FOR \$8.



The World's
Measure
Tailors,

(Dept. 103 60/62 CITY ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.)

Address for Patterns:

Curzon Bros., c/o Clougher Agency

(Dept. 103)

450 Confederation Life Building, Toronto

Manitoba Elevator Commission

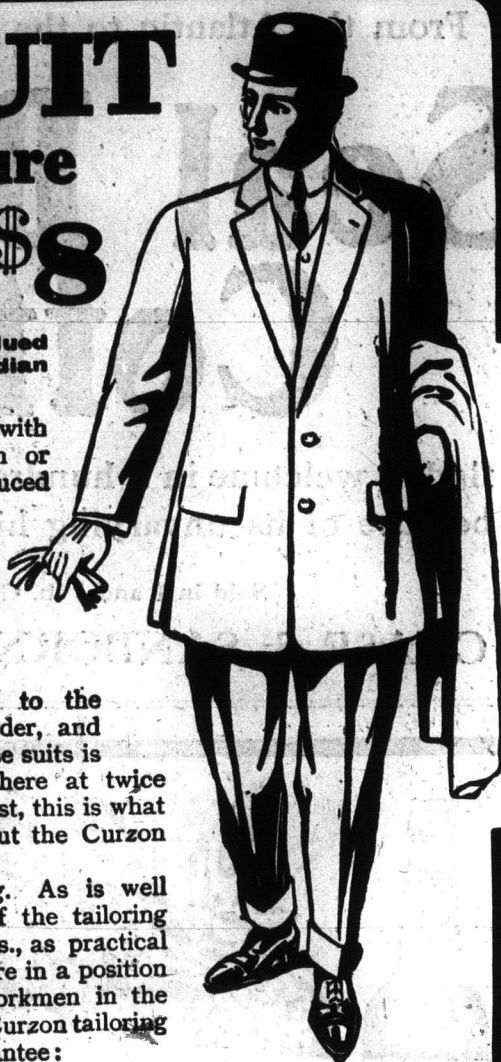
D. W. McCUIAG,
Commissioner

W. C. GRAHAM,
Commissioner

F. B. MACLENNAN,
Commissioner

Head Office: 279 Garry St., Winnipeg
P.O. Box 2971

THE Commissioners wish to announce to the farmers of Manitoba that they have secured permanent offices for the transaction of their business, and all communications should be sent to the Commissioners at the above address. Petition forms and all information needed by farmers in order to secure elevators at their points will be mailed upon application. The Commissioners solicit the co-operation of the farmers of Manitoba in the work of establishing a system of Public owned storage elevators in the Province.



I was now in a dilemma surely. The wedding day was only two weeks off and I had the humiliating confession to make that I had no tiny cottage after all; that our plans were cruelly crushed and our roseate dream snatched away from us. I would have told her all, but I could not gather the courage to tell of Pinette's perfidy. "The man who promised to build our cottage has flunked," would have looked exceedingly ugly to her who had consented to live with me so close to such characters.

I made it as plain as I could, however, and suggested that we compromise on a tent for awhile. But the answer I received told me more than all else that it was I who had bungled.

A tent—no! Can you not build us a place to live in? We could board while waiting—it should not take you long.

Build a house myself! The thought was indeed ludicrous. But before another day had passed over me I had resolved that there was no other way out of the difficulty and I WOULD build the house—if only to show Pinette that he was not so indispensable.

We found staunch friends in the boarding house where we stayed during the week of the building. Everything in fact, looked so suspicious that I forgot all about Pinette and perfidy.

There was a pile of cull-boards stored near my place of work and I made arrangements to use what I needed of

while a larger one holds the east view. A little one looks down another path from the west, and the door is hinged alongside.

There are no interior doors—just doorways. A partition dividing the kitchen and living room cuts off within three feet of the centre of the door, allowing only the kitchen to be seen when it is swung half-open and when opened wide the living-room is accessible. Another partition separates the living-room from the bedroom, the entrance to the latter being diagonal to that from the kitchen.

Chinese matting makes an ideal floor-covering for rough boards when a thick lining of newspapers is first laid. The kitchen floor is covered with oilcloth.

A corner shelf in the kitchen close to the little window before mentioned does special duty. It has a milk-pan fitted into it which serves as a sink. A funnel is fitted into a length of gaspipe and the cup of the funnel soldered to the bottom of the pan. Perforations just over the cup in the bottom of the pan carry the water through the funnel into the gaspipe and away outdoors.

Our cabin is not too small. Indeed, we should deem a larger one a waste of space. There is so much Big Outdoors to roam about in that we feel as if the largest city dwelling would be too small for us. We have just what we want. Pinette has just what he wanted, but his is a house for one and cost \$15.70.

"THE RIDERS."

Come ride with me in the flush of the morn,
Come ride with me in the freshening wind,
Come ride to the music of hunter's horn,
Come ride till the city is far behind:
We'll gallop on o'er the prairie wide,
Our ponies, swift, racing side by side,
And our hearts with the sport fast beating.

Come ride with me o'er the winding trails,
Come ride with me towards the breezy West,
Till we reach the sloping foothills and dales,
'Tis then that life is felt at its best;
Galloping swiftly o'er prairie wide,
Reaching the slope of the mountain side,
Our hearts with the sport fast beating.

'Tis joy unsurpassed to gallop along,
To cross the country from side to side,
To raise your voice in a glad, free song,
Oh, there's nothing can equal a glorious ride!
Feeling the wind rust past your face,
Flying along in a mad, wild race,
Your heart with the sport fast beating.

—Norma Luella Hoover.

these. Selecting a clearing at the head of the avenue approaching the Old Foundation I built a platform of the cull-boards by placing the square ends together in the centre, leaving the irregular ends outermost. These boards were of an average length of 6½ feet so that our floor plan was about 13 feet by 20 feet. On this I outlined a frame 12 feet by 18 feet, inside measurement, so as to have three rooms each 6 feet by 12 feet.

The narrowest of the boards were selected for uprights. Other narrow ones were placed across the top of these and still others to bind them, thus making the wall 6 feet 6 inches high.

The ridge-pole of unpeeled spruce running lengthwise of the frame in the centre rested on oak blocks, gouged in the middle so as to keep the pole in place.

The frame was then boarded up on the inside, except the roof, which was, of course, impinged upon the ridge-pole. The line of studs on the outside hold out good possibilities for embellishment—nothing being easier than to cover them with cement, which would give them a columnar appearance. But rough as they are, they look well, and when the vines grow tall they will be completely enveloped in green.

The roof and outside walls are covered with tar-paper of good thickness and held in place with laths so arranged as to give the neatest possible appearance.

Two windows command the avenue

while we have one for two at a cost of \$23.10. Kindly help was volunteered and an expert suggestion here and there overcame some knotty difficulties, for I was the veriest tyro at building.

Poor Pinette became involved in difficulties and he has no longer any will in the matter of building—his letters being dictated for him; the fruit of his work no longer going to enrich himself.

W. Pett Ridge: The minority who have square chins and big lower jaws say that we of the receding chins have neither will nor strength of character, which is absurd, as anyone may know who remembers that General Wolfe and Mr. Pitt had practically no chins at all, to say nothing of living soldiers and statesmen. To judge a man by his chin is no less foolish than to judge him by the bumps of his skull.

John Burroughs: It is a large love for the earth as a dwelling-place, a large faith in the entire reasonableness of its economy, a large joy in all its manifold life, that moves the nature writer. He finds the earth most marvelously good to live in—himself its very dust; a place beautiful beyond his imagination, and interesting past his power to realize—a mystery every way he turns. He comes into it as a settler into a new land, to clear up so much of the wilderness as he shall need for a home.