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We have to walk nearly a mile to school, so on these stormy days we have to take our lunch. What part of the city do you live in? I live in the West End. I am still taking music lessons, papa gets books from the Carnegie Library, but I have not much time for reading because I have so much home work for school.

We have another farm on the Red river to which I hope to move next summer. It is nine miles from the city. I like the farm.

Wishing the club every success.

Man, (a) BOOKWORM.

(I live west, too, but not very far out—C. D.)

A TRUE BEAR STORY.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to the Western Wigwam. I am nine years old and in the third book at school. I have three sisters and one little brother three weeks old. We are all girls in our family but the baby. His name is Wallace Lenwood. He is quite cute.

We have forty-five acres of land broken. We had twenty-two acres of wheat and the rest of oats. Our wheat turned out about thirty bushels to the acre, and oats eighty-five bushels to the acre. We live close by a coulee and there is lots of fun sliding down the banks in the winter time. We live five miles from Quill Lake.

I was born ten miles from Walkerton, Bruce County, Ont. Then I went to Owen Sound, then to Regina and now at Quill Lake. I will close with a true story that happened down in Bruce county.

A SAVAGE BEAR.

One day Mrs. L— came to see Mrs.

S—. In the afternoon Mrs. L— and Mrs. S— started home to Mrs. L's—. They had to cross a large bush, when they came to a river, where Mrs. L's— son had promised to come to the river and meet them and row them across the river. The women waited there for a while, but as the son did not come they started home but took the wrong road. The road which they took led them farther into the bush. As they they were walking along they came to a big turn up (a tree torn up by the storm) As they were passing this tree a large female bear sprang out and attempted to seize the small baby which Mrs. S— was carrying. Mrs. S— kicked it away and it sprang at Mrs. S—'s small boy who was walking behind the woman. Catching it up the bear ran away with the little boy, who was crying "Oh, mamma, mamma, take me!" Mrs. S— started after it but could not get near it. That night a search party went out to find the boy. The father found him about dead and he died the next morning. A neighbor shot the bear.

Sask. (a) MARION BLACK.

TRAVELLING.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—Seeing so many nice letters in the FARMER'S ADVOCATE I thought I would write too. We have a saw mill about sixty miles north of here. We will be going up to it in about two weeks. I went up there in July, just to see what it was like. I liked the road and the place very well. We had a team and a democrat. We had to cross a lot of creeks. The trees and the flowers were very beautiful. We could hear the song of the birds in every tree.

I have a 22 calibre single shot rifle and I can shoot anything I aim at. I

can trap wolves, weasels, muskrats and mink. I like to go out fishing. I am a good horseback rider. I can ride any horse I see.

I am sending a two cent stamp, for which please send me your membership button.

Sask. (b) A FARMER'S MERRY WHISTLER. (12)

A PRIZE PONY.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to the Western Wigwam and I hope to see it in print. I am nine years old but I am tall for my age. I have a shetland pony and call it Bonnie. I have a little red cart I use in the summer and a little cutter in the winter. My father has taken the FARMER'S ADVOCATE for a long time and I like very much to read the little letters in the Western Wigwam. My father has a farm three miles from the city and I go out on Saturdays with my pony. My sister has a pup and she calls him Tip. Last year my pony took first prize at the exhibition.

Sask. (b) WESTERN BOY.

WITHOUT A LICENSE.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—Well I am writing to your Wigwam again, but it won't be a very long letter this time.

I have not been at school these last two weeks because our teacher has been sick with jaundice. Her skin all turned yellow.

Rivers (the town nearest us) has sprung up very quickly during the last two years. There has been a hard fight there this last little while, because some people have been trying to get a license for selling liquor, and they had it for a little while but the temperance people have won at last, and I, for one, am very glad. There have been quite a few wrecks on the railroad too.

Nearly every week or so a wrecked train comes into town and there have been quite a few people killed.

I hope some day to be able to go to Winnipeg and see you, Cousin Dorothy. At school I am in Grade Six, but I will soon be into Grade Seven, except in Arithmetic. It is my hardest subject, and I can hardly do it.

We have a Sunday School in Rivers and the largest attendance we have ever had is seventy-seven.

Well, Cousin Dorothy, you will soon get tired if I keep on writing.

Man. (a) BROWN THRUSH.

WELL DIGGING.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—Seeing my last letter in print I thought I would help your corner, though I am inclined to think it is pretty crowded every week. How many members has it now, Cousin Dorothy? The cold weather is beginning to start up here and we feel it more than we do in mid-winter, I believe. We have a well digging outfit at our place now. They have gone about forty feet and have not struck water yet. We have a large bunch of horses. Some of their names are Queen, Bessie, Nellie, Bunny, Maud and Beauty. Captain and Jeff are our democrat horses. Paddy and Dick are our Ponies.

Our work horses are Jim, Charlie, Lizzie and Rock. We have more horses too. One of my sisters has not written to your corner yet, but she always reads the letters. We finished our threshing since I wrote before and all the grain turned out well. We stook threshed.

Alta (a) AUTUMN.

SONGS WANTED.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—Here I come again! This week there were 15 members' letters in the FARMER'S ADVOCATE. I think Pocahontas writes good letters. They are so interesting. I have read Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, and quite a few more books.

I would like to correspond with any of the members, if I only knew where to write to. I am going to take drawing lessons, and then I will send in a drawing. I am sending a good recitation for any girl or boy the next time I write. Here is a riddle: On a high hill there is a green house. In the green house there is a white house. In the white house there is a red house. In the red house there are a lot of little black men. Ans.—A watermelon.

Do any of the members know the songs of "Somebody's waiting For You," "My Wild Irish Rose," or "Where the Sunset Turns the Ocean Blue to Gold."?

Sask. (b) NELLY G. LEE.

The Golden Dog

By WILLIAM KIRBY, F.R.S.C.
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CHAPTER XLIV.

THE INTENDANT'S DILEMMA.

"Did I not know for a certainty that she was present till midnight at the party given by Madame de Grandmaison, I should suspect her, by God!" exclaimed the Intendant, as he paced up and down his private room in the Palace, angry and perplexed to the uttermost over the mysterious assassination at Beaumanoir. "What think you, Cadet?"

"I think that proves an alibi," replied Cadet, stretching himself lazily in an armchair and smoking with half-shut eyes. There was a cynical, mocking tone in his voice which seemed to imply that although it proved an alibi it did not prove innocence to the satisfaction of the Sieur Cadet.

"You think more than you say, Cadet. Out with it! Let me hear the worst of your suspicions. I fancy they chime with mine," said the Intendant, in quick reply.

"As the bells of the Cathedral with the bells of the Recollets," drawled out Cadet. "I think she did it, Bigot, and you think the same; but I should not like to be called upon to prove it, nor you either,—not for the sake of the pretty witch, but for your own." "I could prove nothing, Cadet. She was the gayest and most light-hearted