

THE ST. JOHN EVENING TIMES, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3 1905

## Prince Charlie.

By BURFORD DELANNOY.

(Continued.)

There is a perfect little glutton for you. Once you indulge her she will do her best to make your life miserable with her clamour for food. With food of that sort with which she is a regular Oliver Twist."

A gratified little laugh—he thought he saw the door open a little wider—accompanied his answer—"Oh, story-telling is in my particular line! I am full of fiction to the brim!"

She reproached his laugh and as she picked up, to resume, her book again, said—

"Well, I have warned you! The consequences be on your own head."

"I am moved to disregard your warning, Grace is so excellent a listener. That is so flattering, you know." Then turning to the child, he continued: "Now, run on to the sands and finish your castle, little woman, before the tide reaches it. When it can no longer withstand Old Ocean's assaults and is washed away, come back. Then I will tell you what became of Jack after the fairy had rescued him from the three-headed giant."

The child was sitting on his knee with her arms round his neck. He with her kissed she was giving him said—

"You dear old thing! You are the very sweetest, dearest, beautiful, story-teller I ever met."

"I am delighted to hear that," the observation from Miss Mivvins. "I used to be told that."

"Yes, yes. But you never told me tales like Prince Charlie's."

Prince Charlie was a character in one of the stories Masters had told the child. A prince who had rescued a humiliated princess from giants, ogres and demons. Instantly it had pleased the listener to christen the narrator after the hero.

All her people, she informed him gravely, she christened out of stories. It was much nicer than calling them by their real names. They were so much prettier and lots of fun to remember—didn't he think so?

Yes, he had made answer. He quite thought that Prince Charlie was an improvement on his own name. But Grace betrayed no anxiety to know what that was. To her hitherforth he was Prince Charlie. That was quite sufficient, she was a godmother of the most self-satisfied type.

Turning to Miss Mivvins the child continued, with a trace of reproach in her voice—she felt she had been defrauded—

"Besides, your giants never have three heads!"

A trinity of that description—unity is strength—appeared an unanswerable argument, seemed to her to clinch the matter. She climbed down

from Masters' knee, and jumped her way down the steps to the sands, with bucket and spade rattling in her hand.

As she disappeared, Masters took his courage in both hands; continued the conversation—

"I shall have to prescribe a course of Grimm's Fairy Tales, if you wish to resume your position as story-teller-in-chief."

His speech was at random. The ice was broken, they had spoken; he did not want the coldness of silence to freeze it all over again. Having got in the thin edge of the wedge he proposed to drive it right home—if possible. Hence his speech.

Miss Mivvins laughed. The child liked him—so did she. Fearful of driving her away, he had not attempted to force conversation. She had curled up a trifle because of his reserve—hence they had spoken but little. Unknown to themselves their communication had been more subtle than that of words, perhaps had paved the way for them. They came easily enough now.

"You also," he said, "seem to have a taste for fiction of a pronounced type. I see you are reading one of my books."

"Your books?" Her query was uttered in a tone of surprise. "Oh, no! This came down from Mudge's with others yesterday."

"Oh, I don't doubt that."

He laughed openly at her concern—a hearty, resounding laugh, a trifle loud but with a pleasant honest ring in it; continued—

"I don't doubt that the library people acquired it honestly. My claim was not made in a possessory sense. I meant that my name figures on the title page."

She looked at him blankly for a moment, so great was her surprise. Then, the truth dawning on her, she said—

"You! You are the author?"

CHAPTER IV.

The Danger Signal.

That she should meet a real live author, the writer of the book she was reading, was a coincidence strange enough to take Miss Mivvins' breath away. Masters saw her wonderment, smiled at it.

"Is the fact," he asked, "so difficult a thing to reconcile with my appearance?"

"Oh, no, no! How awfully rude you must think me! I meant—I mean—that I expected the author of this book to be."

Then she paused. Did not quite know what she expected or how to express herself; added lamely—

"To be much older."

"Really! I am sorry I don't come up to your age standard. Age has its privileges, but wisdom is not always

its perquisite. Why should an author be necessarily old? Surely youth is pardonable?"

She—a woman famous in her own particular circle for the coolness of her tongue—could have kicked herself. Was saying, in her unwanted nervousness, all the things she would rather have left unsaid. Angry with herself, she blurted out—

"There is not, of course, any earthly reason why. It was purely my utter stupidity."

He smiled at the flush on her cheek; a smile conformed up by his admiration of it, said merrily—

"Here have I been peacocking around, with a sort of metaphorical feather in my cap. Flattering my vanity, applying the flatteringunction to my soul—rubbing it in several doses per diem—that no author of my age has turned out so many volumes. Let with one breath you blow that feather clean away."

She could not resist laughing at his mock despair. Became at her ease once more, said—

"Indeed not! I don't what prompted me to say what I did. As to this book—"

"No! Don't! Please don't give me your opinion of it!"

His interruption was a continuance of his burlesque melodramatic style. She did not quite know how to take him; said—

"You mean you would not value my opinion?"

That was disconcerting. Sobered him in a minute. He knew quite well the kind of value he would be likely to put on any opinion of hers—concerning himself.

"Oh, so!" His answer was spoken earnestly. "I do not mean."

I meant that my name figures on the title page. But she interrupted him. In her nervousness felt that whilst her tongue was in action it would help to keep the helm the right way; said—

"Why should you? A stranger's opinion would necessarily be valueless. You know nothing of me."

The deafness of those who will not hear is proverbial. The underlying earnestness in the tone of his reply should have warned her.

"Aren't you going just a trifle too far?" he asked. "We are not quite strangers. True, I know nothing of you—except that you are Miss Mivvins."

An irresistible smile accompanied his words. His smile—and his laugh too—were capable of creating many friends. But he did not allow them to. His views on the subject were cynical in the extreme.

His smile was infectious. Once more those alluring dimples which he had noticed at their first meeting deepened in her face.

"It is distinctly more my misfortune than my fault," he continued, "that I know so little of you. May I

say—with an absence of fear of your thinking me impertinent—that I should like, much like, to know more of you?"

The flush, that becoming flush, on her cheek again. The eyes were fringed over by those long lashes of hers as she cast them groundwards. Just a blend of trouble in her look as she queried—

"Why?"

He liked the pink showing on the white. Colours inspire some men. Perhaps the combination in her face inspired him. Anyway, there was more vigour and determination in his voice as he answered—

"Yes."

She, dallying, as a woman will, quite well knew that there was a spark. That it would burst into flame, chose she to fan it; gained time by asking—

"He vaulted on his hobby horse. The question was a stirrup helping him to the saddle."

"Because I—may say I—hail you in a measure as a kindred soul."

She lifted her eyes; he could not fail to read the astonishment in them; continued—

"You are here in October, and you don't look bored. Don't look as if life held no further charm for you. You do not follow the fashionable derring of the place simply because it is out of fashion—because it is October."

She smiled. Encouraged by it, he continued, in the same strain—

"You are always alone, yet you state the impression that you are happy. You don't seem to sign for bands of music, to hanker after a crowded promenade. You find existence possible without a shoal of people to help you pass your time."

She smiled broadly into a laugh; said—

"This time at herself—at his description of her; she asked—

"And those—shall I call them unusually—characteristics in a woman interest you?"

"Why?"

She put the question with a little nervousness, brief of that eagerness of his.

"Because—well, let me say by sheer force of contrast. In those respects, Heaven be thanked you are not as other women."

The amused look had not left her face. It lingered in the upward curve of the corners of her eyes.

"So you prefer eccentric women," he said.

She could not resist just a trace of mischief in the tone of her query. He answered—

"Heaven forbid! I see nothing eccentric in the attributes I have allotted to you. They are refreshingly good to a thirsty soul."

The amusement and mischief tones left her voice. She asked demurely—

"Are you thirsty?"

"Parched! I confess I am. I have just escaped from the dead level of dry conventionality. That arid desert, the Sahara of Society. Its womenkind are my abomination."

She looked a little amused. As if not appreciating his description.

"I have heard it rumoured, Mr. Masters, that you fly from London to escape Society's attentions."

(To be continued.)

### The Bad Cold of To-day May Be Pneumonia Tomorrow.

The Sore Throat or Ticking Cough that, to the careless, seems but a temporary and trivial annoyance, may develop into Bronchitis. Every hour delayed in curing a cold is dangerous.

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contains all the lung-healing virtues of the pine tree, and is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, and all throat and lung troubles. Miss Bertha E. Craig, Almont, Ont., says: "Last fall, for over two months, I had a very bad cold, and although I tried several remedies, it seemed as if I was getting worse instead of better. While looking over the Burdock Blood Bitters Almanac, I read about Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and decided to give it a trial. When I had used about half a bottle, I found it was doing me good, so kept on until I had taken two bottles. It is the best cure for a cold I ever heard of."

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### TO BE WELL CONNECTED.

Michigan Central Proposes a Tunnel and G. T. R. a Bridge Between Detroit and Windsor.

Montreal, Feb. 2.—(Special)—Approval of the suggestion reported from Detroit that the Michigan Central propose constructing a tunnel under the Detroit river between the cities of Detroit and Windsor. It is stated on exceptionally good authority, at the head office of the G. T. R., in this city, that should this plan be carried out, the latter company will build the bridge which it has been proposed for some time should span the river in that vicinity.

### A NEW SUN SPOT.

Chicago Astronomer Discovers a Disc on Old Sol 8,000 Miles Wide.

Chicago, Feb. 2.—A sun spot believed to be one of the largest and best defined ever observed has been discovered by Prof. A. H. Cole, a local astronomer. Projected through a small opera glass on a sheet of white paper a disc measuring six inches in diameter was disclosed. Mathematical calculations proved that the spot on the surface of the sun was one tenth of its total diameter or over 8,000 miles in its widest part. This spot is egg shaped and can be easily discerned through a smoked glass. It is situated east of the central portion of the sun and today would be almost in the middle of the luminary. The spot will be visible for seven days.

### Everyone With Sore Throat

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