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GWYN.

The speech last made by Lady Mary might have been that of a coquette seeking to produce an apparent reciprocity of idea with the man she intended to ensnare. But her ladyship was no coquette; she had no intention of ensnaring her guardian's son, and she truly felt what she expressed regarding politics; and it created a strong and pleasant tie between her and Rowland.

The more a man devotes himself heart and soul to any work the more he requires a confidante to enter into his hopes, his fears, his successes. He craves for one to whom he can not only talk, but who can understand, appreciate and converse upon the subject which interests him.

Rowland found this in Lady Mary. Ever her father's companion in their own as in the numerous foreign courts he had attended, her knowledge was naturally extensive; while her clever, intellectual power of reasoning surprised Rowland, while it filled him with admiration.

"The intellect of a truly clever woman," he said once, as, after a long debate at the house, he sat by her side in the drawing-room, a place he always sought now, when disengaged, "is like a priceless jewel in a gold-encased man; it is worth the trouble to discover it."

"I think so, Lady Mary. You cannot tell the intense pleasure your conversations give me." She lifted her soft eyes and gazed full into his.

Neither flinched. She perceived the remark was the outpouring of friendship, no more, and was relieved. Not only did she honor his fidelity to Gwyn, but Lady Mary had not quitted Steinwald quite heartwhole, though she felt her love, even as Rowland's, hopeless.

Perhaps this fact made the friendship of the two more agreeable and stronger; a friendship Marian witnessed with increasing rage and spite. Yet the latter felt that she had a card to play still.

She had learned Capt. Darnley's secret. She believed Lady Mary to be far from indifferent to him; in truth, that she liked him much better than Rowland.

The Darnleys, in less than a month would be in town, when she resolved, despite her uncle, who, she knew, preferred the handsome soldier's room to his company, to bring him and Lady Mary again together.

Before a week elapsed after Lord Wentford's visit, Mr. Harrington Harrington had resigned his seat in parliament, and Rowland started with Sir Merton to Colindale, to make speeches to his electors.

Lady Mary seemed as much excited about the election as anyone; and her anxiety to know how matters went made Rowland laughingly promise to send bulletins every hour.

"If your success depended on my wishes, Mr. Gower," she said, "you might consider yourself already returned. Farewell, and bonne fortune—bonne fortune."

She stood at the drawing-room door as she spoke, slipping the bronze-kid slipper from her foot, laughing, she threw it after them.

"Do not turn back—do not turn back!" she cried, as Rowland did so. "It spoils the charm."

"That I must risk, rather than let so priceless a gift escape," responded he, as he placed the slipper within his coat.

"Rowley," said Sir Merton Gower, as the descended the stairs, "you might pillow the head of the beautiful owner where you have placed that slipper, did you choose?"

"Do you think so, sir?" he replied. "I am sure of it; therefore, don't be a fool. That, indeed, is a priceless gift, which it is veriest folly to let escape."

Rowland made no reply. He dropped a little behind, stilling a violent spasm of the heart, while a cloud settled over his face.

He was thinking of Gwyn Reba—his ocean queen, his nymph—Gwyn, who, false or true, he must ever love better than all women.

Rowland Gower's return proved not to be so easy a matter as everyone had imagined. A Mr. Vyvyan Howard, a severe Conservative, who possessed a general knowledge of stupendous growth, "which," a factious friend had remarked, "must be true, for who ought to know better than he who planted it himself, put up a candidate that he spared no expense to return. Though, at times, Rowland's chance seemed to be small, he rather liked the contest than otherwise. There was

decidedly more glory, more honor in it; as he wrote to Lady Mary, with whom, according to promise, he constantly corresponded.

The banquet was not and sharp; but at the conclusion, Rowland's name, by some hundreds, stood at the head of the poll.

"I congratulate you, my dear boy!" exclaimed the baronet, immensely proud, as, leaving the final arrangements to their agent, they proceeded back to London.

Rowland pressed his father's hand. He, too, was proud and excited. His first step on the political ladder had been taken. To what might it lead?

At that moment Gwyn was forgotten. On reaching Portland Place, they found that Lady Mary, under the chaperonage of a Lady Tvesdale, with Mr. Rylands, and Marian, had gone to a ball. The giver was a lady whom the Gowers knew intimately.

Rowland hurried to his room, and speedily returned in full evening dress. "Why, Rowley, where are you off to?" inquired the baronet, surprised. "I am as tired as a dog, and should imagine you were the same."

"I am going to Mrs. Cecil Dyne-court," replied his son. "Lady Mary will be anxious to know the result of the election; and I should like to be the first to tell her."

"Good; I forgot that. I dare say she is worrying, as it is, to get home," remarked Sir Merton. Then, as his son, he threw himself back in his chair, and rubbing his white, delicate hands, ejaculated, in triumph: "I have worked the oracle. In this brief space she has become a necessity to him; another short while, and Gwyn Reba will be entirely forgotten, and my wish attained."

The latter was possible, but never the former, as Sir Merton would have learned, could he have beheld the contents of a secret drawer in his son's desk.

Therein laid a tress of rich, dark hair, and many mementos of his love of the sea-maiden. Often, during the silent watches of the night, Rowland would take these out to contemplate, recalling that sweet past period until, covering his face, the hot tears would flow fast in mental agony, while the quivering lips cried:

"Oh, Gwyn! Gwyn! And I thought you true! I would have died rather than doubt you!"

On this evening, however, Gwyn was as far from his thoughts as even the baronet could have desired, as he was ushered up the staircase by Mrs. Cecil Dyne-court's, stately powdered footman into the brilliantly-lighted ball-room.

Etiquette should have made him, first thing, seek out his hostess, and demand forgiveness for being an uninvited guest. But had he done so, he knew the instant inquiry would be concerning the election, when his success would fly through the room, and reach Lady Mary's ears before he was aware of it, and of that he was jealous.

He wanted to see the light of gladness leap into her eyes; the soft bloom of sympathetic triumph spread over her cheek. Was it love?

No, rather; it was merely the pure affection and admiration of a woman he held his dearest friend. He would have renounced politics, fame, everything for Gwyn Reba, if necessary; he would not have done so for Lady Mary.

As he was wending his way through the gay crowd, his gaze suddenly lighted on Marian Rylands.

Rapidly he turned, and perceiving a curtained alcove, darted within it to—oh! Marian!—avoid her. "Safe!" he murmured, half aloud; then, confused, looked quickly around, as the rustle of a silk dress told him the answer. He had been beaten out of the field. The electors showing their good sense in preferring his humble servant, he laughed, taking the white hands in his.

"Most wise and foreseeing electors!" she exclaimed, her radiant countenance indeed rewarding him for being the bearer of the news. "You are then, an M.P.?"

"I am so glad! A thousand, thousand congratulations!" she cried. They stood looking into each other's eyes; and a wish took birth in Rowland's heart that this lovely, high-souled woman was his sister, that he might take her in his arms and kiss those coral lips so sweetly congratulating him.

"Come," said Lady Mary. "I must not have all this good news to myself. Your uncle and cousin are here. Let us find them."

(To be Continued.)

Don't believe those who praise you and speak in derogation of others.

Free Medical Treatment For Weak Men

Who are Willing to Pay When Convinced of Cure.

MARION BROWN'S FORMER LIFE

A Statement by the Prisoner in London Jail.

His Career Before Coming to Canada Described

By the Peg-Leg Himself—A Rather Eventful History.

The following is a statement of Marion Brown, respecting his former life:

I was born in San Saba county, Texas. My father was a white man, my mother was a colored woman. I never knew my father. When four or five years old we moved to Austin, Texas, and soon after to Round Rock, Texas. We lived in Round Rock until I was twelve or fourteen years old.

My mother was employed as a cook on different farms, and I and my sister lived with her. I went to school for three or four months each year, and every spring and fall after I was seven or eight years old I worked at hoeing and picking cotton. Hoeing lasts from June to August, and picking from that time until December. All this time my sister and I worked for my mother.

My sister, who is older than I, was married when I was about fourteen, and soon after I left Round Rock and went to Belton, where she lived, and worked as a boot-black in my brother-in-law's barber shop for about six months. With another lad, Jim Cox, on a handcar, we went to Hueston, and got employment in the Capitol Hotel, washing dishes. Getting home-sick here, I left Hueston and started for home. A colored friend of mine was breaking up two train cars, and me to a ride. I was riding on a lumber car, when the conductor found me and made me jump off. It was then I broke my leg. Some colored folk—section men—found me, and took me to a doctor, who sent me to the nearest town. My mother came for me, and took me to Taylor, where she was cooking on a stock farm. Here Mrs. Duke and Brown took my leg off, as I had no doctor before to save my leg, and I was about four months, and after I got well I went back to Round Rock. Here I made myself a wooden leg, and got employment in a livery stable.

Here I fell in with a man, "Ruffian" Greyden, who taught me to steal. I was in the summer, and in the fall I went into the cotton fields. I lived in Round Rock for about two years at this time, working in the cotton season. I was good cotton picker, and earned good wages working for nearly all the farmers in that part.

In the second year we heard that there were better wages at San Marcos, and a number of us left Round Rock and went over there, where we worked. Here there were a number of Mexicans, and "Ruffian" Greyden and I got gambling with them, and between us made about \$500. On our way back to Round Rock, Greyden and I went to Austin, and had several suits of clothes made. I went back to Round Rock, and put up at Hannah Washington's, a woman who was a friend of ours as long as I can remember. I went to visit my sister at Belton, and while I was away my clothes were seized, and when I returned I was arrested on the charge of having stolen the clothes. I was taken to Georgetown jail, where I was kept for nearly two months without a trial, when the sheriff came and told me that they had found the clothes were mine, but I was wanted for gambling and fighting. On this charge I was fined \$50, and having nothing to pay, I was sentenced to the county farm to work this out. On the farm we got 50 cents a day every day we worked. When sick, or if it rained, we were charged 50 cents a day for board. I worked about 150 days, and had about \$10 still to work off, when, getting a good chance to escape, I ran away.

I went to Rockdale, and was in that part for about a month, when I was caught and taken back to a city jail, where I was sentenced to a city jail, where I was charged with \$50, and had to stay until this was worked off. This farm had to be cleared, and I was set to chopping, work I had never done before. I was not able to keep up with the gang I was working with, and the overseer ordered me to be flogged. I got 60 lashes with a cartridge belt. I was here for the greater part of a year, and at the end of the year I was hardly treated here most of the time; but toward the end of the term

the overseer seemed to take a liking to me. I got out four days after McKinley was elected. I was then about 22 years old.

I went back to Round Rock to see about my clothes, but only found one suit. I went to the constable to see about them. He was ill, and was expected to die. He could give no account of the other suits. I went to see the sheriff at Georgetown, and he told me I'd better let the matter drop, or I'd get into worse trouble.

I got work about Round Rock again in the cotton fields, and when the cotton season was over I went to the store of a colored man, a restaurant, in Oakland, California, where I had a cousin. I worked on a fruit farm there for several months, and from there went up to Portland, Oregon, and from there to Colesburg, Washington, where I worked in a colored man's restaurant. All this time I was doing more or less in gambling, just as I got the chance.

From here I went back to Texas, to Round Rock, worked that fall at cotton picking, and when the season was over I went to San Angelo, where my sister was living. From there I went to Lam Pasa and took a job of herding sheep, where I worked for about four months.

Returning to Round Rock I got work with a stockman. After quitting with him I went up to Lam Pasa for June 19, "Proclamation Day," and was there for four or five days. I stopped at Temple on my way home to Round Rock, and while there, in the store of a colored man, I was arrested on the charge of breaking into a store in Round Rock. It was from the jail at Georgetown, while lying there on this charge, that I escaped. I came up north, hoping to throw the sheriff off my track. When I was getting out of the country I was shot at at Macgregor. Two men on horseback came on me about two miles from the town. Five or six shots were fired at me, but as I was in the dusk, and I was only wounded. I fired back at the man on horseback. I never had been in the habit of carrying a revolver, and never was in any fight where any one was killed before. I was on my way back to Washington Territory when I passed through Canada.

Further—My reason for escaping was because I was sure I could never get justice. The sheriff had said to me that he would see that I got fifteen years at least.

HEALERS ARRESTED

Faith Cure People Getting Into Trouble.

Mount Vernon, May 11.—Coroner Banning and a jury held an inquest in the case of Mrs. Charlotte M. Bannet, who died on Wednesday of dropsy, and who, it is claimed, was treated by Christian Scientists. The jury returned a verdict to the effect that Mrs. Bannet died from acute dropsy, which had been relieved, if not entirely cured, had proper medical treatment been given. The jurors held that Mrs. Fowler, the "healer," and Lillian B. Bannet, jun., and Miss Ethel Bannet were guilty of negligence, and recommended that the coroner take the proper steps to punish them. Coroner immediately caused the arrest of the three persons named. The coroner, sitting as a magistrate, held Mrs. Fowler and Lillian Bannet, jun., in \$1,000 bail each for examination.

New York, May 11.—On behalf of the health officer, Assistant Corporation Counsel Walsh appeared in the police court in Brooklyn yesterday, with Mr. Bernard Schneider, of Williamsburg, for the purpose of having the couple inform Magistrate Brenner what knowledge they had of the alleged "faith cure" practiced by a Mrs. Marie Miller, of New York city, upon Mrs. Schneider's 12-year-old daughter, whose subsequent sufferings from gangrene could only be alleviated by the amputation of her leg. Mrs. Schneider testified that the "faith cure" woman came to them unasked, and stipulated that no doctors should be permitted to attend their daughter. She put saline on the afflicted limb, and mixed a certain kind of tea for the child to drink. Mrs. Schneider testified that she paid \$31 for this "faith cure." Mrs. Schneider signed an affidavit on which Magistrate Brenner issued a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Miller on the charge of practicing medicine illegally.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., 66 NIAGARA ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

First—As per statement in The London Advertiser you may mail to me, under plain letter seal, postage paid, full explanation of your new system of furnishing your Appliance and Remedies to reliable men on trial and approval without expense—no payment to be made in advance—no cost of any kind unless treatment proves successful and entirely satisfactory. Also mail sealed, free, your new medical book for men.

Give name and address in full. Please write very plainly.

AGE MARRIED OR SINGLE



Wall Paper Department (Second Floor.)

Saturday morning will witness a Wall Paper sale here, the like of which has not been seen this year. We wish to reduce our enormous stock, and to do this we realize that prices must be cut, and cut deeply, too, right in the midst of the season, when everyone is papering their houses or preparing to. We offer high grade Wall Paper at prices that will save you 50 per cent on your purchases. WE BELIEVE THAT ANY ONE NEEDING THE GOODS would be willing to pay 15c a roll for Wall Paper worth, at least, 25c a roll, and have, therefore, gotten together a collection of our best papers, in all the latest designs, which we will offer at that figure Saturday and Monday—once more, so there'll be no mistake about it, per roll, 15c.

PARLOR, HALL AND DINING-ROOM WALL PAPERS. A most complete line of Gilt and Embossed Papers, full combination; per roll, 10c. BEDROOM PAPERS. Fine artistic goods, light and airy in appearance, when hung; retailed at 12 1/2c, our price, Saturday and Monday, per roll, 8c.

SPECIAL WALL PAPERS of a good quality, in blue, with or without gilt; Saturday and Monday price, per roll, 6c. AMERICAN PARLOR AND HALL PAPERS. 18-inch frieze to match; our regular price per roll was 10c, Saturday and Monday sale price 5c.

1,000 rolls of good quality Bedroom Papers, choice of two patterns, both light papers; Saturday and Monday sale price, per roll, 2c.

Curtain Poles. In oak and mahogany finish; poles 5 feet long, complete with trimmings, 20c.

Room Molding. 2 inches wide, in yellow, blue, green and terra cotta, per foot, 2c.

FOR FIRST-CLASS DRY MAPLE AND BEECH wood cut to order, call Phone 347.

Campbell & Chantler, 176 BATHURST STREET.

Railways and Navigation L. E. & D. R. R.

Semi-Weekly Excursions from London to Pt. Stanley Commencing Wednesday, May 17, and each Wednesday and Saturday thereafter during the season.

FARE FOR ROUND TRIP, 30c. Trains leave London 10:25 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. Returning leave Pt. Stanley 4:30 p.m. U.S. & ONTARIO NAV. CO. STEAMER "SHENANGO NO. 1."

commencing Friday, June 2, and on each Monday and Friday thereafter during the season will leave Pt. Stanley at 5 p.m. (eastern standard time), arriving at Connetquot at 11 p.m. Returning leave Connetquot, Ohio, each Monday and Friday at 9 a.m. (central time), arriving at Pt. Stanley at 3 p.m. Fare, one way, from Pt. Stanley, \$1.00. Special tourists rates to points in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

CPR + CPR + CPR + CPR + CPR + CPR CANADIAN PACIFIC Fishing

The best Trout and Bass streams are to be found on the line of the Canadian Pacific. Open season for Trout commences May 1. Open season for Bass commences June 10.

For further particulars and copy of "Fishing and Shooting" consult any agent or C. E. McPHERSON, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, 1 King street east, CPR Toronto. THOS. R. PARKER, City Pass. Agent, 161 Dundas street, corner CPR of Richmond.

ALLAN LINE Royal Mail Steamers.

Leaving St. John and Halifax for Liverpool and calling at Moville. Also from Port land direct to Liverpool. Low rates. Quick service. Steamers from Liverpool to Quebec and Montreal, also from London and from Glasgow, will leave those ports about the 15th of April for Quebec and Montreal. Persons wishing to bring out their friends can obtain prepaid tickets at low rates. London agents: E. De la Hooke, T. R. Parker and F. B. Clarke 227

WHITE STAR LINE REDUCED FARES.

New York to Liverpool via Queenstown S.S. TEUTONIC, May 17.....12 Noon S.S. CYMBRIC, May 24.....12 Noon S.S. MAJESTIC, May 31.....12 Noon S.S. BRITANNIC, June 7.....12 Noon S.S. TEUTONIC, June 14.....12 Noon Rates as low as by any first-class line. Berths secured by wire.

E. De La Hooke, Sole Agent for London, "Clock" Corner.

Saturday and Monday

Bargain Days.

GREAT WALL PAPER SALE ON SECOND FLOOR.

House Furnishings.

MATCHLESS GAS BURNER. Always ready for use; it saves gas and is a wonderful convenience; special tomorrow, 15c. AMMONIA. Good quality, in large bottles; special tomorrow, 2 for 15c. HAND LANTERNS. Made of Japanned tin, fitted with candle, best cellar lantern, 15c.

CLOTHES HORSE. 5 1/2 feet size, made of hard wood, folding style; sold regularly at \$2, reduced to \$1. TUB STAND, for two tubs, folding pattern, with patent wringer attachment, \$1. TOILET PAPER, of good quality tissue, large size roll; Saturday and Monday, 6 rolls for 25c.

HAMMOCKS. Whatever your notion of comfort and luxury suggests in the way of a Hammock, we have it for you at the very best lowest prices, ranging from 65c to \$4.25. PORCH ROCKERS of best hardwood, in oak or red, double reed seat and back; special price \$2.50.

Shirt Waists. Best fabrics, best colors, all new, this season's best styles. We have new last year's waists to close out at half price, an elaborate showing of Cotton Shirt Waists, comprising all the latest novelties in piques, zephyrs, lawns, chevrons, percales, chambrays, etc., exclusive and latest styles. FINE WHITE MUSLIN SHIRT WAISTS, with embroidered insertions and tucked front, insertion front, box plait, laundered collar and cuffs; special sale price, \$1.75.

Underwear. CHILDREN'S KNITTED VESTS, half sleeve, lace and ribbon trimmed, regular price 10c, Saturday at 5c. LADIES' COTTON KNIT VESTS, half sleeve or sleeveless, square low neck; Saturday and Monday, sale price 10c. LADIES' EXTRA FINE COTTON VESTS, sleeveless, lace and silk ribbon, trimmed, 55c.

A list of values for Saturday and Monday that we feel proud of, and that any store in the world would have reason to be proud of.

Window Shades. Best Oiled Linen Shades, full size, trimmed with heavy lace, colors creams and greens, mounted, complete, on Hartshorn rollers; Saturday and Monday price, 45c. LINEN WINDOW SHADES, in creams and greens, mounted on spring roller, brackets, nails, pulls, all complete, 25c.

Labrador Refrigerators. Strongly built of hardwood, charcoal lined, locks and hinges are of solid brass, shelves are of galvanized iron; has removable waste pipe, zinc lined; special tomorrow, \$8.75.

Our Line of Screen Doors and Window Screens. is now complete and our prices the lowest. The price of window screens, 20c and up, and screen doors, from 65c up to \$1.25.

Ladies' Wrappers. Ladies' Cambric Wrappers, fitted waist lining, very wide skirt, rolling collar; regular price, \$1, sale price 75c. \$1.25 Wrappers at\$1.00 \$2.25 Wrappers at\$1.75 \$2.50 Wrappers at\$2.00

Hosiery. LADIES' BLACK COTTON HOSE, double heel and toe, real macco feet; regular 25c hose; Saturday and Monday at 15c. FAST BLACK COTTON HOSE, Hermsdorf dye, spliced heel and toe; Saturday and Monday 10c.

In the Candy Department. Saturday and Monday specials. FRENCH CREAMS, per lb., 10c. HONEYCOMB CREAM, new, per lb., 20c. CHOCOLATE MARSH MALLOWS, per lb., 20c.

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Tourist Resorts. Midland, Muskoka Wharf, North Bay, Novara, Orillia, Penetang, Parry Sound, Powassan, Severn, South River, Sundridge, Trout Creek, Lindsay, Peterboro.

Tickets, rates and all information from E. De la Hooke, C. P. and T. A. London, "Clock" corner, Richmond and Dundas streets, M. C. Dickson, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY OF CANADA.

On and after Monday, May 1, the trains leaving Union Station, Toronto (via Grand Trunk Railway) at 9 a.m. and 9:30 p.m., make close connection with Maritime Express and Day Express at Union Station (Bonaventure), Montreal, as follows:

Maritime Express. Saturday Excepted.

Day Express. Sunday Excepted.

Through sleeping and dining cars on Maritime Express. Buffet parlor cars on Day Express. Tickets for sale at all offices of the Grand Trunk Railway system, Union Station, Toronto, and at office of WILLIAM ROBINSON, General Traveling Agent, 93 York Street, Ross House Block, Toronto, where folders, line tables and all other information can be obtained.

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