

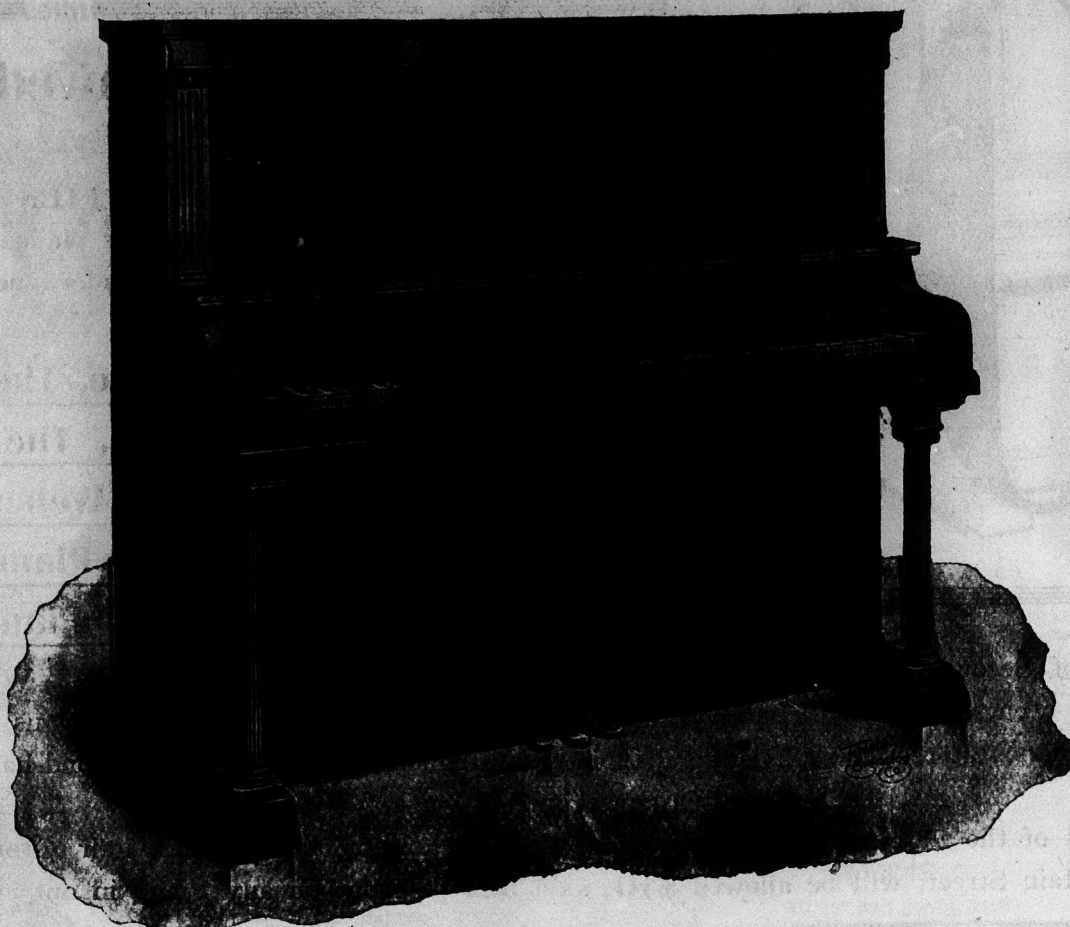
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LARGEST PIANO AND ORGAN DEALERS IN THE WEST.

Priscilla produced a handkerchief to have ready in case of an emergency and looked at Bob imploringly. "Now, don't laugh, Bob. I am in great trouble," she said in a tearful voice. "I must tell you, for I don't know what to do."

"Fire away," said Bob, composing his features.

"Well, you know," said Priscilla, twisting her handkerchief, "Nathan Alexander went to town with me last night."

"Yes," said her brother dryly; "I have known of his being with you occasionally."

Priscilla went on. "We were talking together, and I did



"The hot muffins in the refrigerator."

not pay strict attention, for—something unpleasant had happened, and I really could not listen. I said 'no' to a question he asked, and he seemed so surprised that I was sure I had given the wrong answer. But I still said 'no,' for you told me once, Bobby, that if I ever did tell a lie to tell a good one."

Bob exploded with laughter. "Now, Priscilla, don't say those awful sentiments are mine! and I must say that I don't yet see why these tears."

"It came over me afterward," she said, blushing vividly, "that perhaps Mr. Alexander was—proposing to me; and

oh, dear, I wouldn't have said no to that!" and she dropped into a big chair.

"Rubbish!" said Bob. "Don't you know a rejected suitor when you see one? He was probably inquiring if you believed the Bible or if you had read the latest novel. How did he behave? Was he in the doleful dumps?"

"I don't know," replied Priscilla. "Auntie whisked me away so fast. Then I had the blues and made Dorothy Winslow come down to the eleven o'clock train with me, and we came back with Mrs. Webster. And Dorothy will be down in a minute."

At this announcement Bob straightened his tie and looked expectantly at the door. "Priscilla, I don't see how I can help you. Your love affairs are always too complicated for my simple mind to deal with. But cheer up, Sis; if Alexander is knocked flat by the first 'no' that hits him he is easily killed. Good-morning, Miss Dorothy."

"It was twice I said 'no,'" murmured

Priscilla as she led the way to the breakfast-room.

Fortunately, Bob and Dorothy found plenty to talk about, and Priscilla was left to her own reflections. She was filling Bob's coffee-cup with lumps of sugar when Dorothy's look of mild surprise caused Bob to remonstrate. It was a matter of importance what that young woman thought of him.

When the door-bell rang, and Mr. Alexander was announced, Priscilla excused herself to two people who got along very well without her. They were still lingering at the table when Priscilla returned. She looked radiant. "Bob," she said shyly, "will you go in and ask Mr. Alexander to breakfast? He walked down from town; and just think, Bobby, I have been engaged to him since last night and I never knew it!"

"Well," said Bob, "I suppose, being from Boston, Alexander is such a gram-

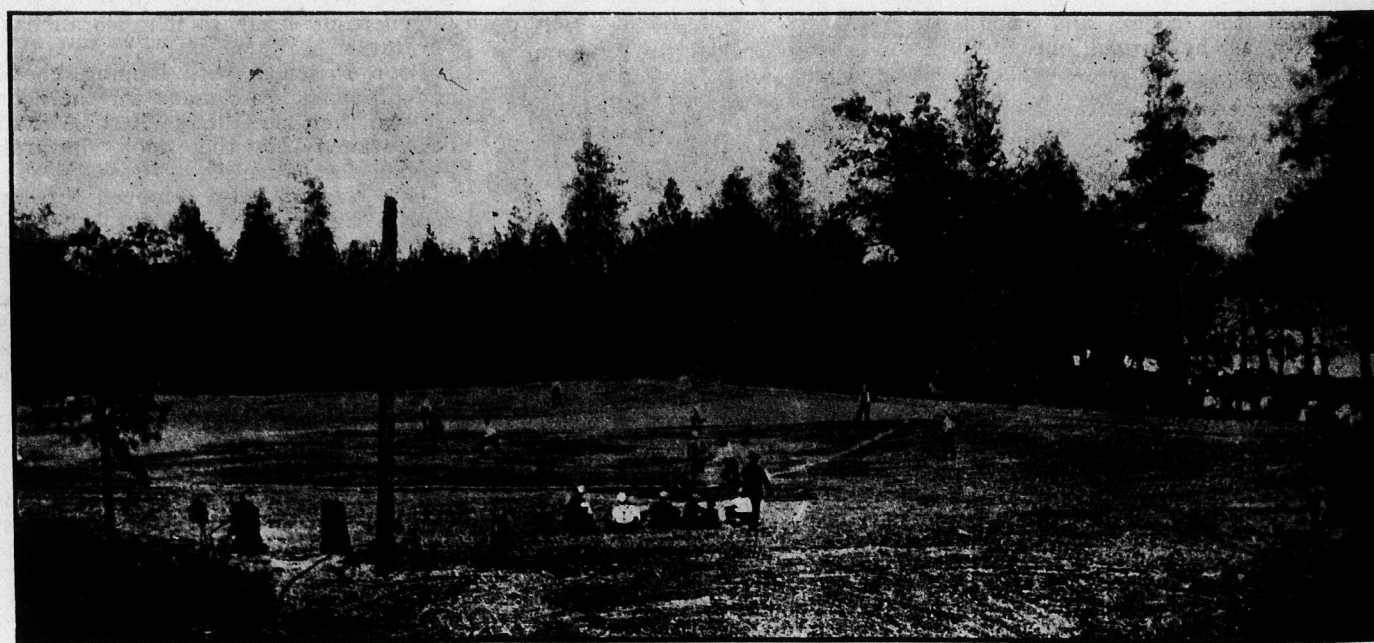
marian that he knows two negatives make an affirmative."

"No," said Priscilla with a happy laugh; "but that question he asked was, 'Would you object to marrying such a quick-tempered fellow as I am?' And he looked surprised when I said 'No,' for he really thought I did not care for him."

Bob kissed the sweet little face of his sister, and left. Priscilla moved about arranging a place for the unexpected guest. She absent-mindedly put all the spoons at Alexander's place, quite unaware of the deep significance of these symbols.

"Dorothy," she said earnestly, "this will be a lesson to me. I am going to reform, and I shall never let my wits go will-gathering again."

What was the longest day in Adam's life? When there was no Eve.



Athletic Ground, Peachland, Okanagan Valley, B.C.

Correspondence

A letter below in this column is a letter to our readers that are doing for Western.

The young lady refers to a letter to us and it is in the April number 1906. As a letter she made the name of a young farmer who is now the happy pair being married on April 10th, 1907. She also states that she will continue to allot a certain space each month to our readers who may avail themselves to get acquainted. These columns you must name and address, not publication but as an honest otherwise no notice of your letter.

Who Wants Blue-

Winnipeg, A. Editor.—In your March letter from Carroll, of the farmer. It states that there are so many marriageable women that girls prefer working cities before the farm. Now, Mr. Bachelor, girls for working who highest wages and then to their strength? I think that I am a farm, for I prefer the way. When a girl goes what she expected to do to milk cows, carry in wood and work of the house. I writing from experience work fit for any young member women are some men take them also makes the startling girls prefer the country sports for husbands. be some of the kind, but Mr. Bachelor, there are honest, hard working