

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1905.

## Prince Charlie.

By BURFORD DELANNOY.

(Continued.)

Masters started round in astonishment, really a clever piece of acting. "Yes, the cat's out of the bag now. Thank God I haven't got a temperance crank for a companion on the voyage. I have done what you have done, and I am setting out to do now what you did: coming away to get shut of it all. To try and break myself free from the curse."

"You'll do it!" The flushed face flushed still deeper; flushed to purple, at the assurance. But the dazed eyes had quite an eager light in them, as the speaker pressed his question.

"You think I will? You really think I will? That I have strength enough?"

"Of course! It's the despondent times you have to fear; just don't fear them. Just hang on to me when you feel them coming. Don't get by yourself; it's like taking one's pill unaided; cling to me like a barometer. I'll help you to till your blue devils."

"You will? By God!" He spoke almost breathlessly; the proffered help was so sweet; hit him in the face. "You're a brack! And a stranger, too; never set eyes on me before!"

"Never. Quite right; never set eyes on you before! But remember, we've been burnt in the same fire. A fellow-feeling makes us—yes, you know the rest."

"By Jove! You are wonderful. Do you know I faked this voyage, faked it believing there was a salaried overboard—for me, imagined every soul would read the story in my face and chin me. They are so apt to judge the quality of a man by the length of the nose."

"Hoi!" Masters was shuddering inwardly as he looked at his companion. This bloated youth who looked five-and-twenty, yet spoke with the boyishness of eighteen. He dived into his secret apprehension, chafed to think that the woman he loved should be linked to such a drink-soaked wretch. Thought of her, induced him to love—the out of his dignity.

There was the hope, the chance of reformation. When Rigby set foot on the vessel it had been with despair at his heart; he had attended the funeral of hope long ago. Things were different now. As for Masters, he realized that the man was young; might perhaps still meet with salvation.

But it was a thin reed on which to rely; this youth, a two-edged fact, might cut either way. Masters was quite aware of that as he uttered the reassuring monosyllable. Spoke in a forced tone of conviction; there is

a limit to suffering; none to fear. The odds, too, are against a drunkard's reformation; all Lombard Street to a China orange. Anyway, it was a fact he was going to do his level best to turn things to good account. The youngster must be spurred on; not to advance is to retreat. Not only is courage needed in facing a difficulty, but the ability to grapple with it; it looked in the face too long it is apt to stare us out of countenance.

"I believe you," Rigby spoke with grateful fervour. "Anyway, I am not going to face the future gloomily now!"

"That's half the battle. After all, life's only a journey; it's more or less our own fault if we don't make a pleasant excursion of it."

"I know that. Remember, I have been in the battle, and came out upper dog. So long as you win the race, what does it matter whether you had a good start or not?"

"Anyway, I shall keep you to your word. If I feel that awful thirst coming on me; feel as I have felt, that hell's got its doors gaping wide open for me, I shall worry you."

"You won't, not worry me. Come that moment you hear the hinges start creaking, and we'll try together, to keep the doors shut."

"That you should take all this trouble—"

"Trouble be hanged! Don't you know how easy it is to poke another man's fire?"

Masters' eyes looked honestly into Dick's; he was very honest of purpose. Wanted, with all his soul, to keep those doors closed. For the sake of the woman whose trust had been betrayed; for the sake of the little one. He knew how facile the descent into hell. Knew, too, that a man ambitious to make a fool of himself never lacks help.

How shines a good deed in this bad world! The goodness of his own was illuminating Masters' eyes at that moment. And he had no fear of the proverb; that if he conferred a favor he might expect ingratitude. Plainly, Rigby was not built on those lines.

Dick was not much of a psychologist or mind reader. Saw only the honest eyes bright with enthusiasm; found them inspiring; knew nothing of the inner thought prompting this extraordinary kindness.

His was not an inquiring nature; in his happy-go-lucky way he accepted Fate, unquestionably. Help had come in his way, and he snatched at it as suddenly as if it were a dish of snap-dragon. In response to Masters' words, he mentally thanked his stars, physically held out his hand. In silence, gratefully gripped his companion's; was too grateful to speak.

Masters resumed his assumption of cheerfulness. Knew the difficulty he had to face before he spoke; putting seed into the ground does not make a harvest certain; said—

"Now, there is another thing to discuss; about the grub."

"My dear old chap!" Earnestness, conviction in his tone. "I feel as if I shouldn't touch a food again for months."

"I know. That's not an unusual symptom," Masters affected to laugh. "I felt like that. And if you go to the saloon table you'll feel like it for quite a while. Look here now!" He spoke suddenly, as if inspired with an idea. "Will you leave your commiseration to me?"

"To you! But why on earth, now, should you be troubled to—"

Masters let a shade of annoyance creep over his face. There was no misreading it. Assuming, too, a tone of regret; he said—

"You mean that? That you would rather I did not interfere?"

The facial expression and voice had the desired effect. Cheated the younger man—surely he must be very young!—into expostulating—

"My dear old chap! For Heaven's sake don't think I mean anything of that sort! I'll do whatever you say."

So he would; that was plainly evident. The strong will had conquered the weaker. Masters felt overjoyed at his success. Most hearts have secret drawers in them containing some good traits; if we can only find the spring.

Moreover, strange as it seemed, Masters was conscious of the birth of a liking for his young companion. He was surprised, too, to realize that he was but a boy. Had thought him five-and-twenty at first; now imagined him to be not much over one-and-twenty years of age—! that.

It was, in a measure, a welcome surprise. His imagination had portrayed Rigby as a hardened debauchee; drunken in vice as sodden in drink. Mingled with the surprise, too, was a feeling of wonder that Gracie's mother should have married with one younger than herself!—But there, he told himself, there was no accounting for these things; there was no logic or reason in them. "Very well then," Masters speaking, his face cleared of its cloud. "I'll arrange with the steward and

the cook. Fresh milk, while it lasts and beef tea right away till you feel you can compass solidly little and often; that is my prescription.

"You are a good old chap!" Almost tears in his eyes as he spoke. He had not counted on making friends at all, and here, the moment he set foot on the boat, was one to hand. And such a one! A perfect prince of good fellows.

"For some days," Dick continued, "I shall keep almost to this cabin, lying down will rest me. Moreover, I am not anxious to show up to the crowd."

Again that purple flush. Masters, considerably, was not looking. Was engaged hanging up his belongings and stowing them away in the limited space at his disposal. It was work which afforded occasion for a considerable display of invention and ingenuity.

The cabin of a three thousand ton vessel, or of an Atlantic liner for that matter, offers little luxury in the way of wardrobe accommodation. Masters, though his personal luggage did not rival in extent that of Beau Brummel, yet found himself in difficulties. He turned to his companion; said—

"I shall be inside a lot too. As a matter of fact, I'm finishing a book; have a lot of writing to do. So you won't be altogether alone."

"That's jolly!"

"Lend a hand here, old fellow, will you? See if we can shove this portmanteau under."

Dick was only too glad to be of service; willingly rendered aid in the stowing away of things. Later followed suit with his own stuff. Masters was intent on keeping his companion occupied even with the smallest matters.

That was the beginning of things. The author felt that he had got the bit in his companion's mouth; that it rested with him which road was taken, depended on his skill as a rider. Still there was every care and caution to be exercised.

When you ride a young colt, it is well to see that your saddle is well

CHAPTER XXIII.  
Love's Labour Lost.

Prosperity attended the voyage; if that term may be applied to recovery of health. The sea-air—genial companionship had something to do with it—was pulling Dick round. He said he was a sea-man; received assurance of that fact from inspection of his reflection in the mirror.

Although his story was no longer visible on his face, it was in his heart; hidden away perhaps, but there still. He had let the steeples of milk and beef-teen a long way behind; was walking through the sea breeze as vigorously as any man aboard.

The friendship opened up in the little two-berth cabin had developed into the closest kind. On one side it had started garbed in the mantle of pretence. That was soon shed; sincerity taking its place.

Dick's fidelity was dog-like; he followed his companion about as if loath to lose sight of him. Masters had discovered in him artistic tendencies; the ability to draw well. It was long before Dick's hand ceased to remind one of a jelly; when it did Masters asked, would Dick oblige him by doing something?

Oblige him? Dick repeated the question. Great Scott! Was there anything he could ask which he, Dick, wouldn't jolly well jump at the chance of doing. What did Charleigh take him for?

The story Masters was engaged on was to be illustrated; sketches were needed of the proposed drawings. So the author said, speaking quite casually.

As a matter of fact, he was anxious to find occupation for idle hands. Feared the provision, if he did not himself provide it, of less profitable work. Remembered a proverb to that effect: Satan filling a stellar part in it.

"Let me make them for you, will you?" Dick spoke eagerly. "I can draw properly, really; I've had drawings in the Strand and the Windsor, and they're particular, you know. I did it because I loved the work; I had to give it up, because my hand—"

Masters interrupted him; was ever anxious to prevent a harking back to the old days of failure. Wanted his protégé to look forward, not backward; at the brightness ahead, not on the horror which he hoped was ever left behind.

(To be continued.)

IRON PLUGS FOR "SWISS FOOD"

Iron plugs clear the streets. "Swiss Food" clears and warms your blood.

It is understood on good authority at Ottawa, that Brigadier General Lake, as chief of staff of the Canadian militia, will be, if it is not done already, gazed major general in the imperial army.

MINARD'S  
"KING OF PAIN"  
LINIMENT

RECEIVED THIS MEDAL



This medal was awarded to Minard's Liniment in London in 1884. 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.

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### NEW COMPANIES.

Emerson and Fisher to Become a Limited Liability Concern.

The Royal Gazette today, contains notice of the following—

W. H. Brown and A. L. Brown, of Massachusetts, T. W. Barnes and W. J. Brown, Hampton, and Geo. C. Weldon, of St. John, apply for incorporation as The Canada Wood-ware Co., chief place of business, Hampton. Capital, \$24,000 divided into 240 shares.

Paul Lea, John A. Lea, David I. Lea, Emerson, W. S. Fisher, S. L. Emerson, and Mabel Fisher, all of St. John, apply for letters patent as Emerson & Fisher, Ltd. The object of the company, is to acquire and take over the business now carried on by Emerson & Fisher.

The capital stock, is placed at \$150,000 of 1,500 shares, of one hundred dollars each.

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The capital stock, is placed at \$150,000 of 1,500 shares, of one hundred dollars each.

The under dog gets all the sympathy. "Yes, but you'll notice that the upper dog gets away with the bone."

### 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.

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JAMES V. RUSSELL,

677-679 Main Street.

Branches 8 1-2 Brussel's - - - - 397 Main Street.

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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.