

My Friend Chauffeur.

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

(Continued).

"By Jove!" I exclaimed, gazing with a new respect at my leather-clad friend in his car. "You've got some good stuff in you, Terry. I did it quite realize what a responsibility I was throwing on you, old chap, when I named you as my chauffeur. Except for my drives with you, I suppose I have been in a motor half a dozen times in my life, now I come to think of it, and it always seemed to me that, if a man knew how to drive his own car, he must know how to do everything else that was necessary."

"Very few indeed, even expert drivers, among amateurs. A man ought to be able not only to take his car entirely to pieces and put it together again, but to go into a mechanic's shop and make a new one. I don't say that I could do that, but I can come a bit nearer to it than I could five days ago. I don't think that the poor old car will be such a shock to the ladies now, even after some of the fine ones they must have seen to you."

He was so ungeniously proud of his achievements, had talked so hard, and sacrificed so much of his personal vanity in providing his employers with a suitable chauffeur, that I did not stint my commendation of him and his car. Felicity, too, was puffing in compliments. "The duck, who had waddled out to the gate to see what was doing, quacked flattery; the yellow old newed praise; and Terry, pleased as Punch with everything and everybody, as much as he stowed away our suit cases."

The moment of departure had come. With some emotion I bade farewell to my family, which I should not see again until I returned to the Riviera to open the autumn season with the first number of the Sun. Then one last look at the little place which had become dear to me, and we were off with a bound for the Cap Martin Hotel.

Terry, when in a frank and modest mood, had sometimes said to me that, with all the virtues of strength, faithfulness, and getting-there-ness, his car was not to be called a motor. Thirty miles an hour was its speed at best, and this pace, it seemed had been surpassed by newer cars of the same make, though of no higher power, since Terry's had been built. This fact I took for granted, as I had heard it from Terry's own lips more than once; but as we flew over the wooded road which divided the Chateau des Pins from the Cap Martin Hotel, I would have sworn that we were going at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

"Good Heavens!" I gasped. "Have you been doing anything to this car, to make her faster than she was? Help! I can't breathe!"

"Nonsense," said Terry, with soothing calm. "It's only because you haven't motored for a long time that you imagine we're going fast. The motor's working well, that's all. We're crawling along at a miserable twenty miles an hour."

"Well, I'm glad that worms and other reptiles can't crawl at this pace, anyhow, or life wouldn't be worth living for the rest of creation." I reported, cringing on my cap and wishing I had covered my fearful eyes with my motor goggles which lay in my pocket.

"If our millionaires don't respect this pace, I'll eat my hat when I have time, or—"

But Terry was not destined to hear the end of that boast—which perhaps was just as well for me in the end, as things were to turn out. We spun down the avenue of pines, and in less than a lazy man's breathing space were at the door of the Cap Martin Hotel.

Quite a crowd of smart-looking people was assembled there, and for one fond second I dreamed that they were waiting to witness our arrival. But that pleasant illusion died almost as soon as born. As the group divided at our approach we saw that they had been collected round a large motor-car, not ours, so recognized that beside it our poor rejuvenated little looked like a little, made-up old Quaker lady.

In color this hated rival was a rich, ripe scarlet, with cushions to match in her luxurious tonneau. Her bonnet was like a helmet of gold for the goddess Minerva, and wherever there was space, or chance, for something to sparkle with jewelled effect, that something availed itself, with brilliance, of the opportunity. The long scarlet body of the creature was shrouded with a canopy of canvas, white as the breast of a gull, and finished daintily all round with a curly fringe. The poles which held it were apparently of glittering gold, and the railing designed to hold luggage on the top, if not of the same precious metal, was as polished as the letters of Lord Chesterfield to his long-suffering son.

One gleam of glance was enough to paint this glowing picture upon our retinas, and there it remained, like a sun-spot, even when a later one was stamped upon it. Three figures in long, grey motor-coats, exactly alike, and motor-caps, held on with shirred chiffon veils came forward, two advancing more quickly than the third.

"How do you do, Sir Ralph? Good morning, Mr. Barrymore," Mrs. Kidder and Beechy were saying. "We're all ready," went on the former, excitedly. "We've been admiring the Prince's car, which came last night. Isn't it a perfect beauty? Just look at the sweet poppy-colour, and his crest in black and gold. I never saw anything so pretty, did you?"

"I like Sir Ralph's car," said Miss Destrey. "It's such a cool grey, and even in wind or dust it will always look neat. We shall match it very well with our grey coats and veils."

I could have kissed her; while as for Terry, standing cap in hand, he looked grateful enough to have grovelled at our fair champion's feet. Nevertheless, he could not help knowing in his hearts that no normal girl could help preferring that celestial peacock to our grey hen, and that Miss Destrey's wish to be kind must have stripped her obligation to be truthful. This knowledge was turning a screw round in our vitals, when his brightness himself appeared to give it a still sharper twist.

He had been standing at a short distance, talking with a small chauffeur of a peculiarly solemn cast of countenance. Now he turned and joined the ladies with a brisk step and an air of proprietorship.

The fact that he was wearing a long motor-coat, of a smart cut, and a peaked cap which became him excellently, struck me as ominous. Had he caught the birds—our birds—after all, at the last moment, and had they been too cowardly to let us know?

"Oh, good morning, Sir Ralph," said he. "That is the famous car, Mine. It is a giant beside it, is it not? No doubt you and your friend are clever men, but you will need all your cleverness to provide comfortable accommodation for these ladies' luggage as well as themselves. I would not mind betting you ten to one that you will fail to do it to their satisfaction."

"I'll take the bet if the ladies don't mind," responded Terry promptly, those lively Irish eyes of his very bright, and dark.

"What—a bet? Why, that will be real fun," laughed the Countess, showing her dimples. "What is it to be?"

A slightly anxious expression hardened the lines of the Prince's face when he found himself taken in earnest. "A thousand francs against a hundred, of yours shall it be, Monsieur. I don't wish to plunge my hand into your pockets," said he, shrewdly making a virtue of his caution.

"As you like," Terry assented. "Now for the test. Your luggage has come down, Countess?"

"Yes; here it all is," said Mrs. Kidder, quickly indicating three stout hotel porters who stood in the background heavily laden.

"Dear me, it does look as if it was going to be a mighty tight squeeze, doesn't it?"

In response to a gesture, the porters advanced in line, like the Three Graces; and counting rapidly, I made out that their load consisted of one good-sized "Innovation" cabin box, two enormous alligator-skin dressing bags, one small bag, and two spacious holdalls, umbrellas, parasols, and a tea-basket.

I began to tremble for more than Terry's five pounds. I now saw all the Prince's guile. He had somehow managed to produce his car, and had, no doubt, used all his eloquence to persuade Mrs. Kidder that she would be justified in changing her mind at the last moment. That he had failed was owing either to her sense of honor or her liking for the English-speaking races over foreigners, even princely ones. But refusing to abandon hope, His Highness had pinned his last fluttering rag of faith upon the chance that our car would fail to fulfil its contract. With this chance, and this alone still to depend upon, he had probably kept his melancholy chauffeur up all night, sponging and polishing. If the Panhard refused to absorb the ladies' luggage, there would be his radiant chariot waiting to console them in the bitter hour of their disappointment.

As Terry stood measuring each piece of luggage with his eye, silently appraising it to a place in the car, I felt as if I had felt at "Monte" when the roulette, as many as three of my hard-won five franc pieces might easily go "bang," like the sixpence of another canny Scot. Will it be rouge; will it be noir? . . . I could never look; and I could not look now.

Turning to Beechy, who stood at my shoulder eagerly watching, I flung myself into conversation. "What are you laughing at?" I asked.

"At all of you," said the Infant. "But especially the Prince."

"Why especially the Prince? I was growing interested."

"I should think you'd know."

"How could I know?"

"Because I guess you're pretty bright. Sometimes I look at you, and you seem to be thinking the same things I am. I don't know whether that makes me like you or hate you, but anyway it makes me give you credit for good wit. I'm not exactly stupid."

"I've noticed that. But about the Prince."

"Can't you guess how he got his automobile just in the nick of time?"

"Yes, I can guess; but maybe it wouldn't be right."

"And maybe it would. Let's see."

"Well, the Countess heard favorably from her lawyer in Denver on Tuesday, and paid down something in advance for the Dalmatian estate."

"And the title. Right first time. The 'something' was eight thousand dollars."

"Phew!"

(To be continued).

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, } S. S.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
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R. R. Patchell went to Frederickton last evening to attend the annual meeting of the Fruit Growers' Association.

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Trial Package is sent Absolutely Free in Plain Wrapper to Everyone Who Writes.

Surgeons themselves consider a permanent cure of piles by a surgical operation as very doubtful, and resort to it only when the patient has become desperate from long continued pain and agony. But the operation itself is every bit as excruciating and nerve-racking as the disease. Besides, it is humiliating and expensive, and rarely a success.

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Send your name and address at once for a trial of this marvelous quick, sure cure. Address Pyramid Drug Co., 11,666 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich.

BARGE DRIFTING ABOUT THE BAY

May Be The One That Was in Tow of the Gypsum King When The Tug Struck.

Digby, N. S., Jan. 24.—(Special)—A telephone message from Bryon Black, forwarded to the ferryman at Petite Passage, announces that a large barge is adrift in the bay with the flood tide. The wind is breezing up from the northwest on shore, and a big sea is running. The barge will probably be ashore on Digby Neck before daylight, and become a total wreck.

It is too rough for the steamer Westport to go to her assistance. It is thought to be the barge which was in tow of the New York tug Gypsum King, which struck on the Murr-Ledges, Grand Manan, early Monday morning, and is a total loss, with crew saved. There are no lights on the barge, and it is thought there is nobody on board.

Eastport, Me., Jan. 23.—Captain Blizard, of the Murr-Ledges, Grand Manan, in a fog early yesterday morning, A. hole was soon pounded in her hull, and she sank in deep water.

The crew took to their boats and landed nearly all their effects.

Nothing has been heard of the barge Daniel M. Munroe, which was in tow of the tug at the time. Captain Blizard paid off his crew here, and will remain here until further orders.

COLE TELLS HIS VERSION

He Takes The Stand in His Own Defence and Repeats Former Story.

Portland, Me., Jan. 24.—(Special)—Edward F. Cole again told a jury the story of his relations with John F. Steeves when the superior court convened this afternoon for the third day of the second trial of the murder charge against the prisoner. There was practically no difference in the testimony he gave today and that of last September.

His account of Steeves' arrival here from New Brunswick and of the relations existing between them was almost a word the same as he had told the other jury, and almost the only new feature was his reference to the child that has been born to his wife while he has been in jail.

Cole was as cool as ever. He listened carefully to his counsel's questions, usually repeated them before replying, and answered with an apparent desire to keep strictly to the truth. His appearance on the stand was more prepossessing than at the last trial, and his method of accounting for his whereabouts on the day of the murder seemed to carry weight with the jury. The alibi in the same way particular as before. It was not completed when court adjourned, and the cross-examination had not begun.

When court opened today, Hiram Crossman had not arrived from New Brunswick, where the state was given as showing of calling him later if he should arrive. The defence, after the opening address by Mr. Badger, read the testimony given at the former trial by W. J. Jones, Isaac F. Dawson, Isaac Hopper, and John L. Peck, all of Hillsboro. They will not come here to testify at this session.

The managers of the various banks in the city will entertain the directors of the Bank of New Brunswick at a dinner in the Union Club this evening. The latter bank has for some time past granted the use of the room in the bank building which is used by the financial institute as a clearing house. The managers are showing their appreciation of the courtesy by giving tonight's entertainment. It is expected that W. E. Stavert will be among the guests.

HARDWARE MEN'S ANNUAL DINNER

Enjoyable Function at the Union Club Last Evening.

The twelfth annual dinner of the St. John Iron & Hardware Association was given last evening in the Union Club. John Keefe, the president, was in the chair and the following members of the association and guests were present: W. H. Thorne, G. S. Fisher, James Pender, George W. Fleming, W. L. Nase, H. G. Hunter, F. A. Reid, A. L. Haining, T. C. Loe, H. B. Schofield, John A. McAvity, Sheriff Ritchie, F. F. Barry, J. J. Barry, S. Matthews, T. McGa, Stewart, E. Everett, C. D. Allen, J. J. Foote, M. E. Agar, J. Harrison, J. Tilton, F. Kelly, E. McKay, Stanley Elkin, J. P. Macintyre, C. A. Macdonald, C. N. Skinner, R. O'Brien, H. O'Neill, F. Foster, G. W. Campbell, H. N. Coates, B. C. Boyd, A. M. Rowan and Col. Markham.

On conclusion of a sumptuous repast served in irreproachable style the following toast list was carried out: The King was given by the president and received with musical honors; Our Association was proposed by J. A. McAvity and responded to by W. H. Thorne and M. E. Agar; The City of St. John was given by the president and responded to by Hon. C. N. Skinner and H. B. Schofield; The St. John Iron and Hardware Manufacturers was proposed by W. H. Thorne and responded to by James Pender, J. McAvity, and S. Elkin; Our Guests was proposed by J. J. Foote and the toasts of The Ladies by the president. An orchestra played appropriate music. Songs were given by J. J. Foote and S. Matthews and a recitation by T. McGa. Stewart. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed and the gathering did not break up until a late hour.

The menu card was a most original and artistic piece of workmanship. It took the form of a square. The imitation steel surface of one arm was marked out in inches and the supposedly wooden half opened up and displayed the menu and the lists of officers and toasts. The whole effect was very realistic and the novelty was highly prized by the guests.

THREE TRYING TIMES IN A WOMAN'S LIFE

There are three periods of a woman's life when she is in need of the heart strengthening, nerve tonic, blood enriching action of

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

The first of these is when the young girl is entering the portals of womanhood. At this time she is very often pale, weak and nervous, and unless her health is built up and her system strengthened she may fall a prey to consumption or be a weak woman for life.

The second period is motherhood. The drain on the system is great and the exhausted nerve force and depleted blood require replenishing. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills supply the elements needed to do this.

The third period is "change of life" and this is the period when she is most liable to heart and nerve troubles.

A tremendous change is taking place in the system, and it is at this time many chronic diseases manifest themselves. Fortify the heart and nerve system by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and thus tide over this dangerous period. Mrs. James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled very much with heart trouble—the cause being to a great extent due to 'change of life.' I have been taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and mean to continue doing so, for I have used for building up the system. You are at liberty to use this statement for the benefit of other sufferers."

Price 50 cents per box, three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers, or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

AT THE YORK THEATRE

The Stoddard Stock Company produced The Plunger, a good melodrama in five acts, before a good sized audience in the York Theatre last night.

W. L. Stewart in the role of the "Plunger" was seen to good advantage and portrayed excellently the character of the reckless but big-hearted gambler. D. O. Rexford and Miss Rexford, Jack West as Glyndon the wronged, was excellent as the faithful clerk and true lover, while Ed. F. Dunlavy as the cashier of Rexford, the banker, whose greed for money had led him to the double crime of forgery and murder, succeeded in making himself thoroughly disliked by the audience. Miss Adelaide Seord in the part of Ethel Rexford, all that could be desired, as the devoted champion of Halter Glyndon, while Ralph Wordley as Billy Spike, the tramp; James Fairbanks as Gentleman Jim, the gambler; D. O. Rexford as Simon the colored servant, and Misses Edith LaNora, the typewriter in the banker's office, and Burdell Bartram as Mrs. Nora Clover, the Irish widow, played well the parts assigned to them.

The Plunger will be played again this afternoon and Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde tonight.

PREVENT TAKING COLD

When you come home shivering and cold, feet wet, a tickle in your throat—take a solid dose of Nerville in hot water. Rub Nerville over your throat and chest as well. This prevents a chill and checks the cold instantly. Just as safe with Nerville as with the doctor, so keep it handy. For nearly fifty years Nerville has been universally sold in large 25c. bottles.

The negro arrested with Wm. Phelps here by Sgt. Baxter and Policeman W. H. White a few days ago has been positively identified as Minoi St. Clair Francis, who escaped from Bridgewater (Mass.) state farm, where he was sent as showing signs of insanity. He was under eighteen to twenty-five years sentence for assaulting a woman. It was thought Phelps was Frank Wiley, who had escaped with Francis, but this has been disproved.

Pains in the back, from straining the muscles or from pain in the kidneys, soon yields to the soothing influence of Kendrick's White Liniment. There is no pain that will not yield to this truly wonderful remedy.

A private session of the ferry committee was held yesterday afternoon to decide on certain details of the report on the recent investigation. It is expected the report will be submitted at a special meeting of the council, to be held, if possible, tomorrow.

ARE YOU TIRED

Do you feel constantly tired so that everything is done with an effort? It is an indication that the kidneys are not doing their work of filtering the impurities from the blood.

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will help you. They restore the kidneys to their normal healthy condition and give you back your old time energy and desire to be up and doing. From all druggists, 50c. per box, 6 boxes for \$2.50 or direct from

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Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
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S. S. Mount Temple, Feb. 13, Third Class only.
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Rates same as via Liverpool. For Tickets and further information apply to W. H. C. MACKAY, St. John, N. B., or write to F. R. PERRY, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

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The canvass on behalf of the company for McAlpine's Saint John City Directory for 1907 commenced on the nineteenth day of January instant by agents bearing the written authority of the company. All correspondence relating to the Saint John business should be addressed to McAlpine Publishing Company Limited at its St. John office, Maple Building, Water Street. Price \$1 per copy, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain wrapper on receipt of price. Write for Free Pamphlet. The Wood Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario.

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