



## "This Fire-Pot Saves Tons of Coal"

THAT is because it delivers heat quickly. All around it steel ribs are welded into the casting. They give the pot three times the ordinary heating surface. They draw out the heat from the burning wood or coal and send it on to heat the house. They save the heat for you instead of driving it out the chimney. In actual tests that saving amounts to one ton in every seven.

No other furnace has this coal-saving Fire-Pot.

No other furnace can give thorough heating from as little fuel.

Think of this when you order your furnace. Think of the economy year after year that Hecla owners are able to make.

### Mellow Air Free From Dust, Gas and Smoke

No matter how long you use a Hecla furnace, gas or dust can never escape from the fire into the warm air that heats your house. We guarantee this for the life of the furnace.

And your Hecla supplies mellow, healthful heat. Never that dry heat that is so oppressive. The Hecla provides moisture in plenty.

## HECLA WARM AIR FURNACE



Before deciding on a furnace you should read our little booklet, "Comfort and Health." You can learn from it many valuable points about heating. If you wish definite plans and quotations, you are free to command them from our heating experts.

Send the coupon for the Booklet to-day, or write for free advice on any heating problem.

Clare Bros & Co., Ltd., Preston

Send Free COMFORT & HEALTH

F. Adv.



\$120.00 turned this pretty 9-roomed house of Mrs. Jacob Sadler's, Heidelberg, Ont., into a cosy home. Burned only 3 tons of coal last winter.



L. B. Stouffer, Plattsville, heats this large house with a Hecla that cost only \$160.00 to install. He gets summer comfort for 7 tons of coal.



A. E. Ball's residence at Hanover, Ont. It cost just \$115.00 to install a Hecla, and less than six tons of coal keeps the house comfortable all winter.



This large residence at Roseville was fitted with a Hecla Furnace at a cost of \$105.00. N. B. Bricker, the owner, says he keeps it cosy with 3 1/2 tons of coal.



J. D. Moore, County Registrar, North Dumfries, heats this 12-roomed home with 7 tons of coal. \$160.00 paid for the Hecla Furnace complete.

one of those little red and yellow men looking out of the tower at the battle going on below, among the queer ships wallowing in the crisp waves, and live always in that fantastic glass country I want to know what's inside the tower, don't you? Which man will you choose to be?"

"The one on your right side," said I quietly.

Then she whisked round, and blushed with vexation.

"That you could never be," she flung at me, and walked away; but I followed.

"Won't you tell me why?" I asked.

"What have I done to offend you?"

"If you don't know, I couldn't make you understand."

"Perhaps it's you who don't understand. But you will, some day."

"Oh, I've no curiosity."

"Am I spoiling your trip?"

"I am not going to let you."

"Thanks. Then you'd better let me help to make it pleasanter. I can, in many ways."

"I don't need help in enjoying Holland. I intend to enjoy it every instant, in—in—"

"Won't you finish?"

"In spite of you."

"I vow it shall be partly because of me."

"You're very fond of vowing."

Then, at last, I knew where I stood. I knew that Robert had said something.

"I'll stop and show Mr. Starr the Haarlem window," said she. And I hated Starr. Perhaps that was the state of mind she wished to create. Nor should I wonder if those two enjoyed the thought that I was kept waiting outside, as much as they enjoyed roaming together in "glass country."

In any case, they stayed so long that we were able to visit a shop near by, and come back, before they reappeared.

It was a nice shop, where sweet cakes were sold, especially the rich treacle "cookies," for which Gouda is celebrated.

There was much gold-bright brass; there were jars and boxes painted curiously; and we were served by an apple-cheeked old lady in a white cap, whom Miss Rivers and the Chaperon thought adorable.

We bought hoppers as well as cookies, because they wanted to make acquaintance with the national sweets of Holland; and afterwards, when Miss Van Buren was given some, she pronounced them nothing but "the caramelized caramels" she had ever tasted.

She and Starr had developed a pleasant private understanding, which comprised jokes too subtle to be understood by outsiders; and as the Mariner and I were shoulder to shoulder for a moment on our way back to the boat, he gave me a look charged with meaning.

"Who laughs last, laughs best," he quoted; and inwardly I could but not agree, though I shrugged my shoulders.

Tibe attracted enormous attention in Gouda. As we walked along shady streets, lit by the clear shining of canals, children ran after us as at Hamelin they ran after the Pied Piper.

If for one instant the strangers paused to study a beautiful, carved door, or to peer into the window of an antiquary's at blue and white jars, or to gaze up at the ferocious head of a Turk over a chemist's shop, or to laugh at a house with window-blinds painted in red and white diamonds, a crowd of flaxen heads collected round us, little hands fluttered over the dog's wrinkled head as butterflies flit about a clover blossom, baby laughter tinkled, and tiny shrieks cut the stillness of the sleepy summer afternoon.

It was all so dream-like to Miss Van Buren that she declared incredulity in Holland's real existence. "There is no such country," she said, "and worse than all, I have no motor-boat."

Nevertheless, a shape which closely resembled "Lorelei" was floating like a white water-lily on a green calyx of canal, in the place where I had, or dreamed that I had, left her an hour ago.

And having assembled on board that white apparition, we started, or dreamed we started for Leiden—a place where I hoped to score a point or two with my lady.

The boisterous wind of the early morning had dropped at noon, leaving the day hot and unrefreshed, with no breath of air stirring. But on the water, traveling at eight or nine miles an hour, we forgot the heavy July heat which on shore had burned our faces. They were

fanned by a constant breeze of our own making which tossed us a bouquet of perfume from flowery fields as we slipped by, the only sound in our ears the cry of sea-going gulls overhead, and the delicate fluting of the water as our bows shattered its crystals among pale, shimmering sedges and tall reeds.

Tiny canals of irrigation wandered like azure veins through a maze of blossoming pink and gold in the sun-bright meadows, and as far as the most sweeping glance could reach, the horizon seemed pinned down to earth with windmills.

Suddenly the land lay far below the level of the canal, and people walking in the main streets of villages, behind the dykes, were visible for us only as far as their knees. Quaint little houses had sat themselves down close to the water's edge, as if determined to miss no detail of canal gossip; and from their bright windows, like brilliant eyes, they watched the water with a curious expression of self-satisfaction and contentment on their painted, wooden faces. On verandas, half as big as the houses themselves, the life of the family went on. Children played, young girls wrote letters to their lovers; mothers busily worked sewing-machines, but saw everything that passed on the water; fathers read newspapers, and white-haired old grandpas nodded over long-stemmed pipes. Every garden blazed with color; and close-planted rows of trees, with their branches cut and trained (as Miss Van Buren said) "flat as trees for paper dolls," shaded the upper windows of the toy mansions.

Little things which were matters of every day for me in this country so characteristic of the Netherlands, tickled the fancy of the strangers and kept them constantly exclaiming. The extravagantly polished wood of the house doors; the lifting cranes protruding from the gables; the dairymen in boats, with their shining pails; the bridges that pivoted round to let us pass through; the drawbridges that opened in the middle and swung up with leisured dignity; the brigdeman in sorrel-colored coats, collecting tolls in battered wooden shoes suspended from long lines; the dogs (which they call "Spitz" and are really Kees) who barked ferociously at our motor, from every barge and lighter; the yellow carts with black, bonnet-like hoods, from which peasant heads peeped curiously out at us, from shore; and, above all, the old women or young children with ropes across their breasts, straining to tow enormous barges like great dark, following whales.

"What can Dutchmen be like to let them do it, while they loaf on board?" Miss Van Buren flashed at me, as if I were responsible for the faults of all my male countrymen.

"It isn't exactly loafing to steer those big barges," said I. "And the whole family take turns, anywhere between the ages of ten and a hundred. They don't know what hard work it is, because nobody has told them, and our river people are among the most contented."

Starr was interested in seeing me salute the men of passing craft, and in their grave return of the courtesy. Soon, he could imitate my motion, though he exaggerated it slightly letting his arm float gracefully out to full length before it came back to his cap, somewhat, as he remarked, "like a lily-stem blown by the wind." When he had got the knack he was enchanted, and every yacht, sail-boat, lighter, and barge had a theatrical greeting from him as it slipped silently past, perhaps never to be seen again by our eyes.

"But are they happy?" he asked. "You never hear bursts of laughter, or chattering of voices, as you would in other countries. The youngest children's faces are grave, while as for the men, they look as if they were paid so much a day not to shed a smile, and were mighty conscientious about earning their money. Yet you say they're contented."

"We Dutch are a reserved people," I explained, under Miss Van Buren's critical gaze. "We don't make much noise when we're glad, or sad; and it takes something funny to make us laugh. We don't do it to hear the sound of our own voices, but prefer to rest our features and our minds."

"Some of these bargemen look as if they'd rested their minds so much that