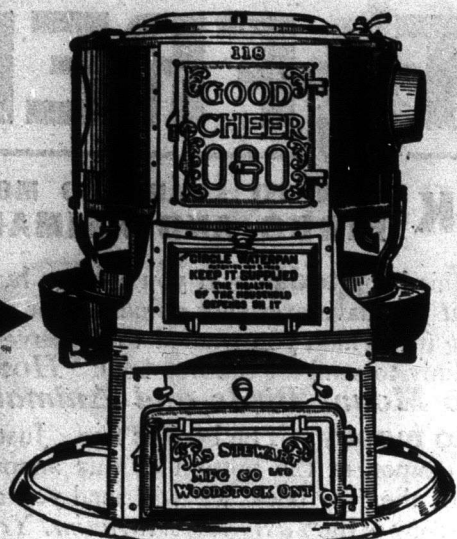




A Real Summer Temperature

YOU know the perfect comfort of a summer day with the thermometer at 65°. Why does 65° in the house in winter feel chilly? Why does 75°, while warm enough, feel stuffy and oppressive?

Because the average furnace, in warming the air, dries out the natural moisture and fails to replace it. Instead of the 70% average humidity of the outside air, your furnace heated air probably contains less than 30% of moisture.

The sudden changes from this hot, dry air to the cold, outdoor air is the commonest cause of the colds, sore throats and lung troubles so common in winter.

The Remedy is the "CIRCLE WATERPAN" OF THE "GOOD CHEER" FURNACE

This pan encircles the firepot, and holds several times as much water as the makeshift pan in the average furnace. The result is an evaporation sufficient to keep the air in every room in the house at practically the same humidity as the fresh outside air, so that 68° feels perfectly comfortable, like a summer day. Plants and people thrive in such an atmosphere.

The "Good Cheer" Circle Waterpan Furnace saves doctors' bills as well as coal bills.

For full particulars of this splendid furnace write

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WOODSTOCK, Ont. - WINNIPEG, Man. 2

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WORLD RENOWNED FOR QUALITY & VALUE

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Dinner Napkins, 12 x 18 yd., \$1.42 doz. Table-cloths, 24 x 36 yds., \$1.42 ea. Linen Sheets, \$3.24 pair. Linen Pillow Cases, frilled, .33c each. Linen Huckaback Towels, \$1.18 doz. Glass Cloths, \$1.18 doz. Kitchen Towels, \$1.32 doz.

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about justice now. I'm beginning to think that when fathers and mothers have dealt with mercy they'll have neither time nor taste for justice—they can leave that to folks with harder hearts."

"And what is it you want me to do?" There was rebellion in the tone; and while Margaret pleaded for the reopening of the door Jacob listened with his jaw tightly set, his eyes harboring an uncompromising frown. From the bedside he turned to the window, and looked with unseeing vision on the mountain heights. Memory painted for him another picture, of that scene in London with all its black indignity, reminding him of the sacrifices of fatherhood and motherhood, and the baseness of the return. Margaret was asking more than he could grant. Time enough to relent when the prodigal came home and begged for mercy.

His mind made up he returned to the bedside of his sick wife, and there he discovered that decision rested with the mother and not with himself. In her hand Margaret held a pair of baby shoes, holed and frayed by use and years. They were her crowning argument.

"D'ye remember them?" she whispered, a passion of love in the tone; "they are his—the first pair your money bought for him." She placed them in his hands. "Ye mind how proud you were. The little feet soon grew tired in them days Jacob, an' ye were aye ready to hoist the bairn on your shoulders and help him on the way. He needs you yet. For the sake of the little feet that wore them, laddie—for the sake of the feet, you'll open the door?"

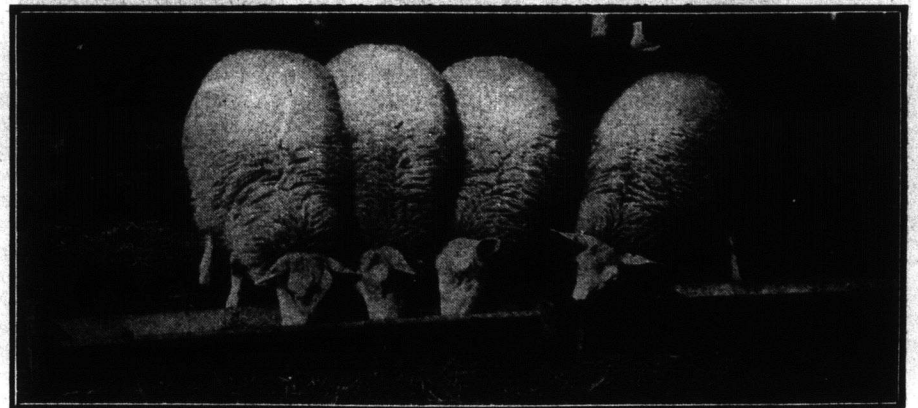
This was verily Margaret's hour. The triumph of mother love was complete.

dale narrows at its head, he could hear the shepherds at their work upon the heights gathering in the flocks which had fled to the hills. Give our mountain sheep their freedom, and they will never wait to be buried in the valley; they prefer to face the tempest on the topmost crags. Muffled and dim, the cries of men and the baying of hounds drifted down the steep fell sides, and after a brief struggle the doctor surrendered.

"It's not a bit o' use, Meg," he bawled to his storm-battered horse; "I mustn't be sitting in my gig in comfort when a helping hand may be wanted up there, so we'll just see how Jacob Steele's getting along." Half an hour later Meg was snugly housed in Jacob's stable, and her master was hard at work rounding up the stricken flocks; and when the last of the sheep had been penned, the doctor was fain to agree with the farmer that he "would niver win through to The Green," and that a night at Grayrigg must be his portion.

With the passing of the hours, the storm grew in fury. Shrieking, howling, roaring, the wind swept through the passes; high overhead it billowed from rock to rock with the boom of thunder, and the snow was driven before it in blinding sheets, and swirled and piled about everything that gave it hold until the drifts were built higher than the height of a man.

Seated by the wide-mouthed kitchen hearth, Margaret made a fine pretence of knitting, but her needles lay mostly idle in her lap; and, as for Jacob, he was for ever stirring about, now pacing the floor, but oftenest going out into the porch to note the movements of the tempest. "I've been thinking I heard a cry of distress across dale," he explained



Four prize lambs.

Handling the shoes with reverence, Jacob restored them to her keeping. "You shall have your way, wife, said he. "If Robert likes to lift the sneek, he'll find the door open, and—I don't think it's ever been bolted yet."

With this he hurriedly left the room, but half way down the stairs inspiration checked his steps and sent him back to his wife's bedside. "I'll be away to Bransty in the morning, and ye shall have the best black silk that money can buy; an' if fowk like to think that it's a present fra Robert—well, we'll just let 'em think."

II.

It was a fierce winter that fell upon the country that year, and the men of the dale have marked it in big, bold lines on the calendar that memory keeps. Long before the autumn winds had made an end of their dirge, Scawfell was wearing his winter cap, and when the news came over the fells that Black Sall was blocked we knew that we were in for a hard time. Bitter were the winds that assailed us, blinding were the sheets of snow, and as the end of it all that tempest for which, when we tell of it, we have no prefix of degree. It is not known to us as "The Great Storm," but simply as "The Storm." When even the railway arches on the coast line outside the dale were filled from base to crown; when the hollow wherein Margery Bannister lived was buried so that nothing was left of Margery's cottage save the chimneys; when Robert Musgrave lost 150 sheep; when every dyke in the lowlands was hidden, and at Burnfoot every household had to dig its way out.

As David Branthwaite drove with difficulty through the defile into which the

after a longer absence than usual, and, although he was sure it "was nowt bit a shepherd call," he was off again the moment he had got the chill off his finger tips. Almost immediately he was back again with a shout that brought his wife and Branthwaite to their feet. "It's true, doctor; it's quite true. There's some poor body out yonder in t' snow, and I'm off to seek him."

"Ay! And I'm coming with you. This is likely to be a doctor's job." David was already wrestling with his great-coat. "And we must have Jossy Ferguson along wi' us, and we'll give Lanty Armstrong and Ben Dodgson a call if we can get near their houses."

Heavily coated, wrapped also in thick shawls and armed with iron-pointed sticks, the three men turned speedily out into the tempest, Margery's benediction in their ears: "I'd bid you bide if I dare—but it's a mother's bairn that needs ye—and God bring ye safely back!"

"I'm none too sure about my bearings," Jacob shouted as he whistled his two sheep-dogs across the croft, "but t' cry seemed to come fra down there"—he pointed straight across the dale—"somewhere Birker way. Dogs'll be a fine help if he calls again."

It was a vain hope, however. All the world seemed to be full of sound, but it was the raving of the tempest; the clamour of distress was hushed. And rescue also appeared to be impossible. Out on the fells the snow was piled in drifts, huge and deep and dense, and even the winds appeared to be clouds of snow, so thickly massed were the sweeping flakes and spikes. One man on such a night would have been helpless, but foot by foot the doctor and his com-