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WRITE FOR CATALOGUES

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We have a number of excellent used Organs, received through our exchange department, all thoroughly overhauled and put into first-class shape by our organ experts. Every one is offered at a sacrifice price to clear. We need the storage space for our heavy fall stocks of new pianos and player pianos. If you need an organ for small church, school or home use. Write at once for particulars.

Prices from - - - - \$40 up



THE WEST'S GREATEST MUSIC HOUSE

The Home of the Heintzman & Co. Piano and Victrola
329 PORTAGE AVE. Dept. W. WINNIPEG

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

Wanted: A Collaborator

She took him for a third-degree Socialist. He took her for a settlement worker

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne

In a dingy hall-bedroom on the third floor of a fifth-rate rooming-house a girl sat hunched over a small, rattly typewriter laboriously doing manuscript. She picked out the letters with her two forefingers and now and then to rest these digits she changed to the two middle fingers. The typewriter stand overflowed with closely-typed sheets of paper, some of which bore purple smudges. On the flat top of a trunk nearby stood a pint bottle of milk and a small box of cheese wafers.

The girl shivered occasionally and drew the plaid coat she wore closer about her. The door of the room she had left open in the forlorn hope that some vagrant breath of warm—or rather, less chilly—air might wander in. Her breath was quite visible and her fingers blue, and she hurried over the last few sheets in the dread expectation of her landlady calling upstairs to request that she shut her door and keep her clatter to herself. Presently from the hall two flights below she heard the newsboy throw in the afternoon papers and she tiptoed downstairs, took one—the one bearing the name of a roomer who didn't come home till seven—and returned with it to her unheated little cavern under the skylight. She sank upon her hard little bed and opened the paper at the want ad section. She sought one particular item until she found it. Every afternoon now for six days she had seen this remarkable advertisement and she had gotten in the way of looking for it first before turning to the others. It was a little unusual but under more cheerful circumstances she would undoubtedly have passed it by with a smile and have given it no further thought unless to reflect that it ought by rights to belong to the agony column. It was in the paper again to-day and the discouraged young woman felt her heart bound. It was almost like a sign! When one is at the very end of one's resources one is apt to grasp at any kind of a straw that seems to promise anything. This promised adventure at least.

But, of course, one cannot adventure long or far on two nickels and a dime—which was all that Mary Manners' shabby little purse could boast. Still, nobody seemed to be rising to the bait and it looked a little as though Fate were really reserving the opportunity for her, should she choose to take a nibble. Miss Manners pondered deeply about care as she drank half of the milk and

munched some of the biscuits. She had had neither breakfast nor lunch. Turning to the paper once more she re-read the message of Fate:

"Wanted—A collaborator for ambitious literary man suffering for a temporary cramp in the brain. Will split fifty-fifty. Urgent."

The advertiser had signed name and address, which indicated that he was indeed desperate. Mary knew that 33 Grove Street was at least four miles away. With decent boots she might manage to walk it, but—she sighed as she regarded her feet. And then the typewriter to be carried along—for, if taken on, she'd only have to return for it! But hunger is a remorseless goad and at length Mary decided to risk the dime. She could go without supper. In any case if Friday didn't bring her a cheque she would take a position as housemaid—unfortunately the last word in ignominy to many a girl besides Mary Manners.

So in less than a quarter of an hour she was ready. In this space of time she had furnished up her well-worn suit by "turning" the collar and cuffs, had rubbed her shoes with a banana peel from the waste basket, had arranged her veil so that the torn part of the hat brim didn't show so plainly, had pinned a velvet bow on her blouse to hide a typewriter-ribbon smudge and had inked the tips of her gloves. Then she put her machine in its case and set forth.

In a top-back room of 33 Grove Street—which also was a rooming-house of lesser rank—a distraught young man with feverish-looking dark eyes, a pale face and dishevelled hair paced restlessly up and down on a worn strip of carpet. There was a strong odor of gas and of boiling milk in the room and a tin mug stood steaming on the windowsill. From time to time the young man gazed out of the window but it is doubtful if he saw the backyards and the tin cans. Very likely he was viewing an emperor's court or a battle at sea or a wild mountain pass or a crowded ballroom. A knock on his door failed to rouse him from his dreams and only after the knocking had been repeated three times did he turn a dazed glance in that direction and call "Come!" He thought it was Mrs. Ryan after her room-rent again—and why go to meet trouble?

Miss Mary Manners, packing a type-

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PRINCE OF WALES ENTERTAINED BY DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE IN OTTAWA
The Prince of Wales and his party were guests of the Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General of Canada, during the Prince's visit to Ottawa. This photo, taken in front of the Duke's residence, shows (seated left to right): Lady Maude Mackintosh, daughter of the Duke; the Duke of Devonshire; the Duchess of Devonshire; the Prince of Wales; and Lady Blanche Katherine Cavendish, daughter of the Duke. Others in the photo are members of the Duke's staff and their wives, and members of the Prince's official party.