

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27 1905.

## Prince Charlie.

By BURFORD DELANNOY.

(Continued.)

"What! For four hours? I'll be hanged if you do. Four hours of letter from a man in your condition would prove deadly to the woman reading it. I won't be party to such inhumanity."

"Will you go out?"

"No, I won't. I paid the ship people for half this cabin, and I'm going to assert my rights. . . . Keep off, Prince Charlie. If you put a finger on me I'll have you tried by court-martial and sentenced to walk the plank."

"Will you leave peacefully then?"

"No, I won't, keep off!"

Dick was thoroughly enjoying the situation now, his face was one huge beaming grin as he continued—

"Besides, I am going to write a letter myself. To my sister, warning her against the introduction of a lunatic into the family. She has been good to me, and I shall take this opportunity of making some return for it."

"You wrote your letter to her this morning on deck with the stub of a pencil. Go and write the other the same way."

"Shan't. Can't. Want ink. Couldn't describe your vile character in ink! Ink, labor necessitates ink! Black ink."

"Out you go!"

"Keep off! . . . If you evict me from my cabin—I believe you are a would Irish landlord in disguise, you spalpeen—I'll sue you for damages, and have you hanged at the yardarm."

"Out you go!"

"That time the boy's dodging ended in failure; his laughter rather hand-capped him. The other, laughing triumphantly, caught, struggled with and pushed him out of the cabin. Clapping the door to, bolted it. Then Masters sought again his berth, intending to indulge in a little castle-building; aerial kind. Dick's talking on the door-panels with his fists eliciting no reply, he bent and shouted through the keyhole—

"You bushranging brigand! You blood-thirsty old skull-and-cross-bones, you! I've just remembered that this is piracy! Piracy on the high seas! I'm going straight to the captain to get the handcuffs polished up. I'll make it my business to see you go back to England in irons. Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

With that he retired—to the accompaniment of a shrilly whistled "Rule Britannia" and a tramp of soldiers. Masters was left the opportunity of writing his love-letter.

He came out of the land of dreams. Sat down at the table, and drew paper and pen towards him, implements of his trade. Spent time in looking at the paper, pen in hand, but no words were formed.

It seemed strange that a man who for many years had gained a living by dexterous juggling with words

should be unable to shape them now. But they would not come, to his satisfaction.

"What can I say on paper," he thought, "which will exhibit my awakened conscience? Will be sufficiently contrite and penitent to appeal to her? Nothing! Half the morning of a letter lies in the reading of it. She would be justified, fully justified, from her present point of view, if she were to throw it into the fire without reading it at all."

A look of gloom settled on his countenance, he asked himself—

"What right have I to write to her at all—after the way in which I insulted her? To apologize on paper is the act of a coward. I must go to her, and hear her contempt of me. I deserve it."

He did not write his letter after all.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

As Sober as a Judge.

That determination of his, to wait, was a hard thing for Masters to adhere to. He knew it was a whole some resolve; at the same time the pill was very bitter; uncoated kind. It is so much easier to do things on the spur of the moment; courage is an unbidden lieutenant then. Later on the aid must consciously be gathered together.

Curiously enough, Masters experienced pleasure in making the way hard for himself; there was no attempt to boil the peas before putting them in his shoe. It seemed more just to her whom he had wronged, this penance; a flagellation of his soul, as it were.

"She must witness my utter, abject humility," he reflected. "Must hear my prayer for forgiveness of my doubt of her. My sorrow must be seen; I can't paint it in pen and ink. Whatever I wrote—oh, the voice is mightier than the pen!—she might refuse to forgive me. Besides, if she is forewarned, knows I intend seeking her, she may even refuse to see me. I won't give her the chance; I won't write at all."

That was his decision; the result of half-an-hour's close thought and the consumption of three pipes of tobacco. Then, gauging his compass, he stepped out. Braced himself up for the interview, rightly guessing the manner in which he would be assailed.

"Hallo!" Dick grinned. "What have you come up on deck for—inspiration? Think to infuse a sea-kissed salty air in your correspondence? I wouldn't lose any of that four hours if I were you. How many quires of my superlative cream-laid vellum note paper have you consumed so far? I know you haven't got any of your own."

"Not a sheet."

"Why?"

"I have chizzed my mind."

"I deny the possibility of that! You haven't a mind to change!"

"I am not going to write a letter at all."

"What! After all this fuss too! Well, I am—here! After those absolutely brutal and unprovoked assaults on me too! Truly has the mountain laboured!"

"What I have to say shall be uttered orally."

"I doubt that! If my sisters takes the advice I have given her in this letter, you'll never have a chance of getting within earshot. I have told her that you are the most violent, headstrong, ferocious, wrathful savage I ever met; that you are coming home. I have advised her to flee from the wrath to come."

"You are incorrigible, Dick."

"I like that! For pure and adulterated cheek that annexes Huntley & Palmers' entire factory! I am viciously assaulted by a rabid lunatic. I am deprived of the use of ink and paper purchased with my own hard coin. I am thrown out of my cabin. And the man guilty of these foul crimes coolly stands in front of me with a pipe and a forcing remark in his mouth. Incorrigible!"

"My dear old Dick!"

Masters commenced a speech, so putting his hand on the boy's shoulder affectionately. He was interrupted by the cry of—

"Hands off!"

Dick assumed an appearance of abject fear, shivering like a calves-foot jelly. It was belied by the grin he could not keep off his face as he continued—

"No more of your affection! I want to walk ashore. I don't want to be carried on a stretcher, maimed for life."

Masters was in earnest; deadly earnest. He wished he could get his companion to "veg" round from his frivolous mood. There was a slight frown on his face, as he said—

"Will you be serious, Dick?"

The boy was not in the least in the tonation of the words. Looked up, saying—

"Well, what is it?"

"I want to talk to you about your sister."

The opportunity was too good to be missed; appealed irresistibly to the humorous side of the listener; trivially gained the day. Dick's nature was such that happiness ever wanted to bubble up, and it was so long since he had felt inclined to give it a show. He emitted a groan; thrust back in the deck chair and thrust his hands into his pockets. "I thought that," he said.

guessed it! Existence aboard this lugger's going to be made a curse to me! I am going to have her drummed into my ears all the rest of the voyage."

"Dick!"

"Understand, Prince Charlie, that I know her. Have known her for nearly one-and-twenty years. By your own showing, you have known her little more than a month. . . . Very well, two months then. It's out of your power to present her in any light in which I haven't seen her. I know the colour of her eyes, hair and teeth; the tilt of her nose and the length of it; how she looks when she's doing this, and how she looks when she's doing that. You understand? I'm not going to be lured all day long with your two-months-old description of her."

"My dear Dick!"

Masters could not help laughing. Concluded that it would be best to let the boy run on. Necessarily he must reach the end of his tether, and his own turn would come then, when, in the natural course of things, the other's exuberance had subsided.

"You may laugh! You're infected. The disease is coursing through your veins. But you're not going to make a victim of me. When you feel it coming on, you just go to the bows—there's never any one there—and rapspodize to the ship's figurehead. Spare me."

"Dick!"

Masters spoke quite patiently, smiling in the white. He was giving the other his head; it was his best, his only plan.

"Grin on, you old lunatic! But I warn you, if you seek to make my life a misery by pouring over-like descriptions of my sister into my unwilling ear, I'll abandon myself to the mercy of the ocean, and sneak off alone in the captain's gig."

"Well, I do want to talk to you about your sister."

Dick grinned again. He was in great good humour; his feet were beating a lively tattoo; Masters continued—

"But I don't propose now, or hereafter, to say one word about her appearance, manner or ways."

"Thanks, thanks, kind sir. For this relief much thanks. Excuse this emotion; they are tears of relief."

There was a limit; Masters was reaching it. Was forced into saying, half seriously, half jokingly—

"You are the most unsympathetic, hard-hearted brute that ever existed."

Dick grinned. It was exactly what he wanted to hear; took the utterance as the greatest possible compliment. He was succeeding admirably; restraining his delight, he said—

"Your flattery is too subtle. You wrap it up too much much; like an American caramel. Please remember that my perception is not as delicate as yours."

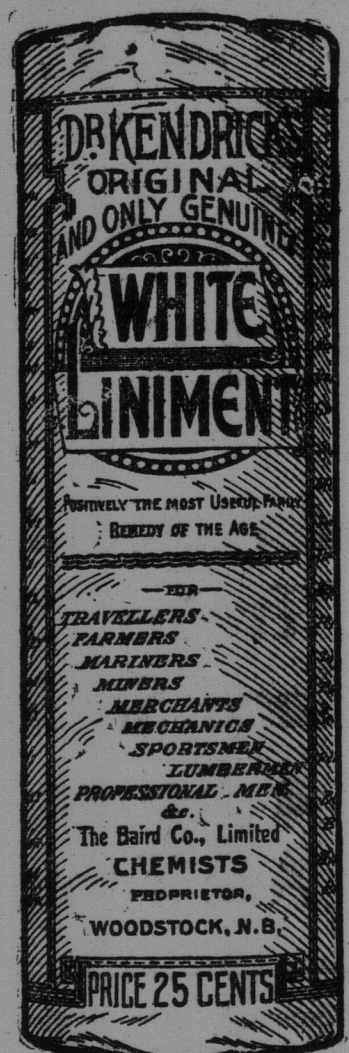
"There is one thing I wanted to ask you, but whilst you are in this mood, I won't."

He turned to walk away. Dick realized the possibility of carrying a joke too far; in a minute was all repentance. He would not have wounded his friend's feelings for words; called out—

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and abiding cure for each and every form of Indolent, itching piles, bleeding and itching piles, hemorrhoids, and all the ills that they think of, get your money back to you cured. Give a box at all dealers or to Messrs. Bates & Co., Toronto.

**Piles**

**Dr. Chase's Ointment**



"Come back . . . Orate. I'll be as sober as a judge."

He fully meant that.

(To be continued.)

### FUNERALS.

The funeral of Ira L. Rogers was held on Tuesday last, from his late home in Bristol, Carleton Co. Last August, he went west on one of the harvest excursions, and settled in British Columbia, where he was hurt on February 11th, while in the lumber woods, by being crushed between two logs. He died next day. His body was taken home for burial.

The funeral of Mrs. F. J. McPeak took place yesterday afternoon. Many friends from the west and east sides of the harbor, attended, and the procession was a lengthy one. The burial service was read by Rev. J. J. O'Donovan in St. Patrick's Hall, the temporary church home of the Carleton Catholics. Because of the bad roads, the hearse could not proceed to the cemetery, so the body was reverently placed on a sled and taken to its last resting place.

**ALL KINDS AND CONDITIONS.**

Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief, they all eat "Swiss Food" when they get it.

### RETAIL GROCERS.

A Plea For Organization --- It Works Well in the States.

(Maritime Merchant.)

On two or three occasions in the past the retail grocers of Halifax endeavored to form an association for such purposes of mutual advantage as these organizations are able to effect, when well managed. These attempts proved futile. There is more hope, though, that the Retail Grocers' Guild, now being promoted, may be more successful. In fact, such deep interest is being manifested that there seems to be every reason why it should be a progressive and useful organization. At the present writing the organization meeting has not been held, and we therefore cannot define exactly what the scope of the new guild is; but in a general way it will be understood by our readers. In the United States such organizations as these are to be found in every part of the Union, and they have been so highly developed that they do not exist merely as independent local societies but are affiliated with great State and National organizations which have their annual meetings and are able to make the conditions of doing business more congenial to the individual.

The movement for extensive organization does not seem to have started in this part of the continent yet; indeed, with the past failure of one or two local attempts, the outlook might be considered to be not very good for such an ambitious scheme. Nevertheless, there is no reason for being discouraged. If such societies can be successful elsewhere, they can be successful here and if they do good here also. There can be no question about the benefits, else why should the grocers of the United States be so enthusiastic about their organizations? We notice that, in every trade paper which comes to our office, a great deal of space is devoted to the doings of the various retailers' societies, showing that the readers of these papers take great interest in their societies. They would not take such an interest if the societies did not benefit them.

"I suppose it's always hog-killing time in your town, Miss Packer?" asked the New Yorker.

"Oh, yes," replied the fair visitor from Cincinnati, "but don't let that keep you from visiting us. We always protect guests."

### 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.

### Severe Chest Colds

### And Painful Coughs

Demand Prompt and Active Treatment.

The great danger in troubles of this class is "delay." Don't neglect a Cough or Cold, it can have but one result. It leaves the throat or lungs, or both, affected—Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Asthma, Catarrh and Consumption will surely follow the neglect to cure.

**DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP**

will ease the cough, soothe the inflamed throat and loosen the phlegm. Mrs. Joseph Paradis, Blackwell, Ont., writes:—I had such a bad cold I could hardly breathe. I noticed Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup advertised, so had my husband get me two bottles—I had only used one before I was cured. I recommended it to a friend, and two bottles cured her after other remedies had failed—we both keep it in the house now and would not be without it. It is the best cough medicine I have ever taken."

Price 25 cents per bottle.

### The 2 Popular Brands of

### SCOTCH WHISKIES

AND

Buchanan's

"Special Quality"

AND

"Black and White."

## ABBEY'S

RECOMMENDED  
BY THE  
FACULTY

Used by the masses, who, unsolicited, certify to its worth  
Tones the Stomach and Stirs the Liver to Healthy Action

## EFFERVESCENT

Is Nature's Remedy for Tired, Fagged-out and Run-down Men or Women  
If taken regularly contributes to Perfect Health, Makes Life Worth Living

# ... SALT

ALL DRUGGISTS