

LIFE INSURANCE FOR YOUR HOUSE

A TREE often lives several hundred years. Nature has protected the wood by covering it with bark to shield it from the elements.

When trees are sawed into lumber, Nature's protection is lost. Therefore, the wood used in your house must be paint protected to insure it against wear and weather.

"100% Pure" Paint is a good life insurance policy on your house. It protects against decay—pays for itself, over and over again, in the repairs it saves—adds value and beauty to the building as well as long life to the wood.


Martin-Senour "100% Pure" Paint

is most satisfactory for all outside and inside painting. "100% Pure" is genuine White Lead, Oxide of Zinc, purest Colors, and Linseed Oil—ground to extreme fineness by powerful machinery—the combination of which produces a paint that is greatest in hiding, covering and wearing qualities—and makes it the cheapest to use as well as the most satisfactory.

Write for our booklet, "Town and Country Homes". It gives you many helpful suggestions in Color Harmonies, and is free for the asking.

The Martin-Senour Co.

Limited
MONTREAL.



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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

BAKERS' OVENS.

HUBBARD PATENT PORTABLE Ovens—plans supplied; latest machinery; lowest prices; catalogue free. Warren Manufacturing Co., 782 King West, Toronto.

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PACKAGE free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps; catalogue; hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto.

HELP WANTED.

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FREE FOR SIX MONTHS — MY SPECIAL offer to introduce my magazine "INVESTING FOR PROFIT." It is worth \$10 a copy to anyone who has been getting poorer while the rich, richer. It demonstrates the REAL earning power of money, and shows how anyone, no matter how poor, CAN acquire riches. INVESTING FOR PROFIT is the only progressive financial journal published. It shows how \$100 grows to \$2,200. Write NOW and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 465-28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

PATENTS.

WE SELL, MANUFACTURE, DEVELOP and market patents; rights obtained: Canada forty-five dollars, United States sixty-five dollars; expert advice given free from the Patent Selling and Manufacturing Agency, 22 College Street, Toronto.

THE undersigned attorneys for the patentee are prepared to grant licenses at a reasonable price to all desiring to use the process of manufacturing rubber described in Canadian Letters Patent No. 148,938, issued on the first day of July, 1913, to The Bourne Rubber Co., Limited, assignee of Walter E. W. Richards. Ridout & Maybee, 59 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

In Lighter Vein

Keen.—"Here, sir," said the antique dealer, displaying a huge sword to a clerical-looking collector. "Ever see anything more interesting than that? That's Balaam's sword."

"But, my good man, that cannot be," said the dominie, "Balaam never had a sword. He only wished for one."

"Quite right, sir," said the dealer. "This is the one he wished for!"—Chicago Journal.

An Amateur.—"Some saintly folk in this town are always throwing the game of poker at our unoffending head," says a Georgia editor. "We want to say, once for all, that we don't know the game. If we had known it we'd be richer, at this writing, by a house and lot, a gold watch and chain, and a real diamond stud."—Atlanta Constitution.

Godsend.—He—"I wonder why it is that I can never manage to be alone with you?"

She—"It must be an act of Providence."—Boston Transcript.

Knockers.

NO man can knock you on the sly
And do so with impunity;
The only knocker who gets by
Is known as Opportunity.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Modern.

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-tangoing, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.

"What's your father, my pretty maid?"

"My father's a zero, sir," she said.

"Say, will you marry me, my pretty maid?"

"Yes, for a time, kind sir," she said.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"My heels are my fortune, sir," she said.

"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid."

"I have plenty of partners, kind sir," she said.

Musical Query.—Another thing we don't understand about a grand-opera orchestra is why all the fiddlers finish at the same time when they are playing different tunes.—Dallas News.

The Real Hero.—First Critic—"I understand you saw Scribbler's new comedy last night. Who played the hero?"

Second Critic—"I did. I sat through the whole thing."—Tit-Bits.

One on Father.—"Daughter," said the father, "your young man, Rawlings, stays until a very late hour. Has not your mother said something to you about this habit of his?"

"Yes, father," replied the daughter sweetly. "Mother says men haven't altered a bit."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Once Bitten.—Waiter (to town councillor, who is furtively feeling the edges of the knives arranged on the banqueting table)—"It's all right, Mr. Brown. Every one of 'em has been sharpened."

Town Councillor (moodily)—"Ah wor looking for a blunt 'un; t' last time A wor 'ere Aw cut my mouth!"—Liverpool Mercury.

Considerate.—"Aren't you the man I gave some pie to a fortnight ago?" "Yes, lidy, thank you; I come back because I thought p'raps you'd like to know I'm able to get about again."—Punch.