



(Continued.)

CHAPTER III. DEMONSTRATION.

The most horrible emotion conceivable is that which came to a London barister, who, upon returning to his lodgings late one night, opened the door and saw himself lying on his own bed. A certain trick that he had of reclining on his side, with one limb drawn up and the right hand slightly grasping the coverlet, was there. It was himself. Conscious of something frightfully wrong, he turned out, went down stairs and walked a long way in the crisp night air. When he returned, his bed showed no sign of having been occupied.

Similar were my feelings when I clasped the hand of the man that had stopped in front of me and extended his palm.

"This is not another person," I thought; "it is myself." And my shivering was intensified when he announced his name as Westcott.

By a terrific effort I held my identity of feeling and in a husky voice said: "Your name is Westcott. What are your initials?"

"H. O." "Harmon O. Westcott—I know it." "You are mistaken. It is Harold O. Westcott."

Whiff! The breath of life touched my face. Harold O. Westcott could not be Harmon O. Westcott. I was alive. It was not a morbid figment of the brain.

No individual knows precisely how his own voice sounds. It is with a strange emotion that he listens to its reproduction in the phonograph, even though it is squeaky and full of whining.

Nevertheless I knew of a verity that the voice of the man in front of me was my own.

His feelings must have been much the same, for the paling of his countenance and the working of his muscles told by what a tense effort he retained his self-control and consciousness.

"You will come with me?" he remarked, enquiringly.

"I am pleased to do so."

He wheeled squarely about and we kept pace, side by side. The walk was a brief one, but we encountered several gentlemen and a carriage containing a couple of young ladies, whom we saluted. Whether any of these persons was struck by the perfect similitude I cannot say. Probably in the brief, imperfect glances they did not notice it.

Harold O. Westcott had bachelor apartments in a fashionable quarter. His rooms were on the third floor, and we ascended to them by the elevator. Necessarily we came in contact with several individuals with whom my companion was acquainted. He exchanged a word with them and made a pleasant remark to the elevator boy.

I did not speak or look up, but kept my Derby well down over my forehead and twisted one side of my mouth, so as to change my countenance to some extent. My friend noted and understood. The expression of his face showed that he was pleased, for it might help to prevent complications.

At last we were seated face to face in his handsome apartments, and the key was turned in the lock. He extended a box of Partagas toward me, and each of us lit one.

"Shall I order some wine?"

"Thanks; I never touch it."

"Nor do I. Well, my double," he added, with a light laugh, "this beats all creation. I never saw anything like it, it is worth the minstrel's like that each of us looks more like the other than he does like himself. How old are you?"

"Twenty-three years, four months, and seventeen days."

"That makes your birthday—let me see."

He snatched a golden pencil from his vest pocket, and turning to the table at his side, figured for a moment on a bit of paper.

"Well, I'm blessed!" he exclaimed, in a frightened half-whisper. "You were born on the same day as I. I doubt not that if the truth could be known it would be found that the hour and minute of our birth were the same. Have you any living relatives?"

"I am an orphan without brother or sister. I have some distant kin, but so distant that we are strangers."

"My case precisely. Under these unprecedented circumstances we can be confidential, for are not you and I you?" he asked, with his pleasing smile. "You have more money than you know what to do with?"

"On the contrary, I have not one hundred dollars in the world."

"Ah, here, then, comes the diverging point. I am rich. As a consequence I am the prey of a lot of harpies, who make life a burden."

"Can't you say 'No' to them?"

"I do, but they won't accept it. They worry me half to death; they seem to look upon me as legitimate prey; that's one of the curses of wealth."

"I would like the pleasure of dealing with some of those fellows," I remarked, compressing my lips.

"The pleasure shall be yours, Jove!" And the mental picture of what he saw caused him to throw back his head and laugh more heartily than he had yet done.

I had been thinking hard ever since we first spoke to each other. The circumstances were so incredible, so marvelous, that I determined to make a confidant of Harold O. Westcott.

After all, was he not myself? Was it not safe to whisper my secrets to my own ear? He was eager to be confidential. Why should not I advance to meet him?

He had smoked awhile in silence, during which he eyed me with an

out observe. Holding the handle of the sword in my right hand, which I raised aloft, I placed the blade so that it rested between the fingers of my left hand. The first and third fingers were in front, with the second finger behind the blade. Holding it thus, I suddenly put forth my strength in the three fingers, so as to bring them into exact line. The blade being an obstacle thereto snapped apart like a pipe-stem, the pieces falling to the floor.

"Great Heavens," exclaimed Harold, "it is wrong to say you are as strong as Samson; you are tenfold stronger. The days of miracles have returned. I am not sure that you will not be burned as a wizard. Can it be real, or am I dreaming?"

I walked smilingly back to the smaller room where we had first seated ourselves and resumed my chair.

"I presume the demonstration is satisfactory?"

"Somewhat," he replied, quickly regarding his lightness of manner.

"You say you are poor, and yet you can become a multimillionaire in a brief time by exhibiting that awful gift of yours."

"I have been thinking of resorting to it, but dislike the publicity. It will make me a man by myself. I shall be alone in the world. I will not be regarded as a human being. I shrink from the trial."

"You shall not make it. You shall—but hold! Have you any knowledge of boxing?"

"A fair knowledge—enough for all purposes."

Harold struck his knee with a resounding slap, and laughed.

"By Jove, you shall go with me tonight."

"I am at your service."

(To be Continued.)

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PERSONALITIES.

General Kostaro Kristos, the chief of the Cretan insurgents, is 100 years of age, and is said to have the fire and enthusiasm of a youth of 20.

California claims the largest boy of his age in the world. His name is John Bardin. He is 15 years old, 6 feet 5 inches tall, and weighs 220 pounds.

Mme. Blanche Marchesi, a daughter of the noted teacher of that name, and among the most successful concert singers, recently shared the honors with Paderewski in a London philharmonic.

Commodore Albert Kautz of the navy, who has just been promoted to that grade by the president, is a brother of the late General Kautz. He it was who succeeded in bringing about the first exchange of prisoners in the civil war.

Physicians are gradually coming to the front in politics. There are now two in the senate, Gallinger of New Hampshire and Deboe, just elected from Kentucky. Hunter, who narrowly missed the Kentucky prize, is also a physician.

Ex-Governor Barleigh of Maine is 53 years old and has a family of which he is proud. His wife is a woman of great mental force and is in thorough sympathy with her husband in all his business ventures. They have three sons and three daughters.

Count Albert De Mun, the leader of the Catholic party in the French chamber of deputies, who has just been elected to fill Jules Simon's seat in the French academy, is a great-grandson of Helvetius, the revolutionary philosopher, and a grandson of Mme. De Stael.

Judge Advocate Samuel T. Shaylor of Jacksonville, Fla., while sitting on a wharf during a court martial recess, found in the hem of his trousers a \$75 diamond ring. He had purchased the trousers a year ago of Captain Letter of Sanford, Fla., but had not had occasion before to use them.

Among the steerage passengers who arrived in Philadelphia recently was a Chinaman named Go Hang. Knowing that he would be debarred from landing on account of his nationality, he earnestly declared that he was 'Irish,' but he failed to convince the officials of the truth of his statement.

Lindsays throughout the world are invited to form a clan association by a circular signed by the Earls of Crawford and Balcarres and of Lindsay, by their sons, Lord Balcarres and Viscount Garnock, and by Lord Wantage. There are families of Lindsays in the United States near to the line of succession of the Scottish peerage.

Ex-President Harrison is now the only survivor of the remarkable group of statesmen and political leaders prominent in Indiana and national politics since the war. The others were Senator Oliver P. Morton, Governor Porter, Secretary of State Gresham, Governor Gray, Senator McDowell, Senator Voorhees and Vice President Hendricks.

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Advertisement for Castoria, featuring the signature of Dr. J. C. H. Fletcher and the text 'SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF CASTORIA'. It lists various ailments it treats like constipation and loss of sleep.

Advertisement for Quickheal, with the headline 'If Horses Could Talk' and 'Quickheal--'. It claims to cure scratches, galls, and sores on horses.

Advertisement for Burglars Wanted, featuring the text 'BURGLARS WANTED.' and 'T. A. McLEAN'. It offers a reward for information on a burglar who broke into a safe.

Advertisement for London House, featuring the text 'LONDON HOUSE' and 'SWEATERS'. It promotes men's and boys' bicycle hose and good stock at cheap prices.