

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16 1905.

Prince Charlie.

By BURFORD DELANNOY.

(Continued.)
 She put the question tremblingly, holding the glass to her lips with a quivering hand.
 "At once."
 A feeling of anger took possession of him; that she could put such a question, he continued—
 "How can you ask?"
 Her only answer was a soulful, pleading cry; a cry from her heart—
 "Thank God!"
 He was feeling himself considerably less of a hero than on the last occasion of their meeting. But this was not a time for thought, as he opened the door he said, almost gently—
 "You see my way?"
 There was quite light enough shed by the moon for that, and there was light enough for her to see the very sound of his voice told her that, was an inspiration in itself. Making her way to the hall door she staggered out, down the little stone flight to the pavement.
 "You see the bottom step, he had turned down the lamp, closed the door and joined her.
 "Take my arm. . . . Cling to me tightly. You are not fit to walk alone."
 And she stung. Forget all he had said to her. Just had something strong and powerful to cling to in her time of trouble, and she clung. Her heart beat so as to pain her. She heard him speak and spoke to him in reply. But all the while her heart was full of prayers of gratitude. God had been very good to her.
 Every step they took brought them nearer the bungalow. Near the realization of hopes upon which she had almost erected a monument. She knew—felt rather—her certain that he would save Gracie. Faith was strong in her.
 He kept her talking all the way they walked. Thought to divert her mind from thoughts of the sick chamber they were coming to. But she wanted to think of it, there was happiness in the thought. Her companion's voice rang so cheerily—it gave her hope. There seemed magic in it, power to dispel doubts and fears.
 "What did you mean by a girl and a message you sent half-an-hour ago? My landlady went to bed about nine o'clock. There has not been a soul near the house since."
 "A mistake evidently." She answered feebly. Was too fatigued to seek explanation. He was there, going home with her—that was enough.
 "In some way, yes. But there was no mistake in your thinking me capable of such brutality as—"
 He stopped. Recollected the words

he had himself used to her in this anger at their last meeting. She was entitled to judge him so; was fully justified. The reflection was bitter as gall.
 She had no suspicion why he paused. Had she known, her answer might have been different. As it might have been different, his whole nature.
 "Please don't be angry with me." He strode on. It was all she could do to keep up with him. His anxiety was to get where he might be of help, he forgot; he had had so little to do with women.
 They reached the bungalow. Dressed themselves of their outdoor garments in the hall. The house was so quiet, death himself might have been in possession. It struck an unpleasant chill to the new comer.
 Then he followed her to the sick room.

CHAPTER XVI. God's Little Boy.

Gracie was sitting up in bed, propped up by the pillows. Masters have a sigh of relief; they were not too late. Death might be knocking at the door, but had not yet been admitted.
 The child looked expectantly at the checks and eyes were bright with the fever in them. Then the expectant look melted into a smile. She had seen the man behind!
 "I know you would come, Prince Charlie!"
 "Of course you did. Knew I should come when I knew you wanted me. I shouldn't have been much of a Prince Charlie if I hadn't, should I?"
 Masters sat on the bed with his arm round the little one, and snuggled her to him. She nestled up to him with a cry—a little grunting ejaculation of content—she tucked the clothes closely round her. Did not seem to desire to talk, was just simply happy in having him there. He inquired—
 "Condy?"
 "Awful!"
 He was grieved to feel how she had fallen away. How, in a few days, she had grown so thin. For the mother's and child's sakes, he made no outward manifestation of his grief; expressed no surprise. He felt that, his mission was just, then was to brighten, not to shed gloom. Spoke jestingly—
 "Now that Prince Charlie is here, what have you to say to his royal highness? Nothing?"

"I dreamed a dream, Prince Charlie!"
 "Oh!"
 "Yes. That you were married to me; that you were my husband."
 "Did you? Now that was something like a dream! What sort of husband did I make?"
 "I don't know. You see the dream didn't last long enough."
 "That was a bad job! Because if you had liked me in a dream, you might have married me later on."
 "I thought that." She spoke quite gravely. "But you see I know I should like you as a husband."
 "I am glad you think that."
 "Who asks? Do you say to me 'marry me,' or do I say to you 'marry me'?"
 "Well, that depends. I really don't think it would matter much; which ever way you like best."
 "Of course, you would marry me if I asked you? What do I have to do to kneel down like the Prince in Cinderella?"
 "That is the really proper way, wouldn't it? Then I think you could manage without kneeling."
 "I see. I could put on my black dress, though. It's got some sticky stuff I split down the front."
 "But I am afraid before this marriage takes place you will have to grow a little older."
 "Of course!"
 She essayed a laugh. The mother pricked up her ears; it was the first time the sound of laughter had come from those lips for many an hour; the child continued—
 "No—no, I forgot that I am so silly as to think I can be married in short frocks, do you? What an old goose you are! Of course, I mean when I am bigger and wear a train."
 "I see. Do you think the black dress will grow too?"
 "No—no, I forgot that—that's my fault. But you promised."
 "Why certainly. I most cheerfully promise that I will marry you, if you ask me when you are a big girl."
 "A real, real promise?"
 "A most really, real, realist of real promises. If you ask me when you are a big girl, to marry you, I promise you I will."
 She sighed contentedly. Nestling to him, closed her eyelids as she said—
 "People go away for honey-moons, don't they?"

He smiled. Gathered that she had confused names by reading the label on his tobacco packet. She had soon him fill his pouch, and clamoured for the silver paper to make impressions of coins on. To her huge satisfaction had more than once induced him to pick up her cottage in the belief that they were real.
 "Yes," he answered. "It is usual for married persons to go away. We must consider where we will spend our honeymoon. You have been to the Hippodrome, haven't you?"
 Her eyes opened, sparkling at the recollection. The dream were banished for a moment, as she answered—
 "Twice! That's where I saw Cinderella!"
 "That wouldn't be altogether a bad place for a honeymoon, would it? Then there's the Zoo—how about that?"
 "Lovely! You are a very dear old Prince Charlie. I think if I couldn't marry you I would marry anybody. I am sorry for all the other little girls that can't marry you. You know lots of little girls, don't you?"
 "Yes. But then you are my real sweetheart, you know."
 "I'm glad. 'Cos you can't marry more than one, can you? I hope the other little girls won't cry, all the same."
 "I don't think they will. Some of them are bigger than you; have given on crying."
 "Oh, big little girls cry! But they don't make a noise and they don't like you to see. I've seen mamma shush 'em!"
 Prince Charlie was silent; he too had seen the mother's tears. The child prattled on—
 "We shall have to go all the way to Heaven when we are married, shan't we?"
 He wondered what childish idea could prompt such a question, asked—
 "What makes you think that, darling?"
 "When we went to church last Sunday—no, it was the Sunday before, the man in the white dress said so."
 "Did he?"
 "Yes, he did really. I heard him quite plainly. He said 'marriage is made in heaven.' Is heaven very, very beautiful, Prince Charlie?"
 "Much more beautiful than we can even think it is, darling."
 "All the good girls go there, don't they?"
 "Yes. Most certainly."
 "When doctors come to people they are ill, aren't they? And they die sometimes when they are ill, don't they?"
 "If it is now shall I they?"
 "Go right straight to Heaven, Prince Charlie!"
 The woman kneeling by the bedside turned away her head. The trembling hand found her throat and helped to stifle the sob hurrying there. Life and death were fighting for conquest. Contemplation of the battle is ever sad; sadder because the watchers can do naught to turn the yet the little one was speaking as if the Grim One's victory were assured.
 There was a little quaver, just a little huskiness, in Masters' voice, as he said—
 "Don't talk of dying, Gracie."

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A FUEL FAMINE.
 No Coal in Des Moines and Farmers are Burning Corn.

Des Moines, Ia., Feb. 15.—Continued unrelenting cold and snow which have practically put an end to business and tied up all trains entering the Des Moines and traversing the state, have placed the entire city and state at the mercy of a coal and fuel famine. But one dealer in Des Moines has hard coal for sale, and that at a price almost above the reach of the consumer. The drifts between the city and the coal fields, thereby cutting off the soft coal supplies. In many sections of the state, farmers are burning corn for fuel.

JEWISH RABBI NOT CONVINCED
 That His People Crucified Christ—Not Blameable if They Did.

Hamilton, Ont., Feb. 15.—(Special.)—Rabbi L. Weiss, in a lecture on the gulf between Christians and Jews, charged Christians with spitting blood in the Bible to show that the Jews had not crucified Christ, but even if they did he said they were more in a position of the sheriff who carried out the death warrant, God having decreed that Christ must die.

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