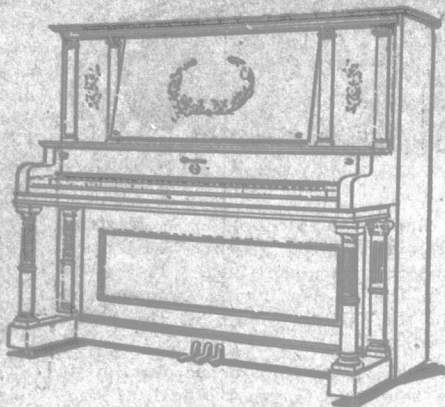


Gourlay, Winter & Leeming
188 Yonge St., TORONTO.

Good Pianos

PRICES LOWER
THAN EVER



Not pianos of doubtful quality, but first-class pianos that we are offering at much lower prices than they could otherwise be bought for.

It is the essence of economy without an element of risk. You are absolutely sure of a reliable piano and extra value for your money. You cannot do better than that under any circumstances, and in buying one, you take no chance, for we guarantee it as fully and as confidently as the most expensive piano in our warerooms.

TERMS OF SALE:

1. We guarantee every piano, and agree to pay the return freight if not satisfactory.
2. A discount of 10 per cent. off these prices for cash.
3. A handsome stool accompanies each piano.
4. Every instrument safely packed without extra charge.

TERMS OF PAYMENT:

Pianos under \$250—\$15 cash and \$6.00 per month.
Pianos over \$250—\$15 cash and \$7.00 per month.
Pianos over \$400—\$25 cash and \$10.00 per month.
If monthly payments are not convenient, please state what method you prefer—quarterly, half-yearly, or at certain fixed dates. We wish to know what terms will suit you.

DOMINION—7-octave, walnut, English cottage model, upright piano, by The Dominion Co., Bowmanville. A modern piano, used less than a year, with all improvements, three pedals, mandolin attachment, etc. Regular price, \$250. Reduced to..... **\$189**

MENDELSSOHN—7-octave, cottage style piano, by The Mendelssohn Piano Co., in handsome walnut case, with full swing music desk. This is a favorite piano with students, being of excellent tone, best repeating action, and in every way modern and attractive. Used only four months. Regular price, \$275. Reduced to..... **\$215**

GERHARD HEINTZMAN—Handsome upright piano, 7½-octave, by The Gerhard Heintzman Co., in rosewood case, with full swing front, solid panels, with hand carving in relief. This piano is in excellent condition, the action and interior being just like new. Height, 4 feet 3 inches. Original price, \$350. Reduced to..... **\$264**

HARDMAN-HARRINGTON—7½-octave, upright grand piano, in handsome walnut case, with full length polished panel, surmounted by hand carving. This piano is one of the last of an order of 50 pianos made specially for us by this company. Since placing the order, styles have changed, and though \$340 is the regular cash price, we now offer it for... **\$269**

EMERSON—7½-octave, upright piano, by The Emerson Piano Co., Boston. One of the finest pianos made by this celebrated company, handsome burl walnut case, Boston fall board and full swing front, handsomely carved, best American action, full overstrung scale, etc. A very fine piano, could not be told from new. Original price, \$425. Reduced to... **\$280**

FISCHER—7½-octave, cabinet grand piano, by J. & C. Fischer, New York, in handsome dark burl walnut case. One of the finest styles made by this well-known company, with centre swing music desk, handsomely carved, in excellent order and is just like new. Best American action, three pedals, full overstrung scale, etc. Height, 4 feet 10 inches. Original price, \$500. Reduced to..... **\$285**

GERHARD HEINTZMAN—7½-octave, cabinet grand, Gerhard Heintzman piano, in richly-figured mahogany case. This is one of our concert pianos, chosen for this purpose because of its beauty of tone. The piano is entirely modern, having left the factory only a few months, and is one of the handsomest pianos made by this company. Original price, \$450. Reduced to..... **\$315**

GERHARD HEINTZMAN—7½-octave, full-sized cabinet grand piano, by the Gerhard Heintzman Co.; handsome Colonial design of case, in burl walnut. This style has been discontinued because of changes in styles, but is a perfect instrument in tone and appearance. Regularly \$500. Reduced to..... **\$318**

KNABE—7½-octave, upright piano, by Wm. Knabe & Co., Baltimore, in rich mahogany case with full length panel, Boston fall board, up-to-date trusses and pilasters, etc. This Knabe piano could hardly be called a used piano, but recent changes in case designs force us to call this an old style (but a handsome one), and to facilitate wareroom handling we have marked it as a used instrument. The regular price is \$600, we offer it now for..... **\$445**

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming

188 YONGE ST., TORONTO



House-decorating.

Young Mrs. Summer, one day in November,

Decided her home to furnish anew;
For reds were too bright, and browns
were too sober,

Yellows had withered, greens faded
from view.

She sent for the Wind, and asked him
most sweetly

To sweep off the trees and cut every
flower,

To brush clean the grass and smooth it
all neatly.

And freshen the gardens by sending a
shower.

Young Mrs. Summer is tall, fair and
stately;

Her favorite color had always been
green;

Her beautiful home, until very lately,
Was furnished and draped in its shimmering
sheen.

The Wind with a will worked eager and
steady,

But raised such a dust that the birds
flew away;

The butterflies too—and when all was
ready,

He went to My Lady and asked for his
pay.

Young Mrs. Summer, when payment was
over,

Had little to purchase her favorite
green;

The birds were all gone, the bees and
the clover,

And everything round looked so cheer-
less and clean!

She went to the sky to do all her shop-
ping,

And stepped to a counter where bar-
gains were low;

And there with much care, and thinking,
and stopping,

She bought a white dimity—we call it
snow.

Young Mrs. Summer, with brisk, busy
fingers,

Then covers the bareness with drapings
of white.

Next sends for Jack Frost, and not a
day lingers,

But starts for the South by the first
train that night.

There she will work through the long
sunny hours.

And Bachelor Jack will look after her
home;

She soon can buy green, and then with
her flowers

Sweet young Mrs. Summer will back
again roam.

The Squire's Son.

"Sarah, where are you?" called a
sweet young voice.

"Right here, miss, and what would
you be wanting now?" came the reply,

as the parlor-maid at the Hall came for-
ward with smiling bow to her mistress—

Lilian Nelson, the only daughter of
Squire Nelson, of Royston Hall.

"Oh, nothing particularly," she an-
swered, only I thought I would ask you

to tell my father not to wait luncheon
for me. I think I will call at Finley

Court."

Lilian was a beautiful girl of nine-
teen, with a sunny face and golden hair,

and was loved by everybody for miles
around, as she well deserved to be. She

passed out of the big iron gates and
started off at a brisk walk down the

road. She kept on for some time, mak-
ing many turns, until she found herself

on a strange road. It was not very in-
teresting, and Lily turned at last into a

side lane or path, which led her into a
region of rocks and stones. She looked

around with curiosity for a time, and
then began to feel lonely and wished she

was sitting in Clara Finley's drawing-
room enjoying a cup of tea. She was

considering, rather forlornly, her chances
of ever getting home again, when a

thick shawl was thrown over her head
and a rough voice told her to be quiet

and she would not be hurt. Lily
struggled hard for liberty, but finding

resistance was useless, she at last lay
exhausted in the arms of her captors, and

felt herself being carried rapidly along
for a considerable distance. At last

they set her down and withdrew the
shawl. Dazed and bewildered, at first

she could hardly see, but as her senses
cleared, she found herself in a long, low

room, which she rightly guessed was a
smugglers' cave. How was she to get

out. Her father would never be able to
find her here, and perhaps she would be

kept here all— Her reverie was inter-
rupted by the sly tones of a man bid-

ding her come to supper. She sat down
as directed, but of what the meal con-

sisted, or who sat at the table, she had
no idea. Once she heard a smothered

exclamation, and looked up quickly.
A man who sat opposite was

gazing fixedly at her. When supper was
over, Lily sat down in a far corner and

began to think. Suddenly a voice at
her elbow aroused her, and she started

up, to find that the man who had seemed
so interested in her at supper was beside

her chair.

"Look," he said in a whisper, pointing
to the men who were clustered around

the table, drinking and playing cards.
"Look! In half an hour they will be

stupid with drink, and your only chance
of escape will be then. I will let you

out, and you must find your way
home." "I understand all that," said

Lily, "but you must tell me who you
are, and why you seem so set on my

escape. Will it not be imperiling your
life?"

"It would take a long time to tell you
the story of my life," he said with a

hurried glance at the other men, "suffi-
cient to say that when a lad of thirteen

I was taken by these smugglers. From
what I heard a diligent search was made

for me, but all efforts to find me were of
no avail. For thirteen years I have lived

a lonely life with these men, but surely
now I see the face of one of my own

kindred. Oh, Lily, Lily," he broke off
into an eager whisper, "you are my

own beloved sister, and I am the long-
lost brother whom none of you ever ex-

pected to see again."

He stopped abruptly, for Lily had
fainted. But he soon succeeded in re-

storing her to her senses, and she sat
for some minutes in silence. Then,

touching him on the arm, she said:

"I am not capable of clearly under-
standing you yet, but please let us go

home and tell father you are found. See!
the men are all fast asleep." He led her

along one narrow passage after another
in silence, till at last he stopped and

touched something. Immediately a flood
of moonlight lit up the faces of Lily and

Percy.

"Good-bye!" he said softly.

"Oh, you must come too!" she cried.

"What is the use of your staying? They
will find out you have let me go, and

they may kill you. Please, please come."

"If you really wish it, I will," and
taking her hand they started for home.

Little more need be said. Suffice it to
say that next day a body of armed

policemen broke into the cave and ar-
rested every man without a blow. Percy

Nelson was welcomed back to the home
from which he had been stolen, and one

of Lily's greatest pleasures now is to
visit the deserted cave and listen to his

tales of life with smugglers.

ALINE HARGITT (aged 13).
Innerkip, Ont.

A Nine-year-old Worker.

Sir,—I got your prize of a knife, and
was well pleased with it. Everyone I

show it to says it is a beauty. I am
a little boy, nine years old, but will try

to get some more new subscribers. With
many thanks, I am EARLE HODGINS.

Bruce, Ont.

"Both of my grandparents on my
mother's side were nonagenarians," said

Mrs. Oldcastle. "Is that so?" replied
her hostess. "My folks was all Bap-

tists, but Josiah comes from a Metho-
dist family."

In answering the advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.