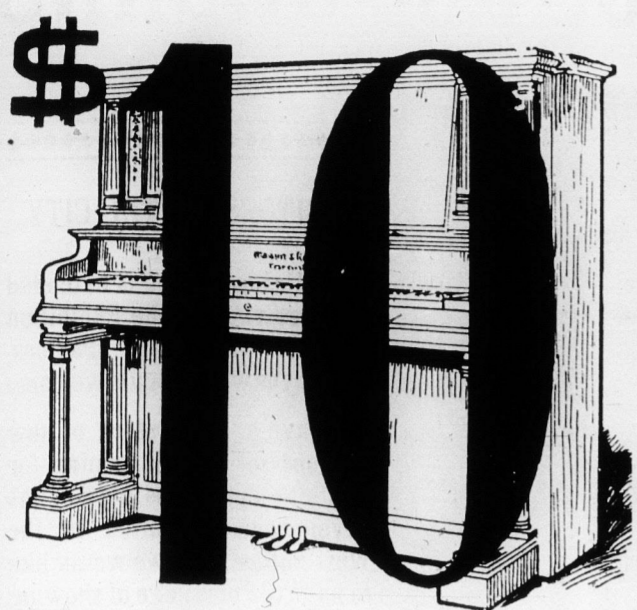


-- PAY --



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## BIG PIANO DEAL.

**\$10 Cash Payment Allowed for this Ad.**

**T**HE MASON AND RISCH PIANO CO., LTD., are offering in their store at 356 Main Street, Winnipeg, a choice of the best and largest assortment of Pianos ever offered under one roof in Canada. This line includes such well-known makes as the

**Mason and Risch, The Newcombe, The Dominion, The Classic, The Harmonic, The Dominion and Doherty Organs, The Weber Steck, Wheelock and Stuyvesant Pianola Pianos and Metrostyle Pianola,**

Also an immense stock of Second-hand Pianos, including nearly every Piano made in Canada. We sell Pianos at a lower price than they have ever been sold for in Western Canada. Every Piano is fully guaranteed by us. During the Winnipeg Fair we will sell Eighty Pianos at regular Wholesale Prices. New Pianos from \$135 up. Second-hand Pianos as low as \$60. Organs from \$25 up.

*NOTE.*—During the week of the Fair any person presenting this ad. at our Stand in the Fair Grounds, or at our Store at 356 Main Street, will be allowed \$10, as a first payment on any Piano in our store.

## The Mason and Risch Piano Co., Ltd.

356 Main Street.

Branches at  
Brandon, Regina, Calgary and Edmonton.

Phone 480.

sentful that Bob glanced at his sister in surprise. The big letters on the sheet of music caught his eye. "Good-night," they said in fierce black ink, and Bob, looking at the auburn locks of his friend, groaned in spirit.

When Mr. Alexander had been safely stowed away in the pretty guest chamber for the night Bob returned to deliver a lecture.

"Well, Priscilla Penrose, you have put your foot in it this time," he said severely to the vision in white, who was putting away the best silver teaspoons in a little wicker basket. "Do you know, unhappy girl, how many names you called Alexander to-night?"

Priscilla flushed clear up to the fluffy roll of hair that was caressing her brow. Then she tried to appear unconcerned. "Called him names, did I? Well, I can think of lots more I might have called him. Never mind, Bobby, dear; don't look so blue about it. He isn't offended and he isn't going to leave town for weeks. He is going to stay to amuse me," she said, disdainfully sweeping from the room, and Bob whistled softly as he turned out the lights.

\* \* \* \*

It did, indeed, seem as if Nathan Alexander's sole purpose in coming West was to contribute to the pleasure of Miss Penrose. In a few days Miss Butts had good reason for communicating down the line that the little flirt had made another conquest. And Priscilla was delightfully happy. To be sure, as Nathan was touchy and Priscilla trying, there were numerous "scraps," but trains were few and far between, and Nathan only walked that twelve miles to town once in his anger. It seemed a great deal better to make up, and they did. There was but one thing to mar Priscilla's happiness. There would come little prickings of remorse at her treatment of Captain Fenton, who was now relegated to second place—no, to the original zero place—in her affections. The first time he passed without glancing up at the win-

dows of Number Eleven she gave a sigh of relief, and as the days went by and no explosion occurred, she was grateful to escape getting her "just deserts." "I shall never, never, never flirt again," she would say solemnly to herself.

One lovely June evening an irresistible desire to go to town on the six o'clock train seemed to have seized all the younger members of the garrison. One after another from the houses along the line they emerged, some with satchels, all on pleasure bent. The Colonel's wife was to stay in town all night and have a whole day's delightful shopping on the morrow. Captain and Mrs. Webster were going to a dinner-party; several officers were going up to a concert. Priscilla, arrayed in a



"Good night," they said in fierce black ink.

charming gown, and a big black hat tilted over her brown eyes, was off for a jaunt with her aunt, who had been spending the day at the post with her. Nathan Alexander was also taking the six o'clock train, having spent an unprofitable day wasted on Bob instead of happy hours in the presence of Priscilla. He hoped aunts did not come from town often.

\* \* \* \*

They all wandered down the hill, occasionally stopping to gather wild

strawberries, to the two small railroad stations which solicited custom at the gates of the post.

Last of all the passengers to gather on the platform for the train now whistling in the distance was Captain Fenton. To the casual observer the Captain appeared as usual: his gait was steady and his manners suave. But the few acquainted with the Captain's idiosyncrasies saw that he had taken enough of the "stuff that steals brains" to make him an unpleasant person to deal with. It was too late to try strategy to keep him in the post, for the train was steaming up to the platform.

The Captain bowed graciously to Priscilla and offered his hand to help her into the car. It was quietly ignored as Nathan Alexander assisted her with more expedition than grace in his efforts to relieve an uncomfortable situation.

"Ah, Mr. Alexander," said the Captain, smilingly turning to that gentleman. "So you are the lucky dog who is now having his day. Miss Penrose is generosity itself, so that we all have our turns."

Poor Priscilla, with flaming cheeks and drooping head, made for the nearest seat, her aunt beside her. Alexander waited by the door, inwardly praying for patience.

The Captain also stopped by the door. "Yes, Mr. Alexander," he said with a supercilious air, "you have had things pretty much your own way lately, haven't you? And I know from experience just how charming that is. But I think we can dispense with you now. Miss Penrose, I fancy, will be glad to welcome me again."

Priscilla looked at Alexander's white face with beating heart, tears of humiliation in her eyes. "Oh, he will kill him in a minute," she thought. "It is dreadful, but I must talk just as fast as I can so that odious man will be quiet."

So Priscilla leaned forward and spoke to the Captain with as much of a smile as she could summon. "Sit down, won't you?" she said, trying to be easy and natural, while her heart

was in her mouth. "Auntie, let me present Captain — ah — Captain —" she hesitated. A blank look came over her face, and she stammered, "Oh, I beg your pardon, but I simply cannot think of your name!"

For once in her life Priscilla's failing did her a good turn. No man, not even this unmannerly military man, could truthfully boast that a girl was sighing out her heart for him when—she had forgotten his name!

The Captain stared at Priscilla uncomprehending for a second, then, apparently too hurt and indignant for words, he marched to the other end of the car. Alexander, with a beaming smile, slipped into the seat opposite Priscilla and began an animated conversation, while Aunt Penrose and the Colonel's wife talked excitedly across the aisle.

But Priscilla looked out at the landscape with a chastened spirit. "It serves me right, it serves me right," she repeated to herself again and again, while outwardly she said "yes" and "no" with lips that trembled. In the midst of a fit of abstraction she became aware by an intuitive feeling that she had been asked some question and that an answer was evidently expected.

"Oh, dear," she thought, "what under the sun has he been talking about! I haven't any idea, and he will be so angry if I tell him that. I'll say 'no' this time. That is safest."

But her "no" produced such an effect that she felt bound to repeat it. "I must stick to it," she thought with trepidation. Then the brakeman threw open the door, everybody got up, and in the bustle and confusion of arrival Priscilla had only the chance of a hasty good-by to Mr. Alexander.

When Bob came down to a solitary breakfast next morning, as was often the case when Priscilla had been dissipating, he found sitting in the library a pale, disconsolate little sister, looking gloomy enough to darken the sunniest prospect.

"Well, Sissy," he said, staring at her in surprise, "why this early-birdness? and why so pale?"