

Saves one ton in seven

Figure up your annual coal bill, divide it by seven, and you have the amount the Hecla Furnace will save you every year. ¶ The steel-ribbed fire-pot does it. Adding steel ribs to the fire-pot increases its radiating surface three times more than is possible by any other method. The steel-ribbed fire-pot heats the air quicker. It sends the heat through the registers instead of up the chimney. ¶ Examine the Hecla. Compare it with other Furnaces. ¶ You will find every feature that makes for convenience and ease of operation. But the Hecla is the only one that has the Steel-ribbed Fire-pot—the fire-pot which saves thousands of users one ton of coal in seven.

Section of fire-pot showing ribs of steel plate which save 1 ton in 7.

HECLA FURNACE

No Gas or Dust

Burns wood as well as coal.



And this furnace cannot possibly leak gas or dust. The joints, usually bolted or cemented, are fused in the Hecla in a perfectly tight joint. Time and service cannot loosen the Fused Joint. The fusing welds the Hecla Radiator into one piece.

Our Booklet "Comfort & Health" should be in the hands of everyone who has a heating problem to solve. It will be sent free of charge.



CLARE BROS. & CO., LIMITED,
Dept. C. R., Preston, Ont.

when Lady Lockington turned up you wouldn't stay?

"As for luncheon, of course you must do as Lady Lockington chooses. She said you would lunch with her, and so you will have to. Her Ladyship hates being alone of all things."

"I thought she always brought a lot of friends with her," said Edna, tremulously.

"Yes, but this time she came down in such a hurry that she had to come by herself. Sir Richard Salesbury is coming to-day, though, and two ladies. When they're here perhaps you'll be let off."

Very reluctantly Edna made her way downstairs when the luncheon-bell rang; but she found, after all, that her ordeal was over.

For in the first place, the expected guests had arrived in the shape of two ladies of the same type as Lady Lockington herself, but neither so handsome nor so much made up, and a youngish man, fair and silly-looking, whom they all called Dicky, and whom she discovered to be Sir Richard Salesbury.

Luncheon was a very merry, or rather, very talkative function, at which "Dicky" seemed to play fool for everybody else's amusement. He said little to Edna, but he looked at her a great deal, and when she was summoned that afternoon, by a message from Lord Lockington, to play the organ in the hall, and sat down, nervous and trembling, to begin her task, she soon heard footsteps behind her, and when she paused after finishing one piece, heard a voice which she recognized as that of "Dicky," saying softly:

"Bravo! Very nice indeed!" She turned in alarm, and saw Sir Richard Salesbury sitting on a seat which he had drawn up near her, smoking a cigarette.

"Mayn't I stay and listen to you? And do you mind my cigarette? I'm so awfully fond of music, Miss Belamy."

He knew her name, apparently, though he had not been introduced to her. Edna glanced up at the gallery in alarm, and saw that the blind was down. She hoped that her unwelcome visitor would be discreet in his utterances, though, to judge by what she had heard at luncheon, it seemed unlikely.

"Oh, I'm afraid I have no music that you'd care about," she said, anxiously. "No, I don't mind smoking at all. But—"

Instinctively she had glanced towards the gallery. But Sir Richard paid no heed.

"Of course, I won't stay if you would rather not."

Edna would very much rather not, but did not like to say so.

"You see," he went on, as she hunted for another music-book, "it's awfully dull here in the afternoon. There's no man about for me to talk to, and the old ladies always have to take a rest in the afternoon, so that they can be as fresh as paint can make 'em at night."

Edna felt herself freeze with horror. The old ladies! And Lady Lockington perhaps within hearing! And Lord Lockington almost certainly listening from the gallery! She felt that a little more of this would destroy her, and she plunged into the "War March of the Priests" to drown his indiscretions.

But she had to submit to hear more of the same sort of thing before her ordeal was over and Revesby came with the order for her release.

And then, as she had expected and feared, Lady Lockington's maid came to ask her to step upstairs and see her Ladyship in her boudoir.

Edna drew a long breath. Of course, she was going to get her dismissal; and though she could have protested that she was in Lord Lockington's employ, and would take her dismissal from him only, Edna resolved not to trouble about that, but to be meek and submissive.

With a fast-beating heart she entered the boudoir where Lady Lockington was stretched on a sofa, and to her immense surprise she was greeted not only with courtesy, but with positive affection.

Smiling most sweetly, Lady Lockington held out her hand and said: "Come here, child; I want to talk with you."

(To be continued.)

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