


THE FAMOUS
Rayo
Lamp



The Ideal Reading Lamp

Opticians agree that the light from a good oil lamp is easier on the eyes than any other artificial light.

The Rayo Lamp is the best oil lamp made.

It gives a strong, yet soft, white light; and it never flickers. It preserves the eyesight of the young; it helps and quickens that of the old.

You can pay \$5, \$10, or \$20 for other lamps, but you cannot get better light than the low-priced Rayo gives.

Made of solid brass, nickel-plated. Easily lighted, without removing shade or chimney. Easy to clean and rewick.

Dealers everywhere; or write for descriptive circular direct to any agency of

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited

ACETYLENE

Gives You More Light For Your Money

It's a fact that Acetylene, the softest, whitest, most agreeable light known, actually costs less than light from coal oil lamps! A good-sized lamp, giving 24 candle power, burns a gallon (20c. worth) of coal oil in 20 hours. That's a cent an hour.

A 24 candle power Acetylene light burns $\frac{1}{2}$ cubic foot of Acetylene per hour, costing just half a cent.



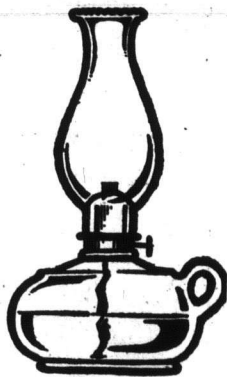
$\frac{1}{2}$ c. per hour.

So you see Acetylene is only about half as expensive as coal oil lamps for an equal illumination.

Yet it is a bigger improvement over lamps than they are over the old-time candle. The light is whiter—better to read by—easier on the eyes.

Then there are no lamps to clean, no chimneys to break, no oil to pour, no dirty wicks to trim, none of the nuisances you have had to put up with, and many advantages you have never enjoyed.

We'll be glad to tell you just what it costs to put in and run an Acetylene lighting system, and how to go about it. Write us.



1 c. per hour.

ACETYLENE CONSTRUCTION CO., LIMITED

8W

604 POWER BLDG., MONTREAL.

Full Stocks of Calcium Carbide carried at

Cor. McTavish and 6th Sts., Brandon, Man. — 422 Richards St., Vancouver, B.C.

Get Your Spring Suit

FROM US BY MAIL

and get more style, better cloth and better fit than you can get from your local tailor at any price. This is not mere talk. We guarantee absolutely to do what we claim or refund your money without question.

The 2 Macs is the largest establishment in Canada, confining itself exclusively to Men's and Boys' Apparel. We can supply all your personal wants by mail better than you can buy them in your own town.

We do business on such an immense scale that we can afford to employ the most expert London and New York cutters.

Try one order. If you're not satisfied, say so, and we'll refund your money.

FREE. Send for our illustrated catalogue. It contains over 100 pages of everything men and boys wear.

Cloth Samples and Measurement Blanks free on request. Ask your local Member of Parliament about it.



FURS

Trappers, Dealers, in any kind of Raw Furs, cannot afford to dispose of their collections without first obtaining our prices sent upon request. Express and mail charges on all shipments paid by us. — Canada's Largest Fur Operator. Your correspondence solicited.

John Hallam • Toronto



RESERVOIR PEN

Writes long letter with one filling. Always ready. No coaxing. No blotting. Best for ruling, manifold and constant use. Fine or medium points. Sent postpaid, 16 for 20c, 3 doz. 40c, 6 doz. 75c. Postal Note or Money Order. Money back if wanted.

J. RANTON, Dept. W.H. P.O. Box 1764, Winnipeg

The Luck of Red Light Ross.

Written for the Western Home Monthly by E. Bruce Mallett, Lamont, Alta.



MARIE, the pretty daughter of an Alberta cattle rancher, seemed to be captivated by a foreign looking gentleman, who had lately arrived in the district. This gentleman although he spoke with a slight foreign accent had a good command of English. He rode expensive horses and hunted. He also had some very fine wolfhounds.

Red Light Ross, a young Canadian cowboy employed by Marie's father, and considered by everyone as the ablest cowpuncher in the outfit, had lately been made foreman. Red Light was very much in love with Marie.

Red Light Ross did not drink bad whiskey and frequent red light saloons so could not have come by his cognomen in that manner, on the contrary he was always found attending strictly to business.

The reason he was called Red Light Ross was because of the mop of fiery red hair which surmounted his sun-tanned brick dust countenance. He was of good stature and muscular.

Marie had, the great astonishment, pain and chagrin of Ross, shown him aversion since the arrival of the foreigner, and the foreigner received every mark of her esteem. Above Red Light Ross ground his teeth and swore he would surmount his difficulty.

This afternoon Ross, who is mounted on Clear Grit, his wiry Indian pony, is riding slowly along, glaring moodily into the off-side of the trail unmindful of the glorious beauty of the slanting rays of the afternoon sun on the broad prairie. Suddenly his pony gave a snort and took a tremendous sidewise leap and a coyote crossed the trail closely pursued by two large wolfhounds. Ross pulled his 45 and fired three shots in quick succession; succeeded in tumbling over the bunch, coyote and dogs. "It's just as well I cleaned up the bunch," he grunted. "I'd like to get that fellow started in order to settle that affair about Marie."

Mechanically wiping each side of the long barrel of the smoking revolver on his hairy chaps, he calmly shoved it in the holster and proceeded as if nothing in particular had happened.

Proceeding a short distance his quick eye detects a horseman slowly approaching up the rise. Across the horseman's shoulder is slung a Winchester rifle. A revolver depends from either side and protruding from either boot top is the handle of a bowie knife. Ross recognizes that the horseman approaching is the foreigner. As he passes Ross is gentlemanly enough to say "how'd'ye do," but the foreigner merely stared at him in an insolent, supercilious manner and passed on.

As the foreigner proceeded he saw three animal forms lying in a line on the prairie and dismounted to investigate. He walked up to the first form and at a glance saw that it was his dog. Giving it a quick turn with the toe of his boot he discovered blood and the mark of the penetration of a 45 calibre bullet. He quickly stepped over to the next inanimate form and in it he discovered another of his hounds killed in the same manner. In a terrible rage he leaped on his horse and rode at a furious pace in pursuit of Ross. As he came into plain view of the cowpuncher riding slowly along in an unconcerned fashion he dexterously unslung the Winchester and taking careful aim at the figure of the cowboy pulled the trigger. Red Light Ross fell in a heap from the saddle. The foreigner rode up close, looked at the unconscious form of the man, and dashed up the trail.

A constable of the Royal North West Mounted Police is this afternoon leisurely and at the same time vigilantly riding westward on his patrol. At considerable distance he discerns what he believes to be the form of a man lying across the trail, and spurri- his

horse into a smart trot proceeds to investigate. He found Ross lying across the trail and quickly dismounting made a brief examination of the unconscious cowboy. Finding him grievously wounded and taking him up, placed him across the saddle, mounted and supporting the wounded cowpuncher made his way to the rancher's home.

Marie from the doorway recognizing that it was her old time lover who was being borne along in this manner became frantic, and with a cry of dismay rushed to meet the constable, and, supporting her lover's head between her hands, helped the sturdy constable to bear him indoors.

"Send for a doctor immediately, and then have two of your men follow me westward and take the trail south." With these brief instructions the constable swung into his saddle, dug the rowels of his spurs into the horse, and dashed westward. Surmising that the fugitive would turn south and attempt to gain the international boundary the constable turned south at a furious pace. Seeing a man at a cabin he halted and briefly describing the foreigner inquired if such a man had passed, and being answered in the affirmative he dashed on with renewed vigor. By this time the two cowboys from the ranch dashed up and the three tore along together. Quite soon they came in sight of the fleeing fugitive from justice and gradually they closed on him. "I want you to lasso that man," said the constable to one of the cowboys and he immediately prepared his lariat. He cast and the large loop sang through the air and settled over rifle and man. The cowboy slackened the pace of his pony and the fugitive was dragged bodily from the saddle.

The foreigner now made desperate attempts to free his hands from the tightly-drawn loop and succeeded in partially

From
Our Ovens
To
Your Table
Untouched by human
hands—

Post Toasties

—the aristocrat of Ready-to-Serve-foods.

A table dainty, made of white Indian corn, presenting delicious flavor and wholesome nourishment in new and appetizing form.

The steadily increasing sale of this food speaks volumes in behalf of its excellence.

An order for a package of Post Toasties from your grocer will provide a treat for the whole family.

"The Memory Lingers"

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.