



The Farm Home

of to-day should be as much a centre of refinement as any City Home. Commercial Progress has broken down the isolation that once surrounded rural life and brought to your door the influences that were needed to render Home Life on the Farm attractive to your Children. In the forefront of those influences and essential to your own interests is the Piano.

THE Heintzman & Co. Piano

is the finest investment you can make to meet the needs of your children for social relaxation and home enjoyment. It stands easily first, both as an instrument and from the viewpoint of economy. Its purchase is a guarantee of a life-time of service, with no diminishing of its wonderful tone qualities and action, and no lessening of its sterling reliability. A Piano purchase under any other conditions is unsound economy.

The House of McLean

has brought an experience of over a quarter of a century in dealing with the Farmers of the West to bear upon the task of reducing the Selling Price of this superb instrument to an absolute minimum. Their Easy Payment Plan makes its purchase a simple matter for everyone. Your dealings with them are a further guarantee of economy and trustworthiness.

OUR BARGAIN SECTION

At all times we have on hand a number of slightly used Pianos, accepted in part payment for Heintzman & Co. Player Pianos. These have all been thoroughly overhauled and are practically as good as new. The following list contains but a few out of many equally good values, offered upon very easy terms.

A "Hale" Piano	\$150.00
An "Uxbridge" Piano	\$225.00
A "Lister" Piano	\$235.00
A "Mason & Risch" Piano	\$250.00
A "Williams" Piano	\$250.00
A "Weber" Piano	\$300.00
A "Heintzman & Co." Piano	\$375.00

These "Special Bargains" are snapped up so quickly that we would advise you to make a first, second and third choice when sending in your Order.

WINNIPEG'S
GREATEST
MUSIC
HOUSE

McLean
& Co. LIMITED

CORNER
PORTAGE AVE.
AND
HARGRAVE ST.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

A Bargain in Rugs.

By James Raymond Perry



WHEN the Bruces moved they decided they must have new rugs for the parlor. "I want small rugs this time," Mrs. Bruce said. "They're so much easier to handle. Besides, they look better on a hard-wood floor."

Bruce acquiesced silently. Personally he liked a large rug, but he also liked to please his wife.

"We must get something to match the Baluchistan rug, we bought last year," she continued. "It is too handsome to discard, and if we don't get colors that harmonize with it, it will not look well with the other rugs. I don't mean we'll get any more Baluchistans, but other kinds that will go well with one."

A soft-voiced, smooth-cheeked little Armenian rug-merchant met the Bruces when they went to look at rugs.

"Something to match a Baluchistan? Certainly. Please be seated," and the little man hurried two chairs together and darted off, to return a moment later dragging a half-folded rug. "There!" he exclaimed softly, as he gave the rug a loving pat. "That will go beautiful-

I'm going down to-morrow to look at them. Wouldn't you?"

"Well, I don't know," Bruce answered doubtfully. "Of course you might get a bargain; but on general principles I'd rather buy rugs, or anything else, at a regular store. I'm afraid we don't know enough about Oriental rugs to buy them at auction."

"Oh, I don't know but we do," said Mrs. Bruce. "We've looked at a good many now, and ought to know some thing about them. I know the kinds I like; and I notice they are usually the high, iced ones."

"All right," Bruce said; "if you think you won't get cheated. I've heard that folks do get bargains sometimes at auction-rooms."

Mary appeared at her husband's office Monday afternoon, flushed but triumphant. "I bought three rugs, Dick," she said. "Two of them are beauties—blue Bokharas; they'll match our Baluchistan beautifully."

"How much were they?" Bruce asked.

"Oh, I got them cheap — the auctioneer said so. One was forty-five and the other fifty-one dollars. You ought to see them; they look real silky."

"Did you make a deposit?"

"Yes, fifteen dollars. That was all I had. But he said that was all right—



Automobile Meet at Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg.

ly with your Baluchistan. Look at the colorings—rich—silky! A Shiraz—yes. Forty-five dollars. Now I'll show you something else" — trotting briskly off and returning with another product of the Orient. Another caressing touch, and the Armenian's accents flowed forth in eager praise: "A Bokhara—just the thing to go with a Baluchistan. They belong to the same group, you know—Turkoman rugs, both of them. Just feel, sir—soft, firm! I have nothing better in the store. When I tell you I have nothing better I mean that in this particular make of rug this is the finest there is. There are other rugs we ask more for, but they're a different weave. This is absolutely the best. Fifty dollars — yes, sir. No, it's not very large, that's true; but look at the quality!" The Armenian's dark eyes were eloquent with feeling as he gently caressed the woven fabric. "Something larger? Oh, yes;" and he darted off to bring another, and yet another.

The Bruces selected several to be sent out, and when they arrived there was a great testing of combinations on the parlor floor.

"None of them go very well with the Baluchistan," complained Mrs. Bruce, "unless it is that Bokhara, and that's too small. We can't afford fifty dollars for such a little rug. Meadows & Company probably have just as good. I'll go down Monday and look at some."

But Sunday, Mary got the morning paper and, as usual, turned to the advertisements first.

"Listen, Dick," she said, and Bruce reluctantly detached his gaze from the Comic Section. "Here's an auction room that advertises Oriental rugs. They will be sold at a great sacrifice, it says,

you could send him a check for the balance. I told him who you were."

"You say you bought three. What was the other one?"

"Oh, it was a little one, and I bought it because—well, I don't know why, unless 'twas because I'd been bidding on the others, and got the habit. Some one bid ten dollars, and I raised it to twelve. I supposed, of course, some one would bid over me, and I didn't intend to bid again; but there were only those two bids, so I had to take it. It's not a very pretty one. The colors are dull, and it's worn a good deal. We'd have to get it mended, I guess, before we could use it; but I think it would do for one of the bedrooms. And, any way, twelve dollars isn't much when you consider how cheap I got the Bokharas. You'll go to-morrow and pay for them, won't you? They have to be paid for before they're sent out. That part isn't as nice as trading on charge accounts, for then you can send things back if you don't like them."

At the auction-room the next morning Bruce asked to be shown the rugs. "Those are Baluchistans, aren't they?" he queried.

"Yes; or blue Bokharas—they're all the same thing," answered the man carelessly.

"Oh, is that so?" retorted Bruce. He examined the two rugs critically, and, remarking, "Well, we'll see you again about them," walked out.

"They are not Bokharas at all; they are Baluchistans, the same as ours, Mary," he said when he reached home. "We paid twenty-five dollars for ours, and these are not worth any more. You bid about fifty dollars too much, if I'm any judge."