

somewhat premature? How long will it take to turn this rabble?"—he indicated the colonel's recruits with a nod—"into fighting men, capable of standing up against the king's troops?"

"It was of such stuff that the great Oliver, my master, fashioned his invincible Ironsides."

"Ah! Oliver! There you have hit it—and even he had to turn many defeats into final victory. But is his Grace of Monmouth—your King James, if it so please you to crown him, who may ere long lack the head to put it upon—is he an Oliver? Can he compare with the least of the captains who did Cromwell's bidding? Nay, more," insisted Reginald, "I am not, any more than was my father, Sir Francis Harbin, before me, of the Protector's party. But this I allow, that he deemed he served God and kept His commandments. Can this be said of your fine bird with more feathers than wits?"

Again Haggis had the uncomfortable sensation of being worsted by his youthful antagonist. "His Majesty—God forgive him—has not acted in the past as we of the old ways would have him act, but he promises full amendment and contrition, and he has sworn on the Bible to uphold the Protestant religion pure and undefiled against the traitor of Rome and traitors

of the Church of England; for Laud has his following, and to my thinking they are the worse of the two."

"A kingdom is worth a promise or two, and if I know aught of Monmouth he would make a thousand."

Colonel Haggis laid his hand on the handle of his sword, but withdrew it again instantly.

"It is idle for us to quarrel," he said.

"I have to put before you a choice: either we must detain you, a soldier likely to add to the strength of our enemies, or you must undertake, on your word of honor, to convey my message, which is that of one much higher than myself in the counsels of his Majesty, to Colonel Churchill and to no one else."

Lieutenant Harbin drew himself up proudly.

"I shall do no such thing; I do not envy the man who proposes treachery to John Churchill."

This time Haggis smiled. He was on surer ground now than when he was discussing the projects and character of Monmouth.

"Don't be so sure of your man, Master Lieutenant. How if we could show you letters?"

But at that moment the colloquy was broken off. A man, dressed very much like the colonel, and evidently, like him, an old soldier of the Commonwealth,

came running up from the broad road in front, for which Reginald was making when the interruption took place at the forge. The newcomer saluted.

"Well, what is it, Dendal?"

"A troop of horse coming from the direction of Salisbury."

"About how many?"

"At least two dozen, I should say, colonel."

Haggis blew a whistle. The smiths ran into the forge, and at once set to work to damp out two of the furnaces. Men climbed over gates on either hand, and ran along the hedgerows in opposite directions. Only sufficient remained to be accounted for by the proximity of a small alehouse which stood just beyond the forge. Haggis, beyond blowing his whistle, had not moved, and the man he had called Dendal waited by his side.

"You are not quite ready yet?" suggested Reginald quietly.

Haggis did not reply, but turned upon him with another question: "If it is a company of the king's dragoons whom we know to be on the way hitherward, you will not betray us, Master Lieutenant? There are still enough here, and all desperate men, to account for the man as well as the master."

"I am not a spy or an informer," replied Harbin haughtily. "Your threats would have no weight with me if I were

minded to play the part. I trust you will yet see the wisdom of more peaceful courses, Colonel Haggis, and abstain from plunging this unfortunate country into civil war, the same not having recovered from the bloody conflicts which so recently drained our best blood."

"There is something dearer than life, and there is a price too great to pay for peace," Haggis declared, shaking his head sorrowfully.

"At any rate, I will not set fire to the bonfire you are engaged in building, so to give color to my presence here and to that of my servant, we will, with your permission, ride to yonder tavern door and call for a stoup of cyder. It is a liquor which well becomes our West country palates, and it will not be obtainable, at any rate of such a quality, as we approach nearer London."

"You are at liberty to do as you please, and I trust your pledged word as I would my own."

So the lieutenant and Colbert rode to the open door of the "Hen and Chickens," the former thinking that, however men differed in outward circumstances, and opposed one another in matters of State, there was much to draw true men to each other in that essential character which underlies external preferences.

Reginald had called for a stoup of cyder for Colbert and himself when a troop of nearly thirty dragoons rode up. In their midst was a gentleman in civilian dress, mounted on a big roan horse. This person wore a profusion of lace, and was dressed in the highest fashion. He was apparently between thirty and forty years of age, and must have been of a remarkably handsome presence, but high living or continued exposure to the open air had coarsened his features, while his originally fine brown eyes and wide brows had contracted a look of suspicion, and indications of a high temper habitually indulged.

This gentleman spurred his horse to the front, and, rising in his stirrups, looked round with a searching gaze. Then, his eyes resting on a person of quality attended by a servant, he rode straight up to Reginald. It occurred to the latter, as a curious circumstance indicating the nature of the times, that for the second time in one evening he was asked his business while riding forth on his own affairs on the king's highway. Again, too, the overwhelming force at the back of the interrogator enforced an answer, which under other circumstances the lieutenant would not have been prepared to give.

"May I ask, sir, what is your business, riding thus armed?" the civilian gentleman inquired in peremptory tones.

"May I also enquire whom I have the honor of addressing, and your warrant for inquiring my errand?"

The gentleman in lace quickly drew a parchment out of an inside pocket of his coat, and flourished it in the air. Then he raised his plumed hat as he opened it wide: "This, sir, is my authority, signed by no less a person than his Majesty, King James the Second." Here he gave another flourish of his hat and the paper at the same time, having let the reins fall on the horse's neck, so as to have both hands free. "My name on this paper, sir, is stated to be Quodlibet, which is, in his Majesty's gracious humor, or in that of the Secretary of State, an indication that whatsoever I please to do is right in the eyes of the Supreme Authority in this realm. My real name, sirrah, is not here set forth, but if it were it would not be unknown to those who have brought themselves, or are like to bring themselves, within touch of the majesty of the law. Know, sir, and let all here present know"—here the gentleman glared at Colonel Haggis and on others of his following who had approached while this colloquy was proceeding—"that information has reached his Majesty's most gracious ears to the effect that sedition and disloyalty towards the most Christian Sovereign that ever sat on the throne of this kingdom is rife in this western part of his dominions." Here he smote both his hands together and rapped out a great oath. "I am sent here not on this occasion as an instrument of punishment or of vengeance, as might well be the case, considering my calling as a judge of this land, but to inquire and give exact information as to the truth or otherwise of these assertions." On this the gentleman on the roan horse turned once more to Reginald Harbin. "Now, sir, will you or will you not afford me such information, as to your mode of life and intended movements, as shall satisfy me that you live as a peaceable and law-abiding servant of the king, or shall I take you with me to answer elsewhere such interrogatories as the lawful authority may suggest and require?"

At this moment the officer in command of the troops, who had been at the rear, rode up and saluted Reginald.

(To be continued.)

Facts About McClary's "Sunshine" Furnace

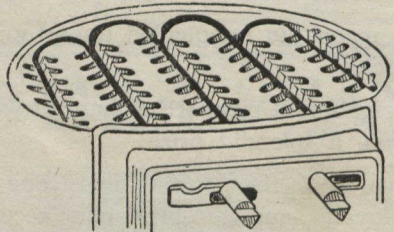
---The Understudy of the Sun---

The Fire-pot of the "Sunshine" is made of Semi-Steel—**not** of the ordinary furnace is made of Grey Iron.

Here's the difference—Destructive sulphur fumes penetrate Grey Iron easily because it is porous. Semi-steel is **not** porous—it is a close-grained material with a smooth surface **secretly** processed by McClary's. Gas fumes **cannot** penetrate Semi-Steel therefore it lasts longer. The "Sunshine" Fire-pot is built in two sections joined together with our famous cup joint. The shape of this joint, combined with a layer of McClary's asbestos cement, makes it absolutely gas, smoke and dust-proof.

Clearly, the "Sunshine" is the premier furnace as far as the Fire-pot is concerned.

The Grates of the "Sunshine" Furnace have three sides each. Plainly, they have three times the endurance of one-sided grates. Every time you rock down the ashes of the "Sunshine" you can expose a fresh side of the grate to the fierce heat of the fire—lengthen the life of the grates.



And the short, strong teeth of "Sunshine" grates simply grind up clinkers. The "Sunshine" Furnace is the best as far as grate construction goes.

Shaking an ordinary furnace is hard, back-breaking labor. You don't need to shake the "Sunshine"—you simply rock

it and the ashes drop into the ash-pan. A child can easily rock the grates of a "Sunshine"—merely another reason why you should buy a "Sunshine" Furnace.

Ordinary furnaces are called coal gluttons. There may be good reasons for that—we don't know. But—we have built the "Sunshine" Furnace so that it is very easy on coal. Hundreds of people now using the "Sunshine," and having used ordinary furnaces, declare that the "Sunshine" makes two tons of coal do the work of three. Evidently, the "Sunshine" Furnace saves coal and money.

The ordinary furnace has a water-pan hidden somewhere about the base. There, it cannot carry out the purpose for which the water-pan was devised. The water-pan of the "Sunshine" Furnace is placed scientifically above the



radiator near the dome—the heat laps up the water, before being diffused all over the house. It contains the same amount of moisture as the air of a balmy June day. Plainly, as far as the water-pan is concerned, the "Sunshine" is the furnace you should buy.

There are many more reasons why you should invest your money in "The Understudy of the Sun"—McClary's "Sunshine" Furnace. Call on the McClary agent and ask him to show you all the mechanical reasons and exclusive devices which go to make the "Sunshine" the best and therefore the cheapest furnace you can buy. Write us at our nearest address if you cannot get in touch with him.

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