

HECLA

Pipeless Furnace.

COMFORT AND HEALTH

Without a single pipe—without tearing up floors and walls, you can enjoy in your home on winter's coldest day 70 degrees of happy, healthful warmth and comfort.

WHAT IS A PIPELESS FURNACE?

A Pipeless Furnace is a heating system which, instead of using pipes as a means of carrying heat, uses one centre register. The idea on which it is designed is the scientific fact that warm air rises and cold air falls.

A MORE COMFORTABLE HOME IN EVERY WAY.

The advantages of a good Pipeless Furnace are numerous. You will be amazed at the difference it will make to your home. From cellar to attic it will mean a home more comfortable, more convenient, more pleasant.

EVERY HOME A BETTER HOME.

With very few exceptions every home would be a better home with a "Hecla" Pipeless Furnace.

A better home because of the proper ventilation with moist warm air. A better home because of the extraordinary economy of the "Hecla" Pipeless Furnace.

A better home because free from gas and dust. Start now to make sure next winter will be a happy, healthy, comfortable one in your home. Give your family the greatest benefit you can offer.

SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, HALLS.

In one-roomed schools, in churches and halls and stores—the "Hecla" Pipeless Furnace is the ideal heating system. Easy to tend. Sure and satisfactory service. Low cost. What more could you desire?

Full particulars and prices supplied by.

WALTER E. WHITE, Agent, 266 Water St.

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Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

VACATIONS FOR WIVES.

Half a dozen girls who were having difficulty getting work in a factory even with small pay, were asked by a social worker why they didn't take some of the plentiful positions as housework girls at double the money.

Some of them spoke of the social stigma (they did not use that phrase), but one and all said in substance that they didn't like to give up that precious breathing space Saturday afternoon (Saturday noon in Summer) to Monday morning, which made life seem worth while.

They were reminded that they would have at least one afternoon off a week at housework, but they said that half the time they didn't get off until the middle of the afternoon, and it wasn't like a whole day to themselves.

How Many Women Would Rejoice to Have One Meal Off.

When the social worker told me that, I fell to thinking of the hundreds of thousands of wives who would regard even a single afternoon a week perfectly free with no supper to get as a wonderful luxury. As for a day a week, well that I think would approximate their idea of Heaven!

If the world could be made over by passing laws, as so many people seem to think, I'd be almost willing to give the rest of my life to working for a law that every mother should have the six day week the law insists upon for men in most occupations—few of them as nerve racking as mother of a brood.

But alas, customs alter laws instead of laws altering customs, else we could bring the millennium at once by the right legislation.

Maybe That Isn't Possible But— Plainly a day a week even for mothers in moderate circumstances isn't possible, but it does seem as if a day now and then, and some kind of a vacation of a few days once a year would not be impossible, if it were regarded as necessary.

Twenty-five or 30 years ago the two weeks' vacation for workers in shops and offices was far from the matter of course that it is to-day. Even 15 years ago vacations for housework girls were a novelty granted by a few advanced mistresses. If we once established the fact that hard working mothers and wives need such a vacation just as much, might not some way to give it them gradually be found?

I heard the other day of a husband whose vacation fell in a very hot spell. He wandered about in his pyjamas declaring "No one ought to do a stroke of work this weather." Meanwhile his wife was cooking for seven in a tiny kitchen, putting up with the usual inconveniences of a Summer cottage. She hadn't had a vacation for years. Wouldn't you think the inequality of that might strike him?

The Gift of a Day Now and Then.

In a certain family, whose friend I am proud to be, the father insists that the mother shall have a complete vacation from him and the children every year, and he takes charge of the house for a few days while she goes exactly where she chooses—each year some new and interesting trip that sends her back refreshed to her job.

I know there are many homes where that might not be possible but surely any husband who has every Sunday to himself might now and then take charge of house and children and give his wife the gift of the day.

By the by, to-morrow happens to be Sunday.

Man Raced a Horse.

Yarns of a Record-Breaking Runner.

One of the most novel races of recent times was that between Alfred Shrubbs, the famous runner, and a horse specially trained for the purpose. This race took place near Winnipeg. The runner had found it hard to get competitors, so when someone suggested he might race a horse he took up the idea immediately.

The original intention was that one horse should compete. But as the race was a ten-mile, it was thought the animal could not last the distance. So the race was conducted in relays, a second animal taking up the task at the end of the five miles.

Although both animals were drawing bargies, they gave the runner a hard race. Shrubbs succeeded in winning just on the post.

Inspired by the Bagpipes. It was Shrubbs who was successful in lowering the ten-mile record in 1904.

The affair was staged at Glasgow. The runner had read of the valiant deeds done by Scots inspired by the music of the bagpipes. So he arranged to get a piper to play at intervals.

From the start Shrubbs ran well. He reeled off mile after mile, each one being punctuated by roars of delight from the crowd. But at the seventh mile he had fallen behind schedule to the extent of about fifteen seconds.

In answer to frantic appeals, he managed to pull himself together, making up the lagging. Then, as he entered upon the last mile, he caught up and passed the limit-handicap man.

On the last lap he put in a gigantic spurt, and breasted the tape in the record time of 50 min., 40 3-5 secs.

But Shrubbs wasn't finished. En-

couraged by the spectators' calls to "go for the hour record," he continued for the few minutes that remained to complete the hour.

He was suffering from reaction, however. The strain was beginning to tell. But just at the right moment he heard the skirl of the pipes. Spurred on to greater efforts, he completed the task, and laid low the world's amateur record for the hour. He completed eleven miles 1,137 yards.

Although Shrubbs does not believe in mass-race races, he once competed with Tom Longboat, the Indian, at Madison Square Garden, New York.

Straight-away Shrubbs made the pace, steadily increasing his lead until at the end of twenty miles he was nine laps ahead.

The Indian Wins.

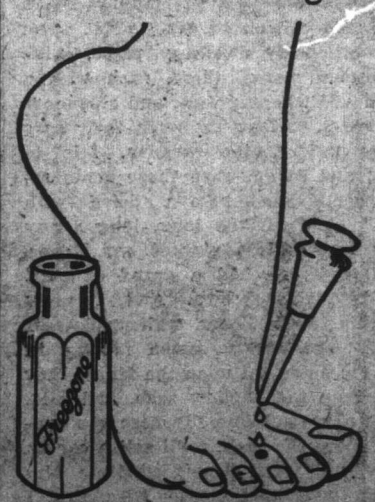
But Longboat was a most impetuous runner, and, as he said after the race, he was certain his opponent could not last it out. He was right. At the twenty-third mile Shrubbs became sick and collapsed. The Indian finished the distance, and won.

Stomach Misery, Gas, Indigestion, Take "Dipepsin."

"Tape's Diapepsin" is the quickest, surest relief for indigestion, gases, flatulence, heartburn, sourness, fermentation or stomach distress caused by acidity. A few tablets give almost immediate stomach relief and shortly the stomach is corrected so you can eat favorite foods without fear. Large case costs only few cents at drug store. Millions helped annually.

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freestone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Easy!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freestone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.



BULB PLANTING TIME.

Last night he said the dead were dead And scoffed my faith to scorn. I found him at a tulip bed When I passed by at morn.

"Oho!" said I, "the frost is near And mist is on the hills. And yet I find you planting here Tulips and daffodils."

"'Tis time to plant them now," he said, "If they shall bloom in Spring."

"But every bulb," said I, "seems dead And such an ugly thing."

"The pulse of life I cannot feel. The skin is dried and brown. Now look!" a bulb beneath my heel I crushed and trampled down.

In anger then he said to me: "You've killed a lovely thing; A scarlet blossom that would be Some morning in the Spring."

"Last night a greater sin was thine," To him I slowly said, "You trampled on the dead of mine. And told me they are dead."

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LADIES' BLACK SATEN UNDERSKIRTS. \$2.30 each.	THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR with 6 Blades, \$2.98 each.	MEN'S BROWN WOOL SOCKS. Medium weight, \$1.20 pair.

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MAGICAL!



A Free
Lathering
Laundry Soap

Warranted free
from all
Impurities.

JOB'S STORES, Lt.d.

Agents.

Training Cats and Dogs.

Those who consider only the history and origin of words and phrases, overlooking the folk-lore which lies behind many of them, maintain that the expression, "raining cats and dogs," is derived from the French catadoue, meaning a waterfall, and

that it was distorted into "cats and dogs" by persons who caught only a part of the sound of the word.

As a matter of fact, the phrase has its origin in the custom of referring to the male blossoms of the willow tree, used on Palm Sunday in many parts to represent palm, as "cats and dogs." These increase in size rapidly

after a few warm April showers, and the belief prevailed that the rain brought them. Hence the saying, "raining cats and dogs."

Too Sudden.

(From the Central Wesleyan Standard) Little Mary came into the house bedraggled and weeping. "My goodness," cried her mother, "what a sight you are! How did it happen?"

"I am a sorry mamma, but I fell into a mud-puddle."

"What! with your best new dress on?"

"Yes, yes, I didn't have time to change."

"But the tasteless can be purchased at J. Brown's Grocery Store, Cross Roads, West End. Price \$1.20 bl. Postage extra.—ep15,t



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with

Snowflake
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Ammonia

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