



RED CEDAR SHINGLES ARE THE ACCEPTED STANDARD FOR ROOFING

All other roofing products merely try to measure up to them as to durability, satisfactory service and cost

You don't have to go out of Canada for the best roofing known to man. In the forests of British Columbia the red cedar—some of the trees centuries old—attains a perfection as to grain, texture and natural oil as nowhere else in the world.

BRITISH COLUMBIA RED CEDAR SHINGLES

(Trademarked)

are made from material such as this. Straight of grain, thoroughly seasoned, standing up under all weather conditions, they give at minimum cost a 3-ply roof of impervious cedar which provides permanent protection and guarantees perfect satisfaction.

**DON'T CONSIDER A SUBSTITUTE WHEN
YOU CAN HAVE THE REAL THING**

Send for the "Shingle Booklet"—issued by the Publicity Section of the Shingle Agency of B. C.—tells you just why their trademarked shingles meet roofing demands in a manner that can't be approached otherwise.

**THE SHINGLE AGENCY
OF BRITISH COLUMBIA**
Standard Bank Building, VANCOUVER, B.C.

Note the
thickness
three layers

Come to

COBOURG

September 17, 18, 19, 20

This is a TRACTOR DEMONSTRATION, not a
Prize Contest.

FOURTH TRACTOR FARMING DEMONSTRATION for all EASTERN NORTH AMERICA

Why? To see the great display and operation of POWER FARM MACHINERY.

This is an effort to show you how to produce more with less manual labor.

Bring the Ladies Eat with the Daughters of the Empire.

From a Farmer's Wallet.

It was Descartes who said long ago, "I think, therefore I am." It is a fine thought that because we give free play to our minds, cultivating the habit of thinking and encouraging ourselves to use the intellect which has been given us. For that reason we shall pass something on beyond the term of our brief life that will help people to remember us. But it is worth while to stop long enough to consider just what will be the things those who come after us will be most apt to remember. Will it be something worth while, or will it be something that will cause people to turn away from the very mention of our names with loathing?

A young man I knew had a dream of a better farm than anybody else in the neighborhood. He set about it to make the place on which he lived the very best possible. He improved the buildings, he bought choice pure-bred stock, he put the very best of himself into his everyday work; and for years after he passed on people spoke of him as the man who set them to thinking and doing better farming than they ever had done before. It was like flinging a stone into the still water of a lake. The waves set in motion go on until they reach the farther shore. It was a humble, matter-of-fact kind of thinking that young farmer did, but it left its impression upon all the life of the community.

If this young man had made it a rule to be as mean as he could, living at a fast pace, flinging the money which came into his hands right and left to no good purpose—sowing wild oats with a prodigal hand—don't we all know what different feelings would come over the folks in that part of the country whenever they thought of him? Every life he touched, especially every young life, would have been made the worse for having known him. For the thinking you and I do has its bearing upon that done by those who know us. The thoughts we have shine out through the work we do, they appear in our very faces, they are written in letters of gold or in stains of black upon the very souls of others.

Now think for a minute what we can do to ensure our thoughts being strong, clean and helpful. These are days of books and papers. It stands us in hand never to touch a bad book or a bad paper. Pick out those that are good and pure and clean. The reading we do is stamped upon memory in a way that never can be changed. To a far greater extent than we know we are what we read. Then, too, our associates have something to do with our habits of thought. Better go down into the field and talk to the cattle that are grazing there than to listen a single instant to the conversation of a bad man or woman. The moment a bad thought comes, thrust it aside and get busy about something that is good. Remember this, too. A field left to itself soon run riot with weeds. To keep the weeds down, set out the roses and the apple-trees and the sweet honeysuckle.

A Guilty Conscience.

A young fellow who was the crack sprinter of his town—somewhere in the South—was unfortunate enough to have a very dilatory laundress. One evening, when he was out for a practice run in his rather airy and abbreviated track costume, he chanced to dash past the home of that dusky lady, who at the time was a couple of weeks in arrears with his washing.

He had scarcely reached home again when the bell rang furiously and an excited voice was wafted in from the porch: "Foh de Lawd's sake! won't you all tell Marse Bob please not to go out no moh till I kin git his clo'es round to him?"

An Eye to Business.

In a certain Sunday School on a Sunday afternoon one of the teachers became somewhat faint, and was placed upon a form while the usual restoratives were applied.

Suddenly a little girl stood up and persistently called "Teacher! Teacher!" in order to attract the attention of one of those who were attending the unfortunate invalid. At last the little one was heard, and the teacher, turning round, asked in a somewhat hasty manner:

"Well, what is it?"

"Please, teacher," replied the child, "my father makes coffins."