

Hemming, The Adventurer

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

(Continued.)
"You may light your lamps to cheer me.
You may tune your harps for me.
But my heart is with my shipmates.
Where the lights are on the sea.
"You may wine me, you may dine me.
You may pledge me to the brim.
But my heart is pleading Charlie.
And you have no thought of him.
"You may cheer me with your friend-ship.
As you are gentlemen.
But the friend I want the hand-grip of
is not within your ken.
"So keep your praise, and keep your blame.
And save your good red wine.
For though this town be home for you,
It is no home of mine.
"And when your lights are brightest,
Ah, then, across the glare,
Ah, then, across the glare,
I pledge my friends of yesterday,
And love of otherwhere."

The applause was loud and long. They patted the singer on the back, and thumped him on the chest. They gave him three cheers and a drink (which made more than three drinks) O'Rourke shouted for their attention.
"All Potts did was make up the silly tune," he cried. "I wrote the verses—with my little pen."
When Hemming and O'Rourke got back to their rooms, they found a steamer-trunk and a couple of bags packed and strapped, and Smith snug abed. The time was 2.30 a. m. They lit the fire, changed their coats, and drew their chairs to the hearth. O'Rourke placed a decanter and glasses on the corner of the table. They talked a little in murmured, disjointed sentences. Each followed his own thoughts as they harked back to the past and worked into the future. They sipped their Scotch and soda, with meditative eyes on the fire. O'Rourke sighed, "Thank God, Helen likes New York no better than I do," he said.

Hemming looked up and nodded.
"My boy," he said, gravely, "if I ever find you and Helen blinking out such a stupid existence as the thing some of our friends call life, I'll drop you both."
"No danger of that," laughed O'Rourke, happily.
"Remember the Hickses," warned Hemming.
For long after O'Rourke had turned in, Hemming continued his musings by the sinking fire. Just as the dawn gleamed blue between the curtains, he lit a candle, and unrolled the final proof sheets of his novel. By the time these were corrected to his satisfaction, the room was flooded with sunshine, and Smith was astir.

CHAPTER VIII. Hemming Would Put His Dreams to The Proof.

On arriving in London, Hemming went straight to the Portland Hotel. As soon as Smith had unpacked enough of his things to allow him to dress, he chartered a cab and hastened toward his old haunts. It was close upon seven o'clock; the night falling black with an upper fog, and the streets alive with the red and white lights on either hand, and the golden eyes of the hansom. At his old club in Piccadilly he loitered for a while on the lookout for familiar faces, and wondering where he could find Anderson. His courage, which had often failed altogether during the voyage—especially in the early mornings—was now at its height. In this brave mood he felt quite sure that all those lonely years had been nothing but a frightful, foolish mistake. He wanted to talk it over with Anderson. His old friend would give him some tips as to how the land lay, and what obstacles to look out for. From a waiter, he learned that Major Anderson was then in town, and frequented this club, so leaving a note for him, he went on foot to Piccadilly Circus. At the Trocadero he found a quiet table, and ordered a quiet dinner. As he waited, he watched the people in the place with happy interest. They came, as he had so often seen them come there before, these men and women in evening dress, laughing and whispering, but now talking of a hundred things to which he was a stranger. The waiters slid about grave and attentive as of old. The women pulled at their gloves, and glanced about them and more than once Hemming bore, undisturbed, the scrutiny of fair and questioning eyes. But throughout the dinner, he had some difficulty in curbing his impatience. He was keen to put this dream of his to test; and yet with the thought of going to her and looking into her eyes for what his heart so valiantly promised him, came always the memory of that last parting. Her injustice had burned deep, but still more painful was the recollection of her brief show of relenting,—for then he had turned away.

Still in a brown study, he sipped his coffee and inhaled his cigarette. Visions from the days of his old happiness came to him, and his hand trembled as it never had in anger or fatigue. He built dreams of a wonderful meeting. Would her eyes light-up as Helen Hudson's had when O'Rourke returned from his exile? Some one touched his elbow. He started up, and beheld Anderson.

"Thank God, you're here," he said, and he held out his hand. "I thought the major said the usual things, and shook hands with extreme cordiality, Hemming noticed a tinge of reserve in the greeting. "This is a surprise," stammered Anderson, examining the tip of his cigar with an exhibition of interest that seemed to the other quite uncalled for.

"You don't think it is loaded, do you?" inquired Hemming, smiling patiently.
"Loaded!" exclaimed the major, with a start; "oh,—the cigar. Ha, ha."
Hemming's smile became strangely fixed, as he surveyed his friend across the little table. Could this be the same old Anderson, he mused; and, if so, why so confoundingly chesty? Could it be that a staff appointment had come his way? He gave up the riddle, and related some of his adventures in Pernambuco, and told of the end of Penthouse's misguided career.

"I saw something about the revolution and your heroism in the New York papers," said Anderson, "but there was no mention of Penthouse."
"He called himself Cuddiehead at that time,—and really it was hardly worth while enlightening the press on that point," replied Hemming. "He was related to Mrs. Travers," he added.
The major moved uneasily in his chair.
"By the way," continued Hemming with a poor attempt at a casual air, "how are Mrs. Travers and Molly?"
"I believe they are very well," replied his friend.
"See here, Dick," cried the man of adventures, with a vast change of manner, "I must show my hand. Why should I try to bluff you, anyway? Tell me, half chap, do you think I have a chance?"
The colour faded from the major's ruddy cheeks, and he looked forlorn and pathetic, despite his swagger and size.
"Half a chance?" he repeated, vaguely,—"half a chance at what?"
"You used to know well enough," cried the other. "Damn it, are my affairs so soon forgotten?"
"I thought you had forgotten them yourself. It is a long time since you went away, you know," replied Anderson, scarcely above a whisper. Drops of sweat glistened on his face.
"A long time,—yes, I know," murmured Hemming.
Presently he said: "Dick, you have not answered my question."
Anderson cleared his throat, fingered his moustache, and glanced about uneasily. But he made no reply.
"You don't think I have any chance? You think she does not care for me?" questioned Hemming, desperately.

He reached over and gripped his friend's wrist with painful bin. "Tell me the truth, Dick, and never mind my feelings," he cried.
Anderson withdrew his arm with a jerk.
"Can't you see? Are you such a damn fool!" he muttered. "You come along, after you have had your fun, and expect me to produce the joyous bride,—the blushing first-love."
"What the devil is the matter with you?" asked Hemming, aghast.
So you imagine the world stands still for you—Mr. Commander-in-Chief? You had better hurry back to your nigger troops, or they'll be having another revolution.

Hemming looked and listened, and could believe neither his eyes nor his ears. Was this the same man, who, once upon a time, had been his jolly, kindly friend? The once honest face now looked violent and mean. The once honest voice rang like a jealous hag. Hemming stared, and stared, in pained astonishment. Then, by some flutter of his companion's eyelids, understanding came to him.
(To be continued.)

PERSONAL NEATNESS.

In the course of an address the other day on how to obtain success, the president of a prominent street-railway company said: "Clothes do not make the man, but good clothes have got many a man a good job. If you have twenty-five dollars and want a job, it is better to spend twenty dollars for a suit of clothes, four dollars for shoes and the rest for a shave, a haircut and a clean collar and walk to the place, than go with the money in the pockets of a dingy suit. Professional men, solicitors, salesmen reporters and young men in general, whose business brings them into frequent contact with others, say that it is the most short-sighted policy in the world to go about wearing shabby, out-of-date or soiled clothing. Economy is an admirable virtue and should be especially encouraged in youth, but there is a point where economy ceases to be a virtue, and it is reached when one tries to economize on necessary clothing or clean linen."

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 Catarrhazone, 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. Northrop of Bedford. Catarrhazone relieved quickly and cured me. I recommend Catarrhazone highly. Two months' treatment, \$1.00; trial size, 25c.

AN INSULT.

The great pianist rose in disgust. "I shall have to say good night," he said, roughly, feeling that he had been insulted.
For they had carelessly asked him to play something that had a tune to it.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

PERMANENCE OF CURE.

Many so called pile remedies will afford the user slight temporary relief, and the majority of sufferers do not expect more than this. Women especially, after having tried every preparation recommended for the cure of Piles, have come to the conclusion, that there is no cure except by an operation. This is rightfully viewed with dread, because of the shock to the delicate nervous system of women, and many of those afflicted, have resigned themselves to the situation with never a thought that there is any help in sight for them.

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NEWS OF CHATHAM.

Chatham, Oct. 29.—Messrs. James Miller, Will Crombie, and Will Crossbie, have returned from a successful goose shooting trip down river.
Dr. Inch, Chief Sup. of Education, was in town Thursday.
We had quite a flurry of snow Thursday, the first of the season.
P. H. C. Benson is home from Boston on a fortnight's vacation. When he returns he will be accompanied by Mrs. Benson and family.
Col. McCulley received news from Winnipeg yesterday of the illness of his son Clark, and left for there last night. Mr. McCulley who has a position in the C. P. R. offices, had a three months' leave of absence, and was supposed to be regaining health. His many friends here hope his condition is not as serious as was at first feared.
Inspector Mersereau was in town today. J. Kidner, principal of the normal school, addressed the town teachers yesterday afternoon on the importance of manual training in the schools, referring particularly to paper cutting, and folding, and other exercises suitable to primary grades.
Mrs. L. J. Tweedie returned yesterday from Bridgetown, N. S., she was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. W. Stuart Benson.
This week's mission in the pro-cathedral, conducted by Rev. Father Pacifique, closes with Sunday night's service. The meetings have been largely attended.
Mr. and Mrs. A. McNeil Shaw, of St. John, are in town.

HARCOURT NEWS.

Harcourt, Oct. 31.—Miss Alethea M. Wathen, of Mortimore, daughter of J. Neales Wathen, has resigned the school at Trout Brook, and goes to Campbellton to take an intermediate department, at a much higher salary. No successor has been appointed at Trout Brook. Teachers are scarce, and much better salaries can now be demanded than formerly.
Aubrey Hetherington, of Mortimore, joined Harcourt Division, Sons of Temperance, last Saturday night. John F. Dorothy is some better the last day or two.

FOR INVALIDS AND ATHLETES.

It is remarkable that the best food for an athlete—"SWISS FOOD"—is at the same time equally good for the most delicate constitutions. Good for old and young alike.
Mrs. Need, "Does your husband ever call you an angel?"
Mrs. Oldred, "Oh, yes, but my husband doesn't claim to be in George Washington's class."—Chicago News.

Millinery. Millinery. Millinery.

We are now showing one of the Choicest and Finest selections in Fall and Winter styles of trimmed ready to wear Hats in the City, and for prices we are second to none. Orders for Hats promptly executed, and the knowledge of experienced hands is at the disposal of our Customers if desired gratis.
Our All Wool Frieze Coats for Ladies at \$3.95 are still selling for this week only.

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696 Main Street.

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This medal was awarded to Minard's Liniment in London in 1886. The only liniment to receive a medal. It was awarded because of strength, purity, healing powers and superiority of the Liniment over all others from throughout the world.

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