

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS PLAYER PIANO

answers that oft repeated statement "of what use would a Piano be in our house? Nobody can play".

The fingers of the great pianists are but highly trained pieces of mechanism. It is the soul of the artist, communicated to the fingers, which plays the music.

The New Scale Williams Player Piano gives you the fingers of the masters. The years of drudgery of practice—the expense of teachers—are wiped away.

The man and woman, who had not the time or opportunity to train their fingers, can still produce the music that is a part of their being.

The New Scale Williams Player Piano brings forth the enchanting melodies of the masterpieces of music just as the masters wrote them.

You—without knowledge of the purely mechanical

part of piano playing—can still put into this music all the soulful expression which you possess.

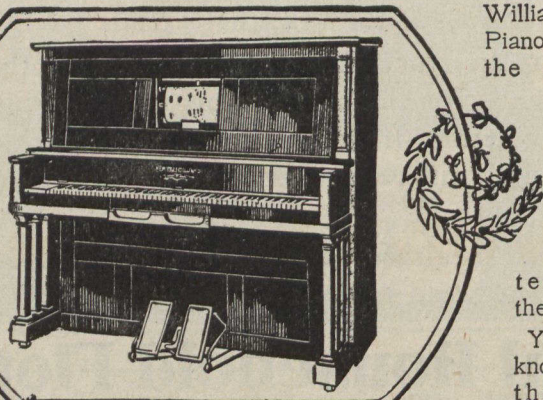
New Scale Williams Player Piano is the universal storehouse of music. Playing 88 notes, it reproduces everything that has been written for the piano—the classics, grand opera scores, favorite hymns, songs and melodies in a lighter vein.

We make both the 88 and 65 note New Scale Williams Player Piano in Louis XV, Mission and other handsome designs.

Our richly illustrated booklets show the wonderful mechanism of this Player Piano and give descriptions in details. Write for free copies and also our plan of easy payments.

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The Deluded Female

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Joseph allowed he had done so, adding that in answer to numerous inquiries he had merely replied that he might attend the meeting.

"It will be a surprise when you step upon the platform! And it will make all the difference to us when the audience sees that we have your support. Oh—and about your speech. Well, you have only to declare the meeting open in a few words, and introduce the speakers, and, if you feel inspired make some remarks at the end. I have jotted down what is actually necessary on this slip. And, by the by, this other slip bears an invitation which I want you to give at the beginning."

Mr. Redhorn examined the second slip, shook his head, and groaned. "There's no' a man in Fairport wud accept' this invitation."

"But you will give it, Mr. Redhorn?"

"Mem," he said dully, "I've come to the condection o' mind whaur I wud staun' on ma heid if ye said the word—an' I'm nae acrobat, an' never was."

SIX ladies followed by the chairman appeared on the narrow platform. A slight flutter of applause ended in a great gasp. Then there was laughter.

Mr. Redhorn began to speak without delay. At the last moment he had nerved himself to his task, and he remembered some of the speech which he had been studying for more than a week.

"Leddies an' gentlemen," he began, "seein' that this is ma first appearance on any platform in the capacity o' chairman, I beg ye will kindly excuse ma incapacity, as the leddies to ma richt an' left ha'e kindly consented to excuse it. Ye ken the objec' o' this meetin', so I needna' harp on that—Johnnie McPhee, keep yer feet still!—but afore introducin' the speakers o' fame an' experience—oh, ye'll be surprised when ye hear them!—I ha'e an invitation to—to proclaim." Here Mr. Redhorn paused to cough, and received a few personal remarks from the audience, such as "Wire in, Ridhorn; ye're daein' fine!" and "Mind ye dinna get the jile, Joseph. We'll maybe no' bail ye oot!" Then he read from a slip as follows: "Ye will observe several vacant chairs on the platform, gentlemen. I ha'e plesure in invitin' ony gentlemen in the audience to show their sympathy wi' the cause, an' to support the chairman by fillin' them."

At this there was a burst of laughter and ironic applause which, however, suddenly subsided. For, to the utter amazement of the chairman and the majority of the audience, several men rose slowly to their feet. They were the local fish merchant, the grocer, the butcher, the young baker, the slater, the piermaster and a couple of gardeners—in short, the most important men in the village. For a brief space they stared suspiciously at one another, and appeared about to resume their seats. But the young baker, his face on fire, led the way, and one after another they shuffled awkwardly to the platform and bashfully took seats. It is worthy of record that they filled the vacancies exactly.

From that moment the success of the meeting was assured. If the audience was not wholly sympathetic, it was at least attentive, and Mrs. Methven and her colleagues were allowed to explain themselves to their hearts' content.

A FEW weeks later, Mr. Redhorn and his apprentice were working on the interior of the Grey House.

On a certain afternoon Mr. Redhorn, who chanced to be in unusually bright spirits, was whistling "The Girl I Left Behind Me" through his teeth, when the boy (not necessarily inspired by the tune) put the question:—

"What did ye say was a deluded female?"

The painter's whistling ceased abruptly, and for a long minute he painted in silence. Then—

"I've jist the yin thing to say about a deluded female, laddie; and that is: She's no' to be compared wi' a deluded man, which is a creature wi' high moral principles, noted for bein' terrible but just. The species is no' unknown in Fairport. N.B.—Pey attention to yer pentin'!"

The Anecdote

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE tells of a friend who went to New York for the Hudson-Fulton celebration and while there had a counterfeit five-dollar note passed on him. One night after a banquet he handed a cab driver this bad note by mistake. The driver gave him his change—a one-dollar bill—and whipped up his horse. Suddenly he realised what he had done. "Hey, there! Stop!" he shouted after the man. "That bill's bad." "It's good enough for you!" shouted back the driver, without stopping. And Senator La Follette's friend, examining his change under a street light, found that he had exchanged his bad five for a spurious one with a cab ride thrown in.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER had a dry wit of his own. He once received a call from a young woman who wished to secure material for an article of 3,000 words on "Young Women in Literature." "It was a fetching subject, full of meat," explained the young woman afterward, "and I saw not only 3,000 words in the story, but at least 6,000. But I never got any further than the first question. Mr. Gilder's answer took the very life out of me. I asked him: 'Now, Mr. Gilder, what would you say was the first, the chief, the all-essential requisite for a young woman entering the literary field?' I waited with bated breath, when he answered: 'Postage stamps.'"

THE death of Sir John Colquhoun, the thirteenth Laird of Luss, who succeeded to the family estates on the death of his cousin, Sir James Colquhoun, only three years ago, brings to mind the fact that the annals of the Colquhoun family may be said to constitute the history of Scotland. The family history is remarkable, inasmuch as it dates back to the year 80 A.D., and it is made up of a long and glorious succession of struggles, raids, and deaths on battlefields; while the extraordinary family feud between the Colquhouns and the MacGregors of to-day still cherish in their possession charters containing the grant of lands bearing the signature of King Robert Bruce.

The principal seat of the family, Luss, at Rosdhu, which is picturesquely situated overlooking Loch Lomond, and which stands upon a promontory flanked by glorious woods on either hand, facing Ben Lomond, was built by Sir John Colquhoun, Lord High Chamberlain of Scotland under James I., and Ambassador to the Court of Queen Elizabeth during the reign of Mary Queen of Scots.

The late laird is succeeded by his eldest son, Sir Ian Colquhoun, who is twenty-three years of age.—M. A. P.