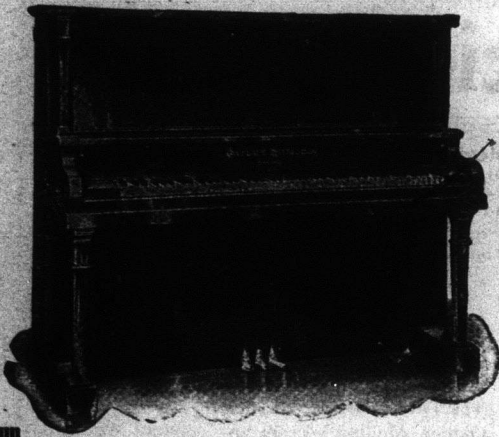




Have You Considered my offer to supply you with this Gerhard-Heintzman Piano by mail

There are several reasons why you should take advantage of this offer. Read the following:—

1. I will have the piano especially selected for you by Mr. Heintzman personally.
2. It will be shipped direct to you from the factory. Freight prepaid.
3. You can examine it and if not entirely satisfactory ship it back to Winnipeg and I will pay all expenses.
4. The price quoted, \$400 delivered at your station, is very low because I have no expenses.
5. The terms \$20 cash and \$10 per month are the lowest ever offered on the piano.

I have just returned from Toronto where I was successful in arranging for some special instruments at present in course of construction and I can assure those who order now something very special.

Can you think of any other way of purchasing a piano so safe—you have this piano placed in your home at no expense, can try it over yourself and examine it in every way and can return it without expense if it does not prove satisfactory to you in every way.

I make this offer because knowing Mr. Heintzman I am running very little risk and I am perfectly willing and anxious to have the piano returned if not satisfactory.

Will you write me at once.

NORMAN J. LINDSAY

Lindsay's
284 PORTAGE AVE. WINNIPEG

whip-cracking, and brought the horse to a standstill. As the other came up he began devoutly crossing himself, and repeating the Qui Tollis.

With the two vehicles abreast, that of the priest's also stopped, and Placide saw that the holy father rang and drove for himself.

And a great fear seized upon the superstitious Placide the moment he next saw the priest drop bell, book and reins, and lift his hands towards heaven in the former's direction.

And as he looked, and no sound yet came, he began to quake and tremble so that his knees smote together, and shrink back upon his seat as if from a fearful thing.

And when the solemnly slow words did come, they were so awful upon him

that he felt as if riven with fire.

"Thou—guilty—man! Accursed—be—thy—load! May—it—turn—to—the—earth—from—which—it—was—taken."

Placide doubted his sense, but he turned and lifted the sacking, and with a single yell leaped from the cart, plunged headlong through the roadside bushes, and having fallen, rather than climbed over the fence, made as fast as his legs would carry for the nearest woods.

And from that hour forth Placide became a changed man. As for Albina she kept her own counsel, drew her own conclusions, and made a good wife to a man whose mind became troubled at times, to think that he once made light of holy office, and played the priest.

A Hand-Made Village.

By Mary E Wilkins.

In these days of machines and machine work, when even the elements are harnessed down and made to bear the brunt of the labor of the world, when horse-flesh is gradually becoming less valuable, when cogs and wheels and gasoline and steam and electricity carry us, push us, clothe us and feed us, we have little realization of what a hand-made village ever meant.

And yet it is not so long ago that a hand-made village was an actual fact. From the time one entered the boundary of the town, or "precinct," one encountered nothing except handiwork.

The roads were all made by the patient hands of day-laborers. There were no steam-rollers to frighten the steeds of other days, only a long line of bent men digging and smoothing for their bread and butter, in order to make the highways possible for the pedestrians, and for the travellers in chaises and

to electricity! Think of the laborious process of candle-making, the careful saving of wax and tallow and bayberries, the melting and dipping, which was a large part of the year's work for housewives! Think of the difference of obtaining light at all, the running to secure some coals from a neighbor's hearth fire, the nerve-wearing work of striking light with flint and steel!

But in those days all light, save that of the sun and moon and stars, was in its truest sense hand made. Of course even today all artificial light, so called, depends upon human labor, but not as in former days upon one's own individual human labor. How many of us have had actually to employ human labor to secure light during dark hours for work or amusement?

We work, it is true, but in a sense our feet and hands, our factors of work, have become multiplied, and the end is

Why Women Buy Magazines

"Did you read my story?" asked the young writer of magazine stories.

"I read the first part of it," answered the candid girl, "but after the first page it trickled off among a lot of advertisements that were so interesting that I lost track of it."

sulkies, and for the mail-choaches. It is true that some of the roads, especially in the southern part of the country, were pretty bad, but hands did all they could.

If a man who kourished a century ago could come to life again upon a macadamized road and see automobiles and trolley-cars flying past him, he would very likely think himself on another planet. Possibly the great Cotton Mather, could he be reincarnated in Boston town, the great Cotton, with his belief in the supernatural and witchcraft, would even try his utmost to have all motor-men and chaffeurs, and their vehicles, included in an auto da fe for the grace of God, and the purging of the land from the practises of the devil.

It might be amusing and interesting to imagine the great divine again in his old haunts, and viewing the progress made since he left them.

How hard he would look at the tunnel, which desecrated the tombs of his contemporaries for the good of their descendants! How he would possibly commend his soul to his Maker before that plunge into the bowels of the earth! What would he say to the witch-like progress of the trolley-cars, with no apparent motive power, except something after the fashion of a broomstick sweeping a wire? How would he stand and solemnly gaze at the electric-light poles!

He might esteem it a miracle if he were in a house which could be flooded with light by the pressure of a button on the wall. He would certainly write innumerable sermons about such a phenomenon, and command attendance at all the meeting-houses through interminable hours.

Conceive what it would mean to a man to make one stride from candles

not yet. We accomplish in a single day more than some of our forefathers by unremitting industry could accomplish in a year, and still the wonder grows if the work accomplished by these super-added members of action, these machines, and innumerable devices to husband and speed the human nerve and muscle, is quite as perfect, as God-fearing, as that which bore the thumb mark.

There is nobody but will concede that the lights are better, nobody but will concede that the facilities for transit are better for communication between various quarters of the globe; but when we consider the products of the factories, and those which were patiently and slowly wrought with toil-roughened fingers, with an alert brain as supervisor, one wonders if there is really an advance.

In the hand-made villages it is true that the people froze in winter in their badly heated houses, suffered in summer in their screenless and blindless rooms, had less comfort; but did they not have as reward for their industry better products?

Think of the houses in the hand-made village, every beam and rafter of which was joined with hand-wrought nails. Think of the vainscot walls, built for generations. No repapering and plastering were needed then. The thumb-mark of the worker was on those walls. His best strength was in them, and they were built to endure.

Think of the ceilings with their great hand-hewn rafters. Not much danger of plaster falling, to the destruction of household treasures, in those houses. The great central chimney, after the period of catted chimneys, when bricks had come into use, was a tower of strength for the house. It is true that it af-

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The half pound can contains eight ounces of pure cocoa, of the finest quality, most delicious flavor, and possessing all the strength of the best cocoa beans, most carefully blended.

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Childrens' Dresses Reduced



to dispose of the remnants that accumulate in our Ladies' suit factory we have made them up into childrens' dresses like dress No. 3, of pleated skirt and sailor collar with silk tie. This is a very attractive and neat style and one that you will be pleased with. Comes in following material: Fine luster in cream, navy, brown, and red; any age up to 12 years, \$2.95. Beautiful rich velveteen, all shades, \$6.50 to 12 years.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS
From 10 to 12 years give bust and waist measure, also length of dress from collar down also give age. Order one of our wonderful dress bargains to-day.



Add 30c. we will pay postage. Be sure and give dress number when ordering. Standard Garment Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Ont.

Send \$3.95

Receive this beautiful embroidery and lace child's dress No. 4, made with two rows of pleated embroidery to form the skirt. Waist consists of two rows of insertion over each shoulder down front and back from which extends over the shoulder a frill of embroidery matching skirt. Front of waist consists of fine crosswise tucked, lawn and lace, prettily arranged. Sleeve consists of fine lawn with lace insertion and lace trimmed cuff. Order this beautiful dress to-day. Price up to 10 years \$3.95; to 12 years, \$4.95. For further information read general directions above.

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