

Now! The Final Achievement ---

Here, at last, is the supreme phonograph achievement of recent years—the Brunswick Method of Reproduction—the ULTONA, our new all-record reproducer, and the new Brunswick Tone Amplifier.

These give tone values a naturalness hitherto unattained. The Ultona is an amazingly simple contrivance—not a make-shift;

not an attachment; but a distinctly new creation. It plays all records according to their exact requirements. The proper diaphragm is presented to each record, whatever make, the exact needle, and the exact weight.

By the turn of a hand you adapt The Ultona to ANY type of record. A child can do it.

Plays all records PROPERLY

Now your library of records can be bought according to your favorites, absolutely without restriction.

The Ultona is obtainable solely on the new Brunswick models at \$225, \$255, \$290, \$500, \$2,500. Another vast improvement in

tone projection comes in our all-wood Tone Amplifier, built like a violin. All metal construction is avoided, thus breaking away from the usual custom.

Wood, and rare wood at that, is the only material that gives sound waves their proper vibration.

See and hear

You cannot afford now to make a choice until you become acquainted with The Brunswick Method of Reproduction. Examine the Ultona and note how simply it adapts itself to each type of record.

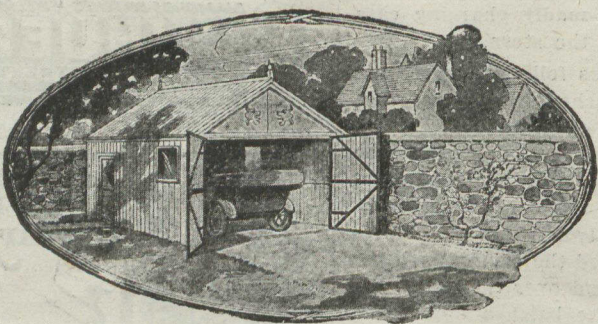
Once you hear the new Brunswick you'll be delighted and convinced that this is, indeed, the super-phonograph.

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE SALES CO.

Sole Distributors for Canada

Excelsior Life Building

Toronto



PEDLAR'S "PERFECT" ALL-METAL GARAGES

SINGLE CAR TYPE

HERE'S another type of Garage similar in general features to our "Metal-Clad" Garage, but different in that the framework is made of rolled steel.

The walls and roof are made of steel sheets, heavily galvanized in interchangeable unit sections—all standardized. They slip on the heavy angle-iron framework easily. Once placed they are locked fast.

The doors, windows, locks, bolts, hinges—all parts of the equipment—harmonize perfectly; and the Garage, when erected, presents a very handsome and substantial appearance; besides being absolutely fireproof and weather-tight.

Write for "Garage Booklet," showing the complete range of Metal-Clad and All-Metal Garages, Single Car, Duplex and Multiple types.

THE PEDLAR PEOPLE LIMITED

(Established 1861)

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had been the cause of the catastrophe, and in his fierce will to repair it he not only disregarded all risk to himself; he also had summoned up from within him and was spending the last strength of his spirit. But he was spending it in a losing fight.

He got off two more cars; yet the deck only dipped lower, and water washed farther and farther up over the fantail. New avalanches of iron descended as box cars above burst open; monstrous dynamo drums, broad-banded steel wheels and splintered crates of machinery battered about. Men, leaping from before the charging cars, got caught in the murderous melee of iron and steel and wheels; men's shrill cries came amid the scream of metal. Alan, tugging at a crate which had struck down a man, felt aid beside him and, turning, he saw the priest whom he had passed on the stairs. The priest was bruised and bloody; this was not his first effort to aid. Together they lifted an end of the crate; they bent—Alan stepped back, and the priest knelt alone, his lips repeating the prayer for absolution. Screams of men came from behind; and the priest rose and turned. He saw men caught between two wrecks of cars crushing together; there was no moment to reach them: he stood and raised his arms to them, his head thrown back, his voice calling to them, as they died, the words of absolution.

Three more cars at the cost of two more lives the crew cleared, while the sheathing of ice spread over the steel inboard, and dissolution of all the cargo became complete. Cut stone and motor parts, chasses and castings, furniture and beams, swept back and forth, while the cars, burst and splintered, became monstrous missiles hurtling forward, sidewise, aslant, recoiling. Yet men, though scattered singly, tried to stay them by ropes and chains while the water washed higher and higher. Dimly, far away, deafened out by the clangor, the steam whistle of Number 25 was blowing the four long blasts of distress; Alan heard the sound now and then with indifferent wonder. All destruction had come for him to be contained within this car deck; here the ship loosed on itself all elements of annihilation; who could aid it from without? Alan caught the end of a chain which Corvet flung him and, though he knew it was useless, he carried it across from one stanchion to the next. Something, sweeping across the deck, caught him and carried him with it; it brought him before the coupled line of trucks which hurtled back and forth where the rails of track three had been. He was hurled before them and rolled over; something cold and heavy pinned him down; and upon him, the car trucks came.

BUT, before them, something warm and living—a hand and bare arm catching him quickly and pulling at him, tugged him a little farther on. Alan, looking up, saw Corvet beside him; Corvet, unable to move him farther, was crouching down there with him. Alan yelled to him to leap, to twist aside and get out of the way; but Corvet only crouched closer and put his arms over Alan; then the wreckage came upon them, driving them apart. As the movement stopped, Alan still could see Corvet dimly by the glow of the incandescent lamps overhead; the truck separated them. It bore down upon Alan, holding him motionless and, on the other side, it

crushed upon Corvet's legs.

He turned over, as far as he could, and spoke to Alan. "You have been saving me, so now I tried to save you," he said simply. "What reason did you have for doing that? Why have you been keeping by me?"

"I'm Alan Conrad of Blue Rapids, Kansas," Alan cried to him. "And you're Benjamin Corvet! You know me; you sent for me! Why did you do that?"

Corvet made no reply to this. Alan, peering at him underneath the truck, could see that his hands were pressed against his face and that his body shook. Whether this was from some new physical pain from the movement of the wreckage, Alan did not know till he lowered his hands after a moment; and now he did not heed Alan or seem even to be aware of him.

"Dear little Connie!" he said aloud. "Dear little Connie! She mustn't marry him—not him! That must be seen to. What shall I do, what shall I do?"

Alan worked nearer him. "Why mustn't she marry him?" he cried to Corvet. "Why? Ben Corvet, tell me! Tell me why!"

FROM above him, through the clangor of the cars, came the four blasts of the steam whistle. The indifference with which Alan had heard them a few minutes before had changed now to a twinge of terror. When men had been dying about him, in their attempts to save the ship, it had seemed a small thing for him to be crushed or to drown with them and with Benjamin Corvet, whom he had found at last. But Constance! Recollection of her was stirring in Corvet the torture of will to live; in Alan—he struggled and tried to free himself. As well as he could tell by feeling, the weight above him confined but was not crushing him; yet what gain for her if he only saved himself and not Corvet too? He turned back to Corvet.

"She's going to marry him, Ben Corvet!" he called. "They're betrothed; and they're going to be married, she and Henry Spearman!"

"Who are you?" Corvet seemed only with an effort to become conscious of Alan's presence.

"I'm Alan Conrad, whom you used to take care of. I'm from Blue Rapids. You know about me; are you my father, Ben Corvet? Are you my father or what—what are you to me?"

"Your father?" Corvet repeated. "Did he tell you that? He killed your father."

"Killed him? Killed him how?"

"Of course. He killed them all—all. But your father—he shot him; he shot him through the head!"

Alan twinged. Sight of Spearman came before him as he had first seen Spearman, cowering in Corvet's library in terror at an apparition. "And the bullet hole above the eye!" So that was the hole made by the shot Spearman fired which had killed Alan's father—which shot him through the head! Alan peered at Corvet and called to him.

"Father Benitot!" Corvet called in response, not directly in reply to Alan's question, rather in response to what those questions stirred. "Father Benitot!" he appealed. "Father Benitot!"

Some one, drawn by the cry, was moving wreckage near them. A hand and arm with a torn sleeve showed; Alan could not see the rest of the figure, but by the sleeve he recognized that it was the mate.