My Friend The Chauffeur.

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

(Continued).

We had made the Chauffeulier stop three or four times in every street to look at some beautiful bit; a gate of flexible iron-work that even Ruskin must have admired, the doorway of a church, the wonderful windows of a faded palace; but suddenly I felt ready to go to the hotel, where we were to stop for the night, that we might do our sightseeing slowly.

It was a delightful hotel, itself once a palace, and to be there was to be "in the picture" in such a place as Verona. The Prince had arrived before us, as his motor is retrieving its reputation, and we all lunched together, making plans for the afternoon.

As usual, he was blase—so different from Mr. Barrymore, who has seen the best things in Italy as often as Prince Dalmar Kalm has, yet never tires; indeed, finds something new each time.

The Prince began by announcing that Verona bored him. But one could always go to sleep.

"That's what I mean to do," said Aunt Kathryn, who generally takes her cue from him. "I consider that I've seen Verona now, and I shall lie down this afternoon. Perhaps I shall write a few letters in the hall."

I was unkind enough to fancy this a hint for the Prince, but perhaps I wronged her. And, anyway, why should she not give him hints if she likes? He has been very attentive to her, although for the last few days I don't think they have been quite so much in "each others' pockets" (as Beechy calls it) as before.

A little attention was needed by the automobile, it appeared—such as a tightening up of chains, and a couple of lost grease-cups to replace; therefore Mr. Barrymore's time would be filled up without any sight-seeing. But Sir Ralph offered to take Beechy and me anywhere we liked to go. I was very glad that the Prince said nothing about accompanying us, for somehow I'd been afraid he would.

We consulted guide-books until we were bewildered, but in the midst of confusion I held fast to two things. We had seen Romeo's house, towering picturesquely behind the Scaligers' tombs; but I wanted to see where Juliet had lived, and where she had been buried.

"The Prince says it's all nonsense," exclaimed Aunt Kathryn. "If there was a slight foundation for the story in a great family scandal here about Shakspere's time, anyhow there's none for the houses or the tomb—."

Beechy stopped her ears. "You're real mean," she said, "you and the Prince both. It's just as bad as when you thought it your duty to tell me there was no Santa Claus. But I don't care; there is. I shall believe it when I'm seventeen; and I believe in the Romeo and Juliet houses too."

But when we were in the street of Juliet's house—she and Sir Ralph and I—Beechy pouted. Standing with her hands behind her, her long braids of hair dangling half-way down her short skirt as she threw back her head to gaze up, she looked incredibly modern and American. "There were no tourists' agencies in those days," she remarked, regretfully, "so I suppose Shakspere had to trust to hearsay, and somebody must have told him a big tarradiddle. I guess Juliet was really on a visit to an aunt in the country when she first met Romeo, for fancy a girl in her senses yelling down from that balcony up at the top of a tall house to any lover, let alone a secret one? Besides, there wouldn't have been enough rope in Verona to make the ladder for Romeo to climb up."

After this speech, I decided that, fond as I really am of her, I could not visit Juliet's tomb in Beechy's society. I gave no hint of my intentions, but after an exquisite hour (which nobody could spoil) in that most adorable of churches, San Zenone, and another in Sant' Anastasia, I slipped away while Beechy and Sir Ralph were picking out the details of St. Peter's life on the panels of a marvellous pilaster.

We had had a cab by the hour, and when they should discover my absence, they would take it for granted that I had got tired and gone home. They would then proceed to carry out their programme of sight-seeing very happily without me, for Beechy amuses Sir Ralph immensely, child as she is, and she makes no secret of taking pleasure in his society. She teases him, and he likes it; he draws her out, and her wit brightens in the process.

I hurried off when their backs were turned. Not far away I found a prowling cab, and told the man to drive me to Juliet's tomb. He stared, as if in surprise, for I suppose girls of our class don't go about much alone in Italian towns; but he condescended to accept me as a fare. However, to show his disapproval maybe, he rattled me through streets old and beautiful, ugly and modern (why should most modern things be ugly, even in Italy?) at a tremendous pace. At last he stopped before a high, blank wall, in a most dismal region, apparently the outskirts of the town. I would hardly believe that he had brought me to the right place, but he reassured me. In the distance another cab was approaching, probably on the same errand. I rang a bell, and a gate was opened by a nice-looking woman, who knew well what I wanted without my telling, and she spoke so clearly that I was able to understand much of what she said. Instead of feeling that the romance of visiting Juliet's burial-place was destroyed by traversing the great open square of the communal stables, where an annual horse show is held, I was conscious of a strange charm in the unsuitable surroundings. It was like coming upon a beautiful white pearl in a battered old oyster-shell, to pass through this narrow gateway at the far end of a dusty square, and find myself face to face with a glimmering tomb in a quiet cloister.

The strong contrast between the sordid exterior and this dainty, hidden interior was nothing less than dramatic. The lights and shadows played softly at hide-and-seek, like dumb children, over the grass, among the pillars of the little cloister, over the tomb itself. I was thankful to be alone, troubled by no fellow-tourists, safe from little Beechy's too comical fancies, free to be as sentimental as I liked. And I liked to be very sentimental indeed.

I stood by the tomb, feeling almost like a mourner, when a voice made me start. "Is it Juliet's spirit?" asked Prince Dalmar-Kalm.

I would rather it had been anyone else. "How odd that you should come here!" I exclaimed, while my face must have shown that the surprise was not too pleasant.

"It is not at all odd. You are here," answered the Prince. "You said at dejeuner that you were coming, if you had to come alone. Eh bien? I saw Miss Beechy and Sir Ralph Moray driving together, deep in Baedeker. My heart told me where you were; and I arrive to find you looking like Juliet come to life again. Perhaps it is so indeed. Perhaps you were Juliet in another incarnation. Yes, I feel sure you were. And I was Romeo."

"I am sure you were not." I replied; but I could not help laughing at his stagey manner, though I was more annoyed than ever now, and annoyed with myself too. "I particularly wished to be alone here, or I wouldn't have slipped away from Beechy and Sir Ralph, so—"

"And I particularly wished to be alone here with you, or I wouldn't have followed when you had slipped away from them," he broke in. "Oh, Miss Destrey—my Madeline, you must listen to me. There could be no place in the world more appropriate to the tale of a man's love for a woman than this, where a man and woman did for love of one another."

"I thought you called all this 'nonsense'?" I cut in short. "No, Prince, neither here nor anywhere must you speak of love to me, for I don't love you, and never could."

"I know that you mean to shut yourself away from the world," he interrupted me again. "But you shall not. It would be sacrilege. You—the most beautiful, the most womanly girl in the world—to—"

"No more, please!" I cried. "It doesn't matter what my future is to be, for you will not be in it, I—"

"I must be in it. I adore you. I can't give you up. Haven't you seen from the first how I loved you?"

"I thought I saw you liked trying to flirt when no one was looking. That sounds rather horrid but—it's the truth."

"You misjudged me cruelly. Have you no human ambition? I could place you among the highest in the land. With me, your beauty should shine as it never could in your own country. Is it nothing to you that I can make you a Princess?"

"Less than nothing," I answered, "though perhaps it would be pretty of me to thank you for wanting to make me one. So I do thank you; and I'll thank you still more if you will go now, and leave me to my thoughts."

"I cannot go till I have made you understand how I love you, how indispensable you are to me," he persisted. And I grew really angry; for he had no right to persecute me, when I had refused him.

"Very well, then, I shall go," I said, and would have passed him, but he seized my hand and held it fast.

It was this moment that Mr. Barrymore chose for paying his respects to Juliet's tomb; and I blushed as I have never blushed in my life, I think—blushed till the tears smarted in my eyes. I was afraid he would believe that I'd been letting the Prince Dalmar-Kalm make love to me. But there was nothing to say, unless I were willing to have a scene, and that would have been hateful. Nor was there anything to do except the obvious thing, snatch my hand away; and that might seem to be ony because some one had come. But how I should have loved to box the Prince's ears! I never dreamed that I had such a temper. I suppose, though, there must be something of the fishwife in every woman—something that comes boiling up to the surface once in a while, and makes noblesse oblige hard to remember.

The one relief to my feelings in this situation was given by my queer little new pet—the whisp of a black doggie I've named Airole, after the village where he grew. I'd brought him into the cloister in my arms hidden under a cape, because he had conceived a suspicious dislike of the cabman. Now he said all the things to the Prince that I wanted to say, and more, and would have snapped, if the Prince had not retired his hand in time.

The process of quieting Airole gave me the chance to make up my mind what I should do next. If I went away, I couldn't prevent Prince Dalmar-Kalm from going with me, and Mr. Barrymore would have a right to imagine that I wished to continue the interrupted scene. If I stayed it was open for him to fancy that I wanted to be with him; but between two evils one chooses the less; besides, a nice thing about Mr. Barrymore is that, notwithstanding his good looks and cleverness, he's not conceited—not conceited enough, I sometimes think, for he lets people misunderstand his position and often seems more amused than angry at a snub.

Acting on my quick decision, I said, "Oh, I'm glad you've come. You know so much about Verona. Please talk to me of this place—only don't say it isn't authentic, for that would be a jarring note."

"I'm afraid I don't care enough whether things are authentic or not," he answered, both of us ignoring the Prince. "You know, in my country, legend and history are a good deal mixed, which makes for romance. Besides, I'm inclined to believe in stories that have been handed down from generation to generation—told by grandfathers to their grandchildren, and so on through the centuries till they've reached us. When they're investigated by the cold light of reason, at least they can seldom be disproved."

I agreed, and the conversation went on, deliberately excluding the Prince. Each minute I said to myself, "Surely he'll go." But he did not. He stayed while Mr. Barrymore and I discussed the genius of Shakespere, chiming in now and then as if nothing had happened, and remaining until we were ready to go.

At the cab there was another crisis. I hadn't yet entirely realized the Prince's stupendous capacity for what Beechy would put into one short, sharp word, "Cheek." But I fully appreciated it when he calmly manifested his intention of getting into my cab, as if we had come together.

Something had to be done instantly, or it would be too late.

(To be continued).

TUMORS CONQUERED

SERIOUS OPERATIONS AVOIDED

Unqualified Success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the Case of Mrs. Fannie D. Fox.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy, Tumor.

The growth of a tumor is so sly that frequently its presence is not suspected until it is far advanced.



Mrs. Fannie D. Fox

So-called "wandering pains" may come from its early stages, or the presence of danger may be made manifest by profuse monthly periods, accompanied by unusual pain, from the abdomen through the groin and thighs.

If you have mysterious pains, if there are indications of inflammation or displacement, secure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound right away and begin its use.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., will give you her advice if you will write her about yourself. She is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years has been advising sick women free of charge.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I take the liberty to congratulate you on the success I have had with your wonderful medicine. Eighteen months ago my periods stopped. Shortly after I felt so badly that I submitted to a thorough examination by a physician and was told that I had a tumor and would have to undergo an operation.

"Soon after I read one of your advertisements and decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. After trying five bottles as directed the tumor is entirely gone. I have been examined by a physician and he says I have no signs of a tumor now. It has also brought my periods around once more, and I am entirely well."—Fannie D. Fox, 7 Chesnut Street Bradford, Pa.

NO DIVIDEND ON DOMINION COAL

Vice-president at Annual Meeting Predicts Better Statement Next Year.

Montreal, March 1—(Special)—At the annual meeting of the Dominion Coal Company today Vice-President Wanklin, in reponse to an inquiry as to when shareholders might expect a dividend, stated that while nothing could be promised the outstanding obligations of the company were being wiped off the books in so satisfactory a manner that he thought it likely the shareholders would have reason to be very pleased with the next annual report.

It was stated, in reply, that the contract with the Dominion Iron & Steel Company, is a 99 years contract, the prices being subject to revision every five years.

The output of the company was 3,189,657 tons for 1905, as compared with 3,023,522 tons for 1904.

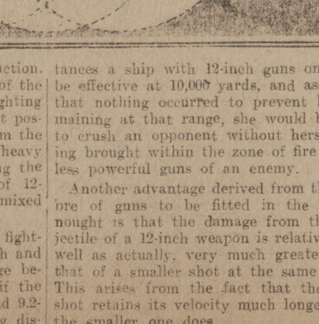
The net earnings were $1,573,832.19, as compared with $1,620,475.33 for 1904.

During the year $497,605.19 was expended on capital account.

The assets of the company aggregate $27,697,129.14.

Mrs. R. D. Nannary, of Calgary; Mrs. John Robinson, of Manitoba, and Mrs. R. W. Hodgson, of Saskatoon, are registered at the Dufferin. They will leave on the steamer Lake Champlain for England.

Miss Margaret McElroy and Miss Kittie, who have been visiting here for the past week, returned to their home at St. John yesterday.—Fredericton Herald.



EVERYBODY SMOKES "OLD CHUM."

March 2, '05.

But a Short Time Longer

And Your Opportunity will be Gone Forever

Only a few days longer and the Grand Removal Sale being held at our Branch Store, 703 Main Street, will be brought to an end and your opportunity to buy reliable Clothing and Furnishings at great saving will be gone.

When you take into consideration the fact that our regular prices are undeniably lower than any other store in Saint John, you can readily understand what great bargains there are at the reduced prices.

Take Advantage of these Savings

Men's $6.00 Suits Reduced to	$4.85	Boys' 3-Piece Suits were $5.00 Reduced to	$3.85
Men's 8.00 Suits Reduced to	5.85	Boys' Norfolk Suits were $2.50 Reduced to	1.89
Men's 12.00 Suits Reduced to	8.85	Boys' Sailor Suits were $2.00 Reduced to	1.39
Men's 15.00 Suits Reduced to	9.85	Boys' Sailor Suits were $1.25 Reduced to	.89
Men's 2.00 Trousers Reduced to	1.19	Boys' Pleated Suits were $1.50 Reduced to	1.19

Men's Soft and Stiff Bosom Colored Shirts, with or without Collars, 14 to 17½ inches, Regular Prices, 75c., $1.00 - - - Sale Price, 48c.
Men's Suspenders, Regular Price, 20c. - - Sale Price, 2 for 25c.
Men's Suspenders, Regular Price, 35c. - - - Sale Price, 19c.
Men's Suspenders, Regular Price, 50c. - - - Sale Price, 27c.
Linen Collars, all styles, Regular 15c. each, - - - Sale Price, 10c.
Men's Socks in Wool, Cotton, Worsted and Cashmere, - - - - - - - - - - - - Sale Prices, 10c., 15c., 19c., 38c.
Four-in-hand Ties. - - - - Sale Prices, 19c., 38c., 2 for 25c.
Hook-on Puff Ties, - - - - - - Sale Prices, 19c., 38c.
Bows, - - - - - - - - - - 2 for 25c., 19c.

703 Main Street. **SCOVIL BROS. & CO.**

MRS. BANWELL IS CHIPPER OVER $40,000 BANK THEFT CHARGE

Arraigned With Her Husband at Toronto, She Smiled at All Hands as She Gets Bail.

Toronto, March 1—(Special)—A tremendous crowd thronged the police court this morning when E. St. George Banwell and his wife were arraigned before the magistrate, three hours after their arrival from Jamaica with Detective Black.

Mrs. Banwell was the chief centre of interest. There was not the slightest indication in her bearing that she was subject to a charge of participating in the theft of $40,000. She looked even less wilted than the ordinary lady passenger would after so hurried a through trip from Halifax, and smiled at Magistrate Dennison and bowed to friends in court, as though the occasion were a society function.

Banwell himself looked fairly cheerful, though his cheerfulness apparently required some effort to keep up. His spirits fell somewhat when the magistrate declined to let him out on bail, and committed him to jail till Monday.

Mrs. Banwell was allowed out on $5,000 recognizance. "Thank you, judge," said Mrs. Banwell sweetly, and then turned to sympathize with her less fortunate husband.

The Banwells pleaded not guilty and elected to be tried by jury.

The civil case of Ryan vs. Garland, in which James Ryan, liquor merchant and grocer, King square, sued John Garland for $44.80 for liquors, was yesterday afternoon decided against the plaintiff on the ground that the debt was outlawed.

A RIGHT WAY and A WRONG WAY

Many people have many ways to bring about the same result. Most of them are mistaken ways, but this is not known until the test of time points plainly to the error. Practically there are but two ways to accomplish anything; a right way and a wrong way. Take, for instance, a man with a bad back, there are lots of them, and of various kinds, some with stiches and twitches, others with cricks and twinges; then there's the dull, heavy continuous kind that lasts all day and doesn't sleep at night. They're all bad enough, they're all hard enough to get rid of. Some people rub the back with liniment, others cover it with plasters, either or both means often bring relief, but the pain comes back—it's the wrong way to cure the trouble.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

have a way to cure backache, a way that's all their own—the right way. They're made for the kidneys only. When the kidneys fail in their work of filtering the blood the back aches because they are situated in the small of the back; backache is the kidney's warning of trouble, and every day you let the warning go it brings you nearer to urinary disorders, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, etc.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure every form of kidney ills and that's why they bring such quick relief from bachache. Mr. Fred Gray, Good Corner, N.B., writes: "I was greatly troubled with pain across my back. I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, and received so much benefit from them that I consider them the best remedy for kidney trouble there is. I would not be without them in my house."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for $1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Seamen Pleasantly Entertained.

The special entertainment given the sailors in the Seamen's Mission last night by Mrs. James F. Robertson was a great success. Every number on the programme was enthusiastically encored by the large gathering of seamen.

Rev. G. A. Kuhring presided and the following took part: Miss Coster, piano; solo; S. J. McGowan, volol solos; Mrs. James F. Robertson, reading; Mrs. H. B. Schofield, song; Mrs. E. A. Smith, recitation; Mr. Melanson, song; Mr. Cobb, reading; G. Coster, song, and H. Nixon, whistling selection.

H. C. Tilley moved a vote of thanks to Mrs. Robertson and it was carried unanimously. Refreshments were served and a very enjoyable evening was brought to a close with the National Anthem.

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ST. STEPHEN UNANIMOUS FOR CITY WATER SUPPLY

Not a Dissenting Vote Yesterday Against Plan to Get New Service—Expect Other Towns to Join Them.

St. Stephen, N. B., March 1—(Special)—Municipal ownership scored a great triumph when St. Stephen voted on the question of ownership of a water plant. The result of the vote, which was an open one, was a property vote of $353,950 out of an assessed valuation of $1,082,000 and a personal vote of 366.

Not a negative vote was cast in either of the three wards. The above wonderful result was obtained without solicitation of any person. The question was: Shall the town install a system of water works having as a source of supply a well near Maxwell's Crossing, about 3½ miles from town?

CHANGES IN COMPANY

The announcement is made that Mr. C. M. Johnson, who at one time was managing director of the Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain street, Montreal, Que., but who was succeeded some time ago by Mr. Thos. Brady, is not now connected with theis company in any way, and that Mr. A. E. Richardson, who was a former stockholder in the above-named company, and also in the Wells & Richardson Company, of Burlington, Vermont, is not now connected in any form or capacity with either company, both of the above gentlemen having disposed of their holdings of stock. The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, of Montreal, are the sole proprietors, among other articles, of the well known Diamond Dyes, Improved Butter Coloring, Lactated Food and Paine's Celery Compound, and at the present time, under the very able management of Mr. Brady, are doing the largest business in the history of the Canadian Company.—Montreal Witness, February 27th, 1906.

Get My Free Book — Rheumatism

It tells about Rheumatism, about the causes, the way to live to avoid and free the system of rheumatic poisons—even in desperate cases—with

DR. SHOOP'S RHEUMATIC TABLETS

Dr. Shoop Racine Wis. Sold By Druggists.

A little bird am I,
Shut from the fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing,
To Him who placed me there,
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases thee.
[Mme Guyon.

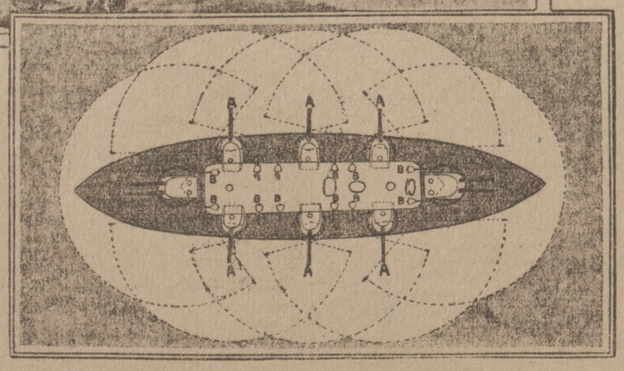
Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Fleming returned yesterday from Boston.

Dr. G. U. Hay was able to be out yesterday for a short time, the first since his illness.

When the Dreadnought Took the Water



The Dreadnought Taking the Water
From the Sphere



The battleship Dreadnought, according to the Naval and Military Review of Plymouth (Eng.), marks an important advance on any war ship afloat. It is curious to note that in some respects she recalls her namesake, launched in 1875, since both are remarkable as having the special characteristics of carrying an armament composed entirely of guns of the largest calibre, and a cuirass heavier and more extensive than any of their respective predecessors. The difference is that the first Dreadnought carried only four 12-inch guns on a displacement of 10,820 tons, whereas the vessel released from the building slip on Feb. 10 will have a uniform armament of 12-inch guns—ten, it is believed in the best informed circles—on a displacement which will certainly be less than twice that of her predecessor of this name. The two conditions which have governed the design of the Dreadnought are guns and speed, due regard having also been paid to protection.

The Russo-Japanese war has confirmed the theorists of naval experts in providing new battleships and cruisers with a uniform armament of the largest type of gun combined with high speed, which will give them the advantage of forcing an action. These are the predominant features of the Dreadnought, and will give her a fighting value which no other war ship afloat possesses. The superiority resulting from the embodiment of a concentration of heavy gunfire is best attested by comparing the Dreadnought's uniform armament of 12-inch guns with ships fitted with a mixed armament.

The maximum practical range for fighting an action with batteries of 6-inch and 12-inch guns is 7,000 yards, the range being increased to about 9,000 yards if the armament be composed of 12-inch and 9.2-inch guns. As against these fighting distances a ship with 12-inch guns only can be effective at 10,000 yards, and assuming that nothing occurred to prevent her remaining at that range, she would be able to crush an opponent without herself being brought within the zone of fire of the less powerful guns of an enemy.

Another advantage derived from the calibre of guns to be fitted in the Dreadnought is that the damage from the projectile of a 12-inch weapon is relatively, as well as actually, very much greater than that of a smaller shot at the same range. This arises from the fact that the large shot retains its velocity much longer than the smaller one does.

Always Remember the Full Name **Laxative Bromo Quinine** Cures a Cold in One Day. Grip in 2 Days — E. W. Grove on every box. 25c