



Install a Health-giving Heating System

MUCH depends on the heating system you install—the comfort of your home, the health of your family, the cheeriness of your winter life.

Ample warmth is easily attained. There are many heating systems which will keep your home comfortable in winter. Few however supply adequate ventilation. And we believe no heating system combines these two advantages quite so effectively as does the "Hecla" warm-air furnace. And it is not an expensive installation.

The Hecla Ventilates Your Home with Fresh, Humid Air

It is no exaggeration to say that even in the depth of winter the air in a "Hecla"-heated home is as pleasant as the balmiest day in June. The "Hecla" draws in a current of pure, fresh air. After this air is warmed it passes cosy and healthful into every room in the house. It is a constant, ever-fresh current of pure air.

Do not suppose, as some have done, that warm-air heating means a dry atmosphere. In a "Hecla" furnace the air satisfies its hunger for moisture as it is being warmed. Thus it is moisture-mellowed—health-giving because as humid as nature requires.

No Trace of Dust, No Taint of Gas From a "Hecla" Warm Air Furnace

One other complaint, you will sometimes hear of warm-air heating. Once again this does not apply to the "Hecla." You may have heard it said that warm-air furnaces spread ash-dust and leak gas. You have never heard it said of a "Hecla" no matter how long it has been in use.

The patented fused joint used in the "Hecla" cannot spread. It is leak-proof for all time. The "Hecla" is as clean as a furnace could be—gas or fine ash-dust never escape.

HECLA Mellow Air Furnace

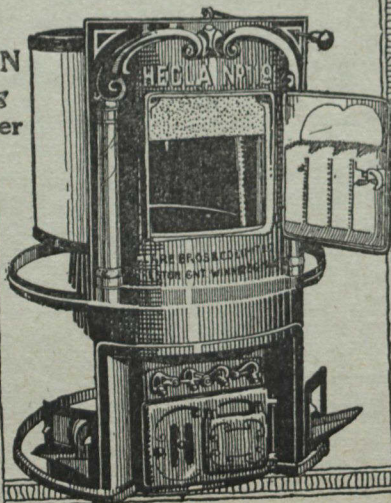
These FREE Booklets Describe The "Hecla" Advantages Fully

You owe it to yourself to examine the "Hecla's" advantages fully before you finally choose your heating system. You want cozy warmth coupled with fine ventilation. The "Hecla's" flexible heat in Spring and Fall, its freedom from the nuisance of gas and dust, its wonderful steel-ribbed fire pot, that saves one ton

of coal in seven are all described fully in the booklet "Comfort and Health." This book is free. You should have it in your possession right away. When you write don't forget to ask also for the instructive booklet, "A Pure Air Heating Plan." This is a limited edition—you should write at once for your copy.

CLARE BROS. & Co., Ltd.

PRESTON
Winnipeg
Vancouver



I am interested in the warm air principle of heating-ventilation. Please send me your booklet, "Comfort and Health," and "A Pure Air-Heating Plan." This of course, does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....
Address.....

CLARE BROS. & Co., Limited
Dept. E.W.
PRESTON, ONT.

Laugh Time Tales

Funny Things That Happen People

Also Pressed

Little Girl: "Did the newspaper reporters notice your papa was at the great banquet last night?"

Little Boy: "Yes."
"Mamma said she couldn't find your papa's name in the list."
"No, but the list ends up with 'and others.' That means papa. They always mention him that way."

Too Costly

At one of the Boston Theatres recently there was shown on the screen a picture of a stock exchange. The brokers were hurrying about, pushing, waving their arms, gesticulating, and, to the uninitiated, acting like a lot of insane men. Two young ladies in the balcony watched them with breathless interest for some time, then one asked:

"Why in the world don't they sit down and rest once in a while?"

"My dear," was the enlightening answer, "don't you know that a seat in the stock-exchange costs thousands of dollars?"

Beauty and the Beast

She: "This fur rug is very beautiful, to what beast does it belong?"
He (candidly): "To me."

On the Fence

Recruiting officer: "One gran'father living? Is he on your father or your mother's side?"

Recruit: "Oh, 'e varies, sir; 'e sticks up for both on 'em—a sort of nootral."

Her Property

A woman mounted the step of a tram, carrying an umbrella like a reversed sabre. The conductor touched her lightly, saying: "Excuse me, madam, but you are likely to put out the eye of the man behind you."
"He's my husband," she snapped, in a tone of full proprietorship.

Help!

"Do you think a warm climate would benefit me?" asked Mr. Giddy Bowwow, anxiously.

"Tut, tut, man!" snapped the doctor. "That's the very thing I'm trying to save you from."

The Namesake

"Waiter," called the irascible customer, "do you call this an oyster stew?"
"Yes sir," replied the sorely tried servant.

"Why, the oyster in this stew isn't big enough to flavour it."

"Oh, sir, he wasn't put in there for flavourin' purposes, sir; he's just put in ter christen it."

His Office

Eight-year-old Ted was giving an enthusiastic account of a new neighbourhood club and the list of officers.

"And what office do you hold?" was asked.

"Oh, I am the Member!" answered Ted, proudly.

Sleepers in Abundance

At a hospital camp in France there were fifty men down each side of a log tent on beds which were about four inches from the ground. Every one of them was fast asleep, when in came the orderly, who was an Irishman, and shouted for them to get up. No one stirred.

"Well," he said, "I think I'll lay a set of railway lines down here. I've got plenty of sleepers."

Locating the Trouble

When a butcher answered his telephone one day, the shrill voice of a little girl greeted his ears.

"Hello! Is that Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes," he answered kindly.

"Well, can you tell us where grandpa's liver is? We've got to put a hot flannel on it, and we can't find it."

No Directions

Little Edward's garden had just been completed that morning, each tiny row had had its seed-envelope fastened on a stick, picturing here a radish, there an onion, etc. but, alas! a heavy rain had already washed away the envelopes. Edward was in tears. When questioned, he exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, the little pictures have all been washed away! How will the little seed know what to grow up into?"

To Suit All Tastes

"Halt!" yelled the officer.

The recruit went on.

"Did you ever drive a donkey, No. 7?" asked the officer.

"Once, sir," was the reply.

"And what did you say when you wanted him to stop?"

"Whoa, sir."

"Squad, quick march. Halt! No. 7, whoa," rasped out the irate officer.

Boiling

Old Tabby had settled herself leisurely and luxuriously in front of the great parlour stove. Little Alice, who was visiting her aunt that day, regarded her with absorbed interest for a few moments. There was no cat in Alice's home, and when Tabby began to purr loudly in her contentment the little miss ran to the door and called out, loudly:

"Oh, Aunt Edna! Aunt Edna! Come here, quick! The cat's begun to boil!"

The Second Time

Upon looking under his berth in the morning, a passenger on an east-bound train found one black shoe and one tan shoe. He called the porter's attention to the error. The porter scratched his woolly head in bewilderment.

"Well, an' don't dat beat all!" he exclaimed. "Dat's de second time dis mawnin' dat dat mistake's happened!"

According to Rule

The pretty young girl who presided over the soda-fountain in the drug-store was accustomed to serving patrons who did not know their own minds, and her habit of thought was difficult to change.

"Glass of plain soda," said a man of generous proportions, as he entered rather hurriedly.

"You have vanilla or you have chocolate, or—

"I want plain soda, without syrup," interrupted the customer, testily.

"Yes," tranquilly inquired the young woman, "but w'at kind syrup you want in mitout—mitout vanilla or mitout chocolate?"

Preserved and Preserver

Aviator (to workman who has rescued him from the sea): "Ah, my preserver, my good preserver!"

Workman (dejectedly): "Stow it, gov'nor. Don't chaff a fellow just because he works in a jam factory."

A Choice of Evils

Passenger: "What makes the train run so slowly?"

Irate Conductor: "If you don't like it you can get off and walk."

Passenger: "I would, only I am not expected until train time."

Satisfied

Returning home from a scientific meeting one night, a college professor, who was noted for his concentration of thought, was still pondering deeply on the subject that had been under discussion. Upon entering his room he heard a noise that appeared to come from under the bed.

"Is there any one there?" he asked, absently.

"No, professor," answered the intruder, knowing his peculiarities.

"That's strange," murmured the professor. "I was almost sure I heard some one under the bed."

A Howling Success

Last winter a gentleman was advertised to sing at a charity concert presided over by a local city councillor—a self-made man. The first song was "The Owl" (Stephen Adams). On rising to announce it, the chairman was interrupted and informed that the singer had not arrived, a fact of which he duly notified the audience.

A little later, however, the missing baritone made his appearance, and was observed by the worthy chairman, who called him without delay. But the singer had hurried, and had not recovered his breath, so, with apologies, another artist was requisitioned.

At length the baritone was ready. Mr. Councillor rose with evident pleasure, and innocently discomfited the long-awaited singer by announcing with marked confidence:

"Mr. Ampton will now favour us with the longed for 'Howl.'"