

\$20,000 STOCK OF PIANOS AND ORGANS BEING SACRIFICED BY CROSS, GOULDING & SKINNER

**Fifteen-Day Reorganization and Alteration Sale --
Get Your Piano Now and Save Fully \$100**

DISCOUNTS THAT REALLY COUNT

Read Below Our Special Combination Piano and Player Offer

In order to meet the demands of our rapidly growing business, we have found it necessary to make alterations in our show-rooms, with a view to better facilities for handling the trade and giving the exacting public better service. Further, the capital of this Company will be augmented so as to enable us to expand and keep pace with the rapid growth of this Great West.

Our store is packed with the choicest assortment of Pianos we have ever exhibited, and, in order

to make room, we have decided to eliminate for the next 15 days the question of profit.

Piano Buyers, this is Your Opportunity

Come early and get first choice. The instruments we offer are the regular lines that have helped us build our business, and an examination will quickly convince the most skeptical that the values obtainable are the best ever offered in the history of the piano trade in Western Canada.

NOTE THE QUALITY

WEBER (New York)
The choice of Paderewski and Rosenthal.
NEW SCALE WILLIAMS
Canada's Great Piano
MELVILLE CLARK
A Standard American High Grade
DOHERTY
Canada's Standard Organ

KRANICH & BACH
A Leading American Make
APOLLO PLAYER PIANO
A World Famous Player Piano
ENNIS & CO.
An Exceptionally Fine Medium
Priced Piano
KRYDNER
A Reliable Popular Priced Instrument

PONDER THESE PRICES

\$350 Piano, slightly damaged in transit \$193
\$350 Piano 229
\$375 and \$400 Pianos \$265 and 285
\$450 Piano 325
\$500 Piano, slightly marked 340

\$550 Pianos \$385
\$600 Pianos 410

A few Special Art Pianos, which bring regularly from \$600 to \$700, clearing at \$400 to 450

SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER

No 1
A new Upright Piano. Regular selling price \$350
A Simplex Cabinet Player. Reg. selling price 275
Special Sale Discount \$625
Net Sale Price 240

No 2
A leading high grade piano mahogany case slightly marked. Regular selling price \$450
A Baldwin Player in mahogany to match in good condition 275
Special Sale Discount \$725
Net Sale Price 275

Used Pianos
Used Upright Pianos from \$25 up. A partial list of the makers—Russell Lane, Chickering, Heintzman & Co., Uxbridge, Krydner, Leiter & Winkelman, Craig.

Organs from \$10 to \$70
To the cash buyer we will make this the opportunity of a lifetime, but our gradual payment system will apply to this sale.

Out Of Town Buyers
If you cannot come in to choose for yourself, write and tell us what price you would like to pay and terms that will suit, and we will send a list of our best offerings at your figure. You can telephone your first, second and third choice at our expense, and we will hold the instrument long enough to arrange details by correspondence. This sale will close to city customers on May 1st, but in order to give out-of-town buyers an opportunity to participate we will continue these prices for mail orders up until June 1st.

CROSS, GOULDING & SKINNER, Limited

323 PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG

Four Doors Below Hargrave

grown road stretching due west from the station, pondering the old man's mysterious words.

"Joe and the old woman" were probably left by Caleb Ware upon the estate. It was a relief to know that I should not find a closed and deserted house. I looked around me as I plodded on. The road stretched mostly by isolated farm houses and pastures overgrown with huckleberry bushes and clumps of pitch-pine. The broken ring of a young moon shone in the west, and that most dreary and dismal of birds, the whip-poor-will, sang persistently to me from all the wayside thickets. I met no one. I saw no sign of life anywhere but the lights which began to flash, like Cyclops' eyes, from the farm windows. To say the least it was a lonesome walk.

"Perhaps I have, after all, missed the way," I said to myself. "I will stop at the next house and inquire."

Suddenly at my back arose a loud tramp, tramp—the noise of a horse advancing at a swift pace over the sandy road.

I was small of stature, and dressed from head to foot in a soft twilight-gray color. Consequently my figure was, I suppose, indistinguishable from the grotesque shadows of the thickets which overspread the way. I turned and saw a flash of fiery eyes, and

the matter now by galloping off without me. Believe me, I am heartily sorry and ashamed. Take my arm; you are faint. Who are you? Where are you going?"

"I am going to Caleb Ware's farm," I faltered. "Can you tell me if it is near?"

He looked at me narrowly. He was a person of thirty years or more, and so far as one might judge from actual appearances, a gentleman.

"Yes," he answered: "there is the light shining yonder through the apple-trees. Do you wish to see anybody there?"

"I am Esther Ware," said I, "Caleb's grandniece. I have a letter from a lawyer named Lawrence stating that by the death of my uncle the estate has fallen to me. I wish to see him."

The face of my new acquaintance lighted like a cloud when the sun shines on it.

"Behold the man!" he cried, and doffed his wet hat. The statement conveyed in my letter I am glad to confirm by word of mouth. I did not, however, think to make your acquaintance so soon, Miss Ware, or in such a singular manner."

"I was obliged to come this very day," I confessed, frankly. "I had no other refuge. May I enter yonder at once?"



"The kitchen door opened, and Joe Hardy looked out on us from the threshold."

something looming black, gigantic, at my shoulder. I heard a snort, as of a frightened horse, and sprang to one side to avoid being trampled upon. This proved to be a disastrous movement, for the next instant I felt a blow, a shock. I was flung down in the darkness of the unfamiliar way, iron-shod hoofs went over me, and I knew no more.

When I opened my eyes I found myself still lying in the road, with my head upon somebody's knee. A man's hand was splashing water from an hat upon my upturned face. "Good heavens!" cried a voice, full of horror and dismay, "have I killed you?"

I looked up at a peaked beard and a pair of perturbed brown eyes, and tried to lift myself up, feeling bruised and bewildered and wet.

"Not quite," I gasped. "What was it? What struck me?"

"My horse," answered, in a prompt, annoyed voice. "Atrocious beast! He must have thought you some belated quail. Are you seriously hurt? Are any bones broken?"

I struggled to my feet and shook myself.

"No," I faltered; "I seem still to be whole."

He arose and poured the water out of his hat.

"I did not see you till the brute trampled you down. He has ended

I gave him the letter which he had written me. He regarded me very closely by the uncertain light. Did he think me an impostor? I bore his look without flinching—yes, eyed him steadily in turn, as he stood there, towering head and shoulders over me.

"Certainly you may," he answered. Suppose I go and introduce you to Mrs. Hardy and Joe, the present occupants? You may not receive a very cordial welcome, but, being the rightful owner of the place, you need not care for that."

We walked away toward the light which he had pointed out to me. Before reaching it we passed an imposing entrance gate, towards which my companion pointed with his riding-whip.

"You must know," he said, lightly, "that you and I are neighbors, should you need me at any time you'll find me yonder."

He led me into a deep-rutted lane. In its silence and darkness the house stood, seeming, as I thought, to shrink back from my approach. It was a two-storey building, unpainted, and ruinous in aspect, with half the windows upon its front boarded up. Rank shrubbery, and the skeleton host of last year's weeds and nettles choked the approach to the main door, so Mr. Lawrence turned aside and conducted me under a row of apple-trees, the unpruned branches of which