

# Prince Charlie.

By BURFORD DELANNOY.

(Continued.)  
 Strange that, by the bedside of the panting child, with Life and Death fighting for the possession of its fragile little form, her ears ever straining to catch the sound of that softer breathing which she knew would signal Life's victory—strange that with fear and hope surging in her bosom, even while her gentle hand restrained her dear one's restless tossing to and fro and cooled the burning forehead and feverish, clinging little fingers; strange that those should seem no wrong, nothing incongruous in the thought of an almost stranger—of William Masters. Perhaps it was because Gracie loved him so dearly; that must have been the reason.  
 Poor little Gracie! She little knew what manner of man it was to whom she had offered her affectionate, rustling little heart. Yet he had been kind to her, more than kind. There was pleasantness in the memory of that.  
 Fugitive thoughts were these; stealing in under cover of the night. Those ours when that watchful keeper of the heart—a woman's pride—is prone to forsake his trust; to leave the secret of that heart revealed before its maker, and herself. A moment, and the watchful sentinel is back again at his post; repentant for his lapse, guarding his treasure more jealously than ever.  
 The white soul of the child stood at the entrance of the Valley of the Shadow. Hour by hour the watching woman seemed to see the Shadow deepening, growing. Hour by hour she strove with all the power that in her lay to lead that white soul back into life's sunshine.  
 The watching and anxiety told on her. The doctor noting her sunken eyes, said firmly—  
 "You must take rest. You need it as much as your patient."  
 "Rest!"  
 "Don't be foolish! You have a good woman; this woman who is helping you."  
 "She has been a nurse."  
 "I see she understands. You must take rest on you will be ill. Ill, too, at a time when you are most needed."  
 "Tell me, doctor. Oh! For God's sake, tell me—you don't know what she is to me! Tell me—"  
 "My dear madam, I can tell you nothing. As it nears midnight, will

come a crucial time. Humour her; whatever she wants, no matter how extravagant it may seem, let her have it. She has an excitable nature, a nervous temperament. Do all you can to soothe her. She must not worry for anything; it might prove her death. Graciously her desires and she may sleep—sleep will be her salvation. You understand?"  
 "Yes, doctor."  
 "Whatever she asks for, gratify her."  
 "Yes, doctor."  
 "She is needing sleep; rest for that active little brain of hers. She is full of ideas of triple-headed giants, fairies and stories of that sort. Don't contradict her, get her into a state of contentment if possible. Who is this prince Charlie she was asking for just now?"  
 "A friend—a casual friend—some one we know."  
 "She is inexplicably anxious to see him. Soothe, by letting her do so if possible. She has intervals when she is as rational as you or I; it is well to prolong those by letting her talk to people she knows and wants to see. Does he live far away—this Prince Charlie?"  
 "In—in the town."  
 "Then, by all means, if she asks again, send for him."  
 "Yes, doctor."  
 "Fretting and excitement are to be avoided. Soothe her in every possible way; gentleness and firmness combined go a long way. But this Prince Charlie—from the hold he seems to have on her—may go a long or way still. Of course she may not ask for him again—may be it is a mere delirious fancy—but if she does, you will know how to act."  
 But Gracie did ask again. Asked persistently, peevishly, pleadingly. The watcher with the breaking heart allowed the mother in her nature to soothe the mere woman. She resolved to humble herself in the dirt: to send for him; he who had so grossly insulted her.  
 She would not write, she would not see him herself; she could not. She would send a verbal message. Late as it was there was no fear of not finding him up, she knew. He had told her that he always wrote till one in the morning.  
 The midnight oil phrase was one he was ever using.  
 CHAPTER XIV.  
 To Beg For Mercy.  
 An upward glance at the clock on the mantel. It was late; within an hour of midnight. The servants had already gone to bed. Going to their rooms she gently knocked at the door; called to one of them by name

The reply in a frightened, startled voice. The tone betrayed her mind's fear that she was to hear bad news. The next words were a relief—  
 "You know where Mr. Masters lives?"  
 The possibility of a want of knowledge on the part of the servants never occurred to her. She was not in the least surprised when an affirmative answer was returned to her—  
 "Yes, ma'am."  
 "I want you to get up at once, Ellen—I am sure you will not mind—and dress yourself quickly. Go to Mr. Masters, give him my compliments, and ask him—ask him to come here—to be kind enough to come here at once."  
 "Yes, ma'am. Certainly."  
 The girl had listened in astonishment, but obediently set about the task set her. She was fond of children; was Ellen, as she had feared at first, been called to hear bad news about Miss Gracie.  
 The maid had no thought of grumbling at the late service demanded of her, although greatly wondering at the message she was to deliver. The over-wrought, tired woman returned to the sick room and waited. Presently the little lips—for the hundredth time—shaped the question—  
 "I want Prince Charlie; won't he come and tell me about the fairy and Jack."  
 The mother's heart was full of thankfulness that she had sent; that she had humbled herself to do so. She was able to bend over and whisper—  
 "Yes, darling. Mother has sent for him. He will be here directly."  
 She was without fear in making the promise; felt so sure he would come. He was a gentleman, he would understand. He would know how urgent must be the need which could demand his presence at that late hour—indeed, to send for him at all. Or would he think—No! The thought was too horrible! She stifled it.  
 Waiting, waiting, waiting—weary waiting! At last she heard the maid's returning steps on the path without; ran to the door and opened it. The girl spoke reluctantly; what she had to say made the mother turn sick at heart.  
 "Said, ma'am, it was too late to come out to-night. He would come round in the morning."  
 The mother's mind failed to grasp it; that message. The callous cruelty of it. It seemed too—too impossible. Had he misunderstood—misjudged her? Could it be? Had she fallen so low in his estimation? A crimson flood overspread her face.  
 After a pause, clutching at a straw, she inquired—  
 "Did you see him yourself?"

"Yes, ma'am. He seemed to wonder what you could want with him. Said it would keep, whatever it was, till the morning."  
 "Keep—till—the—morning!"  
 Gracie's pleading, her own promise rang in her ears! Keep Till The Morning. The irony of it! She staggered against the wall, passed her hand across her brow—loath to believe that the author, fond of children, could behave so—asked again—  
 "You are quite sure you saw him yourself?"  
 "Oh, yes, ma'am. I know Mr. Masters quite well by sight." She did Masters, the blacksmith! She had been to his shop in the High Street, and in response to her ringing of his house bell, he had put his head out of his bedroom window and spoken to her. Not in any very pleasant tone; he was not pleased that his beauty sleep had been broken into.  
 He was an early-to-bed and early-to-rise old man. He could see no sense in turning out at past eleven o'clock at night for any one. Not even for a sick child or for the finest lady in the land.  
 As he went grumbling back to his bed the blacksmith muttered that some of them fine ladies seemed to think it was a nonner to be at their beck and call; summat to be proud of, it was, for a poor man like his—wasn't having any, this time. Such was his grumble, weighted with a plethora of adjectives—unprintable kind.  
 The mother staggered back in the bedroom, to the child's side. White-faced, trembling in every limb, supported herself by the bed rail. Noted the hour: past eleven o'clock. The crucial time the doctor had spoken of was approaching.  
 Gracie was in a quite rational mood. Her brightly burning eyes were fixed on her mother as she entered the room, and she spoke at once, eagerly—as eagerly as the feeble little lips could frame words—stuttering in her eagerness—  
 "Has Pr—Prince Charlie come yet, mamma?"  
 Right down into the depths of despair sank the mother's heart. She took the child's hot hand in her own; gently brushed the curls away from the little forehead with the other. As she did so the hot dryness of that brow was brought to her notice afresh. It was necessary to answer the child; the reply was gently given. Yet the utterance of each word was as a stab to her—  
 "Not—not yet, darling."  
 A little whimpering, plaintive voice uprose from amongst the pillows—  
 "I want him, mamma—won't he come?"  
 How was she to gratify the little one's desire; to get Prince Charlie there? The doctor had warned her that at this stage the child's demands were to be granted if possible. If possible. She had sent and he had refused to come. The doctor's words rang in her ears. If possible.  
 (To be continued.)  
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RECEIVED THIS MEDAL.



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.

### THEY LEAVE FOR THE PHILIPPINES. Sacred Heart Sisters Who Came From France to Canada.

After the expulsion from France of members of various religious orders, the Sacred Heart Sisters sought refuge in Canada. Now almost all who did so have left the country and have gone to the Philippine Islands, and have been removed from the jurisdiction of Rev. Mother Morin, superioress of the Canadian province. Among the ladies in Mother Murphy, formerly of Halifax. The Ladies of the Sacred Heart devote their attention to higher education and culture, and their purpose in going to the Philippine Islands is to take advantage of the invitation extended to them by the Archbishop of Manila. This has followed as a result of the desire of the United States government to have the schools of the archipelago modelled upon systems in vogue in America, and with which these teachers are familiar.

Said the fat little girl of Lucerne, To the thin wee maiden from Berne, "If Swiss Food you took Much better you'd look And all other breakfast foods spurn."

Mrs. Robert Matthew is probably the oldest woman in St. John. She celebrated her ninety-ninth birthday yesterday. She has been an inmate of the Home for Old Ladies on Broad St., for about four years. Mrs. Matthew was born near Hampton, N. B., on February 13th, 1806. She lived for the greater part of her life near her birth place. In spite of her great age, she is quite able to look after herself, and needs but little care from the matron of the Home.

### REV. A. B. SIMPSON MAKES AN APPEAL. And Eighty-two Volunteer in Toronto for Foreign Mission Work.

(Toronto News.)  
 At the conclusion of Rev. A. B. Simpson's missionary address in Zion Congregational Church last evening he asked for volunteers for the foreign mission field, and in response eighty-two persons stood up. About twenty-five of the number were young men. The qualifications he attached for service were good health, ability to learn a foreign language, and freedom from such domestic obligations as would be a bar to such a step.  
 The occasion was the mid-winter convention of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. Mr. Simpson stated that no effort would be made to besigue the people for a missionary offering, that being done once a year at the summer convention.

### DR. WARDEN EXPLAINS THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PRESBYTERIAN UNION IN INDIA.

Rev. Dr. Warden, general agent of the Presbyterian church in Canada, when shown the despatch announcing the union of the churches in India, said the question of union in India had been introduced five or six years ago at the General Assembly at Allahabad. The basis of union was sent to Canada and approved by the Canadian Assembly. Permission was accordingly given to Presbyterian missionaries in India to connect themselves with the Indian church. Rev. Dr. McKay, Foreign Missions Secretary, said the Presbytery of Indore, in connection with the Canadian Presbytery has entered the union. At the next Assembly in Canada, permission will be sought to transfer their Presbytery to the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian church in India.  
 The purpose of the union is to develop as quickly as possible a native church with a sense of responsibility in order that it may become self supporting. The union is an educative process to that end. (Toronto News.)

A CHURCH BURNED.  
 Mariette, O., Feb. 13.—The First Congregational Church of this city, the first church in the northwest territory, was destroyed by fire today. The church was built in 1788 and has been several times remodelled. Loss \$30,000.

### Can Eat Anything Now.

How many Dyspeptics can say that?  
 Or perhaps you are dyspeptic and don't know it.  
 Have you any of these symptoms?

Variable appetite, a faint gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach, unsatisfied hunger, a loathing of food, rising and souring of food, a painful load at the pit of the stomach, constipation, or are you gloomy and miserable? Then you are a dyspeptic. The cure is careful diet; avoid stimulants and narcotics, do not drink at meals, keep regular habits, and regulate the stomach and bowels with

**BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.**  
 Nature's specific for Dyspepsia.  
 Miss Laura Chicoine, Belle Anse, Que., says of its wonderful curative powers:—"Last winter I was very thin, and was fast losing flesh owing to the run-down state of my system. I suffered from Dyspepsia, loss of appetite and bad blood. I tried everything I could get, but to no purpose; then finally started to use Burdock Blood Bitters. From the first day I felt the good effect of the medicine and am now feeling strong and well again. I can eat anything now without any ill after-effects. It gives me great pleasure to recommend Burdock Blood Bitters, for I feel it saved my life."

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### 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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