

Dare You Throw Burning Coals On Your Roof?

Burning coals thrown on a roof of Ruberoid harmlessly sputter away—and die out.

They do not set fire to the Ruberoid. They do not set fire to the timbers underneath.

Yet a roof of Ruberoid is more than mere protection against fire.

It is protection against the cold of winter. Being a perfect non-conductor of heat, it keeps the warmth of the house in.

It is protection against the heat of summer. It keeps the building cool by keeping the sun's heat out.

Seventeen Years of Test

And it is more. It is wind proof, rain proof, snow proof. It resists acids, gases and fumes. Because of its great flexibility, it is proof against contraction, expansion and the twisting strains which every roof must bear.

A roof of Ruberoid is practically a one-piece roof.

For with every roll comes the Ruberine cement with which you seal the seams and edges—seal them against the weather and against leaks. You will find many roofings which look like Ruberoid—but none which wear like Ruberoid.

For the first buildings ever roofed with Ruberoid—more than seventeen years ago—are still watertight and weather-tight.

These buildings are the oldest roofed with any ready roofing. Ruberoid was by several years the first.

And of more than 300 substitute roofings on sale today, not one can employ the vital element which makes Ruberoid roofing what it is.

This vital element is Ruberoid gum—made by our own exclusive process.

It is this wonderful Ruberoid gum which gives Ruberoid roofing the life and flexibility to withstand seventeen years of wear where other roofings fray out in a few summers.

These substitute roofings are made to resemble only the uncolored Ruberoid.

Ruberoid can also be had in colors. It comes in attractive Red, Brown and Green—suitable for the finest home.

The color is not painted on. It is a part of the roofing. It does not wear off or fade.

Get This Free Book

Before deciding on any roofing for any purpose, get our free book which tells what we have learned in twenty years of tests about all kinds of roofing. This book is frank, fair and impartial. It tells all about shingles, tin, tar, iron and ready roofings.

RUBEROID

Be sure to look for this registered trademark which is stamped every four feet on the under side of all genuine Ruberoid. This is your protection against substitutes which many dealers brazenly sell as Ruberoid. Ruberoid is usually sold by but one dealer in a town. We will tell you the name of your Ruberoid dealer when you send for our free book.

To get this book, address Dept. 910 The Standard Paint Company of Canada, Ltd., Montreal.

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If you intend buying a piano it will pay you to look into the records of the various instruments. If you do you will find that

Ye Olde Firme Heintzman & Co. Piano

has for over half a century been the acknowledged superior of all Canadian pianos and to-day holds a prominent position among the best pianos manufactured in any country in the world. Heintzman and Co. pianos are noted for their individual tone, individual power, singing qualities, beauty, and perfect construction.

It has always been the choice of the world's greatest musicians who have visited Canada. These artists have all spoken in highest terms of its unequalled brilliancy of tone. Albani said—"It excels any piano I have ever used."

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"We look at the mountains," he answered, "and our canyons are beautiful." "It must be very quiet," she continued. "We have much going on in Monterey. Don Adam Watson says—"

"I wish he would have nothing to say to you, or you to him!" Don Bernardo broke in irritably. "These foreigners have too much power in our towns!"

"But Don Adam means to settle down here and come into the church—"

"And marry one of our women," the young men fiercely added.

"So he says," she acknowledged. "He gave Father Perato of El Carmelo a new bell for the mission. He is a rich man."

"And so he thinks he can buy his position, his religion, and even a wife from one of our noble families," the jealous lover exclaimed scornfully. "Senorita; if I thought—"

Dona Modeste laughed merrily.

"Don Bernardo is very fierce to-day," she gaily cried.

"I must go," he said shortly, rising as he spoke. "I have arrangements to make with my vaqueros for an early start."

"Will you not wait until my father returns?" she asked politely.

"I shall doubtless see him at the Presidio as I pass," he answered stiffly.

He had risen, but still he did not go. She carefully folded her work and laid it on the chair he had left vacant.

"Dona Modeste," he entreated, "have you forgotten the question I asked you? If you will not answer it now before I leave—"

"What will you do?"

He raised his head proudly. "I shall never ask it again."

She pulled a rose from the bush above them, and held it to her face. The dark eyes were full of tenderness, but he could not see them in the wavering shadow.

"Farewell, senorita," he said. "Adios," she murmured.

He flung himself down the adobe steps without one glance behind.

A week passed. After all, Dona Modeste did not find it lively in Monterey. Don Antonio had serenaded her once, playing on his guitar and singing in his high tenor; but Don Antonio's voice was truly bad. Only one new boat had reported at the custom-house, the Mexican brig Fazio, and it would soon leave. If there would only come another saint's day, or a wedding, or—

She looked down the dusty road toward the Presidio. A horseman was approaching. If it were Don Adam Watson she would go inside. He was tiresome, and he spoke the Spanish so poorly. But no! Don Adam could not ride like that. It could not be so soon—and yet it must be—Don Bernardo Carillo!

She laughed happily as she whispered to herself; "Back, and so soon!"

Don Bernardo tied his horse to the post and walked past the abalone

shells straight to the steep adobe steps.

"You made a quick journey, Don Bernardo," she began.

"Yes," he answered. "I did not expect to return, but I leave tomorrow morning on the Fazio for Mexico. I must go on board at sundown. I stopped to say good-bye."

There was a quaver in Dona Modeste's voice when she spoke.

"You go to Mexico?"

"Either that or fight the Indians."

"Is there trouble?"

"Yes, there has been trouble north," he answered. "The governor has given orders for more soldiers, and the general sent out recruiting squads to draft the young men. A friend of mine rode over to warn me of their approach. I hurried back to Monterey, for I knew the Fazio was expected, and she sails to-night."

"It is too bad you must leave California," she said musingly.

"It is no glory to fight Indians," he said stubbornly.

"I know it," she answered. "Is there no other way?"

She knew there was, and so did he. "Not for me," he replied.

She looked across at the quiet bay and saw the Fazio at anchor, with its rowboat alongside waiting to come ashore at sunset.

"Is it true?" she began, making a visible effort. "It seems to me I have heard—"

"What?" she asked tensely.

The hot blood dyed her cheeks, and she turned again toward the boat. If the Carrillos were only not quite so proud! If he had not said—all at once she noticed that the small boat was pulling toward the beach. The time was short.

"I have heard my father say," she continued in a low, husky voice, "that they do not draft married men as soldiers."

"It is true," he answered quietly.

She looked out toward the approaching boat with unseeing eyes and waited. Surely she had said enough.

"Dona Modeste," he said softly, for the Carrillos were tender as well as proud, "you know that there is only one condition on which I would dare to stay—or care to."

She did not speak.

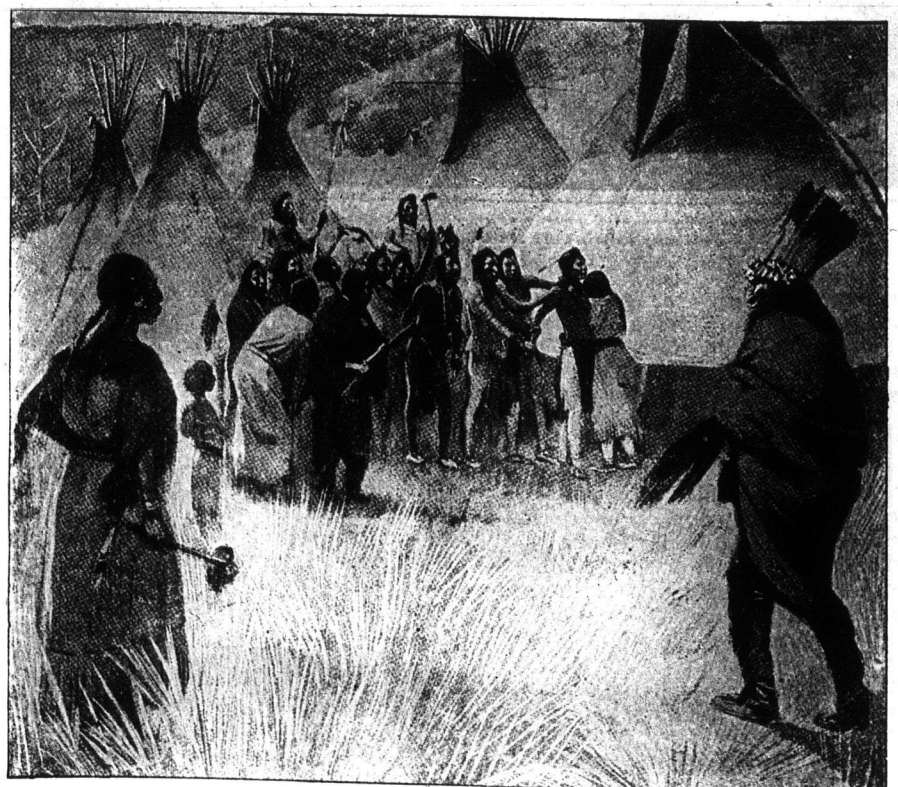
"See," he urged gently, "the boat is nearing the beach."

Her head drooped humbly. He bent forward—waiting.

"Stay!" she whispered.

Across the broad bay, gleaming with the colors of the abalone shells, the little boat pulled back toward the sunset.

Col. Sam Hughes, M.P.: It is inspiring to hear from the lips of an Australian that the victory at Quebec in 1759 made a British Australia possible.



A Scene from "Hiawatha"