

A THEATRE AT HOME



Columbia

Seven
days'
free
trial
if desired

This Columbia in beautiful modern cabinet with latest aluminium scientific tone arm and revolving horn, exactly as shown.

THE DISC STYLE REIGNS SUPREME

\$29 ONLY freight paid, including 14 large selections (7 double discs) of your own choice.

Pay \$5.00 down and

\$4.00 Monthly

Nordica, Bonci, Mary Garden, Alice Neilsen, Cavalleri, Kubelik, etc., sing and play exclusively for the Columbia.

Other Columbia Outfits \$25.00, \$50.00, \$75.00, \$100.00, etc. Easy Payments.

Double Discs, 2 different selections, 85c. All languages. Imported British records now ready.

Gold Mounted Cylinder Records, two minute, 25c; 4 minute, 45c.

Columbia Indestructible Cylinder Records, 2 minute, 45c; 4 minute, 55c.

Satisfaction guaranteed. We have all makes of second-hand machines at bargain prices. Old machines taken in trade; 40 styles of talking machines; 30,000 records; 40 styles of pianos.

Write for interesting Graphophone History and Free Booklet, No. 21.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO.

Biggest Piano and Phonograph house in Canada. Wholesale and retail.

All makes of Phonographs for sale
295 PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG

Buy Paints Direct from Factory

THE CONSUMER pays for all the losses caused by the Credit System, and pays all the profits made by Retail Merchants, Jobbers and Manufacturers' Agents.

THE MANUFACTURER who sells direct from his Factory for Cash to the Consumer, can afford to sell at very low prices. He saves you all the profits of the Middlemen and has no losses to add to cost of goods.

THIS IS WHY we want you to send us measurements of your buildings, and we will send you color cards and tell you how much material you need. The Low prices will surprise you.

CLUB YOUR ORDERS and save freight.

WRITE

PAINT DEP'T, 60 King Street,
WINNIPEG

The Man Next Door

Miss Melvina Seerrod scowled and choked back an angry exclamation as she watched the man next door. Yet it was really none of her business. He was cheerfully throwing a pan of potato peelings into his own back yard. He was whistling joyously, which was an added annoyance. Miss Melvina disliked the blatant arrogance of his whistle.

"The idiot!" she snapped aloud. "To think of throwing garbage just outside a kitchen door! He is making a regular breeding place for flies and we'll be pestered to death all summer. I should think he would hire some woman to do his housework. I don't call it decent for a man to live in a house by himself and wash his own dishes!"

It really was a shame. For ten years ever since old Mrs. Olson had died and left the house to a nephew in New York, who did not consider it worth much attention—the place next-door had brimmed with vexation for Miss Melvina. Nearly every year a family, more or less desirable, had moved in and after several months had moved away. But this lone man was the latest and most obnoxious tenant of all. Miss Melvina decided grimly that the Frawleys with their seven noisy children were preferable. They kept the yard clean at least.

But this man—Miss Melvina loathed the sight of his blue overalls and striped sweater; his impudent swagger and air of being perfectly at home. She detested the corn-cob pipe, which was never absent from his mouth. But most of all she loathed his uncertain, amateurish attempts at housework. Scarcely two weeks had elapsed since his arrival, yet Miss Melvina had turned from an ordinary woman with the usual amount of good and bad temper to a bitter-tongued shrew. Her peace of mind was gone. Once he threw out two big crocks of clabbered milk. And just beside the fence Miss Melvina's two half-grown pigs squealed lustily for the dainty mess. "Such sinful waste!" ejaculated Miss Melvina. While he was emptying the crocks he called a cheerful "Good-morning" to Miss Melvina, whom he saw behind the muslin curtain. She returned the salutation with a funeral grunt.

Several warm days came, the fore-shadows of an early summer. Two big blue flies buzzed in Miss Melvina's tiny, spotless kitchen. She was agitated. The sight of the eager invaders spurred her to decisive measures. She snatched a shawl from a nail, tossed it over her head and ran over to the fence where the man was leaning, calmly puffing his old, disreputable pipe.

"Mr.—er—" she floundered. She had heard his name, but it had slipped completely from her mind.

"Trenton—Jim Trenton," he furnished eagerly and pulled the brown cap which was perched on a thick mass of grey hair.

"Mr. Trenton," Miss Melvina repeated with a severe dignity which ignored his evident cordiality. "You've got to stop it."

"Er—what?" he asked. "Smoking?" And he looked wistfully at the pipe which he had taken from his mouth at her approach.

"No, of course not," she snapped. "What is it to me whether you smoke or not? Although it is a very bad habit. Throwing stuff in the yard—that's what I mean! It attracts flies!"

"You don't say so!" The rueful droop to his mouth as he looked at the tell-tale litter was ingratiating. But Miss Melvina could not be soothed. "It's disgraceful," she cried, "to have such an untidy yard!"

"I guess you're right," he admitted with a furtive glance about him. Miss Melvina walked home in majestic silence, and tried to feel that she had performed a proper action, and that the incident was closed.

She was very busy the remainder of the day, and in the course of her many duties she had to pass the windows and could not fail to see that the man next door was working harder than man ever worked before. First he had picked up all the scraps of paper, large and small, which dotted both front yard and back. Then he got the rake and diligently went over every inch of ground. It was raked and scraped and almost polished. By evening his place almost rivalled Miss Melvina's own in point of neatness. He did not stop for supper, but

kept steadily on until it was too dark to see. Then he hung the rake from the low branch of an apple tree and came across to Miss Melvina's gate. She was coming out. Her arms were full of bundles and good stuff for the church social and her best bonnet rested on her curly brown hair, which forty-five years had not dared to streak with grey. "Does it look better?" he asked with jubilant satisfaction.

Miss Melvina admitted with somewhat grudging kindness that it did look much better and then she would have hurried on. But he leaned against the fence in a leisurely way which suggested that he had something else to say, and Miss Melvina waited to hear it.

"Are you going to the social?" he asked finally.

"Yes," said Miss Melvina, rather surprised.

"I kind of had a notion to go," he said plaintively. "I suppose there will be a supper?"

"Yes, there will be," she answered, and was conscious of a feeling of pity. Was it possible that he tired of his own cooking? Then she straightened coldly. He ought to be tired. Why was he living in that heathenish way by himself? Where was his wife or daughter?

He answered the unspoken query. "I get awful tired of my messes, but what is a fellow to do when he hasn't got a wife or anybody who cares two cents about him? In the city I always went to a restaurant. But here there isn't any." He sighed wistfully.

"What did you come here for?" Miss Melvina demanded, crisply, quite forgetting that it was none of her business.

But he replied at once, as though he was glad of the opportunity to tell his troubles. "I had to. My health gave way. I was in the shop all day—making furniture—and the doctor said I had to get out in the country where I could have a chance at fresh air, or I wouldn't last a year. But I didn't think it would be so lonesome."

Miss Melvina felt strangely ashamed. Now that she took a good long look at him she could see that he was far from robust. And very likely he had not the money to pay a housekeeper.

"Why don't you come to the social?" she urged. "You will get a fine supper and then you can get acquainted with everybody, and you'll soon find your lonesomeness a thing of the past."

He looked at her appealingly. "Would you mind," he asked with a humble diffidence which touched her, "if I went along with you? You see, I don't know a solitary soul and I don't exactly relish the idea of pushing into that crowd by myself."

Miss Melvina stared and a refusal trembled on her lips. Such audacity! Why, she didn't know who or what he was! Then she met the wistful longing of his eyes. And it suddenly occurred to her that he had a very attractive face. A faint, slow blush, a timid reminder of the long past days of her youth, crept over Miss Melvina's face. Not for twenty-five years had a man asked to escort her to a social.

"Would you mind waiting?" he asked hopefully. "It won't take me two minutes to slick up and put on my other suit."

Miss Melvina was listening to the comments which she was sure to hear. She could surmise the whisper, "Miss Melvina's got a beau!" which would scurry around the big assembly room where the social was to be held. Then she smiled kindly at the waiting man and said, quite as though it were a matter of course, "All right; I'll sit out here and wait until you are ready."

LITTLE DIMPLES

By W. Edson Smith

What's a dimple?

Oh, that's simple!

It's a ripple in the whirlpool

Of a pretty woman's smile.

It may lead you to destruction—

Maybe start a rousing ruction;

It was placed there by the devil

With intention to beguile.

Change your dimple

To a pimple;

Twist the "d" around a bit—

It's just a letter more or less;

For a dimple—ah—inverting,

Makes a whole lot less of flirting;

And this topsy-turvy treatment

Has been needed long, I guess.



Grain Growers'

Sunshine
Guild

Conducted by "Margaret"

Head Office:
Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg

Associate membership fee \$1.00
S.G. Badges (ladies')50
S.G. Pendants (gentlemen's)50
S.G. Buttons (children's)05

OBJECTS

To feed and clothe some hungry child.
To gratify the wish of some invalid.
To maintain the Girls' Club room at 274 Hargrave St.
To maintain the Fresh Air Home at least for three months in the summer.



CHILDREN'S BADGE FIVE CENTS
Don't you want one?

SASKATCHEWAN

Zena Morvil, Wapella, Sask., secretary of the Woodleigh Sunshine Guild.—Dear Zena, your letter and enclosure received safely. Will forward manual this week, as we have just received them from headquarters. You could make a quilt for single bed or small one for a child's cot; whichever you would like best. I am deeply grateful for your loving help. Give my love to all the children. I will write a long letter, and tell you more of the branch work. Write often.

Olive Millham, Hazel Cliff, Sask.:—Hearty welcome to our Guild. I am sending cards and buttons. Write and tell me your brother's names and cards will be sent for them also.

If you were living near me I would ask you to call on many errands of mercy; an automobile can cover the ground so quickly. Some day I hope to see a Sunshine automobile delivering comforts to my needy ones. Don't you think "Margaret" is very ambitious?

Mrs. A.J.E., Odessa, Sask.:—Glad, indeed, to hear from you again. I will forward copy of paper to you and try to send it regularly. The work is growing wonderfully and each brings help and support. Many blessings have been given, and I hope that from now on the work will grow and scatter, until the chain is complete from coast to coast.

Alice Grey, McLean Station, Sask.:—Your kind letter and 25 cents received safely, for which accept my hearty thanks. I will forward card and button. Try and form a branch of Sunshine in your school. Some school branches are making quilts, bandages, muslin handkerchiefs (from cheesecloth), which greatly help me in the work of helping the sick.

Hannah Dixon, Clair, Sask.:—Your good wishes and kindly thoughts for the work are a great joy to me. Many thanks for the 5 cents. I am sending membership card and button. I hope to hear of a branch of Sunshine in your school.

MANITOBA

Dorothy Ryan, Rosser, Man.:—Dear little girl, I will send buttons without delay. Also membership card and buttons for your brother and sister. Hope you are feeling stronger. When you go back to school try and form a branch of Sunshine. Write often.

N.T. Biscarth:—Dear child, your lovely scrap books will indeed prove a "Ray of Sunshine" to some sick little one. I will forward at the earliest possible moment your membership cards. Accept my loving thanks for gift of \$1.00. The scrap books are always a great delight to the sick children. When made on a five-cent copybook they are just as heavy as a child can hold. Nothing elaborate is necessary, but simple pictures and postcards make a pretty combination. Cheesecloth handkerchiefs also help, as they are so cheap and easily made.

HOMES WANTED

"Two dear boys of 8 and 9 years of age are without a permanent home. I would be glad to hear of a good home for them. The mother will not give them up altogether, as she hopes to make a position for them in a few years. Here is a 'kind act' to help this dear mother and her boys."

EMERGENCY FUND

Amount previously acknowledged \$19.75
Rosser 1.00
A friend 1.00
A Sincere Well-wisher 3.75
Alice Grey25

EVERY CHILD SHOULD JOIN THE SUNSHINE GUILD

Sign the form below:—

Dear Margaret:—I should like to become a member of your Sunshine Guild. Please send membership card. I enclose two-cent stamp for its postage.

Name

Age

Address