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E. N. HUNT, 100 Dundas Street

GWYN.

As to his father relenting, he knew such a thing would be utterly contrary to his nature. To slight his paternal authority, the son was aware, with him was past forgiveness. Consequently he, Rowland, must immediately put his shoulder to the wheel and starve. Starve! How difficult it is for youth to comprehend what that word means! They are so full of vitality, of healthful strength and energy. When hope is so vigorous, the contemplation of failure is impossible.

Thus Rowland's real grief laid in the necessity to run counter to the will of a father he loved. Still, as it was necessary, he could not hold himself to blame. So, leaning out of his bedroom window, smoking and feeling the frosty air refreshing to his heated brain, he planned his future as far as he was able.

He decided, without demur, that, from the starting point, he must put pride in his pocket. He had no time to wait to choose his employment; he must seek and accept it in any form it presented itself, or go without a dinner.

This instantly led up to an idea. One of his particular friends was a young and rising barrister; through him he might get law-copying. Awfully bad pay, certainly; nevertheless, it would bring him bread and cheese until he could look about him for something better. His desire was soon to procure some engagement abroad.

He was so willing and eager for action, and to feel the sweet atmosphere of independence, that the future possessed rather a rosy tinge than a gloomy hue when, finally, he flung himself on his bed for a few hours' sleep, as he would have to rise early the next morning, having to say farewell to Gwyn before he left by the first train to London.

Reaching the metropolis, he proceeded immediately to Devereaux Court, Temple, where his friend had chambers.

Edward Pensleigh was within, and, fortunately, idle. They were on very intimate terms, and he greeted Rowland with an unfeigned welcome.

"But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?" he cried.

"By no means trust disposition, good my lord," replied Rowland, in the same strain. "In truth, Ned, being a beggar, I have come for your advice and help."

"A beggar!" the barrister's brows raised, then he laughed heartily. "When I am such a one, Rowley, I'll forswear law, and give my wig and gown to the first briefless barrister who will accept it."

"Nay, it is no jest, I assure you, but very earnest. My father has disinherited me, Ned; and from this moment the lot of the generality of mankind is mine. I must work or starve."

"Your father disinherited you? In pity, what for?" Rowley, old fellow, what confounded scrape have you been getting into?"

"I will tell you, if you have time to listen."

"You have excited my curiosity, Rowley, and I am no more my own master. I'd keep even the Lord Chancellor waiting," said the barrister. "Proceed."

Rowland did so, clearly stating the whole case.

Ned Pensleigh listened in amazement.

"And you intend to marry this fisher-girl?" he inquired.

"Certainly. What other would you have me do? Give her up, old fellow, for her sake as well as your own."

"Never. Ned, both my father and myself owe our lives to her. I no longer feel if even I could put my affection aside—which I cannot—that I would break her heart."

"But, tut! Women's hearts, Rowley, are not brittle."

"Possibly, but there may be exceptions to every rule, and I will not try the experiment with Gwyn Reba."

"The barrister's lips contracted, as if the outlandish name had put his teeth on edge. Then he remarked sententiously:

"Very chivalrous, but uncommonly foolish."

"No doubt, in the opinion of a world, which is not renowned for its usefulness," said Rowland, coldly. "But I hold a woman's love too precious to be played with. If anyone suffers, that one, by right, is myself. Thus, I say, I have to work; can you assist me?"

Edward Pensleigh knew his friend, and felt no word of his would alter his decision—at least, as yet. So, hoping secretly that the hard life he seemed so eager to adopt would bring him down, using his own words (from his stilt), he said:

"What have you thought of doing?"

"As yet I have thought little. I only am aware that law-copying is imperative. I fancied, therefore, Ned, you might procure me some law-copying."

"It's frightfully badly paid."

"Beggars must not be choosers," smiled Rowland.

"But my dear fellow, people seem to imagine that law-copying is a thing every one can do. It requires, however, a peculiar hand."

"I will adapt mine to it. No tutor, Ned, is equal to starvation. Give me a copy, and see what I can do."

"Starvation! Bosh!" grinned his friend; but, seeing the other's persistence, passed over a specimen.

Rowland examined it attentively, then made no bad imitation. "You are right, it will do. Still, it will be awfully slow work," said the barrister, half-regretfully. "I'll give you a letter to a law stationer in Chancery Lane. If he can do anything for you, I know he will. But something else has occurred to me. You are a Cambridge man, and, besides, a good Greek and Latin. A friend of mine, the proprietor of a first-class review, wants a corrector of the press. I'll give you a letter of introduction. I believe you are not devoid of literary capabilities, and perhaps you might get on for writing small articles. It would suit you better than law-copying."

Rowland Gwyn thanked his friend warmly, and, all anxiety to set to work, rose to go. The barrister wrote the letters, and, as he passed them over, said:

"Dine with me today at six, my dear Rowley, and let me know your success. Also, make me your banker, and, to commence, borrow this for present necessity. We are too old friends to have any mauvaise honte in the matter."

It was not mauvaise honte which made Rowland hesitate to accept the ten-pound note the barrister offered; it was the sensation that to do so would destroy that new and pleasurable feeling of independence which possessed him—the knowledge of having a hold upon him, that he would rather have enjoyed going without a dinner than otherwise.

Ned Pensleigh, however, laughed him out of these scruples, which he was ashamed openly to confess. So he placed the note in his pocketbook, resolving secretly to keep it intact, if possible.

Within an hour the letter had been delivered, and had met with success. Mr. Rowland Gray—for, by the barrister's advice, he had dropped his own name—had been engaged as a corrector of the press, by the editor of the *Controversial Review*; and the law-stationer—after much "humming" and "ha-ing"—had given him some law-papers to copy.

It was a proud moment when, with these in his possession, Rowland, for the first time feeling himself really his own master, procured a lodging, and set at once to work.

Days went by, and Rowland Gwyn really enjoyed his new life of action. At the end of the week the *Controversial Review* wanted in a hurry a short article on no very important matter. Their corrector offered his services, and turned out one which the editor found satisfactory.

There was another new sensation. When human beings get bitten by the authorship, the pleasure of seeing themselves in print obliterates many of the hardships of life.

Before a fortnight had passed, Rowland felt so contented that he could not see why he should hide himself, like a pariah, from his family. So he wrote to Capt. Darville.

Besides, he wanted news of Gwyn, to whom he had written, and received no answer. She could write easily, and well; why, then, was she silent? Had his family been persecuting her?

To ascertain this he was very anxious for a letter from Steinwood. On returning from the office of the *Controversial Review* the next day, he found one awaiting him on the table. Seizing it, to his astonishment, he found it was from his uncle, and not Jack.

He haste he tore off the envelope to get at the contents. Then he turned white, then red, and gave a quick, sharp cry.

"It is a trick—a falsehood!" he ejaculated; "mean, base plot to part with me! By heaven! they shall not succeed."

(To be Continued.)

YOUTH KILLED BY LIGHTNING.
Regina, N. W. T., May 9.—Two sons of Edward Brooke, a farmer, of the village, were plowing on Saturday, when Charles Edward and his brother Ben felt a shock after a thunderclap. Charles Edward, aged 18, was killed instantly, and Ben was slightly scorched.

ANTICOSTI ISLAND.
Quebec, May 9.—Letters patent for 5,000 square miles of shore lands at Bay Ellis, Anticosti Island, were delivered yesterday to the attorney of Mr. Menier, proprietor of the island, by the crown lands department. It is understood that Mr. Menier will spend \$100,000 at Bay Ellis to make a harbor of refuge there. Mr. Menier has made an offer to the crown lands department for agricultural lands on the coast of Gaspesia to transfer and settle there at his own cost the squatters of English Bay.

PREMATURELY OLD.
A man ought not to feel old, or to be old until well up towards the nineties, but now-a-days you don't see many such men. Instead, you hear people no older than 40 or 45 who begin to complain of tired backs

and brains, of stomachs giving out, of shattered nerves, of lost energy, of aversion to work. These men have thought more of dollars than of health. They forget that money is almost worthless without health to enjoy it. If men and women will take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, they need not worry much about old age. The years will go by, but they won't show it. This medicine makes digestion perfect, and changes a disordered stomach into a healthy one that works as Nature intended. It regulates the liver, enriches the blood and tones the nerves. It prevents consumption by curing bronchitis, lingering coughs and bleeding lungs. The "Discovery" contains no alcohol; no false or uncertain stimulants; the power it gives is the power of Nature: deep, genuine and lasting. It does not create a kind of artificial vitality, and it is a safe, reliable, and has been able to work every day. My appetite is good, I can eat three square meals a day, and I do not feel that miserable burning in the stomach after eating."

The reason I delayed writing was because I wanted to wait one year after I had taken the medicine before giving my statement, and now I can send a good, conscientious testimonial," writes Chas. H. Sergeant, of Plain City, Madison Co., Ohio. "During the summer and fall of 1901 I became all run-down, nervous and weak, and was out of order. I wrote to Dr. Pierce for advice. He said I had general debility, and advised me to take his Golden Medical Discovery, and I used six bottles. Since I stopped taking it about one year ago, I have not taken any medicine of any kind, and have been able to work every day. My appetite is good, I can eat three square meals a day, and I do not feel that miserable burning in the stomach after eating."

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The Baltimore Sun says that the late Wm. B. Smallbridge, of Glenville, Va., a veteran of the Civil War, was carried off by a bullet in his heart for 37 years. His death was not due to the presence of the bullet, and, in fact, he never suffered any inconvenience from it.

In Russia servants kiss their mistresses' hands both as morning and evening greetings.

NOTINGS FROM NEAR-BY PLACES

PETROLIA.
Petrolia, May 9.—Mr. Ross Polly left on Monday to work in the Imperial Oil Company's office at Sarnia.

Mary Thirza, beloved wife of Thos. Nelson, sen., died on Friday, May 5, at the advanced age of 88 years. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon at St. Philip's Church; interment at Mount Calvary Cemetery, Wyoming.

Mrs. (Dr.) Dunfield, Mrs. Counce, Miss Simpson and Miss Wiley drove to Sarnia on Thursday and were the guests of Mrs. Gurd, who recently moved from here to Sarnia.

Mr. Charles Fleming, of Sarnia, spent Sunday in town.

C. H. Fraser, G. L. McDonald and T. H. McCort drove to Sarnia on Sunday in Mr. McCort's new touring car.

Mr. W. A. Couse, of Sarnia, is in town.

There died at the family residence on Sunday, May 7, Edmund, son of Robert and Martha Houston, in the 25th year of his age. Deceased was a most estimable young man, and had many friends in town, who will regret to hear of his death. Mr. Houston contracted consumption last winter, and despite the best medical attention and care, death came on Sunday, May 7, at the residence of his mother, Mrs. Houston, at Woodworth avenue, after a brief illness, borne with Christian fortitude. Deceased was born in Nova Scotia in March, 1827. In 1843 she accompanied her parents, Mr. Wm. Porter and Mary Ann, to settle on lot 12, con. 11, Yarmouth, while yet the township was sparsely inhabited. In 1847 she was united in marriage to Wm. Taylor, and settled on lot 2, con. 10, Yarmouth, overlooking Salt Creek. Here fourteen children were born to them, six of whom are dead, and here she resided continuously for 42 years. She subsequently removed with her son, Edward Taylor, to Rodney, where she lived for ten years. Her husband predeceased her sixteen years, and she identified herself with the Baptist Church at an early age. Messrs. John Taylor, of Jaffa; George, William, James, Allan and Edward Taylor, of Yarmouth, are sons of the departed. Mrs. A. Person, of Rodney, and Miss Mary Ann Taylor, of home, are daughters. The remains were interred in the St. Thomas cemetery on Sunday, Rev. Mr. Irwin, of St. Thomas, conducted the services at the house and grave before a large gathering of relatives and sympathizing neighbors. The pall-bearers were Messrs. A. C. McBain, Thomas Penhale, John and Alexander Paterson, Thomas Hammond and Arza Tibbitts.

John McNicol shipped a herd of swine for the Ingersoll packing house on Thursday. Price, \$10 per cwt.

Miss Catherine McIntyre, daughter of the late Archibald McIntyre, of Glen, Yarmouth, is lying at the point of death.

A large acreage of fall wheat has been plowed under.

**COLD WATER
IN A HOT BOILER**

Watchman's Wife and Child Killed by an Explosion—Two Children Have Their Skulls Fractured—Novel Mode of Suicide.

Oshkosh, Wis., May 9.—The engine-room of the saw mill of the Paine Lumber Company was wrecked by a boiler explosion during the night. The night watchman, Eugene Dubois, his wife and child were killed, and two persons in the mill. The woman was killed outright, the child died in an hour, and Dubois may recover. Cold water turned into a hot boiler caused the explosion.

WITH HER TOE.
Beemer, Neb., May 9.—Mary Viach, the 15-year-old daughter of a farmer residing near this city, committed suicide while despondent over the death of her soldier sweetheart, Geo. Hoar, who fell before Calocan while fighting with the First Nebraska. She reared one of her sheep, and placing the muzzle of a gun over her head, pushed the trigger of the weapon with her toe. Death was instantaneous.

DISASTER TO FOUR TOTS.
Bessemer, Mich., May 9.—Two children of John Thors and two of John Newman, aged from 2 to 6 years, were lost last night. This morning they were found along the Railway track. The Newman children were both unconscious with fractured skulls, at the foot of the high embankment; the other two were found asleep near by.

HER FOOT CRUSHED.
Windsor, May 9.—Charles F. Spafford, C. P. R. agent at Elmstead, took his 5-year-old girl with him on a railway velocipede yesterday morning, when he went to extinguish the semaphore lights. She tried to get off while the machine was in motion, and had her foot crushed to a jelly in the cog-wheels.

POWDER MILL DESTROYED.
Pottsville, Pa., May 8.—The powder mill plant of the Pottsville Water Company, several miles west of here, blew up, destroying eighteen tons of powder. No workmen were about the mill at the time of the explosion. The magazine contained 1,200 kegs of blasting powder, and 50 kegs of rifle powder. Pottsville and vicinity was shaken, and many windows in the houses were broken. Five minutes after there was a second explosion, when the drying house, containing 400 kegs of powder, went up. The two explosions wrecked the entire plant. Debris was carried for a distance of half a mile.

CYCLONE FATALITIES.
Guthrie, O. T., May 9.—The cyclone which passed over Canadian country destroyed at least twenty houses, and caused great damage to growing crops. At Chickasaw, seventeen buildings were wrecked and fourteen persons injured.

J. R. Murray, a railroad man, who was caught under falling timbers, died of his injuries.

James Whitman and his son George, farmers near Okarche, were killed in their field.

At Okarche five homes were blown away. Rain fell in torrents, and half a dozen culverts on the Rock Island were washed out.

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A SURGICAL FEAT

How a Quick-Witted Surgeon Saved a Would-Be Suicide's Life.

When Dr. Christian, the youngest surgeon on the staff of Bellevue hospital, had pushed his way among the hysterical tenants who were clustered about the room on the third floor of a rear tenement, he found himself confronted with a very grave case, indeed. Daniel Egan, distracted by the death of his mother, had cut his throat with a razor.

At first sight it seemed that Daniel Egan must surely die; but closer examination showed that an unusual accident might yet be his salvation if it could be taken advantage of very promptly.

To avoid technical terms, the wound was fortunately below the Adam's apple. Still more fortunately, the severed end of the windpipe protruded slightly, and through this the patient was breathing. The problem before the quick-witted Dr. Christian was to check the bleeding without interfering with this odd breathing process.

He worked with a rush, for it was important that Daniel Egan should be landed on the operating table in as few minutes as possible. Having applied the temporary bandaging used in such emergencies, he caused the patient to be carried swiftly but carefully down to the street and lifted into the ambulance. Then, swinging up to his seat behind, he shouted to the driver not to spare himself.

It was one of the fastest runs ever made by a Bellevue ambulance—eleven minutes—but the point of this story is what happened inside the vehicle as it tore over the cobblestones. Not many blocks had been covered before the young doctor realized that the life he was trying to save would flicker out before the hospital was reached unless the operation of tracheotomy could be performed meanwhile.

His work was greatly hampered by the jolting and swaying of the ambulance, but it was a matter of life and death in any event. With a delicacy of adjustment amazing under such circumstances, he fitted the rubber tube in such a way as to splice the divided trachea. And Daniel Egan breathed again.

They rattled up to the hospital a few minutes later. The patient was on the operating table as quickly as he could be placed there. Dr. McSweeney, the house surgeon, made ready his paraclysmal for the operation of tracheotomy, waited on by nurses and juniors, and watched by the entire surgical staff, including young Dr. Christian.

When he found that his work had been temporarily forestalled, that the patient had already an artificial breathing tube, that it was part of a stomach pump, that it had been inserted in the course of a swift ambulance ride, and that but for this wholly original treatment Daniel Egan could not have lived to reach the hospital, he looked dumbfounded. But not until the rubber tube had been replaced with a silver one, and the patient's wound had been dressed with deliberate care, and he was resting comfortably, with a chance of living to a great old age, did the house surgeon turn to his youngest of all his juniors and tell him, in front of everybody, what a fine fellow he was, and what a bold, clever, resourceful feat it was to have performed so successfully the operation of tracheotomy in an ambulance.—New York Journal.

When the children are hungry, what do you give them? Food.

When thirsty? Water.

Now use the same good common sense, and what would you give them when they are too thin? The best fat-forming food, of course.

Somehow you think of Scott's Emulsion at once.

For a quarter of a century it has been making thin children, plump; weak children, strong; sick children, healthy.

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Guaranteed Absolutely Pure.

Gradually Grew Weaker

**IN SPITE OF ANYTHING THE
DOCTORS COULD DO FOR HIM.**

Remarkable Case of Mr. Otis Kinne, Edgett's Landing, N.B., who was Cured by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

The number of people who desire to tell of health and strength restored through the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is as follows:

"I feel it my duty to let you know what a benefit your Heart and Nerve Pills have been to my husband. He has been failing in health for some years and took weak and blind spells at times."

"He seemed to have no strength to work and could not walk up hill."

"Last fall he had to give up work altogether, and remained poorly, gradually growing worse, as the doctors could do nothing for him."

"I was visiting my uncle in Moncton, N.B., and he told me he was taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and they were doing great things for him."

"I got a box of these Pills and brought them home with me and gave them to my husband."

"After he had been taking them about three days he began to feel an improvement. He continued their use for some time and now he can walk up hill without any trouble, and works all the time."

"His bowels used to be so constipated that he had to take liquorice power every night, but now that trouble has entirely gone."

"I consider I owe a debt of gratitude to Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for the good they have done my husband."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure palpitation, skip beats, dizzy and faint spells, nervousness, sleeplessness, weakness, pale and sallow complexion, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis, dyspepsia, female troubles, general debility, after effects of Gripe, and any condition arising from disordered nerves, weak heart or watery blood.

Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto. See that the red heart is on every box you buy.

Railways and Navigation

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Railways and Navigation

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Express trains leave Montreal and Halifax daily (Sunday excepted) and run through without change between these points.

The through express train cars of the Intercolonial Railway are brilliantly lighted by electricity, and heated by steam from the locomotive, thus greatly increasing the comfort and safety of travel.

Comfortable and elegant buffet, sleeping and day cars are run on all through express trains. The popular tourist train, the "Canadian," leaves Montreal for the Eastern Provinces, Newfoundland and Cape Breton Islands, and all information about the route, also freight and passenger rates, on application to:

Canadian-European Mail and Passenger Route.

Passengers for Great Britain and the Continent can leave Montreal Tuesday morning and join outward Mail Steamers at St. John of Wednesday, or they can leave Montreal on Wednesday morning and join outward Mail Steamers at Halifax on Thursday.

The attention of shippers is directed to the superior facilities offered by this route for the transport of flour and general merchandise intended for the Eastern Provinces, Newfoundland and the West Indies; also for shipment of grain and produce intended for the European markets, either by way of St. John or Halifax.

Tickets may be obtained, and all information about the route, also freight and passenger rates, on application to:

A. H. HARRIS,
General Traffic Manager
Board of Trade Building, Montreal
D. FOTTINGER, General Manager.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., May 21, 1897

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