

Prince Charlie.

By BURFORD DELANNOY.

(Continued.)

"My dear Dick, a thousand thanks! I shall be only too glad if you will."

That was the commencement of an even closer intercourse; the drawings drew them together. The sketches had to be thought out and considered. On smooth days were worked at with pencil on paper.

Dick's was really a skilled hand. And that hand of his—he took immense pride in the fact—was steady now. The ability is not given to every artist to do fine work on a boat. The throbbing from the engine room usually permeates every part of the vessel.

So the two men would sit on deck, one writing and the other drawing. Sometimes the author's pen would suddenly cease work; cease for quite a while. Dick respected those pauses; imagined Charleigh to be thinking out the details of his work.

He was wrong. Masters was thinking of Miss Mivvins. Remorseful thoughts; remorse that he had ever wounded that generous sweet soul, ever added by his harsh words to her burden of sorrow. Vainly regretting thoughts; regret that he had not met her earlier in life. A sigh usually marked Masters' emergence from dreamland. If he did not directly pick up his work again, his companion would open up conversation; one day said—

"I call you Prince, old fellow, because you told me to. Is it a nickname or your real name?"

Masters smiled; the sweet innocence of his godmother occurred to him; he said—

"Which do you think, now?"

"Well, I can't help thinking that Prince Charleigh seems too happy a combination to be the real thing. Real godmothers and godfathers don't hit on those things usually."

"Mine did not. Yet all the same I was christened, quite recently, Prince."

"Ah!" Dick's eyes sparkled; he fancied himself a discoverer. "I'll bet you a new hat I can guess the sex of the christener—a girl?"

"Splendid marksman! A bull's eye! Hit the centre of the target first time!"

A merry twinkle found place in the younger man's eyes as he enquired—

"Engaged to her, old fellow?"

"Well—"

Masters paused. Then, with a quiet smile and a puff at his pipe, completed his sentence:

"We have spoken of marriage."

"Soon?"

"No. She's very young."

The quiet smile broadened on Masters' face; he remembered how very young!

"I have been writing this morning to my girl," said Dick. "We shall

touch port today for stores, and be able to post letters, the captain says."

"So I gathered."

"Did your ears burn this morning, old chap? My letter was full of you."

"Was it?"

Masters started; was troubled. His pipe was being smoked more vigorously than ever; he continued—

"I am sorry for that."

"Why? I told my girl who was responsible for my salvation. You. Ah, don't shake your head, Prince! My living, my being here on this deck alive, sane, and thank God! with a feeling of manhood strong in me, is due to you. But for you, I should have gone overboard. Yes, I know it; I want you to know that I know it. I can never repay you, that's out of the region of possibility but you might like to feel that you took a fellow-creature out of the slough, even if the fellow isn't worth much. You saved my life and you've made it worth living to me, at any rate."

He spoke with a catch in his voice; gratitude moved him. So earnest was his speech of thankfulness that it moved Masters also; Dick went on—

"I came aboard with the knowledge in my heart that I should make a hole in the water. I got my girl up to London, the only friend that has stuck to me, to say good-bye to her. And I meant it, Prince; meant it for a final good-bye, a good-bye for ever. Thanks to you, old chap, that's a thing of the past; the shadow has passed away."

"I hope, Dick—nay, more than hope—I am confident, never to return."

"I pray God so, Prince! I do! I do! I say that reverently. I pray God so. I'm a bit fearful of things when this trip is over; just a bit; that's all that's wrong with me. You've been my anchor; I don't know how I shall ride on a tempesting sea without you. You are not as other men—no, let me say it—I have clung to you, Prince, old fellow, like—well, like the ivy clings to the oak. I can't help thinking, when the oak's gone what's to become of the ivy."

"You'll go back home well, and find other ties."

Then he gave utterance to the phrase which had been ringing in his ears so long—

"You will go back well enough to marry."

Dick started; smiled. The memory of that last interview came back to him too; he answered—

"That's what my girl says, Prince. But I don't feel at all like marrying; I'm not that sort."

"Not that sort?"

It seemed to Masters as if all the blood in his body suddenly turning scalding hot and black-coloured; filled

his veins to bursting point. He sat quite still, motionless; fearful that if he moved, loosened for one instant his hold on himself, his feelings would be too much for him.

His trip, his life for Dick then, was so much labour thrown away.

He must keep that feeling, that desire to rush at the boy's throat and choke his worthless life out, keep it down. Nothing would be gained by loss of temper. It is the cool hammer which fashions the red-hot iron; he knew that, yet did not dare to look at his companion.

His stylographic pen was not of the best make; perhaps resented being held down so. The ink ran from it and made a blot on the paper. Although conscious of its existence he allowed the size of the blot to increase; still he made no movement.

At last he spoke; spoke so huskily that Dick looked up from his sketch. The moment he did so, he cried—

"Prince! Good God! old chap, what's the matter! Prince! Prince! You are ill!"

"I am quite well. Sit down; I am all right I tell you; I want to talk to you."

"Rot!"

The boy scrambled to his feet impatiently, looking in amazement at the white, drawn expression on his companion's face; continued—

"You're ill. Think I am blind? Come to the cabin and lie down."

"Sit down."

"No for half a second!"

As he answered he was cramming the drawing materials into his pocket; continued—

"If you want to talk come into the cabin and lie down. I'll talk to you there till the doctor comes."

"Doctor! Don't be absurd! I am all right. I want to talk to—"

"Then come right along into the cabin out of this sun; talk there. It's my turn to give orders. I'm going."

He moved away as he spoke, throwing a glance over his shoulder; an anxious look. He was fearing greatly for the man whom he had grown to love.

Masters rose; staggered up really. That hot black blood seemed to rise with him, right up to his brain. Had the effect of making things go whirling round and round for a minute. Then with an immense effort he pulled himself together. Better perhaps

in the cabin, out of earshot. He must have his talk out with Master Dick.

CHAPTER XXIV.
Restored Sight.

Dick led the way; Masters followed; the cabin was reached. The moment they had entered, the author put his back against the door; spoke with a gravity which alarmed his companion—

"You and I have got to have a talk. Plain talk."

Dick's anxiety was evidenced in the tone of his voice as he said—

"All right, old son. Cackle for hours if you like. But I wish to goodness you'd lie down and see the doctor first."

Masters disregarded this; considered it a flippant, out-of-place remark; inconceivably had taste. Moreover, he was disgusted by Dick's evasion; by reason of it went himself the straighter to the point—

"We left off on deck at where you were talking of your girl. You said you were—were not of the marrying kind!"

"Eh? Yes, of course, I said so. It is so. But what on earth does it matter what I said?"

Dick still looked anxious. Was making all due allowance for the fact that literary fellows are inclined to be cranks. Yet was doubtful whether the man with his back to the door was not overstepping the limits of legitimate and traditional crankiness.

"It matters a deal!"

Masters uttered these words so fiercely that—in no way relieved—Dick said—

"Does it? Well then, Prince, old fellow, if you're so anxious about my future as all that, I'll relieve your anxiety. I can truthfully tell you that I have never set eyes on a girl that I should be at all likely to marry. Wine's been my trouble, not women."

Once more the black blood surged up; a curtain seemed to come up before Masters' eyes; a thick misty curtain blotting things out. But he knew he must keep his temper in hand; exhibit only calmness. He would gain more that way; for the child's sake—for her sake.

"Dick," he spoke with all the earnestness in him. "While back you spoke of being grateful to me. Said you would do anything to— to please me."

"So I would, old fellow; so I would! But I wish to goodness you would lie—"

Dick's hand was placed soothingly on his companion's shoulder, as he spoke. Masters bore it, but interrupted expression of the wish that he would lie down; said—

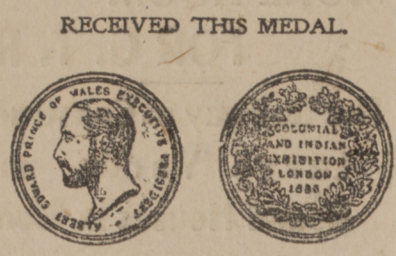
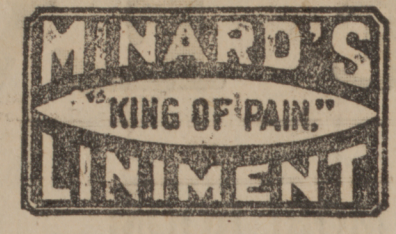
"Suppose I put you to the test? If I ask you to marry your girl will you do it?"

"No!"

Dick answered with a laugh. Despite the anxiety of which he was so full, he could not resist a feeling of amusement at the request; added emphatically—

"I most certainly will not."

Up surged the blood again; anger came into the eyes which flashed so:



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.

almost blinded their owner. A step forward, and he seized Dick by the shoulders; held him so, as in a vice.

"Tell me," he was speaking from a throat the dryness of which made it hoarse. "After the way in which you have behaved to her—tell me why you refuse to marry her?"

Dick looked at his companion doubtfully; had not a trace of anger in doing so. Felt that in dealing with him the truth was the only thing; said—

"Refuse to marry her? Why, you confounded old idiot, you! How on earth can a fellow marry his own sister?"

"Sister?"

Just the one word—he almost screamed it—that was all Masters could utter. He started away and released his hold. Fell back against the door, in the intensity of his astonishment, clutching wildly, unfeelingly, at the panels for support.

Dick's anxiety rapidly gained strength; he became more alarmed than ever. Formed the idea now that this was no passing faintness, but that Masters was seriously ill. Was even afraid to leave him standing there against the door, for fear he should fall. Suddenly, flinging off his coat, he cried—

"You're stronger than I am, and I guess I'll get the worst of it, but here goes."

(To be continued.)

WISE IMITATION.

Imitation is flattery and it is also wisdom when you imitate those who eat "Swiss Food" for breakfast.

Extremely alarming reports are current at Constantinople concerning the situation at Batoum and Poti. It is alleged that some vessels of the Black Sea Squadron (Russian) have bombarded Poti.

TO LIMIT THE TRAINS' SPEED.

Railway Committee Consider a Bill Dealing With Crossings in Thickly Populated Districts.

Ottawa, Feb. 23.—(Special).—The railway committee had under consideration to-day Mr. Lancaster's bill which provides that the speed of trains at level crossings of the thickly settled portions of cities, towns and villages shall not exceed ten miles an hour unless proper safeguards in the way of gates and watchmen are provided. Speaking in behalf of the bill, Mr. Lancaster said that all he wanted was the enforcement of a law which was in the statute book since 1857.

F. H. Chrysler, who appeared for the railway companies held that the existing law was sufficient to meet all cases. He said that the bill was unnecessary and mischievous as about 2,000 crossings would be affected. The cost would be \$1,000 a crossing or \$2,000,000 in all. Mr. Wright, of Renfrew, Mr. Caldwell, of Lanark, Mr. MacLean, of York and others supported the bill and Mr. Talbot favoured it.

Mr. Emmerson maintained that the railway commission had sufficient powers to deal exactly with all cases as they came up. For parliament now to take that power out of the hands of the commission would be a retrograde step.

Mr. Lancaster's bill was defeated by 61 to 23.

Many Women Suffer Untold Agony From Kidney Trouble.

Very often they think it is from so-called "female disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to female disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

at stated intervals.

Miss Nellie Clark, Lambeth, Ont., tells of her cure in the following words:—"I suffered for about two years with kidney trouble. I ached all over, especially in the small of my back; not being able to sleep with no appetite, mantration irregular, nervous irritability, and brick-dust deposit in urine, were some of my symptoms. I took Doan's Kidney Pills. The pain in my back gradually left me, my appetite returned, I sleep well, and am effectually cured. I can highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers from kidney trouble."

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25.

All dealers, or Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

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 8-12 Brüssel'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

FLOUR - White

BREAD - Light

PRICE - Right

Then

HOME'S BRIGHT

All Essentials for a Bright Home found in

FIVE ROSES FLOUR

Artificial Bleaching not required.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LIMITED.