



"SAFE FROM FIRE, WIND, RAIN, SNOW AND THE HAND OF TIME."

Modern farming stands for Economy and Efficiency, and these are only attained in farm buildings by using fire-proof and weather proof materials.

The days of wood construction are numbered. The day of metal building is here. Wood is positive extravagance any way you look at it. Means extra labor cost in erecting—means annual paint and repair bills—means, above all, big insurance bills and the ever-present threat of fire, which makes life one long nightmare on many a farm.

"METALLIC"

Make your home and plant the "show place" of the neighborhood. Make it more—make it an object lesson of thrift, neatness and common-sense by using "Metallic" materials. Made in Canada for over thirty years under the motto "Quality First."

"Metallic" Building specialties include "Eastlake" Galvanized Shingles; "Empire" Corrugate Iron; "Metallic" Ceilings; "Metallic" Siding; "Empire" Silo Roofs; "Acherson" Roof Lights; "Halitus" Ventilators; Eave-troughing. Send for particulars, prices, etc., on the line you are interested in.

When we see more and more farm plants sheathed in "Metallic" fire-and-weather-proof materials like the above, we'll see in

like proportion—

the present colossal loss from fire and wind-storms go down year by year. Canada's farmers must do their part to save the Empire's resources. "Metallic" construction is a money-saving duty that farmers owe to themselves, their families, and the country. Our Service Department gives you building suggestions and advice free of charge.

Metallic Roofing Co. Limited, Mfctrs., Toronto and Winnipeg

"Carry your grip, boss?"

"No."

"Paper?"

"No."

"Shine?"

"No."

"Den gimme a cent an' I'll wiggle me ears fer yuh."

Bremner—"I can say one thing—I'm a self-made man."

Moore—"Are you boasting or apologizing?"

A RARE SPECIMEN

"Waiter, bring me half a dozen fried oysters."

Colored waiter, apologetically—Ah's berry sorry, suh, but we's out ob all shellfish 'ceptin' aigs."

"Now, Pat," said the magistrate to an old offender, "what brought you here again?"

"Two policemen, sor," was the laconic reply.

"Drunk, I suppose?"

"Yes, sor," said Pat, "both av thim."

A FOREBODING SOUND

"Is it a sign of death," said she, when a cat in the night howls ominously?"

"Yes," he replied, "a fateful one—if I hear it in time to get the gun."

Bill Bissette—"Jack Bird, if my feet were as big as yours, I'd hate to be seen on the street."

Jack—"Now, Bill, what are you always picking on *my* weakest spot for? I never said anything about your head."