

How to buy an EDISON Phonograph



Do not buy an Edison Phonograph until you are convinced that you want one. Hear it at the dealer's first.

Hear it play a number of pieces. Hear it play the kind of music that you like—music that you have heard people sing and play—so that you can know how well it does it. Hear it play Amberol as well as Standard Records.

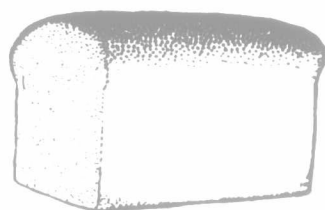
You will decide that the Edison Phonograph is the best.

Then remember that it takes only a small amount of money to buy it. You can get a perfect Edison Phonograph at your own price, whether it is \$16.50 or any price up to \$162.50—one that will last a life-time, that will give pleasure every day, that will help you to educate your family, that will entertain your friends, and that will while away many hours that might otherwise be misspent.

Standard Records 40c
Amberol Records (twice as long) 65c
Grand Opera Records 85c

There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Amberol Records. Get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
100 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J., U. S. A.



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WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED
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Please Mention this Paper.

risings, I have looked around on the same beautiful landscape that surrounds our home. Familiar as it is to me, there are new beauties every day in it. Sometimes I watch the sun rise over the river and the hills and trees, and again it is cloudy, so spring, summer, autumn and winter, all bring their own beauties. There is never a morning but that, first, on coming down, I go onto the veranda "to greet the day," and every evening, when I can, I watch the sunset. I have a special sunset seat under the big fir and pine trees, and, if I, busy woman as I am, can find time to so spend a few minutes, I know others can and do so, too. M. A.

I have read the above with a great deal of pleasure, and a little perplexity. After all, M. A. has misunderstood me a little—just the misunderstanding, I suppose, that often comes when things are written instead of spoken, and when the inflection of the voice and expression of the countenance are all absent. Things written in jest are often taken in earnest, things written in sympathy as the very opposite.

Hard on the country women! Bless you, I am a country woman, pure and simple, but it is impossible for me to live in the country now and keep up my connection with the printing office, so I am of necessity urban, for the present, at least. I like the country the best, but, of course, there are many things in the city that I enjoy, also. Many of these last we shall have in the country also before long, I think; at least, we can have them, if we set about it right.

Yes, M. A., I do know that country women feel deeply, and think deeply, and love Nature, too, as a rule. But I also know that there are a few (I have met them) who seem to miss seeing the beautiful things somehow, and who are always unhappy because they have to do farm work and live in a quiet place, instead of being in town. I think I wrote my little say, partly in the hope of awakening these few to appreciate a few things that they had missed, and partly in the hope of inducing a few of our Nature-lovers to speak out. You see, in this last at least, I have been successful.

True, Nature is not everything, but it counts for something, especially to the country-woman, who cannot have a buzz of people around her all the time. If we live in the country, we should surely cultivate every faculty that will help us to love the life more and more, eyes to see the beautiful things, ears to hear the bird-songs and the brook-murmurs, as well as hearts to care for those to whom we may bring help or cheer.

I am sorry you misunderstood me, M. A. If I seem to criticize sometimes, it is because I see something that may be improved, and you know nothing can be too good for our beloved country. All of the conditions are not perfect, either in town or country. Is it, then, a wrong thing to aim at the best, anywhere? I should like if you Chatterers would make suggestions too, sometimes. You must occasionally see something that might be improved, and you don't know how much good just discussing a question now and again in our little column might do. The truest friend of any place or cause whatever, is not he who shuts his eyes to the defects, but he who sees the imperfections and tries to remove them. What I want is, that we Inle Nookers join hand in hand to make our country, as far as our influence reaches, better and more beautiful every year, that we aim at better health in the homes, better training for the children, more scientific housekeeping, more tasteful furnishing, prettier gardens, and, above all, at the increase of a love for reading and an all-round interest in all of the things about us. So we shall be happier, and, if happier, better and more helpful women in every way.

By the way, it was rather a coincidence that the same mail which brought M. A.'s letter, brought also a private note from another correspondent thanking me for that very article, and asking for others in the same strain. So somebody understood. Perhaps I was awkward in expressing myself. I must be more careful again. D. D.

Charity draws down a blessing on the charitable

—Le Sage

The Golden Dog (Le Chien D'Or.)

A Canadian Historical Romance.

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CHAPTER XLII.

"Let's Talk of Graves and Worms and Epitaphs."

About the hour that La Corriveau emerged from the gloomy woods of Beauport, on her return to the city, the night of the murder of Caroline, two horsemen were battering at full speed on the highway that led to Charlebourg. Their dark figures were irretrievable in the dim moonlight. They rode fast and silent, like men having important business before them, which demanded haste; business which both fully understood and cared not now to talk about.

And so it was. Bigot and Cadet, after the exchange of a few words about the hour of midnight, suddenly left the wine, the dice, and the gay company at the Palace, and mounting their horses rode, unattended by groom or valet, in the direction of Beaumanoir.

Bigot, under the mask of gaiety and indifference, had felt no little alarm at the tenor of the royal despatch, and at the letter of the Marquise de Pompadour concerning Caroline de St. Castin.

The proximate arrival of Caroline's father in the Colony was a circumstance ominous of trouble. The Baron was no trifler, and would as soon cloke a prince as a beggar, to revenge an insult to his personal honor or the honor of his house.

Bigot cared little for that, however. The Intendant was no coward, and could brazen a thing out with any man alive. But there was one thing he knew he could not brazen out or fight out, or do anything but miserably fail in, should it come to the question. He had boldly and wilfully lied at the Governor's council-table—sitting as the King's councillor among gentlemen of honor—when he declared that he knew not the hiding-place of Caroline de St. Castin. It would cover him with eternal disgrace, as a gentleman, to be detected in such a flagrant falsehood. It would ruin him as a courtier in the favor of the great Marquise should she discover that, in spite of his denials of the fact, he had harbored and concealed the missing lady in his own chateau.

Bigot was sorely perplexed over this turn of affairs. He uttered a thousand curses upon all concerned in it, excepting upon Caroline herself, for although vexed at her coming to him at all, he could not find it in his heart to curse her. But cursing or blessing availed nothing now. Time was pressing, and he must act.

That Caroline would be sought after in every nook and corner of the land, he knew full well, from the character of La Corne St. Luc and of her father. His own chateau would not be spared in the general search, and he doubted if the secret chamber would remain a secret from the keen eyes of these men. He surmised that others knew of its existence besides himself; old servitors, and women who had passed in and out of it in times gone by. Dame Tremblay, who did know of it, was not to be trusted in a great temptation. She was in heart the Charming Josephine still, and could be bribed or seduced by anyone who bid high enough for her.

Bigot had no trust whatever in human nature. He felt he had no guarantee against a discovery, farther than interest or fear barred the door against inquiry. He could not rely for a moment upon the inviolability of his own house. La Corne St. Luc would demand to search, and he, bound by his declarations of non-complicity in the abduction of Caroline, could offer no reason for re-