My Friend The Chauffeur.

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

(Continued).

"Yes; it's San Georgio Maggiore, Terry Barrymore's favorite church in Venice," said Sir Ralph, who had been almost as silent as I. "And here we are at the Hotel Britannia."

"Why it has a garden!" exclaimed Aunt Kathryn. "I never thought of a garden in Venice."

"There are several of the loveliest in Italy," replied Sir Ralph. "But the Britannia's the only hotel that has one."

"My friend's palazzo has a courtyard garden with a wonderful old wall-head, and beautiful statues," said the Prince. "He and his wife are coming to call on you tomorrow, and you will have the opportunity of thanking them for their gondola. Also, they will probably invite you to leave the hotel, and visit them during the rest of your stay, as they are very hospitable."

"I'll wager you won't want to leave the Britannia, once ayou are settled there," said Sir Ralph quickly. "It's the most comfortable hotel in Venice, and Terry and I have wired for rooms with balconies overlooking the Grand Canal and the garden. There isn't a palace going that I would forsake the Britannia for."

By this time the gondola had slipped between some tall red posts, and brought us to the steps of the hotel. I was glad that they were marble steps and that the house had once been a palace, otherwise I would not have felt I was making the most of Venice.

If I live to be a hundred (one of the Sisters is close on eighty) I shall never forget that first night in the City of the Sea.

It was good to see Mr. Barrymore back again for dinner in the big red and gold, brightly frescoed dining-room; and it was he who suggested that we should have coffee in the garden, at a table on a balcony built over the water, and then go out in gondolas.

We hired three; and as there are only two absolutely delightful seats in a gondola, I was trembling lest the Prince should fall to my unlucky lot, when Aunt Kathryn called to him: "Oh, do sit with me please. I want to ask about your friends who are coming to see us." So of course he went to her, and Sir Ralph jumped in with Beechy; therefore the Chauffeulier was obliged to be nice to me whether he liked or not. We all kept close together, and soon the three gondolas, followed many others, grouped round a lighted music-barge like a pyramid of illuminated fruit floating on the canal.

Either the voices were sweet, or they had the effect of being sweet in the moonlight on the water; but the airs they sang got strangely tangled with the songs in other barges, so that I longed to unwind one skein of tunes from another, and wasn't sorry to steal away into the silence at last.

We were the only ones who flitted. The black forms of gondolas moved soundlessly hither and thither on the surface of the dark lagoon, their single lights like stars in the blue darkness.

Far away twinkled the lamps of the Lido, where Byron and Shelly used to ride on the lonely sands. Near-by, on the Piazetta where the twin columns towered against the silver sky, white bunches of lights glimmered like magic night-blooming flowers, with bright roots trailing deep down into the river.

We talked of the countless great ones of the world who had lived and died in Venice, and loved it well; of Byron, who slept in Marino Faliero's dreadful cell before he wrote his tragedy; of Browning, whose funeral had passed in solemn state of gondolas down the Grand Canal; of Wagner, who found inspiration in this sea and sky, and died looking upon them from his window in the Palazzo Vendramin. But through our talk I could hear Aunt Kathryn in her gondola close by, saying how like the Doge's palace was to a big bird-cage she once had; and the Prince was continually turning his head to see if we were near, which was disturbing. We had nothing to say that all the world might not have heard, yet instinctively we spoke almost in whispers, the Chauffeulier and I, not to miss a gurgle of the water nor the dip of an oar, which in the soft darkness made the light flutter of a bird bathing.

I remembered suddenly how Sir Ralph had said one day, "You'll like Terry in Venice." I did like Terry in Venice; and I liked him better than ever at the moment of our return to the hotel, for there began a little adventure of which he became the hero.

As I stepped out of the gondola there was a flash and a splash. "Oh, my gold bag!" I exclaimed. "Your present, Aunt Kathryn. It's in the canal; I shall never see it again."

"Yes, you will," said Mr. Barrymore. "I—"

"If there was much money in it, you had better have a professional diver come early tomorrow morning from the Arsenal," the Prince broke in.

"I know an amateur diver who will get back the bag tonight—now, within the next half-hour I hope," went on the Chauffeulier.

"Indeed? Where do you propose to find him at this time?" asked the Prince.

"I shall find him inside the hotel, and have him out here, ready for work in ten minutes," said Mr. Barrymore.

"What fun!" exclaimed Beechy. "We'll wait here in the moonlight and see him dive. It will be lovely."

Mr. Barrymore was gone before she finished.

It was nearly eleven o'clock. The music-barges had gone; the hotel garden was deserted, and scarcely a moving star of light glided over the canal. Our three gondolas, drawn up like carriages at the marble steps of the Britannia, where the water lapped and gurgled, awaited the great event. The Prince pooh-poohed the idea that Mr. Barrymore could find a diver, or that, if he did, the bag could be retrieved in such an amateurish way. But I had learned that when our Chauffeulier said a thing could be done, it would be done, and I confidently expected to see him returning accompanied by some obviously aquatic creature.

What I did see, however, was a great surprise. Something moved in the garden, under the curtain of creepers that draped the nearest overhanging balcony. Then a tall, marble statue, "come alive," vaulted over the iron railing and dropped into the lagoon.

It didn't seem at all strange that a marble statue should "come alive" in Venice; but what did seem odd was that it should exactly resemble Mr. Barrymore, feature for feature, inch for inch.

"Hullo, Terry, I didn't know you meant to do that!" exclaimed Sir Ralph. "You are a lightning change artist."

For it was the Chauffeulier, in a bathing suit, which he must have hurriedly borrowed from one of the landlord's tall young sons, and he was swimming by the side of my gondola.

"I meant nothing else," laughed the statue in the water, the moon shining into his eyes and on his noble white throat as he swam. "Now, Miss Destrey, show me exactly how you stood when you dropped your bag, and I think I can promise that you shall have it again in a few minutes."

"If I'd dreamed of this I wouldn't have let you do it," I said.

"Why not? I'm awfully happy, and the water feels like warm silk. It this where you dropped it? Look out for a little splash, please. I'm going down."

With that he disappeared under the canal, and stayed down so long that I began to be frightened. It seemed impossible that any human being could hold his breath for so many minutes; but just as my anxiety reached boiling point, up he came, dripping, laughing, his short hair in wet rings on his forehead, and in his hand, triumphantly held up, the gold bag.

"I knew where to grope for it, and I felt it almost the first thing," he said. "Please forgive my wet fingers."

"Why, there's something red on the gold. It's blood!" I stammered, forgetting to thank him.

"Is there? What a bore! But it's nothing. I grazed the skin of my hands a little, grubbing about among the stones down there, that's all."

"It's a great deal," I said. "I can't bear to think you've been hurt for me."

"Why, I don't even feel it," said the Chauffeulier. "It's the bag that suffers. But you can have it washed."

Yes, I could have it washed. Yet, somehow, it would seem almost sacrilegious. I made up my mind without saying a word, that I would not have the bag washed. I would keep it exactly as it was, put sacredly away in some box, in memory of this night.

(To be continued).

DEATH BY INDIGESTION

A Long Train of Fatal Ills is The Direct Result of Undigested Food.

Undigested food, by fermenting, forms a poison in the stomach and this is absorbed in the blood. If this goes on very long, and your heart happens to be weak, you'll be found some morning dead in bed, or you may fall back down the stairs about an hour and a half after dinner, and the doctor will call it heart disease. Yes, that may be the result, but not the cause. The cause is indigestion. Indigestion is a simple, common word, but it has a terrible import.

And so you may get apoplexy, and die suddenly while you're standing.

If you have a weak liver, the poison of undigested food will attack it and you will get jaundice. If you have weak kidneys, you will get Bright's Disease or diabetes, from which there is no rescue for any man.

It was a learned physician who said that the progress of a race depended upon the stomachs of its members.

And you have at some time in your life eaten a heavy meal, or eaten in a hurry, and felt that "lump of lead" immediately afterward. That lump of lead is a hard ball of undigested food. The stomach can't digest it, and finds it hard to throw it out. And so it sours, and it makes you sour and everybody sour who talks with you. It gives you a bad breath and is building for you a road to dyspepsia and death, unless you stop it.

Stop it with Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Just think, these little tablets are every bit as powerful as the gastric juice in your stomach. One grain will digest 3,000 grains of food. Isn't this wonderful? And it is true, just try it, and prove it.

If you have any brash, gas on the stomach, fermentation, burning, bloaty feeling, indigestion, dyspepsia or heartburn, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will make it disappear before it can do any harm to your heart or other organs.

They will invigorate the stomach, relieve the stomach of two-thirds of its work and give it a chance to rest. They will increase the flow of gastric juice, and if you will ever "live" in your lifetime,it will be after you have eaten a good, hearty meal, and taken one of these little tablets immediately afterward. You'll just feel fine.

Take Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after your next meal today and you will use them ever afterwards. You will be cheerful, vigorous and your mind will be clear; you'll have snap and vim, and add many a day to your life.

You can get these wonderful little tablets at any druggists for 50c. a package.

CHRONIC BILIOUSNESS

In its Trial Follow Horrible Dreams, Despondency and General Weakuess.

The proper elements needed to promote good digestion, regularity of the bowels, correct action of the kidneys and liver, must be supplied when a bilious condition of the system is once established.

Ferrozone can't help but do this. It gives the stomach perfect rest, and allows you to partake of and enjoy the variety of food that is necessary for maintaining health. One Ferrozone tablet taken after each meal will separate the nutritious portions of the food from the waste, which is carried off, thus preventing and curing constipation and its attendant evil, piles.

Being a potent blood purifier, Ferrozone cleanses the crimson flood of all bile and impurities, and as a result the complexion is restored to a rosy, healthy hue and the dark circles under the eyes and the deathly pallor of the cheeks, go away never to return.

Taken for disorders of the stomach, commencing with biliousness, and ending with derangements of the liver and kidneys, Ferrozone achieves marvelous results. It is at the same time a tonic and stimulant, and a regulator of all bodily functions, and chronic sufferers should not fail to give it a fair trial. It will do them good without doubt, and if the malady is curable it will yield to Ferrozone.

With the use of Ferrozone appetite will be better, the blood made rich and pure, sleep will be dreamless and sound. Your muddy complexion will be cleared and beautified, your eyes will acquire a new brightness, and as your spirits rise and good health returns, you will bless the day you learned the secret of Ferrozone's power.

If you think you need Ferrozone go to the nearest drug store and procure a supply. Refuse a substitute and insist on having the genuine Ferrozone, which costs 50 cts. per box, or 6 boxes for $2.50. By mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

WEDDING OF MISS THOMSON TOMORROW

Groom Arrived Yesterday—Bride Guest of Honor at Function Last Evening.

The wedding of Miss Mona Thomson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thomson, to Capt. H. W. Clinch, of the 13th Hussars, one of the crack English regiments, will be tomorrow and promises to be one of the most brilliant of fashionable events. About 200 invitations have been issued. The list includes friends in distant parts of Canada, the United States and England. The ceremony will take place in St. Stephen's Presbyterian church at 3.30 and will be performed by Rev. Prof. D. J. Fraser, of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, a former minister of St. Stephen's church and the bride's former pastor, and Rev. David Lang, pastor of St. Andrew's church.

The church will be beautifully decorated with cut flowers and potted plants and will present a scene of beauty. Seats for the guests have been reserved.

Capt. Clinch, accompanied by Mrs. Harry Clinch, arrived from England yesterday morning.

Mrs. Wm. Vassie gave a very dainty dinner party last evening in Miss Thomson's honor. Among those assisting at the function were the bridesmaids and the ushers. The event proved delightful and gave Miss Thomson's friends opportunity of extending their well wishes.

NOT ANXIOUS FOR NORTH AND SOUTH WHARVES FEES

Only One Offer Received Under City's Revised Call at $2,000 Upset Price.

No new tenders have been received at city hall for the collection of the revenues from the North and South Market slips. At a recent meeting of the board of works the tender of $1,801 by Gandy & Allison, and $1,600 or to collect at ten per cent., by James A. Galbraith, were not considered and an upset price of $2,000 was imposed and new tenders ordered to be called for. The time expired Monday, and the only communication bearing on the matter was an offer from Gandy & Allison to do the collecting at the same figure as quoted by Mr. Galbraith.

It is understood that the dues are now being collected by Frank Alward, who also collects the charges on the west side warehouses.

H. A. Allison, when asked yesterday, said he was by no means sorry that their original tender had been refused. The previous year they had offered $2,110, which the city had accepted, and they had lost money on the transaction. The revenues were growing less every year, and only for three months under their previous contract had the receipts exceeded the expenditure. "It is one man's work to do the collecting," concluded Mr. Allison, "and I think the council will find they would have made money if they had accepted our offer."

A Few Drops of Kendricks' Liniment

to the sore throat or swollen tonsils, or any swelling, lameness or painful part, convince you of its power to relieve promptly.

Kendricks Is King.

At all dealers.

THE BAIRD CO. LIMITED, Proprietors.

PRICES SHATTERED

Into a Thousand Pieces to Force the Sale of the

DOOMED STOCK

OF

James Anderson,

17 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

Thursday Morning is ushered in with unlimited bargains in every department. We have reached out with a long arm into all corners and upon all shelves, and brought to light many things that have never been placed on sale before. Our army of clerks worked all day today and will work until late tonight re-marking and cutting the prices on many lines so as to bring this great sale to a close, no matter what the loss may be.

All the Straw Hats for Men, Women and Children, and a big line of Fur Tails are now on sale.

Read These Prices for Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and Come and Come Quickly.

PRICE LIST:

CHILDREN'S AND MISSES' HATS, CAPS AND FURS.

One Lot Children's White Cotton Wash Tams, at .. .. 6c.

One Big Lot Children's Fez Caps, all colors .. .. 3c.

All 50c., 75c. and $1.00 Angora Wool Tams, in all Colors. Doomed Price .. .. ..19c.

One Big Lot Children's Cloth Tams, asst. colors .. ..14c.

One Big Lot Children's $1.75 to $1.90 Plush Tams, go at Doomed Price .. ..29c.

One Big Lot Misses' and Ladies' 75c. and $1.00 Linen Hats, in all colors, go at..11c.

BOYS' AND MEN'S CAPS.

One Big Lot Boys' Scotch Polo Caps, go at .. ..14c.

One Big Lot Men's and Boys' Golf Caps, value up to 75c., go at .. ..19c.

Boys' Grey Lamb Wedge Caps, value up to $2.00, go at .. ..79c.

Big Lot Boys' 50c. Blue Turban Hats, go at .. ..29c.

Men's $2.50 Bear Beaver Caps, go at..$1.48

Men's $4.00 German Otter and Klondike Beaver Wedge Caps, go at $2.69

Men's $30.00 Mink Caps, Wedge Style, Doomed Price $16.50

Men's $1.50 Persian Paw Wedge Caps, go at Doomed Price .. ..89c.

Men's $2.50 Astrachan Wedge Caps, go at Doomed Price $1.39

STRAW HATS.

Big Lot Ladies' 50c. and 75c. Sailors, all go at .. .. 9c.

Big Lot Ladies' $1.50 Sailors, all go at..11c.

Children's 40c. and 75c. Sailors, all go at .. .. 9c.

Children's $1.00 Sailors, all go at .. .. ..11c.

Big Lot Ladies' Straw Walking Hats, all go at .. .. 9c.

LADIES' SMALL FURS

One Lot Ladies' Black Angora Collars, all go at Doomed Price, ...48c.

One Lot Ladies' Black Coney Boas, Value up to $2.25, all go at .. .. ..98c.

One Lot Ladies' Black Polish Marten Boas, Value up to $3.50, go at ..$1.39

One Lot Black Fur Boas, Collars, Storm Collars, etc., Value up to $5.00, ..$1.98

One Lot Black, Brown and Natural Fur Collars, Boas, Storm Collars, etc., in River Mink, Wool Seal, Bear Skin, Electric Seal, etc., Value up to ..$2.29

One Big Lot Brown Opossum, Imitation Stone Marten, Blue Opossum, River Mink, Isabella Coney, in great variety of shapes and styles, Doomed Price, $2.98

One Big Lot Long Boas, Stoles, Collars, Ties, etc., in Silver Lynx, Hare, German Mink, Dutch Otter, Opossum, Stone Marten and other desirable Furs and Styles, Value up to $8.00, all go at $3.48

One Lot Long Boas, Stoles, Ties, all made in Modern Style, Satin and Fur Lined in immense Variety of styles and patterns, all to be cleaned out at ..$4.79

One Lot Long Fur Boas and Stoles, Value from $12.50 up to $15.00, go at Doomed Price $8.29

An Immense Variety of Small and Large Neck Pieces in New Shapes and Styles, in Mink, Alaska Sable, Stone Marten and all the high-class Furs all go at Doomed Prices.

STIFF HATS.

One Big Lot Black and Brown Stiff Hats, Value $1.00 to $1.25, go at Doomed Price .. ..39c.

One Big Lot Brown Stiff Hats, calue up to $3.00, go at Doomed Price $1.29

One Big Lot, $1.50, Black and Brown Stiff Hats .. ..69c.

All $3 Black Stiff Hats go at $1.89

SOFT HATS.

One Big Lot Men's Soft Hats, Blacks and all Colors, one or two of a size, value up to $1.25, all go out at .. ..19c.

Men's 50c. Tweed Knock-about Hats, all go at Doomed Price .. ..29c.

Men's $1.25 and $1.50 Tweed Rain Hats, assorted colors, go at Doomed Price,.. .. ..69c.

Men's 75c. Pocket Hats, in Black, Blue, Brown and Natural, to clean out at..34c.

One Big Lot Men's $1.50 Black Soft Hats, all new Spring Styles, bought for this Spring's Business, go at .. ..89c.

One Lot Men's $2.00 Soft Hats in Black and Tan Color, go at Doomed Price..98c.

One Lot $2.50 Black Soft Hats, go at $1.39

All $3.00 Black and Brown Soft Hats go at $1.98

GLOVES.

One Lot Men's 25c. Wool Gloves, go at .. ..14c.

One Lot Men's 25c. Wool Mitts, assorted patterns, all go at .. ..11c.

All Men's 50c. Wool Gloves and Mitts in big variety colors and patterns .. ..29c.

Fownes' $1.25, $1.50 and $2.25 Angora Knitted Gloves, all go at .. ..79c.

Men's Fownes' $2.00 Cape Kid, Lamb and Fur lined Gloves, all go at Doomed Price .. ..98c.

One Lot Men's $1.50 Grey Mocha and Kid Gloves, go at Doomed Price .. ..69c.

Men's and Ladies' Fur Gloves all go at Doomed Prices.

UMBRELLAS.

All go at Doomed Prices.

RAIN COATS.

$3.00 Men's Rain Coats, all go at ..$1.98

$3.50 Men's Rain Coats, all go at .. 2.29

$4.50 and $5.00 Men's Rain Coats all go at 2.89

$6.50 to $7.50 Men's Rain Coats, go at 3.89

$9.00 Men's Rain Coats, go at 4.98

MISSES' FURS.

One Big Lot Children's $2.50 Iceland Lamb Collars, go at $1.69

One Lot Children's $1.00 White Coney Caps, go at .. ..48c.

One Lot Misses' Imitation Grey Astrachan Cloth Storm Collars, go at ..69c.

Children's $12.00 White Iceland Lamb Coats, to go at Doomed Price, ..$7.89

MEN'S FUR COATS.

Men's Fleece Lined Driving Coats, go at $5.69

Men's Grey Goat Coats, go at $9.26

Men's Coon, Wombat, Wallaby, Russian Calf and other Fur Trimmed and Lined Coats in all desirable Furs go at Doomed Prices.

LADIES' FUR COATS.

In Astrachan, Electric Seal, Wombat, Coon, Persian and Cloth, Fur lined Coats all go at Doomed Prices.

FUR LINED CAPES.

A Big Lot of Black Cloth, Black Thibet Trimmed, Kaluga Lined, value up to $15, ...$8.69

$25 Black Cloth, Squirrel Lock Lined Capes, go at $11.98

FUR TAILS.

Big Lot 20c. Tails in all Furs, go at 3c.

Big Lot 25c. Tails, in all Furs, go at 6c.

Big Lot 35c. and 50c. Tails in all Furs, go at.. .. ..19c.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

17 Charlotte Street,

And watch for the big blue sign and **James Anderson's** name over the door if you value money.

CANADIAN CLEARANCE CO.

1-30th of the entire Quinine production of the World is consumed every year by the users of Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets

25c

Greatest Wine and Spirit Merchants in the World

By appointment to H.M. The King. By appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

From a modest beginning a half-century ago, the firm of **W. & A. Gilbey** has grown till it now controls more than $12,500,000 capital, employs an army of officials and operatives, owns famous Distilleries in Scotland and England, equally famous Vineyards in France, properties in Oporto and Cognac, agencies in every part of the world, and distributes annually more than 15,000,000 bottles of Wines and Spirits, the

Absolute Purity and Genuineness

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Notable as they are in such distinctions, W. & A. Gilbey are famous also as growers and distillers—producers of

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From among more than 350 Specialties the following are excellent for general consumption and particularly old and choice:

SPIRITS

"Strathmill" Scotch Whisky Pure Malt, 6 years old.

"Spey Royal" Scotch Whisky The choicest and oldest procurable. Distilled from specially selected Malted Barley.

Old Tom Gin—The finest quality.

London Dry Gin—The finest quality.

Plymouth Gin—Of fine delicate flavor.

Champagne Cognac, "L'Or Extrait du Vin." (Five Stars). A Cognac Brandy of the finest quality.

Old Jamaica Rum, "The Governor General" Of great age, with soft, mellow flavor.

WINES

"Invalid" Port A very fine light vintage wine.

"Natural Montilla" Sherry A pale, nutty wine, 9 years old.

"Chateau Loudenne" Claret Grand Vin. Distinguished by great elegance and bouquet. Awarded the Gold Medal at the Paris Exhibition.

"Pommard" Burgundy Charming bouquet, with a soft, full flavor.

Purity, Age and Quality absolutely guaranteed to be strictly in accordance with descriptions on the Labels.

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NEARLY HALF ENOUGH FOR NEW BATTERY

The strength of the 19th Field Battery, now being organized, is so far forty-nine, this number of names having been taken at the meeting called last evening by the battery officers.

The corps before it can be considered complete will have to number slightly more than 100, and at the next meeting, which will take place in a fortnight,there will likely be a full complement.

About two-thirds of the battery will be comprised of South African veterans. In some quarters the impression has been created that the battery will consist exclusively of men who have served in Africa. Such an impression is wrong, for a man who has never worn a uniform is quite as eligible for a place in the corps as the veteran.

The officers are seeing what can be done in the way of providing quarters for the men of the battery, and it is expected that in about a month the recruits will be receiving instructions.

F. J. McInerney & Co., merchant tailors, of 23 Mill street, diesolved partnership yesterday. Mr. McInerney will carry on the business under the old name and style. The retiring partner is John H. McDonald.

W. A. Mott, of Campbellton, was in the city yesterday.