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The Country Homemakers

Continued from Page 10

Roblin is "getting it" from Jew and Gentile over Manitoba not having an act of the kind. Well, the men of Alberta have attained it too, but in this section of the province it is like the Barmecide's Imaginary Banquet, where you are urged to eat, but there is nothing to partake of. My husband is trustee of a school that does not exist, although there are twelve children of school age in the district, and the people anxious for it. After all kinds of formalities had been gone through, the clerk of the municipality advised the trustees to not build, as other schools around were closed, unable to keep up, and this one would likely be the same. The roads are almost inaccessible here, not sufficient bridges, and no move toward a betterment. We have two children, compulsory education, and no school. "Now what do you know about that?" When I think of Manitoba with a school and a big bright flag on nearly every cross-roads, and a \$2,500,000 appropriation for better roads, where there are already good ones, I feel, if I were that "rusty bachelor," like taking off my hat to Roblin. "Good wine needs no bush," and a well spread table no compulsion. Give me a school without compulsory education in preference to compulsory education and no school. It would be a relief, for a change, to see Sifton assailed with a country that he has bankrupted, or Walter Scott, who believes in and promised the suffrage, but is too wobbly to grant it.

I hope that Mr. Hannah will kindly call his wife's attention to this letter. It would oblige me.

I could go on, like the book, forever, but as I have not a newspaper at my disposal I must say adieu, with good luck to you, dear Miss Beynon, and to all.

Yours truly,
ANNIE SHEPPARD ARMSTRONG.
(Wolf Willow)

P.S.—I would like to hear privately from my kind lady champions, Badger Willow and A Lover of Womanly Women and Manly Men.—A. A.

MANITOBA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

An entirely new feature in extension work in Manitoba, possibly on the American continent, will be the short course in Home Nursing which is to be given this winter at Manitoba Agricultural College. It will continue through two weeks beginning on February 3 and is open to all women of the province. The program promises to be of special interest and of the greatest importance to women living in rural districts.

Among the subjects given particular attention will be a course of six lectures on maternity nursing. The first three will be given by Dr. Mary E. Crawford, and the second three by Dr. M. Ellen Douglass, both of Winnipeg. Dr. A. W. Moody will give several lectures on "First Aid." Other subjects to be presented in lectures and demonstrations will be personal hygiene, foods and food values, care of little children, and cooking for the sick.

Women attending this course will have also an opportunity to work in the splendidly equipped laboratories of the new college, as a series of four or five lessons in invalid cooking will be included in the course. The tuition will be free.

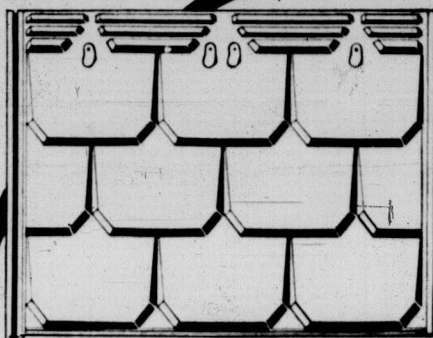
For further information write the president of the college, to whom also applications for the course should be addressed as early as possible.

SWEET POTATO CROQUETTES

To two cupsful of steamed sweet potatoes, add the beaten yolk of three eggs, a teaspoonful of sugar, little pepper and salt. Stir over the fire until the mass leaves the sides of the pan, take off and cool; then make it the proper consistency with rich cream, form into balls, dip in egg, roll into fine bread crumbs and fry brown in smoking fat.

BACON TOAST

Cut some bacon into rather thin slices; place them in a frying pan with just enough water to cover, and boil for a few seconds. Then drain the slices and fry quickly over a hot fire until the bacon is a delicate brown. Have ready some slices of well-buttered, toasted brown bread, trimmed to the size of the bacon; put the hot bacon on the toast. Place a small slice of fried sweet potato (this can be fried in the bacon fat) on the top of each slice of bacon and send to the table very hot.



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Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

HOW MUCH DO YOU SEE?

What are the colors of winter? By that I mean what colors are the tree trunks and branches, the grass, the ice, the animals? You know that they make a very beautiful picture together. Try to think of them apart. How would the vivid green color of the grass in May fit into this picture?

What colors do go with this bright green grass? Try to remember what flowers bloom when the grass is greenest, how the sky looks and the kind of clouds that float in it. The colors that the animals and birds wear make a part of the picture, and when you are thinking of the colors of winter or summer don't forget the colors of the living things.

Often in summer or autumn one bush wears half a dozen different shades. I found a wild rose bush last autumn with leaves ranging from a rich yellow to copper and on down to a deep reddish purple; the stems were a brighter red and the under sides of the leaves were all alike, a dead cream. It is a curious fact, but as often as I have tried it I find that the under side of the leaf of a plant always harmonizes with the flower.

Take the yellow buttercup that blooms all summer long in damp spots. The flower is a bright, bright yellow, the top of the leaf a deep, deep green and the under side of the leaf silver, and silver and yellow are very beautiful together.

When you go out tomorrow take a look around and see how many winter colors there are, and when spring comes watch to see the difference in the colors and the greater number of them. In other words, open your eyes wide open when you go out of doors and see how nearly blind you have been in the past.

DIXIE PATTON.

AN ADVENTURE

One day in the fall my sister and I decided to go and look for nuts and perhaps get some colored leaves to press.

We got ready and started out about ten o'clock in the morning and were going to return about four o'clock in the afternoon.

We reached the woods about twelve o'clock and ate our lunch. After that we started on a path through the woods to find the nuts.

When we got into the woods pretty far we thought we would turn back. We were coming back when we noticed some nuts in through the bush and went to get them, as we did not want to go back without any.

We reached these nuts and filled our pails and were going back to empty them when we got lost and could not find the path. We wandered around in hope of finding a path that would take us out of the woods. My sister got tired of carrying her pail of nuts and wanted

to throw hers away, but I would not do this.

We got on a path and followed this till we got to the edge of bush and started for home. When we got home it was eight o'clock and we were very tired and hungry. We got our supper and went to bed.

The next day we decided not to go for any more nuts unless some grown up went with us.

LEILA G. DAVIDSON,

Newdale, Man.

Age 13.

LOST ON THE MOUNTAINS

Violet, Eva and Lewis Grey were far away from home, out on the mountains. It was now getting dark and they could not find their way home.

"O, Eva, are we really lost?" asked six-year-old Violet, clinging to her sister.

"I—I'm afraid we are," returned Eva, growing rather red; for only the day before she had boasted that she could not get lost anywhere on the mountain-side where they lived.

"O, Eva, why did you come so far?" asked Lewis, choking back a sob. "It's so dark and cloudy and I'm sure it will rain."

"Well, it won't hurt us if it does," said Eva, trying to show no fear. When she had spoken she had not thought of poor little Violet, who took cold very easily, for she and Lewis were both very strong and healthy.

"Will we have to stay where we are all night?" asked Violet, amid her sobs.

"What else do you expect us to do? Of course we must. We will lie down and go to sleep in this little hut," said Eva.

They lay down and in a few moments Eva and Lewis were fast asleep. But poor little Violet lay cold, frightened and weak, trembling at every sound she heard, yet hoping that it might be someone who had come to search for them.

Meanwhile the anxious parents had searched for them for the last two hours, their neighbors, too, helping them.

Lewis had been right about the rain, for it fell in large heavy drops, which came through the roof and walls of the hut very easily.

The children were soaked to the skin, but still the two elder ones slept on.

It was long past midnight when suddenly a light gleamed across Violet's face. She started up, giving a terrified cry, and saying, half aloud, "Mamma, mamma, help your little Vi."

Her cry had awakened the other two and they were now sitting up, but Violet fell back almost fainting.

"My baby, my little Violet!" It was surely her mother's voice she heard so plainly. The light came nearer and nearer and the next moment the hut was lighted and Mr. and Mrs. Grey

entered. How glad they were to find their lost children.

Soon they were placed in the carriage, wrapped warmly in shawls and taken home. Eva and Lewis escaped with nothing more than bad colds, but the illness which followed Violet was a hard lesson for Eva, and since then she has never gone for such a long walk without her father's or mother's consent.

EDITH AVERILL.

Clanwilliam, Man., age 11 years.

THE STORY OF "TAG"

When I first opened my eyes I saw myself in a small barn about five or six feet high. My mother was lying beside me. My mother, my brother and myself are brown color. Mother was a small rat terrier dog. My brother and myself are larger than most rat terriers.

I belonged to a boy who was a cripple. One day a little boy came along and thought I was so cute that he wanted me. My master said he could have me for nothing. That night the little boy asked his mother if he could have me. His mother said he could, so the next day he took me to his home.

They fed me and were wondering what to name me. They had a little rat terrier besides me. I followed him so much they decided to call me "Tag." Every night when the children were coming home I would run to meet them. That winter there was a lot of snow on the ground, so I stayed in the house most of the time.

In the spring, when the snow went off, I had a hard time keeping my feet clean. They would take water and wash them. In the summer I followed them to the field and played until it was time for them to go to the house.

We lived upon a hill and opposite was a very high hill, with a brook running between them. Some neighbor's hounds would go on the hill opposite our house and bark. I would bark and bark at them until they would go away.

The people that owned me had some pigs. I would go to the pig pen and bark and nip at them.

When I was about a year and a half old the people that owned me decided to move to Canada. While they were moving I was very lonesome. When we got to Canada I would run off to town every day. I would stay till the little boy came and found me. One day when I was there a man was cruel and hurt my leg. The little boy came and found me. He took me home and doctored me. He was so good to me that I think I will be perfectly willing to stay at home.

MILDRED JACOBY.

Landis, Sask., Age 13

THE USUAL FORM

Mrs. Whitney Avnoo (to new maid)—"By the way, Mary, I forgot to tell you we generally have breakfast at 8 o'clock."

The New Maid—"All right, mum: if I ain't down to it don't wait."