

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into the ward of the whitewashed walls... Matted and damp are the curls of gold... Kissed the snow of that fair young brow...

RUNAWAYS.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

You may think it queer that I cannot give you the real names of the principal actors in the drama I am about to relate...

The Count D'Charny, as I will call him, was an old man with a young wife. That his honor was safe in her hands he never for an instant doubted...

For a year he lived in Paris in the most expensive manner and danced attendance on the countess. Then they agreed to elope together, and their plans were carried out in the coolest and most businesslike manner...

Meanwhile Kane had gone to England and purchased a large and handsome schooner yacht and given out that he was going on a long pleasure cruise to the Indian Ocean...

One afternoon in June the master of the Sylph, as the schooner was called, came aboard with his wife, and a great lot of baggage followed...

Two hours after their arrival the vessel sailed, and she had been gone three days when the Count D'Charny turned up at Cherbourg with three or four friends and began an investigation...

If she had run away with a Frenchman, it might have been different, but she had gone with an Englishman, and he hated the English with all his heart...

Lying in the same harbor, with her cargo just discharged, was the American bark Meteor, of which I was second mate. The Meteor was one of the fastest craft afloat at the time...

The idea was to go in pursuit of the Sylph, taking the count and his friends along, and to cruise until we found her. We might be gone a month or a year...

By the count's orders we shipped a crew of 22.

While we were getting water and provisions aboard carpenters were at work in the cabin, a gun was being mounted on deck, and cutlasses and muskets were brought aboard to arm the crew...

It was a foolish idea in the count to chase his wife under any circumstances, but here he was, an old man, lame, ill and had never even crossed the channel...

He had two friends and a doctor with him, and it was his lavish use of money which prepared us for sea so quickly.

The elopers had a fast craft, plenty of money and would not be overhauled if they could help it. The count had plenty of money, a craft equally as fast and had vowed to hunt them down if it took five years...

"Bound for the Indian ocean" meant a great deal, and yet it meant nothing. It meant a run of thousands of miles down the coast, around the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, India or a dozen other places...

As soon as we were clear of the land all sail was piled on to the bark, with orders to furl nothing except to save her sticks. For 36 hours we ran to the south in a gale of wind which kept her lee rail under the foam...

She was still four days ahead of us. But for this information we should have touched at the islands to make inquiries and thus lost another day. As it was we gave the bark all the sail she could stagger under...

We might run a parallel course with him for a week and neither craft sight the other. We might pass him by in the night, or we might shorten sail while he cracked on. Luck was with us, however...

Just before sundown next day we caught sight of a sail ahead of us which we believed to be the schooner, and that night none of our passengers slept. You know how excitable the French are...

We meant to gain on her that night, but not too much, as it was dark and rainy and we feared to overrun her. Men were on watch aloft and aloft all night, and when morning came the Sylph was dead ahead...

It was said that the erring wife was

our chronometer was out of order. If she lay to the captain would board her with three or four men and seek to detain her until the count could follow...

With a man like the count to back him our captain did not hesitate to open fire on the other craft, and she was struck twice before she got out of range. The count was on deck and fair to be seen and on our side we plainly saw Kane and the countess aboard of the schooner...

From 7 o'clock in the morning until night closed down each craft held its own, neither losing nor gaining by a hundred feet. We knew that she would seek to escape us during the night, and but few men slept...

That was the beginning of a race which had its end weeks later at a point thousands of miles away. When sailing close hauled, the schooner had the heels of us, but we could beat her on any other wind...

In those long weeks he could have evaded us a dozen times over, but he had nailed his flag to the mast, as it were. He gave orders to set the schooner's course and keep it and to pay no attention to us...

One day he would forgive his wife and the next he would be impatient to take her life. He never faltered in his intention to kill the Englishman, however. That was what he lived for and what held him up...

The countess is aboard of the schooner. You have followed us for weeks. If you wish for satisfaction, you have only to row ashore and Mr. Kane will give it to you...

By and by the two men took their places, the word was given and they fired together. The count was unhurt, but his bullet penetrated Kane's heart, and the Englishman was dead before he reached the ground...

It was said that the erring wife was forgiven and that she expressed all proper humility and returned to Paris to live with her husband, but I cannot vouch for this...

Conversion by Marriage.

A correspondent sends a story about a conversion by marriage. A colored woman came to his office to solicit 5 and 10 cent subscriptions for a new carpet and organ for her church...

A certain governor of Rhode Island who lived in Newport and was a member of the Congregational church married a woman who was a Baptist without any understanding as to the arrangement of religious matters...



"A woman's rank lies in the fullness of her womanhood." A sick woman, a nervous woman, a fretful woman, a woman who suffers from weakness and disease...

who never knows the caressing touch of a first-born's fingers, cannot know the full measure of happiness possible to a woman. There are thousands of unhappy women who go through life without knowing the supreme happiness of motherhood...

"I miscarried four times," writes Mrs. Florence Hunter, of Corley, Logan Co., Ark. "Then, after taking four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription I made my husband a present of a fine, healthy girl."

Parchment Paper.

Parchment paper may best be softened by spreading or rubbing with or dipping into a mixture of glycerin and calcium chloride, which will affect not merely the surface, but enter the pores...

A Study of Love.

Love between a man and a woman of equal mind is like fluid in a U tube—always at a level in the two arms. Great love on one side and little love on the other exists only in novels...

Necessary Material.

"Yes, I've got lots of fresh material for my new story." "What is it?" "Pens, ink and paper"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The city of Banian, in Great Bucharla, is cut in the side of a mountain. There are 17,000 artificial caves, some very large, and two statues, one 90 and the other 20 feet high, each hewn from a single stone.

Chimneys were unknown to the ancients and are not mentioned by any Greek or Roman architect. A hole in the roof let out the smoke.

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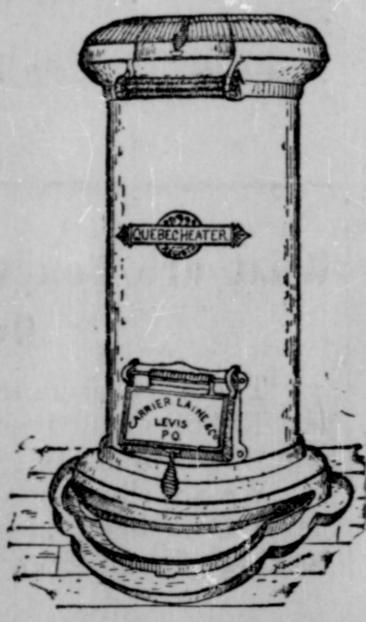
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