



The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

Sold at the same prices EVERYWHERE

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.

Edison Amberol Records

There are two kinds of Records for the Edison Phonograph—the old two-minute Records of the past, which are still made and which still afford much enjoyment, and the new Amberol Records, which play more than twice as long and are better.

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

National Phonograph Company, 109 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N.J., U.S.A.



EDISON

Phonographs and Columbia Graphophones. We sell all makes. Every record in stock (16,000). Home concerts and dances always available. Our special outfit, \$27.50, payable \$5 down, \$4 monthly. Expert repairs. Pianos, organs, musical instruments. Catalogue post free. Cash or easy

The Winnipeg Piano Co.

295 Portage Avenue Winnipeg

A BOOK FOR WOMEN.

Written by Mrs. Richard at the earnest request of thousands of women. Contains over 100 pages of interesting reading matter; is profusely illustrated and full of valuable advice and recipes. Write now for a copy.



A Book For
DAUGHTER
WIFE
AND
MOTHER

WOMAN IN HEALTH AND DISEASE BY Julia C. Richard

A SPECIAL OFFER.

As Mrs. Richard wants every woman to possess a copy of this valuable work, she will send a copy to every woman who will send her name and address and 10c (silver or stamps), to cover cost of mailing.

Mrs. J. C. RICHARDS
P.O. Box 9964 Montreal

I know. She was the daughter of a coachman—quite poor. One day a rich, childless woman took a fancy to her, and adopted her. She grew up under this lady's care. Now she is my age, and the question of marriage has arisen. Do you think I may counsel her to marry a man of her guardian's position, not her own?"

"That is a question for her," said Mr. Rivers. "Is she attractive, this friend of yours? Cultivated in mind, and refined?"

"Yes. Her two sisters are engaged. One to a groom; one to an officer's servant. Her brother is a carpenter."

"And the man who wishes to marry her is of good family?"

"Of a very old family."

Mr. Rivers looked thoughtful. "It is a problem," he said, "more serious than it appears. The relations complicate matters in these cases. Would she be willing to sever herself more or less from her family? Probably she would, as her education has been so unlike theirs."

"No," cried Pat, "she wouldn't be willing. She wants to see them often, to keep friends with them. Her mother she can never be severed from."

"Has she told her lover the truth?"

"She has told him the truth. I am a little sorry for that poor girl!"

"A little sorry!" said Mr. Rivers. "I am desperately sorry. The benevolent woman who brought that child up in a position to which she was not entitled did a most cruel thing."

"Surely," said Pat, "the position for which we are able to fit ourselves must also be the one to which we are entitled?"

"Mr. Rivers shook his head. "As a matter of fairness," he said, "it no doubt should be so. But we are speaking of things as they actually exist. The case is hard. In any event, this poor girl's suffering must be great. If they give each other up they will suffer. If they marry, they will suffer. But, in my judgment, to give each other up, while no coldness has arisen, might be best."

"Her mother is a very good woman," said Pat in a low voice, "as good as the Virgin Mary. But I suppose that makes no difference."

Mr. Rivers saw tears in her eyes, and imagined she felt sympathy for the friend whose lot was so piteously unlike her own.

"All natures are not equally sensitive," he said, "and there is a natural fitness in things which helps people to act rightly. Do not let your friend's sorrow darken your life too much."

"Oh, she can bear things," exclaimed Pat, giving a little laugh. "She must bear them. The world doesn't stop going round because we make mistakes and get into trouble. There's only one calamity I don't think she could bear. Suppose this man who loved her until he knew the truth, should turn against her now, and accuse her of deceit. But she was entangled in a network of other people's making, and could not get out. Will he remember this, and try not to reproach her?"

Mr. Rivers began suddenly to tremble. Pat's voice shook so much, and her eyes met his with such a strange expression.

"You need have no fear," he answered. "When she tells him the story, he will honor her more than he ever did before. And besides—"

"That's all I wanted to be sure of," said Pat. "Not another word, please. Do you see how quickly the flowers you gathered for me have faded? Poor things! I will toss them into the grass, and let them hide their ugliness. Now I ought to apologize for telling a sad story. No, don't say another word. Let me go home. Please let me go home!"

After Mrs. Wentworth was in bed, she heard a tap at her door, and in came Pat.

"Mr. Rivers means to call to see me tomorrow," she said. "I can't stay to see him. I shall have gone to pay them a long visit at home."

"What shall I tell him?" asked Mrs. Wentworth, in great alarm.

"Tell him," said Pat, "that I am the girl whose story he heard this

evening: the girl for whom he felt desperately sorry."

"Oh, Veronica, what have you done?" cried Mrs. Wentworth. "You should have left it to me. And he will not give you up. When men are in love they laugh at obstacles such as these."

"It is I who give him up," said Pat. "If he married me, being, as you say, 'in love,' regret would soon follow. He showed me his true mind. Oh, let me go quickly, and then the wretchedness will be sooner over."

Mr. Rivers had some terrible weeks to pass through after his interview with Mrs. Wentworth. He tried again and again to see Pat, but she held resolutely aloof.

"Wait a year," she said in one of her letters. "If at the end of that time you still wish to see me, I shall be found in my own home, among my own people."

Mrs. Newman cried for joy when her long-lost daughter came back. They all had reason to be glad, for she continued to make their happiness greater by the loss of her own.

Mrs. Wentworth insisted on paying for the rent of a small flat in Battersea, and Pat soon found work as a designer of patterns for wallpapers, lace and beautiful dresses. Her sisters married before the year was out.

"Why are you so restless tonight, Pat, my darling?" said Mrs. Newman one evening.

"Am I restless?" asked Pat. "Yes. I have never seen you like this before."

"I will get my violin," said Pat, "and play. Somehow, this design I have begun seems a mistake. It won't work out properly."

She played for five minutes, and then walked up and down the room. How her ears strained to catch the sound of steps on the stairs!

"I don't expect him," she said to herself. "I know he won't remember it is a year tonight since the garden-party; a year since I saw his face. No, of course, I don't expect him to remember."

Just then a knock sounded at the door, and her heart sprang.

"It is Ted," she said to herself, and went to open it, but on the little landing outside stood Mr. Rivers, and she knew all at once that she had never doubted he would come. The flat was so small, that two steps brought them into her work room, where sketches were lying about and painting materials covered the table.

"I have come to ask your forgiveness," said Mr. Rivers, "and to tell you I cannot live without you. Isn't it time to be merciful and let me stay?"

When Mrs. Newman came in half an hour afterwards, looking very timid, she met such a kind welcome that her fears vanished. Pat's father and brother liked Mr. Rivers from the first.

"You will be very happy," said her mother. "I see love in his face, and it isn't a face to change. You can come home whenever you please, he has promised me that, and when you are alone we shall come to you. But we shouldn't be happy in grand company, and we can't get used to grand ways. They belong to you, Pat, my darling, and I'm proud to think you will have your rights. Leave your old mother in the place where she was born."

"Oh, that's the hardest part," said Pat, clinging to her mother, as if she were still a child.

"It has to be," said Mrs. Newman, "and it should be. Don't cry, Pat. Take the fate your angel sends you."

Pat went to live in the manor, and looked such a beautiful lady that everyone who saw her admired Mr. Rivers' bride. She was wonderfully happy, but a little touch of sadness for many years lay in her heart. People who did not know her used to wonder why she found it so easy to sympathize with those whom fortune had treated hardly.

Perhaps a touch of sadness lies at the root of all happiness, though only a few understand, as she did, the secret of turning it into a blessing.