Story of a Great Opera Cont'd from page 41

lost her mother and burned her own haby, and when you listen to II Trova-tore, you are listening to this story. The stolen child lived with the gypsies

The stolen child lived with the gypsies and grew to be an homorable man and was named Maurico. He was a troubudour. Who were the troubadours? They were just some wandering fellows who could sing and write poetry. They frequently attached themselves to the courts of kings and nobles, whom they praised or seeded in their songs, just as they happened to feel. Sometimes they selected a beautiful lady and addressed all their love songs to her.

When Maurico was grown to manhood, his father, the Count de Luna, had died, and his older brother had taken the title. Maurico appeared at the palace of Count de Luna, during a tournament, and was crowned victor by the Ducless Leonora, a beautiful lady. Manrico and Leonora fell deeply in love with each other, and he sang many songs under her window. One night the elder brother (now the Count de Luna), while out in the gardens, was surprised to hear the voice of the singing troubadour, little draming that this wandering singer was his own brother. The Ducless Leonora came in from the palace, and mistaking the count for the troubadour, histories and the same pealous. He and the Count de Luna fought of deel, Maurico was not injured in the duel, but he immediately joined the army. One terrible day, Manrico was wounded and left on the battle field. Azucena, his foster mother, found him and removed him to her home in the mountains and nursed him back to health. He was about to ake up his wanderings as a troubadour again, when he learned that the holy Leonora was mourning him as dead and was about to go into a convent. Manrico set out in great haste and overtook her just in time to save her. He conveyed her to Castellor and that place was besieged by the Count de Luna and offered to marry him if he would give Maurico in his hide and hierty. The count was so glad to have Leonora for his bride on any terms whatever, that he glady granted her request. Leonora hegged to be permitted to enter the prison and release Maurico, and she was allowed to do so, but on her was she took poison rat to enter the prison and release Manrico, and she was allowed to do so, but on her way she took poison rather than marry the man she did not love. Manrico, who had doubted Leonora, now saw that she was faithful even to death, and took her in his arms, just as Count de Lum entered the prison. The count was furious and ordered Manrico executed at once, and during the execution, he dragged the gypsy woman. Azucena to the window to witness what he supposed was the death of her son. At that moment Azucena revealed her secret in a frenzied scream, crying aloud: "Mother, my tortured mother, and my poor, burned baby, I have avenged you. Count de Luna, Manrico is your own brother."

In this opera Verdi tells a story of love and faithfulness and hatred and revenge in the beautiful language of music. The famous Anvil Chorus is supposed to have taken place in the camp of the gypsies, where Manrico spent his boyhood days.

THE HOUSEWIFE AND HER STREET

THE HOUSEWIFE AND HER STREET
When a housewife sets her indoor
realm in order, she finds a sense of
satisfaction in seeing that order preserved throughout the day. If she lives
on a clean, well paved street, bordered
with strips of grass, concrete walks,
curbs and gutters, her house-cleaning
drudgery will be reduced to a minimum
because the children, who will play in
the street despite all commands to the
contrary, will not be so likely to track
up the floors and rugs with muddy feet.

Street paying, therefore, has a direct relation to house-cleaning—to the clean-liness of the home.

Under the old order of things the

liness of the home.

Under the old order of things the housewife gave but little attention to the problems involved in building and maintaining a clean, permanently paved street; that was a matter for the town council; and the town council, being more or less of a political machine, gave little consideration to the interest of the housewife. The fact that her window curtains were heavily laden with grime, blown in with every passing breeze from a dirty and poorly cleaned street, was never a matter of sufficient importance to bring even the most gallant town councilman to his feet in her defence, so accustomed had the town council grown to look upon street paving and street cleaning as being wholly foreign to the indoor realm over which the good housewife so graciously and lovingly rules.

But that old order is changing. It

the good housewife so graciously and lovingly rules.

But that old order is changing. It began changing the day the queenly housewife put on her gloves and went out to take a hand in the election of school directors. Coming home it ap-pears to have dawned upon her con-sciousness that she had some rights inscounsess that she had some rights hi-volved in the manner in which her street was being maintained. Her inborn de-sire for comfort and cleanliness went beyond her front gate, and she began to beyond her front gate, and she began to demand more attention to elegance and permanence in the construction of the thoroughfare upon which she lived. She came to realize that her street was her front door park, over which the truck driver was allowed to transport his load as a matter of community custom and as a means of rendering community services my to another.

as a means of rendering community service one to another.

Concrete is the modern paying material for the modern street. From beginning to end the concrete street is built for permanence. The housewife is not annoyed with the presence of street prepair gangs periodically tinkering with holes in the street. Her husband, who pays for its construction, pays for it once only. Being smooth and non-absorbent it is more easily cleaned than any other type of street paying material. Rubbish does not collect so readily on a concrete street, and every passing on a concrete street, and every passing

rial. Rubbish does not collect so readily on a concrete street, and every passing shower washes the surface, making the street clean and sanitary.

Concrete pavement is the housewife's ally in reducing house-cleaning drudgery to a minimum, and because of its elegance and permanence it adds to the stability of the real estate value of her home. As in every other use to which it is intelligently applied, concrete on the housewife's street will pay for itself in reduced labor, giving her more time for instructive play with her children and more time for her social hours with her neighbors. with her neighbors.

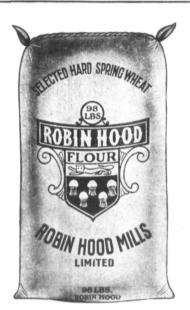
A GREAT PIANO AT HALF PRICE

To get one of the very finest piamos made or marketed in Canada at some-thing like half price, must be a matter thing like half price, must be a matter of more than ordinary "news value" to omany readers of The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer. That this can be done while the limited number of pianos to be disposed of remain unsold, is guaranteed by this paper, and the guarantee without qualification as per clearly defined statement on editorial page. Here is the reason why this advantage can be obtained from one of the leading firms in the Dominion, a manufacturing house that need never resort to any unusual measure or blandishment to force a sale at its regular and very rersonable prices.

As is well known, the Karn-Morris is a manufacturing house, and therefore

is a manufacturing house, and therefore is expected to market its products by the wholesale method. But like many other musical instrument houses, it has for musical instrument houses, it has for years songlet to reach Western buyers by establishing retail branches at distant points from the factory, where the householder or impressario could purchase a Karn-Morris piano really at first hand.

For some time, however, the impression has obtained that the marketing of the pianos to the public should be left in the hands of the retailer, particularly



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