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For a moment the boy stood regarding her with an expression on his frank young face which would have puzzled her had her eyes not been otherwise engaged; it was a mingling of perplexity and respect, with a question thrown in. Then he took up his cap, and departed.

"I'll see you this evening," he re-

Two hours later, when the April sun was near its setting, Harry Walton, back from his six-mile tramp, perched upon the stone wall which bounded his father's meadow, sat pondering various things, one being girls' ways, in particular. Almost unconsciously his eyes wandered over the landscape, just waking to the touch of spring, and presently their expression indicated the fact that something had attracted his attention. A child, a little girl in the quaint costume of a "Home" not far from the village, seemed searching for something in the dry grass of last year.

"Whatever is she after?" thought Harry; "certainly not nuts or berries at this season. Halloo! she seems to have found something!"

For at that moment the child began to gather something, and, crouched close to the ground, sat regarding her "find" somewhat doubtfully. Just a few glossy wintergreen leaves, and a bit of a partridge vine, though Harry was too far off to discover this.

The child shook her head, as though not entirely satisfied, but rose to her feet, and strolled across the meadow in the direction of the "Home"—and Harry. She did not notice him till she had come quite close; then she looked

up with a start when he addressed her. "Halloo! little one, what have you there?" he asked.

One quick glance into the kindly face seemed to satisfy her, for she replied at once: "I wanted to find something to send to church for Easter. Some people have money to give, you know, but I haven't any Do you think that they would like these? They are very shiny. If they dollar bill which was—which had been "Suppose you come with me; I be-, the remaining bills into the envelope, she looked wistfully up at him.

"Of course they wall;" after which, noon on work she "hated." for a time, a silence tell.

mind-thoughts of another girl's ex- flowers on them!" ample-thoughts of a crisp, new five- Harry jumped down from the wall.

HECLA FURNACE

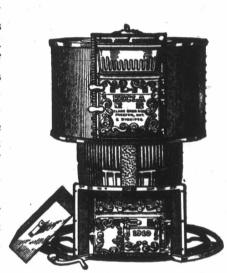
Shows A Saving in Fuel of 131/2%

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 131/2%. 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.

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for a new tennis bat. He glanced flowers on them." Harry smothered an exclamation in down at the child, and again his a low whistle, then answered prompt- mental vision saw that other girl stitching away the long, lovely after-

"I 'spose they're not very nice," the "Thoughts" had suddenly filled his little thing began; "I wish they had

do I could get more, you know." And -going to be exchanged to-morrow lieve I can find you something with and directed it to the Matron of

"Real ones, for me to give? Oh, goodie!"

It was a short walk across to the green-houses just beyond the village, but the head gardener shook his head doubtfully.

"Every pot and bud is due in the city on Saturday morning," he said. "However, I suppose that I can't refuse the doctor's son! So take your pick, Master Harry."

Harry glanced down at the child. She was biting her lips to keep from speaking, but her eyes were fixed on a pot in full bud, all its pink loveliness ready to burst into bloom.

"I'll take that, Mr. Knight;" he said, indicating the plant, and, laying down his precious bill, put the pot into the child's eager, outstretched arms. "Run along home with it, and keep it watered till Sunday," he said. And taking up his change, he turned homeward himself. But when he reached his room he went straight to his desk, wrote a note, and slipped

"Home."

The evening before his return to college, at the close of the Easter holiday, Harry went to bid Alice "Goodbye."

"Sir Knight," she said, as he was leaving, "a little bird has told me all about a certain pot of Easter flowers, and the delightful treat provided for the children at the 'Home.' Their gratitude is something pretty to see."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the boy, blushing. Then, turning the tables on her: "They have you to thank for

"Me!" cried Alice; "me to thank for your flowers, and your ice-cream!"

"You and nobody else. It was, as grandpa's coloured man says, your 'fluence.' Yes, your 'stitching' is responsible for it all—and more." And with a warm clasp of the hand he was

"Oh!" cried the girl, her eyes full of happy tears. "Oh! how lovely!"

-Annie L. Hannah.

