

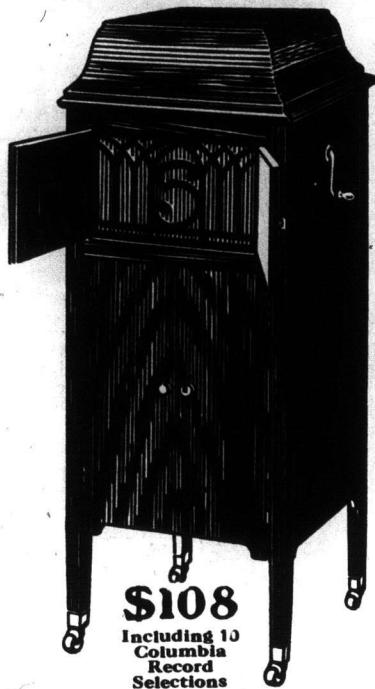
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Prices

The regular catalogue price of this beautiful instrument, complete with 10 Columbia Record selections, is \$135.25. This means an actual saving on this special offer of 20 per cent. This particular model is finished in either standard mahogany piano polish finish or select quarter cut oak, fumed finish, and is equipped with first-class motor and latest universal tone arm to play all makes of records.

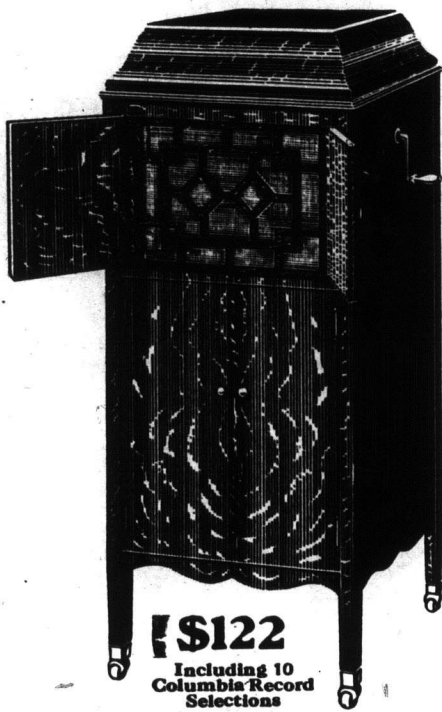
Terms Our usual system of easy payment terms applies—as low as \$10 cash and \$8 monthly, or if you prefer, half-yearly or fall payments can be arranged with larger deposits.

Our mail order system aims to provide you with the opportunity of selecting a phonograph with the same satisfaction as if you made your choice personally in our store. We carry the largest stock of phonographs in Western Canada—ninety different styles. Write for our illustrated catalogues.



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Including 10
Columbia
Record
Selections



\$122

Including 10
Columbia Record
Selections

The actual catalogue price of this model, complete with 10 Columbia record selections, is \$151.50. Our special offer thus shows a saving to every purchaser of \$29.50. This model is also beautifully finished in selected genuine mahogany or fumed quarter cut oak. These machines are equipped with double multiple spring motor and Symphonola universal tone arm and reproducer to play all makes of records without any change of parts.

Terms As little as \$12 cash and \$9 monthly, or if you prefer, half-yearly or fall payments will be arranged with larger deposits.

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for further details regarding these two special offers.

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Light-Fingered

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"Miss Lister," he began then, in a business-like way. "To-day is your payday, I believe. I've been giving you fourteen dollars a week and you have proved very satisfactory."

"Have I, really?" she asked, eagerly. "And may I continue, then, to hold the position?"

"On one condition."

"Oh!"

"That you take out part of your salary each week," he said, slowly, "until the full amount of Mrs. Washburn's loss is made up."

She started, aghast.

"Wh-what!"

He nodded heavily, his mouth grim, his eyes—but she read them quickly enough.

"I didn't take her old purse!" she flashed.

"She lost it in the office here—and you are in charge. I must hold you responsible, Miss Lister."

The girl had grown deathly white. She gulped.

He had opened a drawer and taken out some bills.

"How much of this shall I—set aside?" he asked, gently, for he had noticed how she was affected.

She didn't hear. Her agonized gaze was fixed beyond him—as of one who watches a dear dream vanishing into the mists. One hand was pressed hard against her breast. A little sob struggled for outlet in her slim white throat.

"And I was so happy!" she murmured. "So happy. And now—this!"

The telephone rang out sharply. The doctor started. But the girl didn't move. He took up the receiver.

"Yes? . . . Yes? . . . Oh! . . . I'm very glad. . . . No trouble—at least hardly any. . . . Yes, indeed. . . . And the rings too? . . . That's good. . . . She'll be much relieved. . . . Thank you."

Dr. Service, his face transformed, turned.

"Miss Lister, I owe you an abject apology," he said. "And I ask your pardon a hundred times over."

The girl looked at him in a daze, questioning, scarcely daring to hope.

"Mrs. Washburn has found her purse—behind the seat of her limousine. Everything was quite intact."

Behind the girl there was a deep arm-chair. She felt rather than saw it. The next instant she had dropped into it, and with her head on her arms, on one of its broad arms was crying softly in an excess of overwrought "nerves." He spoke to her soothingly in a deeply apologetic tone and presently she sat up.

"Don't mind me. It's all over now," she said with a light little laugh. "You see I just had to give way. All afternoon I've been thinking to myself:

though a curtain were suddenly drawn across them. She tapped an impatient foot, for it was close on six o'clock.

"Suppose I had stolen her purse!" and—

and then to have you almost accuse —"

"Please, I —"

"Well I felt as if you were accusing me. Then the idea of having to give up some of my money when—when I already was giving up nearly half of it every week to expiate—something else, something I'm awfully sorry for every waking hour —"

He leaned over quickly and took her hand.

"Is that right, Ruth?" he asked, quietly.

She nodded, her eyes downcast.

"You don't know. But I think going knows or at least suspects. It's going to take me a long time to make up—for what I did. Don't ask me what it is. I must have been mad! So much loneliness perhaps. People owed us money, and—I told myself that I could be a law unto myself. Once in the movies I saw a girl who—did it. I decided, if it was so easy I could do it too."

"I know what it is, Ruth. Go on. I have—guessed."

She flashed an eye upward, read his sincerity and went on:

"At first I did it for sheer fun. There was a dangerous kind of thrill in it. I didn't take very expensive things. Then—then I got defiant. I said to myself it was all coming to us. Dad needed a pen and mitts and a new razor. Mother needed warm hose and other things. I longed for pretty things. If I did have to bury my youth out there in that lonely place at least I'd sweeten life a little for myself. Oh, it was all wrong of course! There must have been a kink in my conscience. My moral sense had somehow got itself warped. Several times I nearly was caught. There's one store I haven't entered now. . . . In India when I was a kid I had a native nurse who was a little light-fingered. She took things on mother and when she had me out she used to teach me to steal the fruit from a gentleman's estate by pushing me under the hedge into the orchard. I'd fill my little dress and crawl back to her. Maybe this thing I've been doing is a kick-back, as they say."

Dr. Service was now holding both of her hands. She sighed, sat up straight and looked at him.

"You're the best friend I ever had," she said in a matter-of-fact way.

His grasp tightened. He looked away quickly. From one of the pigeon-holes of his desk his eye caught the gold gleam of the edge of a little book—a red-velvet book. Suddenly he dropped her hands.

"Since you took me on here I've tried to right-about-face and I have succeeded too," the girl continued. "It's like a new life! I—I was so happy. I am so happy! Everything's all right now, isn't it? Is there anything more to say?"

"Wait. Don't get up yet. There's just one little thing more," said the

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