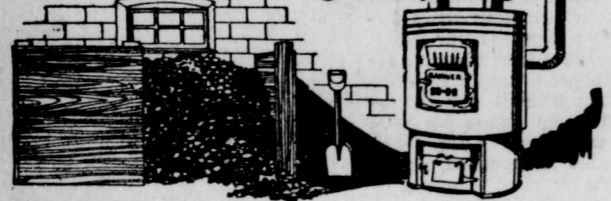


Are you going to get all the heat you pay for?



ONLY one way to know—get a furnace you can depend on. Get a Banner—get a Banner because of its ability to throw out heat readily, steadily, and in even volume.

The flanges of the Banner firepot throw out heat rapidly by increasing the radiating surface. That is to say, the flanges allow more air to come in contact with the source of heat, so that a great volume of air is heated quickly, less warmth goes to the chimney and more to the living rooms.

A larger-than-usual space between the radiator and outside covering of the Banner Furnace permits the warm air to flow more freely and more generously to the registers. This means greater

and more even distribution of warmth throughout the house.

The flanges, moreover, add strength to the firepot and protect it against warping or breaking.

Other special features of the Banner Furnace are explained and illustrated in our interesting little book on "How to Choose a Furnace," which, whether you buy a Banner or not, will help you to solve the furnace problem.

You may have a copy free if you're interested.

Banner Furnace

The Galt Stove and Furnace Co., Limited

Joseph Keilor

South Street

Aylmer

Ontario

Kindly send me a copy of your booklet on "How to Choose a Furnace."

Name _____

Address _____

Say whether you would also like an estimate on the cost of putting a Banner Furnace in your home.

Buy Direct

It is a well established fact that the more hands an article goes through before reaching the consumer, the more costly it becomes. And this fact applies to clothes just as much as to anything else.

That is one of the reasons for the big demand for Stevenson's tailored clothes—they are sold direct from maker to wearer, and fully guaranteed.

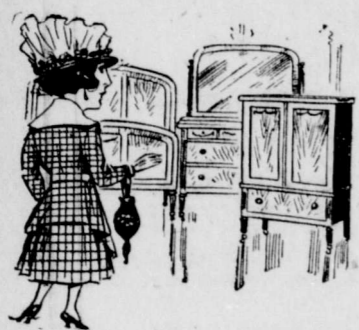
The true test of value in a garment is not its first cost; but the service and satisfaction it gives over a period of time.

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"THE NET"

By Rex Beach.

(Continued from page four)

He had not dreamed of such a necessity.

In this imminent peril a new fear swept over him greater than any he had ever known. It was not the fear of death. It was something far worse. For the moment, it seemed to him inevitable that Margherita Ginini should, at last, learn the truth concerning him, should see him as he was the night at Terranova. Swift upon the heels of his long-deferred declaration of love would come the proof that he was a craven. Then he thought of her danger, realizing that this man was quite capable in his fury of killing her, too, and he stiffened in every fibre. His cowardice fell away from him like a rotted garment and he stood erect.

"Monsieur Ginini had not heard his last words, or else his mind was still set upon Oliveta. "Gone!" he exclaimed. "Then I shall not see her face grow black within my fingers—not yet. God! How I ran!" he cursed again. "But I shall not fare so badly after all." He stirred, and with his movement Blake flew to action. Swiftly with one sweep of his right hand, he brought the silken cushions up before his breast and lunged at his enemy. At the same instant Maruffi fired.

In the closed room the detonations were deafening; it rattled the windows, it seemed to bulge the very walls. Blake felt a heavy blow which drove the floss-filled pillows against his body with the force of a giant hammer. It tore them from his grip, it crushed the breath from his lungs and spun him half around. Seeing that he did not fall, Maruffi cocked and fired a second time without aiming, but his victim was upon him like a tiger and together they crashed against the wall, locked in each other's arms.

Blake's will propelled him splendidly. All that indecision with which fear works upon his mind had left him, but the old contraction of his nerves still hampered his action. The blaze from Maruffi's second shot half blinded him and his breath smote him like a blow.

"Two!" he counted. A pain in his left side, due to that first sledge-hammer impact, was spreading slowly, but he had crossed the room under the heaving muzzle of the revolver and was practically unharmed. The phenomenon filled him with a mild wonder.

Then began a struggle—the more terrible since it was unequal—in which the weaker man had to drive his body at the cost of a tremendous effort. Blake was like a leader commanding troops which had begun to retreat. But more power came to him under the spur of action and the pressing realization that he must give Margherita a chance to get safely away. If he could not wrest the weapon from Maruffi's hands he knew that he must receive those four remaining bullets in his own body. He rather doubted that he could take that weight of lead.

He shouted to her to run, while he wrestled for possession of the gun. He had flung his right arm about his adversary's body, his other hand gripped his wrist. His head was pressed against Maruffi's chest. The weapon described swift circles, jerking parabolas and figures as the men strained to wrest it from each other. Maruffi strove violently to free his imprisoned hand, and in doing so he discharged the revolver a third time. The bullet brought a shower of plaster from the ceiling, and Blake counted with fierce exultation—"Three!"

He gasped his warning to the woman again, then twined his leg about his antagonist's in a wrestler's hold, striving mightily to bear Maruffi against the wall. But Caesar was like an oak tree. Failing to move him, Blake suddenly flung himself backward, with all his weight, liting at the same instant in the hope of a fall. In this he was all but successful. The two reeled out into the room, tripped, went to their knees, then rose, still intertwined in that desperate embrace. The odd, stiff feeling in Blake's side had increased rapidly; it began to numb his muscles and squeeze his lungs. His eyes were stinging with sweat and smoke; his ears were roaring. As they swayed and turned he saw that Margherita had made no effort to escape and he was seized by an extraordinary rage, which for a brief time renewed his strength.

She was at the front window crying for help.

"Jump! For—God's sake, jump!" he shouted, but she did not obey. Instead she ran toward the combatants and seized Maruffi's free arm, in a measure checking his effort to break the other man's hold. Her closeness to danger agonized Blake, the more as he felt his own strength ebbing, under that stabbing pain in his side. He centred his force in the grip of his left hand, clinging doggedly while the Sicilian flung his two assailants here and there as a dog worries a scarf.

CASTORIA

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Blake fancied he heard a stamping of feet in the hall outside and the sound of voices, of heavy bodies crashing against the door. Maruffi heard it, too, for with a bellow of fury he redoubled his exertions. A sweep of his arm flung the girl aside; with a mighty wrench of his body he carried Blake half across the room, loosening his hold. Then he seized him by the throat and forced his head back.

The shouting outside was increasing, the pounding was growing louder. Blake's breath was cut off and his strength went swiftly; his death grip on the Sicilian's body slackened. As he tore at the fingers which were throttling him, his left hand slipped, clung to Maruffi's sleeve, and finally began clanging blindly for the weapon. The next moment he was hurled aside, so violently that he fell, his feet entangled in the cushions with which he had defended himself against the first shot.

"Four!" Blake counted. He was hit, he knew, but he still had strength, there were but two more shots to come. Then he was dazed to find himself upon his knees. As if through a film he saw the Italian turn away and raise his weapon toward the girl, who was wrenching the door.

"Maruffi!" he shouted. "Oh God!" then he closed his eyes to shut out what followed. But he heard nothing, for he slipped forward, face down, and felt himself falling, falling, into silence and oblivion.

As O'Connell made his way toward St. Phillip Street he nursed a growling resentment at the news Norvin Blake had given him. His feeling toward Caesar Maruffi had all the fierceness of private hatred, calling for revenge and he considered himself ill-used in that he had not even been permitted to witness the arrest. He knew Maruffi's countrymen would be likely to make a demonstration and he was grimly desirous of being present when this occurred.

As he neared the heart of the Italian section he saw a blue-coated officer running toward him.

"What's up?" he cried. "Have the dagos started something?"

"Maruffi was pinched, but he got away," the other answered. "Johnson is hurt and—"

O'Connell lost the remaining words for he had broken into a run.

A crowd had gathered in front of the little shop where the wounded policeman had been carried to await the arrival of an ambulance, and even before O'Connell had heard the full story of the escape Acting-Chief O'Neil drove up behind a lathered

Is He Seventeen or Eighteen?



Do you remember those ages, when your character was being formed—how you followed examples, did what other people did—your senior years at school—your start in business? Recall them if you can. You gained a knowledge you will find useful when your own boy starts out.

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and make his morning shave come easy. The old time pulling and scraping is a thing of the past. The haphazard element is gone. There is no need for your boy to know anything but the ease and comfort of the Gillette shave. It is the razor of his time—that to which he is entitled—nothing more, nothing less.

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horse. He leaped from his mud-stained buggy, demanding hoarsely:

"Where is Maruffi?"

Officer can, Johnson's companion met him at the door of the shop.

"He made his break while I was phoning you," he answered.

"Hell! Didn't you frisk him?" roared the Chief.

"Sure! But we missed his gun."

"Caesar carries it on a cord around his neck—nigger fashion," briefly explained O'Connell.

Dean was running on excitedly: "I heard Johnson holler, but before I could get out into the street Maruffi had shot him twice and was in that alley yonder. I tried to follow, but lost him, so I came back and sent in the alarm."

The Acting-Chief cursed under his breath, and with a few sharp hurried orders hurried off the few officers who had reached the scene. Then

(Continued on page eleven)

"Care for a Ride Tonight?"

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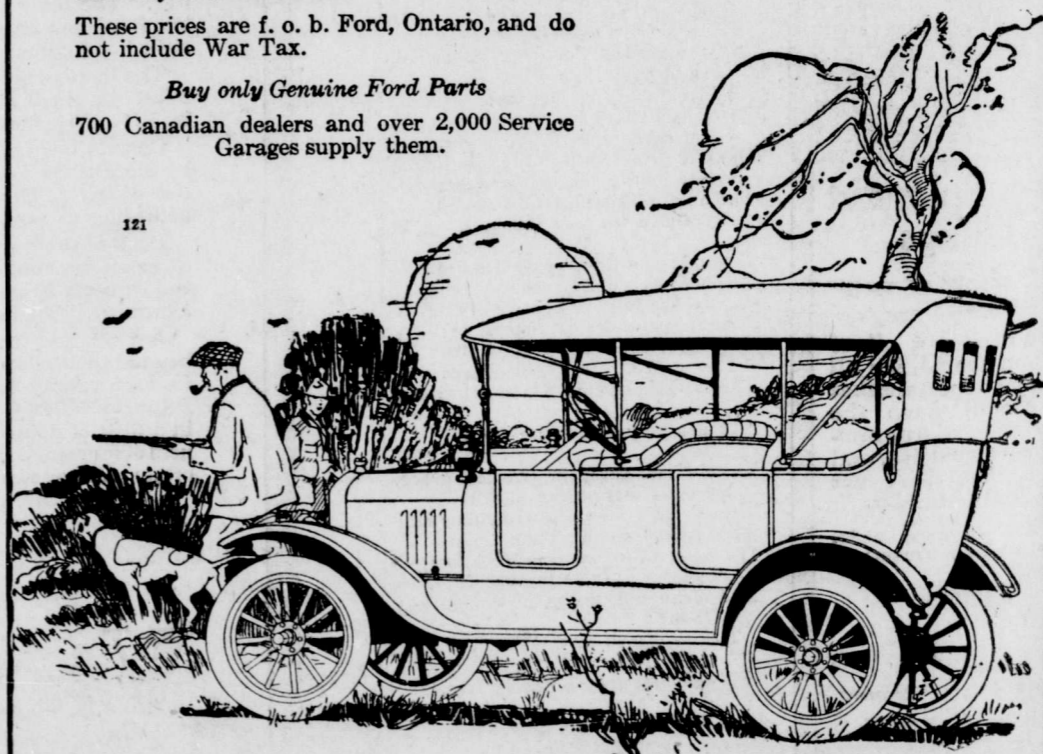
Ford Runabout \$660. Touring \$690. On open models the Electric Starting and Lighting equipment is \$100 extra.

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