MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

Prince Charlie.

By BURFORD DELANNOY.

(Continued.)

Amy Chantrelle was greatly displeased; all her sympathy was assumed. The Chantrelles were poor. Both brother and sister were well-favoured; each looked to marriage as a little boat in which the storm of life might be weathered.

They inclined to the belief that Percy was a favorite with Mrs. Seton-Carr. Now that she was a widow, there was hope, a very strong hope too, in their hearts that she might be induced to change her name to Chantrelle.

As a matter of fact, they were coming to England for the very purpose of trying to induce her to do so; the Seton-Carr bank balance serving as the lodestone.

They had imagined her left fairly well-to-do, but when they saw in the newspapers the amount her husband's estate was sworn under their breaths were taken away. They promptly packed and set out for England, home and beauty—not forgetting the aforesaid credit balance.

They were greatly disturbed by what they heard on the boat; when Dick told of the position Masters was hoping to fill. The disturbance rapidly shaped into indignation; they looked on it as an endeavour to take the bread from out their mouths. The pleasant voyage they had looked forward to was not without its unpleasant moments.

"Never mind, Percy." The sister speaking to her brother one day. "Given a clear field, you will go in and win yet."

"The clearness of the field is—"

"Leave that to me; I'll make it my business to see that you have a clear field."

The brother shook his head as he responded gloomily—

"Easier said than done, I fancy, sis. I'm not overbrimming with hope."

"There is no need for despondency. We will arrange to go to Wivernsea right off. That young fool Dick, is finger-twistable; I can make him do anything."

The brother needed more than mere words to convince him; observed sneeringly—

"Except propose marriage to you."

An ugly light came into her eyes. His shaft had gone in up to the feather; she spoke bitterly—

"Yes. He is not of the impressionable kind. I don't suppose any woman will ever get him."

"Odds on that, Amy, if you fail to bring him up to the scratch."

"But I can make him arrange for us to visit there. His sister thinks everything of him . . . Masters won't be there."

"Don't be so sure of that."

"Why? He is one of those thin-skinned sensitive sort of beasts. There has been some misunderstanding—probably of his own creation—which he counts on being able to clear away. But he has never stayed there; we have. He goes year after year to rooms in the place; he'll put up at the same rooms again."

"Think so?"

"Am certain of it. I can read the man as easily—well, as easily as his books are read."

"Yes, he's read. A popular writer like that must be earning pots of money in royalties. Might be worth setting your cap at, Amy."

He looked at his sister critically. She was a handsome girl. The face a trifle hard, perhaps, but not every man goes in for melting beauty; some look for character—so thought her brother.

Bitter laughter shaped on her lips at her brother's suggestion; a woman ever takes defeat badly; she replied—

"I am not his sort; I am not the kind of woman he writes about! He can dissect me, probably has done so, as easily as you can carve a pigeon. Besides, he's dead gone on Mabel."

"Curse him!"

"By all means. But whatever you do don't fear him outwardly he is as cold as ice; inside there is a raging volcano. Women don't hanker after that kind of love, if there's anything more outwardly tempestuous: like yourself. They are apt to judge of the surface."

"Thanks!"

"Oh! It's true; we don't want to mince words. That's where the average woman makes a fool of herself; where your chance comes in. Masters is worth fifty of you, but there are scales to balance or register values of that kind."

"Thanks again!"

"Oh, we know it, you and I. We can speak to each other without putting foot on the soft pedal. He has a nature which would make him stick to a woman till, literally, death did them part. Yours is of the type which would prompt thoughts of a separation the moment the woman's bank balance ran out."

"And you?"

He could not resist the sneer: she had fingered a sore place. But he did not hurt her this time; she owned up at once—

"Cast in the same mould! I did not mean blame to you. My own glass-house prevents stone-throwing. I was merely stating facts; I would not have them otherwise. Men like Masters are profitless in this world. When virtue is its own reward, the reward is usually too small to be seen with the naked eye. I have a have a distinct preference for qualifications which are otherwise."

Percy smiled. Was full of admiration point for his sister. She was the stronger of the two: he ever recognized that; she continued bitterly—

"Virtue is all very well for woman: it may serve her purpose. For a man it is a useless luxury."

His own non-possession of it made him smile again; she went on—

"As you don't seem inclined to take the initiative I shall do so myself. Before we reach Wivernsea, Mabel will have received a letter from me. I am going to write it ready to post at the first port we touch. It will go by the overland route."

It did.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Aching Hearts and Laughing Faces.

The composition of the letter to Wivernsea needed all the powers Miss Chantrelle could bring to bear upon it. They were in no way of a mean order.

She did not, however, grudge time or labour; the expenditure was in a good cause; Percy had been on the matrimonial stocks too long; his was the kind of beauty which age withered rather than ripened.

A little sigh of content escaped her when, at last, she had finished writing. Leaning back in her chair, the end of the penholder between her lips she read—

My Dearest Mab,—Isn't it a tiny little world? Just fancy—my brother and I are coming back to England on the same boat your brother is travelling by! Dear old Dick! He looks so strong and well; better I think, than I have ever seen him look. With him is Mr. Masters—oh, of course, I ought to congratulate you, oughtn't I? — but I will leave that till I see you. It is a good job you are not of a jealous disposition, Mab, or I am afraid there would be a rough time ahead for you; Mr. Masters is such a dreadful flirt! He has been most popular with all the ladies on board, and made violent love to me within twenty-four hours of meeting me! He did not succeed in my case, though (not because of you, my darling Mab because I had not heard of your engagement to him then) but I do not like a man who makes love to every woman he meets, whom you run across in odd parts of the boat engrossed in conversation with some pretty girl, generally a different one each time. But there, I must not say anything against him, or you will never forgive me. Besides, if you don't mind, it, what does it matter? Of course, there's no real harm in what he does—don't think I want to insinuate that, it is the last thing I mean—as the girls must know he is only flirting; perhaps his heart is with you all the time. How beautiful it must be to have such faith as yours—I am afraid I'm not gifted that way. You must be very fond of him if all he says is true; that you dote on the ground he walks on, etc., etc., etc. Asked if the marriage day had been fixed, he replied that that only rested with himself! Fancy that! Aren't the men growing dreadfully cheeky? Your brother has asked us to come down to Wivernsea for Christmas. I never saw a man go so awfully white as Percy did when he heard of your forthcoming marriage to Mr. Masters. Till then I had had no idea that he—but there, that would be telling tales out of school. We are coming to spend Christmas, unless, dear Mabel, you would rather we did not. If for that or any other reason you would rather we did not come just now, wire to us, care of Charing Cross cloak room, when you get this. We shall quite understand that it is not convenient just now. You know what a dear, impulsive boy Dick is; he absolutely insists on our coming; says you will be really pleased to see us. I do hope so, darling. I have a recollection of many, many happy days spent with you.

With all my love,
Believe me, dearest Mabel,
Your ever true friend,
AMY.

As she folded the letter and directed its envelope she muttered—

"I think this puts a spoke in Prince Charlie's wheel! If I know anything of Mabel's pride, this won't ensure open arms and the warmest of welcomes for him."

She hesitated a moment, then laughed; continued—

"There is no scrap of fear of my letter ever being produced. Her pride would not allow her to do that, and she overruns with it."

Amy Chantrelle was a clever woman; that fact has been recorded. In addition to knowing what to say and how to say it, she correctly foresaw just the effect it would produce. Her study of womankind was a very close one.

The letter sent to Wivernsea carried all its intended evil. The descent of a bombshell could not have had a more disturbing effect. After perusal of it, Mrs. Seton-Carr was simply furious. Amy had not relied on the widow's pride in vain. Moreover, her belief in the proverb was justified; throw enough mud, some of it sticks.

The letter was read over and over again. Each time an effort was made to disbelieve its contents, each time the bad impression became deeper; that there is no smoke without fire.

Laughter would have resulted at the impertinence of Masters' conduct, as detailed in the letter, if she had not cared for the man. That was the weak point.

Not a day passed without her thoughts being full of him. The letter came as a blow; a blow of the severely hurting sort. Wounded pride is hard of healing; there is generally some poison in the wound: it is apt to spread too, and endanger the hurt.

By the same mail which brought the Chantrelle episode she received a letter from her brother Dick. It told her that he was coming down to Wivernsea to spend his Christmas; that Prince Charlie was coming too.

Apart from the pleasure of receiving a letter from him written with an unshaking hand and the natural joy she felt at his buoyant style of writing, what he said was a big annoyance to her.

His letter exuded praise of Masters in every sentence. It was easy to read between the lines that he looked upon himself as that gentleman's future brother-in-law. This to Mrs. Seton-Carr could only fit as a confirmation of her friend Amy's letter.

Pride and a readily aroused temper usually battled together with conspicuous success. Mabel worked herself up to such a pitch of excitement that she positively cried. To think that this man—she knew in her heart of hearts that she loved him—should have the effrontery to talk of her so!

(To be continued.)

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Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only make weak lungs strong, but they cure all troubles arising from a poor or deficient blood supply, such as anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, general weakness, St. Vitus dance, headaches and backaches, kidney troubles, palpitation of the heart, and the special secret ailments of young girls and women. Insist upon the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PRODUCTION OF "X RAYS."

Interesting Interview With Dr. G. G. Corbett of St. John.

Of all the apparatus employed in the practice of medicine and surgery, probably none has attracted more universal attention than that used in the production of X rays, which, although of comparatively recent origin, has been brought to a very high standard of perfection.

This is particularly true of the Heinze high frequency X-ray cabinet, one of which has recently been installed in the office of Dr. G. G. Corbett of this city.

"From this cabinet," said Dr. Corbett to a Times representative, "you can get all the effects that can be obtained from a static machine, but with excessively more power. With this apparatus it is possible to take radiographs, make fluoroscopic examinations, and to treat all conditions amenable to X-rays. It also gives static, induced, and farodic currents. It is operated by a Heinze mechanical rotary interrupter, which makes three thousand revolutions and six thousand interruptions per minute. This high frequency current is under such absolute control that the most sensitive patient can be treated without experiencing any objectionable effects. You will notice on the side of the cabinet, an ampier-meter which registers the amount of current passing through the primary of the X-ray coils. This machine is also supplied with two hundred and fifty volts in a direct current, which, passing through the coils of wire, is greatly increased, while the ampierage practically is not."

The interrupter is of the most improved design, and is superior to any electrolytic, liquid or other interrupter. The time required to make one interruption or break in the current is just one ninety-thousandth part of a second, while the duration of the current remaining on the primary is nearly one half of every revolution, or one hundredth part of a second; so that the break is nine hundred times more rapid than the make.

The cabinet is of polished oak, and measures about five feet in height, three feet long and two feet wide; having terminals for the different currents used in treating patients, and gives a twelve inch fat caterpillar spark.

The X rays are thrown from a glass tube from which the air and gas have been extracted, producing an almost complete vacuum,—only about one millionth part of air or gas remaining,—in where are electrodes, generally of platinum.

Dr. Corbett, who has made a special study of the subject, explained that previous to the discovery of X rays, scientists taught that matter existed in three forms,—viz, solids, liquids and gases. The modern school, however, recognizes a fourth, known as the radiant form, in which the molecules are as widely separated as the molecules of gas composed with liquid. For instance, heat applied to ice separates the molecules, and so forms water. Heat applied to water separates the molecules, thus producing steam (which is really gas.) If it is still desired to separate the molecules of gas and apply electricity to it, the product is X ray. This is done by taking a glass tube, extracting all the air, and making as nearly as possible a complete vacuum; then, the negative and positive poles applied produce X rays.

This form of treatment is useful not only for diseases that can be treated with medicine, but especially so in cases where drugs have failed.

In answer to a question as to the safety of X ray treatment, Dr. Corbett explained, that, some years ago, while yet in the experimental stage there was a certain amount of danger, but today, with the improved machines and technique of the operator there is not the slightest danger to either patient or operator. The different forms of both X ray and electrical treatment are painless; and all that is required is confidence.

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And Gasps Frantically for Breath You will be Grateful for the Suggestions Given here and for the Curative Powers of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

No mother forgets the first time she was aroused from sleep by the distress of her child with croup. Nor does she forget the helplessness she felt in not knowing what to do to bring relief from the desperate struggle for breath.

The first indication of croup usually comes about midnight, when the child is suddenly awakened by a paroxysm of suffocation and a dry, harsh, ringing cough.

There is no time to call a doctor and to prevent suffocation the spasm must be broken up at once and the false mucous removed. This can best be accomplished by use of an emetic, such as a teaspoonful of alum in sugar or syrup, mustard in warm water or a teaspoonful of warm lard. In the absence of these remedies vomiting may be caused by tickling the throat with the finger.

Then Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine should be given every hour or two in doses varying from 10 drops to a teaspoonful, according to age; for otherwise, even though the child may appear well during the day, croup will return with equal or greater severity during the second night, or develop into what is known as true croup, a very fatal disease.

By using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, the cough is kept loose, the inflammation is reduced and the croup is entirely cured in two or three days.

Sometimes there are symptoms of croup observable when the child goes to bed, such as hoarseness or feverishness, and in all such cases croup can be entirely prevented by frequent small doses of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Being composed of simple and yet powerful ingredients, and being sweet and pleasant to the taste, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is especially suited to the needs of children, and readily taken by them. It has won its way to the heart of every mother who has used it, and finds its place as an indispensable medicine in the great majority of homes.

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