

"Here is my Letter to You. It is Worth One Thousand Dollars"

DEAR FRIEND:

If you're going to buy a horse, you look at his feet. But if you buy a building, you look at the ROOF last. A horse isn't worth more than his feet, and a building isn't better than its roof.

I want you to roof right. I want you to get the right stuff from me at the right price. I want to make your roof a good deal better than your building, because then you'll get everything out of the building that it can give in shelter, protection and proper storage. The right roof does more than anything else for any building.

My Oshawa Shingles have taken 50 years of my thought and time and invention. It was hard work. I tried to make a perfect shingling. I worked for years to get just the right kind of metal to last longest. I worked to get the easiest and best lockjoint that ice couldn't pry open. I worked and estimated hard to get a roof neither too heavy nor too light. I worked for a time-proof shingling. I have got it for you. It will last 100 years.

When you use this Oshawa Shingle of mine what do you get? First, you get a shingle so good to-day, that it gives perfect service. It suits any building. It meets every kind of need for a roof at low cost and with long service. Second, you pay a moderate price. This is because many buyers unite on using my Oshawa Steel Shingle. The Canadian Government Bernier Arctic Expedition used my shingle against Arctic ice and blizzards. The North-



West Mounted Police use it, another Government proposition, against Arctic snow on permanent construction. The West Indies uses it against terrific heat and rain. You find it in Japan because it stands earthquakes. My Oshawa roofing is on the farms of South Africa. Here is ONE roof that is perfect in every climate in the world from Arctics to Tropics. World sales are my reward for high quality. Third, you have a roof that is easy to lay and lay right. You can lay it and lock it yourself. It will not leak nor burn. It is lightning-proof.

But I want you to pry into every detail of my proposition first. I want you to know it is right. I will send you this book of mine, "ROOFING RIGHT," if you send me a post-card. I have sent thousands of them out, for they have useful hints on planning barns and houses. The book is worth money to you, and if it leads you to use my Oshawa Shingles, the roof will be protecting your barn one hundred years from now.

Send for this book of mine now, to my nearest address below. If you are about to build a barn, it may have a hint or new idea worth \$1,000 easily to you, even if you do not buy a roof. If you do get a Pedlar Roof from me, you get double or triple service from the building. I will be looking for your enquiry.

Yours truly,
(Sgd.) *G. H. Pedlar*

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REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM.

By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
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VIII.

COLOR OF ROSE.

On the very next Friday after this "dreadfullest fight that ever was seen," as Bunyan says in Pilgrim's Progress, there were great doings in the little schoolhouse on the hill. Friday afternoon was always the time chosen for dialogues, songs, and recitations, but it cannot be stated that it was a gala day in any true sense of the word. Most of the children hated "speaking pieces"; hated the burden of learning them, dreaded the danger of breaking down in them. Miss Dearborn commonly went home with a headache, and never left bed during the rest of the afternoon or evening; and the casual female parent who attended the exercises sat on a front bench with beads of cold sweat on her forehead, listening to the all-too-familiar halts and stammers. Sometimes a bellowing infant who had clean forgotten his verse, would cast himself bodily on the maternal bosom and be borne out into the open air, where he was sometimes kissed and occasionally spanked; but in any case the failure added an extra dash of gloom and dread to the occasion. The advent of Rebecca had somehow infused a new spirit into these hitherto terrible afternoons. She had taught Elijah and Elisha Simpson so that they recited three verses of something with such comical effect that they delighted themselves, the teacher, and the school; while Susan, who lisped, had been provided with a humorous poem in which she impersonated a lisping child. Emma Jane and Rebecca had a dialogue, and the sense of companionship buoyed up Emma Jane and gave her self-reliance. In fact, Miss Dearborn announced on this particular Friday morning that the exercises promised to be so interesting that she had invited the doctor's wife, the minister's wife, two members of the school committee, and a few mothers. Living Perkins was asked to decorate one of the black-boards and Rebecca the other. Living, who was the star artist of the school, chose the map of North America. Rebecca liked better to draw things less realistic, and speedily, before the eyes of the enchanted multitude, there grew under her skillful fingers an American flag done in red, white, and blue chalk, every star in its right place, every stripe fluttering in the breeze. Beside this appeared a figure of Columbia, copied from the top of the cigar-box that held the crayons.

Miss Dearborn was delighted. "I propose we give Rebecca a good hand-clapping for such a beautiful picture—one that the whole school may be proud of!"

The scholars clapped heartily, and Dick Carter, waving his hand, gave a rousing cheer.

Rebecca's heart leaped for joy, and to her confusion she felt the tears rising in her eyes. She could hardly see the way back to her seat, for in her ignorant, lonely little life, she had never been singled out for applause, never lauded, nor crowned, as in this wonderful, dazzling moment. If "nobleness enkindleth nobleness," so does enthusiasm beget enthusiasm, and so do wit and talent enkindle wit and talent. Alice Robinson proposed that the school should sing "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!" and when they came to the chorus, all point to Rebecca's flag. Dick Carter suggested that Living Perkins and Rebecca Randall should sign their names to their pictures, so that the visitors would know who drew them. Huldah Meserve asked permission to cover the largest holes in the plastered walls with boughs and fill the water-pail with wild-flowers. Rebecca's mood was above and beyond all practical details. She sat silent, her heart so full of grateful joy that she could hardly remember the words of her dialogue. At recess she bore herself modestly, notwithstanding her great triumph, while in the general atmosphere of goodwill the