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(Continued.)

SYNOPSIS.

Peter Clephane and Andrew Kilgour are business students at Edinburgh University, between whom is a bitter feud. The former is the son of a rich city lawyer and his cousin is the heir of an estate in the Highlands that has almost passed into the hands of creditors. After a bitter fight with his cousin, Kilgour is on his way home when he falls in with company at the "Hound and Stag" inn at Perth. Arrived home his companion on the journey turns out to be his uncle, Peter Clephane's father.

CHAPTER V.

THE SEARCH FOR DONALD GORDON.

On the journey south, my spirits being now mounting like mercury in the sun, I could not resist the temptation to spend an hour or two in Edinburgh in the delectable diversion of making my old comrades envious. The achievement was not difficult. A few significant hints, and the sight of my letters and drafts brought every man of them as near to lusting as the frog in the fable. Some envied me the money, some the adventures, others said it was the beautiful combination of both that took their fancy, and all agreed I had certainly been born with the coveted silver spoon in my mouth.

"It's one of the shameless tricks of Madam Fortune," said an embryonic divine, slapping me on the shoulder. "Here you go out there to ride elephants and shoot tigers, and other dandies, and enrich yourself from inexhaustible treasures of gold and gems, while I am left to wrestle with borrowing problems in theology. Do you call that fair?"

I was to write them volumes about the wonders of the Indies, and was to give particular information on these two points—namely, the feeling inspired by a wounded tiger charging full upon you when your gun is empty, and what I thought of the heathen gods—from a financial point of view.

"I believe," remarked one, with a taste for finance, "those unconscionable jagans make themselves deities of the finest ore set with precious stones, while we haven't cash enough for an afternoon's outing. Just send us a god, old chappie, till we see how the heathen abomination would melt in the crucible of a Christian goldsmith."

They escorted me in a body to my coach. For, being prosperous now, acquaintances became friends. They gave a prolonged cheer as the vehicle moved off, and a manly injunction to mind my liver and be on my guard against the encroachments of pride when, as nabob with a retinue of slaves, I hobnobbed with the dusky and luxurious potentates of the East.

Only one thing marred my enjoyment. I had it set in my mind to give Peter Clephane the soundest drubbing he had ever had in his life, but as he happened to be absent in Dundee my virtuous intent did not blossom into action.

Arrived in London, my first business was to find Captain Rogers. He had heard from Sir Thomas and received me with great affability and consideration, undertaking to have me bestowed in the best part of the ship and to let me see something of the town before we started. In me, as I remember, our sight-seeing expedition produced perhaps as much bewilderment as pleasure. I wandered through the seething, roaring wilderness of the largest city of the world eager to learn and admire, yet feeling so utterly out of my element, so much confounded by the din and smoke and rush, by the ruthless self-assertiveness and indifference that seemed to characterize men and things alike, by the squalor and splendour so grotesquely blended and tragically contrasted—in a word, so dazed by the distracting throb and tumult of a nation's mighty heart, that I was glad to get away.

When the time came to sail, the river sides were thronged with people to witness the spectacle of our departure; for, that being just the beginning of the era of steam, it was thought a marvellous thing to see a stately three-decker sailing off with never a stitch of canvas set nor any visible means of getting forward save by a wheel that frantically churned the water into foam; and if it was strange to the spectators on shore to see a big ship going bravely on independently of wind and tide I must own it was rather startling to one at least of those on board to be caged up on the waters with a belching, pounding, wheezing, screeching fire demon that seemed to be crying out in eternal agony and struggling with all its frenzied might to burst its bonds and wreak destruction on all about it.

Often in the night have I lain listening to it in its miniature pandemonium, never silent, never slumbering, never for one brief moment at peace, but forever wrenching and writhing, forever setting up the same inappreciable misery of labouring pain and the same terrible threat of vengeance. Nowadays we have grown so familiar with the fire fiend that, as it were, but I never come near him in steamer or blessing locomotive without a shudder at the thought of the vengeance he will one day wreak on this world.

But in that fresh experience curiosity

Ladies wishing hats or bonnets trimmed for Easter are requested to leave their orders as soon as possible at F. Perkins & Co., Sunnyside.

and interest soon mastered tear. There was gladness in the ease and speed with which our flame-fled slave carried us down the river and along the coast of Kent and past "the tall white cliffs of Dover," the last prominent spot on which the exile's straining eye rests when he is leaving England for the East, and the first on which it wistfully falls when happily he returns. The sun was going down in a soft suffusion of colour as we entered the strait, casting a glamorous iridescent light on the receding land and the sails of the many stately ships that were bearing gallantly up and down, some, like ourselves, outward bound, others, their wanderings for the present over, bound for the home we had left. I stood on the deck gazing backward till the land melted into darkness, then Captain Rogers quietly slipped his arm in mine, and we went below to supper.

The Pearl of the Orient made a quick and prosperous passage, landing us in Bombay in a day less than the time reckoned for the voyage before starting. You may be sure I did not allow Sir Thomas' business to lax.

Having presented my letters of introduction, and undergone a brief but fiery course of hospitality, I set vigorously to the work before me, assisted by the numerous friends of my patron. I had no difficulty in discovering that Donald Gordon had been in Bombay some eighteen months before, and had suddenly disappeared. But whether he had gone, whether he had departed by land or by sea, or been despatched by the hand of the assassin, no one had the least idea. There were of course conjectures in plenty. He might be hunting in the jungle, or taking furnished me with letters of introduction to the best known and most influential men in Bombay, besides writing many private and special letters in my behalf which I did not see. My career was to be a mercantile one—that, on mature consideration, being thought to afford the easiest and speediest way to affluence for one of my talents.

The richest Europeans in India are merchants and bankers," said Sir Thomas, "and they are all, as the saying is, self-made men. The days of the East India Company are over. There are no fortunes being made in that service now, though, in a significant voice, "it was not always so. But India is a wide field, and these letters, Mr. Andrew, will, I think, put you in a position to choose according to your tastes. I have no advice to offer except not to be in too much haste to decide."

For what Sir Thomas had specially at heart all provision was made both in letters and in money. Of the last there was to be absolutely no stint. I was to spend as much and as long as I should think proper, or in other words as long as there should be the faintest hope of tracking Donald.

"My bankers shall have full instructions in the matter," said Sir Thomas, "and in the meantime we must not forget preliminary expenses." Whereupon he insisted on my taking in ready money and bankers' drafts a sum that seemed to me a fortune. Finally, as I was in great glee with my prospects and protested against delay, it was arranged that in exactly three weeks from the date of my home-coming I was to sail from London in the steamship the Pearl of the Orient, commanded by Captain Rogers, who, being a friend of Sir Thomas, was charged to provide for my comfort on shipboard.

And so the ultimate decision was made. I was to lift anchor and set sail for the unknown, as so many did before and so many will do after me. How I fared there, how the reality belied all dreams and anticipations, how fate mocked at wisdom, made naught of forethought and a plaything of me it will be the business of succeeding pages to tell. Coming events cast no shadow before, and in the meantime I was eager and happy.

How the three weeks passed I cannot very well say. I was a frequent guest at the Elms and saw a good deal of Isabel, whose presence I learned to bear without shrinking or shaking. She talked to me of her life in India, and also of her brother, for whom she had the warmest affection and admiration.

"They may tell you stories about Donald," she once said. "They may say he was a scamp, and all that, for it is easy talking. But don't believe them. He was high-spirited, that was his fault, and my father crossed him. His worst sin was to become a soldier when his friends wanted him to be something else, and the records of the War Office show he was no coward. He saved the British colours when the enemy broke a British square, and he has done many a brave thing since. If he had remained in the army, he'd have got almost any rank, but he hadn't peace to do that, and it's since he left it we have lost trace of him."

"She never missed a chance of speaking about him. He seemed to fill her whole soul, to be her only thought, a circumstance that secretly piqued me not a little.

"Oh," she would often break out in the most irrelevant way, "if you could only find my brother, if you could only find Donald, I should be so grateful to you. But indeed, indeed," and here she would look in my face till I thought I saw visions of heaven, "I will be just as grateful to you if you never find him. Words cannot express your goodness in trying."

(To be Continued.)

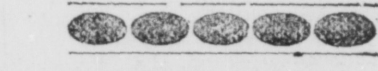
What is what has given Hood's Sarsaparilla the largest sales in the world and enables it to accomplish thousands of wonderful CURES.

SIMPLY WORN OUT!

That is the way people feel who have Too Little Blood. They look Pale and Sallow, seldom feel Hungry, and are Breathless and Faint after the Slightest Exertion.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

Cure all that by making Rich, Red Blood and Restoring Shattered Nerves.



CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED

Not always; people who claim to cure it always claim what is not true. But it can be cured if taken in time. If you are threatened by consumption—if you are bloodless, anæmic, pale, breathless on slight exertion; if you have a cough or spit blood,

YOU ARE THREATENED.

Thousands of anæmic people who would have gone into decline and consumption in a little time, have been cured and made strong men and women by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.



DOCTORS GAVE HIM UP

From the Sherbrooke Gazette.

When a man faces what medical authorities tell him is certain death, and regains health and strength, he is naturally grateful to the medicine that has restored him. Such a man is Mr. James Owen, one of the best known farmers in the vicinity of Johnville, Que. Mr. Owen tells his story as follows:



—"On the 17th of December, 1894, I was attacked with la grippe. A week later the trouble developed into pneumonia in its worst form, and I did not leave my bed until the first of March, 1895, and then I was so weak that I was unable to walk alone. All winter my life hung in the balance. Summer came, and I was still weak and feeble, though with the warm weather I gained a little strength. I had, however, but very little power in my legs, and I could not ride a mile in a buggy owing to the pain they caused me. My lungs also troubled me, and I raised a great deal of matter. I then consulted the best doctor we had in this section of the province. He told me candidly that I was past medical help. He said that my left lung was in a state of collapse, and that my right lung was also affected. This was in July, 1895. For the next three months every day seemed to draw me nearer and nearer the end. I was so pressed for breath at times that I could not walk any distance without stopping to regain it. In the month of November I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was certainly a forlorn hope, and I admit I did not expect much benefit from them, but took them rather to please a friend who urged me to do so. The result is they have made a well man of me. I have not a pain about me. My breath comes as freely as it ever did, and I am strong and vigorous. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have given me a new lease of life, and I am glad to let everybody know it.

FACE WHITE AS CHALK

From the Sun, Orangeville Ont.

Some months ago Maggie, the fifteen year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sweeney, of John street, of this town, began to fail both in health and spirits. Her face was almost as white as chalk, her appetite very fickle, and her limbs began to swell. Notwithstanding her growing weakness she persisted in attending school, until one day her teacher advised her to go home, and not to return until she felt better. At the same time the teacher, who knew the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in such cases, advised her to take them. The advice was followed and Mrs. Sweeney told our reporter that almost from the outset there was an improvement in her daughter's condition. Her appetite became better, the color returned to her face, and the severe headaches that had made her so miserable, vanished, and she is now feeling better than she has done for many months.

It is quite evident this young maiden was suffering from a lack of blood, as do so many young girls who are just at a critical point in life, and it is quite as apparent that there is no other remedy

the equal of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in such cases. They enrich the blood, stimulate the nerves, and build up the entire system, and mothers will act prudently if they insist upon their daughters taking an occasional box. We know from experience that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done great good in Orangeville and vicinity, and there is scarcely a day that our reporter does not come in contact with some one who has a good word to say for this wonderful medicine.

AN APPEAL TO THE READER.

If you have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and derived benefit from them, will you write us and let us know? If you have been disappointed, will you write us just the same? We cannot expect to cure every case. Anyone who pretends to do so is unworthy of confidence. We do business in good faith. If by experience we learn that some forms of disorder are not cured by our pills, we want to know it, so that we may refuse to sell pills for such cases. We never sell pills except when we think they will cure.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS CURE

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Locomotor, Ataxia, Anaemia, Heart Troubles, Indigestion and Dyspepsia, St. Vitus' Dance, Paralysis, Incipient Consumption, All Female Weakness, Dizziness and Headache, and all Troubles arising from Poor and Watery Blood.

SCIATIC RHEUMATISM.

From the Napanee Beaver.

The life of one afflicted by rheumatism is at times almost unbearable. The sufferer is racked with pain until he thinks even death would be a relief from this painful malady. Among those who have suffered much and found relief is Mr. Samuel Sparks, a market gardener well known in Napanee and vicinity. Mr. Sparks recently related to a reporter how he was restored to health and strength. He said:—"For



several years I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism in my limbs. The doctor who attended me called it sciatic rheumatism, and the trouble was always worse in the spring than at any other season. In the spring of 1895 I had a very severe attack, and was much worse than I had ever been before. I was not able to do work even of the lightest kind. I suffered the greatest agony and could get no relief either sitting up or lying down. At times I was as helpless as a little child, for my legs felt as though they had become paralyzed. Then the trouble seemed to settle in my bowels, and the doctor said it was consumption of the bowels and that I could not live much longer. As the doctor could do nothing for me I determined to make another fight for life and try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I felt that even if they would give me a relief it would be a blessing. Great was my astonishment, however, when within forty-eight hours after beginning the use of the pills I found relief. I kept on taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, every day growing stronger and stronger, until at last I was a new man, and again able to do as hard a day's work as any man in the township. I cannot praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills too much, as in my case they restored health after all other means had failed."



SCIATICA.

Have you acute darting pain—a pain almost like hot needles—in the hip, down the back of the thigh? Does it extend to the knee and perhaps sometimes to the ankle? Is the course taken by the pain tender to the touch? Cure it—it is Sciatica. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are always successful in curing this trouble.



Thousands of People

who are not really ill require a tonic at this season of the year. Close confinement in imperfectly ventilated houses, shops and school rooms during the winter months, makes people feel depressed, languid and "out of sorts." Unless nature is assisted in throwing off the poison that has accumulated in the system during these months people fall an easy prey to disease. A tonic is what is needed, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the greatest tonic medicine in the world. These pills make red, rich blood, strengthen the nerves and make dull, tired, listless men, women and children feel bright, active and strong.

But be sure you get the genuine, always put up in wooden boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Sold by all dealers in medicine, but if in doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

A TEACHER'S ADVICE.

Miss Aglae Caret, St. Joseph, Que., writes:—"I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with the most gratifying results. I am a teacher by profession, and last winter as a result of hard work, I became weak and run down. My appetite was very poor, and I had hardly the courage to undertake my occupation. I was advised to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and their effect was marvellous. I have never enjoyed better health than I am doing now. In recommending them to others I feel that I am only doing a service to our common humanity.

A MINISTER'S ADVICE.

Rev. John Perry, Baptist minister, Wickham, Ont., writes:—"I have much pleasure in recommending your valuable medicine. I was troubled with indigestion for more than twenty years, and at times suffered much. I tried many medicines during that time, and found no cure until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have not only fully restored my health, but have made me feel ten years younger. I therefore advise their use to all who are run down in health, or feel old age coming on. I am now seventy-six years of age, and have been preaching for 54 years.