

Prince Charlie.

By BURFORD DELANNOY.

(Continued.)

The corner of the road, which the rear of the house faced, was reached. Suddenly the back door of the house was opened. By the light in the passage behind he saw a man and a woman silhouetted in the door-frame, evidently engaged in actions of a farouche.

The woman had her arms lovingly round the man's neck. She fervently kissed him—his lips—again and again. Her sorrow at the parting was apparently of the deepest kind, at times she applied her handkerchief to her eyes. Not a detail of the incident escaped the attention of the man in the road.

Masters stood quite still watching them. Not an act due to ill-breeding, he was for the moment simply incapable of movement. Had his existence depended on a forward step, death would have added another name to his list.

The couple came out in the garden walked towards the gate. The path led straight from the door; the hall lamp still showed him the position; the woman's arms clinging around the man.

It was well he stood in the shadow on that road, well that they were so occupied as to prevent their noticing them. Perhaps the iron that had entered into his soul travelled via his face. That would account for the weird look on it. It was as the face of a dead.

So different. Ah! So different had he thought her. Had linked up, in connection with her, this was the woman he had pictured, who was ever so before him that his pen seemed animated when he handled it to describe her.

His thoughts—edged with keen bitterness and self-contempt—went back to the pure, guileless heroine in his book. Had he been capable of laughter at himself, for being a fool, his mirth would have been of the greatest heartiness just then.

The couple at the gate parted; the witcher was not very clear how. What followed being—by reason of a sort of indescribable veil or mist which enveloped him—blurred, almost hidden from him. Dazed as was his condition, he was cognizant that the man crossed the road, ran past up the pathway to the station. Then came the sound of the whistle, followed by the rumbling of the departing train.

Footsteps: He knew them—short as had been his acquaintance with them—along the gravel path; then the door of Ivy Cottage was shut. The blackness of the night could not have been heavier than the thoughts he was alone with. Ideas of things seemed to grow more entangled and confused every instant.

From the moment that he had dispatched his parcel, he had been men-

tion, his eyes saw dimly. With a swiftess brood of anger he knuckled the dimness away, cursing his own irresponsible folly the while.

His heart—soul—was full to bursting point. If he could only laugh, he thought; only laugh at himself! What an immense, great big relief it would be!

Walking, smart walking, was the only relief he experienced; physical exertion was reputedly an antidote to mental excitement. He felt sufficient energy to have moved on indefinitely. Wanted he could walk on until he fell from exhaustion. In that there would have been satisfaction; rest, at any rate. Rest for that tumultuous tide of recrimination surging in his brain.

His anger was directed against himself; no one else. It upsprang from the fact that he had been such a fool, such an utter absolute fool, as to be gulled by a woman! Scarcely he told himself that anger against her would be unfair; that her behaviour had been merely typical of her sex.

He, who had ever with his pen written against womankind—until at last reviewers had spoken of his work as being that of a woman-hater—to have fallen such an easy victim to the first siren who spread her snare for him! The thought was fuel to the maddening fever in possession of him.

Then came before him her face: those sweet, eloquent, soulful eyes! Well, he endeavoured to comfort himself with the thought that any man would have fallen a victim as he had done. The amount of comfort in it, though, would have foundered on a needle's point.

There was an underlying reason for the failure. Granted that his ideal was shattered, he still loved its ruins. Therein lay the hopelessness of it all—and he knew it. Striding on, he savagely kicked out of his way now and then, a stone. Poor sort of relief again.

The configuration of the coast line brought him to an abrupt standstill. The cliff, jutting out, was met by a barrier of high rocks. These latter were overgrown with seaweed of the slipperiest sort, defiance bidding, Nature's sudden intervention in his proceedings produced a corresponding interruption in his thoughts.

Why should he think about this wo-

man any longer? She was not worth wasting thought over. He had been happy enough without her—before he knew her. He would be happy without her still.

Out the thought of her clean out of his mind; out of his heart. That, he told himself, was the correct thing to do. Life should be for him as if he had never seen her, never looked into the unfathomable depths of those for-gone—not eyes. It would be quite easy; a little effort of will was needed—that was all!

All that he meant, every word of it. Framed a resolution that he looked on as adamant. But he ignored an important factor; man's will is not so strong as that of a cat. The axe of common sense may be laid to the root of the tree; may cut it down root and branch. Still one small remaining tendril, hidden from the sight, will work its way into the heart; spread and grow until in its magnitude it overshadows every other thought. Such is love.

Masters reached the steps which led up from the sands to the sea. Standing at the direction of the sea. It was easy to mark the spot where Grace had worked so hard with spade and pail.

He thought of the child with a pang of pity. For his heart had gone out to her; he had been captivated by her loving, winsome ways. Even now his eyes rested on where Grace had built her last castle. He could mentally see her gleefully watching the waters overflowing the moat and gradually sweeping down the castle's inverted palisaded turrets.

Grace! Poor little soul! And so she, whom he had mistaken for the governess—this woman—the mother of that incarnation of innocence and purity! What of the child's future? He shuddered to think of it; it was horrible; all horrible in the extreme.

Well, he would go home to his lodgings. First he would look again—for the last time—on that portion of the sands. For he felt that he would never be able to come there again. He would have been thankful for a breeze just then; his brow was so fevered.

Perhaps there was more air on the steps. There was the seat to avoid looking at; he sat whereon they had both sat reading—heart reading. Where had been born to him the happiest moment in life; love's awakening.

There was other history about the seat too; pencil crossed. Thereon, before that meeting, had been born heroes and heroines, wicked men and women. All be bound together and pressed between covers later on, to gladden or sadden readers' hearts.

Living a romance is less alluring than writing one; Masters found it so. He had been wont to believe in the parts he cast his characters for. He was learning!

Stumbling up the steps on to the wall, he started to walk home. But he halted, suddenly, before he had taken half-a-dozen paces. No drill sergeant's command ever brought up an absent-minded beggar on parade

as did the words which fell on his ear.

"I thought that was you, Mr. Masters!"

Her voice! The voice of his shattered idol! The same voice; just as fresh and soft and kind as ever! Her voice, speaking to him! Could it be? Or was it a dream, simply a chimera of his brain? Or was this voice—the voice ringing, singing in his ears now—the result of his fevered imagination only?

He feared to turn his head to see. To know whether it was in reality the woman for whom he had been ready to lay down his life—whom he had considered a princess among women; chaste, pure, modest; whose devotion had been so recent. Whom he had come to think of as soiled.

Yes! She was there before him in the flesh! This perfidious parody of perfection, this transmuted ideal, he waited for a moment motionless; then raised his cap—a merely mechanical act.

Besides, being a woman, whatever else she might be, she was exempt from rudeness at his hands.

Her sex protected her.

(To be continued.)



RECEIVED THIS MEDAL

This medal was awarded to Minard's Liniment in London in 1886. It was awarded because of strength, purity, healing powers and superiority of the Liniment over all others from throughout the world.

FAMOUS ARTIST DEAD.

Adolf Von Menzel Died in Berlin at the Age of 90 Years.

Berlin, Feb. 9.—Adolf Von Menzel, the artist died today. He was about 90 years old. Menzel whose death was due to weakness superinduced by a severe cold had been identified with the best in German art for sixty years and had been treated by his generation with that reverence and respect which Germans love to show to their old men. His quaint figure about five feet tall with hat, cravat and dress suggesting the fifties was known to most of the people of Berlin for he was often in the streets talking for pleasure and observing the people. He sat in a certain restaurant almost every evening until last Friday for an hour or two taking a glass of wine and walking home. Menzel's work even to within the last five years was regarded as very good and he worked every morning until taken ill. He was often mentioned as the first artist to receive the highest Prussian decoration, the Black Eagle, conferred by the present emperor who held him in much esteem. Prince Henry of Prussia called on Menzel yesterday but the old artist could not see him. The prince told Menzel's sister that the emperor would send the sick man two bottles of a wonderful 1868 steinberger wine which would strengthen him. The wine came that evening but the patient had already fallen into the sleep from which he did not awake.

By order of the emperor, the body of Von Menzel will be buried in the rotunda of the old museum of arts here.

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

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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 well, no appetite, menstruation 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 slept well, and an 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.

MARINE NOTES.

The following are the dimensions of the steamer *Danmark* lost on the coast of Nova Scotia, yesterday morning, off Moncton Harbour, 75 miles from Halifax. She was a schooner rigged from Moncton, N.S. She was built in 1885 by Stephen & Co., of Glasgow. Her principal dimensions were length, 275 feet; breadth, 35 feet, and depth 23 feet. The vessel was equipped with seven water-tight compartments. All hands saved.

Back Kate F. Troop, Captain Brown, owned at this port arrived at Barbadoes Tuesday for orders.

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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.

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