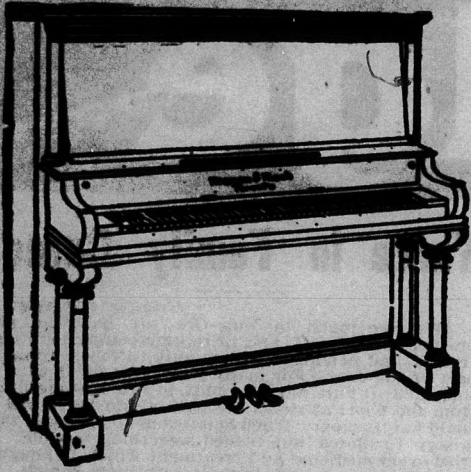


# Great Reductions



ON ALL  
PIANOS  
AND  
ORGANS

Our business year ends February 29th. In order to enter our new business year with a small stock we will accordingly make great reductions on all Pianos and Organs of last years styles and designs, and give our patrons the best opportunity they have ever had to get a high grade Piano or Organ at its simple factory cost.

Such noted makes as Mason & Risch, Newcombe, Dominion, Classic, Harmonic and many others. \$350 Piano now \$267, \$375 Pianos now \$288, \$400 Pianos now \$297, \$450 Pianos now \$337, \$475 Pianos now \$366, \$500 Pianos now \$398.

\$100 Organs including the famous Doherty for \$72, \$125 Organs for \$93, \$150 Organs for \$117.

## YOUR GOOD OPPORTUNITY

Now is your good opportunity to secure one of these famous instruments at such sweeping reductions, and we extend to every purchaser our easy monthly payment plan. Send for our list of used Pianos and Organs.

## FREE RAILROAD FARE

During Bonus week we will pay railroad fare both ways up to and including a distance of 300 miles of Winnipeg to any one purchasing a Piano either for cash or on our payment system.

FACTORY BRANCH:

**THE MASON & RISCH PIANO CO., LTD.**  
356 MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.

## A NEW RECORD ESTABLISHED!

The Great-West Life Assurance Company has pleasure in announcing that its new business in Canada for 1907 exceeded \$1,000,000,—the largest amount ever written in Canada by any Company, and thus a new record is established.

It is highly significant that this great business has been secured at LOWER COST than in any previous year—and a further advantage is found in the fact that the death rate for the year has been unusually low. These conditions prove the wisdom of the conservative methods adopted by The Great-West management.

The high rate of interest earnings on investments has been well maintained—with the natural sequel of low premium rates and high profits to the Policy-holders.

Undoubtedly the year 1907 has been the most successful in the Company's history—and that in the face of many adverse conditions. Over \$35,000,000 of insurance is now held in force; and, in every respect, the year's record gives added force to the claim that for desirable, profitable insurance, those needing protection cannot better the Policies of

## THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

Head Office - - - Winnipeg

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fireside, yet it was evident that some evil plot had been hatched in the stable.

We walked very rapidly, and were soon at the stableyard, into which we crept cautiously. I peeped into the window, but I could see nothing, for the moonlight did not penetrate far into the stable. After listening a moment, and finding all was still, we quietly climbed through the window and took our station in one of the haunted stalls. I was anxious now for the ghostly noises to recommence, but the phantom creature remained most provokingly quiet.

"They will be sure to think that I have imagined it all, and a pretty laughing stock I'll be!" was my not very pleasant reflection.

But in a few minutes my apprehensions on this score were relieved, for the rubbing noise commenced with more violence than it had before; but it was not in the stalls, or very near them, and was unaccompanied by any of the former manifestations. It soon became evident that it was caused by the pushing open of a door over a wooden floor. This could scarcely be a horse, either real or ghostly; and it must be an inner door, for the outer one would have let in the moonlight.

There was a breathless moment of suspense, and then we heard a man's footstep falling on the floor. The lumps of ice again began chasing each other down my back. This was worse than the ghost. Here was the danger that had been prepared for me! I did not doubt that it was Andrew come to murder me! It was horror I felt—not fear. There was nothing to fear with four against one. But I thought what might have been but for the friendly window.

Tramp! tramp! went the footsteps over the floor, but they did not seem to come any nearer. Presently we heard the door-latch lifted, then the door was shaken.

"Confound it!" cried a voice, which I recognized as Andrew's. "While I have been playing a trick on Marston, that old witch has played one on me."

I could hear the boys tittering near me, while Andrew rattled at the door, and the lumps of ice gave place to a tingling sensation of shame. But a happy thought came to me. I whispered, "Keep quiet!" and, with a stick of wood, which was one of our weapons, I made a few strokes on the floor, imitating as nearly as I could, the prancing of a horse.

The old man instantly became quiet, and I felt sure that he was frightened, more than I had been, probably, for he knew his horse was dead, and I had been ignorant of the fact. Then I made a few more pawings, and breathed hoarsely.

"Oh, Lord!" muttered Andrew. "What is that?"

Here I rubbed against the side of the stall with all my might, and then commenced stamping toward the old man; and, as I approached him, I broke into what was intended for a whinny, though the boys said afterward it was more like a bray.

Andrew was too thoroughly frightened to be critical. He cowed down on the floor, and shrieked:

"Oh, good Lord! It's Davy! Help! Chrissy! Help! Don't hurt me, Davy! I killed you to save you pain. I gave you oats when they were cheap, and you won't take it amiss that I couldn't buy 'em when dear!"

The boys could restrain themselves no longer, and burst into a roar of laughter, in which I could join, now that I had retaliated on old Andrew with his own weapons.

The old man scrambled up from the floor. "Is that you, Marston?" he said. "Who is with you?"

Here I gave him a brief account of events, taking care not to admit that I was in the least alarmed at what I had heard in the stable. I had found the window broken, the shutter open, and escaped, I said, carelessly, in conclusion. And then I angrily demanded what he meant by playing me such a trick.

"I'll tell you all about it," he said; "but first let us get out of this dark hole if we can. What has become of Chrissy? I don't know, unless old Davy has carried her off on his back."

One of you get out of the window, and unlock the door; I expect the key is in it. Come into the house, and I'll give you some hot mulled cider."

I sprang out of the window, and found that the key had been left in the door. I released the prisoners, and we all proceeded to the house, where we found Chrissy fast asleep by the kitchen-stove. She started up in astonishment at our entrance.

"I was just a-coming to let you out, Mr. Springer," she said. "I was kind o' in a doze."

"Doze!" said Andrew, angrily; "you've slept like a rock for half the night, and left me to freeze!"

"And serve you right," muttered the old woman, "a-playing tricks at your time o' life!"

While Andrew was brewing the mulled cider, he told us that old Davy being dead, he had bought a younger and more reliable horse, which had not yet been sent home. He had been thinking that very day that Marston might sometimes worry him by borrowing this horse, as he was the only one who ever did ask for the loan of old Davy. He didn't believe in trusting young men with valuable horses to go sweethearting with. Sending old Davy, he didn't mind so much. And when I appeared that evening, asking for the horse that had been dead two weeks, he was "mightily tickled." He began to think if he could not turn it to profit, and he contrived the plot which he had carried out. He had never known anybody so brave he couldn't be scared by a ghost. He arranged it all with Chrissy when he went into the kitchen. She pretended to look for the lantern, and led me the longest way to the stable, to give him time to get to the cowhouse, which adjoined the stable, on the side where the stalls were, the partition not running up to the roof, so that every noise made there could be distinctly heard in the stable. Chrissy was to put the lantern out, and lock me in, and in about half an hour was to return and quietly unlock the door. It was supposed that by that time I would be thoroughly frightened and glad to run away, and when I was fairly gone, Andrew would also leave. The entrance to the cowhouse was boarded up, and there was no way of getting in or out except through the stable.

One of his youthful accomplishments had been whinnying like a horse, and so he had been able to play me a very clever trick. He had heard the noise of the falling shutter, but did not know what it was. But when all had been still in the stable for some time, he concluded I had gone, and attempting to go out himself found, to his surprise, that the door was locked. He had no idea he had been in there so long, he said in conclusion, and he thought he must have "dozed a little." Chrissy had certainly dozed, and entirely forgotten him.

The old man was so amused at the counter trick I had played him, and complimented me so much on my excellent acting that I could not but forgive him. He told me he should insist now upon my using the new horse whenever I liked, but of this generous offer I never availed myself. He urged us to stay and he would brew us another pitcher of mulled cider, which was certainly a wonderful stretch of courtesy for him.

But we were anxious to return and relieve Jenny's mind, for she doubtless imagined that we were devoured by goblins.

She was glad to receive us in safety, but was greatly disappointed to find that, after all, there was no ghost.

"That is always the way!" she said; "the ghost stories that promise to be so delightful are all spoiled by some miserable explanation."

But she was not disappointed in another story I told her that evening. For I asked her to be my wife, and she said she thought it was a great deal nicer in a parlor than in a sleigh, and I thought so, too.

Teacher—"Is there any connecting link between the animal and the vegetable kingdoms?"

Bright Pupil—"Yes, mum; there's hash."