



like rare old violins
possess a tone that
improves with use.

Why does a Stradivarius occupy
such an exalted place among
violins, when others may be
bought for so much less.

Because of its purity of tone.

So, also, it is the purity of
tone in Gurlay Pianos that
has won for them such an
exalted place in the esteem
of Canadian musicians and
music-lovers.

Over 4000 Gurlay owners
are ready to testify that
the tone improves with use.

Gurlay Winter & Teeming
188 Yonge St. - Toronto.

The Winnipeg Piano Co.

295 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg

CARRY A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

Gurlay Pianos and
Gurlay Angelus Player Pianos

Complete Catalogue and prices mailed free on application.
Easy terms of payments arranged.

Buy This
POTATO DIGGER

Extra strong, very durable, light draft, easy on horses, positively best potato digger on market. Fully guaranteed—still priced low. Get free book on Diggers, Pickers and Sorters. Hoover Mfg. Co., Box 67, Avery, Ohio.

Transfer points—Buffalo, N.Y., Detroit, Mich., St. Paul, Minn., Marshalltown, Ia., Idaho Falls, Id., Portland, Ore., Spokane, Wash., Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont., Fond du Lac, Wis.

Silk Four-in-hand Neckties

NECKTIES of the latest designs and patterns. All colors. Both plain shades and stripes. Ask us for any color and we will send at once. Money refunded if goods are unsatisfactory. Just the styles for young men.

Price 35c each; Three for \$1.00. Postpaid.

Huron Novelty Co., Box 351, Toronto, Ont.

Expert Watch Repairing

If your watch gives you trouble pack it in a box and send to us. We will look it over and estimate the cost of repairs by return mail. If not satisfactory we will return watch as it was at our expense. If satisfactory, and we repair your watch, we are absolutely responsible for our work for one year, barring accidents.

We have developed the largest watch repair business in Canada in seven years. There must be a reason. We do not experiment. We repair.

D. E. Black

Mfg. Jeweller and Optician
116a 8th Ave. East, Calgary, Alta.

a burden down her sides, something that lay in their arms like a dead weight, something sodden and cold. A shiver ran through him from head to heel, he turned his face away from the dumb thing that they held, he would not stay to see; all his neighbors were clustering about the frozen mask. As for him, he thought of Priscilla and Jasper's mother ten years in her grave, and then he heard one of the sailors saying:

"He was the only man of them that rose to the surface. We hung around as long as we dared, but the sea was growing madder every moment. Zounds, wasn't it a spanking breeze! We tried all our nostrums to bring him to, but he's gone—the sea just beat the breath out of him."

There was no doubt in Uncle Eben's mind but the dead man was Jasper; yet he could not trust himself to make sure, for how terrible the conviction would be! So he waited till they should speak his name—waited, half benumbed with pain and cold, wondering how he should break it to Priscilla, if she were growing anxious, if the neighbors had not already gossiped to her; and then old Burton, who kept the corner grocery, blurted out, in his rough sympathy:

"Poor fellow! His wife will be sore put to it to feed those six hungry children without him."

It was plain that the Heron had gone down; that this was the body of the mate; that Jasper was even now tossing on the currents across the sand-bar,

there, your old uncle was rough with you," rocking her in his arms like an infant. "There, there, wipe away the tears, deary;" but there were no tears to wipe away, for Priscilla had dropped in a swoon.

When the new year came in, and the days began to lengthen and the cold to chill the marrow in one's bones, the neighbors were saying among themselves that something had changed Priscilla Farnham. She never sang now about her work, averred Mrs. Burton, who had often listened to her in the still afternoons. She left off the gay ribbons with which she had been used to adorn herself, the jaunty hat that had been her pride; her spar ear-rings were put away in a box in the best bureau till Nanine should be old enough to wear them; her brown hair had forgotten its crimps. She was no longer to be met with at sewing circles, at teadrinkings, at quilting or dances. Her quondam lovers declare that she had grown dull, that a smile was as rare as a new moon, and that she had lost the charms of coquetry. Mothers pitied her, and said it was all along of taking care of Uncle Eben and his asthma and those great noisy children; and fathers told their sons that she would make a good wife, notwithstanding the loss of her high spirits and the carmine of her cheek. Only Uncle Eben understood it all, and worked many a sad thought into his

A Noble Message

One of the noblest messages ever delivered by a sovereign to his people was that issued by King George at the close of the Coronation Services. In it he recognizes his relation to the people and discloses the purposes of all true government.

Nothing could be more fitting than these words:

"Believing that this generous, outspoken sympathy with the queen and myself is, under God, our surest source of strength, I am encouraged to go forward with the renewed hope that, whatever perplexities or difficulties may be before me and my people, we shall all unite in facing them resolutely and calmly and with public spirit, confident that under Divine guidance the ultimate outcome will be to the common good."

(Signed) GEORGE R. I.

drifting from ocean hollow to ocean hollow, while Priscilla waited for him to come to dinner, and made herself comely to welcome him. Uncle Eben went back to the house then; he looked into the vacant kitchen in passing; the savory odors sickened him, the table with the plate set for Jasper turned him cold, as if it had been placed for a ghost; he called at the foot of the stairs for Cilly.

"Here I am," she replied, coming out of the best room, where she had been arranging a sprig of scarlet geranium at her throat, before the largest glass that the house afforded—her cheeks flushing, her soft eyes undimmed by tears.

"Where is Jasper? It was the Heron, wasn't it? Is he in the kitchen? Don't tease me, Uncle Eben. I know it was the Heron. I just heard Mrs. Burton say it was. Oh!" as she caught sight of his white face, "is anything the matter?"

"Jasper—" he began, and his voice broke.

"Where is he? she asked, half puzzled, but unsuspecting still. When shall we see him? I will have dinner on the table at once."

"Wait a minute, Cilly," he said, recovering himself. "You will see him, Cilly—" How should he tell her, what was the most gentle way, or was there any gentleness in such cruel business? "You will see him, dear—when the sea gives up its dead! There,

sails, while Priscilla kept the fire bright and the hearth swept as before, and looked out across the yeasty bar and groaned in her heart, remembering that fair evening when she had love in her hands, to take or leave. But she had sent him the line he had asked for; she had that for her comfort; he had gone down to his death with the assurance of her love in his heart, shut fast, like a flower in its calyx; his last thought had been of her, his last breath a prayer for her; but not one hand clasp, not one warm melting kiss to lighten all the bleak future, to hallow the fading past. It had been her own fault surely, but none the less was it bitter.

One Sunday, when she saw Matilda Mathews come walking into church with her lover, bronzed and weather beaten, off a two years' voyage, her heart leaped up in her breast burning like a coal, and the scalding tears started into her eyes; and so when other girls and their sweet hearts passed her by she turned away her head with weary sighs, and went on her lonely way.

And so St. Valentine's day came round. Priscilla had been used to receive scores of those fanciful billets-doux in years past—tender missives in halting verse, lost in a wilderness of posies, watched over by a corps of Cupids. But to day the postman made his rounds and missed her altogether; she watched him stop at Mrs. Burton's, and saw Liz open the door with a whole bevy of dimples wrinkling her blushing face. Priscilla