MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

Prince Charlie.

By BURFORD DELANNOY.

(Continued.)

The man had said that he feared solitude. Had spoken of his personal appearance with loathing. Had feared that no soul would wish to speak to him; that Drink was written on his face. Even allowing for exaggeration, there must be a basis of truth.

Was it wise to let him spend that voyage alone? Was it not possible to send with him a companion? One who would interest him; divert his thoughts; take him out of himself?

A companion to do this for her sake—for her child's sake. Why not himself? What was there in it after all? Not even self-sacrifice. Masters felt that a voyage would do him good. That to stop in England just then, where he was, would stifle him. Let him go on to the broad ocean where he would be able to breathe.

His work he could take with him. Write as well, better, on the ship than in his own rooms. Why not? There was a soul to help to save! There was a woman to be made happy! A child to be taken out of the range of the pointed finger of shame! Why not?

If it were true, as the mother said, that he had saved the child's life, was it to be saved only that she should suffer misery thereafter? Undeserved misery in all the future years? Should he not prevent that if he could?

Himself! Who better fitted? His heart and soul would be in the act. He would be working for those he loved! What a triumph if he could restore this man to her well enough to marry. Why not?

Resolution: he would go. Yes, he would go to the boat; it was the only way. The cab passed a bill-poster's hoarding. A drama being played in London just then was: "The Only Way." The mind of the man in the cab had run in keeping with the theatre announcement. He thought of Sidney Carton.

He would go! The hero of that "Tale of Two Cities" was not the only man who had made sacrifices for the woman he loved; although his own sacrifice was hardly worth such a name. In his heart he wished it greater.

The thought trembled through his mind, result of the years of journalistic labour, that his cruise would serve in affording a supply of copy. He hated himself for the thought; it seemed to sully the purity of his motive, his love. He wanted to give to the woman he loved whole-souled service. Yet was weak enough to want an excuse.

Sidney Carton, when his good work was accomplished, died on the scaffold. When Masters had accomplished his good work—well, there would be time enough to think of that later.

Life was worth living just then—for her sake. It would have little value to him after; after its work was over. Then he would be content, wishful to rest.

The cab had reached Parliament Street. The fare's hand went through the roof trap; the driver reined up.

"There is a passenger-ship's passenger-agent's, somewhere around here," he called up to the bending down driver, "Cockspur Street I think; do you know it?"

"So many about, sir? Might you happen to know the name, sir?"

"M'no. Yes! I have just remembered it—Sewell and Crowther."

"Oh, yes; I know the place, sir. Do you want to drive there?"

"Please."

"Right, sir."

A few minutes later the cab stopped and he was alighting, at the passenger agents' door. Entering, he said to the counter clerk—

"You are booking for La Mascotte, leaving for the Mediterranean, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir; we're the agents."

"Have you any berths left?"

"Oh, yes, sir, a number. It's an off time of the year, and we do not fill up from London. We are stopping at coast stations. We shall fill up from those."

"Let me see a plan of the ship."

"Yes, sir. ... ... That's it. Which class—which part of the boat do you want, sir?"

Masters ignored the question. Pointing to the pen and ink list of names, inquired—

"These are the names of those who have already booked their passages?"

"Yes, sir."

Having located what he wanted he turned to the plan of the ship again, saying—

"This is a two-berthed cabin. One berth is taken, I see. Is the other vacant?"

"Yes, sir. But you can book one in an empty cabin if you like. You will have more room, unless we fill up."

"Thank you. I prefer this one. I think I happen to know the Mr. Rigby who has the other half."

"Oh, I see, sir—friend of yours—of course, companionship. I beg your pardon."

Masters paid his passage money; booked in the name of Charleigh; inquired the time of sailing on the morrow.

"Tide serves at noon, sir. The vessel will go out on the top water."

"From St. Katharine's?"

"Yes, sir. ... ... Good-day, sir, and thank you. ... ... Not that way, sir. ... ... This door on the left.

"Good-day."

The cabman was waiting. Stooped down from his perch to receive instructions.

"The Telegraph Office, Charing Cross."

There the fare despatched a wire to his Wivernsea landlady; telling her to pack everything of his in his portmanteaux, and send them up by the afternoon train to the care of the Cloak Room, Charing Cross.

Then he drove to his publishers. He would be away some time, and there were certain other business arrangements to be made. ... ...Then to his flat in Shaftesbury Avenue. He slept there the night.

More correctly, he spent the night there. Spent it in pacing to and fro, recalling all the events of that long last month. All the happiest days; all the most miserable ones.

He was heart-full of pity for the woman, poor soul! Wished he could wipe away the bitterness of his words that night on the seat at Wivernsea. That was impossible. But he could try to make amends.

In the early morning—dawn just lightening the sky—he wrote a note to Gracie's mother; directed it to Ivy Cottage. Just a purely formal little letter, saying he was called away on urgent business and would not return to Wivernsea again.

As coming from an author it was a disappointing note; there was nothing clever in it. Most authors' notes, perhaps because literary fireworks are supposed to be contained in them, are disappointing.

He sent his fondest love to his little sweetheart Gracie, and expressed a sincere hope for her mother's future happiness. That letter later on in the morning he dropped into a post office.

Gracie's mother, who had journeyed home by the previous evening's train, read it, dry eyed.

The dryness which burns.

CHAPTER XXII.

White Lies.

Masters gathered in his luggage from Charing Cross cloak room; reached St. Katharine's Docks with it; got aboard La Mascotte.

He was first in the cabin; was arranging his things in an orderly way when Mr. Rigby came aboard. The second tenant of the cabin looked every bit of the wreck he had painted himself.

The author, quick of observation, gauged him to be a man of twenty-five or there-abouts. Younger possibly, but dissipation is an artist who graves deep lines; wrinkles are aged things. Still of fine physique, but dull-eyed, heavy, face bluish and swollen.

Masters, sweeping a comprehensive glance round, brushed up the new comer with it; said generally—

"I am first to take possession. It seems we are to be close companions on this voyage—too close, in one sense."

He referred to the size of the cabin; then stretching out his hand, continued—

"Let me introduce myself. William Charleigh, journalist. I sincerely hope we shall be very good friends whilst we are together."

The gloom on Dick's face lighted; his colourless horizon seem brightened; it was as if the sun had suddenly popped out. This cheerful, strong-looking man making overtures of friendship, dissipated all his fearsomeness of solitude on the voyage. Eagerly gripping the hand held out, he shook it long and earnestly; saying—

"I reciprocate that! Thanks! My name's Rigby. Nothing by profession and very little better by nature. I have just come out of—out of an illness. I am taking the trip in the hope of—of getting well.

"No trip like it!" Masters' response was cheerily uttered. "Take my word for that. I took the voyage some years ago, and it pulled me off the grave's brink."

"Really! You look so strong and well I should not have thought you'd had an illness in all the days of your life."

Lies, white lies, came to Masters' lips with the readiness of fiction flowing from his pen; he said—

"I went to the dogs and the dogs nearly did for me. That's an unpleasant way they have when you get inside the kennel. It's a mere shave I'm here talking to you. I pulled up just in time."

"No!"

There were both astonishment and eagerness in Dick's question; both of the most intense kind. Masters' lying was very successful. He was acting so with a view to drawing his companion out.

If a confession could be got from the sick man it would help. Dick would rely for strength and help on the man he had confessed to. That was only human nature.

If you tell a man your troubles he is more than likely to want to tell you his own. A keen observer was Masters, knew that confidence begets confidence. So himself became very confidential.

"It is a fact," he continued. "Like a great number of others, I liked society, and cards, and wine, and—well, I am quite cured now so I don't mind confessing it. I sacrificed at the shrine of Bacchus too often, and Bacchus resented it. The drink god is an ungrateful sort of deity, isn't he? He sent me visions of snakes and other creepy-crawlies. When I came out of the land of visions I was the most washed-out wreck you ever saw. The doctor gave me up.

"No?"

Dick ejaculated the word almost breathlessly. His own doctor had not gone so far as that. There was more than a chance of hope, after all! He listened.

"Fact. When I heard that, I was on the verge of suicide. Then they put me on a boat doing the Mediterranean trip; just as this one is. This brings back old times, and—well, here I am, you see; I am all right now."

"And the doctor, you say—but how did you—did you conquer your craving?"

"Sheer force of will. I took an oath that whilst I was on the ship I wouldn't touch a drop."

"I have done that, too!"

"You?"

(To be continued.)

Have You One of Those Can't Taste, Can't Smell Colds?

If you have you had better get rid of it immediately. If you don't, that terrible and disgusting malady, Catarrh, is sure to take hold of you and make you miserable, and an object of repugnance to your friends. The best and quickest cure for your cold is

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

It contains all the virtues of the Norway Pine Tree, combined with Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing and expectorant properties of other excellent herbs and barks.

Mr. Harry Mosher, Mosher's Island, N. S., writes:—"We have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in our family for the past six years, and have always found it a reliable remedy for the cure of coughs and colds."

Many cases of substitution have been brought to our notice. Do not be humbugged into taking any other pine syrup which unscrupulous dealers say is just as good.

Dr. Wood's is the original, put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark, and the price 25 cents.

The T. MILBURN Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

ST. VITUS DANCE.

Nervous Trouble That Yields Readily to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

St. Vitus Dance is a common disease among children, but it often attacks both men and women of nervous temperament. Its symptoms are shaky hands, jerky arms, trembling legs, twitching muscles; sometimes the power of speech is affected. The only cure lies in plenty of blood because good blood is the life-blood of the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills never fail to cure St. Vitus Dance, because they make the rich, red blood that feeds the nerves and keeps them strong and steady. Mrs. Wm. Levellie, Welland, Ont., was seriously afflicted with St. Vitus dance, and no treatment helped her until she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Levellie says:—"At times the trouble was so severe that I could not take a drink of water unaided, and could not trust myself to raise a dish. There was a constant involuntary motion of the limbs, and at times I could neither eat, walk nor talk. I grew pale and emaciated, and my life was fairly a burden. Doctors' treatment, which I was taking almost continuously, did not do me a particle of good and I had almost come to the conclusion that there was no cure for me. I was in what must be considered a desperate condition when I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the course of a few weeks after I had begun their use, there was a marked improvement in my condition, and by the time I had taken nine boxes every symptom of the trouble had disappeared, and I was as healthy and active as in girlhood."

It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go right down to the root of the trouble in the blood that they cure such diseases as St. Vitus dance neuralgia, nervous prostration, anaemia, backaches and headaches, rheumatism, kidney trouble, indigestion, lung troubles and other diseases of the blood and nerves. But you must be careful to get the genuine pills with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE WORLD'S RICHEST MEN.

No two compilers have made similar lists of the millionaires of the world. China, England, France, Russia and the United States, each claims to be the home of the richest men. The list compiled by James Burnley, the English author, is as follows: Alfred Beit, diamonds London, $500,000,000; J. B. Robinson, gold and diamonds, London, $400,000,000; J. D. Rockefellar, oil, New York, $350,000,000; W. W. Astor, land, London $200,000,000, Prince Demidoff, land, St. Petersburg, $200,000,000; Andrew Carnegie, steel, New York, $125,000,000; W. K. Vanderbilt, railroads, New York, $100,000,000; William Rockefellar, oil, New York, $100,000,000; J. J. Astor, land, New York, $75,000,000; Lord Rothschild money lending, London, $75,000,000; Duke of Westminster, land, London, $75,000,000; J. Pierpont Morgan, banking, New York, $75,000,000; Lord Iveagh, beer, Dublin, $70,000,000; Senora Isidora, Cousino, mines, and railroads, Chile, $70,000,000; M. Heine, silk, Paris, $70,000,000; Baron Alphonse Rothchild, money lending, Paris, $70,000,000; Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, money lending, Vienna, $70,000,000; Archduke Frederick of Austria, land, Vienna, $70,000,000; George J. Gould, railroads, New York, $70,000,000; Mrs. Hetty Green, banking, New York, $55,000,000; James H. Smith, banking, New York, $50,000,000; Duke of Devonshire, land, London, $50,000,000; Duke of Bedford, land, London, $50,000,000; Henry O. Havemeyer, sugar, New York, $50,000,000; John Smith, mines, Mexico, $45,000,000; Claus Spreckles, sugar, San Francisco, $40,000,000; Archbishop, Connland, Vienna, $40,000,000; Russell Sage, money lending, New York $25,000,000; Sir Thomas Lipton, groceries, London, $25,000,000.—(Kansas City Journal.)

Yesterday afternoon the W. C. T. U., held a service in memory of Frances Willard, in their rooms Germain St. Mrs. T. H. Bullock gave a sketch of Rest Cottage, founded by Miss Willard; Mrs. Sprague read a paper on Miss Willard's life and work, and Mrs. C. H. Dearborn read from the Congregationalist and Christian World, an account of the statue of Miss Willard.

A New Idea on The Cause of Colds

Pneumonia, La Grippe and Consumption, and a Reminder of the Phenomenal and Continued Success of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Scientists have a new explanation for the great prevalence of colds, la grippe and pneumonia.

They tell us that when we pass out of doors we enter an atmosphere where the humidity averages about 70 per cent. when it might have been as low as 30 in the house or office.

The sudden change from the dry and overheated air of the house to the cold and more moist air of out doors is a shock to the mucous membranes which induces colds, la grippe or pneumonia.

This evil is largely due to modern methods of heating, and can be overcome by keeping the air moist in buildings.

But there are colds to be cured, sufferers from la grippe that require treatment, and every day these ailments are developing into pneumonia and consumption. In these cases Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is at hand as a tried and proven medicine of far more than ordinary merit.

CURES
Croup.
Whooping Cough.
Severe Chest Colds.
Bronchitis.
Asthma.
Pneumonia.
La Grippe.
Throat Irritation.
Tickling in the Throat.
Soreness and Dryness in the Throat.
Irritation and Inflammation of the Bronchial Tubes and Lungs.

You know something of the value of turpentine as a medicine. You know something of the healing and soothing properties of linseed or flaxseed as it is most commonly called. In Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine these ingredients are so combined with half a dozen others as to make a treatment which is at the same time pleasant to the taste and of most exceptional curative power.

But you need not accept this medicine on theory, or on what we say, for it has been before the people for many years, and each year has witnessed a great increase in the qnantity used.

Ask your friends and neighbors about it.

Ask the mothers who have saved the lives of their children when in the clutches of croup.

Ask the men and women who have shaken themselves free from the grasp of la grippe, pneumonia, bronchitis or asthma by its use.

Ask the thousands of people who have learned to trust to this great medicine to cure coughs and colds and prevent such deadly diseases as consumption and pneumonia.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

25 cents a bottle; family size, three times as much, 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food fortifies the system against disease by forming new, rich blood and revitalizing the wasted nerves.

THE CATTLEMEN.

Complain That They Were Not Well Fed on the Indrani.

To the Editor of the Times.

Sir,—For a start I may state that I, in company with other 16 men, were cattlemen returning to St. John in a Donaldson liner S. S. "Indrani."

We embarked at the Clyde, and, after the usual bustle attending a departing steamer, put to sea. The Donaldson line, we had heard, had the reputation among cattlemen of being hungry; and we were unfortunately about to put the rumour to the test; and found it, alas; only too true; in fact rumour had not done justice.

The food served out to us was of the very poorest description and wholly inadequate. I will give you a "menu" of a day's fare:—

In the morning at 8 o'clock we had breakfast consisting of coffee and hash. The coffee without milk, and very little sugar, and tasted like "black draught", and acted in a similar manner. The hash was altogether misnamed; having the greatest difficulty in discovering any meat in the sloppy potato soup; with this we had a small (punk) or cob of bread usually doughy. Out of 16 days, we had porridge for breakfast 3 times; and one morning, which I fancy must have been the cook's birthday, we had dry hash; the remainder the eneivitable hash.

At dinner we had fresh meat for the first seven days, and very little of it. After that, we had the famous old salt junk, in such a small quantity that frequently some of us had to go without; and soup, (pea) twice a week and barley the remainder. Sunday a pudding adorned our table.

At tea the same old sloppy potato concoction, all the time, very often sour, which made us, towards the end of the passage, positively sick to look at it; and of course the usual diminutive cob.

A request for some ship's biscuits was refused margarine being the only stores served out to us.

With the exception of Sunday's dinner, we had not one satisfying meal. In fact we took to roasting potatoes in the boggy and eating raw turnips, we were fortunate enough to discover, to satisfy our hunger.

This is the state of affairs that exists in the steward department. But of course we are only cattlemen, a class of people, who are classed as "Hobos", and "Bums", and treated as such.

In conclusion I may state that one of our rooms was without a stove or heating apparatus of any kind. A request was made for another lamp for heating purposes but was refused on account of the unnecessary waste of oil: so we had to put up with the cold with two thin single blankets to cover us.

All the cattlemen on board approve of this article, and join with me in hoping that this state of affairs will be looked into and rectified, and thereby giving cattlemen a little bit of consideration.

Yours,
DAVID W. GROVE.

No other Soap has ALL the qualities of Baby's Own

Baby's Own Soap
Pure, Fragrant, Cleansing
The best for delicate skins
Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfs.
MONTREAL.

MADAME FOR MARCH.

There are many excellent features in the March number of MADAME, Amelia Bingham, the famous artist, tells in a most instructive manner, how plays are staged. Miss Bingham is thoroughly competent to discuss this subject. Her article is accompanied by beautiful illustrations, showing the artist in different costumes.

Mrs. Charles Norman presents a tale of the home and haunts of the poet, Longfellow, whose birth-month was February and who died in March. The popular music feature is continued in this number, and "The Dance of the Butterflies," an instrumental selection, by Lon Dinsmore, is given complete in supplement form.

Mrs. Maude Murray Miller, the well-known Shakesperian student, concludes the story of "Cymbeline and Imogen," in her usual entertaining and brilliant style. Edmund Russell, a recognized authority on jewels, writes about "The Collection of Jewels As a Pastime for Men," besides giving some interesting answers to questions about jewels. His article is profusely illustrated.

Eben E. Rexford, the expert floriculturist, tells how to prepare for next summer's garden, which question ought to be decided soon. All lovers of flowers will want to read Mr. Rexford's article. Mrs. May Wright Sewall presents a most interesting sketch of the Lyceum Club, of London, illustrated with portraits of some of the prominent members of the club. This issue of MADAME also contains the usual amount of fiction, besides the Fashion, Embroidery and Lace Departments.

MADAME, the magazine "For Women Who Think," is published by The Ford Publishing Co., Indianapolis.

IN TELEGRAPHIC AND GENERAL NEWS THE TIMES LEADS.

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 1-2 Brussel'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

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS.
Grand Auction Sale
of Paintings, Mirrors and Wedding Presents
GORBELL'S ART STORE
117 1-2 Union Street.
Sale will commence Wednesday evening at 7.45.
F. L. POTTS, Auctioneer.

The 2 Popular Brands of
SCOTCH WHISKIES
ARE
Buchanan's
"Special Quality"
AND
"Black and White."