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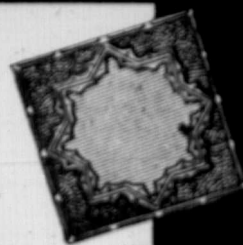
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THERE'S satisfaction in having a Sunshine Furnace. You know that the coal you put in the big wide door will be turned into heat for the house.

### What makes the Sunshine a coal saver? Two things:

**1 THE STUDY**—the science you might call it—that has gone into its design.

The air passages are wide, the radiating surface is large. The heat from the flames is spent before the fumes get to the chimney. This means more heat through the hot air registers.

The fire-pot, which is the main source of heat, is always kept clear of ashes that would prevent rapid conduct of heat from the burning coal to the radiating surface of the fire-pot.

**2 THE WORKMANSHIP** that produces a permanent "heat-tight" job.

The doors and dampers fit closely. When you shut off the Sunshine Furnace, the heat is held without burning up coal; and tight construction at every point directs the heat to the warm air flues and avoids the waste of coal.

Would it be wise to look for fuel-economy in any but a modern, dependable furnace like

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1. Your booklet on the Sunshine Furnace.

2. Also forms for filling out, so that your heating engineers can tell me how to order and install a system that will properly heat my home.

When you are planning a heating system for your home, wouldn't you like to know what McClary's Sunshine will cost you, installed? Well then, our Heating Engineer will be glad to give you this information. He will show you how to plan your heat distribution so as to get the most out of it. No, there is no charge. Simply write to him fully at the factory. Meanwhile, mail the coupon for our booklet "Sunshine."

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sick man had managed to creep out from the barrack and secure his carbine.

Buck opened his mouth to swear. He did swear; but the staccato roar of Napier's weapon drowned his words. The invalid was using "magazine fire."

Another salvo came from the distant boats, and angry hornets seemed to be winging their way past the ears of the two men on the knoll.

Walsh turned back to his work. He realized that in order to compel Napier to leave he would have to be carried bodily from the firing line. Covering once more the bulkiest form visible, Buck emptied his carbine.

A wisp of haze veiled the result of the shots. A brief silence ensued. Walsh turned to look at his comrade.

Napier was refilling his magazine. He caught the glance of the other and grinned up at him.

"I think," said he, "that it's Section 235 of 'The Book' that reads: 'Objects dimly seen at evening, and in misty weather, appear more distant and larger than in reality.'"

Napier paused for breath; then he lowered the slide of his back-sight, and concluded: "We're shooting a little over."

"And there's another section in the Red Book that has to do with instant obedience to a command!" Buck roared back. "I order you into the hut!"

"Then you'll have to shove me in the 'Skookum House,'" was the sarcastic rejoinder. "It won't be the first—"

The vicious zip of a low-flying bullet cut short Napier's remarks. His breech-bolt snapped shut. His forefinger slipped within the trigger-guard. Then he coolly began firing again.

"Damn the fog!" muttered Buck, as the vapor enveloped the two boats.

The rifle-fire from seaward died away. The boats melted from view. Buck drove two more bullets into the fog-zone, and then stood up. Napier, too, was trying to get up on his feet; but his movements were feeble and uncertain.

"We were—were—right to cease firing," he said as Buck grasped him at the armpits.

A quizzical expression swept over his haggard, unshaven face as he added: "Section 146, paragraph 4, says:

"Expenditure of ammunition should, as a rule, be—proportionate to—"

An additional strain on Buck's arms told him why the junior constable had not finished the quotation. Napier had fainted.

The maniacal cry of a loon came up from the fog-shrouded waters below. The wind ceased. And now a mist arose from the Barrens, and crept out to join the sea-fog. A mosquito, attracted possibly by the presence of blood, lit upon the constable's temple and gorged its fill.

With an inarticulate oath Walsh paused to crush the stinging insect. Then he gathered his comrade in his arms and strode toward the barrack, already indistinct in the gathering mist.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### The Trail to Lame Dog Lake

Napier rallied from his stupor to find Oulah and Buck bending over him.

"How many did we bowl over," he asked.

Buck shook his head. "I'm not going to count now, lad," he said. "But you had no business leaving your bed," he added.

The junior constable slipped his broth and eyed the roasted duck which Oulah had taken from the oven. The barrack was fragrant with the appetizing odor of the cooked fowl.

"I'd surely like to have a bit of that," said Napier. He waved a spoon toward the table where all was ready for Walsh.

"Damned if I don't believe you're getting better!" pronounced Buck.

He took the empty bowl and spoon from his comrade, pressed him gently back upon his pillow, and then looked after his own supper.

Outside the hut one could scarcely see a hundred yards. And as evening drew near, Oulah's skin tupek could no longer be seen from the doorway of the barrack. It promised to be a thick night indeed.

(To be continued next week)