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TAXES

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## Saved From the Sea

CHAPTER XV.

When, the next evening, Dr. Clifford errived at Brown's Hotel, he was at once shown into the drawing-room of the suite of apartments occupied by Mr. Orde, and found that the expected trio was agreeably converted into a sextette party by the addition of Major Addison, his brother-in-law, Mr. Archer Northcote, and another gentleman of middle age, whom the host introduced as his neighbor and county member in Staffordshire, Sir Arthur Channing.

"Just a nice little bachelor dinner party of six,' said the host, pleasantly, as dinner was announced, and they went into the dining room. "I only regret that we are necessarily deprived of the pleasure of ladies' company too; but that is quite my nephew's fault," added he. laughing.

"Mine Uncle Will?" laughed back the accused, opening wide a pair of glorious dark eyes, which the doctor, sitting opposite, thought could be tolerably dangerous to creatures feminine if their owner were so aminded- or, indeed, whether he were or not, sometimes. "How is it my fault?"

"Why, because by this time, Mr. Innocence, you ought to have picked up a wife, instead of knocking about all over the world"

"Thanks; but I prefer this said knocking about process to fixing down. Wives are like children-most charming when they are other people's," said Falconer, with such a comically wicked glance at Frank Addison that it disarmed at once the slightest suspicion of any cynical sous etendu which one or two others might have ascribed to him.

Sir Arthur cried out:, "Oh, oh! for shame!" laughing with the others; Addison so heartily that Clifford, quick to catch some joke, said:
"I suppose, then, Mr. St. Maur, that you don't like children?"

Addison went off into another peal. "Ha! ha! ha! ask me that, doctor, or, rather, my wife. Falc not like children! Oh, that's too good! Why, he just adores them, and lets them do any mortal thing with him they like. Helen, my wife, dreads him getting into the nursery, as he does sometimes-we've three-aged four, six, and eight-eldest a boy-and old nurse declares-

"Frank, don't malign my character, please; I only romp with the bonnie wee things, I don't spoil them one bit—they

-"Declares," continued Frank, unmoved, "that there's no doing anything with them for hours after he's gone, because they are all agog for him to come again, especially the youngest."

"It's a great pet, of course, for that "No, not for that," said the major,

glancing across at St. Maur, whose attention had just been called into a question of foreign politics by Sir Arthur and Mr. Orde; "it was—but I beg your pardon, doctor."

"Pray go on, major. I am always interested in children, and now, I confess, partly, I suppose, because his face and himself puzzles me. I perceive a little glimpse of its reading here, so please go

"Well, you know it was simple enough in itself, but we felt it deeply. It was about two years ago, and we hadn't long known him; but he happened to be in England then. One evening he called in to take my wife to the Philharmonic, but found that she was in Hertford- at any age." shire, and not expected home till early next morning, and I, too, was out at a ball. He was, therefore, departing, when had never known early, or any, proper he heard the child above crying piteous-control. It was not the positive "I did ly Fale couldn't stand that, and the footman says he was up two flights to the night nursery in a jiffy; there was nurse trying vainly to quiet wee Effie; she had had a tumble trying to climb the monkey, raised such a bump on her forehead, and in fact her little head was aching badly, and she had cried herself into a fever for her mother-would-

n't lie down." "Yoor baby!" said the physician, com-passionately. "She couldn't rest?"
"No. He took her out of her crib in-

to his arms, with her head laid on his shoulder, and just walked slowly to and fro, softly soothing and singing to her he has such a delicious voice, as you can hear the minute he speaks. Nurse said the child nestled to him like a young bird, left off wailing for 'mother,' and as long as he kept moving, was perfectly quiet."

"Yes." again said the doctor. "the strong clasp and steady movement soothed the pain and feverish restlessness.

"Weil." said Addison, with another giance to make sure he was not overheard opposite, "that fellow walked up and down, up and down, with our child for five solid hours as patiently, as un-tiring as its mother herself; nay, she could not have done it. Then nurse tried to persuade him to lay Effie in bed, but for awfully high stakes, or we two will he wouldn't. Nurse might get him a cup of tea and go to bed, but he should not put the child out of his arms that night. He didn't, either. At 7 o'clock in the morning, when nurse reappeared, there my lord was sitting in a low chair, sleepless as ever, with wee Effie fast asleep on his breast, her tiny fingers

chose to wake, free from pain, and spry again, world he stir. I heard it all from nurse when I came down, for he had gone; but he didn't escape me or my wife, I can tell you!" concluded the ma-jor, a trifle huskily. "We shan't forget



"I should think not," answered Clifford, warmly.

"I am no psychologist, or metaphysician, or student of human nature's complex make-up," added Frank Addison. after a slight pause; "but I can only say that. in my opinion, the man who'll do so much for a suffering child not his own

"I heartily indorse your opinion, major," said Dr. Clifford; adding mentally: "And the story quite carries out in the broad my observations of that face -passion and trouble-tenderness, dan-Blanche-bah! I wonder if it's true that said is true.' he bets and plays high? Doesn't care The famous "Colonel Pompley was in itself."

now, for many reasons, and so, with the ready skill of a man of the world, he glanced off the subject as if it were one that personally rather bored him-which was true—as well as one he knew Dr. Clifford also was not interested in; and, after a few remarks about the favorite, and so on, he turned to the physician and asked him what he thought of the German opera-

"Your niece told me you are fond of music," he said; "and I—well, they all declare I am just music-mad, and soak-

"So you are!" joined in Northcotehimself very musical; and so the three were soon deep in discussing that queen of the arts, and, indeed, were still on the entrancing subject when they adjourned to the drawing room and were sipping their coffee. "Enfin," said the doctor, at length,

amused and perfectly charmed with his host's nephew, "you turn out, Mr. St. Maur, despite your modesty, to be an accomplished musician as well as passionate devotee. You would delight Mrs. Errington. How you, or she, either, have managed to keep it up so, in traveling so much. I don't know.' "Where there's a will there's a way.

doctor, isn't there?" said St. Maur, laughing, and with his foreign shrug. "H'm! yes; and I don't think you are ever lacking for either will or way, if there is truth in physiognomy," re-

torted Clifford, smiling significantly. "A little too much, you imply. I'm afraid I am a terribly self-willed fellow. but I can't boast that my will has alwavs found the wav-what man or woman can?'

There was an involuntary droop of the dark, long lashes, a half sigh on the lips. He was thinking of his wife, of his mis-spent years and gloomy future. "As a question of ethics." said the

doctor, lightly, "it is certainly best that er—pardon me the liberty."

our will should not be allowed too free The blood touched Falconer's cheek, especially so in your friend; he is a sway; only the teaching can not begin but not for that singular study, I think, and interests me; too early, or it comes hard in maturer "No dear boy—t

"Yes, very hard; the old precept must be followed in childhood or it comes too late: 'Optimum elige, suave et facile, illud faciet consuetedo' (Choose that course which is best; habit will make it agreeable and easy). I don't certain I should never have though it so

The very phrase, unconsciously or carelessly, told that his haughty will not think," but the conditional "I

should never have." The doctor noticed that, and turned a quiet, critical glance from the nepnew to the uncle's face—a fine face without a line of real weakness; but still it was impossible for the most cursory physiogomist not to see at once that the younger was the dominant will and brain—the inevitable master-spirit as

boy and man. But before Clifford could reply, Mr. Orde's mellow voice spoke: "What say you, gentlemen, to a quiet rubber or so? We are a nice little party

for cards, and some of us, as I know, are good players." 'By all means, Mr. Orde," said the doctor, who was very fond of whist, and a very good player.

"I second the motion," said the M. P. The bell was rung, cards were ordered up, and two tables set out.

"If we play whist, two will be out in the cold," asdi Mr. Orde. "Shall we start some other game?" But St. Maur came to the rescue of

the three whist-lovers. "No, no, Uncle Will; Northcote and I will teach each other ecarte"—a laugh from Addison—"and you four can absorb yourself in whist; only don't go in have to correct your little morals. Frank, my son, don't laugh, but prepare for your game-here are the

cards. "By Jove! you playing preacher is too good!" whispered Addison in his ear, as Falconer stooped over his shoulder to

lay down the pack. The other gave him a glance, laughed, and turned on his heel as Dr. Cliffords came to the whist-table, and sat down. "Now, you two boys," exclaimed Mr. Orde, merrily, "go off to your ecarte.

I don't think the pair of you appreciate

whiat " "Doctor, will you be my partner?"

"With pleasure. The game once begun, there was silence then; but at the other table the younger men talked in low tones as they played; and once or twice Clifford heard a few words from Arthur Northcote that showed the Derby was on the tapis, passingly, at any rate. "King-fisher again, you think," came; then presently, "Oh, yes, if you back him I'll take it only you remember what Tom Duke said. The rest was quite low; but the decture glance saw St. Maur shrug his shoulders with a contemptu-ous smile, that said plainly, "I don't care, my dear fellow."

A minute later it was evident that the

ner, for the cards went down, and Northcote pushed something very like gold over the table, saying, with a laugh."

Attend us, in case we like to drive back."

The property of the cards went down, and attend us, in case we like to drive back."

The property of the cards went down, and attend us, in case we like to drive back."

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The property of the cards went down, and attend us, in case we like to drive back."

You're such a clever hand and cool head always." "Yet you had the game, my dear fel-low, a minute back," said the other.

"Why, when you expected to make the vole, you should have changed your suit, yet again; you did not, and, of course, I trumped you. Your revenge?" 'Not now-thanks. Let's see how the

whisters are getting on." The pair rose and sauntered to the other table, looking on quietly till the must have a lot of good in him some- game ended in the winning of Mr. Orde and his partner. Then there was an interval of chat, and then the host proposed vingt-un, as all could join in it. "Now." thought the doctor, "I've a chance to see you at close quarters, my handsome friend, and get some idea from ger. I'll talk to him presently; for if your play how far what I have heard

for wine, anyhow, I take note. Good grand, but Mrs. Pompley was grander," thing, too-young blod is wine enough of Bulwer's "My Novel," might have bere been well paraphrased. Roland At dinner, however, the conversation | Clifford was keen, but Falconer St. Maur had become general, politics maturally was keener, and very much so. He was holding good sway; and as all present perfectly aware that Blanche's uncle was were strong Conservatives, all were quietly taking stock of him, as the cant agreed more or less. Then the M. P. phrase goes: and whilst secretly amused. phrase goes; and, whilst secretly amused, naturally spoke of the adjournment for he was, for his own reasons, thoroughly the close at hand Derby day. But St. on his guard. At the game he had simply Maur had no wish for these shoals just to play as he always did-calm, cool, graceful, whatever the inward excitement might be. Much to the envy of his companions, he played with exactly the right amount of well-bred interest to be he perfection of good form, skillful, au fait evidently, but gaining or losing advantages with equal equanimity, and nothing of the apathy of the gamester, whose interest is gone if the stakes are not high. Nor. in truth, did St. Maur come within even measurable distance of so dark-dved a category as that which includes the professional gamester. There are as many degrees in sin and vice as in goodness, and Falconer only, as it were, just touched within the pale of being a gambler-no more. Clifford, in fact, saw the man, broadly speaking, as he was: here he took up or handed over shillings exactly as he did gold, by fifties, or hundreds, or more, in the small hours at the Fawley or Madame Raconier's

elegant salle. A couple of games were played, and by that time it was near twelve, and Sir Arthur Channing's carriage was announced, so the pleasant little party broke up. The M. P. lived in Bayswater, and courteously offered to land Dr. Clifford en chemin at his own door.

Addison departed in peace in a hansom, and St. Maur and Archer left on foot. Outside, both instinctively paused and looked at each other.

"It's absurdly early to turn in," said the elder, with a half laugh; "come for an hour to the Fa- No, by Jove!" he broke off, abruptly; "It's a shame to tempt you into such folly. Go home and dream of the fair one." he added, laving his delicate hand on theother's shoulder. with a changed manner, as he remembered that rosebud hidden in his breast. "I should not play to-night, only look on.' "Not play-you?" said Archer, in sur-

prise; "why not? Let me be your bank-

dear boy-thanks," he said, cent-

y. "I have no need of it; I'm not in the mood. Suppose we take a cigar in Piccadilly, and then turn in like good boys-for once on my part. I won't corrupt your morals to-night at the Faw-And he did not. When, not much

over an hour later, Christine's husband know about the 'suave,' though; I'm | slept, a soft smile hovered on the lips on which her kiss lay, never to leave them. CHAPTER XVL

> "Well, father, now did you enjoy your evening?" asked Mimie, the next morning at breakfast.

"Immensely, my love, thank vou." answered the doctor, heartily. "I found other guests to add to the sufficiently attractive company of Mr. Orde and St. Maur: Major Addison, voung Northcote, and Sir Arthur Channing six of usnice, cultivated men, who have got some thing to say, and can say it well. Then after dinner cards were brought into the drawing-room, and tour of us had a capital game or two at whist, while the two younger men played ecarte; then we all played at vnigt-un, and talked. Chan-

ning drove me up here."
"When does Mr. Orde leave London?" asked Mrs. Errington; "he said soon,

the other night, at Kensington.' "Yes, he leaves on Monday morning. Sir Arthur asked him if he would not stop over the Derby, only two days, but he said no; he had seen it in his day,

and his miners were in rather a disturbed state, so he was wanted." "Oh! Uncle Rolo, do take us to the

Derby!" exclaimed Blanche, eagerly; 'we want to go so awfully!" "Who are 'we'?" said the doctor, comically; "not you, Mimie-oh, no!"

Mimie laughed saucily. "Blanche, you goose, to waste fire! He means to be good, gooder, goodest,

doesn't he, Mrs. Errington?" "Ah! but would you like to go too, my (ear?" said Dr. Clifford, abruptly, addressing Christine; "you said once you

were tired of races.' The wife's heart leaned "yes," but she knew that her husband would be at this one, and that she might see him.

ways a bright scene. Then we'll go. I meant them to gothey in the open carriage and as you are such a rider, you and I will escort them on horseback: and Pakins shall

DODDS KIDNEY PILLS = SHEUMATISA"

"You-you're like a Pampa Indian, or an Arab, once mounted. Well, I may perhaps drive back; only mind, girls, we leave before the rabble stirs." "Oh, yes, of course uncle. But we ought to wear somebody's colors,

oughtn't we?" "As no one here, I hope, is interested in the horses, my dear, I don't see the

necessity." "Oh, but we must know somebody who o!" exclaimed Blanche. "What is the

favorite?" "Well, I did hear young Northcote and St. Maur mention it last night, as if the latter had backed him, but I can't

remember the name." "The Derby favorite," said Falconer's wife, quietly, "is, I see by this paper, the same horse that won the Two Thousand at Newmarket-Kingfisher."

"That's the name. Who owns him,

She laughed. "You credit me with sporting knowledge, Doctor Clifford, but I believe that Kingfisher is owned by Lord Beltmere, and is to be ridden by the jockey Tom

"Ah! yes, that too is a name one of them mentioned. Now, my dear, please come into the library, if you can, and answer me a few letters.'

Christine followed him at once to the library, and sat down at the writingtable, on which lay several letters. "I have marked each with its answer-

n substance, as usual," said Roland Cliftord; "they won't take you long." "My dear doctor, my time is yours, is is not?" said Christine, smiling, as she

took up a letter. He shook his head a little, but instead of taking a book, or the morning paper, as usual, while she wrote, he began pac-ing up and down with his hands behind him, and his brow meditatively bentsure sign that something was in his mind, she knew; and somehow or other, apprehension that belonged to her painthrough her that her husband was the object of his thoughts, and of something he meant to say. Poor heart, how it

"I wanted to speak to you," he began, at last, in his abrupt way, and paused near her, "about-

danced before her eyes. "Pardon-that is done! Yes-about tion."

"Mr. St. Maur." said the doctor. Mrs. Errington leaned back in the deep eading-chair, and looked at him with the slightest lifting of the straight brow; the very imminence of the peril gave neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, and parher an absolute self-mastery. Under his tial paralysis. These Pills are eskeen eyes the quiver of lip or eyelid, the pecially valuable to growing girls tremor of a tinger, or a streak of color and women and cure the headaches, to the cheek, would have betrayed some- sidesches and other pains known only

"I should like to know what you boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' think of him, Mrs. Errington, before I Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. decide whether to encourage or discour-

age his acquaintance." The woman's quick wit instantly saw the narrow bridge over the gulf that had opened before her. She asked, gently: "Nay, dear Doctor Clifford, are you not putting a very heavy responsibility Something About This Royal Resiof the girls."

(To be continued.)

Backache, Gravel and Rheumatism Vanish Before Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Proved Once Again in the Case of Mrs. Fred Krieger, Who Suffered From the Worst Forms of Kidney

Palmer Rapids, Ont., June 6.—(Special)—The thousands of Canadians who live in daily terror of those terrible forms of Kidney Disease known as Backache, Gravel and Rheumatism, will be deeply interested in the story of Mrs. Fred Krieger, of this place.

"I was for years a great sufferer from Kidney Disease, Gravel, Rheumatism and Backache," Mrs. Krieger states. "It all started through a cold, but I got so my head ached. I was nervous, my limbs were heavy, I had a dragging sensation across my loins, and I was totally unfit

to do anything.

"Reading about wonderful cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills led me to buy some. After using a few I found they were doing me good and this encouraged me to continue their use. Eight boxes made

"I have been able to do my own work ever since and to-day I am' completely cured. Dodd's Kidney Pills gave me health and I feel like a new woman." If you keep your Kidneys strong and heathy you can never have Backache, Rheumatism or Gravel. Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to make the Kidneys strong and well.

CURIOUS HOW HE KNEW IT.

Some years ago an expedition from "I should like to go, doctor; it is al- the University of Pennsylvania was sent to one of our southern states for the purpose of observing a solar

eclipse. The day before the event one of the professors said to an old colored man belonging to the household wherein they were quartered: "Tom, if you will watch your chickens

to-morrow morning, you'll find that they'll go to roost at 11 o'clock." Tom was, of course, skeptical, but at the appointed hour the heavens were darkened and the chickens retired to roost. At this the man's amazement showed no bounds, and he sought out

the man of letters. "Perfessor," he said, "how long ago did you know dem chickens would go to "About a year ago," said the profes-

sor, smiling.
"Well, if dat don't beat all," was the man's comment. "Perfessor, a year ago dem chickens wasn't even hatched!"

Same think that a virtue is simply

# TO TAKE FOOD

The Tortures of Indigestion Banished by the Tonic Powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Victims of indigestion have small choice between two evils on the one hand a starvation diet, which means great weakness and depression of spirits, and on the other hand forcing themselves to take nourishment in snite of the acute suffering inflicted by each

In the search of a cure they find common medicines upset the stomach and render the food more difficult to digest. Laxatives are violent and weakening, and so-called "pre-digested foods" merely evade the cause of the trouble and the stomach steadily grows weaker. The common sense way of curing

indigesiton is the Dr. Williams' way —the making of new, rich blood by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that gives tone to the weakened system and invigorates the distressed digestive organs. Dr. Willimas' Pink Pills have cured thousands of the worst cases of indigestion through their simple tonic treatment and one excellent example of these cures is the case of Miss M. Y. C. Roberge, Sorel, Que., who says: "For upwards of nime years 1 suffered almost continuously the tortures of indigestion. At times I had no appetite; at others there was craving for food, but whatever I took caused me the greatest pangs. As the result of the trouble I suffered from violent headaches, and I grew pale and weak. I tried many different medicines; some gave me a little relief, but none gave me any permanperhaps simply from the ever-existent ent benefit until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had only tul position, a sickening dread went taken these a lew weeks when I found such help as I had not found before. The pains after eating gradually disappeared, my appetite grew better, and after using the Pills for a couple of months I found myself completely cured, and have not since had she bent lower to sign the letter that recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all who suffer from any form of indiges-

Through their action on the blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such troubles as anaemia, indigestion, sick headaches, rheumatism, and all forms of nervous troubles such as to them. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six

### BUCKINGHAM PALACE

dence in the Olden Time.

Buckingham Palace was bought by George III. when his family became too large for the neighboring royal residence of St. James', but to this day the English court still takes its title from the oider palace, which throughout the reign of Victoria was often one scene of grand receptions. This palace, by the way, was built by henry VIII. on the site of Saint James' Rospital for Lepers, and he turned the surrounding marsh into a deer-park. Charles II. made a garden of it, but the beautiful sheet of water. where so many kinds of wild-fowl find a home, was an improvement added by George IV. This king also remodelled Bucking-

hem Palace, but it was little used till his niece ascended the throne. During her reign a new wing and a magnificent bail-room were added to the palace, which now forms a great quadrangie. Its east front, facing Saint James' Park, is 360 feet in length. As the King's home, the palace is never open to signtseers. None but his guests and servants are permitted to enter, and the rare treasures of picture and sculpture galleries, the glories of the grand marble staircase, and of the Throne Room with its decorations of crimson and gold and its marble frieze, representing the Wars of the Roses, all these are to be seen only by the privileged few. In the earlier days of Victoria's reign, however, so careless a watch was kept at the various entrances that, on one occasion, a boy walked into the palace and was discevered at I o'clock in the morning hiding under a sofa in the room next to that where the Queen was sleeping. The palace was not only ill guarded, but the royal household was ill-man-

aged, owing largely to a system of divided authority, which left two-thirds of the army of servants practically without a master. They came and went at their own sweet will, and, as Mrs. Fawcett puts it in her life of "Victoria," "if the dormitories where the footmen slept, ten or twelve in a room, were turned into scenes of riot and drunkenness, no one could help it." Nor was it only in this respect that the lack of an efficient head was felt. Waste and extravagance were rampant, and, despite the vast expenditure, the place was not even a comfortable place to live in. It was neither weil lighted nor well heated; nor is this surprising, when the Lord Chamberlain "cleaned the inside of the windows and the Woods and Forests the outside"; when the Lord Steward found the fuel and the Lord Chamberiain lighted the fire; when the latter provided the lamps. and the former trimmed and lighted them.

In the matter of repairs it was just as bad. Five officials, we are told, had to sign or countersign a requisition before money was forthcoming for the mending of a lock or the renewal of a pane of glass. No wonder that after estate had been concluded, the Queen desn't exceed our own.

should write to her uncle, Leopold, who was always interested in her affairs, small and great: "It sounds so pleasant to have a place of one's own, quiet and retired and free from all Woods and Forests and other charming departments, which really are the plague of one's life."—Emily P. Weaver, in the June

How Dickinson Came to be Stricken With Fumes From Retort.

Looking For Road to Wealth By Alchemist's Discovery.

Scranton, Pa.-Was Chas. Courter Dickinson, financier, founder of the Carnegie Trust Co., of New York, a disciple of Hermes Trismegistus, the father

of Alchemy? Dickinson, as is known, died suddenly and mysteriously after a visit to a local chemical labratory. It now develops that his death was due to his having breathed certain noxious fumes exhaled by a retort during the process of an experiment in metallurgy. There is reason to believe that this experiment first described vaguely as bearing on a "commercial process" invented by Dr. F. W. Lange, of Scranton, was really an experiment in Alchemy, and that Dr. Lang, Chas. Dickinson and Stanton Dickinson, a brother of the deceased, were associated in pushing a scheme for the trans-mutation of the baser metals into gold or silver.

The Dickinson brothers came to Scranton on May 16. They were taken to the Lange labratory to witness the crucial experiment in the Lange process. Certain materials—said to have been the baser metals, lead, tin, antimony, etc.were fused in a crucible heated to a temperature of 4,000 degrees Fahren-

When the reduction of the materials in the crucible had been accomplished, and before the molten mass had thoroughly cooled, the door of the furnace was opened and a blast of hot gases gushed into the room. Chas. Dickinson was directly in line with the open furnace door. He coughed and swooned. Victor Hedgepeth, who was another witness of the experiment was also affected, but less seriously than Mr. Dickinson. Dr. Lange and Stanton Dickinson, who were near an open window, were not affected.

The prostrated man was hurried back to New York. In a week he was dead. There was a rumor in Wall street to the effect that he had committed suicide. The Dickinson family physician, however, says he died of "pneumonia."

Chas. C. Dickinson was a brilliant young financier. His career in Wall street has been a somewhat spectacular one, and he was on the road to success, as the "street" defines success. It seems that he was not content with ist. Now, like Paraclesus, who poisoned himself with a draft of his elixir of life, and like many another who had sought for the Master Draft or the Philosopher's Stone, he has paid with his life the penalty for prying too curiously into the veiled secrets of nature.

# AN ORGAN FOR 25 CENTS

We have on hand thirty-five organs. taken in exchange on Heintzman & Co. pianos, which we must sell regardless of lose, to make room in our store. Every instrument has been thoroughly overhauled, and is guaranteed for five years, and full amount will be allowed on exchange. The prices run from \$10 to \$35, for such well-known makes as Thomas. Dominion, Karn, Uxbridge, Goderich and Bell. This is your chance to save money. A post card will bring full particulars. Heintzman & Co., 71 King street east, Hamilton.

The Unseen is Eternal.

The sculptor adds no material to the marble by his conscientious toil; but by every stroke of his mallet he is breaking away portions of the stone that are not essental to his purpose. The artist can purchase for a few dimes the pigments needed for his canvas, and when at last the completed painting is hung in the gallery there are no colors in it that were not mixed from the little tubes which he bought from the merchant. But for that canvas the artist receives tens of thousands of dollars. What gives value to the sculptor's marble and to the artist's canvas? Skill? More than that. The prestige of a name? More than that. The connoisseur has purchased more than colors, skill or genus. The soul of the artist has been breathed into the canvas, and he has purchased that. The dream of the sculptor is in his marbie, and he has pruchased that. Back of the hand is the thought of the thinker; the unseen has been made real, and he has purchased that. The artist and the sculptor went back into the picture gallery of the soul hidden deep from mortal vision, and brought away a new creation, and the purchaser has purchased that. He has caught a glimpse of the unseen and the soul's imagery becomes the world's posession.

It was not for flesh and blood that Jesus died. Not for that was the price paid, the wonderful price, on Golgotha. although the frame goes with the picture. He saw deeper than perishab'e mertality. He saw there an image that was once in the thought of the Great Artist. He saw the unseen image in the canvas of humanity, God's thought. God's dream, God's creation, and he purchased that. It was the unseen for which he died. It was immortality enshrined in human flesh, and he gave the wonderful price.-United Presbyterian.

some years' experience of such conditions, when the purchase of the Osberne fortune of our friends, provided it