

"British through and through"

BUY DIRECT

from our factory—save money—
build up the Empire

The Metallic Roofing Co., Limited, is determined that the farmers of the West shall have the fullest opportunity of buying British-made goods, with the least possible trouble and at the lowest possible price and we now advertise

"Metallic" Ceiling and Wall Plates

for sale direct from the factory at rock bottom price; for cash. There being so many patterns and styles, it is impossible to quote prices here—so just write us for information that will open your eyes. "Metallic" Ceiling and Wall Plates come in many beautiful, registered designs. The patterns are clean and sharp. The sheets are British-made, always true and straight and can be laid on any surface.

Of course we have
always sold direct
to farmers

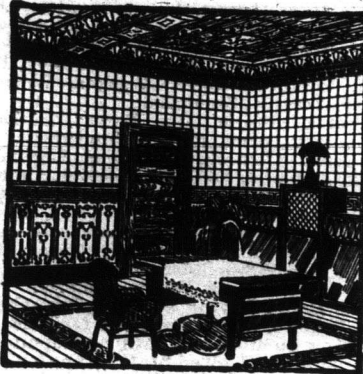
during our whole 30 years' business, whenever they wished to buy that way, so it is no new thing with us for any of our products.

Just now, however, we wish to make it specially easy for Western farmers to beautify their homes, churches, schools and other buildings with these beautiful, cleanly, fire-retardant, British-made "Metallic" Plates and offer big bargains in reduced prices.

Just drop us a card—we send you full information, illustrated catalogues, etc., without committing you in any way. Cut prices also made on the famous "Eastlake" Shingle, Rock and Brick-face Siding, "Empire" Corrugated Iron. Address:

The Metallic Roofing Co.

Limited
Manufacturers 797 Notre Dame Ave., Winnipeg
Established 1885 22W



Two-Climate Farming Popular

Have Your Southern Farm in California

The Northern and Southern Farmer is becoming common. Northern farmers are acquiring southern farms for winter farming and homes and a place to retire to when comfort, health and age demand. It's a fine plan. California is the place for your winter farm.

Get an orange or other orchard place started, pay for it on easy terms, put your savings into it, and have a money-maker in a few years, whither you can retire temporarily or permanently.

Canadian Californian colony now forming with 32 ten-acre plantations—all trees set and irrigation installed. Terms, one-tenth down, balance over ten years. Excellent location, grand climate, fine neighbors, good schools, superb roads.

Reserve one of these groves, inspect on World's Fair trip or within twelve months. If satisfied round trip railway fare credited; if not deposit cheerfully returned.

Bank references demonstrate responsibility and fidelity. Clip and mail this advertisement, or mention it to get benefit of plan. No obligations. Let us explain. Write now.

THEO. M. KNAPPEN

310 London Bldg.

Vancouver, B.C.

Logan opened his grip and extracted the roll of bills which constituted the sinews of war for the Bristol poll.

"\$500 versus \$1,800," he mused, "a pretty weak combination."

"Here," to the secretary, "pay your feeding and livery bills and corrupt the electorate with the rest."

The secretary smiled ruefully, "I guess there is not much danger of us breaking the election law at that rate."

"There are other ways of winning elections besides money and prayers," replied Logan, "and I want you to send each one of those twenty-two 'doubtfuls' to me before the other fellows get hold of them."

"Sure," replied the secretary, "but if you can handle them without cash you're some election worker."

"Well, we'll try," averred Logan. "Have you voted yet?"

"No, but I'm going over right now."

"All right," said Logan, "and when you go in give our inside scrutineer a tip not to try to stop Clayton if he catches him signalling."

"Not to stop him?" queried the Secretary.

"Sure."

"And you mean that if Clayton wants to signal we're to give him a free hand?"

"That's the game."

"Well, I can't see your drift," replied the Secretary, "but there's one of your 'doubtfuls' now and I'll send him in."

When the voter appeared Logan greeted him as an old friend and at once came to the point.

"I know you want to vote for us," he declared.

"Yes, I do," replied the elector, "but I suppose there will be a little something in it for a fellow."

"We haven't a dollar to spare after paying for our dinners and horse hire," replied Logan sadly, "but the other side is well fixed for cash and with the secret ballot nobody knows how you vote."

"That's just the trouble," replied the voter, "Clayton is in the poll and he has some way of telling how a fellow votes and signals it outside. We tried that game last election and couldn't."

"Well," said Logan, "I've a scheme that I want you to try and if it don't work I will agree personally to see that you don't lose anything."

"All right, anything to help out."

"Now," explained Logan, "here's a lead pencil and a wooden one. Put both in your pocket and when you go in to vote, first mark the ballot for Broadstreet with the wooden one on the pasteboard and bear on it as hard as you can without tearing the paper. Then mark it for Smith with the lead pencil you take in with you on a smooth surface, bearing on just hard enough to make a plain mark. Stick to it that you voted for them and you'll be all right."

"It's the people's money anyhow," remarked the voter by way of justification.

"Sure," agreed Logan, "and we are doing the best we can to bring it back to them."

"I'll stay with you on this racket, anyway," declared the voter.

"Good enough," replied Logan. "Now go and make your trade with them and vote right away."

Logan watched him as he made his way to the street where he was picked up by one of the opposing committee and, after a brief colloquy, entered the poll.

As the voter returned from the secret compartment and handed his ballot to the returning officer who dropped it into the box, Clayton leaned forward, glanced at it keenly and placed his pencil behind his left ear. The door-keeper opened the door with his left hand to allow the voter to come out, and a watcher hurried down to the "In" committee room. The voter, after a few minutes' delay, followed in the same direction.

Logan watched the proceedings with breathless interest.

"Here," he muttered, "is the test of my scheme."

A few minutes later his voter sauntered up the street with one of the "In" committee. They were chatting gaily and the elector was smoking a \$2.50 per hundred campaign cigar.

"By Jove, it works," exclaimed Logan gleefully.

The rest of the day was a busy one. Logan neither ate nor drank but personally looked after all the countless details of a country poll, and kept after the committee to see that they brought every one of the "doubtfuls" to him before they voted.

The local men did their work thoroughly. Twenty of the "doubtfuls" were brought to Logan, who supplied them with pencils and sent them into the poll. One of them was "handled" by the other side before Logan's men could reach him, and the other had stayed at home, thinking that an auto would come for him.

At 4.30 the secretary strolled on. "Everything voted," he announced.

Logan threw his papers into his grip. "I've just time to catch that train," he sighed wearily.

Both candidates were aboard the south-bound express, surrounded by noisy groups of their workers who were returning from the polls in the northern end of the county.

As Logan entered the car, Broadstreet, the "In" candidate, greeted him with a confident smile.

"What did you do at Bristol?" he asked.

"Broke even," replied Logan, "and cut the wires of Clayton's signal system."

"Jack has a wireless system," laughed Broadstreet, confidently.

When the train reached the Shiretown, Logan and the other "Out" workers sought the "inner room" at the party headquarters, for the returns would soon be coming in.

President Harper was at the head of the long table with a desk telephone at his elbow and a number of the more composed members sat back with ruled pads for taking down the returns, with the results of the previous elections for instant comparison, or crowded around the blackboard at the upper end of the room.

The more noisy and excited workers expressed themselves in divers ways. Dawson, who had not taken a drink since the writs were issued, was making boisterous and insistent demands for Scotch whisky. Hatfield, who had paid the fine of an imprisoned voter the day before election and had just discovered that he had been kidnapped by the other party the preceding evening, was swearing like the proverbial pirate, in spite of the efforts of the Presbyterian members to restrain him. Boyer, who had exceeded his appropriation at the Rockland poll by \$250, was endeavoring to find if there was a surplus at any of the other polls to make up the deficiency.

The telephone rang.

Harper gripped the receiver and silence reigned.

"You have the returns from Bath?"

All right."

"Broadstreet, 167. Yes."

"Smith, 131."

A dozen nervous pencils transferred the figures to paper, and there was a hurried comparison with the result of the previous contest.

"We lost seven votes there," announced the secretary quietly. "Rather a bad beginning."

For over an hour the returns straggled in, generally singly, succeeded by nerve-racking waits. Then the returns from half a dozen polls would come in together and there would be an excited scramble for the blackboard.

Finally everything was in except Bristol, and the clerk in charge of the blackboard announced:

Smith, 3570.

Broadstreet, 3569.

Broadstreet's partisans in the street were already cheering exultantly, and preparing to start a bonfire in front of the "Out" headquarters.

"We're all done," Smith declared quietly, "for they always lead us at Bristol by a neat majority."

"Unless Mr. Logan has tied them," scoffed Winton.

"I knew he couldn't when I suggested it," interrupted the president, "and we might as well call ourselves beaten here and hope for better things from the rest of the provinces."

A telephone ring stopped the discussion.

"Hello," shouted Harper, "give us Bristol if you have it."

"Smith, 162. Yes."

"Broadstreet, 162."