My Friend The Chauffeur.

By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON, Authors of ..THE.. Lightning Conductor ..THE.. Princess Passes, ETC.

(Continued).

We skimmed past Englishmen and English or American girls in Panama hats, on their way to bathe or play tennis; on all hands we heard the English tongue. Skirting the Old Town, piled high upon its narrow nose of land, we entered the East Bay, and so climbed up to the French side of Pont St. Louis.

"Now for some red tape," explained Terry. "When I came to the Riviera this season I had no idea of going further, and I'm sorry to say I left my papers in London, where apparently they've disappeared. But as the Countess doesn't care to come back into France, I hope it won't matter much."

As he spoke, a douanier lounged out of his little whitewashed lair, and asked for that which Terry had just said he had not.

"I have no papers," Terry informed him, with a smile so agreeable that one hoped it might take away the sting.

"But you intend to return to France?" persisted the official, who evidently gave even a foreigner credit for wishing to rush back to the best country on earth with as little delay as possible.

"No," said Terry apologetically. "We are on our way to Italy and Austria, and may go eventually to England by the Hook of Holland."

The douanier gave us up as hopeless, with a resigned shrug of the shoulders. He vanished into his lair, consulted a superior officer, and after a delay returned with the news that we must pay ten centimes, probably as penance for our foolish stupidity in leaving France.

I droped a penny into his palm.

"Will you have a receipt for this sum?" he asked.

"No, thanks," I smiled. "I have infinite trust in your integrity."

"Perhaps we'd better get the receipt all the same," said Terry. "I've never been paperless before, and there may be some fuss or other."

"It took them twenty minutes to decide about their silly ten centimes," said the Countess, "and it will take them twenty more at least to make out a receipt for it. Do let's go on, if he'll let us. I'm dying to see what's on the other side of this bridge. We haven't been over in Italy before; there was so much to do in Nice and Monte Carlo."

"All right, we'll risk it, then, as you wish it," Terry agreed; and our prophetic souls did not even turn over in their sleep.

On we went, up the steep hill which, with our load, we were obliged to climb so slowly that Terry and I were ashamed for the car, and tried diplomatically to make it appear that, had we liked, we could have flown up with undiminished speed.

Terry pointed out objects of interest here and there. I questioned him rapidly and he, playing into my hand, answered as quickly, so that, if our wheels lagged, our tongues gave the effect of keeping up a rattling pace.

"Don't you think there's something particularly interesting and romantic about frontiers?" asked Terry of the company in general. "Only a fictitious and arbitrary dividing line, one would say, and yet what a difference on either side, one from the other! Different languages, different customs, prejudices so different that people living within ten yards of each other are ready to go to war over them. Here, for instance, though the first thing one thinks of in crossing the bridge is the splendid view, the second thought that comes must be, how bare the Italian country looks compared to the luxuriant cultivation we're leaving behind. We're turning our backs now on cosy comfort, well-kept roads, tidy houses, tidy people; and we're on our way to meet beggars, shabbiness, and rags, poverty everywhere staring us in the face. Yet, much as I admire France, it's to Italy I give my love."

"Talking of frontiers," I flung back the ball to him, "I've often asked myself why it is that a whole people should with one accord worship coffin-beds, six inches too short for a normal human being, hard wedges instead of bolsters, and down coverings three feet thick; while another whole people just round a geographical corner fiercely demand brass beds, springy mattresses, and blankets light as — as love. But nobody has ever satisfactorily answered that question, which may be far more important in solving the profound mystery of racial differences than it would seem."

"Why are you prudent and economical, and I reckless and extravagant?" inquired Terry.

"Because I come from a country that took over England, and you from the country that England took over," I explained. But Terry only laughed, being too busy to pick up the cudgels for his native land. "Probably that's also why I'm a chauffeur while you're an editor," he added, and Miss Destrey's little nose and long curve of dark eelash, seen by me in profile, expressed the sympathy which one young soul in misfortune must feel for another.

"Now we're in Italy," he went on. "What I said is coming true already. Look at these carts crawling to meet us down the hill. The harness seems to be a mere collection of 'unconsidered trifles,' picked up accidently by the drivers; bits of leather, string and rope. And the road you see is strewn with loose stones, though a few metres further back it was so smooth one might dance on it. In dear, lazy Italy, steam-rollers are almost as unknown as dragons. In most districts, if one wants to mend a road, one dumps some stones on it, and trusts to luck and traffic to have them eventually ground in. But luckily our tyres are almost as trustworthy as the Bank of England, and we don't need to worry about the roads."

At the pink Italian custom house Terry got down and vanished within to pay the deposit and receive certain documents without which we could not "circulate" on Italian soil. Far above our heads down the old, brown keep of the Grimaldis, once lords of all the azure coast; below us glittered Mentone, pink and blue and golden in the sun; beyond Monte Carlo sat throned, siren-like, upon her rock.

Terry had scarcely engaged the attention of the officials when the buzz of a motor, livelier and more nervous than our faithful "thrum, thrum," called to us to turn our heads; and there was Prince Dalmar-Kalm's brilliant car flying up the hill, even as we had wished to fly.

The Prince stopped his motor close to ours, to speak with the Countess sitting alone in it, and announced that he would have overtaken us long ago, had he not found himself obliged to pause for a talk with the ex-Empress Eugenie.

This announcement much impressed Mrs. Kidder, who doubtless realized more fully than before her good fortune in having such a distinguished personage for a travelling companion.

He stood leaning on the side of our luggage-wreathed vehicle, with an air of charming condescension. There was no need for him to hurry over the formalities of the douanne he said for even if he were considerably behind us in starting, he would catch us up soon after we had reached La Mortola.

Thus beguiled, the half-hour occupied by the leisurely officials in providing us with papers and sealing the car with an important looking leaden seal, passed not tediously for the ladies. Finally the Prince saw us off, smiling a "turned-down smile" at our jog trot as we proceeded up that everlasting hill, which runs like a shelf along the face of the great grey cliff of rock.

Far below, azure waves draped the golden beach with blue and silver gauze and fringed it daintily with a foam of lace.

Then, at last, the steep ascent came to an end, with a curve of the road which plunged us down into a region of coolness and green shadow.

"Why, I don't think Italy's so shabby after all," exclaimed the Countess. "Just see that pretty little Maltese cross above the road, and that fine school-house—"

"Ah, but we're in Hanbury-land now," I said.

"Hanbury-land? I never heard of it. Is it a little independent principality like Monaco? But how funny it should have an English-sounding name sandwiched in right here between Italy and France.

"The lord of the land is an Englishman, and a benevolent one, a sort of fairy godfather to the poor in all the country round," I explained. "You won't find Hanbury-land mentioned on the map; nevertheless it's very real, fortunately for its inhabitants; and here's the gate of the garden which leads to the royal palace La Mortola is a great show place, for the public are allowed to go in on certain days I forget if this is one of them, but perhaps they will let us see the garden, nevertheless. Shall I ask?"

It was in my mind that, if we stopped, we might miss the Prince as well as see the garden, so that we should be killing two birds with one stone, and I was glad when the Countess caught eagerly at the suggestion that we should beg for a glimpse of La Mortola, a place famed throughout Europe.

Permission was given; the big iron gates swung open to admit us. We entered, and a moment later were descending a long flight of stone steps to terraces far below the level of the road where the car stood waiting our return.

Had Alladin rubbed his lamp in the days before his unfortunate misunderstanding with the Genii and demanded the most beautiful of gardens, the fulfilment of his wish could have taken no fairer form than this. Strange, tropical flowers, vivid as flame, burned in green recesses; watersprites upset their caskets of pearls over rock-shelves into translucent pools where lilies lay asleep, dreaming of their own pale beauty. Long, green pergolas, starred with flowers, framed blue-veiled pictures of distant coastline, and mediaeval strongholds, colored with the same burnt-umber as the hills on which they stood, gloomed and glowed across a cobalt sea.

There is nothing that pleases the normal male more than to be able to point out objects worthy of interest or admiration to the female of his kind. Since time immemorial, have not landscape-pictures in books of travel been filled in, in the foreground with pictures of men showing the scenery to women? Did any one ever see such a work of art representing a woman as indicating any point of view to a man? No doubt many could have done so; and the ladies in the pictures had probably noticed the objects in question before their male escorts pointed to them; but knowing the amiable weakness of the other sex they politely refrained from saying, "Oh, we saw that long ago."

Thus did Terry and I, after the conventional traditions of our species, lead our little party through avenues of cypresses, to open rock-spaces, or among a waving sea of roses to battle-grounds of rare cacti,, with writhing arms like octopi transformed into plants.

Here, peering down into a kind of dyke, paved with rough tesselation, we vied with each other in telling our charges that this was the old Roman road to Gaul the Aurelian Way, over which Julius Caesar, St. Catherine of Siena, Dante, and other great ones passed. Then we showed them one of Napoleon's old guns, covered with shells, as when it was fished out of the sea. We enlarged upon the fact that there was no tree, shrub, or blossom on the known face of the earth of which a specimen did not grow at La Mortola; and when we had wandered for an hour in the garden without seeing half there was to see, we climbed the long flight of steps again, congratulating ourselves—Terry and I—that we had played Dalmar-Klam rather a neat trick. The crowd of villagers who had clustered round our car outside the entrance gates would screen it from the Prince as he flashed by, and he would go on and on, wondering how we had contrived to get so far ahead.

Our way would take us, after passing through Ventimiglia, up the Roya Valley which Terry had decided upon as a route because of its wild and unspoiled beauty, different from anything that our passengers could have seen in their brief experience of the Riviera. But as there were no inns which offered decent entertainment for man or automobile within reasonable distance, we were to lunch at Ventimiglia, and no arrangement had been made with Dalmar-Kalm concerning this halt. His confidence—perhaps well founded—in the superiority of his speed over ours had led him to believe that he could pause at our side for consultation whenever he wished. Therefore, we had left Cap Martin without much discussion of plans. Mrs. Kidder was of opinion that we would find him waiting in front of the "best hotel in Ventimiglia," with an excellent luncheon ordered.

"The best hotel in Ventimiglia!" poor lady, she had an awakening before her. Not only was there no Prince, but there was no best hotel. Old Ventimiglia, in its huddled picturesqueness, must delight any man with eyes in his head; new Ventimiglia must disgust any man with a vacancy under his belt. As we sat in the shabby dining-room of a seventh-rate inn (where the flies set an example of attentiveness, the waiters did not follow), pretending to eat macaroni hard as walking-sticks and veal reduced to chiffons, I feared the courage of our employers would fail. They could never, in all their well-ordered American lives, have known anything so abominable as this experience into which we had lured them, promising a pilgrimage of pleasure. But the charming dressed beings, who looked like birds of paradise alighted by mistake in a pigsty, made sport of the squalor which we had expected to evoke their rage.

"Dear me, I wish we'd brought some chewing gum," was Beechy's one sarcasm at the expense of the meal, and Maida and the Countess laughed merrily at everything, even the flies, which they thought did not know their own power as well as American flies.

(To be continued).

WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU

Few People Realize the Importance of Good Digestion Until It Is Lost.

Many people suffer from dyspepsia and do not know it. They feel mean, out of sorts, peevish, do not sleep well, do not have a good keen appetite, do not have the inclination and energy for physical or mental work they once had, but at the same time do not feel any particular pain or distress in the stomach. Yet all this is the result of poor digestion, an insidious form of Dyspepsia which can only be cured by a remedy specially intended to cure it and make the digestive organs act naturally, and properly digest the food eaten. Bitters, after dinner pills and nerve tonics will never help the trouble; they don't reach it. The new medical discovery does. It is called Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and is a specific for dyspepsia and indigestion. It cures because it thoroughly digests all wholesome food taken into the stomach, whether the stomach is in good working order or not.

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FREE CHURCH STATISTICS

Dealing With Baptists and Congregationalists in Great Britain and Presbyterians in England.

The official returns of the Baptist churches in Great Britain, as furnished to the official handbook for 1906, give a total membership of 426,563, as compared with 394,811 in the previous year. This is a net gain of 31,752. The average yearly increase for the last decade was less than 6,000, so that the gain for this year is far above the average. Of this great increase 24,133 are reported by the churches in Wales and Monmouth, leaving 7,619 for the rest of the United Kingdom. The English associations for the counties of Glamorgan and Carmarthen, which were largely the scene of the great revival, report an increase of 35 per cent., the additions being 5,502 to a membership of 15,613. In the county of Monmouth the increase is over 44 per cent., the accessions being $5,499 to a membership of 12,430.

The returns of the Congregational churches in Great Britain, as officially supplied to the "Year Book," to be published on January 1, will show that in the United Kingdom there are now 4,905 places of worship and mission stations, with sitting accommodation for 1,774,480 persons. The church membership is returned at 479,112, as compared with 462,678 a year ago, a net increase of 16,434. In the Sunday schools there are 63,216 teachers and 728,014 scholars, an increase of 556 and 13,360 respectively. The number of ordained ministers is 3,130. In the theological colleges there are 423 students (an increase of six), also about 300 native students in ten training institutions in heathen lands in connection with the London Missionary Society. There are now nearly 1,000 churches and mission stations in the British colonies.

The statistics of the Presbyterian churches in England show 350 places of worship, as compared with 271 when the Synod was first constituted in 1876. In the same period the membership has increased from 51,013 to 83,113. The estimated value of the trust property is set down at £2,303,767, with debts (£112,250) amounting to less than 5 per cent. The number of theological students is four less than thirty years ago.

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HE WILL REMAIN

(Toronto Globe, Thursday.)

The congregation of Walmer Road Baptist church at their adjourned meeting last night decided to ask their pastor, Rev. O. C. Horsman, to withdraw his resignation, which he had tendered on account of criticism of his doctrinal beliefs. This decision was taken by sustaining the report of the special committee of eleven ministers to whom the case was referred, and who, after reviewing the case fully, made that recommendation. The fires of controversy burned warmly, for it was nearly 11.30 before the large meeting adjourned. Some of the deacons who had made the earliest objections to Mr. Horsman's teachings were there to repeat their contentions, but in the end the report carried by about four to one. Mr. Horsman is at present visiting friends in New Jersey and Philadelphia, so that his decision in the matter will not be known until his return on Friday or Saturday. Rev. Dr. Elmore Harris presided, and the report of the committee was presented and fully explained by Rev. Dr. Stewart, who, with J. N. Shenstone, moved its adoption.

Grain shipments from this port during the week ended Saturday were 227,848 bushels, as follows: By steamer Montfort for Bristol, 54,172 bushels of wheat, 64,398 bushels oats; steamer Concordia for Glasgow, 12,728 bushels barley, 24,550 bushels wheat; steamer Montezuma, London, 48,000 bushels wheat; steamer Corinthian, Liverpool, 24,000 bushels wheat.

FREEZE FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND CAMERON FOR P. E. ISLAND

Ralph St. John Freeze Chosen by the U. N. B. as the Rhodes Scholar---Arthur G. Cameron Secures the Plum from the Island Province.

Ralph St. John Freeze, Rhodes Scholar.

Robert C. Colwell, One of the Applicants.

Fredericton, N. B., Jan. 28.—(Special)—The second Rhodes scholarship from the U. N. B., has been awarded to Ralph St. John Freeze, of the teaching staff of Rothesay Collegiate school. The selection committee unanimously selected Freeze on the first ballot. There were ten applications altogether.

The Rhodes appointment was made by a committee of the faculty consisting of Dr. Harrison, the chancellor; Dr. Bailey, Professor Raymond, Prof. Scott and Dr. Brittain, after conference with a committee of three students appointed from the two upper classes by all the male students.

Freeze had been a very close competitor of Chester Martin, the first Rhodes' scholar, at the University.

Ralph St. John Freeze was born in St. John on the 8th day of June, 1882. He is the son of J. Arthur Freeze, the well-known barrister of Sussex. Mr. Freeze entered the Kings County Grammar School at Sussex at the head of his class and took the highest standing in his course at that school ever made by any pupil. He matriculated at the University of New Brunswick in 1899 in the first division with a high average. In this examination he won the Kings County Scholarship. He was graduated from the university in June, 1903, with first class honors in mathematics and mathema ical physics and also with first class honors in science and chemistry. During his course he won the alumni gold medal for work in Latin prose composition, the Brydone-Jack scholarship in physics and the governor-general's gold medal in mathematics and mathematical physics.

Mr. Freeze has always taken an interest in athletics. He would have played on the university basket ball team if his duties as demonstrator in chemistry had given him time. His proficiency in sports was naturally good. Since graduated he has taken an active part in football and last fall played on an all-St. John team against Dalhousie University. He is also a good debater. He recently led a winning affirmative side in a debate in St. John on Chamberlain's policy with Dr. Silas Alward as judge. He has been teaching with distinguished success for the last three years in the Rothesay College for Boys and has for the last two years taken the law course in the King's College Law School in St. John. In his law examinations he has been head of the list.

Referring to Mr. Freeze's athletic record, Principal Moore, of the Rothesay Collegiate school, in a letter to Chancellor Harrison, says: "He has ably assisted the college in athletics. During the past three seasons he has played on our football team, which has made records unsurpassed in the history of the school. He was also a member of one of the teams in the St. John city league and was this year selected to play with the St. John team in their match against all-Halifax."

In conversation with a Telegraph reporter Mr. Freeze said yesterday that he was naturally elated when he received a telegram from Chancellor Harrison of the U. N. B. stating that he was the unanimous choice of the faculty for the Rhodes' scholarship. He said that he intends to pursue his law studies at Oxford and also expects on his return to take the degree of B. C. L. from the St. John Law School. He would probably leave for England about the last of September.

Besides Mr. Freeze the following were also applicants for the scholarship: T. C. Weyman, W. G. Pugsley, W. O. Fenwick, Robert Colwell, F. C. Squires, W. A. Woods, Ralph Sherman, and of this number it is understood that only Ralph Sherman and W. G. Pugsley will be eligible for the next scholarship, as it is said the others will have passed the age limit by the time the U. N. B. again has the choice.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Jan. 28.—Yesterday Arthur G. Cameron, aged twenty-four, a native of Montague, was nominated Rhodes' scholar for P. E. Island by a committee composed of Lieut. Governor McKinnon, Chief Justice Sullivan, Dr. Anderson, chief superintendent of education; Dr. Robertson, principal of Prince of Wales' College, and Rev. Dr. Curran, principal of St. Dunstan's College.

Mr. Cameron is now in senior arts at Queen's University, Kingston, specializing in Latin and English history and ranking high in his classes. He will receive his M. A. degree next May.

He is one of the best athletes the Island has produced. He stands over six feet and has magnificent physique. As a member of the Abegeweit Athletic Club he swept prize after prize in the maritim meets. He now holds the maritime province record for quarter and half mile bicycle.

The other applicants were Roy Long, a student at Mt. Allison; Athol Seaman, of Dalhousie College; Reagh Gillis, of St. Dunstan's; J. C. Ballem, B. A., teacher Macdonald consolidated school at Hillsborough.

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