

Prince Charlie.

By BURFORD DELANNOY.

(Continued.)
He stood threateningly in front of the much bigger man, the light of determination in his eyes, continuing—

"Will you lie down on that bunk and let me fetch you the doctor? Refuse, and as sure as I stand here I shall try to make you."

Masters pressed his hands to his aching, throbbing forehead. His mind was whirling so, that it was no wonder he staggered. His brain did not seem able to hold the bleed; could not contain so much happiness and so much condemnation of himself for his unutterable foolishness. True to his threat, Dick advanced, Masters warded him off.

"Don't, Dick! Just a moment, old fellow. . . I don't want a doctor. . . What you have just said has done me more good than a syndicate of all the doctors in the world could effect."

He laughed weakly, foolishly; by no means a confidence-inspiring laugh. The mirth, if such it could be called, and the change of tone were even more disturbing to the listener.

"What have I said? Here, Prince, you are going off your nut, old man; that's what's the matter with you! I thought it when you began this game, but I didn't like to say so. I must now. . . Sitting in the sun so much has given you a mild attack of sun-stroke. . . If you've any feeling that you would like to knock me about, now's your time to indulge it; for I am going to try to make you come away from that door."

"Dick! My dear boy! I assure you I am all right! All I want is a talk—"

"Talk! Great Scott! Have you done anything else? This has been like a tabby's tea fight! There's been enough chatter to keep a tree-full of monkeys going! Talk! Christopher Columbus! It's been a perfect Niagara of jaw!"

"There, I'll lie in my bunk if it will please you, Dick."

"It's that, or sudden death from a blow of this ought-to-be brassy arm! Money or your life was never uttered more seriously than I am talking. The doctor—"

"Don't go for the doctor, Dick, please. I don't need him. I am all right now."

"I've only your word for that; I may tell you that your face doesn't lend any confirmation! You look as if you'd lost your seven senses and couldn't say 'Bo!' to a goose! Are you better? Really? Honour bright?"

"Yes. Yes. Tell me, Dick, if she is your sister, who is Gracie?"

It looked like a turning of the tables: Was Dick's turn to start and exhibit surprise. His was the wide-open-eyed-and-mouthed type of astonishment; showed plainly in his face; deception was a thing unknown to him. A moment's wondering silence; then he inquired—

"Who's Gracie? How the dickens did you know there was any Gracie? Why, she's her kind of course; my little niece!"

At that the man in the bunk laughed. Almost his old hearty ringing laugh again. But even yet it retained a tone of wildness; he cried—

"Blind! Blind! Blind! What a cross idiot; what a senseless fool I have been!"

Dick scratched his head; these sudden changes of mood were too much for him; said—

"Well, you certainly are behaving in first-prize-gold-medal idiotic fashion! But the puzzle to me is, how the deuce did you know anything about little Gracie?"

"Know about her? I actually know her! Good heavens! How clear it all seems now."

"Does it? That's all right. I may be permitted to remark that your ideas on opaqueness would be likely to differ!"

"It was she—oh, Dick, Dick, Dick! Don't you understand?"

"How can I help doing so—when you are so lucid! You brainless old fellow, you; let off some more crackers."

"Dick! Dick! It was she, she who christened me Prince!"

"What! Why, you said it was the girl you had spoken about marriage to!"

"Quite right."

The idea returned to Dick that there must be something wrong, very wrong—as he put it—in Masters' upper story. Marriage! With Gracie. It was simply too absurd for words; he snorted.

"You fibbering old idiot, you, what do you mean? Gracie isn't five years old!"

"I know! I know! I know! And yet a month ago at Wivernsea I promised her, if when she grew up she wanted to marry me—which she won't—that I would."

"Wivernsea! Why, you know my sister!"

Masters started up. Gripped the boy by both shoulders and shook him. Happiness struggled with the tears in his eyes as he said—

"Dick, just a wee while ago— forgive me for it, laddie—I hated you! Now I love you! I love you! I love you! You've told me just the best news I've heard for years."

"That's all right, old man."

He shook himself free, and ruefully tugging his shoulders, continued—

"What that news may be I don't know; it's beyond my intellect's horizon. However, as it pleases you it's sufficient—so long as it doesn't hurt me. Don't make me black and blue in the exuberance of your affection. As the poet hath it: 'It's all very well to dissemble your love, but why do you kick me downstairs?'"

"I'm sorry, Dick—really sorry. Did I hurt you? I'm so full of happiness that I could kick myself for having been such a fool all this horrible long time."

"You speak in the past tense. Seems to me the foolishness is only just coming to a head!"

"Stop your chaff, there's a good fellow. You can use that later on. Just now it's almost life and death with me. What's your sister's full name, Dick?"

"Full name? Mabel Seton-Carr, of course!"

"Of course! Of course! Of course! Didn't Gracie write it in full in my book?"

"I'll be hanged if I know! I shouldn't think it would add to the book's sale if she did—with my remembrance of her pothooks and hangers. You don't live at Wivernsea, do you? I never heard that there was a lunatic asylum there."

"Lived there for years!"

"Oh! Then perhaps you knew Mabel's husband, Seton-Carr, when he was alive?"

"When—he—was—alive?"

"Yes. Of course! You blithering old idiot, you; what are you looking at me like that for? You don't think that I am such an utter egregious ass as to suggest that you have known him since his death, do you?"

"How long, Dick—how long—how long has he been dead?"

"Nine—ten months now. Between ourselves there was not much to regret when he added his signature to the big death-roll. Though it's not customary to speak truth of a man who can't speak for himself, is it?"

"Blind! Blind! Blind! She's a widow! Of course! What a fool—what a fool I have been!"

"Hear, hear—large-sized kind!"

CHAPTER XXV.
Ejected From the Cabin.

Masters remained buried in thought for a few moments. The sudden opening of his eyes and the refreshing news were almost overpowering him. Presently he looked up at his companion, who was watching him closely; said—

"You can't think, Dick, my dear boy, what a big fool I have been making of myself."

"No—I can't. If it was any foolishness bigger than your present size, it must have been simply colossal!"

your hundred-ton affectionate squeezes and I'll blow your brains out with this telescope. Throw up your hands!"

"I surrender!"

Masters laughingly fell in with the other's burlesque melodramatic humour; continued—

"I am a bear, but a tamed one. I haven't a squeeze left in me!"

"Perhaps your Royal Highness is saving them up," suggested Dick, his eyes twinkling as he spoke. "I begin to have a grave suspicion—garnished from some of your rambling ravings—that you have designs on my sister!"

"I have, Dick, I have!"

"Open confession is good for the soul! But you don't fool me. I should be false to every sense of brotherly duty if I failed to warn her against your embraces. I shall bear the marks of one of them—on my shoulder—the grave."

"Dear old Dick!"

Masters started forward impulsively. "I am ever so sorry that—"

"Keep off! Keep off! If you don't I'll scream for help!"

Masters' thoughts went off at a tangent. Love is a leveller. Even authors, under the influence of that other circumstance to which all flesh is heir, are not superior to a passion for the conjunction of octavo sheets and pens. It found expression in Masters' exclamation—

"The letters!"

Dick, inexperienced in such matters, failed to understand. His denseness was irritating. He was aware of that, but only ejaculated—

"Eh?"

"The letters! Don't you understand? We haven't touched port yet—nor near it."

"Four hours of yet."

"Then I shall have time to write to your sister myself."

"What—in four hours? Bold adventurer! If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try, again. Your bravery unman me! Excuse these tears!"

"Clear out of this cabin, Dick, and leave me to myself. I want to write."

(To be continued.)

A LUCKY WOMAN.

How Good Health Came to Mrs. Deschesne After Much Suffering.

Mrs. Abraham Deschesne, wife of a well-known farmer at St. Leon le Grand, Que., considers herself a lucky woman. And she has good cause as the following interview will show: "I was badly run down and very nervous. Each day brought its share of household duties, but I was too weak to perform them. My nerves were in a terrible condition. I could not sleep and the least sound would startle me. I tried several medicines and tonic wines, but none of them helped me. In fact I was continually growing worse, and began to despair of ever being well again. One day a friend called to see me and strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I decided to do so, and it was not long before they began to help me. I gained in strength from day to day; my nerves became strong and quiet, and after using about a half dozen boxes of the pills I was fully restored to my old time health and cheerfulness. I now think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills an ideal medicine for weak women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills feed the nerves with new, rich, red blood, thus strengthening and soothing them and curing such nerve troubles as neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis and locomotor ataxia. These pills cure also all troubles due to poor and watery blood, including the special ailments of women. Get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TOMORROW IN THE CHURCHES.

Peoples' Mission, Waterloo St., Sunday School at 11 a. m. Song and social service at 3 p. m. Preaching at 7 p. m. Strangers welcome, Seats free.

St. James Church, Broad street, Rev. A. D. Dewdney, Rector. Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school and Bible Class at 3 p. m. All seats free.

St. David's Presbyterian Church, Sydney St., Minister, Rev. A. A. Graham, M. P., B. D.; Sabbath services, 11 a. m., 7 p. m. Sabbath school and Bible Class, 2.30 p. m. Mid-week Service, Wednesday 8 p. m. Strangers are cordially welcomed. Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be dispensed at the morning service.

Gospel service at The King's Daughters' Guild, Sunday, 4 p. m., All are welcome.

Waterloo St. Free Baptist church, Rev. A. J. Prosser, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Reception of members at the evening service.

Rev. C. Burnett will address the Gospel Temperance Meeting, in Union Hall on Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Mr. McEvoy will preside. Strangers cordially invited.

Paralysis Foretold By Bodily Weakness.

Not Weakness of the Arms and Legs Merely, but also Weakness of such Vital Organs as the Heart, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels.

Every movement of every muscle in the body is accomplished by the expenditure of nerve force.

The breathing of air into the lungs, the throbbing of the heart as it pumps the blood through the body, the churning motion of the stomach, and in short, the whole working of the human system is the result of muscular contraction, which is only possible by the influence of nerve force.

Once the nerve force runs low and is consumed by overwork, worry or disease, more rapidly than it is being created, there comes weakness and ultimately paralysis of some part of the whole body.

Paralysis can usually be cured, and it can always be prevented by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which restores health and strength by actually forming new, rich blood, and creating new nerve force.

In women weakness of the nerves frequently takes the form of derangements of the peculiarly feminine organs. In men nervous exhaustion is often manifested by headache, brain fog and indigestion.

Symptoms:

- Brain Fog or Headache
- Irregular Sleep
- Unnecessary Anxiety
- Twitching of the Nerves or Muscles
- Sparks Before the Eyes
- Irritability
- Noises in the Ears
- Sudden Starting from Sleep
- Pains described as Rheumatic
- Sciatica, Neuralgic
- Restlessness of Movement
- Numberness of any part
- Loss of Memory
- Inability to Concentrate the Mind
- Weakness of Bodily Organs

The time to begin the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is when the symptoms mentioned here are first noticed. Then only can you be sure of preventing paralysis.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is composed of the most powerful nerve and blood restoratives that are to be found in nature, and, acting as it does according to nature's laws, cannot fail to be of benefit to you.

By this treatment the depleted and shrivelled nerve cells are filled with the vital nerve force which runs the machinery of the body, and strength and vigor take the place of weakness and disease.

Through the medium of the blood and nerves Dr. Chase's Nerve Food reaches every nook and corner of the human body, and strengthens and invigorates every organ of the human system.

You can feel yourself getting strong and healthy when the new nerve force is sent tingling along the delicate nerve fibres by this great food cure, and by noting your increase in weight you can prove that new flesh and tissue are being added.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine prevents pneumonia and consumption by curing coughs and cold.

o'clock. A cordial invitation given to all.
Douglas Avenue Christian Church, J. C. B. Appel, minister. Services at 11 a. m., and 7 p. m. Sunday school 9.30 a. m. Prayer and social meeting, Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. A cordial invitation given to all.
Calvin Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. W. A. Nicholson, pastor, 11 a. m., and 7 p. m. Public worship and preaching, 2.30 p. m. Sunday school and Bible class. Evening service for Seamen.

The Tabernacle, Haymarket Square minister, Rev. P. J. Stackhouse, B. D., Services conducted by the pastor at 11 a. m., and 7 p. m. All seats free.

Unitarian church, Hazen Avenue, Services at 7 p. m. The minister, Rev. A. M. Walker will speak upon "The Separate School."

The services in Exmouth street Methodist church tomorrow promise to be of special interest, Rev. S. D. Chown, D. D. of Toronto, Sec. of that Department of the Church's work known as "Temperance, Prohibition, and Moral Reform," will preach in the pulpit, and in the evening the pulpit will be occupied by Rev. G. M. Campbell.

In connection with the coming service a tablet to the memory of the late Mrs. S. W. Kain will be unveiled. Rev. W. C. Matthews will conduct the Evangelistic service at 8.15 p. m.

Brussels St. Baptist church—Rev. Albert B. Cohoe, pastor. Service at 11 a. m., and 7 p. m. The pastor will conduct both services.

Congregational church, Union St. between Gorman and Prince Wm.—Rev. W. S. Pritchard, B. A., pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 12 o'clock. Young Peoples' Meeting, 8.15 p. m. Prayer service, Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Seats free. All are invited.

St. Luke's church. All seats free. 11 a. m. morning prayer. Soloist Mr. Haines of Fredericton. Preacher Rev. R. P. McKim. 2.30 p. m. Sunday school. 7 p. m. evening prayer, preacher Rev. W. H. Sampson.

St. John's Church, Carleton street. Sexagesima Sunday. Services at 8 and 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. The Rev. A. D. A. Dewdney will preach in the forenoon, and the Rev. Dr. Raymond at the evening service, when all seats are free.

MECHANICS, FARMERS, SPORTSMEN!
To heal and soften the skin and remove grease, oil and rust stains, paint and earth, etc. use The "Master Mechanic's" Tar Soap. Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN'S WIT.
(Philadelphia Press.)
One wintry day, shortly after Bishop Horstmann of Cleveland had been caused considerable trouble by the Polish Catholic element in his diocese, he visited Philadelphia, his native city, and dined with Archbishop Ryan, who was also entertaining an ecclesiastical visitor from New England. The latter inquired of the Bishop of Cleveland regarding the weather in Ohio.

"It has not been unusually severe," replied Bishop Horstmann.

"No," said Archbishop Ryan, "just a few breezes from the Poles."

No Breakfast Table complete without

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An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

To Rise Every Morning Fit to Face the World One Needs All One's

VITALITY

A Cold or a Cough is a severe handicap and it spells

DANGER

To Avoid, or Cure, Seek the Best Remedy

George Philips
I. C. R. Ticket Agent and Exchange Broker, St. John, N. B., says: "I was completely cured of influenza cold by a bottle of Hawker's Tolu and Wild Cherry Balsam."

H. A. McKeown
Ex-M. P. P., St. John, N. B., says: "I take great pleasure in stating that I have used Hawker's Tolu and Cherry Balsam for the last eight years and consider it the best cough cure I ever used. I find Hawker's Liver Pills an excellent liver regulator."

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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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Doctors Said That

Lumps and External Swellings Would Turn to Running Sores.

Mrs. Jacob Kachler, Zurich, Ont., says That

Burdock Blood Bitters

Saved Her From Many Years of Suffering.

She writes:—"Now imagine how joyous and great was my surprise when a friend of mine told me that Burdock Blood Bitters would cure me, so that the lumps and external swellings, which the doctors told me would turn to running sores, would disappear. I took her advice, and can say that I have no doubt but that Burdock Blood Bitters has saved me from years of suffering. It is with the greatest of pleasure and with a thankful heart that I give this testimonial, knowing that Burdock Blood Bitters has done so much for me, and you are at perfect liberty to use this for the benefit of others similarly afflicted."

Burdock Blood Bitters is the best blood medicine on the market today, and is composed entirely of roots, herbs, barks and berries.