

## A Pure Moist Air Heating Plan

**A** GOOD heating system should do more than supply ample warmth. It should also give you good ventilation. It should furnish cosy comfort that feels like the balmy air of June.

You get these two advantages—cheerful warmth and fine ventilation—combined in the "Hecla." You also get them at low cost and low expense for coal.

### An Ever-Fresh Current—A Pure Humid Atmosphere

Go to a "Hecla"-heated home. There are hundreds of them. You will find them in every community.

Note the fine, clean, refreshing atmosphere.

It is pure air, constantly renewed. Nature demands a humid atmosphere. The "Hecla" supplies the air with the proper balance of moisture that nature requires.

The warmth, too, is ample. It is cosy. In no room will you find that scorched, stifling atmosphere that many heating systems produce.

The "Hecla" warm-air furnace is as near perfection as a heating system should be.

### "Hecla" Warmth is Cosy, CLEAN, Free from Gas

It is true that from time to time some owners of warm-air furnaces complain of dust and gas escaping.

But they are not "Hecla" owners. Such a nuisance is impossible with the "Hecla". The smoked chamber is sealed with our **patented fused joint**. No matter how long it is exposed to heat we guarantee that it will not spread. It is inseparable—leakproof for all time.

## HECLA Mellow Air Furnace

These FREE Booklets Describe the "Hecla" Fully—Useful Information

Before you make your choice of a heating system see a "Hecla". Go to a "Hecla"-heated home. Read about its many advantages in "Comfort and Health"—a neat booklet that describes and illustrates each feature fully.

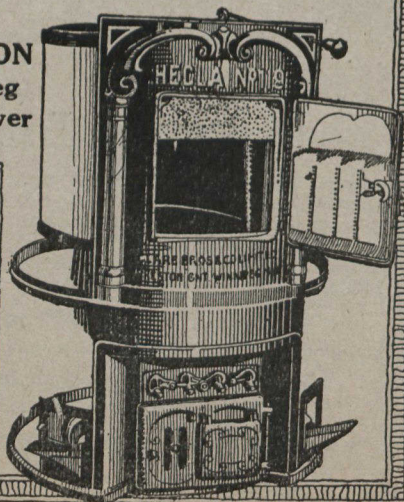
From this booklet you will learn how the "Hecla" provides cosy warmth, fine ventilation, and moisture-mellowed atmosphere. You will read how "Hecla" engineers have made provision against

leaks of gas or fine ash-dust. You will see pictures of the steel-ribbed fire-pot (also patented) that gives quick economical heat in spring and fall, and saves one ton of coal in seven.

When you write don't forget to ask also for the pamphlet "A Pure Heating Plan". It is free for the asking. Packed with useful information. Only a limited edition—you should write for your copy without delay.

CLARE BROS. & Co., Ltd.

PRESTON  
Winnipeg  
Vancouver



I am interested in the warm air principle of heating-ventilation. Please send me your booklet, "Comfort and Health," and "A Pure Air-Heating Plan." This of course, does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

CLARE BROS. & Co., Limited  
Dept. E.W. PRESTON, ONT.

## THE CURÉ'S LOVE STORY

(Continued from page 5)

God, if He exist, because He will not heal her. But if He work a miracle, then I will believe in Him.

"Now I have something to add, in confidence, and I write to you as though you were my confessor. There is a young man of my acquaintance in whom I have long seen a husband for Jean—if she can be cured. That is the irony of it—if she gets well! He is of good family, rich and ambitious, and of a fine and honourable character. But she is no better. He loves her, I am sure, and I know Jean adores him; but marriage has never entered the mind of either. Pray for her, Sebastian; pray with all your soul and strength, that she may be cured, for otherwise I believe she will die from pining for him. I shall bring her to Beupré once more next June."

When he had read this letter every atom of self-love was purged from the heart of Sebastian Fiset. Now he realised that his love of the world had been indissolubly bound up with his love of Jean Durant. And he had not betrayed it; Jean had never known! He entered the Sanctuary, and, kneeling before the relic of Ste. Anne, offered himself to God, pleading that the good Saint intercede with God for his sake and Jean's.

June came, and with it John Durant, and Jean, in the wheeled chair. Sebastian was as cold as steel, and as firm in spirit, too, when he met them. He had passed through the ordeal; he had met his test; he was fit to be a worthy soldier of the Cross. His term with the Redemptorist Fathers was drawing to a close, and that autumn he was to enter the Theological Seminary at Quebec. Sebastian had answered the merchant's letter, and now he assured him that he had carried out his request for prayer. But Jean—

How beautiful she was! Sebastian's eyes searched her soul, and because he had put temptation aside he was strengthened thereby to read the secrets of it, to see the purity of her nature, and the tenderness of her heart. Involuntarily her eyes filled with tears as she greeted him. The slight pressure of her hand thanked him, and he knew that she was aware of the contents of John Durant's letter to him.

**A**ND the days went by and the visits to the shrine accomplished nothing. John Durant's bitterness of soul overflowed at last. He felt that he had been made the sport of God and man. He had entered the Sanctuary with Jean, but in the middle of the service he left her and went out, and found Sebastian near the door, before a booth on which were displayed rosaries. He grasped him by the arm and shook his fist at the old sanctuary of stone.

"I am tired of this mummery!" he cried, startling all who heard him. "To-morrow I shall take Jean home, and may heaven's curse light on me if ever she or I enter a church again. Four years! My God, four years!"

Sebastian Fiset had a great gift of silence. He stood quite still, paling at the blasphemy, but saying nothing; and as he stood there a tumult was heard inside the Sanctuary, and men appeared at the door. "A miracle!" they cried, "a miracle!"

Jean Durant was coming out of the building. Two priests were holding her, one at each side, but she was walking, she who had not set foot to the ground since childhood. She came up to her father, and a gathering crowd came running from all directions.

Jean put her arms about her father's neck. He kissed her, and stared at her for a moment in bewilderment. Then he staggered into the Sanctuary. When Sebastian followed him he found him prostrate before the altar, where they had left Jean's chair.

That night the merchant came to the monastery doors. He was admitted to the student, and took a seat beside him in the reception room. His face was very pale and his hand shaking.

"My boy," he said, placing his hand upon Sebastian's, "it would be useless to tell you of my change of mind. Of that another time. I have something of more consequence to you and to Jean which I must say. Do you remember what I wrote about in my letter to you?"

John Durant's voice was near the breaking point. The young man bowed his head, looking at him with his blue, disconcerting eyes.

"I was wrong," continued the merchant, choking. "Jean does not love that man. She loves you. Her heart was breaking for you. She told me this afternoon. I have been mother as well as father to her for years, and—and she told me. Sebastian, if you give up your plans you will violate no promise, you will be acting honourably, and I will repay those

who have advanced money for your education. Come home with me and I will make a rich man of you. Will you come?"

"No, I thank you, Monsieur. I cannot come," said Sebastian.

"For your own sake? For my sake? For Jean's sake, then," the merchant urged.

"Monsieur," said Sebastian, "when you wrote to me to pray, I prayed. I vowed my life to God if He would heal your daughter, Mademoiselle Jean. If I could not break my faith with men, how much less can I do so with Him?"

John Durant said little more. But as he was leaving he remarked:

"You are a young man yet, and you will have a year or two to think it over. I shall write to you four times a year. I never change, and Jean never changes."

"Alas, Monsieur," replied Sebastian, smiling, "God never changes either."

He did not see them again, but the letters arrived. The first came as Sebastian was boarding the boat for Quebec, to be admitted to the Seminary. Sebastian read it and tore it into pieces, and flung them into the water. For that test he thanked God and was grateful. The second letter came when he had been enrolled among the Seminary students. Afterward they came regularly and with the receipt of each the young man's strength of will was increased. An iron will those letters of torture gave him. The last one came on the evening of the day on which he had been ordained. Sebastian read it when he was alone, and his eyes grew dim as he thought of the unhappiness of life. He answered for the first and only time, and then went out into the world to fight for the souls of men.

Charles Bonnat entered the post-office, where Madame Rose Eva Tremblay was laying out a hand of canfield. The mail was still unsorted, and the registered letter was still clutched tightly in the old woman's fingers. For a long time she sat in her chair, weeping or rocking herself, or staring out toward the sea, but when the whistle of the departing "Arethusa" came to her ears she reached for the pack of cards and began to play. She had nearly finished one game as Bonnat entered.

"Monsieur le Curé is coming up the hill," he announced. "He has been conducting the tourist lady over the church. He took her to the steamship. I have been recalling an old tale of his youth."

Paul Duhamel, the discreet man, laid down his plastering trowel.

"I did not know there was a story of Monsieur le Curé's youth," he said.

"I was thinking of what they said concerning his days at Beupré," said Charles Bonnat.

"Beupré! Eh, bien, is it that Monsieur le Curé was ever at Beupré?" asked Madame Rose Eva.

"But," stammered Charles Bonnat, "surely, Madame Rose Eva, you can remember—"

Paul Duhamel shook his finger beneath Charles Bonnat's nose.

"Take care, Charles Bonnat," he said.

"That tongue of thine runs faster than thy wits. Monsieur le Curé has never lived at Beupré."

Charles Bonnat looked at Duhamel and gulped, and just then Monsieur Fiset entered.

"Ah, Madame Rose Eva, you must have been misinformed concerning Mademoiselle Duvergne," he said. "I called upon the telephone, and they told me that she is fast recovering. How did that mistake happen?"

**T**HE postmistress laid down her cards. "Excuse me, Monsieur Fiset; I must sort the letters," she said with dignity.

Madame Rose Eva was the only person in St. Jean who could withstand the curé to his face. Monsieur Sebastian looked after her and stood still, pondering. Charles Bonnat blurted out:

"I trust you were not troubled by that tourist lady, Monsieur le Curé?"

A frosty smile appeared on Père Sebastian's face. Bonnat continued:

"She did not tell us her name."

"Why," said the curé, as though answering an unspoken question, "she did not tell me her name either."

There came the sound of sobbing from within the post-office, and Monsieur Sebastian started inside. Madame Rose Eva was weeping as though her heart was broken.

"O, Monsieur," she sobbed, "I cannot help myself. I am crying because—because—I am afraid that you, who are so good, you—you—they will make you a bishop."

Paul Duhamel, the discreet man, went on with his plastering.