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ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

mother, after a conference with my uncle, was not of her daughter's mind, but nevertheless the engagement stood. It all seems a great while ago." The man stopped.

Wanota stitched in the ring of candle-light, her smooth, dark head bent over the beaver coat. The old trapper slept heavily.

"Yes," questioned Nance, in the soft, eager way she had.

"I liked the American college," Wynn went on. The fellows were good students, good clean sports, keen quick-witted gentlemen all through. They were very kind in every way. They took me in as one of them, and we made friends—I'm coming to the middle of the story now," he interjected.

"There was an old professor of chemistry in the college who was an enthusiastic experimenter, and fired the students with deadly ambition. His laboratory was next to my classroom. One day there were half-a-dozen sophomores in that laboratory trying a difficult experiment by themselves. As I passed the door to go to my class, there was an explosion of chemicals in there, followed by fire. I rushed in to help get out the fellows who were down—they had been scattered in every direction, and the place was filled with gas fumes—when there was a second explosion. I didn't know about that. It bowled me through the room, and I struck on my head against an iron-bound locker. It might only have been the marble tiling, but I was unconscious so long they concluded it was the locker. There had been a great deal of glass blown to bits, and a few fragments of it struck my face. The surgeons assured me in the days that followed that they had got all the glass and saved the eye which was in the scrimmage." Wynn leaned towards the girl. "You can see the scars below the left eye."

"I saw them at first," she replied, "and wondered. But you need not mind; they don't spoil you."

He laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"They were almost my finish. You see, the surgeons with all their skill left a bit of the glass in—just below the eye there. What Stevenson would have called 'a crumb of glass.' An infinitesimal thing, yet enough it proved to set up trouble in a nerve. The place healed outwardly—but the pain continued. It became a maddening unending horror, and put an end to sleep. I had not made a good recovery from the concussion of the brain, and could not think clearly or reason at all.

"So, because I was of no end of a trouble, or perhaps from the kindest of motives, they began to give me morphine hypodermically. Whenever they stopped the pain came back, a devil refreshed, so they gave me the drug steadily; increasing the dose. Months went by. The other men who were hurt in the explosion got better, and went home, but I was still in the hospital. My uncle had been good enough to cable that they were to look after me. Everyone was kind, but they got tired of asking how I was. Still more months went by. There was never any question about the morphine now. They gave it to me as a matter of course, or ordinary routine. I would have been in the country mad-house without it, and, just as probably, was tending that way with it. Still, it put an end to agony, and brought sleep of a sort, and indifference to fallen fortune.

"I drifted off to a little half-lost room in the big hospital, and in it lived and moved and had my being—such as it was. At first the College men used to come up, but I had a depressing effect upon them. They came less often—then not at all. I was practically forgotten; a man who had come, and gone. The hospital doctors lost interest in me, for no diagnosis seemed to fit my case, I was one of their failures, best out of sight. Even the nurses ceased to chatter over the obscure cause of the pain that continued unabated, when I was not drugged."

The man stopped suddenly. "Do I bore you?" he asked.

She gave him a queer little glance

that seemed to answer, for he took up the recital.

"Then a young house-surgeon—so extremely young that everything looked possible to him, and even old chronic cases, that neither died or got better, but hung like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, stirred him to endeavour—started to spend odd half-hours in my room. He took an inconsequent fancy to me in much the same fashion as the chipmunk did, and like him he lectured—appealing to anything that was left in me of strength, to give up the hypodermics.

"When I gave the morphine up for hours at a time to please him, he would watch me stealthily occasionally—trying to divert my mind at other times. At last he was convinced that I suffered in those undrugged intervals the tortures of the star-chamber, and—because he was so boyishly sure of himself, and in his bright lexicon was no word that stood for defeat—he determined to find out what caused the pain. He tried to arouse interest in others of the staff, but I was too old a story. So he worked the thing out alone. "There is a cause for such an effect, Wynn," he said. "Great Heavens—what can't be endured has just got to be cured! There's glass in there, yet, I believe!"

A nurse was in the room at the moment, and she smiled. It was a smile that maddened the boy. "Why do you smile, Nurse?" he asked savagely.

The surgeon who operated said he got all the glass. You know his rank in the profession. The other doctors agreed with him, and the wound healed perfectly," the woman returned in her unemotional voice.

"Not it!" the young doctor exclaimed. "Not by leagues! I'm going to operate again, Nurse. On the quiet, if Wynn consents."

"I consented, and he got the bit of glass. The pain stopped—But—" The man's voice wavered, and went into silence.

"Oh, tell me!" said Nance.

"I went on taking the morphine. That's about all. My mind was still confused. I could not grasp figures; the simplest problem baffled me. I was worn out in body and mind. So I stayed on in my little lost room under the hospital roof and took the drug.

(To be continued.)

Selfish Unselfishness.—An ardent advocate during a campaign said: "A point upon which a great deal of weight has been placed is that women do not want the suffrage, and that it would be cruel to impose it upon them. The cry about cruelty to women reminds me of a dialogue that passed between Johnnie and his mother: 'Johnnie, your little sister has been hauling you on your sled for half an hour. Why don't you get off and haul her?' 'Mamma,' said little Johnnie, 'I am afraid she will take cold.'"

Genius, Fame, Poverty.

CHARLES DICKENS made \$200,000 on one lecturing tour; but his descendants, it is said, are now in want. His eldest son, Alfred Tennyson, whose sudden death was recently recorded, had been travelling through the States delivering lectures in an endeavour to keep the family pot boiling. Tragic incidents of this kind are of daily occurrence, and yet they make as little impression upon us as the rain on the duck's back. One of our newspapers in commenting on the pathetic facts asked the significant question: "What is to become of us when we are old?" There is but one answer: A man must save in his youth if he will have a "nest egg" in the days when his locks are hoary and his earning powers have departed. But that is not all. He must adopt a system of saving which will not fail him in the hour of trial. This system has been provided under the Canadian Government Annuities Act, in regard to which you may obtain literature of your Postmaster, or by applying to the Superintendent of Annuities, Ottawa.