

HECLA FURNACE

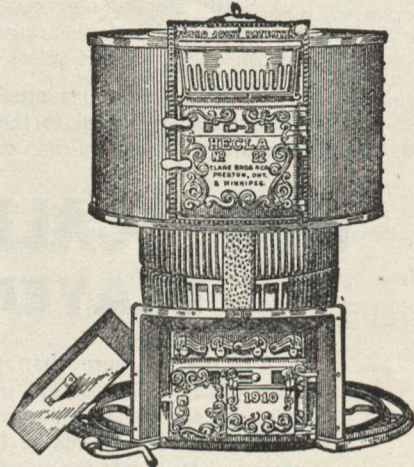
Shows A Saving in Fuel of 13½ %

It is not what a furnace should do, nor what it is said to do—but what it has actually done for others and will do for you—that should hold your consideration.

"Hecla" Furnace is truly economical—in first cost and operation.

"Hecla" Furnace has a steel ribbed Firepot. By adapting the principle of Fused Joints to the firepot, we fuse Steel Ribs on the outer surface of the "Hecla" firepot, thus getting three times the radiating surface of any other firepot of the same size. The radiating surface of the firepot is the most efficient part of the furnace because it is in closest contact with the fire. And the greater the radiating surface, the greater the amount of air that can be heated by a given amount of fuel.

By a careful, accurate three years test, these Steel Ribbed



Firepots made an actual saving in fuel of 13½%. And remember, that the air from the "Hecla" is never hot.

The perfect radiation of heat brings warm air—fresh and invigorating—into the house, because "Hecla" firepot never becomes red hot. And a firepot that never becomes red hot won't burn out.

We make the firepot in two pieces which prevents cracking. This Steel Ribbed Firepot is only one of many improvements perfected by the old reliable firm who have 59 years heating experience to guide them.

Send us a rough diagram of your house—and we will plan the heating arrangements, giving you the cost of installing the right "Hecla" Furnace to heat your home right. We make no charge for this service.

Write us right now.

102

Clare Bros. & Co. Limited, Preston, Ont.

Any Woman's Club gets a Vacuum Cleaner FREE

Club together in sending your subscriptions to CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL and receive a high grade cleaner free of cost, with choice of hand or electric type.

Ten women can satisfactorily own a cleaner, for only a few hours work each week will keep your house clean. You will never know perfect cleanliness until you use a vacuum cleaner, which removes the dust instead of sweeping it into the carpets and beating it into upholstery and pillows.

Clean your Church and Sunday School rooms with this same machine.

You can not afford NOT to have a Vacuum Cleaner on these terms.

Write us for description of cleaner and number of orders required—then talk to your friends.

Especially attractive offers to the first clubs to earn one.

Just write: "Tell me about the free Vacuum Cleaner."

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59-61 John Street - TORONTO

ONLY RELIABLE FIRMS

Are allowed to use Advertising Space in the

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

PURITY FLOUR

If that name is on the sack you can buy with confidence



"More bread and better bread"

33

Autumn Songs

Autumn

BY NORMAN W. CRAGG.

Sing a song of autumn woods,
Crimson clad and gold;
All the summer's tenderness
Woven into glorious dress,
Fairer than of old.

Sing a song of autumn fields,
Rich with hoards of grain.
Who'd exchange their precious having
For spring's greenness, summer's waving?
Who'd be young again?

Sing a song of autumn hearts,
Love's sweet sacrament!
All life's frowning bastions taken,
Faith still burning, soul unshaken,
Stored with ripe content.



September

BY VIRGINIA LEWIS.

There's a haze that hides the meadows
and the rivers from the hills;
There's a wealth of royal purple where
the cricket chirps and trills;
There is gold in rich abundance—come
and gather while ye may;
Come and breathe the breath of summer
—gain a lifetime in a day.

There are lilies red and glowing in the
marshland lying low,
There are tiny asters all astir where
soft the breezes blow;
Come and gather, come and gather, of
the blossoms, red and white;
Learn the lore of field and meadow by
the summer's lingering light.

For the sumac bush is all aflame, the
maple catches fire;
From twig to twig the color runs as
high the flames aspire.
Come and breathe the breath of summer—
there's a whisper in the trees
That she's going, going. Who would
lose such days as these?

—Outing Magazine.



Indian Summer

BY HELENA COLEMAN.

Of all Earth's varied, lovely moods,
The loveliest is when she broods
Among her dreaming solitudes
On Indian Summer days;
When on the hill the aster pales,
And Summer's stress of passion fails,
And Autumn looks through misty veils
Along her leafy ways.

How deep the tenderness that yearns
Within the silent wood that turns
From green to gold, and slowly burns
As by some inward fire!
How dear the sense that all things wild
Have been at last by love beguiled
To join one chorus, reconciled
In satisfied desire!

The changing hillside, wrapped in
dreams,
With softest opalescent gleams,
Like some ethereal vision seems,
Outlined against the sky;
The fields that gave the harvest gold—
Afar before our eyes unrolled
In purple distance, fold on fold—
Lovely and tranquil lie.

We linger by the crimson vine,
Steeped to the heart with fragrant wine,
And where the rowan-berries shine,
And gentians lift their blue;
We stay to hear the wind that grieves
Among the oak's crisp, russet leaves,
And watch the moving light, that weaves
Quaint patterns, peering through.

The fires that in the maples glow,
The rapture that the beeches know,
The smoke-wraiths drifting to and fro,
Each season more endears;
Vague longings in the heart arise,
A dimming mist comes to the eyes
That is not sadness, though it lies
Close to the place of tears.

We share the ecstasy profound
That broods in everything around,
And by the wilderness are crowned—
Its silent worship know.
O when our Indian Summer days
Divide the parting of the ways,
May we, too, linger here in praise
Awhile before we go!