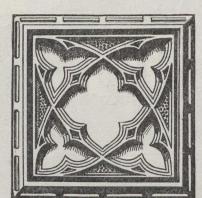
Let us set you right on the ceiling matter

You are, perhaps, prejudiced in favor of plaster, for ceilings. That prejudice won't last long after you read our book about ceilings. For it shows you why you cannot really afford to buy any but

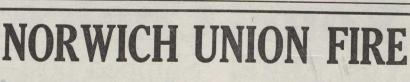
Preston Steel Ceilings

The book is aimed straight at those who have thought metal



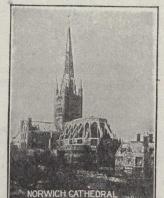
ceilings were too new an idea to be worth trying. Whether you are one of those or not, there is something in the book worth knowing. It shows you why a Preston Steel Ceiling is cheaper, far safer to sleep or work under, and vastly more beautiful to live with. Ask for the book, and outline your possible needs. The reply will interest you.

Branch Office and Factory THE METAL SHINGLE & SIDING CO., LTD. PRESTON ONT.





It pays to advertise in the Canadian Courier — because you reach the best class of people in the nine Provinces of the



Insurance Society Limited

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\$125,000,000 PAID FOR LOSSES \$496,900 DEPOSITED AT OTTAWA

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IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

dren, tell me a number to put on the board."

Some child said, "Thirty-six." The

Some child said, Third, supervisor wrote sixty-three.
He asked for another number, and was given. He wrote sixty-seven.

When a third number was asked, a

child who apparently had paid no attention called out:
"Theventy-theven. Change that, you darned thucker!"—Everybody's.

Needed Only Tact.—"Doctor, I want you to look after my office while I'm on a vacation."

"But I've just graduated, doctor. Have had no experience."

"That's all right, my boy. My practice is strictly fashionable. Tell the men to play golf and ship the lady patients off to Europe."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Well Defined.—An economist is usually a man who can save money by cutting down some other's people's expenses.—Washington Star.

On His Way.—"Binks has risen in the world."

the world."
"Yes, I hear that he is working in the subway now instead of in a coal" Brooklyn Life.

New Species of "Ram."-An elderly gentleman, wishing to purchase a ram, visited a country town a few miles distant. He was accosted by several intimate friends, who questioned him as to the kind of ram he intended investing in. These worthy

tioned him as to the kind of ram he intended investing in. These worthy gentlemen at once commenced their little spiels regarding the qualities of the various rams. One suggested Leicester, another Cotswold, etc.

He kept very reticent as to his intentions, merely leading them on by saying he wished to get a good ram while he was at it.

Upon returning to the hotel, the proprietor, a jovial fellow, and a one-time tiller of the soil, began to voice his arguments in favor of the various breeds. He even became so warm in his arguments that he confidently stated that he would bet a treat all around that it would be a Cotswold ram that was purchased.

Imagine the consternation of all when the old times graphs up and goid.

Imagine the consternation of all when the old-timer spoke up and said: "Gentlemen, I just came into town to

"A what?" they all echoed in chorus.

"A what?" they all echoed in chorus.

"A hydraulic ram!" he repeated.

"You see," he went on, "I am installing the latest improvements on my farm, and this here 'ram' is the 'butt' end of my private water-works system."

The proprietor treated.—Canadian Farm.

Upset.

Adown the stream of life, they said, Together peacefully they'd float; But, just as soon as they were wed, They both began to rock the boat.

Probably Not.—It was at a suffragette meeting. A woman was speaking bitterly of the many rights and privileges which the men enjoyed, but which were so unjustly denied to the women.

women.

"Say," broke in a male hearer, tauntingly, in a small, high-pitched voice that sounded well in proportion to his physical make-up, "wouldn't to his physical make-up, "wouldn't you like to be a man?"
"Yes," replied the woman; "wouldn't you?"—Harper's Magazine.

It Can Be Done.—"You make 30,000 marks a year as aviator? And yet people say you can't live on air."—Fliegende Blatter.

The System Failed .- Archie-"I've been takin' a course of memory-train-in'. It's a wonderful system—doubled my memory power in a month." Friend—"Really. What's the name

Archie — "Oh—er—dash it, slipped me for the moment; but it's near—er—you know—what's his name's in Thingummy Street.—Punch.