



The Air's Natural Humidity

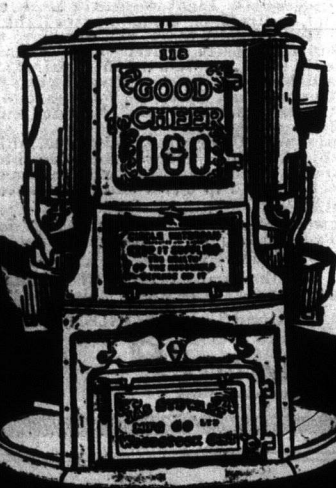
on a balmy spring day is from 60% to 70% but in the average stove or furnace heated house in winter, the moisture in the air drops as low as 25% or even less.

Such dried out, parched air seriously affects the throat and lungs and general vitality of the whole family, as well as being destructive to furniture, books and woodwork. But the homes that rejoice in a



"Good Cheer" Circle Waterpan Furnace

have nature's moist balmy air warming—not parching—throughout the entire house. They have a healthy heat because of the construction of the big circle waterpan.



This encircles the furnace—it is big—commodious—sensible—it holds several times as much water as the makeshift pan in the average Furnace—it is placed just at the proper position to catch the incoming air, to give it extra moisture before it gets to the heating surface and thus the air supplied to every room is almost as humid as the outside atmosphere.

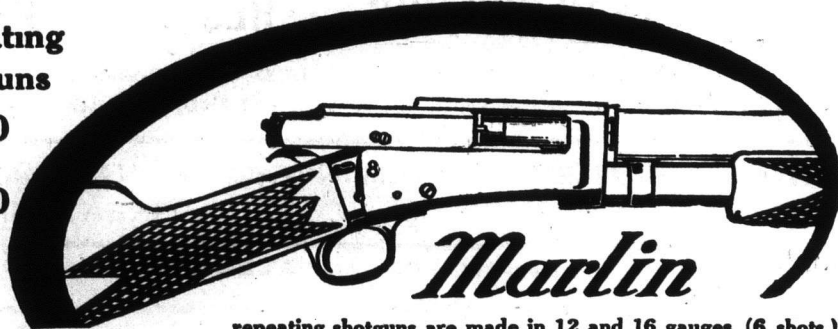
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Every Marlin repeating shotgun has the Marlin solid top, side ejector and closed-in breech. It can't freeze up with rain, snow or sleet; rain can't run into the action and swell the shells in magazine; dirt, leaves, twigs and sand are also excluded from the action. Simple, strong mechanism; one-third less parts than any other repeater. The double extractors pull any shell. Handles rapidly, guaranteed in shooting ability—and the automatic recoil safety lock makes it the safest breech loading gun built. Be sure you get a Marlin.

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GROVES & LINDLEY, 42, Lion Buildings, Huddersfield, Eng.

So this Milluns was the man. Her eyes wandered over the wreck of a once most handsome man and she fancied him as her mother's lover.

After a long pause, Milluns lifted his eyes and returned the locket. Reaching over to the table, he took up a miniature. "You see I have a picture of her also," he said with a bitter smile.

"I have not made much out of life, after all; only made money and enemies and stored up desolation for my old age, but whatever good I have done of any sort, has been inspired by this little portrait and the sweet memory of your mother. The dearest, best woman that the Almighty ever let live. You cannot understand why," he continued chokingly, "but I want to tell you, her daughter, that I never loved anyone but her, and I love her still. Yes, I love her still. That is my punishment, I think."

There was infinite pathos, infinite tenderness in his voice and a lump rose in Mary's throat that almost choked her. Milluns began to compare her face with his miniature again. "Like but unlike. When I heard your laughter to-day I thought I had lost my mind; was so much like—" He stopped and sank back into the cushioned chair very wearily.

"Mary," he began, "if a fairy should offer you a gift, what would you wish for?"

"Health," said she, after thinking a moment.

"Health!" You are a remarkable girl. Now, I fancied you might say money."

"No. If I have health, I can earn enough money to take care of us and nothing else really matters."

"Us?"

"Yes, my sister in the convent."

"Oh, yes; I had forgotten her. Does she look like you?"

"No. She is all Bullene, but the disposition, and is a musical genius. Mother and I had hoped to educate her."

"Hum, how old is she?"

"Only fourteen."

"Have you any means besides what you earn my girl?"

"No, sir. It took all there was left to put Clara in the convent for a year and buy my ticket. I was going to Toronto. Somehow, I could not bear home any more, and there was nothing for me to do in our little town. I lost my ticket and purse, and that is how I came to be here. Mrs. Timmins saw me and was kind enough to take me in."

"Well, this fairy I have in mind is powerless to confer health, but can command other things, wealth, for instance. Now, if you could wish for that, if your rich uncle should die and make you his heiress we will say," he said whimsically. "How much would you like him to leave you?"

"Oh, sir, please don't speak that way. It sounds dreadful. There are no fairies any more, and I have no rich uncles, and if I had I would not want them to die for my benefit," said Mary, rising hastily.

Milluns looked at her keenly. "By Jove, I believe you mean that!" he said admiringly.

"Indeed, I do," said Mary, rather shortly, for she felt annoyed.

"Don't go. Sit down. I promise not to offend you again." A little mollified, she obeyed. "I put it very crudely; forgive me. I daresay you know that I am so rich that I can afford to be generous to my extravagant family and to public institutions, neither of which I give a hang for," he said savagely. "I only do it because I have nothing else to do with my money, there is no special pleasure in it. It will make me happier than I have been for many years to do something for Mary's child. I am going to alter my will to-day and you are to be remembered. Tut! Don't interrupt me. It shall be done. How much will it take to make you happy, to make you comfortable all your life? Tell me. Oh, I can die in a measure of peace now."

Mary stared at him, her big, blue eyes round with amazement while the old man seemed to drift into the past again murmuring. "I'm going to do something for Mary's child. Perhaps,

she will know and be glad in Heaven. Yes, there must be a Heaven for such as she." Well, my dear, have you thought?"

"No," stammered Mary, "I can't allow it. Really, it don't seem right. Your children, what will they think? They would not understand—they—"

"You are right! Indeed you are! Drat them!" he cried violently. "They would be sure to kick up a terrible racket. They are a rapacious lot. I'll have no squabbling after I am dead, no cackling newspaper talk, no rascally lawyers getting fat on the pickings as they would be sure to, for my children haven't an ounce of brains among them! By the Lord Harry, I'll give it to you now!" He went to his desk, and drawing out a check book, hastily wrote a check. As he blotted it, William entered with a yellow envelope on a tray. He started at the sight of Mary sitting at her ease in the best chair in the room, but his face betrayed no surprise. "Telegram, sir."

"Very good; you may go, William." Milluns watched him through the door and then he opened the missive.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Not a moment too soon. My daughter will be here in an hour. She must need money to be coming here." As he spoke, a motor car sped up the drive, and in a moment a querulous voice sounded in the hall, "Didn't my father receive my telegram? Why in the world didn't he send someone to meet me? Are there no servants here?"

"There is Della herself, raising the mischief already. Well, just for that, I'll make it a hundred thousand." He tore up the check and wrote another. Then he reached for a telegraph blank and wrote a few words on it and lastly he covered a sheet of notepaper with his close, irregular handwriting and sealed and addressed it, laying several bills from his wallet on top.

He walked back to Mary and put the envelope, check and bills in her hand. "You are a sensible, fair-minded girl, and you must see that what I am doing is only right and but very, very little toward righting an old wrong. You must go to Toronto at once, for the gossip of William and Mrs. Timmins about our long conversation will soon reach my daughter and she would make life unbearable for both of us if you stayed. There is a train to Toronto in two hours. I wish you to take it. These bills will take care of all expenses. When you arrive, go to the Queen's Hotel, and next morning drive to the Crown Trust Company. Ask to see the president and give him this note. He will have received my telegram by that time and be expecting you. He will honor this check and I advise you to let him invest the money for you. It will yield you a handsome income and you can educate your sister."

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