

HECLA FURNACE

—And The Feature That Made Them Famous

The discovery of FUSED JOINTS made possible the perfect system of warm air heating.

When we first began to build furnaces, some thirty years ago, the various parts of the radiators were bolted and cemented together. No matter how tightly the iron and steel were fastened, the difference in the expansion and contraction of the two metals eventually pulled the bolts loose, ground out the cement and left openings through which gas, dust and smoke escaped into the house.

About 20 years ago, we discovered and patented FUSED JOINTS.

Instead of bolting and cementing steel and iron together, we fused the materials at a white heat.

The joints thus formed are permanent and indestructible.

Twenty years use has proved the value of Fused Joints. They will not leak—they are absolutely gas, smoke and dust tight—

and will always remain so as long as the furnace is in use.

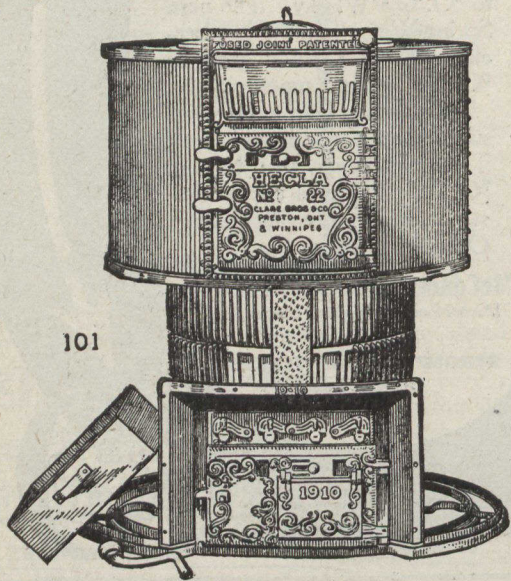
Fused Joints insure "Hecla" heated homes being always supplied with an abundance of fresh, warmed air, untainted by gas or dust.

"Hecla" Furnace is the only furnace with Fused Joints.

Fused Joints are only one of the patented features of "Hecla" Furnace that mean so much to every man who is going to put in a new furnace this season. Our furnace book describes and illustrates them all. Write for free copy.

Send us rough diagram of your home, and we will plan the heating arrangement and give estimate of the cost of installing the right "Hecla" Furnace—free.

Clare Bros. & Co. Limited, Preston, Ont.



101



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 12th August, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between CAMBRAY and LINDSAY from the 1st October next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Cambray, Linden Valley and Lindsay and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

Mail Service Branch.

Ottawa, 24th June, 1910.

G. C. Anderson,

Superintendent.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 12th August, 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between LAKE CHARLES and OWEN SOUND from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

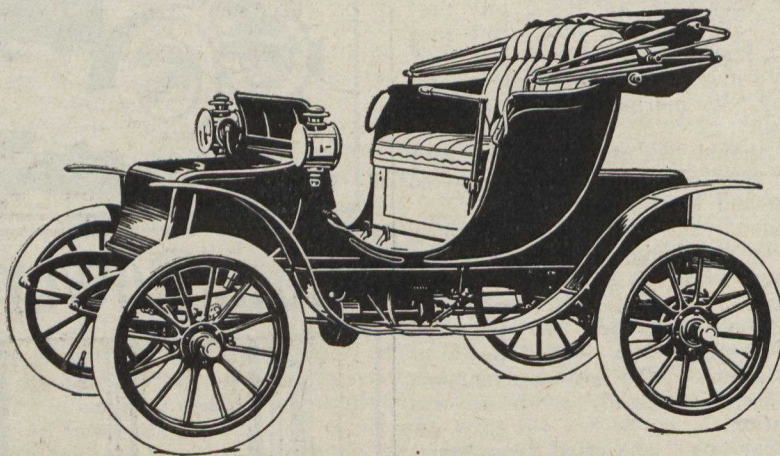
Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Lake Charles, Owen Sound and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

Mail Service Branch.

Ottawa, 29th June, 1910.

G. C. Anderson, Superintendent



THE ELECTRIC AUTOMOBILE

is the ladies' ideal car. Simple and safe in operation. Requires no strength in control. Its convenient assistance in shopping, calling, receptions and other social functions, theatre and church going is at once apparent. :: :: ::

PHONE MAIN 3975

The Toronto Electric Light Co'y, Limited

12 ADELAIDE STREET EAST

THE "ELECTRIC BUILDING."

to be unhappy, Clive? D'you think she'd be happy if she thought her golden-hearted little boy was making life hard and unhappy for me, when I only ask to make those who were nearest and dearest to her as happy as possible? Do you think I want you to forget your mother? We have put our best flowers on her grave, Clive, to prove that we have not forgotten her. And we will come again with fresh flowers to show that we still remember her. But if you remember she *was* your mamma, you must be true to me, too, and remember I *am* your mamma."

"I'll try," he murmured bashfully.

"Will you? — will you really? Clive, dear, I am *so* fond of you, and when you make me think you hate me, I am so unhappy."

"You've got father," he muttered, hanging his head. "My other mother hasn't got anybody, and—and—"

"Yes?" she whispered, squeezing his hands. "Yes, Clive?"

"It didn't seem fair if you hated her, but if you don't hate her, I think it's quite fair. And you don't hate her, do you? or you wouldn't have given me your best flowers. I think you were very kind to poor mamma and me. Are we going to take the box back or leave it?"

* * * * *

Mrs. Fullerton stood at the end of the bed, with her arms resting on the bed-rail, waiting, listening, while the white-robed little man knelt at the bedside, praying:

"... pity my simplicity;

Suffer me to come to Thee."

"God bless dear papa, my new mamma, and tell my old mamma about the flowers. And make me a good boy, for Christ's sake.—Amen."

A Silk Purse and a Sow's Ear

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

the cruel world in general. Forsaking her ironing-board she flew angrily from the house and made her way straight to Bolton's auction-rooms. Here was light and life and forgetfulness. In a similar frame of mind Tim made haste in the direction of the Golden Lion.

The auction-room was crowded and Maggie took a deep breath of the fetid, cloyed air that was as wine to her injured feelings. She forgot Tim—forgot the children—forgot the hateful irons that were fast cooling upon her kitchen stove.

Before leaving the house she had carefully secured the sum of forty-eight dollars that she kept in reserve for emergencies. The money seemed to burn a hole in her purse and a feeling of desperate, glorious recklessness set her pulses throbbing in a mad riot of inconsequence.

It was an especially good sale and many beautiful things claimed Maggie's vagrant senses. Furniture, bric-a-brac, china—dazzling bargains that filled her hungry soul with longing. At last her blue eyes became centred upon the Irresistible. It happened to be a piano this time, and the girlish watcher fairly shook with excitement when the auctioneer drew the attention of his patrons to the rare opportunity presented to them. The instrument's many good points were dilated upon and in emotional tones he asked if any one in the audience would play a few bars for the edification of intending purchasers. A peroxide blonde stepped mincingly to the platform and with much feeling rendered "Down by the Farmyard Gate," evoking a furor of applause. In timbre the piano was distressingly similar to a tin pan, but it certainly made a good noise and had only two keys missing.