

The Prince of a Hundred Years

A Love Story

By AGNES G. BROGAN

A very young girl stood before a mirror putting the last touches to her toilet. A card bearing a man's name lay on the dresser before her. She was preparing to go down to see him, but the preparation was rather for delay than for her adornment.

She knew very well for what he had come. He had been to see her often before for the same purpose. He had offered her his love. She had neither declined nor accepted him. She had not declined him because she was not sure but that she would regret having done so if she did, and she had not accepted him because it did not seem to her that she felt a change which she considered would come over her once she had been stricken by the little god.

When she could think of nothing more to add to her toilet, when she had for the last time adjusted the rose in her hair, smoothed away a crease here and there in her costume, she placed her hand upon the doorknob and stood irresolute.

"What shall I say to him?" She could not decide. Turning, she looked through the window and saw a peaceful garden. And there, too, in the garden was a woman.

The very young girl burst tempestuously into the peaceful garden, and her eyes were bright with tears.

"I came for a sight of you, Felice," she said. "to calm my troubled spirit. It is Billie again, of course, and he will have his answer. Now, how is a girl to be sure of her heart who has not seen the world? One might say yes today and be filled with regret tomorrow.

"Oh, for a sign by which we women might know our own true prince when he comes! You remember the olden fairy tales, and your gift for making different stories of each to satisfy my demand for 'just one more?' Always I found you here among your fellows, Felice, understanding of each rebellious, childish mood.

"Well, I'm a rebellious child again today, and I will rest my wayward head upon your dear shoulder while you weave for me a new version of—shall it be 'The Sleeping Princess and the Prince Who Awakened Her After a Hundred Years?'"

Musingly the woman smiled; then low she told the story:

"The princess sat high on the garden wall while her golden tresses streamed out in the breeze like a shimmering fan. Upon her gleaming crown was perched saucily a soldier's cap, and from beneath its brim she glanced half shyly, half daringly, at the young prince beside her.

"An you wear my cap," he warned, "I shall surely steal a kiss!"

"With a soft mirthful laugh the girl sprang to the ground.

"Never in all your life," she mocked, "shall you kiss me."

"For a moment their eyes met steadily, his gravely pleading, hers bright, yet fearful; then the girl ran swiftly down the path.

"Charmed, intent, the prince gazed after her departing figure; then from its case came his violin, while the unspoken longings which he himself had hardly known breathed forth in music.

"From her hiding place the girl watched him, gloried in the sweet seriousness of his eyes, the firm cut of his youthful chin, delighted in the straight forelock which her theft of his cap left uncovered.

"When as the music quivered to a minor key, slowly the girl crept back to sit at his side. Hand in hand they lingered, while the young, pale moon rose in the sky.

"Tomorrow you will come again?" pleaded the prince at parting.

"Overcome by a new and inexplicable shyness the princess shook her head. "Tomorrow I shall have duties," she told him.

"So while the roses bloomed and the bees droned in the garden, there the young prince waited his lady's pleasure, glad for a smile that she gave him, silent before her tauntings, speaking his love in music.

"And, as in teasing mood, the princess danced from him one day down the winding path toward the river, she came upon another youth, one who bowed low before her, as a subject salutes his princess, one whose eyes were filled with a worshipful adoration, which the prince's eyes, in all their tenderness, had never shown.

"The princess motioned to the youth to rise from his place at her feet, and her heart was filled with the spirit of adventure.

"Come," she said, "you shall teach me to row your boat on the river and shall gather for me lilies out far, where I cannot reach them."

"And as the youth bent eagerly to his oars she was gay and friendly and kind as she had never been in the presence of the prince.

"Your eyes," the youth reverently told her, "are blue as the sky at early evening; your hair is like a cloth of gold; your lips have stolen their crimson from the berries."

"And the princess smiled and was pleased, for the prince had never told her any of these things.

"I love you," said the youth, "and you love me, and we must speedily be married."

"Are you quite sure," she asked him, "that I do love you?"

"Quite sure," he answered firmly. "And as he went all joyfully up the path from the river he saw the prince there in the sleepy garden, his violin locked silent in its case.

"I am to marry the princess," the youth cried jubilantly, "for though I am but a humble subject she loves me royally."

"She loves you?" the prince repeated, and his words were like a sighing breath.

"Then dumbly he sat down to wait, and later, when the princess found him there, a great hunger came over her to go and sit at his side, to fold her little fingers up in the clasp of his strong hand, to hear again the message of his music. Yet when he asked abruptly, 'You are to marry the youth?' she remembered that the prince had never really spoken love, had never praised the beauty of her eyes. And in that strange and sudden perversity which his nearness seemed to provoke the princess tossed her head.

"Yes, I am to marry the youth," she taunted. "I am to marry the youth."

"She watched him pass through the little gate in the hedge wondering how soon, how very soon, he must come back.

"But the prince did not come. The summer moon turned into a round, red harvest moon; the rides upon the river grew tiresome; the water lilies were all gone. Pettishly the princess turned one day from regarding the youth.

"I am so tired of it all," she said, "and I'm vastly tired of you."

"To the heart of the wildwood then she wandered that the youth might not seek her there, and here half buried by the brown leaves on the ground reclined the figure of another man.

"He was studiously intent, she noticed, upon a book spread out before him, and even the rustling of her draperies failed to attract his attention. Interested, the princess came nearer, peering over his shoulder; still the man remained absorbed. Willfully she broke a branch above his head, awaiting his startled glance.

"Absently the man looked up into her face; then with a frown of annoyance resumed his study. In anger the princess stamped her foot.

"You are my subject," she cried, "and ignore my presence. You pay no homage to my power."

"As though reluctant the man closed his book.

"I serve as a student, madam," he replied, "and must therefore devote every moment to study."

"Suddenly the princess leaned toward him with an alluring smile. 'You must also,' she said, 'serve me.' So piqued by his indifference, she came each day to charm the student from his purpose. And as they strolled together through the shaded paths he unfolded to her the secret of each leaf and flower.

"When I have finished my course," said the student, "you shall love me forever and ever."

"But now in the moment of her triumph the princess turned coldly aside. With thoughtful brows she walked back through the wood. To those who appeared now and then and here and there and would have walked at her side she gravely shook her head.

"For," she said, "I would rather go my way alone."

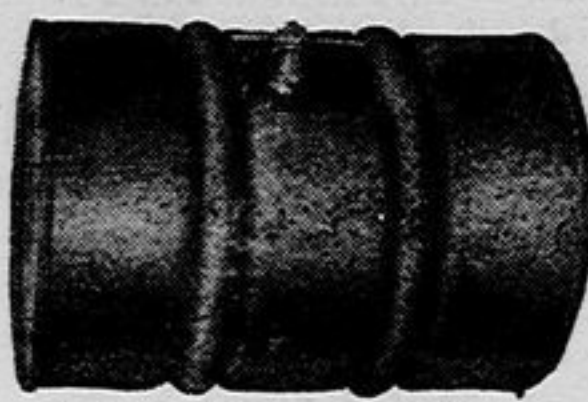
"Just as the afternoon was drawing to a close and the sun was going down gloriously beyond the old wall she slipped through the little gate into her own home garden.

"A scarlet drooping vine, a haunting sound of melody, seemed to recall some vaguely pleasant recollection. But the princess was now too tired to remember; so, being quite alone and among the nodding flowers—"

"The voice of the speaker trailed off dreamily. "Yes," prompted the girl.

"The princess fell asleep," the woman went on—she smiled wistfully—"asleep, I think, for a hundred years."

Coal Oil



15c Per Gallon in 40 Gal. Steel Drums

We handle our Coal Oil with self-measuring Bowser pumps. They guarantee full measure. They save the best part of the oil from evaporation. We take special care in selling an oil that makes a pure white light with no smoke.

A.S. HUNTER & SON THE BIG HARDWARE STORE

"When the prince returned to awaken her heart," the girl added. The woman smiled and sighed.

"True, princess do not always come back," she said.

Laughing, the girl jumped to her feet. "You are in league with Billie!" she accused.

Slowly the gate in the hedge swung inward to admit a man's tall, soldierly figure. With hat held well out from his straight white forelock, he advanced toward Miss Felice.

"You have forgotten me perhaps?" he asked slowly. "But I should have known you among all the world. Time with you, as with the old garden, seems to have stood still, yet many years have passed, years with me absorbed in music, its study and its triumph. When I thought of you it was always—as the wife of another man. Last night only upon returning to my own land I knew." He paused abruptly to put forth supplicating hands.

"Felice," he breathed. Still the woman stood motionless, unmoved, as one in a dream.

With a little cry the girl rushed forward. "I thought I knew your face, professor," she said. "Last night I was there, at your wonderful concert. Oh, won't you play for us now?"

A moment the musician hesitated, looking into the unresponsive eyes of the woman, then his fingers caressed the old violin; a melody filled the air.

The girl, lingering beside the hedge, watched breathlessly. She saw the face of her friend upraised in radiant, glowing wonder, the other bent so tenderly above it. Then the very young girl stepped out of the garden, softly closing the gate behind her. "The Prince of a Hundred Years," she said.

HOLSTEIN

Elwin Klempf and sister Clara of Lunenburg, are spending a few days with old friends here.

Harry Durant and wife and brother John arrived Friday last and will spend part of the winter in the village.

Ab. Hunt and wife of Palmerston spent Sunday with his parents. The township fathers met on Monday for regular business. We understand a grant of \$200 was made for January. It is hoped that at their next meeting they will continue the

Flesherton

Mr. E. Moys blacksmith, at D. McTavish's, met with a great loss last week in the loss of his right eye. A piece of iron being worked on the anvil flew up striking him in the face and inflicting such injury to the eye as to necessitate its removal. Geo. McTavish accompanied Mr. Moys to Owen Sound Hospital where the operation was performed and where the patient will be confined for some time. Mr. Moys came recently from Bannir where his wife still resides.

Mrs. T. Brady, of London, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Wright, here, has in the absence of her husband overseas in defence of the Empire, returned to teaching this year at Cherry Grove school, 4 miles from Markdale.

Mr. Mark Wilson and family were at Mount Zion, Glenelg, on Sunday attending the funeral of Mrs. Wilson's mother who passed away on Friday last at a ripe age.

Mrs. (Rev) Dudgeon was called to Toronto last week to attend the funeral of her sister who died suddenly leaving a family of six young children.

Mrs. C. H. Munshaw has moved to reside with her mother in her home in the village.

Born on Tuesday, January 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. Will Johnson, Toronto line, a son.

Rev. H. E. Wellwood, who was pastor in the Methodist Church here before going to Sunderland nearly four years ago, is invited to Aurora to succeed Dr. Daniels, Aurora is a desirable charge.

On Friday last we were rung up and had a pleasant hour chat with our old time friend, W. F. Doll, of New York, who was passing through Toronto. It was the 40th anniversary of Mr. Doll's settling here where he built up a successful jewelry business. He regretted time did not permit a look in on the old town and old friends with whom pleasant years were spent.

Miss Kindree, of Winchester, is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. S. White.

Rev. A. McVicar attended meeting of Presbytery at Orangeville on Tuesday.

Miss Holmes and Miss Dafeo who were unable to take their work at the High School last week, have recovered and resumed their duties on Monday.

Mr. A. Brooks, of Harriston, joined his wife last week visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Quigg here.

Union weekly prayer meetings are being held by the churches here this month. The first of the series held last week in the Presbyterian Church was well attended.

Miss Maud Boyd is presiding at the pipe organ in the Methodist Church this month in the absence of Miss Plewes on a holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. LeGard, of Glen-

grant. Mrs. Hodgson of Detroit spent the week end with Miss E. Sharp. R. M. Tribe spent the week end in Toronto.

Robt. Eccles of the 118th Battalion was home on Saturday last before leaving London for overseas. The National Service cards are being largely signed in this vicinity.

side, Saskatchewan are visiting relatives in this place and vicinity.

Mr. A. Munshaw, who was seized with a stroke a few weeks ago, is making improvement and is now able to sit up a short time each day.

Many in the community have been suffering from gripe and severe colds and your correspondent is among the victims.

Mr. W. A. Hawkin, Secretary of East Grey Agricultural Society, is busy winding up the past year's work and making ready for the annual meeting on the 18th inst.

Artemesia council and our village council held their inaugural meetings for the year on Monday the former

throughout the day and the latter in the evening.

Mr. Oshwell Whitten, of Toronto, spent a short holiday here at the home of Reeve McTavish.

Mrs. Jas. Paton was at Durham on Tuesday.

The death last week after a brief illness of Mr. R. A. Nisbet, whose sole merchant Toronto, was a shock to his old-time friends, Mr. M. K. Richardson and the writer, here, Mr. Nesbit, who was for many years a well known traveller on this line, was a most likeable man, a gentleman of the finest type. The friends he made here regret his death and deeply sympathize with his family in their loss.

CHIROPRACTIC

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SCIENCE. THE ONLY METHOD EVER DISCOVERED FOR ERADICATION OF DISEASE BY GOING DIRECTLY TO THE CAUSE. A NEW ROAD TO HEALTH.

A Subluxated vertebra causes Pressure upon the nerve, interrupting Normal Nerve Supply. This will weaken the Tissue or Organ supplied, and the Result is Disease. A Chiropractor Adjusts the offending Bone to Normal Position, relieving Nerve Pressure, thus removing the Cause, so Nature can Restore Health.

FREE Any of the following books will be mailed absolutely Free upon request, or may be obtained by calling at the office:

- | No. | Title. | No. | Title. |
|-----|---------------------------------------|-----|--------------------------------|
| 1 | Chiropractic and Woman. | 9 | Chiropractic and Rheumatism. |
| 2 | Chiropractic and Children. | 10 | Chiropractic and Gout. |
| 3 | Chiropractic, a preventive of Disease | 11 | Chiropractic and Appendicitis |
| 4 | Chiropractic in Acute Cases | 12 | Chiropractic and Heart Trouble |
| 5 | Chiropractic in Chronic Cases | 13 | Chiropractic and Diabetes. |
| 6 | Chiropractic and the Liver | 14 | Chiropractic and Bronchitis |
| 7 | Chiropractic and the Stomach | 15 | Chiropractic and Gall Stones |
| 8 | Chiropractic and the Intestines | 16 | Chiropractic and Asthma. |

If you are Sick and have Tried Everything Else and Received No Benefit Try Spinal Adjustments of DR. WM. McCUTCHEON and Get Well

CHIROPRACTIC PHYSICIAN Cor. Main and Birmingham Sts., Mt. Forest, Ont.

At Middaugh House Durham

TUES., THURS., SAT., of Each week

1 to 3 p. m.

Large Sales

Small Profits

McKECHNIES' WEEKLY NEWS

Wishing Everybody A Happy and Prosperous New Year

G. & J. McKechnie

Departmental Store, Durham

AT THE Hahn House, DURHAM

Wednesday, January 17

Dorenwend's OF TORONTO



Canada's foremost hairgoods manufacturers will exhibit for your inspection their finished & latest hair creations in Ladies'

Switches, Coronet and Fancy Braids Pompadours,

Transformations, Chignons, Waves, Bangs and

FOR BALD MEN

TOUPEES AND WIGS of hygienic and scientific construction that are as life-like as nature, cannot be detected from a person's own hair, and will render long service and satisfaction. They make the appearance years younger and improve the health by the protection they offer.

A Demonstration of any of these Hair-Structures is Free of Charge. It will not obligate you in any way.

Remember the Date WEDNESDAY, JAN'Y 17

DORENWEND'S

Head Office and Showrooms 105 Yonge St., TORONTO



NEW

This is no See Mrs. A last page of

Mr. John E. near Walker

Mrs. R. E. Owen Sound days.

We have a that will int on last page

Miss L. M. is spending sister, Mrs. V.

House for roomed house; large st house: on E Apply to Ja

Brampton ed Monday

The estimate only \$12,000 of the fire

We have a excellent note to match. The material, but are to be pa be found re

Mr. and M two children visiting her Watt, and h Connor. Th about the fi

A despatch dated Janua are coming i several ha from Hanov the county. ceived notice to be Lieute new Grey b

The teache contributed riotic Fund. decision at when it wa each should based on a Some have d the amount as we know tried to eva

Smith Bros sale of Ford week they g making 15 their contrad 48 cars dur 1916. to Aug Catton boug touring cars of Dornoch, a Ford for recently pu

The Reinh Co. of Toro signment. tablished a ago, with Mr. Lothair port brewer, knowledge o many. At o output amos present embu ted to the

A box soci Rocky Saug January 26. in preparatio provided fra ladies with b likely to bid leave the pe o'clock, and ment will r town. Adm ing boxes. f Cross. Ampl be provided

The seven of the agen the Renfrew was held be New Year's conference, day morning a big banqu frew on Th itors number and repres Mr. F. D. Vi is the gene gives a loc annual fun Renfrew M write-up co