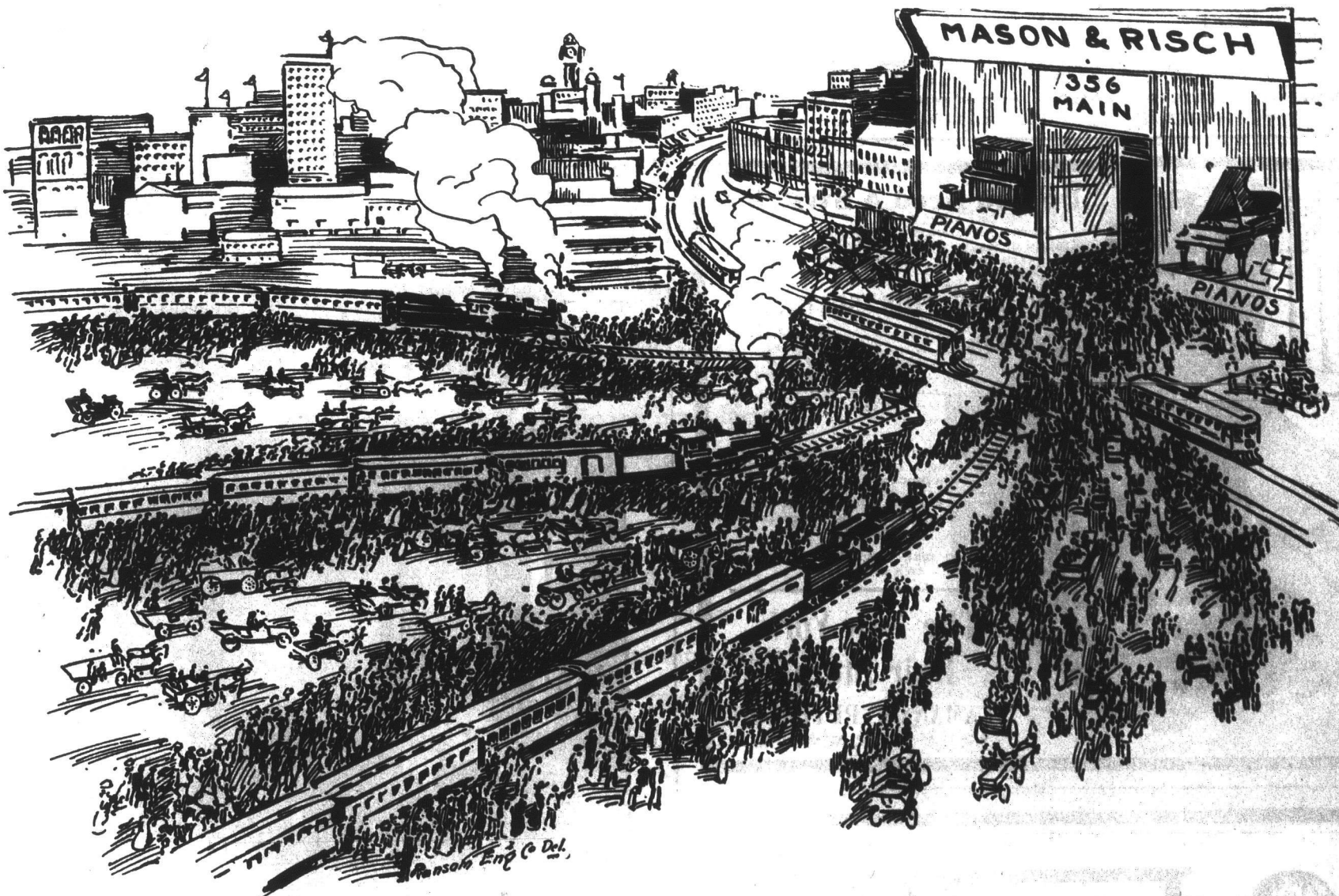


MASON & RISCH PIANO COMPANY



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356 MAIN STREET :: WINNIPEG

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WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET CONTAINING OUR LATEST DESIGNS

have ravished an artist's eye. He might even have gone farther and loved her straight furrow. And there, too, in a pocket made for the purpose, was tucked her little "Wallen," bracing as the work of which she was now unashamed. It had enlightened her, and fed her fancies. One of her dreams had been to chum with a Thoreau and be simple and sylvan and sincere.

"But even if he is courting me," she said, after a mutual silence, "I needn't take him, if I don't want to, need I?"

"My sakes, Marty, you'd never say 'no' to Andrew Ambrose? You'd be plumb crazy!"

"He's splendid to look at, and I like him around for a while, and he seems very, very kind, but that isn't all, is it? I'd have to love him, and I might not find him lovable. Besides, how can he love me?"

"Why, child, you're a woman, ain't you? And when he can come court-

ing you, don't it show at once he's lovable? He ain't after money and beauty, he looks deeper. Marty, at the pace he's going, there'll be a wedding before the year's out!"

But in her excitement she had unduly raised her voice, and immediately the familiar yell from the next room recalled her there on deprecating tiptoe.

"Will Andrew ever yell at me like that? Never twice! I'd kill myself rather!" said Marty to herself.

But in the days that followed, if she thought at all, she had to own that Andrew was very lovable. Who could have withstood, even knowingly, a pursuit so quiet, so relentless, so skilled, and withal so gentle? And yet to Andrew the chase was a hard one, harder than he expected: he had to admit it was hard enough to be exciting and pleasurable, and that the quarry was worth the trouble. Yet her decoys and defences were those

of sincerity and candour, not of prudery and coquetry. Without meaning to be so, she was proud, elusive, fearless; and the knowledge of her shortcomings in the way of good looks and education gave her just the requisite softening touch of timidity. Occasionally in the breathing-places of the chase she would look at him almost with petition. Love was such a torment of joy, such a fulness of life to her, that at times she almost prayed to be delivered from it. And in those days, the mother, looking on tenderly and silently, fancied that even the outside Marty changed. Her brown skin took a rose tint, her hair seemed burnished, her eyes to have golden lights. Her rich nature, that no hardships had impoverished, only held in check, once placed full in the sun, became almost exotic but for its native austerity of truth. No wonder Andrew found himself looking forward with a beating pulse

to the moment of capture.

And there came a day when he said:

"Marty, you've got to give in."

And her reply was, "I want to be free."

"It's the last thing you'll always want if you're a true woman," he said.

"I want to be a true woman, from head to foot."

Andrew laughed aloud.

"Choose, then," he said.

And the choice answered his expectation.

The hunter's blood was hot within him, but never the lover's. To know she was in his power was enough. But how could Marty discriminate between triumph and love? And would she be glad or not to learn?

It was soon after that, that Fred Williams came one morning to the farm. He had worked there once in haying and harvest times and had known and liked Marty well enough