

Hemming, The Adventurer.

By THEODORE ROBERTS.

A DEDICATION.

To one who brought the colour of reality back to life at a time when life was like a picture, and the faces of my friends were less real than the faces of my dreaming. To one whose sweet interest in my stories made it seem worth while to recall my aimless adventures. To one whose gentle ministrations turned a weary sickness into a holiday, and wiped out the memory of past pain. To one who taught me that romance lies not all in the making of new hand-falls and the sighting of new mountains. To her who reads this page with understanding, and a quickening of the pulse, this story of Hemming the Adventurer is lovingly dedicated.

T. R.

HEMMING, THE ADVENTURER CHAPTER I.

Captain Hemming faces a Change of Life.

The colonel sat in Captain Hemming's room. He looked about at the snug furnishings, and the photographs above the chimney. Even the row of polished spurs on their rack against the wall, and the line of well-shone boots and shoes at the head of the bed, could not do away with the homelike air of the room.

"Even in his day, a man with something over his pay can make himself comfortable, in seven months," mused the colonel. Being a bachelor himself, he liked the way things were arranged. For instance, the small-looked shelf above the bed, with its weight of well-thumbed volumes, its baccarat, and match-box, appealed to him. He selected a cigarette from an open box at his elbow, and lighting it, sighed contentedly. In reaching back to deposit the burnt match in an ash-tray, his hand upset a sack of folded papers and spilled them on the floor.

"The devil!" he exclaimed, and doubling up, scooped for the nearest. What's this, he wondered, as a yard or two of narrow, printed matter unfolded from his hand. He was a stranger to the notes. He looked at the top of the upper strip, and saw in heavy, black type, "The Colonel and the Lady." Then he settled back in the chair, crossed his thin, tight-clad legs, and smoothed the proof. Ten minutes later Hemming's orderly entered and mended the fire, but the colonel did not look up. The orderly retired. The clock on the chimney-piece ticked away its seconds all unheeded. The shadows lengthened at the windows, and at last the colonel straightened himself, and re-read the papers. He smiled.

"Sly old Hemming," he remarked, and laughed outright. "He shouldn't show us up like that," he said, "but it's a good yarn. Wonder if he will lend it to me to finish to-night?"

Just then Captain Hemming entered. By this time the room was dusk with the twilight of early spring. He did not sight the colonel immediately, and, going over to a wardrobe, hung up his cap and greatcoat. He was in "undress" uniform—his blue serge tunic somewhat shabby, but his breeches smart and new. The colonel coughed.

"Though the captain's greeting was prompt and polite, it did not hide his surprise."

"I dropped in to speak about Tomlinson—seems in a bad way," the other explained. Tomlinson was a full private in both rank and condition. Hemming advised leniency in this case. He had a soft heart for the men, in spite of his abrupt diction, and the mercifully promising glare of his single eye-glass. When the commanding officer was about to take his departure, the captain asked him to wait a minute. His manner was as cool as ever.

"I intend resigning my commission, sir. I decided on the course some days ago, and meant to speak to you after parade to-morrow," he said.

"Bless me," exclaimed the colonel, "what the devil have you been up to?"

"The other smiled—a somewhat thin smile—and replied that he had not disgraced the regiment, or done anything low. "But I'm down to my pay again," he exclaimed, "and I can't live on that."

"Why not?" "Have you ever tried?" inquired the colonel.

Hemming did not answer the question, but waited, with his hands behind his back, and his face toward the last darkening windows.

"I'm sorry for it," said the older man, at last. "You are a good officer,—forgive my saying so,—and the mess swears by you. I hope you have suffered no serious misfortune."

"The captain laughed wryly. "It seems rather serious to me," he replied. "I've come to the end of my little pile."

"The second, I believe," remarked the colonel.

Hemming nodded.

"It beats me," exclaimed his superior, and looked as if an explanation would be welcome.

"You would understand, sir, if you were as big a fool as I have been. Good nature, without common business sense to guide it, gets away with more money than viciousness."

A few minutes later, with the candles glowing softly on sword and photograph, spur and book-bag, he dressed for dinner.

That night the mess found him more talkative than usual. But he left early, for his own quarters. The groups in the anteroom thinned gradually, as the men went about their various concerns, some to their rooms, and some to the town, and one across the square to the colonel's quarters, where the colonel's youngest sister awaited him. This sister was a thorn in the colonel's flesh. She would not let him smoke his pipe in the drawing-room (though he was sure she smoked cigarettes there), and he heartily hoped his junior major would marry her. The junior major hoped so too, and, with this hope in his breast, took his departure, leaving Spalding, a subaltern, and Major O'Grady alone by the piano.

O'Grady balanced his smouldering cigarette on the edge of the music-stand, and strummed a few erratic bars.

"The other chaps must have suspected something," said Spalding. "I wondered why they all cleared out."

"What are ye doing here, ye impudent young devil? Should think ye'd skeedaddle down-town, now that Penthouse is in London, and ye've got a chance with the lady," cried the stout Irish major. The subaltern's boyish face took on an ugly expression.

"Penthouse—that bounder," he sneered.

"I must admit that his manners are a trifle airy," returned O'Grady, "but the same can be truly said of most subs of this glorious age."

"I'm not objecting to his manners, major, and I'm not defending my own," said Spalding. "I'm simply naming him a bounder."

"Penthouse took up his cigarette, and turned his back on the keyboard. "What are ye kicking about?" he inquired.

"Well," replied Spalding, anxiously examining the ceiling, "I happen to know things about him."

"Ye're a gossip, me boy, that's what ye are," cried the major, "and of all contemptible things, the worst is a male gossip. What do ye happen to know about him, me boy?"

A faint smile played across the lieutenant's upturned face; but the impatient major did not notice it.

"To begin with, he's some sort of cousin to a Miss Travers, an English girl whom Hemming is in love with," said Spalding.

"Then you object to him on purely social grounds," interrupted the Irishman.

"Oh, shut up, and let me tell my tale. Social grounds be shot—Miss Travers is daughter of a lord bishop. Penthouse is son of a baronet. What I'm getting at is that good old Hemming, just because this chap is related to his girl, has looked after him like a dry-nurse for more than a year. That is right enough. But—"

"—Hemming backed a lot of his paper, and for the last two months he has been paying the piper. Once upon a time, in the memory of him, Hemming had some money, but I'll eat my helmet if he has any now."

"How d'ye know all this?" asked O'Grady, letting his fat cigarette smoulder.

Spalding touched his eyes lightly with his finger-tips.

"Saw," he said.

"The major gave vent to his feelings in muttered oaths, all the while having an observant eye upon his companion.

"I'll wager now that Hemming has some good old Irish blood in him," he remarked.

"Why do you think that?" asked Spalding deliberately yawning.

"His generosity leads me to think so. There are other officers of infantry regiments who'd be better off to-day, but for their kind hearts and Irish blood." The major sighed wistfully as he made this statement.

"Methinks you mean Irish whiskey," retorted Spalding. With dignity O'Grady arose from the piano-stool.

"I'll not listen to any more of your gossip," he said, and started for the door, in a hurry to carry the news to any one he might find at home.

"You needn't mention my name, sir," called Spalding, over his shoulder. His superior officer left the room without deigning a reply.

CHAPTER II.

Hemming Meets with a Strong Reception.

Herbert Hemming sat alone in his room, while his brother officers, during their pleasure in divers companies. His writing-table was drawn close to the fire. His scarlet mess-jacket made a vivid spot of colour in the softly illuminated room. He was busily occupied with proofs of "The Colonel and the Lady," when his man rapped at the door and entered.

"but if you give me her address to-morrow I'll call and see her."

"God bless you, sir," said the man. He took the money, and hesitated beside the table.

Hemming glanced at him inquiringly.

"Begin'n your pardon, sir, it beats me how you knows when I'm lyin' and when I'm tellin' the truth," exclaimed the orderly.

"I'm learning things by experience. Good night, Malloy."

Alone again, Hemming made short work of his proofs. After sealing them into a yellow envelope, and inscribing thereon the address of a big New York weekly (whose editor had proved partial to his sketches, and to stories of "doings" in the Imperial Army.) he produced some of the regimental stationery and began a letter to Miss Travers. It was no easy undertaking—the writing of this particular letter. After struggling for some minutes with the first sentence, he leaned back in his chair and fell into retrospection. His age was now twenty-nine years. He had done with Sandhurst at twenty-one, and had been in the army ever since; had seen more than his share of foreign service, and two seasons of border-scraping in Northern India. He had gone ahead in his chosen profession, despite a weakness for reading poetry in bed and writing articles descriptive of people and things he knew.

During his father's lifetime his allowance (though he was but a second son) was ample, and even enabled him to play polo, and shortly after his father's death an almost unknown great-aunt had left him a modest little sum—not much of a fortune, but a very comfortable possession. Two years previous to his present troubles he had fallen in love. So had the girl a year ago, he had proposed and been accepted. He had, for her sake, fathered a reckless, impetuous subaltern, by name Penthouse, lending him money and endorsing his notes, and now he was stripped bare to his pay. If he had never met the girl, things would not look so bad, for certain papers and magazines had begun to buy his stories. By sitting up to it and working hard, he felt that he could make more as a writer than as a soldier. But the idea of giving up the girl sent a sickening chill through his heart. Surely she would understand, and cheer him up the new path. But it was with a heavy heart that he returned to the writing of the letter. Slowly, doggedly he went through with it, telling of his loss of fortune, through helping a poor fellow, he would not for the future. He told of the adventurous position he had accepted, but the day before, with an American Newspaper Syndicate—a billet that would necessitate his almost immediate departure for Greece. The pain of his disappointment crept, all unnoticed by him, into the style of writing, and made the whole letter sound strained and unnatural.

WOMEN'S METHODIST MISSION WORK.

The meetings of the Women's Methodist Missionary Society closed in Portland Methodist church yesterday afternoon. The following were elected delegates to the meeting in Toronto: Mrs. Byron Coulthard, Fredericton, and Miss Whittaker, St. John, with Miss Stewart, Sackville, and Mrs. Rogers, Fredericton, as substitutes.

District organizers were elected as follows: Mrs. Nesmon, Charlottetown; Mrs. Hammond, Johnston, Chatham; Mrs. Lewis Trueman, Summerside; Mrs. Egan, Moncton; Miss George, Sackville; Miss Whittaker, St. John, and Mrs. Corbett, Woodstock; Mrs. George Dawson was elected representative to the conference in Charlottetown next year.

Subscribe at once for the Evening Times, so that it will come to you regularly, in all weather.

"IT CURED ME OF ITCHING PILES"

So Many Say This About Dr. Chase's Ointment That it Seems to Be the Only Real Cure.

Piles or hemorrhoids are small tumors which form in and about the opening of the bowels and cause extreme agony on account of the dreadful itching.

Many people are so grateful at being cured of this wretched ailment that they spread the good news about Dr. Chase's Ointment. This is the kind of letters we are receiving every day:

Mr. J. McDonald, McLean, Kent Co., N. B., writes: "Less than two boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment cured me of itching piles. Anyone who has suffered from this wretched disease can imagine what this means. I am indeed grateful for this great remedy."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

The meetings of the Women's Methodist Missionary Society closed in Portland Methodist church yesterday afternoon. The following were elected delegates to the meeting in Toronto: Mrs. Byron Coulthard, Fredericton, and Miss Whittaker, St. John, with Miss Stewart, Sackville, and Mrs. Rogers, Fredericton, as substitutes.

District organizers were elected as follows: Mrs. Nesmon, Charlottetown; Mrs. Hammond, Johnston, Chatham; Mrs. Lewis Trueman, Summerside; Mrs. Egan, Moncton; Miss George, Sackville; Miss Whittaker, St. John, and Mrs. Corbett, Woodstock; Mrs. George Dawson was elected representative to the conference in Charlottetown next year.

Subscribe at once for the Evening Times, so that it will come to you regularly, in all weather.

YORKSHIRE BAR.

Ale and Porter 4 C per glass or tankard.

Highest Award Colonial and Indian Exhibition, London.

ENGLAND, 1886.

European Plan, - 20 Mill St.

J. RHEA

Carleton granite An' Steam Polishing Works.

SLEETH, QUINLAN & CO

Manufacturers and Dealers in Red and Grey Granite, Freestone and Marble.

All kinds of Cemetery Work and Erection of Building Work of All kinds Attended To and Estimates Furnished.

St. John, - West End, N.B.

Try to Prevent Lung Trouble

It's the dried sputum floating around in the air that gets into your lungs and causes consumption. A sure preventive is fragrant healing Catarrhones, which is inhaled right into the lungs, kills every germ, heals the sore membranes and cures thoroughly every type of catarrh, bronchitis, asthma and lung trouble.

"I caught a severe cold which developed into catarrh and finally settled on my lungs," writes Mr. A. Northrup of Bedford, Catarrhones relieved quickly and cured me. I recommend Catarrhones highly. Two months' treatment \$1.00; trial size 25c.

"I suppose you have made it a rule in politics never to forget a friend's name?" "There's no danger of that," answered Senator Sorghum. "If a man has done anything friendly for you in politics he never lets you forget it."

PROOFS FROM THE

Boston Herald

NEW ENGLAND'S Greatest Newspaper

An acre of good fishing ground will yield more food in a week than an acre of the best land will in a year.

DO YOU WANT A PERMANENT POSITION? WE CAN PLACE YOU.

We have never yet failed to place a Competent Student.

This School has the only Established SITUATION DEPARTMENT for Bookkeepers and Stenographers east of Boston. Hundreds of Merchants, Manufacturers and others come to us looking for Office Help.

BOOKKEEPING, SHORTHAND ETC.



THE CURRIE BUSINESS UNIVERSITY, LIMITED, 25 Church St. St. John, N.B.

As our School is in session DAY AND NIGHT, during the entire year, you can ENTER AT ANY TIME.

BEGIN AT ONCE, as putting it off for a month, means the LOSS OF A MONTH'S SALARY after your course is completed and you are in a position.

LET OTHERS TALK.

"Had three graduates, their work speaks well for careful training received."

THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., St. John, N.B.

Dear Sir— We have had at different times in our employ, for periods ranging from one to three years, as stenographer, Messrs. Arthur Washburn, A. A. Vasey, and Bliss Dunsford, all being graduates of your University, and have much pleasure in stating that their work has been very satisfactory, and speaks well for the careful training they have received at your institution.

Yours respectfully, THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., LIMITED, JNO RUSSELL JR., Secy.

"Had no idea graduate without experience would prove so satisfactory."

L. HIGGINS & CO., Wholesale Shoe and Rubber House, Moncton, N. B.

Dear Sir— We take much pleasure in advising you that Miss Lingley, a graduate from your business college, whom you recommended to us a couple of years ago, has given us entire satisfaction in every respect. As a stenographer she is very competent, and we consider her particularly clever and accurate at general office work. In fact, we had no idea that a graduate without practical business experience would prove so satisfactory.

The general superiority of Miss Lingley's work convinces us that the methods of instruction in your school must be thoroughly up-to-date.

Very truly yours, L. HIGGINS & CO.

"Work compares favorably with expert stenographers on both sides of the Atlantic."

W. ALBERT HICKMAN, New Brunswick Government, Commissioner in Great Britain.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN— It gives me very much pleasure to certify to the efficiency of Miss Emma McLaughlin as a stenographer and typewriter.

I have had considerable experience with expert stenographers both on this and the other side of the Atlantic, and may say that Miss McLaughlin's work compares favorably with any I have seen in its accuracy and other evidence of care.

W. ALBERT HICKMAN, Commissioner in Great Britain.

"Reflects great credit on training received at your institution."

DOUGLAS, LACEY & CO., Bankers and Brokers, New York and London.

Dear Sir— I have much pleasure in stating that Miss Abby Colgan has since February last been in the employ of the New Brunswick Branch of Douglas, Lacey & Co., Bankers and Brokers of New York and London, as Stenographer and Typewriter, and has given entire satisfaction.

With a clientele numbering some hundreds of customers, it is necessary to carry on a very large daily correspondence, requiring both speed and accuracy, in both of which attainments I have found Miss Colgan efficient, which reflects very great credit on the training received at your institution.

Yours very truly, W. M. P. McLAUGHLIN, General Manager for Canada.

"Work as stenographer plainly shows result of good training received."

RAINSFORD W. SHAW, Attorney-at-Law, Houlton, Me.

Dear Sir— I have had in my employ for several months Miss Mary B. Crawford, a graduate of your College. I find her work as Stenographer and Typewriter very satisfactory. She is a mechanical, neat and accurate, and plainly shows the result of good training.

Yours truly, R. W. SHAW.

"In capacity of Secretary, most excellent satisfaction."

THE LAURENTIDE PULP CO., LTD., Grand Mere, Que.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN— This is to certify that the bearer, Mr. Gregory de Oloqui, has worked for this company for the past 3 years, 2 years of which he has worked for me in the capacity of Secretary, at the same time keeping all books and records in connection with a paper mill office.

He is thoroughly acquainted with all details of Paper Mill work and has given the most excellent satisfaction during the time he has worked for me.

It will afford me much pleasure to recommend him to any one desiring the services of a sober, reliable and competent man.

Yours truly, THE LAURENTIDE PULP CO., LTD., J. J. WARREN, General Superintendent.

"Accurate in his work—training must have been helpful and effective."

THE OXFORD MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., Woolen Manufacturers, Oxford, N. S.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN— We have much pleasure in stating that Mr. J. B. Brander, who has been in our employ in office and salesroom for nearly three years, has been uniformly attentive to his duties, accurate in his work and exemplary in his deportment, both in and out of office hours.

We understand that he received training at The Currie Business University, St. John, N. B., and feel sure that it must have been very helpful and effective. Mr. Brander still continues with us.

Yours truly, OXFORD MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., F. L. HEWSON, Sec. Treas.

"He has risen from assistant to have charge of office."

THE AMES HOLDEN, Shoe Manufacturers, Vancouver, B. C., November, 1, 1901.

Dear Sir— It affords us very much pleasure to comply with Mr. H. C. West's request and address you accordingly, as he informs us that he considers himself under an obligation to you for the measure of success obtained.

Mr. West has been one of our office staff for nearly four years during which time we have had ample opportunity to judge of his work and worth. We find him not only a bookkeeper but methodical, active, and a most attentive and careful manager of the office which speaks for itself.

We take it that you desire us to speak more of his work than of the individual, but should you desire the latter also, it will be a very great pleasure indeed to accede to your request.

Faithfully yours, THE AMES HOLDEN COMPANY, OF MONTREAL, A. B. ERSKINE, Manager.

"Takes court evidence rapidly and correctly."

BUSHROD MORSE, Counsellor-at-Law, Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir— It gives me much pleasure to say that Miss Alice L. Weeks, a graduate of the Currie Business University, is now in my employ as a stenographer.

Miss Weeks is a proficient stenographer, takes court evidence rapidly and correctly, is satisfactory and well equipped in every particular for her profession.

Very respectfully yours, BUSHROD MORSE.

"You have turned out excellent pupils and should be encouraged."

O. H. PETERS' SONS, Shippers and Exporters, St. John, N. B.

"Quickly recognized his worth and most fortunate in securing his services."

METROPOLITAN CONTRACTING CO., Boston.

Dear Sir— I take particular pleasure in writing you concerning Mr. G. C. Johnson, whom we had in our employ for several months as Book-keeper and Stenographer. Mr. Johnson came to us making no pretensions as to his experience and ability, but we quickly recognized his worth, and considered ourselves most fortunate in securing his services. He is an excellent Book-keeper as well as stenographer and does his work quickly and reliably. We cannot speak too highly of his general bearing and character. Such men as Mr. Johnson speak volumes for the high standard of training which your business university gives to young men.

Very truly yours, O. L. FERRIN, Treas.

"Most capable Stenographer I have ever had."

HARRY W. DE FOREST, Union Blend Tea, St. John, N. B.

Dear Sir— It affords me much pleasure to say that Mr. John O'Reilly, a student of your institution, has been in my employ for two years and I have found him the most accurate and capable Stenographer and Typewriter I have ever had. Your method is entirely satisfactory.

Yours truly, HARRY W. DE FOREST.

"Although fresh from college and without experience her work was very satisfactory."

HANNINGTON & HANNINGTON, Barristers, St. John, N. B.

TO ALL WHOM THIS MAY CONCERN— The Bearer of this letter, Miss Gertrude M. Elliott, was in our employ as stenographer and typewriter for 2½ weeks during the absence of our regular stenographer, and she has given us the most attentive and careful service in recommending her to any person who is desirous of employing a lady stenographer. She speaks accurately and is very attentive and although she came to us fresh from the college without any experience her work was very satisfactory.

HANNINGTON & HANNINGTON.

"He is correct and reliable in his accounts."

J. M. HUMPHREY & CO., Wholesale Boots and Shoes, St. John, N. B.

Dear Sir— Mr. Roy Crawford has been in our employ as assistant bookkeeper for nearly two years. He is correct and reliable in his accounts and is well qualified for the position of bookkeeper.

We are pleased with the interest he has taken in doing his work well.

Yours truly, J. M. HUMPHREY & CO.

"He is an accomplished stenographer and good Bookkeeper."

F. S. SHARPE, Chartered Accountant & Financial Agent, St. John, N. B.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN— I have known the bearer, Mr. Arthur H. Washburn, for nearly four years, during which he has been in the employ of the St. John Sulphite Pulp Co., as Misspec as assistant bookkeeper, stenographer and general clerk.

In my position as auditor of the company I have had opportunities for noting his character, ability and industry, all of which have impressed me most favorably. Mr. Washburn is an accomplished stenographer, a good bookkeeper, and is neat and accurate in his work. I have pleasure recommending him to any suitable position that may offer believing that he will discharge his duties with ability, and in the best interests of his employer.

Yours respectfully, F. S. SHARPE, Chartered Accountant.

Established 1888. CAPITAL STOCK \$30,000. Incorporated 1903.

THE CURRIE BUSINESS UNIVERSITY, Limited, 25 Church Street, St. John, N. B.

W. B. WALLACE-K. C., President.

PHONE 991.

P. O. BOX 50.

A. S. CURRIE, Secretary.

R. CURRIE, Printer.