



Protect Your Buildings With EATON'S Imperial Red Rock Shingles

FIRE RESISTING

IMPERIAL RED ROCK SHINGLES are manufactured from high grade felt, thoroughly saturated and coated with asphaltum, in which, while hot, there is embedded crushed red slate, which will not wash or blow off on exposure to weather.

They are Thoroughly Fire Resisting

—the slate surface presenting a rock-like resistance to flying sparks or lightning. Each strip takes the place of 4 shingles and measures 32 1/4 inches long and 10 inches wide, made exactly as illustrated.

These are laid 4 inches to the weather, thus requiring 112 strips for each 100 square feet net of roof surface.

Full instructions for applying are contained in each bundle. Weight 190 pounds per square. Take Third Class freight rates. Order from Winnipeg.

44A101 Price per square inch, including NAILS **9.25**

EATON'S Imperial Plastic Waterproofing

An elastic coating for Waterproofing anything that it not subject to a pressure from the opposite side.

If you have a troublesome metal or patent roof, coat it with Imperial Waterproofing. Coat the outside of your basement walls with Imperial Waterproofing to exclude the moisture. To preserve your fence posts, coat the bottoms with Imperial Waterproofing.

Made in Black only and dries with a hard enamel-like finish.

Imperial Waterproofing covers from 250 to 300 square feet to the gallon on metal, and from 150 to 200 square feet to the gallon on porous surfaces, one coat. Two coats are recommended.

Put up in Five, Fifteen, Thirty, and Fifty gallon lots.

44A102 Price, 50 gallons 107.50 44A104 Price, 15 gallons 33.75
44A103 Price, 30 gallons 66.00 44A105 Price, 5 gallons 13.75

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Little Grains of Grit

By Milena Burns Denny

TOMMY TOWER woke on the morning of his seventh birthday with a mind instantly alert and expectant. During the night maturity—that great mysterious change—had come upon him. Only yesterday his extreme youth had disgraced him. Beulah Kingdom in a secret stolen interview had boasted that she could tickle any toad she saw.

Later, in the dusk, he and his mother had come upon a toad in Polly Voo's forest. His parent had screamed and fled. He (who might have tickled it manfully) had followed, screaming, too. But of course that was during the part of the night when he was still only six. Now he was seven! He examined himself with bursting curiosity. It seemed to him his hands were bigger, more resolute. He consulted the weather. The day was fine.

"I believe I will go fishing!" he rejoiced aloud.

A laugh, harsh, but indulgent—his grandmother's—startled him. She was beside him, her powdered formal old face distorted with lines of satire, her wasted hands, where the loose rings jingled, busy among his presents.

"Good morning!" greeted Tommy, with large happiness.

Beyond Madam Tower stood Tommy's mother, his own dear "Merm," exquisite in morning lavender. She came to him immediately and kissed him. Her bent head was lit yellow by sunlight, and all her curls were a glimmer. Yet it seemed to Tommy she was troubled.

"Want to go fishing with me, Merm?" he invited, warmly.

"Merm!" mocked Madam Tower. "Seven years old, and talking baby talk still!" No, she don't want to go fishing. The water is full of monsters! Crawfish! Clams! They'd frighten you both into fits. Josephine, he takes that coward streak from you."

"I know it," admitted Tommy's mother.

"There isn't a speck of grit between you—not a speck! If you didn't have me to lean on, I don't know what folly you'd fall into. Oh, me!" she sighed heavily. "Tommy, wash clean for your party. No toads or tomboys invited."

"Isn't Beulah invited?" spluttered Tommy indignantly, his curls all sopped and running.

"Beulah!" Madam Tower gave Tommy a difficult moment; then while he assaulted his head with the brush, she turned her satire on his mother.

"Haven't I made it plain to you both that I shall exert my right to choose your intimates? Neither Jack Kingdom nor his undisciplined sister are welcome here while I am head of this house! Dramatists! Tomboys! Huh! What chance has a dramatist to earn a Christian living, I'd like to know? Josephine, for your boy's sake, if not for your own—But there's no use talking before the child. Come, Tommy, and put on your birthday suit. Oh, if your poor father had only lived!"

Tommy stared at the garment she thrust toward him with amazed and violent disappointment. It was a despicable white duck blouse, with a silk necktie and a belt like a girl's.

"Oh, Merm, you promised me overalls!" he cried.

His Mother's look faltered before his own.

"There's the party, Tommy, dear," she wavered. "I bought the overalls, but your grandmother thought—your grandmother decided—"

"Your grandmother decided that a child who falls into a spasm because of a warty toad isn't man enough for overalls!"

"I was only six when I saw that toad!" cried Tommy, stung with injustice, but Madam Tower leaned forward on her cane, frowning, the old-fashioned diamonds bobbing in her ears.

"Put on this blouse instantly," she said. "and go play in the sand pile till I call you. Josephine, gather the lilacs. Thomas, this bucket and spade is my present. Take it to the garden, and mind you keep your clothes clean for the party."

She kissed him brusquely, and limped away. Tommy and his mother, guiltily, like culprits escaping, yet with shy smiles for each other, slipped out into the gorgeous garden of Madam Tower. There, under the bending lilacs, the appealing sweetness of Merm's lavender ruffles and violet eyes was no longer to be resisted.

"You're the beautifullest lady anywhere," he said. "Who cares if you haven't got any grit!"

His mother laughed. "Look!" she



"A cup of hot blood," repeated Tommy, firmly.

whispered. "Some one sent you this."

She held up a knife.

"How many blades?" he gasped.

"Find out."

Tommy crooked his short fingers and pulled open the four blades one by one. He matured beneath her eyes.

"Merm," he pronounced, "it's a corker! And I bet I know who sent it!"

"Who?" scarcely above her breath.

"Mr. Jack Kingdom, that's who!" Tommy's bosom throbbed. "I guess he knows what a fellow wants."

Tommy's mother bent till her bright hair covered her eyes. "Here's the whittling blade, dearest. Don't you want to go to the forest and whittle?"

By the forest she meant the forest of bean poles, where Polly Voo was working. Now, a bean pole would whittle down to a splendid fishing rod, and as Tommy advanced he debated whether to say "Halloo, Polly," offhandedly, or to pull up a pole and escape with what speed he could. As he hesitated, he heard a clear, significant whistle, and Beulah peeped through the pickets.

"Halloo, there!" he called.

"Halloo Tom."

"I'm seven, growing on eight, Beulah!"

"I know it. An' you're going to have a party, ain't you? I'm not invited; so I thought I'd come early." She hopped up to the top of the fence. "One f' the money, two f' the show, three f' get ready, and four f' GO!" She finished, leaping gloriously over. Tommy also

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