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Ceilings and Walls

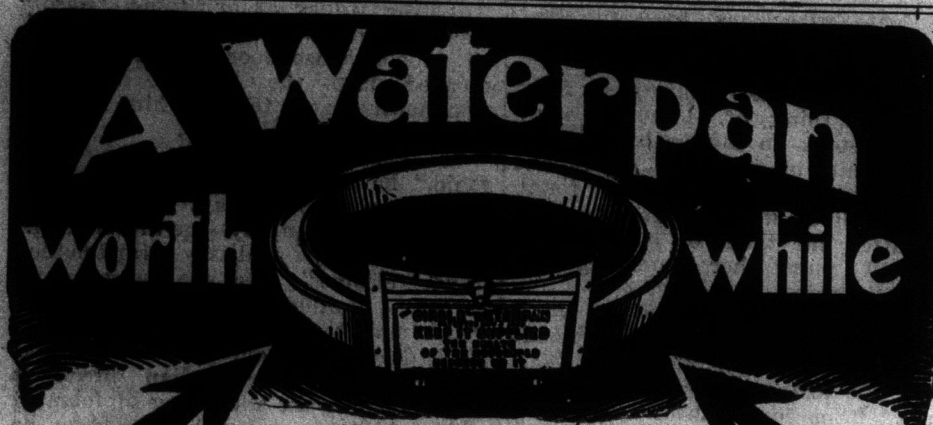
All the art and beauty which any interior treatment can display, and besides they are fire-proof and sanitary—easily applied at small cost in splendid range of new and standard designs.

Write us for particulars and estimates.

**THE METALLIC ROOFING CO. LIMITED**  
TORONTO AND WINNIPEG



WESTERN CANADA FACTORY  
797 NOTRE DAME AVENUE, WINNIPEG  
Agents wanted in some sections.



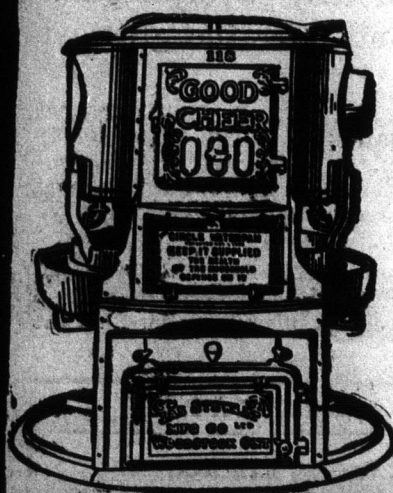
The object of the Furnace Waterpan is to give back to the warmed air the natural moisture that the fire has dried out. But in the average Furnace the Waterpan is made insignificant and insufficient and placed in the least effective position. But the

## Good Cheer Furnace

### Has A Big Circle Waterpan

entirely encircling the fire-pot. This waterpan holds 4 to 6 gallons, and is placed where it will evaporate the water rapidly. It keeps the humidity of the air up to the normal 60% or 70% while the air from the average furnace often contains less than 25% of moisture.

Besides the vast improvement this makes in comfort and healthfulness, the house feels as warm at 65° as it does at 70° when the air is parching and dry. The consequent saving of coal is a big item.



"Good Cheer" Furnace construction throughout is of the same high standard of excellence as the Circle Waterpan.

It's well worth your while to write for Booklet and full information about the advantages of the "Good Cheer" Furnace.

The James Stewart Mfg. Co., Limited  
Woodstock, Ont. — Winnipeg, Man.



### Two Guns in One—

Upper barrel (rifled) shoots .22; lower barrel (smooth bore) shoots .44 shot or ball. Lengths, 12, 15 or 18 inches. Fits you for large and small game or inexpensive target practice. Stock folds up or detaches. Shoulder holster furnished. Sample Nitro-Solvent Oil for name sporting goods dealer. Send for catalog of Marble's 60 Outing Specialties.

**MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO., 622 Delta Ave., Gladstone, Mich.**  
Successor to Marble Safety Axe Co.

### MARBLE'S GAME GETTER GUN

"Mistress, have ye a drop o' rum?"  
"No!" said my grandmother.  
"Nor a piece o' baccy?"

She went to the dresser, and, taking down a jar that had been my grandfather's, brought him a crumbling square of tobacco.

"That bit has been long in the house," she said. "Maybe you'll not relish it. It belonged to the Captain Cole who wrecked Bellamy's ship."

All the delight went out of Black Jack's face. The tobacco dropped from his hand as though it had been a hot coal. Presently I saw a stealthy movement of his foot, and the weed flew into the embers under our back-log.

We cleared away the supper and lighted the tallow dips in the brass candlesticks; then granny beckoned me, and I went to a shelf near the dresser and took down her big Bible. This I put on her knee, as was my nightly custom, and she adjusted her horn spectacles to read. Black Jack watched her, and his countenance underwent a violent change. An unspeakable terror overspread it. As granny opened the Book he leaped to his feet and made a wild plunge for the door. I heard a terrible word, and the next moment granny and I were alone in the kitchen. "Oh, surely, he is the pirate," I said; "his behaviour proves it!"

For answer she began to read the Scripture in a loud, steady voice. I could not listen. My thoughts were travelling into the night after Black Jack, and the very air seemed sulphurous. How glad I was that he had taken himself off! When the reading was over I returned the Book to the shelf, and, glancing through the window, I espied what seemed to be a bundle of old black wool on our doorstep.

"He is still here, granny," I whispered, "sitting at the door."

"Because he has no strength to fare further, poor old man," said granny. "Call him in again; he is past fourscore, and worn with long travel."

I knew better than to gainsay granny. I called, and Black Jack staggered to his feet and sneaked back into our kitchen.

"If it's your pleasure, mistress," he quavered, "I'd be glad to sleep on the floor by your fire to-night."

"That you may," assented granny, and she brought him some warm covering, wished him a civil good-night, and carried me away with her to an adjoining bedroom. I was in an agony of apprehension.

I crept to my own place beside her, but I could not close my eyes. I thought of the pirate, of Lisha and our quarrel, of Peter Marthe hunting the shore for buried treasure, and presently sounds from the kitchen began to startle me—groans and cries—boisterous, quarrelsome, profane. Black Jack had a bad conscience, and he was an unquiet sleeper. I heard him tossing his arms about, and from time to time I could distinguish words like these:

"On deck, lads! the sloop has struck! Man the long boat and board her. She's a trim craft, and her master knows this damnable coast and all its reefs. Avast there! I'll have no part in the pretty fellow's death—he's too brave to walk the plank, you dogs! I'll brain you with the cooper's ax if ye offer him harm! Lay the crews in irons, but put the captain at the helm to pilot us—God knows we've need of a pilot in these waters!"

My grandmother was still sleeping, undisturbed; so I, too, settled down on my pillow, and at last lost consciousness.

When we awoke in the morning we found the kitchen empty, and Black Jack gone. For months after he was not seen on the cape again.

On the day that followed his visit an evil thing befell me. Our brindle cow was mired in the marsh, and Peter Marthe pulled her out. My grandmother was grateful for the service, and the next time Peter came to the house she was unusually kind to him, and made him sit on the garden bench under our apple trees, calling me to bring him a mug of buttermilk. This I did with ill grace, and as I stepped into the garden with the mug I saw Lisha coming up the road, his brown head held high, his handsome face all bright and eager. Afterward I learned that he had that

day determined to make up our quarrel, but the sight of Peter Marthe lolling on the bench, and me serving him, turned his heart to gall. With a dark, angry look he wheeled about, and went back the way he had come; and I, seeing him go, dashed the buttermilk full upon Peter's pate, making my unwelcome suitor a sight for gods and men, and flying into the house, I sat down alone there and wept bitterly. The very next morning I heard that Elisha had shipped aboard a merchantman and sailed for Barbadoes.

After that day Peter Marthe came constantly to my grandmother's house. The more I flouted him, the more he pursued me. I grew to detest the sound of his voice, and the tramp of his clumsy feet in the sandy walk. He had parted me from Elisha, and I could not forgive him. He brought us all the gossip of the town, and, in the late autumn, a bit of news that was both strange and unpleasant—the cape folks were raising a sudden hue and cry after Black Jack.

"And high time!" chuckled Peter. "It's shame to us all, and quite ag'in law, to let that red-handed pirate ram-page about the cape any longer. The raskil has money buried here, and now we're going to catch him and make him tell where it's hid."

"Humph!" said granny. "Black Jack is one of Bellamy's old crew—why shouldn't he hang, like his mates?"

"He has broken no law this long while back, Peter, and the cape folks were willing to leave him alone, till you stirred up this business. I hope Black Jack may come to his grave in peace."

"He won't!" said Peter. "I've set a watch for the old fox, and lodged information ag'in him with the proper authorities. Next time he shows himself in these parts he'll get the rope, like the others."

But Black Jack did not show himself again. Time went on, and nothing more was seen or heard of him.

In the late November my grandmother died, and I was left desolate and alone in the cape house. All that she possessed had fallen to me, and one day Peter Marthe rapped at my door and asked me to marry.

"I may marry some day, Peter," I answered, "but you are not the man."

Winter fell early that year. Hard upon Christmas a great snow whitened the cape, and we were sore beset with northerly gales and terrific seas. My grandmother, being English born, had always kept Christmas after the fashion of her childhood, and with small regard for the ways of her neighbors. So, in spite of the snow, I went to the woods and pulled my evergreens, spruce and pine, and brought them to the house and tried to make the place cheerful and bright, after the ways of my grandmother. I put the green things here and there about the living room, and kindled a grate fire—heaping it so high that, as night fell, I found I must go to my wood pile.

Now that same pile was at the corner of the garden fence, and as I waded toward it through the drifts the Christmas stars looked down on me like gentle eyes, and over my head the leafless boughs of the apple trees were drawn in thin, dark lines against a daffodil sky. I bent to gather up the stout oak sticks, and in the lee of the great heap I saw a human figure crouching, gaunt, feeble, and shaking with cold.

"Black Jack!" I said, and went straight up to him.

"Ay, little maid," he answered, in a thin, weak voice.

I took him by the arm, led him into the house and shut the door. When I got him to a chair before my huge Christmas fire I could see that he was emaciated with hunger and disease, and well-nigh frozen.

"This is my last cruise, little maid," he muttered, feebly.

I ran to the cupboard for a flask of brandy, which I kept for emergencies, and a bowl of broth left from my own supper. He drank the liquor and tasted a little of the food and seemed to revive.

"They'll find me here and hang me!" he whispered, hoarsely.

I stood for a moment, uncertain what

to do. The took down The Book Jack; his I opened the words "Hide th that wand "This is "and He You are s harm you mother's r peace."

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