

Jack Frost's Master McCLARY'S "Sunshine" Furnace

Jack Frost had the time of his life last winter. He warred against all elements and froze them stiff. Lakes and rivers he turned into solids; he also put a razor-like edge on the wind. He even bit into steel rails making them as brittle as burned glass. Outside, Jack reigned supreme, but his chilly majesty was licked to a frazzle inside by "The Understudy of the Sun"—McClary's "Sunshine" Furnace.



Think of the past winter when the mercury swung timidly below the freezing point—not for a day or a week, but for months at a time. How you shovelled coal, and how you talked about the appetite of that poor old furnace in the cellar. It simply ate up coal and then fell down when it came to heating the house evenly and comfortably.

McClary's "Sunshine" Furnace makes the most of very little fuel, and distributes a much greater percentage of heat throughout house than the ordinary furnace.

Ashes cannot bank up between the active fire and the walls of the Fire-pot in the "Sunshine" Furnace. It is an absolute guarantee of balmy June weather in the home, when Jack Frost's icy garments are jingling in the Arctic

cold without. That's why the "Sunshine" is called "The Ice King's Master." The "Sunshine" Furnace is an excellent investment—It will last a life-time with ordinary care—and return you a handsome interest on the investment every year by the actual saving it effects.

Now, we want you to do us a favor—we want you to call on the McClary agent and ask him to prove every claim we make for the "Sunshine" Furnace—ask him to prove every claim true.

Ask him to show you—The fuel-saving features of the "Sunshine" — The mechanical reasons which make balmy healthy June weather possible in the home when Jack Frost is in his element without—Why the "Sunshine" saves money which other furnaces burn up, and—Why the largest makers of furnaces in the British Empire so amply and so fearlessly guarantee the "Sunshine"—The Understudy of the Sun.

Your decision will please us and pay you. If you don't know the McClary agent, write us at our nearest address.

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bass himself—"You're lyin', Willie," he says—"You're lyin'," and you know mighty well you are!"

"And Hotchkiss, well he came back at him with all his dignity, now I tell you—No, I'm not now, Slimmy," he says—"And what do you want to go callin' me a liar like this for, too, before the Judge and all these gents, when you know you can't prove it?" And then he began again circumstantial to tell just what holes he'd caught them bass in, and how many in each place, and how much bait he'd had to feed out—when we heard someone come up the lane.

"It was Grandad—with his face a-beamin' like a full moon—Well, Mr. Hotchkiss, heh heh!" he cackles out, "I've ketched another thirty-four for ye!"

"I don't know exactly how they settled it between them finally; but—did I get the money for that hundred and thirty?—well, I sh'd say I did!—Good Lord, if I hadn't I might as well 'a' moved out and left the house to Grandad for the rest of time!—Hotchkiss had to borrow half the coin from Sparks. But, seein' that he made him guarantee him half the fish for security—and seein', too, that Hotchkiss gave Sparks to understand that if he didn't pay up that bet-money, when they got home there was another private matter between friends that wasn't goin' to be kept quiet any longer—I'd no doubt that in the end they'd come to a lovely and amicable conclusion—somehow—if only they had time enough!"

The old fellow gazed long and earnestly again at that hollow in the other bank of the Stone Road, and slowly got his corn-cob lit up once more—"Well, boys, there you have it. You see what comes of playin' a game that's underhand."

We arose, took one final look at the place where the two dynamite carters had re-enacted the fable of "The Unkind Goats," and continued our way to Williamson's trout brook.

Robert S. Gourlay

(Concluded from page 8.)

lude. The piano was coming to tune. So was Robert S. Gourlay.

"But how would you get the machinery necessary to produce the right kind of men for public positions?" he was asked.

On this point he was cannily non-committal.

"I can't say off-hand," he said. "But I think young men should study public affairs. I don't believe in spot-light methods. I believe in work. I don't believe in merely personal nominations for positions of public trust. I believe in organization; in men working together; in finding out what the problems are to be solved—no matter how small or how big they may be; in developing human machinery for the grappling with those problems. Precisely how we are to revolutionize our public machinery I am not prepared to say. But any movement must begin at the bottom—and it must extend all the way up."

"Couldn't you form a Civic Association for the purpose of putting good men in the field?"

He smiled. "But what of the newspapers?"

"What do you think yourself?"

"Well for example—that there's no use in one newspaper putting a man up for the other newspaper to oppose him no matter how good a man he may be, just because it's the particular business of one newspaper to oppose another."

"Why not make every managing editor a member of the Civic Association and make them agree to support good men independent of newspaper antagonisms?"

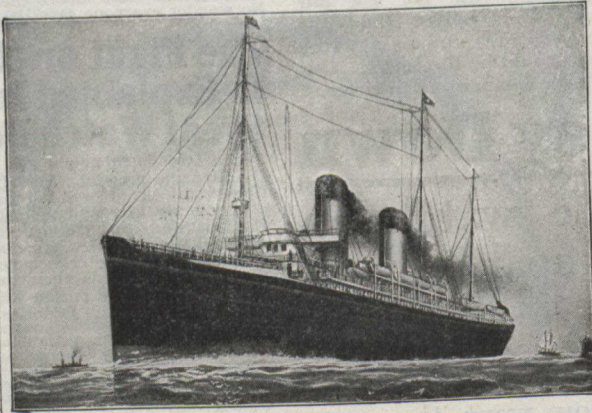
"Well—that sounds very well; but—is it possible?"

He rose to attend the meeting of the Harbour Commission. Of some things he was quite sure; of others not so sure. And Robert S. Gourlay is as sure of the things he doesn't know as of the things that he does. He knew what that tuner was doing with the piano. He knew that in half an hour it would be ready for Chopin or Beethoven.

And I guess the way that tuner worked at the piano from the bass strings up to the highest notes in the treble—was the way Robert S. Gourlay would like to see public business and civic affairs tuned up; till the right big man comes out of them for good public service just as effectively as the piano gets ready for Beethoven or Chopin.

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