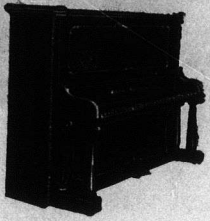


BARGAINS IN ORGANS AND PIANOS



Piano and Organ Bargains

Big Lot of Used Pianos
always on hand.

WRITE FOR FREE LISTS.

These letters will show how satisfactory our customers find our mail system of selling Organs

"Alexander, Man., February, 1908.
—Much pleased with Organ. Ex-
press order \$58.50 enclosed."

"Manville, Alta., July, 1908.—
Organ is all you represented it. En-
closed find balance, \$56."

"Lake Talon, Ont.—Received Or-
gan some time ago. Church mem-
bers and congregation are well
pleased with it."

REMEMBER—We ship anywhere in Canada and make terms to suit your convenience. Pay monthly, quarterly or half-yearly as you wish. A liberal discount from these prices is allowed for cash. Each instrument is guaranteed exactly as represented, and if there's any dissatisfaction, we agree to pay return freight. Could we make a fairer offer to you, a stranger?

Our house has been established since 1861, and has the highest reputation in this country for honorable business dealings. Any instrument bought now may be exchanged for an upright piano later on. Write to-day and name second and third choice in case the first may be sold. Stool free with each Organ.

USED ORGANS

Doherty—Walnut, extension top, cylinder fall, twelve stops, two swells \$32
Uxbridge—Rose case, music rack, lamp stands, ten stops, two swells \$32
Mansell—Carved and panelled walnut, extension top, music rack, lamp stands, nine stops \$33
Dominion—Villa Gem, music rack, lamp stands, walnut, medium extension top, eight stops, two swells \$33
Doherty—Walnut, extension top, carved, eight stops, two swells \$33
Doherty—Walnut, carved, extension top, cylinder fall, eight stops, two swells \$36
Doherty—Walnut, extension top, lamp stands, music rack, eight stops, two swells \$37
Bell—Carved walnut and panelled, extension top \$42

Bell—Six octaves, carved walnut, low extension top, eight stops, one swell \$43
Kimball—High back, walnut case, music cabinet, fine rich tone, eight stops, two swells, cost \$95 \$45
Thomas—Walnut, extension top, cylinder fall, lamp stands, music rack, ten stops, two swells \$47

SQUARE PIANOS

Heintzman & Co.—Seven octaves, rosewood case, carved legs, etc. \$100
Stevenson—Seven and one-third octaves, carved rosewood case, serpentine moulding, carved legs, etc. \$105
Weber-Kingston—Seven octave, carved rosewood case, serpentine moulding, carved legs, etc. good full tone \$110
Stevenson—Seven and one-third octave, square grand, four

round corners, finished same back and front, good full tone \$120

UPRIGHT PIANOS

Karn-Woodstock—Seven and one-third octave, cabinet grand, largest size, in hand-some circassian walnut case of latest design, double roll fall full length automatic swing desk, three pedals—this piano is firm's most expensive style and almost new \$325
Nordheimer—Medium size, mahogany, full length, swing desk, and roll fall, three pedals, splendid tone, almost new \$350
Mason & Birsch—Seven and one-third octave, cabinet grand of handsome design in mahogany, roll fall, and swing desk, solid panels, three pedals. Cost \$475, almost new \$350

Write To-day to

ORME & SON, Limited,
OTTAWA, ONT. Established 1861

WARNING—When you're dealing at a distance with a firm, it's well to know who they are. Orme & Son have been established since 1861 in the Piano and Organ business. Their store is the finest in Canada. Five flats high, and wholly devoted to musical goods. Your banker or express agent will tell you how reliable we are—ask them. Remember, we stand back of any guarantee every statement we make. Write us to-day.

"Hurry and come in, Sam," she entreated. "We've got a bushel of news; Aunt Nabby's in such a splutter she toed off her sock before she got to the heel."

As Sam entered, flecking off the sweet smelling lichen dust from his sleeves, Aunt Nabby's upturned glasses on the far side of the hearth made two scintillating points in the fire-lighted gloaming.

"Sammy," she pushed the glasses upwards, so they sparkled like two bright eyes on the top of her head, "the Craggitt gang—every hoof of 'em—has gone plumb, stark simple, else the's a spider somewhere in the dumplin'."

"What's a-doing?"

"Wull—I can't make no affydavit to nothin', but it don't gee with my notions of Zenas Gunn (seein' Priscilly and me has lived here better than three weeks without a peek at him) for him to come tearin' up this mornin' before breakfas' to find out if the cabin's comfortable, and if it wouldn't be a fine thing for me to go pikin' back to him and Kizzy, cuz they've missed me—oh jest tirable! And Kizzy she takes and sends along a gret-fat sweet-cake she's made a-purpose for me! Says I to Zenas, 'I'm obleeged to Kizzy for the cake and to ye both for askin' me back, but I'm doin' elegant in the Spooner cabin, me and Priscilly.'"

"Wull, sir, Zena's coat tails ain't morn' good out o' sight when here comes Filindy Toadybush—ka-chug—ka-chug—puffin' and simmerin' like a bilin' teakettle, she's hurried so to tell me brother Jed's a-thinkin' of goin' to Snagtown, and I'll be just more'n welcome to come take his room—I kin go right back along o' her, and she'll put him up attic till he leaves; Jinny and Jeff was a-baiggin' her to fetch me back, and Billy said I mustn't dream of stayin' here along with the mud-dobber wasps no longer. I tell Filindy to tell Billy that me and Priscilly and the mud-dobbers is makin' it all right, and for him to not lay awake nights. She goes home, a-tellin' all the way up the hill how they're a-grievin' for

me to come live with 'em. And bless the babies, if here don't come Phoebe Selindy Todd and Meeny Harness, 'most breakin' the hinge off'n the gate, both tryin' to git in first and coax me to go live with 'em. Then they fall a-quarlin', tush and talon; seemed like they s'posed whichever could holler loudest'd git me! But I tells 'em quiet-like, I couldn't possibly go to one of em's houses and make the other feel so bad, so I'd jest kind o' stay where I was at."

"I dunno what you kin mek out of it all, Sammy, but looks powerful quare to me that they all took so sud-with the same complaint!"

"I 'lowed this mornin'," said Sam, "they'd be here like a swarm of pesky yellowjackets after a sorghum jug, but I'd have bet a mule they wouldn't ketch you, Aunt Nabby. Yes, I know what's started 'em, and I was comin' to tell you. They've caught onto the idy that sometimes a place looks mighty little and dinky on a map and widens out a heap off of it. If you'll recollect, Uncle Zim's will said, plain and simple, you was to have the Spooner, and that nor the deed you got don't say beans where the Spooner place begins nor ends."

"No more it does; but the country knows the Spooner place means this here slanty and a tea cup full o' dirt old man Spooner had left when he got through sellin' off the balance to keep his boy in school first place, and out o' scrapes next. Brother Zim bought it off the old man to oblige him, cuz he wanted to go west and look Joe up."

"That's straight, as far as it goes, Aunt Nabby; but lemme tell you a little scrap I've just caught hold of. Uncle Zim bought the cabin and the lot to 'commode old man Spooner. But old man Spooner's boy, Joe, didn't turn out such a bad egg as he threatened. After he'd got through his monkey shines, he had went west, and instid of raisin' Cain, he went to raisin' sheep, which was a better payin' crop, for he made enough to buy back all the land his pa had sold—and that's a

hundred and fifty acres of ground that can't be beat in this county or the next—take it timberland and cultivated! And that big yellow two-story frame house top o' the hill belongs to it—"

"Sammy, what air you a-talkin' about?" interrupted Aunt Nabby. "Old man Spooner had sold the yeller house and big part o' the ground to Jim Taylor, and Jim sold it to someone else—nobody knowed who—"

"He sold it to Joe Spooner, after Joe went out west."

"Honey, I'm afeared you been swallerin' yarns."

"Tain't a yarn, Aunt Nabby; Joe's come back, visitin'. I seen him and he told me about it, himself. The deed conveyin' the yellow house and the hundred and fifty acres to Uncle Zim's in the bank. And here's how it come about: After Joe got to rakin' in money, off his sheep, he wrote to Jim Taylor, wantin' to know if Jim'd sell him back the old place. And Jim bein' about to light out o' here, snapped him up. Joe was jest goin' to deed the land to his paw, but before he done it the old man had concluded to cut sticks and go out to Joe, and had sold the cabin and patch to Uncle Zim. So then, Joe, not havin' any special use for the old place, he writes to Uncle Zim, askin' if he didn't want to buy the whole mess of ground and the house, and Uncle Zim did, not tellin' a soul about it, only Lawyer Ludwig and the bank folks. Joe sent him the new deed through the bank, and Uncle Zim kep' it there, and Lawyer Ludwig, bein' a slow-witted old tarrapin, when he fetched out Uncle Zim's will and the deed to the cabin, lets the other deed slip clean out o' his mind. So there it laid in the bank under two canches of dust in a pigeon-hole. But we seen it today, all right, Joe and me; and Ludwig says nobody livin' couldn't dispute your claim to the whole outfit—it's all 'the Spooner place,' the yeller house as well as this cabin, that the Spooners lived in before they built on the hill. Joe struck town last night, and when he finds that Uncle Zim is dead he goes

to makin' inquiries about who's got the old place; then the whole business leaks out an sets the kin folks chasin' about before breakfast to try and gather their dear Aunt Nabby in away from the mud-dobbers and give her a comfortable home—'long as she don't need odds from some of 'em!"

"And yonder," cried Priscilla, sparkling across the hearth from Sam to Aunt Nabby, "sits the owner of the best farm and the prettiest house in a hundred miles, knitting a pair of socks to trade for a pound of coffee!"

Aunt Nabby let the knitting needles slip from her fingers, and clasping her little hard, brown hands, she looked steadily into the fire.

"Children," said she, "it ain't so—I'm in the old squeaky bedstid under the settin' sun kiverlid a-dreamin' it every bit! but thank the Lord fer the dream! And bein' I'm worked up now, I mought as well dream a little more to it. It don't take more'n a couple o' middlin' sharp eyes and years to know what's been holdin' you two apart from jinin' hands; and now I'm goin' to dream you're fixin' to start housekeepin' in the yeller house on the hill, which is goin' to belong to the two of ye, with the hundred and fifty acres, when I'm through with 'em; and that the house is big enough to hold Hudly and me, both agreein' one to put cotton in her years when the other feels like jawin'."

Sam Sawyer's homeward way lay through the hollow, and it was chill and dark; but as he went up the hill he saw a glorious moon rising above the black sycamores. In some vague fashion that he could not formulate, he felt that his life path was leading upward from the shadow of the loneliness and dissatisfaction into an open field made beautiful by love's golden moon. For he carried with him the sweetness of Priscilla's bethrothal kiss.

Rudyard Kipling: Ignorance of English literature and a limited vocabulary are the possessions of most young people.