



The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

KEEP the young folks from leaving the home circle in search of entertainment. It is easy to entertain them at home with the Edison Phonograph, which furnishes music for dancing, gives all the new songs of the theatre and selections from the grand operas and reproduces band music, the old ballads and love songs so perfectly that it is hard to believe that it is not the real music or voice to which they are listening.

Go to your nearest dealer and hear the new Edison model with the big horn, or write today for a catalogue describing it.

WE DESIRE GOOD, LIVE DEALERS to sell Edison Phonographs in every town where we are not now well represented. Dealers should write at once to National Phonograph Co., 100 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J., U. S. A.



Special Victor Talking Machine Offer \$37.00

Including 500 needles, and six large records of your own choice. Special terms: \$7.00 with order and \$5.00 monthly, no interest for six months. Other terms arranged in special cases. Boxed and freight paid to any address. Money refunded if not as represented. Reference: Bank of Hamilton. Read on. Latest improved Victor, tapering hollow arm, highly polished quartered oak cabinet, with hinged top. Noiseless motor, single spring, newly designed spiral drive, can be wound while playing. Turntable can be used for all size records. Finest exhibition of concert sound box. Beautiful black japanned steel horn with brass bell. Guaranteed perfect in every detail. A

child can operate it. Provides the sweetest and most perfect music, reproduces instrumental and vocal music like life. Brings Melba, Tatti, Caruso, Sousa and Harry Lauder to every fireside. We are the only firm in the West selling these on easy terms to reliable people, and have the largest stock,—9,000 records to choose from. We also give special offers on similar terms of Edison, Columbia and Berliner Talking Machines. Catalogue No. 72 free on application.

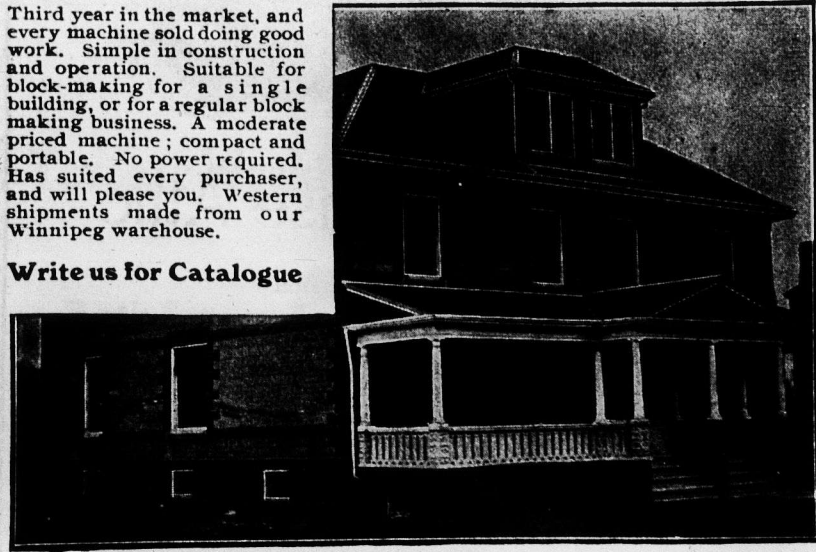
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Address Dept. T, THE JAS. STEWART MFG. CO., Ltd., Woodstock, Ont.

"We kept workin' and waitin' until we got money to build this house, and I'll tell you it felt mighty good when we moved in a nice two-storey house, with big porches and everthing handy."

"We've never been in debt a dollar, and this place is a good place to live. Seems like ma loves every posey and apple tree on the place, and I guess I ain't much better that way than her."

"Say, Mr. Carter, I want to ask you, for her sake, if not for mine, to rue back. Let us off."

Carter tried to reassure Billy, but Billy still persuaded. At last out of patience.

"I cant do it. That is not my way of doing business. The trade is made and it stands, whether it suits you or not."

"All right then said Billy, quietly. He arose and went into the house. Directly he came back.

"By the way, Mr. Carter, your board is due to-day."

"Very well," he said crisply. "What is the bill?"

"Bout twenty, I guess, for you and the team."

Carter hesitated, then pulled out two

Carter saw there was trouble ahead and began bluffing. Billy waited quietly until he had sworn himself out of wind.

"It ain't worth while to get excited, Mr. Carter," he said. "It ain't a very serious crime to sell a patent right you don't own. The only trouble is, it takes a feller before the United States Court, and they are a little hasty in disposin' of such cases."

"I've got you cinched on the note, anyway," snarled Carter.

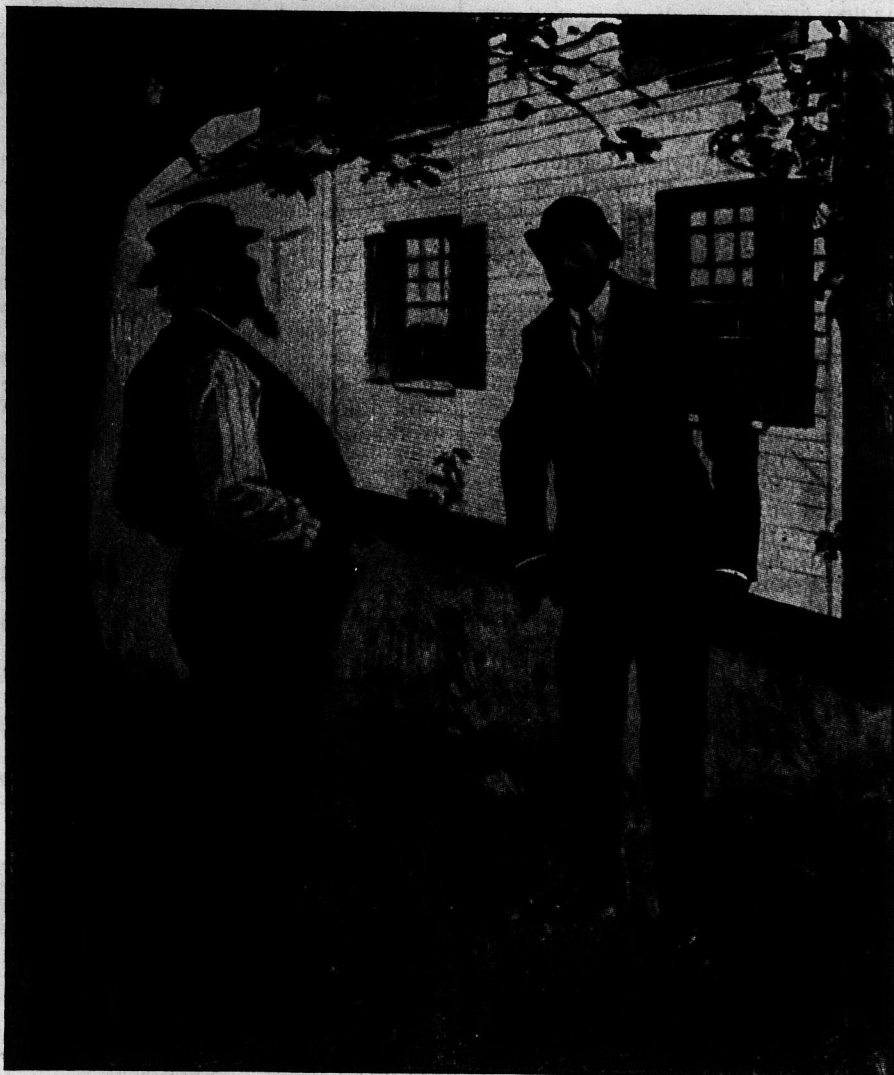
"The only drawback about that," said Billy, "is, there's a couple of constables meanderin' around the place, kinder hankerin' for a signal. They're both purty fair on foot, and don't often miss a squirrel on a hundred yards."

"Then the sheriff tole me yesterday he'd call up the government marshal as quick as we 'phoned him."

Carter's tone changed instantly, and he began to beg abjectly.

"What will you take to let me off?"

"Oh I don't know," said Billy, "I hardly reckon I'd be hard on a feller as penitent as you are. I guess if you'll turn over them papers and scoot for tall timber, nothin' more will be



"There's a couple of constables meanderin' around this place."

bills, and handed them to Billy indifferently.

"I guess we might start on sellin' the rights to-day," said Billy at breakfast.

"We will have to wait until to-morrow," said Carter. I promised to meet a man on business at Cedarville to-day."

"Will you hitch up my team," he said, after breakfast. Billy hesitated. They were in the yard.

"I'm real sorry Mr. Carter, but Tom Summers got your horses and wagon yesterday."

"Who is Tom Summers?" demanded Carter, flaring up.

"He's the constable."

"What do you mean?"

"I had 'em attached to satisfy a board bill."

"The deuce you did! Haven't I paid my board bill?"

"This was one you owed over at Savis Point. Fifteen Dollars, the Widow Thomas said, I traded her a fat shote for it."

"And say, Mr. Carter," said Billy, squinting his left eye nearly shut, "you signed over the patent of J. A. Carter, and I see after I rubbed up the iron works on that churn, it was patented by Eli Simmons. What's the little discrepancy?"

said, so long as you stay outside of these twenty-four counties I bought."

The papers were turned over hastily and J. A. Carter went down the road on foot, neither looking to the right nor to the left.

"Well what on earth did you do it for, Billy?" asked his wife, as they sat on the steps that evening.

"For two or three reasons," and Billy chuckled in a satisfied way.

"Well what," she insisted.

"For his'n and your'n and the preacher's," he answered.

"For goodness sake, I don't see how it done any of us any good."

"Well, now you wait. He had just started out to beat some pore farmer out of his home. He needed a lesson powerful bad, I seed that when he first landed. And I reckon he's satisfied," and Billy chuckled again.

"But what good did it do to have me all stirred up and worryin' the life cut o' me for two weeks."

"Just this. I'm tired of you goin' into jimminy fits every time a book agent starts for the field, for fear we are goin' to be beat out of house and home. I wanted to learn you that I don't need a guarddeen yet, hardly yet," and again he laughed mildly.

"What did you say about the preacher," asked Mrs. Houck, meekly.