

HECLA FURNACE

—And The Feature That Made Them Famous

The discovery of FUSED JOINTS made possible the perfect system of warm air heating.

When we first began to build furnaces, some thirty years ago, the various parts of the radiators were bolted and cemented together. No matter how tightly the iron and steel were fastened, the difference in the expansion and contraction of the two metals eventually pulled the bolts loose, ground out the cement and left openings through which gas, dust and smoke escaped into the house.

About 20 years ago, we discovered and patented FUSED JOINTS.

Instead of bolting and cementing steel and iron together, we fused the materials at a white heat.

The joints thus formed are permanent and indestructible.

Twenty years use has proved the value of Fused Joints. They will not leak—they are absolutely gas, smoke and dust tight—

and will always remain so as long as the furnace is in use.

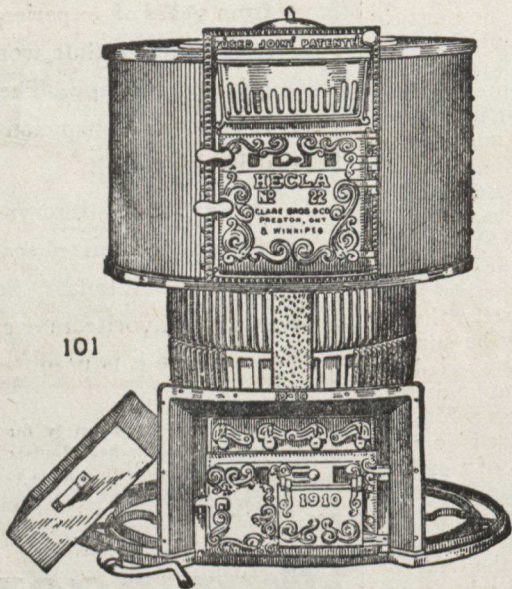
Fused Joints insure "Hecla" heated homes being always supplied with an abundance of fresh, warmed air, untainted by gas or dust.

"Hecla" Furnace is the only furnace with Fused Joints.

Fused Joints are only one of the patented features of "Hecla" Furnace that mean so much to every man who is going to put in a new furnace this season. Our furnace book describes and illustrates them all. Write for free copy.

Send us rough diagram of your home, and we will plan the heating arrangement and give estimate of the cost of installing the right "Hecla" Furnace—free.

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



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Jamsut the Dacoit

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It had taken six hours to come; it took twelve to return, for there were wounded to carry, and dead.

"He missed the devils that time," the Akunwun said, when they brought poor Bob in, nearly dead from loss of blood.

Mah Pyu said nothing, but stared at him, in a dazed, helpless sort of way through her big almond eyes. Then she went out and got Nat Glay—Nat Glay, the race pony—and the two vanished together.

The sergeant of police had bound up Bob's arm, so that the loss of blood had been stopped.

It was at Pagan, twenty miles away, that Baboo Sen, the civil surgeon, was; and there also was Mah Pyu and Nat Glay two hours after they had left the stable—which was quick work for a Burmese girl: but the Burmese saying is, "Love is a sharper whip than a skate's tail," which is as a flexible file.

Baboo Sen was fat, but that didn't matter to Mah Pyu. The sahib would die, she said, if he did not get there quick, and the Government would blame him; besides (and she whispered this in Baboo Sen's ear), if he were long in getting there, and the sahib died, perhaps a Burmese dah would carve Baboo Sen just a little.

All this is why the fat doctor hurried so, and got there in time to cut off Bob's arm, but the fever had set in, as it always does. Day after day the fever-bird sat in the big tamarind tree outside of the bungalow.

"It is Pho Thit," he would say; "he is betraying us! Look out!"

Then one day the padre came over from Pagan with Baboo Sen.

Mah Pyu did not know much of European ways, but she knew what that meant.

She went out into the little bamboo house the sahib had built for her, and threw herself on her face, and cried, "It is all over!"

Then she prayed, in her poor heathen way, to Buddha to spare this sahib.

Inside the padre had told Bob something. It was bitter work, the telling of it; but it was best that he should know.

The delirium had left him; but he was weak—so weak.

"And you wish to do it?" the padre was saying.

Bob nodded his head.

"I think it is best," said the padre. "It was all wrong before, but this will right it. And it won't matter now." This was a peculiar sort of consolation; but some sacrifice had to be made to the amenities, even by the padre.

Then Mah Pyu was called; and there, with Baboo Sen as witness, she was made Mrs. Bob,—quite!

The surgeon had other patients at Pagan, whose bodies needed care; also were there souls to mend at that place.

So the doctor and the padre journeyed sorrowfully back, the Christian duty having stepped in where the surgeon had failed.

He won't last through the night," said the doctor.

"He has done a Christian act before he dies," said the padre.

Next day "Bob the Good" was not dead, nor the next. Within a moon he was well again.

Then he took stock of himself. "My promotion has dipped slightly behind the hills. I am shorn of an arm; the padre has righted a moral wrong, and I am an outcast from mine own people."

"Buddha is good," thought Mah Pyu, as she saw the life coming back that had gone so far out into the dark.



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