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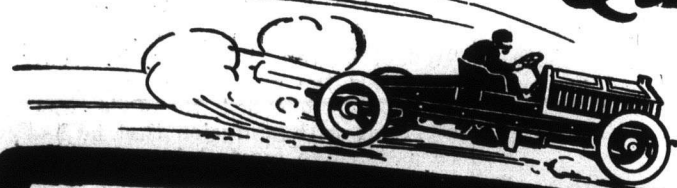
When you pay more than the Rayo price for a lamp, you are paying for extra decorations that cannot add to the quality of the light. You can't pay for a better light, because there is none. An oil light has the least effect on the human eye, and the Rayo Lamp is the best oil lamp made, though low in price. You can pay \$5, \$10, or \$20 for some other lamp, and although you get a more costly lamp, you can't get a better light than the white, mellow, diffused, unflickering light of the low-priced Rayo.

Has a strong, durable shade-holder. This season's burner adds to the strength and appearance. Made of solid brass, nicked, and easily polished.

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Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the
The Imperial Oil Company
Limited.

Quick!



'CAMP' COFFEE is ready almost before you know it. Add boiling water, sugar and milk to taste, and there you are—steaming, refreshing, fine—a drink for a King.

'CAMP' COFFEE

But to be sure of the PURITY, the QUALITY, and the truest ECONOMY, you must take care to always ask for 'CAMP.'

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WRITE today for our free booklet. It tells how the Hamilton Kitchen Cabinet forever does away with Kitchen drudgery, improves the appearance of the Kitchen and saves its own cost many, many times. The Hamilton combines all the latest and most scientific Kitchen Cabinet features.

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HAMILTON, ONTARIO

NOTICE—WE WANT DEALERS TO HANDLE OUR GOODS IN SOME LOCALITIES

Mr. Scriggs and the "Magnetized" Chair.



WHAT sound was that?" exclaimed Mrs. Scriggs, sitting up in bed and rubbing her eyes. She listened for a while but no repetition of the sound came to her ears. After a

while her eyes grew heavy and she lay back on her pillows.

Just as she was dozing off, however, the sound came again. This time more distinct, a sound of glass touching stone metal.

"John, John," she whispered excitedly rushing into her husband's room. "Wake up, there's a burglar in the house. They're down stairs in the parlor, just think, John, in the parlor! Get up, get up! My jewels are in the parlor, on that little table, in a jewel box."

She emphasized these last words, by a vigorous shake followed by a jerk of the bed clothes.

"Burglars? Aw, hum! Small table—parlor—jewels—ah, what did you say?" muttered Mr. Scriggs sleepily, and turned over on the other side preparatory to a continuation of his doze.

"John, John! How can you, when there's burglars in the house!" said Mrs. Scriggs, in despair. "Come," she continued impulsively, "Get up, or I'll get you up with a dipper of cold water."

Mr. Scriggs heard her and promptly obeyed, not because she had told him to, but because he had heard the noise also, stealthily and indistinct, still it sounded.

He was thoroughly awake now and so he got up and went to a drawer, from which he pulled out a six shooter. Then revolver in hand he started through the door, but in the hall a thought struck him. "It's only the cat," he muttered and came back into the room.

"Aren't you going to shoot him?" asked Mrs. Scriggs.

"No, not now, at least," said Mr. Scriggs, and sat down in the rocker. "You'd better go back to bed and I'll wait till I hear that sound again. I want to know what I'm up against before I go shooting burglars."

Mrs. Scriggs protested, but her husband was firm, so she went back, and Mr. Scriggs settled himself comfortably. He wasn't sure it was the cat. It might be burglars, but then—oh, no, he wasn't afraid.

He lit a cigar and settled himself to enjoy it. He smoked the cigar, then waited and for a while he listened. After a while he grew sleepy and was dozing off when the sound again came to his ears, but he was now fully convinced that it was the cat so he did not even trouble himself to open his eyes, but turned his head over so he could be facing the door, and went to sleep again.

He had not dozed long before the creaking of the chair startled him. He listened and before long his listening was rewarded by the sound of stealthy footsteps in the hall.

That was enough. Seizing his gun he hid himself behind an old fashioned wash stand and waited. The burglar soon appeared. He was a tall, strong, wiry-looking man, with grizzled beard and piercing gray eyes, and as he entered Mr. Scriggs' room he cast a suspicious glance around.

Apparently he was satisfied, for after a moment's survey, he walked past Mr. Scriggs' hiding place and was going on into the bedroom when "Up with your hands!" rang out from Mr. Scriggs and Mr. Housebreaker turned to find a murderous looking revolver pointed at him.

Instead of complying with Mr. Scriggs' earnest request he thrust his hand into his vest pocket, pulled out his watch, looked at the time and then coolly advanced toward Mr. Scriggs.

"Stop or I shoot," warned Mr. Scriggs. "Oh, you wouldn't shoot an old friend like me, would you Scriggs?" said the burglar with an ingratiating grin.

Mr. Scriggs started at the voice, then in his surprise his pistol clattered to the floor and he exclaimed in a tone which betrayed surprise and annoyance. "Jack Dawson! What in blazes are you doing here? I thought you had gone to New Zealand."

"No, I didn't go, and I'll tell you the reason. I didn't go because I wanted to have revenge on you before I cleared out for good. Ever since you took from me the girl I loved,—and in so doing you deprived me of everything I had in the world—I have nursed a secret revengeful feeling in my breast. In those past days you could afford to laugh at me; and, while preserving a peaceable exterior, in my heart I cursed you, yes, cursed you, damn you!"

"Is that so! And so 'them's my sentiments,'" said Mr. Scriggs with a sneer. "Well I admire you for your audacity in coming here and talking in this free-handed manner. H'mph! And what, may I ask, is the tool with which you're going to have your miserable revenge on me?"

"I want you to come with me," said Dawson "and get a wiggle on you, too, because I can't wait."

"Oh, come on, w," said Mr. Scriggs, don't you think this is carrying it a little too far. If Marion hadn't preferred me to you I wouldn't have got her. If you were in financial difficulties I could help you out, perhaps. As for going with you tonight that is entirely out—His speech became suddenly cut off, for Dawson had drawn his own gun and now had Mr. Scriggs neatly covered with it.

"Come Scriggs," he growled, "I can't wait here listening to you chewin' the rag."

"You blithering idiot! Get out of here," said Mr. Scriggs, "and shut this or I'll—"

As he stooped to pick up the revolver he had dropped, he felt himself rolled over and before Mr. Scriggs could say "Jack Robinson," he was bound and gagged. Then Dawson, seizing him and throwing him over his shoulder, strode off down the hall and stairs to the street. Here Mr. Scriggs saw an electric car waiting for them. Dawson tumbled his burden in and got in himself and in a moment they were off.

Through the streets they sped. Out of the more respectable part of the city and into the slummy region. The car shot down a deserted street and stopped before a dreary looking building.

Dawson leapt out, and picking Mr. Scriggs up as though he were a child, he entered the house and locked the door. Then he untied Mr. Scriggs' feet and told him to precede him up the stairs. Blindly Mr. Scriggs obeyed. He realized that he was in the hands of a man who would have no mercy on him, if his motive was as he said it was—revenge.

They ascended three flights of stairs, then went along a dark corridor till they were stopped by an iron door.

Dawson pressed a button and the heavy door swung open, noiselessly. They entered and the door closed as noiselessly as it had opened.

Mr. Scriggs looked about him. The room, a large high-roofed place, was brilliantly lighted with electric lights. This seemed unusual and out of the way in this low part of the city. At one end was a door, also made of iron,—leading into another room where Dawson told him, was a complete electric plant.

The furniture in the room consisted of a few old chairs, a small table and a stove. But what interested Mr. Scriggs most was a sort of high-backed chair which was made of solid iron. This chair was connected with the plant in the other room by means of two or three wires.

Dawson unbound Mr. Scriggs and pushing him toward the chair he told him to sit down.

"There is no use resisting," he said seeing that Mr. Scriggs was inclined to object. "So," giving Mr. Scriggs a push which sent him into the chair with a