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It is Mr. Edison's desire that a Phonograph should not only be cheap enough for everyone to own one, but also that everyone should enjoy the same advantage in purchasing it.

Wherever you buy an Edison Phonograph you buy it at the same price. The purchaser in the small country town has the same advantage as those who live in large cities.

Not only is the Edison Phonograph uniform in price, but it is also uniform in quality. Everyone that leaves our factory is good, has been carefully tested, will play perfectly, and will furnish unbounded enjoyment.

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The new Records can be played on any Edison Phonograph by means of an attachment which you can get for a small sum of your dealer. If you buy a new Phonograph, you can buy it with the attachment so as to play both kinds of Records, and thus have the widest possible range of music and entertainment for your instrument.

FREE. Ask your dealer or write to us for illustrated catalogue of Edison Phonographs, also catalogue containing complete lists of Edison Records, old and new.

We Want Good Live Dealers to sell Edison Phonographs in every town where we are not now well represented. Dealers having established stores should write at once to

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EDISON

Phonographs and Columbia Graphophones. We sell all makes. Every record in stock (16,000). Home concerts and dances always available. Our special outfit, including 12 records \$24.75, payable \$5.00 down, \$4.00 monthly. Expert repairs. Pianos, organs, musical instruments. Catalogue post free. Cash or easy monthly payments. Biggest, Busiest and Best Music House.

THE WINNIPEG PIANO CO.,
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Ferry's are best because every year the retailer gets a new supply, freshly tested and put up. You run no risk of poorly kept or old stock. We take the pains; you get the results. Any of the best equipped and most expert seed growers in America. It is to our advantage to satisfy you. We will. For sale everywhere. Our 1909 Seed Annual free. Write to

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Of Special Interest to Farmers

We have a large assortment of all books needed by the progressive farmer. If interested, turn to page 184 for prices and information in regard to the books as premiums.

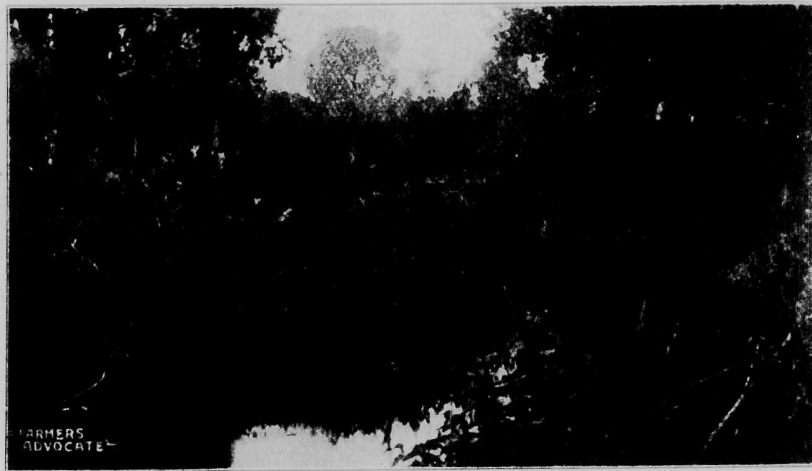
same arena with men, and having no husbands to influence and no children to train to good citizenship. The loss is ours, I'll admit, but what are you going to do with us, my Helmet-of-Resolution?

We don't want you to neglect the babies, but when you find this Woman's Page like a cushioned chair and the keeper thereof not "fairy-booky" (that's a lovely word!) but human, perhaps you can spare us a visit oftener. D. D.)

A LETTER TO THINK ABOUT

Dear Dame Durden:—I wonder if you could give me some advice as to obtaining employment in Winnipeg. I have been living on a lonely homestead for three years and feel that I must have a change. In former years I have lived alone, while my husband has been away in the summer, but this year, I think I will shut up the house and obtain employment and change of scene at the same time. I understand that only women who are willing to do domestic work are in demand in Winnipeg, so I would not waste time in trying to get work in my own (former) profession, that of secretary and journalist. On the other hand, I rather squirm at the idea of "going out as a servant", or "hired girl," as I believe the correct term is. I am a good housekeeper and cook. Would you advise one to advertise for work as "housekeeper" or as "help," or are there any organizations in Winnipeg other than the ordinary employment agencies—for bringing women workers and employees into touch? Any advice on the subject would be gratefully received. M

en employ themselves in light domestic duties, shopping, or sewing in the mornings; but afternoons and evenings are devoted to walking, calling, receiving callers; sometimes attending philanthropic or educational meetings or going to an occasional concert or theatre. The daughter plays tennis and spends two hours a day keeping up her music and singing. At least two novels from Mudies are consumed weekly. Both dress well and spend a good deal of time and thought on their clothes. Now, may I ask whether it would mean ruin and chaos to that household if, say instead of paying one of these calls, or attending one of these concerts in the week they were to attend a meeting dealing with subjects of public interest—such as, for instance—the employment of young children in factories or rights of married women as regards property; or if a book dealing with such subjects were substituted for one of the weekly novels? Would that comfortable middle class abode go to rack and ruin if once a year, or less, these ladies were to put on their hats after lunch and walk to the polling booth to record their vote for the man whom they considered best fitted to represent their constituency? I have known many farmers' wives and working men's wives, too. I have known the latter to stand for two solid hours after breakfast talking to each other over the fence. Most of the farmers' wives I know, spend several hours a week calling or being called upon by neighbors; many of them read columns of dress news, murder trials, accounts of weddings and letters to matrimonial columns in the weekly papers. Some



IN PASTURES GREEN

Having followed the suffragist campaign in the English papers and being myself a suffragist of several years standing, I am interested in seeing the subject brought forward in your columns. The amazing and incomprehensible thing to me is not that women should want the suffrage, but that anyone should be found so lost to common sense as to deny it to them. Such people are absolutely on the same level as the Mohammedans, who considered that women, like dogs—faithful animals as both are—were not of sufficient intelligence to have any part or lot in religious matters. They were not persons at all; they were simply females, their use being to minister to the pleasure of the persons—that is, men—and to bear children. Although the anti-suffragists do not say this in so many words, they evidently have much the same idea. How tired one becomes of hearing them smugly trotting out that poor old clap-trap objection: "Woman's sphere is her home and her children," thereby implying that the perfect woman is she whose entire thoughts and entire time are employed in looking after her children and her house! Now, I have never met a woman of any class, or of any nation, not even on a Canadian farm, whose entire time and thoughts during her entire adult lifetime were so utilized. I will leave society people out and think first of the middle class women among whom I was brought up. I think now of one typical household of four—father, mother, grown-up son and daughter. Two servants are kept; things run on wheels; the household management is perfect. The two wom-

do fancy work, some make patchwork quilts at the cost of much precious time and eyesight, others make numerous rag rugs which they strew over the best parlor carpet, others do a lot of fancy icing on their cakes or study Eaton's catalogue until they know it by heart. Others spend quite a time fixing their clothes to keep them in the fashion. We all do something besides the "strict attention to business." And what about our thoughts? All you young woman who read this, are your thoughts entirely concerned with your home duties? Again I ask, would the homes of Canada be ruined, the pies all burnt, the cows all unmilked, the churning all undone, if, while we churned or kneaded the bread, for instance, we thought out that question, recently alluded to, of the farmer's wife who sees the homestead on which she has toiled so hard, sold over her head by a drunken or idle husband? Would it greatly matter if one rag rug the less were made in the year so that a solid book on social questions might be read? Would not an occasional public meeting be as improving as a gossip with our neighbor on the short comings of the other neighbors?

I must not trespass on your space any further, although the subject is one in which I am deeply interested, but before concluding may I ask if you would say whether there is a branch of the Woman's Suffrage Society in Winnipeg and the name of the secretary.

OVER SEAS ALONE.

(I think your best plan, perhaps, is to put an advertisement in the daily

papers in Winnipeg, right in your corner the home is most in demand and there is always a help wanted advertisement. If you could three months you could and perhaps see a call vice as you would I do not know of any as you mention, except of Welcome, corner



A CHRISTMAS

Dear Cousin Dorot glad to see my last hope I may have as We had a Christmas t and I was in a dialog I think the new nan Mama is away in Ont and I are keeping hot lot of presents for Chr get many Cousin Doro name is Dorothy. We a present when schoo Man. (a)

(Yes, Santa Claus me, indeed. He sent nice books which I ha to read as yet. C. D.)

A LETTER AN

Dear Cousin Doroth a Happy New Year think I have forgotte Wigwam" but I have very cold these last fi

I wonder if any of t seen a deer in Alberta, and seen myriads of t seen two also. The n deer, a friend was wit going to school when a horses stopped and We did not know wha could not get them to g we saw the deer runni Then the horses went looking for something way. Well, I am sorr not send any drawing would say, "Why d But it would not be g in the paper. But a enclose a story. Alta. (a)

JOE AND T

Once upon a time boy who lived in H was Joe. He had li eyes, and he was very his mother called him told him to go and cal So Joe went quite ne his father was worki "Father!" "Father!" the last word he hear "Father! Father!" ar mother was calling t "Is that you, mother voice asked the questi Joe called again to h father answered, "H "Here I am, Joe," strange voice. Then to come to tea. "Con answer from the str When father and house Joe told his p strange voice. Then him the story about t she used to tell beaut people of old, but no repeat the words o