

# Prince Charlie.

By BURFORD DELANNOY.

(Continued.)  
CHAPTER XXXIV.

### Our Seat.

The Chantrelles gave, with the whistle of their departing train shrilling in her ears, Mabel sighed contentedly, gathered all there was of her together and spent a full two minutes in inspecting its reflection in the mirror.

The sound of the closing of the door on them as they left had been sweet music in her ears. The warning shriek of the engine as it started out of the station, drawing them every moment further and further away from her, was sweeter still.

Then she entered into consultation with her cook, she about ordering the most appetizing little dinner she could devise. There was entailed an expenditure of anxious thought; the function was an important one. Mrs. Seton-Carr was not a woman to despise details of that kind.

She had laughed once at a cynic's belief that, if you cannot make sure of retaining a man's love, you can, by securing the services of a good cook, make sure of his respect. Despite her laughter she was not without faith in the proverb that the road to a man's heart lies through his stomach.

The last time Prince Charlie had dined at Ivy Cottage he had not enjoyed himself; she remembered why with a little flush of shame. There was determination that he should do so this time. And she rather thought she would enjoy herself too; anyway, it would not be her fault if they failed to do so.

The shades of evening began their descent soon after half-past four o'clock. It was not too dark then for her to see her brother and Prince Charlie go by on the parade-eastwards. The author's broad, square shoulders were unmistakable. She herself was hidden by the bedroom curtain she was behind.

They had gone in the direction of the seat. A smile found place on her face; so far all was well. Then she tried on two or three hats. Was anxious to look her best; she knew that she could talk, so much better when sure of her appearance. Redness tinged her reflection; the beauty of her millinery would be wasted in the darkness.

Then, with a sigh—she was a woman with all a woman's belief in millinery's power—she hoped that not much talking would be needed. Still, once and a good profile were more reliable. She looked at the clock; the minutes dragged slowly.

At a quarter to five she left the cottage. Before the hour reached the end of the parade, an east wind was blowing. As she neared the seat the odor of cigars came to her, borne on the wind from which the smokers were sheltered. Then she advanced.

"Hallo, Sis!"

Dick started, to his feet as if she were an apparition, spoke in an exaggerated tone of surprise, continuing: "Who on earth would have thought of seeing you here?"

She could have soundly boxed his ears for him—well-meaning Dick—for so overdoing it. He could not have exhibited more surprise had he thought her dropped from the clouds. Brothers really are terribly trying at times.

Perhaps it was as well for him that he slowly moved away. Apparently he evinced a judicious if sudden interest in moonlight conchology. Any way he devoted his attention to some of the common objects of the sea-shore.

That Dick did move off was the essential point. She saw, with relief, that he had sense enough for that. The sound of the whistling of "Rule Britannia" gradually died away in the distance.

Masters had risen to his feet the moment his eyes fell on her. Stood there doubtful what he should do. She did not leave him in doubt long; advanced towards him, and stretching out her hand, said—

"Prince Charlie, I am—oh, I am oh, I am sorry! Please forgive me!"

It was a lame speech. She was surprised at, ashamed of, herself. She

Treated by Three Doctors for a Severe Attack of Dyspepsia.

Got No Relief From Medicines, But Found It At Last in Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Frank Hutt, Morrisburg, Ont., was one of those troubled with this most common of stomach troubles. She writes:—"After being treated by three doctors, and using many advertised medicines, or a severe attack of Dyspepsia, and receiving no benefit, I gave up all hope of ever being cured. Hearing Burdock Blood Bitters so highly spoken of, I decided to get a bottle, and give it a trial. Before I had taken it I began to feel better, and by the time I had taken the second one I was completely cured. I cannot recommend Burdock Blood Bitters too highly, and would advise all sufferers from dyspepsia to give it a trial."

had rehearsed what she had intended saying all the afternoon. Now it came to the point she could not remember a word.

Whatever she might think of her own words they were an immense surprise to Masters. He took her extended hand, common courtesy compelled him to that, and said gently—

"Forgive? You are surely—oh, I have nothing to forgive!"

"You have!"

She insisted with a charming insistence. Somehow her eyes got to need mopping with her handkerchief—a lace handkerchief with a singularly pretty border by the way.

"I have behaved!" she mopped on—"like a wicked wretch to you."

Of course, with a man of Masters' temperance, it was most effective; men are used to tears; come to look upon them as an unavoidable factor in their dealings with women. The author had not reached that stage; probably never would.

A woman crying, or in distress, never failed to appeal to him. Perhaps Mrs. Seton-Carr knew that. Women are very subtle; their intuition is no mythical possession. Any way, she played that handkerchief of hers for all it was worth.

Masters still stood hesitating; was genuinely anxious and full of wonder; what she ought to do. Thoughts of an old Cologne occurred to him. He knew women found relief in that kind of thing; but he bent over her and said—

"I beg you—oh, I beg, earnestly, you will not distress yourself."

He really meant it; her distress distressed him. The more she saw that the more tears she shed. Artful little crocodile!

"You w-on't f-f-forgive me!"

She knew all the time that he would. "Pray, Mrs.—you—I—have nothing to forgive. But if you think I have, I forgive you freely, fully."

The road was getting smooth, she thought, but it was not safe to drop the handkerchief yet; plainly that was a strong weapon.

"You m-m-must think me such an awful b-b-brute!"

Wretched little prevaricator! She knew quite well that he thought nothing of the kind.

"Believe me, I can never think of you in any way but the kindest."

True; every word of it. His heart was like a photographic plate, capable only of bearing one clear picture.

"I d-d-dare say you wish me dead, or at the bottom of the sea—and I d-deserve it."

Really she did. It was most unfair—this present performance of hers. It distressed him beyond measure; he said—

"I wish you nothing but the greatest happiness it is possible for you to enjoy; wish it from my heart."

"And I—have behaved so—so—so ungratefully to you!"

Sis uttered truth; perhaps for a change. But he denied what she said; answered—

"Not at all! You behaved rightly; as your heart dictated."

She had to flare up at that; could not help it. As a matter of fact all her actions had been in direct opposition to her heart's promptings.

"I did nothing of the sort! My behaviour was quite wrong!"

The handkerchief shifted a little to enable her to look up at him out of the corner of her eye as she continued—

"Just the reverse of the way my h-heart dictated."

His own heart beat a little quicker at that, in expectation, as he asked eagerly—

"When was that?"

"At that w-r-r-r-dinner."

He sat down; somehow they both sat, apparently it was a simultaneous act. He was, however, to windward of her; she engineered that. The faint perfume of the hair of her bent head came to him. It had been already mentioned that Mrs. Seton-Carr devoted attention to details. No wonder the elder Weller warned his son against widows!

"You have said either not enough or too much." He spoke hoarsely, in tense tones. "Tell me—more."

"You want to make it h-h-hard for me; to humble me m-m-more."

She sobbed out the words, the while her disengaged hand curiously, fell on his. Naturally, his hand closed on hers, and—quite easily—he frustrated her efforts to take it away. He moved closer to her.

She turned the back of her head to him. Was not unaware of the fact that her hair grew very prettily there; fell in soft little golden curls at the nape of her neck. Of course the movement was quite an unconscious one. Perhaps, too, it was pure accident that the moon just then had popped from behind a cloud, so lighting up things; she went on—

"I t-think you are very h-hard to me."

He moved closer still; every fibre in his being thrilled by contact with the woman he loved. Had he bent down, his lips would have touched her head. The blood was racing through his veins as he wondered—should he dare? Then he thought of the dinner party—remembered Chantrelle. The thought acted as the descent of iced water might have done; she was another man's property! He took his hand away.

That alarmed her—dreadfully. She had thought all was going along so nicely; was actually getting ready for the union of lips; the final drying of her eyes. What could possibly have frozen him up like that?

"I am sorry," he said, "you should think unpleasant things of me. But is there need?"

The coldness of his tone struck a horrible chill to her heart. But it was not a moment for despair, rather for a marshalling of all her forces. She redoubled her efforts; fell on her knees by his side, and cried—

"You are cruel! I am kneeling to

you, asking you to forgive me, and you won't! I knelt to you once before—here on this spot—and you were cruel to me then—"

"Ah, yes!"

He interrupted her; the memory of his brutality then—he called it so—returned to him; his words came hurriedly—

"For that I need your forgiveness; I ought to abjectly apologise. What I did, said, then was wholly under a misapprehension—"

She seized on that; it gave her a chance. Moreover, it was now or never—so she thought. Metaphorically she set her teeth and said—

"Now." Actually she whispered—"Isn't it possible, perhaps, that you may be under a misapprehension now?"

"She boldly raised her head and looked him straight in the face as she spoke. Tears had not the least, strange to say, disfigured hers; her grief had not been that kind! She continued—

"Don't do as you did then; don't push me away from you!"

"That was a rubbing of it in with a vengeance. Had the effect of making him speak with a strange quiver in his voice.

"Please—please get up. I don't like—I can't bear—to see you—"

Her disobedience was of the studied kind. She got so close to him that he felt the warmth of her body, the up-creep of her hands on his breast, the sweet warm breath from her lips. So holding him—holding in every sense of the word—she said with a spic of defiance in her voice—

"I won't get up till you tell me you forgive me everything!"

She had him at such a disadvantage! It was really grossly unfair. The poor wretch did not know whether he was on his head or his heels. Then, almost before he knew what he was doing, his arms were about her; he could not help it. He gripped her to him so closely that she could have cried out—but it was too sweet a pain to ask relief from.

"Tell me." His voice was raucous in its hoarseness. "You do not—do not belong to Chantrelle?"

A laugh came to her lips. A tinge of jealousy in the man she loves pleases a woman, spices things as it were. Besides, looked at from the right view-point, it is the subtlest of flattery.

Hence her laughter.

(To be continued.)

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

New York Tribune: "Last year in Aroostook the best flour was \$6 or less a barrel, and potatoes \$3, or, in other words, the farmer had to take only two barrels or less of potatoes with which to buy a barrel of the best flour. This year flour is \$7.75 and potatoes 50 cents, the farmer having to haul in fifteen and a half barrels of potatoes to get one barrel of flour, eight times as many as last year. The farmers are advised now to slice their potatoes, string them and dry them over the stove, as is done with apples, then grate them into flour and eat bread made of potato flour instead of wheat flour."

EDDY CO. WILL NOT SELL.

Mr. E. B. Eddy states positively to the Ottawa Journal that there is no foundation for any truth in the report of the Eddy Company selling out to an American or any other syndicate.

Mr. Eddy said: "Like Great Britain what have we hold."

## UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

The City Cornet Band Amateurs Gave Good Performance Last Night.

The city Cornet Band Club put on a clever performance last night at the York Theatre, when they presented the old and popular drama "Uncle Tom's Cabin." All who took part were well up in their roles and for amateurs the play was put on in first class style.

Miss B. McSorley as Topsy made a typical southern beauty, and her acting throughout the play would do credit to any vaudeville actress. All the members in the cast took their part well.

Little Miss Kelly as Eva with her faithful slave Uncle Tom by P. M. O'Neill was excellently portrayed. Tonight is the last chance to see this play. The cast of characters was as follows:—

Uncle Tom, a faithful slave ... P. M. O'Neill  
Legree ... P. C. Sharkey  
St. Clare ... Chas. Conlon  
Gammon Cate ... J. T. Power  
Shelby ... J. Gerald Burk  
George Harris ... J. O'Reilly  
Deacon Perry ... Owen G. Coll  
Haley ... E. T. Chesley  
Marks ... Jas. McHugh  
Sambrook ... W. Collins  
Eva ... Evelyn Kelly  
Eliza Harris, Cassy ... Miss H. O'Reilly  
Marie St. Clare ... Miss Bryne  
Emmeline, Topsy, Miss B. McSorley  
Aunt Ophelia ... Miss M. McCarthy

A lad named Richardson had his thumb injured in machinery in the Cornwall cotton mill yesterday. Two stitches closed the wound, the injury being attended to at the hospital.

The Misses Hall held an assembly in the York Theatre assembly rooms last evening, and it was very largely attended. Dancing was enjoyed until a late hour. Goudie's orchestra played.

Rev. A. B. Cohoe last evening delivered a very interesting lecture before St. Stephen's Church Guild on Edward Rowland Hill. Mr. Cohoe delighted his audience reading choice selection from Hill's letters, works of prose and poems.

It is reported that a party of 200 Oddfellows will be here some time during the next tourist season. They will come from Boston in the steamer Calvin Austin. The Fredericton Tourist Association are arranging to take them up the St. John river to the capital.

William Best, sr., working on the steamer Manchester Trader, at No. 1 berth, Sand Point, slipped and fell down one of the steamer's ladders, last night, and was badly shaken up, though probably not seriously injured. He was taken into the warehouse, where Dr. F. L. Kenney attended him, and then to his home, in Union street, Carleton.

Copies of the resolution protesting against separate schools, for the western provinces, which was passed by the Evangelical Alliance, yesterday, will be forwarded to Premier Laurier, Hon. R. L. Borden, Hon. J. W. Daniel, Hon. A. A. Stockton, and Senator Ellis.

The Jansson inquest, was resumed in the City Hall, Carleton, last evening, before Coroner Berryman. Five or six witnesses were examined. The evidence given was of an important nature, but much of it was contradictory. Another meeting will finish the inquest.

A freight train, bound for this city, met with a slight accident at Penobscus, yesterday afternoon. One of the cars was partly derailed, and several hours elapsed before it was righted. The express from Halifax was delayed about three hours, because of the mishap. The freight came in about 11.30 o'clock. The Boston express was nearly an hour late.

The committee of the citizens' league, met last evening and elected the following five additional members to complete their executive of fifteen as called for by the constitution: M. J. Kelly, H. Colby Smith, John Keefe, H. C. Green, and W. E. Scully. The first meeting of the full executive is called for Thursday, next at 11 a. m., when, among other business, a

MARRIED 76 YEARS.

A unique event took place at 318 Rivard Street, Montreal, last week, when Pierre Forget, 100 years of age, and his wife, who is 96, celebrated the 76th anniversary of their marriage, and their children, even unto the fifth generation, took part in the event. They have had 13 children, the youngest of whom is now 46 years of age, while the eldest, Mrs. LaRose, will celebrate her golden wedding in three years.

"SWISS FOOD" POPULARITY.

"SWISS FOOD" would be just as popular under any other name. There's merit behind it. 15c. packages.

## MORNING NEWS IN BRIEF.

### Local.

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secretary and treasurer will be appointed.

Rev. A. A. Graham gave a very interesting lecture last night in St. David's church, school room, on the Canadian North and Northwest. He described the great wealth in wheat lands and minerals. He further told of the marvelous riches in minerals in the valleys of Northern British Columbia and declared that these valleys are the same formation as the Yukon, and he believed that when the G. T. P. opened up the country there would be as great a rush in that direction as there had been to the Yukon gold fields.

The St. Andrews church guild gave a concert last night in the school room. The programme included vocal solos by Mrs. A. Pierce Crockett, D. B. Pidgeon, R. S. Ritchie, Mrs. W. J. Henning, S. J. McGowan and Mrs. F. C. Macneil; instrumental solos by Mrs. S. K. Scovil and Malcolm Goudie. Mrs. E. A. Smith gave a reading and Miss Fowler and Mr. North gave a character sketch in costume, which was very much enjoyed. Almost every number on the programme was encored.

On Sunday night at Woodstock, the store of G. W. Vanwart was broken into and watches to the value of \$75 were carried off.

Investigation into the charges against Premier Parent, will be granted tomorrow, at Quebec. It will compel the premier to remain in office until the committee of enquiry are through with its labors and renders a decision.

After a separation of almost a year May Yohe, the music hall singer, who was the wife of Lord Francis Hope, reunited at Montreal yesterday with her husband, Captain Bradley Strong, son of the late Mayor Strong of New York. The couple, it will be remembered, attracted notoriety by their trip around the world and the charge of the former peeress that the captain had stolen her jewels. Captain Strong has been in Montreal for a week and met his wife, who arrived with her vaudeville company.

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