



Are you tired of mending your roof?

Genasco Ready Roofing

is made of Trinidad Lake Asphalt and gives you long years of service. Doesn't dry-out, crack, pulverize, rot, nor rust. Saves you trouble, time, and money.

A written guarantee with every roll, backed by a thirty-two million dollar company.

Mineral or smooth surface. Ask any dealer, and stick for Genasco. Look for the trade-mark. Write for Book 70 and samples.

THE BARBER ASPHALT PAVING COMPANY

Largest producers of asphalt, and largest manufacturers of ready roofing in the world.

PHILADELPHIA

New York San Francisco Chicago
J. H. Ashdown Hardware Co., Ltd., Winnipeg.

GENASCO READY ROOFING

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY THE

J. H. ASHDOWN HARDWARE CO.
LIMITED, WINNIPEG.

Western Distributing Agents. Prices and Samples on Application.

THE GREATEST EVER "Minnehaha" Ball Bearing, Triple Action Washer.



"So Easy! Don't You Want One?"

The Minnehaha will wash with greatest ease the same amount of clothes in less time than any other machine on the market. The tubs are made from selected Virginia white cedar, corrugated and secretly filled, rendering them moist proof. All parts coming in contact with the clothes are heavily galvanized, preventing rust. Write for booklet and information.

J. H. Ashdown Hardware Co. Ltd.

Agents

WINNIPEG,

MAN

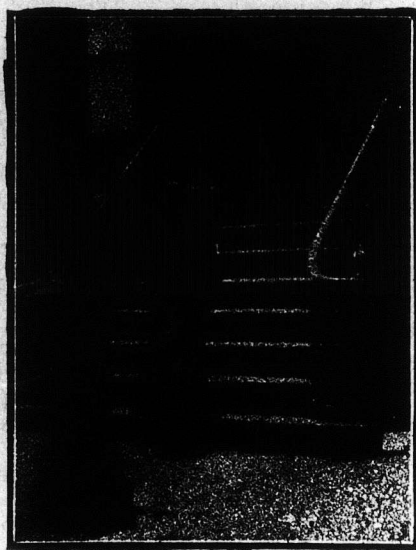
Rosalie's First Christmas in New York

By Elizabeth Howard Westwood.



BECAUSE Rosalie Cummings won the first art prize at the Worcester Female Seminary did not mean that she was destined for a successful artistic career in New York. But Rosalie didn't know this, neither did her admiring family, nor yet the village of Cummingsville, which prided itself upon its young genius. What Rosalie did know was that she loved to dabble in paints, and that she had read fascinating stories of girls in New York who lived in picturesque attic rooms on tea and rolls, and painted masterpieces that rescued them from starvation and won them undying fame. An alluring existence this! When Rosalie packed her paint brushes and bade good-bye to the home of her ancestors, it was with the assurance that when she returned for Christmas she would have made her native village famous throughout the length and breadth of the metropolis.

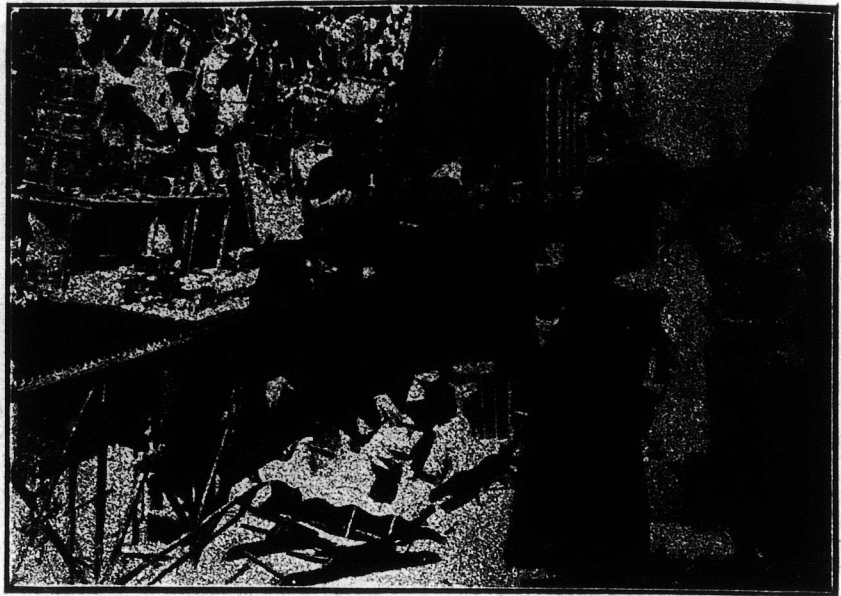
Once she arrived in New York and found that one-quarter of its glories had never been told her, one-half had never been dreamed. She knew now why her uncle's sermons on the New Jerusalem



"At the little French restaurant where she dined."

were famous throughout the countryside. He had studied for the ministry in this marvelous city. Everything she saw turned to a romance beneath her eyes. The roost in the old Washington Square rookery where she had tacked up her masterpieces, together with her family photographs, was carved with the names of men and women who had reached the top of the ladder she had just begun to climb. Over the grate where, as the fall advanced, she built a fire of coals, was perched a half-finished statuette of Inspiration, left there by a departed sculptor. At the little French restaurant, where she dined off a marvelous *table d'hôte*, she could scarcely eat her spaghetti and salad for the excitement of seeing well-known artists converse jovially in the flesh. She spent long afternoons in the Metropolitan Museum, wandering from picture to picture, from room to room, dreaming joyously of the time when her name, too, should be among the elect. In the intervals when she was not engrossed in her chosen art she caught glimpses of ravishing shops which dazzled her quiet, country eyes and made her long for the wealth of the Indies. It was then, too, that the throb of gay, reckless New York set her young blood to dancing and her sober head to whirling with the very joy of life.

In all this triumphant symphony one discordant note jarred upon her exaltation. The teachers at the art league, where she spent her mornings drawing blocks and painting iridescent vases, criticised her work with a severity deserved only by the most hopeless art pupil at the Worcester Female Seminary. In view of the fact that she had



"The streets were lined with booths where strident hucksters cried their Christmas wares."

démurred about spending any further time in study, this was, of course, amusing rather than otherwise. It was her father who had insisted on a course at the league, declaring that if there was anything left for his girl to learn she should have it if he had to mortgage the farm.

It was at the league, however, that she heard about the famous students' competition whose generous prizes of \$1,000, \$500 and \$250 were to be supplemented by a half-dozen scholarships.

This short cut to wealth and fame was just what Rosalie had been looking for, and now every afternoon saw her furiously at work upon "The Broken Heart," whose pathetic story was told by a young mother dressed in sombre black weeping over a child's toy in her hand. Had her enthusiasm needed any re-enforcement it would have been more than supplied by the soprano next door, whose lack of engagements gave her plenty of time to serve as model, and whose admiration of Rosalie's talent was beyond bounds.

For there were times when even Rosalie's buoyant self-confidence was assailed by doubts.

"Now don't you worry, Rosy," said Miss Hancock one afternoon late in the fall, as Rosalie turned the nearly finished picture to the wall, and the two prepared to seek supper at a Broadway restaurant. "Even if you shouldn't get the first prize, there are plenty of others. But I wish I was as sure of my ever getting a good engagement as I am of seeing you spend that \$1,000. I brought my friends in to see it yesterday, and they think it's wonderful. The janitress says it makes her cry every time she looks at it. She just realizes what she's lost by not being a mother."

With a prize-winning masterpiece well under way, it was scarcely strange that the indifference of Rosalie's callow fellow-students passed unnoticed.

"They aren't the kind of girls I care to know," she wrote to her best friend at home. "They use so much slang and are not wrapped up in their careers as I am. I often blush at the light way they discuss sacred subjects. Instead of conversing on ennobling topics, they actually gossip about such trifles as getting promoted to the life class and the money to be made in illustrating. As if there was nothing more inspiring to art. Isn't it too bad?"

The advances made by these good-natured but light-headed associates were not cordially received, and even Miss Hilliard, the monitor, did not measure up to Rosalie's ideal of a serious-minded art student. Miss Hilliard had taken an interest in the industrious little country girl who trusted life so innocently. From time to time she had drawn Rosalie into conversation, and one day had offered to get her some children as pupils.

"Thank you," said Rosalie, stiffly, "but I am going to be an artist, not a teacher, you know. I find so little time for my own painting as it is, that I shall have to give up the league after Christmas."

Rosalie was too polite to mention it, but she considered the still-life class at the league far inferior to the course she had already pursued at the Worcester Female Seminary. "It would only be a waste of time," she wrote home, "to stay there any longer. I haven't learned a thing all the time I've been there."

For, with the prestige she would acquire from her prize, Rosalie expected to sail in with her brush and win an enviable place in art circles.

It was not till her picture was off to the judges and Christmas was looming up in the foreground that Rosalie discovered how alarmingly low her funds were. Simple and humble though her mode of existence had been, her expenses were yet beyond the most extrava-



"The shop windows held glimpses of a fairyland"