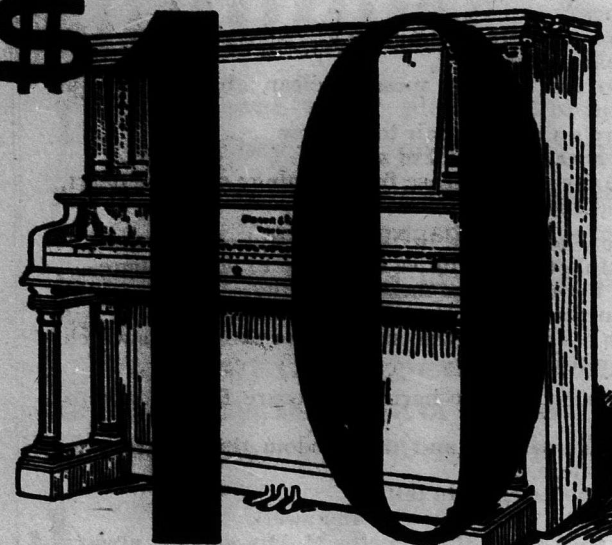


PAY \$10

THE LARGEST STOCK OF PIANOS WEST OF TORONTO.



COPYRIGHT

Mason and Risch Pianos, Newcombe Pianos, Classic Pianos, Harmonic Pianos, Brewster Pianos, Columbus Pianos, Weber Pianola Piano, Wheelock Pianola Piano, Stuyvesant Pianola Pianos, Doherty Organs and Pianolas.

New Pianos from \$135 to \$1,000. We carry any grade of Piano you wish. We can sell you any grade of Piano and save you \$50 to \$80 on the price.

Sold on easy terms, direct from the factory.

Write for Illustrated Booklet, prices, etc.

MASON & RISCH,
DEPT. W.H.M.

Winnipeg's Big Piano Store
356 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG

How Do You Spell Your Name?



It matters NOT where you live
**IF YOU HAVE PIMPLES,
BLACKHEADS**

Eczema, blotches, freckles, a sallow, muddy or greasy complexion, or any skin diseases, send us your name and address and we will send you FREE a full 2 weeks' treatment of SKIN TONE; a quick, positive and permanent cure for all skin diseases—a marvellous Flesh Tonic and Complexion Beautifier. WRITE TO-DAY. Address

Richter Pharmacal Co.
DEPT. 311M 88 CHURCH ST.
TORONTO

OTTAWA STYLES FOR LITTLE MEN.

BY MAIL

The array of handsome New Suits, two and three-pieces, is unequalled in Canada. The prettiest ideas of the best makers are here in Russian, Buster Brown, Sailor, and Norfolk Suits.

Write for information. No branch Store in Canada.



THE 2 MACS LIMITED.

Everything Men and Boys wear. SPARKS & BANK STREET. "BUSY CORNER," OTTAWA.

The Emigrant's Wife.

AN EASTER STORY.

BY M. B. WILLIAMS.

The little Episcopal church of Ello-way, in one of the Southern states, was gorgeous this Easter eve with its floral decorations. The girls belonging to the congregation had been at work from early morning, and with vines and evergreens from the adjacent forest, and a profusion of flowers from the gardens in town, they had succeeded in turning their pretty little church into a bower of fragrance and beauty.

"Well, at last we've finished," Clara Grant said, as she descended the ladder, after adjusting the mottoes over the central arch, "and I declare, girls," with an admiring glance around, "I don't believe the city churches can make a prettier show. But, we've worked for it; my stars,

actually impious. The heart of them, indeed! Isn't it Easter, and ought we not to rejoice at the resurrection, and show that we rejoice?"

"Certainly, I am the last to deny that, but why bound our rejoicings by church decorations? Can a few flowers and wreaths express fitly and fully our great gladness?"

"Goodness knows what you want," laughed Clara. "When you mount one of your crockets and canter off, I don't pretend to keep up with you. But don't forget to bring the lilies tomorrow for the christening font. We decided to have nothing but lilies on it, you know, and you are the only one who has any in bloom. You see we have left the font untouched until tomorrow, and you and



Her arm was gently touched.

how we have worked! No one can say we are not zealous in church matters."

"Not in church decorations, certainly," Alice Newton said, with a smile. She was a sweet-faced, thoughtful-looking girl about eighteen. "What between a desire to surpass other churches and be complimented on our taste, besides our natural love for pretty things. I think we are making a very creditable exhibition, very creditable, indeed."

"That's just like you, Alice," Clara Grant grumbled; "you're always taking a wrong view of things. Why do you attribute these decorations to such mean motives? Why don't you go down to the heart of them?"

"Well, what is the heart of all this?" with a sweep of her hand towards the wreaths and crosses.

"You ought to be ashamed to pretend ignorance," Clara cried wrathfully; "you are in one of your perverse moods, and I declare you are

I must be here at least an hour before the services begin to arrange it."

"Very well, I shall have five or six sheaves of lovely white lilies in bloom tomorrow, and some white violets—they will be quite as suitable as the lilies for the font."

Easter morning dawned—an ideal Easter, so fresh and bright and beautiful it was!

Dressing in haste, Alice ran down to the garden and filled a large basket with white, golden-hearted lilies, with the dew still on their silken petals.

"You are in a great hurry," her mother said, as she hastily rose from the breakfast table.

"Yes, Clara and I have to decorate the christening font before services begin. You know it must be all white, and there were no white flowers brought in yesterday."

"You have lilies enough there to make it beautiful," Mrs. Newton said.

"Yes, I think so," Alice said, looking over the flowers lovingly. Lilies are the most suggestive that can be used in church decorations, particularly for a pure and sweet Easter. That are brought there to be used."

Alice walked leisurely through the church, knowing that she had time for the work which she had to do. She paused to admire a moment, when a gentle touch on her arm made her turn. She saw a little girl about twelve years old, with a thin, sallow face, but with eyes that were fixed hungrily on the flowers.

"Please, ma'am," the girl said, "may I have some of those beautiful flowers lilies?"

"Why, yes," she said, "but you must examine them; but when you come from, my child, I never seen a lily?"

"No, I never saw drawing in her breath, a ecstatic sigh. "Mother, I don't know about them I I soon as I saw them. O beautiful, and don't sweet?"

She clasped her hands in splendid eyes, full of wonder, were riveted on her. But suddenly the expression on her face changed to one of profound grief.

"Oh, if mother could only see me! Poor mother, she spoke, and she wept with her checked apron."

"Where is your mother?" asked, "You are a stranger?"

"Yes'm; we come all the way from Kansas in a wagon. Papa is a big blizzard that blows house. She lived to old home so papa sold been travelling, oh! I do many weeks. Mother yesterday, and we stopped town, and papa got a cold she's very low," with a sob.

"but I reckon if she could see it would do her some good. I was always wanting to see you, but we lived away from here and we were too poor."

"Sick, poor and a stranger," Alice, as she said those words, forgot for Easter.

"Take me to your mother," said, "What is your name?"

"Christine—Christine," she said, "I am so glad mother has lilies," clapping her hands with delight.

"Yes, she shall have some," Alice said.

As they walked to the skirts of the town the simple, pitiful tale, once been in good circumstances, her mother, from Christine was an educated woman in Alabama had Misfortune came to poverty and sickness.

"There's the wagon," Christine pointed to a canvas-covered wagon, and a the tongue, with his hands.

"And oh! I forgot he sent me for, a mouthful for breakfast, running to him, 'I forgot but I'll run back for taken up with some has brought for mother."

"Is that you, Christine?" said, raising his head, thin and worn, and vacant look of one were leagues away; that neither face nor of a common laborer well as those of his coarse homespun, clean.

"Never mind a child, a mouthful, but your mother would better make."

"Yes, papa, right a good lady come to."