

Don't Judge a Roofing By Its Looks

On the surface, most ready roofings look the same.

But the weather finds the hidden weakness.

The weather finds the vegetable fibers in the fabric and rots them.

The weather finds the volatile oils which are concealed below the surface. The sun draws these oils, in globules, to the top of the roofing, where they evaporate in the air.

Where there was a globule of air, there remains a hole. And behind each hole is a tiny channel which lets the weather and water into the very heart of the roofing.

When the sun and the wind and weather have sought out the hidden weaknesses, the roofing is porous, instead of solid; water-soaked, instead of waterproof.

You can't tell by looks, which roofing will last twenty years, and which will go to pieces in a single summer.

Seventeen Years of Service

But you can do this: You can tell the original Ruberoid roofing—the only roofing which has lasted seventeen years—from the 300 substitutes which have proven their unworthiness.

Ruberoid was the first ready roofing. Its basis is the best wool felt impregnated with Ruberoid gum.

It is this wonderful flexible gum which no other maker can duplicate.

It is this gum which gives Ruberoid all the flexibility of rubber without containing an iota of it. It is this gum which withstands wind, weather, sun, fire, acid, gases and fumes, where all other compounds fail.

It is this gum, in the Ruberine cement which accompanies each roll of Ruberoid roofing, which makes ours practically a one-piece roofing—sealed against leaks—sealed against the weather.

Ruberoid comes plain and in colors. The attractive Red, Brown and Green Ruberoid are fine enough for the costliest home. And the color feature is exclusive—protected by patents.

In the past twenty years we have had experience not only with all ready roofings, but with other roofings—shingles, tar, tin, iron and other roofings.

We Test All Roofings

Each roofing we have exposed to the weather test, on our roof garden at our factory.

The result of these twenty years of tests we have written into a book which will be gladly sent you free.

This book is a gold mine of roofing information, telling about the advantages and disadvantages of each roofing for each purpose. To secure a copy, address Dept. 42, The Standard Paint Company of Canada, Ltd., Montreal.

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.

The Standard Paint Company of Canada, Ltd., Montreal, Canada
New York Hamburg London Paris

More than one best?

When you ask your grocer to send you the best flour, he sends you—his best. When you know the best flour and order by the name, the choice is not left to the grocer. Many grocers handle

Royal Household Flour

as their leader. They have found it the safest flour to recommend because its results are sure and its purity is unquestioned. If your grocer's best is not Royal Household, insist on his getting it for you. The benefit will be mutual.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd.

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here, Kate, I believe I could teach you telegraphy down here, after all. I have a little instrument at home, and Mr. Dale could fix us up a battery if Mr. Storer is willing. He has everything in the laboratory. We'll ask him."

Mr. Storer, on application, proved perfectly willing. He knew almost everything himself, it seemed to me, and he appreciated the desire of other people to learn things. He superintended the construction of the battery with the liveliest interest, and then astonished me beyond measure by sitting down to the keyboard when it got into running order and clicking off nonchalantly on the sounder.

"Well, how is it? All right?"

And to our ejaculations he said, with a twinkle in his eyes as he hurried off to some construction work, "I was stranded down in Mexico once, and had to work my way home. I tried telegraphing."

"Did you ever see such a cosmopolite?" asked Kate, as he hurried away.

"Austria, Russia, China, California, and now Mexico! The other day, in that consultation, you know, the New York man said, 'Where did you get that idea of the roof arch? That seems an excellent thing.' 'Oh, that's a little point I got in Hungary,' said Mr. Storer, in an everyday voice, and went on talking. Shall I know half as much when I'm his age?"

"You will if your present thirst for knowledge holds good," I laughed. "Well, now, get your chair, and I'll teach you the alphabet by sound. Oh, what fun this is."

We certainly did have good times at that south station.

One winter evening—it was pay-night, and Mr. Storer had gone up-town with the pay-roll—we sat at work, Kate in the outer office, which was separated by a wrought-iron lattice-work from the inner one, where I was busy straightening out the books for the last month.

The chemists were in the works, getting bottlefuls of nauseating gas stuffs for analysis; the draftsmen and assistant engineers had strayed afar bound on various errands. We had the upper floor quite to ourselves.

It was a cold night, and growing dark. Down below, at the office entrance, I could see, even through the dark, the white linen cuffs and hoods that gleamed against the somber attire of two Catholic sisters. It was their custom to appear promptly at the works on paynights, and to stand modestly and silently, with downcast eyes, at the gates, to receive offerings from the workmen as they passed out in line, opening their yellow pay-envelopes.

It was cold and growing colder, but the sisters stood there patient, motionless. The paymaster was late, I thought as I looked at the clock. Suddenly I became aware, through the monotonous click of Kate's typewriter, of a sort of repetition in the sound. My ear, trained to the spacings of the telegraphic alphabet, spelled out over and over the word, "Ella! Ella!"—my own name.

I looked out with a smile, about to make some amused comment on Kate's discovery that the typewriter key made an excellent substitute for the key of a telegraph sounder.

But something strained and unusual in her look and the pallor of her usually rosy face disturbed me.

"Don't speak!" the key went on. "Look away!"

I did so, much wondering, and with my heart beginning to beat uncomfortably fast.

"A man has come up-stairs and crawled into the laboratory," went on the improvised key, slowly spelling out the words. "Not one of our men. He thinks I don't see him."

Like a flash the situation dawned upon me. The works stood on the dark, deserted outskirts of the city, and the paymaster, who drove down in a little light buggy, always brought a second man and a revolver with him, to guard against highwaymen. The works were generally well watched within. What adverse fate was it that had emptied the office building tonight?

What should I do? If there was one man already upstairs, of course there

was another one somewhere—perhaps two or three others.

I rose, humming a careless song, putting into it, I am sure, a most artistic tremolo without the slightest effort.

"I think I'll finish my tabulating on the other machine!" I called out to Kate, and whipped the cover off a long-carriage typewriter that stood by me. Inserting for form's sake a long sheet of paper, with trembling fingers I rapped out:

"I understand. Can you tell if another one comes up?"

"Yes; I see the stairway," answered Kate. "No one in sight."

"Is it too dark to see the road from your window? Could you scream out and warn the men as they come down the hill?"

"Can't see the hill," answered the chattering typewriter. "Don't dare move. Think he has me covered with revolver."

In spite of my fright I could but marvel at Kate's admirable composure. She sat tapping away at her machine, pausing now and then with a little puzzled frown, with a pretense of deciphering the notes in her book.

I thought fast. Could I write a note and toss it down to those two silent sisters below? It was too dark, they would take it for a mere waste scrap of paper, and I dared not call out.

"Another man," ticked the machine, monotonously. "He has stopped on the landing in dark corner. Not coming up."

"Shall I call from my window?" said the long-carriage machine.

"No, no!" answered the other. "Wait till we hear the wheels, at least."

"Don't you move, whatever you do," I said. "I'll try to call from the toilet-room window. Some one may see me."

I rose, and still humming my careless song, walked across into the safe little inner room and threw the window up. Outside all was silence and darkness. If only a workman would stroll within that illuminating band of light that the lamp threw!

At that moment I heard the light rumble of wheels. A wild impulse seized me to fly back to the outer office, fling up the window, and warn the unsuspecting paymaster. Then I caught sight of the whistle-rope. In an instant I sprang to it,—well out of sight of the crouching intruders,—and blew for dear life, over and over, the six short blasts of the "hurry-up" call.

Crisp and clear it shrieked, in what Kate used to speak afterwards as "angel tones," "All hands double-quick to the engineer's office!"

They poured in from every quarter. I heard the crunch of many feet upon the gravel. Never was a more welcome sound. Safe now from fear of detection, I re-entered the toilet-room, closed the door behind me, flung up the window, and called out to the wondering crowd below:

"Two men are up here with pistols, waiting to waylay the paymaster!"

I heard the calls, the sudden shifting of pressure; I saw the throng pour in below; I knew they would not come upstairs unarmed, and I flew back to see what had befallen Kate.

But too bewildered to connect the alarming shriek of the whistle on the roof with the girl who sat still evoking meaningless words from her faithful machine, two men darted by her and jumped out of the laboratory windows to the yard below.

One fell heavily, and was picked up unconscious. A revolver lay beside him. The other man was never captured, although the hue and cry was hot after him. It was found that he boarded a car at the nearest point, and after that all trace was lost.

Kate and I were regarded as great heroines, and Mr. Storer was never tired of joking us on our burglar-alarms, and pretending to poke fun at us. But we heard from many quarters that he felt very proud of his assistants.

We still cherish, each of us, a sheet of paper covered with typewritten characters that seem destitute of all sense; but we read between the lines, and they mean a great deal to us.