# Prince Charlie.

By BURFORD DELANNOY.

(Continued.)

In the morning, Gracie offered strong evidence that she had a tongue in her head; was full of the return of Prince Charlie. She had heard of his arrival with delight; was running over with anxiety to see him. Instinctively she felt that Uncle Dick was the ways and means. When she heard that he was going to call on Masters that morning, she emulated the limpet; he could not have shaken her off had he tried.

"Get your things on, Puss," said Dick, as the breakfast things were being cleared away, "and I'll take you round to see him."

Miss Chantrelle professed the most acute astonishment. Not so much by what she said, but the way she acted. Wasn't Mr. Masters coming in to lunch? . . .Nor to dinner? Not at all that day? . . Those carefully combed eyebrows of hers almost disappeared under her fringe—she was so surprised!

Gracie had scampered off and returned in full war-paint; best hat, best shoes, best coat and, crowning glory, new muff! She did hope Prince Charlie would notice it and ask her all about it. But if he did not, she could tell him. That is one of the advantages of being very young.

When Gracie and Dick had gone out, Miss Chantrelle improved the opportunity with her hostess. Nearly drove that lady to the brink of madness by her anxiety to know if "they had quarrelled;" "what it meant;" "why he wasn't coming," etc.

Mabel did not know; really the matter was of little interest to her. His presence made very little difference; she wondered Amy could bother about him.

That was what she was able to bring herself to say. But the effort was a big one; she was not a conspicuous success in lies of the top-notch kind.

Matters continued in this way. Things are not always what they seem; it was by no means a pleasant little party at Ivy Cottage. When at home—which was a very rare thing, for he spent most of his time at Masters' lodgings—Dick was sulky to the extreme of sullenness.

Affairs wore a different complexion a little later. When the rosy finger heralded the dawn of the day before Christmas, it was the precursor of brightness of another kind. Two incidents happened which changed the current of things.

Miss Chantrelle had the watchful, veiled eyes of the domestic cat. On the principle of striking the iron whilst hot, she urged her brother to propose marriage to their hostess forthwith. Thought that delays were dangerous.

She took him out for a walk to discuss the pros and cons of the proposal. Was a wise little woman, and a firm believer in the theory that walls have ears. Knowing what she knew, she mapped out the route her brother was to travel in his journey to Mrs. Seton-Carr's heart.

But there is such a thing as being too clever; so sharp that one cuts oneself. The average brain has a direct way of working; sees no by-paths, so wastes no time on them; goes straight to the point.

Amy's cleverness led to her undoing.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### A Tea-cup Storm.

The coast being clear, Dick's storm-cloud burst. The Chantrelles out for their walk, he imagined them to be washing their domestic dirty linen; he took the floor.

Being alone, he meant having it out, as he termed it, with his sister. Had quite determined on doing it very quietly and calmly. Whistling a few bars of "Rule, Britannia" by way of appropriate prelude, he said suddenly—

"I am expecting one or two important letters, Mab. I wish directly they come you would send them to the post, will you—redirected to my club?"

"Re-directed — to—your—club!"

"Yes I have not quite made up my mind where I shall put up, but I am bound to go into the club each day. You won't forget, will you?"

He made a pretended movement in the direction of the door. She was on her feet in a moment, stopping him; stood by his side in dismay. Seized the lapels of his coat and looked at him reproachfully, horror-stricken; fear for him tearing at her heart-strings.

"Dick!"

"Hullo!"

"What—do—you—mean?"

"What do I me—. Surely I spoke plainly. I just want you to re-direct——"

"Yes, yes, yes. But you are here!"

"Ah! Now. But I am going up to London by the afternoon train."

"To—London!"

"Yes."

Mabel's heart sank. She read obstinacy in that frowning face of his; knew what sort of thing that was to fight; had had experience of it. She played what was usually a trump card.

"And at Christmas time, too! Christmas! You will leave me here alone?"

"Alone? Well—I like that! You have got your dear friends, the Chantrelles. There isn't much of a lonely look about you when Percy is around."

"Dick!"

"Hullo!"

"Don't be horrid!"

"Why? Do you claim a monopoly of the right to be so?"

"Dick!"

Her eyes were flashing now; her face had gone crimson-coloured and her little foot was tapping the floor. She had emotions which ran up her thermometer with the rapidity of a lightning's flash. The altitude of their tempers just then was about equally high.

"Don't keep calling me Dick like that," he said. "It's irritating."

"What's the matter?"

"With me? Nothing!"

"There is."

"Very well, there is. Have your own way. I know that way—you are like the Pears' soap boy—you won't be happy till you get it."

"Dick!" She almost spat out his name in her fierce emphasis. "You are not going—you shall not go to town today!"

"All being well," he replied calmly—white heat calm—"I shall catch the three-thirty-five up."

She was white too, with annoyance. Managed to choke down some of the things she was burning to say; was alive to what their effect would be if uttered. She knew Dick; experience had taught her how large was the amount of patience needed to cope with his impetuosity. Her foot heavily on the pedal of her temper, she gave forth sweet sounds—

"What does this mean? Tell me, Dick. Why are you going?"

The voice was so very gentle, that it hurt Dick to hurt her. But he persisted—the little wretch, to treat his best friend so!—she deserved it. Yawning, he said—

"Oh, I feel like spending a merry Christmas. The kind of thing that clings to Christmas cards and Dickens was so full of, you know. I am afraid there isn't enough merriment to go round here; not enough to satisfy a man with a large appetite for it."

"Why not?"

"Way it is dished up, I suppose; surroundings. I don't like your friends—"

"My friends!"

The foot slipped off the pedal; the note of temper sounded as she blazed out indignantly—

"Who asked them here?"

Dick shrugged his shoulders. Otherwise disregarded her interruption as he continued—

"—You positively insult mine."

"Insult!"

"I think that's the correct word; I can't find a more expressive one lying about."

"Pray, who are the friends of mine that you do not like?"

"Refrain from the obvious! You haven't fifty thousand of them staying in the house just now!"

"The Chantrelles, you mean. I repeat, who invited them here? Answer me!"

She stamped her foot as she let loose her shaft. It went home this time, buried its head, rendering Dick furious. He had cursed himself a hundred times for being the cause of their presence. But for that—

"Look here, Mab, you and I don't want to quarrel."

A quarrel just then was the thing he was itching for; if he could have hit something or somebody it would have been an immense relief to his feelings; he went on—

"I have a friend; a man who saved my life! A man who devoted himself to me; but for whom I should be now at the bottom of the sea."

"Dick!"

She hid her face in her hands. All the memories, she had thrust aside, grateful memories, rushed back on her. She did not want Dick to see what she knew her face would show: horror of her own ingratitude to Masters. The recollection of all he had done for her brother flooded her.

"Oh, it's true. I'm not romancing. When I said good-bye to you in that Lambeth bedroom, I meant it to be a good-bye. I went on board that boat with the full intention of making a hole in the water"

"Dick! Dick! Don't say it!"

"I do say it. I say it emphatically. Life didn't seem worth the living to me. Masters shared my cabin; nursed me; tended me; made me see things differently. In fact, made a man of me. When I think of him, and all he did for me, I cry from my heart; God bless him! God bless him!"

He turned his head that she might not see the tears filling his eyes; continued—

"When I think of the debt I owe him, a debt I would pay with my life cheerfully if it would help him, I—I —I——"

She interrupted him; was standing close to him again, white-faced, dry-eyed, breathing heavily.

"Dick! Dick!" she gasped, "You don't know how you are hurting me!"

"And I bring him here," he spluttered, "to your home. Because it was the only place I could bring him to; because I thought my sister loved me, that she would stretch out a warm hand of welcome to the man who saved me. What happens? What happens? She doesn't throw the plates and dishes at him, but, by God! I wish she had! It would have been better than the cold, cutting, contemptuous nature of her insults!"

He struggled to get free from her arms; they had found their way round his neck, and her head was on his bosom. But she held him too tightly. He was unfair; she knew it; not all the wrong was on her side.

"You think nothing of me, Dick!" Her sobbing expostulation: "You ignore the things he has done; the way he has behaved to me!"

"Yes," replied Dick grimly. "Perhaps it's just as well I do. Gracie tells me that in the dead of night he came, and sat up, and nursed her back to life! That's one of the things he did for you and the child you profess to love so much! He's good at nursing, is Prince Charlie, poor old chap!—I have had some. You have had some. But it seems to have struck us in different lights; to have inspired different feelings. Personally, I'd lay down my life for him! The grandest fellow I ever met; God bless him!"

"Dick! Dick! Dick!"

She covered her face with her hands the tears were streaming through her fingers. He went on pitilessly; his blood was too hot now for softness.

"You don't see anything to be grateful for in what he did for you. On the contrary, his kindly affection for Gracie is a cause of complaint! You coolly tell me I don't know the things he has done, and how he has behaved to you! 'Prince Charlie' — yes. Gracie was right in naming him so. He is a prince; a real Prince. The child has more gratitude in her little finger than you——"

She stopped him. Would not let him continue. Placed a hand over his mouth as she cried—

"Dick, you are breaking my heart!"

(To be continued.)

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## CIVIC REFORM IN NEW YORK.

### A Citizens' Union Will Take a Hand in the Elections.

New York, Feb. 28.—At the meeting of the city committee of the Citizens' Union last night a call was issued for a city convention to be held in Cooper Union on the evening of April 13. There will be no discussion of candidates at this convention, and there was none at the committee meeting last night. When the convention is held there will be a brief declaration of principles offered for adoption, and then two committees will be appointed, one to prepare a platform and the other to discuss candidates with other organizations willing to join a fusion movement. The convention will then adjourn until the latter part of September to receive the reports of the committees and nominate a ticket.

Among the Citizens' Union members last night there was a disposition to bring about a fusion movement if it should be found feasible, otherwise to go ahead with a straight independent ticket, irrespective of any action that might be taken by the Republicans. Few members attended last night's meeting. President R. Fulton Cutting was among the absentees.


A "SWISS FOOD" FACT.

Many people would as soon do without breakfast, as take it without "SWISS FOOD." 15c. packages.


Harry—"The time has gone by when a man went about with a sword by his side."

Dick—"Yes; the women are the only ones who carry lethal weapons. It is true they call them hatpins; but that doesn't signify."

## THE SITUATION AT OTTAWA.

### The West Is Solid With Sifton ---Result Still in Doubt.

An Ottawa despatch to this morning's Telegraph, said:—

"The educational clause of the Northwest Autonomy Bill is still the chief subject of discussion in and around parliament. While there is expectation that the whole matter will be fixed up to the satisfaction of most parties concerned, still, until this has actually been done, nothing is really settled. The question is as to the framing of a clause which will meet the views of the people of the west and at the same time be satisfactory to parliament. There seems to be a pretty unanimous feeling as to what is wanted, and when one talks with the liberal representatives from the east, as well as from the west, he is told that the present conditions in the Northwest are to be maintained as far as education is concerned, but that the complaint of the west is that something different is being given.

Until such time, then, as the clause is presented to the western members in an acceptable shape, it is not safe to say what the result may be. As has already been said in this correspondence, the Northwest has offered to support the stand by the same system of schools that now exists there. The government has been advised by the liberal members from the Northwest, that this system will be satisfactory, to them, but they are not going to go any further. If any one from the west entertained any idea of doing so before yesterday, he must have changed his mind since. The west is solid with Mr. Sifton, on the stand he has taken, and the east will no doubt, recognize in the long run that it is the west that parliament is legislating for.

### DOMVILLE GETS COMMISSION.

In the senate yesterday Hon. Mr. Domville moved for the appointment of a select committee of five, composed of Hon. Messrs. DeBoucherville, Sullivan, Edwards, Wilson, and himself, to enquire into the production of alumina and aluminium in Canada.

Hon. Mr. Edwards said he had looked into the matter to some extent and this being entirely a new matter, he was willing to act, and investigate as to what there may be in the product.

The resolution carried.

The store of the Dalhousie Mercantile Company, was burglarized Wednesday night, and several articles stolen. The robber entered by sawing the wooden bar closing the warehouse door, and then broke the lock of the inside door to enter the general store, considerable money was stolen.

Hattie—"The idea of Susan going out to work, and that husband of hers loafing about, doing nothing! I wouldn't support the best man who ever lived."

Bertha—"You wouldn't have to. The best men support themselves and their wives, too."


## ONE BOX OF DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED DROPSY.

Dropsy is not a disease in itself, as many people believe, but is an evidence of very severe kidney trouble. Dropsy is caused by watery particles oozing through the walls of the arteries when they are distended by unusual pressure, which can only be caused by obstructions in the kidneys. The symptoms of Dropsy are puffiness under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, urine changed in character and appearance, smothering feeling from exertion or excitement. The only rational method of treating this disease is to reach the kidneys and restore them to a healthy condition.

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