

Prince Charlie.

By BURFORD DELANNOY.

(Continued.)

"Do you know that you are the cause of my destruction of three-fourths of a story I have written?"

Her astonishment at his utterance was due to the fact that she did not at all understand him.

"Why?"

"The day we met here—a red-letter day in the calendar of my life—when first we sat together on this seat, I was dissatisfied with the heroine I was creating; she was not good enough. You came; I put you in my book; put you in the place of the creation I had been dissatisfied with, the study from life was so much better. And it was so simple; I never had to wander or imagine things about her. She was always—before me."

She persisted in her affected disregard—a poor sort of performance—of the meaning in his voice; asked—

"How have you painted her—me?"

"Unsophisticated, ingenious, frank guileless. She comes into the life of a man who has lived away from women, who has never believed in them, never wanted to. She makes the man see the error of his ways; leads him out of the darkness and blackness of his night into the brightness of her day. She becomes his sun."

His words, the manner of his utterance, made her heart beat quicker. The deep earnestness in his voice would have moved a much harder heart than hers.

"And he?"

His eyes lighted up as, in reply to that question, he began a description of himself.

"He thanks God for the light! Lives! Lives! Sees things in life he never saw before. She has thrown a searchlight on the barrenness of his solitude; shown him his poverty. He realizes that it is not good for man to live alone."

An onlooker just then would have imagined her sole object in life to be the boring of a hole in the tarred path. She was wadding her toe at work with an engrossment of the most, apparently, intense kind.

"And all this—these ideas—were born of my—our—chance meetings?"

"Yes! My work became easier; there was no labour. Your face was as a book to me; an open book. I just seemed to copy from it what was written there. But as for

chance—who can say? Chance is but unceasing direction."

The caress in his voice made itself felt. Ignoring the latter part of his speech she made a hurried reply—

"And you read all this in my face? My face which contradicts my hand so?"

So earnest was he, that he grew almost petulant over the wilful misunderstanding, her changing of the subject; said—

"Let the reading of the hand go. I am content with the face."

Looking up, she realized that his eager eyes were fixed earnestly on her. Saw in them the smouldering fire waiting for the smallest draught to lick it into flame.

"Are you reading it now? Don't you know?"—with a nervous little laugh—"that it is very rude to stare so?"

He felt reminded of the action of an engine's piston; his heart was pumping so.

"Don't," he urged. "Please don't say so. It would wipe out half the happiness of your presence if—"

That eagerness of his must be checked! There was no knowing how far it would lead! She stepped behind the lattice of conventionality.

"It is growing late," she was on her feet; used the interview terminator again. "We must be returning."

He drew in his breath; was so afraid. Struggled in vain to control his rebellious pulse; fancied he had gone too far. Tried to retrace his steps and found—as most of us do—walking backwards gracefully to be a matter difficult of performance.

"I have not offended you by speaking as I have done, the truth?"

"Offended?"

She spoke shortly. Just repeated his word, not being in a mood for the making of long speeches; added—

"Oh, no! . . . Now let us be going."

They went. Homeward bound the conversation perched on stilts; seemed artificially out of reach; a reserve had sprung up between them. Both were making obvious efforts to be natural. Masters were appreciative to the fact that his own were a sickly failure.

At her gate she assumed merriest of transparent, fraudulent kind of mirth. Said laughingly, one hand on the latch the other ready to place in his—

"And now, Mr. Prophet, what of the morrow? Will it hail, rain, wind or snow?"

It was not infectious, that merriest of hers. She had fallen on the first subject in Valapuk—the weather. Staple of English intercourse, how many can deny it a debt of gratitude? Common ground—a national heritage whereon we can disport ourselves at ease.

"Rain, I am afraid." He looked

round.

"Those banks of clouds augur badly."

"You are not a comforting sort of prophet! Assumption of your correctness means confinement to the house all day."

"Yes."

He looked at her as he answered. The glance made it hardly a laconic reply. . . she stretched out her hand. With the light in her forget-me-not eyes full an, said—

Good-bye.

Takin her hand—his retention of it was for a period considered longer than is considered quite good form in Mayfair—he asked "If a wet day tomorrow you know—I shall not see you at all, shall I?"

Those eloquent lashes of hers helped her speech as she replied—

"It may clear in the evening, as it did today. I may not take Gracie out in the damp. But, unless it rains, I shall take my own walk in the evening."

Even a smaller mercy would have made him thankful. He enquired eagerly—

"At eight o'clock?"

The fringes lifted, giving him what he extravagantly labelled a glimpse of Heaven. In the moonlight he saw all the glory of her eyes, as she answered—

"Yes."

He had never thought it possible that room could be found for so delightful a tone in a woman's voice, as that in Miss Mivvins' utterance of that one-syllable word.

"If you should find me walking

on the parade at that time," he suggested, "you—you would not be displeased?"

She looked at him again. What she read prompted her to think him deserving some little reward. Casting her eyes down to her hand, which he was still holding, and lowering her voice too, till it was almost a half-whisper, she said—

"What—what would you think if I said that—"

She hesitated—stopped. Quite eagerly he endeavoured to help her on; interjected—

"Yes?"

"That I might be disappointed if I did not see you?"

The sign he drew was of a plumbless nature. He answered—

"You will not be disappointed."

The sweetest of sweet tones, speaking in the low, tremulous voice which may say so little but mean so much—

"Good-night!"

A grip of her hand that almost hurt her; a light in his eyes which had never found place there before, and he echoed her final words—

"Good-night!"

Softness in both their voices, in their whole manner. A reciprocated hand pressure.

So they parted.

CHAPTER IX.

Over the Garden Wall.

Miss Mivvins was very full of thought of the man who had left her; he was full to the point of over-brimming of thought of her. They were soulful thoughts, which lasted them both till sleep closed the windows of their souls.

In the case of the man the eyelids remained wide open till the grey dawn flushed rosily before the rising sun. Even then he dreamt of her.

Later, when he awoke, it was evident that a halo of success would surround his weather prophecy. His prediction of wet turned out correct; it rained nearly all day. But Cupid must have bribed Pluvius; the rain ceased to fall at the grey of evening closed down on the day.

Then they met again. It was a walk only; a walk up and down the front. She did not feel equal to trusting herself on that seat again. Did not trust him—or herself.

A moonlight night, a murmuring sea and a man with eyes of greater eloquence than his tongue possessed—decidedly she thought it was best to avoid sitting down.

Miss Mivvins did not altogether seem herself; was nothing like so bright as she had been before. The sweet mouth never parted in laughter once during all the walk. It was a new mood to him; once in which he could find no pleasantness.

He taxed her with it; something was worrying her. He would have liked to plainly ask what, that he might lighten or at least share the trouble. She, not admitting it, endeavoured to shake off the depression.

As their good-byes were uttered, he exhibited a surprising fertility in the invention of hints of meetings again. She, for reasons known to herself, did not take them.

The weather afforded her a shield;



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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.

she switched the conversation on to that. Clouds were shaping ominously. Clouds were shaping ominously there was a prospect of more foul weather on the breaking of the morrow. So was avoided any open reference to another evening walk when they parted.

Clouds, of another kind, seemed to envelop him. He had counted so on the meeting; had watched the ticking away of the hours till the fall of eventide; till eight o'clock came.

All the warmth of the previous evening, all his delicious anticipation, was eclipsed by the frigidity of tonight. He felt like one for whom the sun has set while it is yet day.

He worried himself to the point of haggardness—being a man possessed of strong emotions. Walked home mind-laden with fear that he had done or said something to offend her. Racking his brain, yet failed to find a record; could not imagine what had been his sin.

His slumber was not of the peaceful kind. Although his dreams were of her—the woman his waking thoughts were so full of—they were not of the pleasant kind of yesterday. Again, too, he saw the red fringe in the east grow into dawn before he slept.

(To be continued.)

CLEAR CASE FOR "SWISS FOOD"

Iron ploughs clear the streets. "Swiss Food" clears and warms your blood.

It is understood that a good many suits for damages will be made against the Boston & Maine railway arising out of the recent accident at Durham (N. H.), where a large number of passengers were seriously injured. One man was reported to have announced his intention of laying claim to \$50,000 in view of the injuries he sustained.

ORANGEMEN MEET.

St. John County Lodges Last Evening Held Their Annual Sessions.

The annual meeting of St. John County West Orange Lodge was held last night at South Bay. Representatives from Pisarino, Fairville, and South Bay lodges were there. The following officers were elected, and were installed by Austin Galbraith, retiring county master:—

Edward Long, W. C. M.
Thomas Stout, D. C. M.
Geo. H. Galbraith, C. Chap.
Frank Charlton, Co. Rec. Sec.
Richard Davis, Co. Fin. Sec.
Robert Lawson, Co. Treas.
Thomas Anderson, Co. D. of O.
W. J. Wilson, Co. Lect.
C. I. Hughes, J. Jo. Stinson, Co. Dep. Lects.

It has been decided to change the date of the annual meeting to August. The next annual meeting, therefore, has been fixed for the second Tuesday of August, at Musquash.

At the annual meeting of the St. John county Orange lodge last evening, the reports showed receipts of \$262.13, expenditures \$128.37, balance \$133.76. A feature of the meeting was an address by W. M. Wallace who was elected W. C. M. County Master Scott E. Morrill being ill was unable to attend. The officers were installed by Hon. C. N. Skinner, assisted by Neil J. Morrison as follows:

W. B. Wallace, W. C. M.
A. W. Macrae, D. C. M.
J. H. Harvey, C. C.
A. J. Estabrooks, F. S.
S. B. Bustin, R. S.
N. J. Morrison, treasurer.
S. B. Bustin, R. S.
S. Earle, D. of O.
S. Ferguson, lecturer.
J. C. Currie, D. Lecturer.
D. B. Webster, D. Lecturer.
J. Holder, I. T.

The Hardest Pain to Endure

Is the pain of a tender corn, but experience proves that corns are cured quickest by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which acts in twenty-four hours. Putnam's never burns or causes sores. The only painless cure is Putnam's. Use no other.

Guy Saunders' tailor shop at Woodstock N. B., was badly damaged by fire yesterday.

Dry Goods and Millinery

CLEARANCE SALE.

Owing to change of business, which will continue until the whole new and complete stock (\$15,000) has been disposed of. Such Bargains in Ladies' Garments, Ready-to-Wear Suits, Skirts and Coats, we venture to say have never before been offered in this city.

Absolutely no reserve and no two prices.

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TOOK A SEVERE COLD.

It Settled in The Kidneys.

Pain in The Back The Result.

Catching cold and having it settle in the back is often the cause of Backache—the primary cause of kidney trouble. When the back aches it is a warning that the kidneys are liable to become affected.

Heed the warning; check the Backache, and dispose of any chance of further trouble.

If you don't, serious complications are very apt to arise. Mrs. E. Williams, Hamilton, Ont., caught cold, and it settled in her kidneys. She used

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS,

and is thankful for the immediate relief they gave her. She writes us as follows:

"It is with pleasure that I add my testimony in favor of Doan's Kidney Pills. Some time ago, I took a severe cold, which settled in my kidneys. The soreness and pain in the small of my back bothered me greatly. After suffering for some months, and finding numerous remedies fail, I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, and received immediate relief from my sufferings."

Doan's Kidney Pills may be procured at all dealers, or will be sent direct by mail on receipt of price—50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25.

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FIVE ROSES
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