

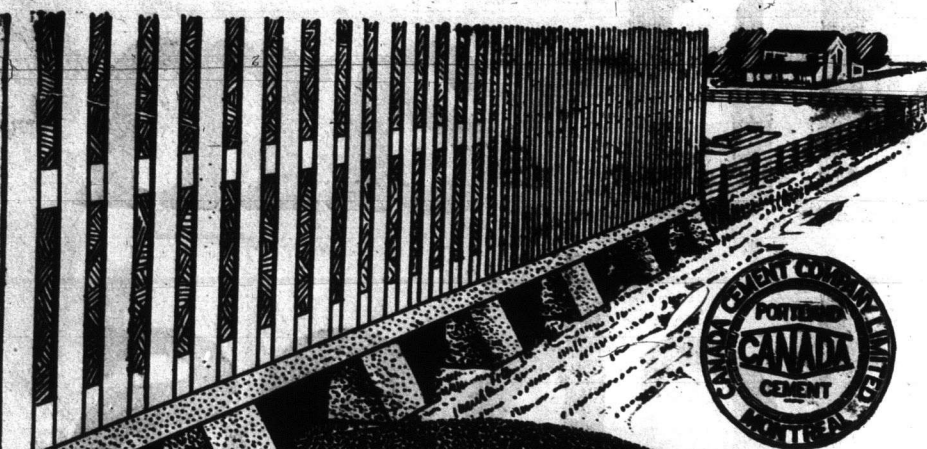
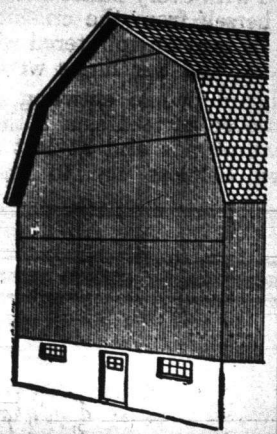
"Metallic" Corrugated Iron Barns are Lightning, Fire, and Weather-Proof

Lumber and labor are too expensive to be used in farm buildings; besides, wood buildings are easily destroyed by fire and lightning. "Metallic" Corrugated Iron makes buildings that last a life-time; that are warm and dry; and proof against fire, lightning and weather.

Costs Less Than Lumber

You save money on labor and lumber when you use "Metallic" Corrugated Iron. Write for complete information before you buy any building material. We can save you money. Our corrugated iron is made in galvanized or painted sheets, straight or curved.

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Build Concrete Crib Floors and Supports

THEY keep the rats, squirrels and other rodents from carrying away your profits. Millions of dollars are lost to farmers each year through the ravages of rodents in cribs and granaries. Part of this loss is paid by every farmer whose crib floor isn't built of concrete.

Concrete crib floors and supports stop the waste because

They Protect Your Grain

Concrete is strong, durable and clean. It never wears out and needs practically no repairs. It is the cheapest of all materials for cribs and granaries.

Write for this free book "What the Farmer can do with Concrete." It tells all about the uses of concrete and will help every farmer to have better buildings and save money.

Farmer's Information Bureau

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The hand loosened itself gently from her clasp and felt down across her face, along her throat, over her breast, and stopped a fraction of a moment at the splintered bar. Then she heard it slipping over some huge flat surface above her senseless body.

"Now, just be still as possible, and I will go for tools and help. When I call, answer. What shall I call you that you may know when to answer?"

"Louie," said the girl, giving unconsciously the name that had belonged exclusively to that good friend, her father.

"I'll be back soon," said the voice, and the hand found hers, held it hard a moment, laid it gently down, and then hand and voice were gone.

She tried to close her ears to the awful sounds, that were all about her, the screams, the voices calling on God, the blasphemies. She shut her hands hard and held on to her wits desperately though fear was shaking them like rags in the wind. And then out of the darkness, and the shouts, after what seemed hours, she heard the strong voice again and it was calling her.

He was coming back, and she heard some metal thing dragging after, as he crawled towards her.

"I found an axe," he said, "and now I must have light. Can you hold matches for me?"

In the tiny flare that presently illuminated a weird space of the blackness she looked up to see strong shoulders huddled under a leaning canopy, mighty arms in shirt sleeves, and an axe that began to ring in short, hampered strokes upon the thing above her. But presently the man ceased, gave her another match and began trying to pry up with the short handle.

"Why?" said Louie, fearfully.

"Steel," said the voice as the match went out.

Then came a time such as one lives but once—a time of rising excitement, of growing horror of uncertainty turned to despair, of facing the grim future all unprepared. From the forward end of the wrecked train began to grow upon the darkness a soft, faint light. It grew and spread, and horrible sights crept out of the gloom—still figures, pleading hands. A rising note of sound came with it a steady roar.

"Oh," said the girl faintly, "Fire!"

The man dropped the axe and blundered away into the coming light. Then, indeed, did all anguish open up for her. She beat upon the prisoning bar and screamed like all those others. She saw a man just beyond her who moved, seemingly just recovering his lost consciousness, and then she heard that strong voice somewhere out in the night crying in stentorian tones, "Hello! For God's sake, lend a hand here!"

But he cried to panic and lost wits, and none heard or answered of all those running futile creatures.

And then Louie knew that he was beside her again, that his arm was beneath her head, that his strong hand held hers, and that the light was bright all round them. She had lost a little space of time. His sleeves were in tatters. There was blood upon his arms, where he had fought with the steel wreckage; but the face that bent close over her was like that of a god in its tenderness and strength.

Deep brown eyes looked into hers with such high courage that the laboring heart within her, thrilled with answering life.

"Is it—death?" whispered Louie.

"Dear little girl," he said, with a catch in his tender voice, "I'm afraid it is."

"Oh" said Louie, and there flashed into her mind that grim clause, "In the case of the death of the said Louie Thornton."

"Then," she said bravely, "you must hurry and go, though I want you to know that you—you have helped." She looked up into the brown eyes with her own frightened blue ones.

The light was a glare, and in it she saw the man she had noticed, and he was above her crawling towards the light like some dazed helpless animal. His hand was on her breast, for he must pass over her to escape. She uttered a cry at the added weight, and then she saw the arm in the tattered sleeve shoot out, and the crawling creature go backward into the wreckage. As he disappeared a suit case reared under his knee and she saw distinctly, with an unnatural clearness the words printed on its end; John McAllan, Glasgow, Scotland.

She closed her eyes and shuddered—that was what she had run from—that crawling white faced thing! But the deep voice was speaking in her ear, and she turned her mind to it.

"Little girl," it said softly, "I don't know who you are nor to whom you belong, but I want to tell you something. In moments like these, we strip life of all save elemental things, and within this hour I have found my heart's haven—in your sweet eyes—tell me—do you belong to anyone else?"

"No," said Louie.

"Then—look at me—long, dear—you are my one woman, since time was, I know you by the heart in me. If we were to be spared we would have a long rose hued life ahead of us. As it is—who knows?—we may yet live, and love in those fields that bloom with eternal spring—the land of the Great Beyond, at any rate we will go together."

The lips quivered pitifully, and gently the man stooped and laid his own upon them. The heat was growing unbearable, there was no air to breathe and in this wonderful moment, when life and death offered her a full cup each, Louie felt her senses leaving her, strive as she might.

"You—you—would—die with me?" she whispered incredulously.

"Yes," said the deep voice softly, "and may we wake together. Good night, sweetheart."

She raised an arm and slipped it about his bare throat, even as the world of light and heat faded out with the gleam of metal that looked like a short revolver in the man's hand.

"Good night," she said.

She was conscious of vast coolness, of water that seemed to flow along her breast and arms, of tingling life in her numbed limbs, and then of some soft thing that held her. Presently she knew that it was human arms, tender arms that eased her and that a voice was speaking from far away, a strong familiar voice.

"Louie!" it was calling. "Louie little girl!" and obediently she answered "Here."

"Thank God!" whispered the voice with a catch in it. "Oh, thank God; John McAllan is favored of the gods this day!"

She came back to the good earth, and the cool night with a bound.

"John McAllan!" she gasped. "Who—who is—he?"

"Me," said the voice ungrammatically.

"Whom do you think?"

But Louie only smiled drowsily at the hurrying figures below them at work about the wreck of the train.

"How—?" she asked in a feeble ecstasy.

"Gang came just in time. And now there are the fields terrestrial and the rose hued life. How about it, little girl? Am I not right?"

"Yes," said the girl contentedly; "as I know you always are. You're the best man grandfather ever knew,—and he was right."

"What?" shouted the strong voice.

But Louie had drifted away on a golden tide of sleep, the gift of outraged nature, who knew she could bear no more.

"You may fall in love with anything, but keep on falling in love. What a beautiful thing it is! What a transformation comes with it! I have seen again and again a girl who, from the ordinary point of view, had no lines of beauty to admire, but when 'Mr. Right' came, it was a wonderful change that came over her. She became really beautiful. If only she could persist in falling in love that girl would remain young for ever. But girls don't; that is why they grow old. Fall in love continually. I know nothing more important than this to prevent men and women from getting into the sere and yellow leaf."

"If you are married, why, the thing is simple—all you have to do is to fall in love over again with your husband or your wife. I know of no better cure for sickness, no better prevention of old age, than perpetual falling in love."

"Don't grow old without having fallen in love. In India no woman is allowed to remain unmarried, but I say to you no woman ought to be married unless she has fallen in love. If she cannot fall in love, she ought to be drowned, for men and women who are worthy of life ought to be capable of this divine sensation. Practise it on something or somebody."—Dr. Josiah Oldfield in the "Gentlewoman."