Prince Charlie.

By BURFORD DELANNOY.

(Continued.)

She thought of the man sitting—as she knew he would be—shaping with his pen; fictional pathetic pictures, intended to draw tears from the tender-hearted. She thought of the real pathos of this child, perhaps dying, to whom he might bring life and hope by his mere immediate presence. And he had returned that message: That It Would Keep.

The child tossed uneasily from side to side. The corners of the arched little mouth went down threateningly. If Possible! Was it possible to bring him—by any means? Was it possible for her to sink her womanhood even deeper? To humble herself to beg of him to come? Would he come even if she did?

Then the direction came from the little form tossing restlessly from side to side; the weak voice whispered—

"You said he would come, mamma. Won't you fetch him? He will come if you fetch him."

Would he? Was that the possibility? Was the little one wise in saying that? She remembered that out of the mouths of babes and——Well, she could but try. The mother in her was stronger than all else; prevailed.

There was no mental balance used in her decision. No conscious weighing of pros and cons. The duty—if aught prompted by love is duty—stood clear before her. Something greater than her own will impelled her decision. She would go to him herself.

Glancing at the clock again, she saw that the recorded time was half-past eleven. She would go to him. Go on her knees to him; would not spare herself further. Would beg him, for God's sake, to be more merciful than he had shown himself in his message. Entreat him not to put off till to-morrow—when it might be too late—that which could be done tonight.

Self-blame just then she was very full of bitterness for not having gone to him in the first instance herself. Tortured herself with the thought that it might now be too late. Wondered if God would forgive her obstinate pride. Still be merciful to her; still let her keep her child.

She bent over the bed and spoke close into the little ear. Made spasmodic, but unavailing attempts to control her emotion: could not bring herself to utter the words more than just audibly.

"You'll be quite still, darling, won't you, whilst mother goes to fetch him?"

The face turned upwards. The mother kissed it passionately, tenderly, again and again. The wasted little arms went round her neck and clung there gratefully. Mother was going to fetch Prince Charlie!

From the adjoining room the woman who assisted in the child's nursing came; posted herself by the bedside. Then the mother—staggering as if the unknown gaped before her—left the room. In the hall slipped on the cloak which, she remembered, he had buttoned.

She spent no time in seeking a hat. Swung the hood up from behind over her head. So hurried out of the house.

So, into the night.

CHAPTER XV.

On Her Knees to Him.

Wivernsea was asleep. Like its blacksmith, it believed in the theory of early rising. Not a light was to be seen in one of the windows she passed. Not until she came to the end of the Maine Terrace. There she saw an illuminated window; her beacon.

It was but a short distance from her own place; not ten minutes' walk She seems to have spent as many hours in covering it. Despite the proverb, time does not always fly.

The house which Masters lodged in was known to her. He had described the quaiatness of its old-fashioned bay window; the only one in the row. She would have known it as his place without even the beacon light for identification. He was a slave of the lamp: consumed the midnight oil.

As she made towards the light she prayed, almost aloud. Prayed for a conquering power—over her pride. That she might be humble. For the framing of words to move this man when she besought him to come. Soulfully prayed that God would incline his heart to hear her prayer.

Three steps—she faltered up them; proximity to her goal rendered her invertebrate—brought her to the level of the door. If she put her hand over the rails she could tap at the window. It would be better so than disturbing the household by knocking. She tapped.

Her actions elicitated no response! She waited, with a hard-beating heart. Still no reply: dead silence! Had he expected this—this visit of hers—and resolved to remain obdurate?

The window blind was not pulled down to its full length. Through the lace edging she could see the man calmly writing; writing as if thoroughly engrossed in his work. Evidently the thought of his cruelty did not trouble him in the least.

In desperation, there seemed nothing else to do, she used her fingers again: loudly. Masters looked up; started in astonishment. Heard a distant tapping on the glass of his window.

He walked to the window; pulled the cord, attached to a spring roller, and in a moment the blind had shot up. Outside all was moonlight and brightness. At first he looked straight away; saw only the sea with the intervening roadway. Then, suddenly, at the side, on the steps, saw a woman with a ghastly white haggard face looking at him! The Woman He Loved!

Start? He almost jumped in his amazement! Was he dreaming? Was it his phantasy? Then he came plump to earth; lost no further time in surmises; went to the door. The room opened on to the hall; the street door was but a couple of yards away. He had gripped its handle and opened it in a moment. The woman was there—no phantasy— flesh and blood, clinging to the railings.

"My God! What has happened to bring you at this hour?"

"Just—a—moment!"

The answer given weakly; breathlessly. A swerve, and she would have fallen but for an almost nerveless clutch at the railings—but that he was by her side in a moment, with a strong upholding arm round her waist.

There was consciousness of his clasp; things were all going round with her. . . . She had a feeling of being lifted; then set down again. Then—then a blankness; consciousness left her.

For a brief moment Masters held her in his arms; her whole weight. For a brief moment the blood coursed wildly through his veins; surged brainwards. A wild, mad impulse seized him; to press his lips to hers, helpless, passive as she lay there.

With difficulty he restrained himself. Laid down his burden reverently; her angel's face seemed eloquent of innocence. Once, surely once on a time, it had spoken truth. Ah! What Might have Been.

She opened her eyes. Found herself lying on a sofa. Masters standing by her side, holding brandy. She tried, feebly to push it away; but his now full-of-authority voice commanded—

"Drink!"

She was constrained to do so by reason of a hand which went under and lifted her head; another which placed the glass to her lips . . . . Struggling to a sitting position, passing her hand across her eyes, with a pitiful little drooping at the corners of her mouth, she said—

"I beg your pardon for—for—Was I silly? Did I—I felt a little faint."

He remained watching her. His own face had grown almost the colour of hers. He had touched her, had had her hand in his, had felt the softness of her hair! It seemed to him as if the noise of the beating of his heart drowned the ticking of the clock.

"Tell me," he inquired, still supporting her, "what brings you here so late?"

She shook her head. Womanlike, answered his question by another—

"Didn't the girl tell you?"

"What girl?" he asked in surprise. "Didn't the girl tell me what?"

"About Gracie.—I—I sent to you half-an-hour ago. She—they tell me—I think— Oh, my God!—I am so—so afraid!—is dying. She asked for you again and again. You sent a message you would come tomorrow."."

"I!"

His astonished look, the blaze of suddenly aroused anger in his eyes, frightened her. Could he be even now deceiving her? His kindness was it falsity? She hurried on with her explanation; in her embarrassment the words tumbled from her lips.

"Yes. You did—did you not? Ah! Don't tell me there was any mistake—the girl saw you herself! I ought to be with Gracie now, but you wouldn't come when I sent for you. She—I—thought if I came for you, you wouldn't be so hard. You could not—oh, you could not—if you knew that perhaps her very life depended on you."

In speaking she had fallen on her knees; knelt to him in her entreaty. It hurt; he could not bear to see her—a woman—in this attitude of supplication to him. Almost roughly he raised her to her feet.

When erect, not seeing through her tear-streaming eyes, choked with her emotion she plucked at his coat sleeve. The action horrified him; recalled the night he had stood beside his mother's death-bed; the dying woman had plucked at the counterpane in just such a way. Roughly—to hide his aroused emotion — he shook himself free.

Then she seized on and took his hand in her own burning hot shaking ones. Continued to plead, sobs breaking her utterance—

"It is a child; a little child dying! She wanted to see you so much! The doctor said we were to gratify her, and soothe her, perhaps get her to sleep which will save her life. You will come back with me—oh, you will will you not? She knows I have come to fetch yoo. She was so confident you would come! I—I have annoyed you, or done something to displease you. I know that, but I am all humility now, Mr. Masters; humble, oh, so humble!"

She had slid to her knees again before he could stop her, continued—

"Humbly begging your pardon for whatever I have done. Praying you, for my little child's sake, to come back with me, please. . . . Please . . . . Please!"

For a second time he stooped and raised the sobbing woman; bodily picked her up. He was naturally a strong man, and the feeling filling him just then lent him additional strength.

He was so much moved by the present that he lost sight of all he had heard, all he had seen in the past. Only knew that this woman, whom he loved with all his heart and soul, whose shoes he would have kissed, knelt to him.

"How dare you?"

His question was put fiercely, as in that moment of lifting, he held her tightly to him. He repeated it—

"How dare you kneel to me? How dare you beg of me to do what the most inhuman wretch in the world would do?"

For a moment he left her side; inside that time had slipped into his overcoat and drawn a cap from his pocket.

"Finish that brandy."

There was that in his voice which commanded obedience; she never thought of disobedience.

"You will come?"

(To be continued.)



THINK IT OVER.

Something You Can See in Any Restaurant or Cafe.

A physician puts the query; Have you never noticed in any large restaurant at lunch or dinner time the large number of hearty, vigorous old men at the tables; men whose ages run from 60 to 80 years; many of them bald and all perhaps gray, but none of them feeble or senile?

Perhaps the spectacle is so common as to have escaped your observation or comment, but nevertheless it is an object lesson which means something.

If you will notice what these hearty old fellows are eating you will observe that they are not munching bran crackers nor gingerly picking their way through a menu card of new fangled health foods; on the contrary they seem to prefer a juicy roast of beef, a properly turned loin of mutton, and even the deadly broiled lobster is not altogether ignored.

The point of all this is that a vigorous old age depends upon good digestion and plenty of wholesome food, and not upon dieting and an endeavor to live upon bran crackers.

There is a certain class of food cranks who seem to believe that meat, coffee, and many other good things are rank poisons, but these cadaverous, sickly-looking individuals are a walking condemnation of their own theories.

The matter in a nutshell is that if the stomach secretes the natural digestive juices in sufficient quantities any wholesome food will be promptly digested; if the stomach does not do so, and certain foods cause distress, one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal will remove all difficulty, because they supply just what every weak stomach lacks, pepsin, hydrochloric acid, diastase and nux.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets do not act upon the bowels, and in fact are not strictly a medicine, as they act almost entirely upon the food eaten, digesting it thoroughly, and thus gives a much-needed rest and giving an appetite for the next meal.

Of people who travel nine out of ten use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, knowing them to be perfectly safe to use at any time and also having found out by experience that they are a safeguard against indigestion in any form, and eating as they have to, at all hours and all kinds of food, the traveling public for years have pinned their faith to Stuart's Tablets.

All druggist sell them at 50 cents for full-sized packages, and any druggist from Maine to California if his opinion were asked, will say that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is the most popular and successful remedy for any stomach trouble.

THE FERRY BOARD.

Matters Dealing With the Conditions of the Boats and Toll Houses Under Discussion.

A meeting of the ferry committee was held yesterday afternoon. The meeting was marked by a decision against smoking in the ferry cabins, and in favor of employing a woman to keep the toll houses clean. The city engineers is to report on the project widening of the east side entrance. Those present were Ald. Frink (chairman), Hamm, Holder, Brannen, Carleton, Bullock, Christie, Common Clerk Wardroper, Supt. Glasgow and Ferry Engineer Parks.

Mr. Parks gave some details of his work. In the course of his remarks it transpired that he had incurred an expense of between $400 and $500 at Fleming's for repairs on the ferry without having received any authority.

This elicited an animated discussion.

Mr. Parks said that the Ouangondy leaks.

Ald. Christie thought that Mr. Parks should report to the superintendent from time to time.

Ald. Carleton suggested that tenders be asked from various concerns to keep the two boats in repair during the whole year.

The suggestion of Ald. Hamm that the ferry superintendent should engage all employes in connection with the ferry brought forth interesting remarks between Ald. Christie and Ald. Hamm.

Ald. Christie moved that chairman and superintendent be a committee to draw up regulations to govern the employes on the ferry. Carried.

It was decided that a woman be appointed to keep the toll houses on each side clean and in good order.

Improvements in the east side toll house were discussed. Smoking should be prohibited in the cabins and it was decided to recommend that the by-law be amended so as to effect this result.

The board then adjourned.

HOT AFTER THE STREET RAILWAY.

A Bill Which if Adopted Will Alter Conditions Very Materially.

Announcement is published that the city council is preparing for a grip with the street railway corporation.

Ald. Macrae has been interesting himself in the matter and after the preliminary stages Common Clerk Wardroper gives notice that a bill will be presented to the legislature giving the council a certain amount of power over the railway company and its service.

The proposed bill will strike at the heart of the present trouble as will be seen in one of its sections. The St. John Railway Company is not mentioned by name in the notice but the bill is to apply to "street railways," under which broad phrase will come the company to which St. John people look for transport. The particular section to which reference is here made is "to give the city power to make bye-laws to compel any such company to furnish efficient and proper service at all seasons of the year for accommodation of the public.

An important section is intended to give the city power to do away with exemptions of the street railway in the matter of taxation. As matters now are, the St. John railway company pays no taxes on that portion of its plant used in providing the service and this being valuable, it will be seen that the city is making a heavy contribution to the coffers of the company. But under the proposed new order of things the company can be made to pay its share of taxation upon all its property.

The measure, if passed, will also ensure the maintenance of a properly equipped road and, what is another important point will throw upon the company the onus of keeping in order the streets through which it operates.

The notice indicates on this point that the bill will also compel the company to keep these streets clear of snow and ice and repair all water mains and pipes in those streets which may be broken or rendered unfit by electrolysis or frost. This means that if electricity gets loose from the company's operations and damages the pipes, as happened here once in Mill street, the street railway must make repairs; or in cases where pipes freeze because of the removal of snow from the street to carry on the street railway operations, the company must make things right.

TRURO'S FINANCES.

Town Council Has Deficit of $5,000 --- Big Increase in Property Valuations.

Truro, N. S., Feb. 15.—The New Town Council held its first session on Friday evening. The annual report of the finance of the town for the year 1904 is just out and shows a deficit of some $4000 or $5000. This is caused largely by a falling off in the collection of taxes. There are now some $7,000 due the town funds of uncollected taxes.

The total amount collected in taxes was a little over $50,000, and the total revenue of the town about $55,000. The expenditures were about $60,000, one quarter of which was expended on the school service. Another large item was interest $14,000, on the funded debt of the town which is $335,300. Of this debt, $282,800, is @ 4 per cent. and the balance at 4½ per cent. and 5 per cent. The total valuation of property in Truro is $2,556,565, being an increase in the last decade of about $850,000.

W. D. McCalhum, who has been town clerk and treasurer for nearly twenty years, has resigned. The resignation was accepted and N. G. McDougall, of Sydney, formerly of this town, has received the appointment at a salary of $1000 a year, the salary paid Mr. McCallum was $1,350. There were ten applications for the position.

Prof. Melville, Cumings, from Guelph Agricultural College, appointed to the principalship of the Nova Scotia Agricultural College, Truro, was given a grand farewell, when leaving for the province by the sea a week ago. He was presented with a handsome English riding saddle and banquetted by the forth year students of the G. A. C. Prof. Cumings is a son of Rev. Thomas Cumings of Salt Springs.

The snow on the level in this part of the province is lying from 4 feet to 4½ feet deep on the level. Trade is practically tied up so far as business from outside points is concerned.

That Hacking Cough! Keeps You Awake at Night?

Then Get Rid Of It.

Stop and consider that neglected coughs and colds, if not cured immediately, are followed by Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Catarrh, and Consumption. Better cure your cold now with a few doses of

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

It is a pleasant, safe, and effectual medicine that may be confidently relied upon.

Mrs. Brenton Smith, Vembroke, N. S., writes:—"Some time ago I was troubled with a bad cough, and thought I would try your valuable cough mixture, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I purchased a bottle, and as soon as I began taking it I could tell it was helping me. I kept on, and in a short time my cough was cured. I would advise anyone suffering with a cough to get a bottle, for it will soothe, heal and cure."

Price 25 cents.

Get Dr. Wood's. Refuse substitutes.

The T. MILBURN Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"Before I marry you, I must know more about you," said Miss Coyly to the suitor. "Are you aiming at anything worth while?"

"What a poor opinion you seem to have of yourself," he replied. The subtle flattery of his answer won the day.

Social Tragedy



Women Who Brave Death for Social Honors.

In the midst of one of the most brilliant social functions of the season, a noted society woman started suddenly from her chair with a scream of agony and fell insensible to the floor.

A few hours later the distinguished physician told her anxious husband that she was suffering from an acute case of nervous prostration brought on by female trouble, and hinted at an operation. Fortunately a friend advised her to try



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



The result was that she escaped the surgeon's knife and to-day is a well woman.

The derangement of the delicate female organism sets every nerve in the body quivering with pain. Headaches, backaches, torturing bearing down pains and dragging sensations make women nervous and hysterical.

Mrs. T. E. Gillis, of Windsor, N. S., writes:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was suffering with weakness and womb trouble, headaches, backaches, and that worn-out, tired feeling. I have only taken the Vegetable Compound a few short weeks, and it has made me well, strong and robust. I believe that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is without equal for female troubles.

Mrs. Laura Emmons, President Loyal Home Workers, Walkerville, Ont., writes:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am enjoying such good health that I feel it a duty to write and thank you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered for more than five years with ovarian troubles, causing an unpleasant discharge and weakness which no amount of medicine, diet or exercise seemed to correct. Your Vegetable Compound, however, reached the root of my trouble, cured me and made me strong, healthy and well. I want to say to every suffering woman, don't daily with medicines you know nothing about, but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Pinkham's advice is free to all. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures Where Others Fail



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.

B. MYERS,

Dry Goods Store, - - 695 Main Street.

JAMES V. RUSSELL,

677-679 Main Street.

Branches 8 1-2 Brussel's - - - - - 397 Main Street.

A Large Assortment of

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers

At Lowest Cash Prices.

MEN'S HAND MADE KIP LONG BOOTS - - $3.00