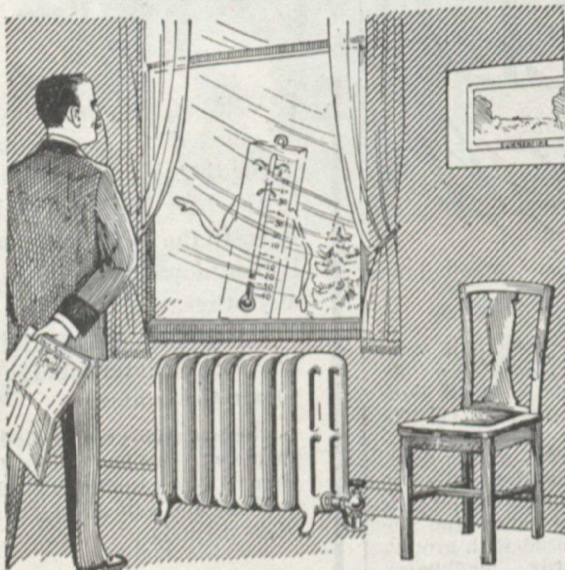


## You Can Laugh at the Thermometer

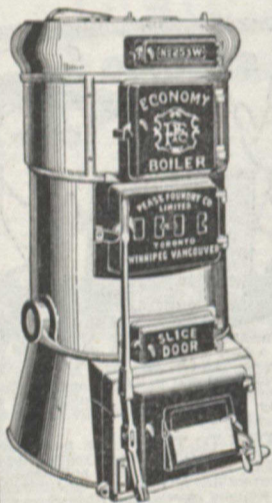


The Thermometer may drop clear to the bottom, yet you can laugh at the freezing weather if you have a Pease Hot Water Boiler in your home; because you can heat every part of it with an even, comfortable warmth, keeping you and your family healthy, comfortable and happy.

A Pease Hot Water Boiler will give you a Summer tem-

perature in your home no matter what the Thermometer may register outside, or how stormy the weather may be.

## Pease "ECONOMY" BOILERS and RADIATORS



Pease Hot Water Boilers are the result of Thirty-six years' exhaustive study in the manufacture of heating systems only.

They are made specially to meet Canadian climatic conditions, at a minimum cost.

They possess many exclusive labor saving and fuel saving devices, making them very easy and simple to operate—the Vertical Shaker enabling the furnace to be shaken without stooping—large Ash-doors for the removal of ashes—large doors for putting in Fuel—large, easily accessible Flue-doors for cleaning out.

Now is the time to plan your next Winter's heating system so that you can have it installed in the early Spring, when careful installation can be given. Don't forget that a Pease Hot Water Boiler

"Pays for itself by the Coal it saves."

**PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY, LIMITED**

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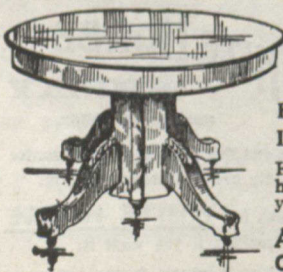
Black  
Tan  
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Our method of supplying directly from factory to buyer leaves out all useless expense, bringing the furniture to your home at least cost possible. Write us for our large

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Canada's Largest Home Furnishers, TORONTO.

Gorrington Gaunt made his appearance, gun in hand, and with half a dozen dogs at his heels. His face flushed to a dark purple as his eyes rested upon Margaret, and his hand shook very perceptibly as he extended it to the ladies.

The usual civilities exchanged he pressed them with awkward apologies to tea, but Miss Pragg, with a shrewd notion of the unpreparedness of his bachelor establishment for lady callers, declined, under the excuse of letters to be written for the evening post, and after a few moments the car was turned in the direction of Appletree, which they reached in excellent time for high-tea after nearly a thirty-mile run. "I declare I feel quite dissipated," declared Peggy, stifling a yawn, as the clock struck nine, "I must positively go to bed, or I shall fall asleep in my chair, this air always does affect me like that."

She rose, kissed her aunt, and taking up a silver candlestick from the hall table, lighted it, and made her way up the wide staircase, feeling blissfully ready for the big down pillows and lavender-scented sheets awaiting her in the old-fashioned four-post bed.

In a few moments after laying her head on the self-same down pillows, Margaret was fast asleep, and dreaming. Silently and peacefully she seemed to be drifting out to sea in a little boat, enjoying the soft, swaying motion as the waves rocked the craft to and fro; she thought she would like to drift on for ever in the moonlight on that placid summer sea, and her feeling was one of perfect peace and contentment.

But gradually, very gradually—the rocking increased in violence until it became so rough that she had to cling to the sides of the little vessel, she felt heavy waves dashing over her, and then, all at once, realized that she was far out at sea, in a tiny boat without an oar, a rudder or a pilot!

A wild and helpless terror seized her and she cried out loudly for help. Suddenly, as if the way of dreams, she beheld, as if he had risen apparently out of nowhere, John Grey sitting in the boat with her; his hand was at the helm, and he was steering the tossing cockleshell in which they sat through the pitching breakers to a place of safety.

Her fear fell from her when she saw him, and in a voice of deep relief she cried: "Oh, John Grey—John Grey—I am so glad that you have come to save me." He did not answer, but sat, with his hand on the tiller, a grave and silent figure at the helm.

Then came the hissing sound of surf, with a more violent motion of the boat, and Margaret awoke with a start.

Outside, the sound of the incoming tide mingling with that of the wind which had risen to a gale, and was howling round the house.

Margaret snuggled down sleepily once more into the sheets and drowsing off, murmured brokenly: "John Grey—John Grey—I am so glad you have come—to—to—"

But before the sentence was finished slumber had fast bound her, and she did not wake again until the morning sun, pouring into the room, caused her to spring up, in the sudden joy of a glorious new day, her dream forgotten in the sunshine.

### CHAPTER XVII. Country Visits.

TEA at the Grange was a very important ceremony, not to be entered upon lightly, it entailed extensive preparations and no apology for a meal. The Misses Dolman would have considered themselves seriously insulted had they ever been offered the few wafers of bread and butter and plate of mixed cakes which usually constitute afternoon tea in a London flat.

As Miss Pragg had surmised, the family silver had been taken out of its wash-leather coverings and carefully polished; the gate-table in the prim drawing-room was spread with a linen cloth of exquisite texture edged with fine deep crochet, worked, in days gone by, by Miss Seraphina when her eyes were better able to deal with the filmy threads.

Home-made bread was cut up in

lavish quantities into thin bread and butter. Home-made plum cake such as Peggy loved was supported by scones, queen cakes and jumbles; in the centre of the crowded table a glass dish of Devonshire cream, holding the place of honour, stood in a silver basket, flanked on either side by honey from the sisters' own hives, and apple jelly of Miss Silvia's making.

Mary, with a rosy face which shone like a polished apple, from too plentiful an application of soap, and wearing a well-starched white apron and cap, received solemn and repeated injunctions to be sure the kettle was boiling before she poured the water on the tea, which Miss Silvia put ready in the pot from the best tea-caddy.

The old and valuable china was another care which lay heavy on the spirits of the maiden ladies, who dreaded to trust it to Mary's clumsy red hands, lest the tragedy of a broken cup should mar their proud boast that it had been kept intact for fifty years.

Miss Silvia and Miss Seraphina were twins and surprisingly alike in appearance. They still kept up the traditions of their youth, dressing alike in every particular save one, namely that Miss Silvia wore pink ribbons and Miss Seraphina blue. Occasionally—after long intervals of time—they changed over and reversed this order, but the alteration was a serious matter, involving many cherished garments, and not to be undertaken lightly, or without grave discussion.

The two sisters were small, wiry women, quick and jerky in their movements, with beak-like noses, round little black eyes and yellow complexions; their hair had formerly been of a reddish brown, but as it perceptibly thinned in front they each assumed yellowish "fronts," assuring each other that a censorious public could not possibly detect the assistance thus rendered to nature; they also wore elaborate mob caps of lace ornamented with their favorite ribbons.

THE Grange was little more than a glorified cottage, a long, low building of cob, rather damp, and covered with creepers. The drawing-room smelt decidedly musty, and was never used except on state occasions like the present.

Miss Pragg and Margaret presented themselves punctually on the stroke of four o'clock, and were met by the two maiden gentlewomen in a perfect twitter of excitement, Miss Pragg's deep voice sounding like a recurring bass note to their shrill treble.

Margaret could remember them ever since she was a child in short frocks and had sat on a beaded stool with a plate of cake on her knee. The Misses Dolman whenever they saw her could never get over their surprise at the remarkable way in which she had shot up to womanhood, the good souls deluding themselves with the idea that they had stood still during the flight of years.

Margaret looked around the prim old room and the heavily-laden table which only waited the bringing of the tea-pot and hot buttered cakes. Everything was familiar, the faded chintzes, the handworked fire screens, the water-colour drawing representing two pink and white Misses Dolman in their infancy; Margaret wondered how many years had elapsed since those days, and not being good at arithmetic, gave it up.

The old maids fluttered and fussed about over their visitors, their twittering voices, yellow fronts, and bright peery eyes irresistibly reminding Margaret of a couple of canaries in a cage; she thought they looked a little yellower, a little more wrinkled than before, but otherwise all remained unchanged.

The ceremony of pouring out was accomplished with dignity by Miss Silvia, she being if anything the elder of the two by several minutes, which had conferred a slight advantage upon her from birth.

Tiny, the little Skye-terrier, was adorned for the occasion with his small silver bell and a large bow of blue and pink ribbon combined, he being the joint property of the sisters.

Tiny performed his usual little