

My Friend The Chauffeur.

PART I.

TOLD BY RALPH MORAY.

A CHAPTER OF SURPRISES.

WANTED, LADIES, TO CONDUCT. An amateur automobilist (English, titled) who drives his own motor-car, accommodating five persons, offers to conduct two or three ladies, Americans preferred, to any picturesque centres in Europe which they may desire to visit. Car has capacity for carrying small luggage, and is of best type. Journeys of about 100 miles a day. Novel and delightful way of travelling; owner of car well up in history, art, and architecture of different countries. Inclusive terms five guineas a day each, or slight reduction made for extensive trip. Address—

When Terry had read this far, I hastily interrupted him. I wasn't quite ready yet for him to see that address. The thing needed a little leading up to; and by way of getting him quickly and safely on to a side track I burst into a shout of laughter, so loud and so sudden that he looked up from the little pink Riviera newspaper of which I was the proud proprietor, to stare at me.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

I subsided. "The idea struck me so forcibly," said I. "Jolly clever, isn't it?"

"It's a fake, of course," said Terry. "No fellow would be as enough to advertise himself like that in earnest. Probably the thing's been put in for a bet, or else it's a practical joke."

I had been aware that this, or something like it, would come, but now that the crisis was at hand I felt qualms. Terry—known to strangers as Lord Terence Barrymore—is the best and most delightful chap in the world, as well as one of the best looking, but like several other Irishmen, he is, to put it mildly, rather hard to manage, especially when you want to do him a good turn. I had been trying to do him one without his knowing it, and in such a way that he could escape when he did know. But the success of my scheme was now being dangled on the knees of the gods, and at any instant it might fall off to break like an egg.

"I believe it's genuine," I began gingerly, almost wishing that I hadn't purposely put the pink paper where Terry would be sure to pick it up. "And I don't see why you should call the advertiser in my paper an ass. If you were hard up, and had a motor-car—"

"I am hard up, and I have a motor-car."

"What I was going to say is this: Wouldn't it be much better to turn your car into the means of making an honest living, and at the same time having some rattling good fun, rather than sell the thing for less than half cost, and not only get no fun at all, but not know how to get out of the scrape in which you've landed yourself?"

It was Terry's turn to laugh now, which he did, though not uproariously, as I had. "One would think the ass was a friend of yours, by your enthusiasm in defending him," said he.

"I'm only putting the case to you in the way I thought you'd see it most clearly," I persisted mildly. "But, as a matter of fact, the 'ass' as you call him, is my friend, a very intimate friend indeed."

"Didn't know you had any intimate friends but me, anyhow owners of motor-cars, you old owl," remarked Terry. "I must say in your defence, though, it isn't like you to have friends who advertise themselves as titled courtiers."

"If you're obliged to start a shop I suppose it's legitimate to put your best goods in the windows, and arrange them as attractively as you can to appeal to the public," I argued. "This is the same thing. Besides, my friend isn't advertising himself. Somebody is 'running him'—doing it for him; wants him to get on, you know—just as I do you."

Terry gave me a quick glance; but my face which is blond and said to be singularly youthful for a man of twenty-nine, was, I flatter myself, as innocent as that of a choir-boy who has just delivered himself of a high soprano note. Nevertheless, the end was coming. I felt it in the electric tingle of the air.

"Do you mind telling me your friend's name, or is he a secret?"

"Perhaps the address at the end of the advertisement will be enlightening."

Terry had dropped the paper on the grass by the side of his chaise longue, but now he picked it up again, and began searching for the place which he had lost. I, in my chaise longue under the same magnolia tree, gazed at him from under my tilted Panama. Terry is tall and dark. Stretched out in the basket chair, he looked very big and rather formidable. Beside him, I felt a small and ready person. I really hoped he would not give me much trouble. The day was too hot to cope with troublesome people, especially if you were fond of them, for then you were more likely to lose your head.

But the beginning was not encouraging. Terry proceeded to read the end of the advertisement aloud. "Address X. Y. Z., Chatelet des Pins, Cap Martin." Then he said something which did not go at all with the weather. Why is it that so many bad words begin with D or H? One almost gets to think that they are letters for respectable people to avoid.

"Hang it all, Ralph," he went on, after

the explosion, "I must say I don't like your taste in jokes. This is a bit too steep."

I sat up straight, with a leg on each side of the chair, and looked reproaches. "I thought," I said slowly, "that when your brother behaved like a—well, we won't specify what—your asked, I might even say begged, for my advice, and promised in a midnight conversation under this very tree to take it, no matter how disagreeable it might prove."

"I did, but—"

"There's no such word as 'but.' Last year I advised you not to put your money into West Africa. You put it in. What was the consequence? You regretted it, and as your brother showed no very keen interest in your career, you decided that you couldn't afford to stop in the Guards, so you cut the Army. This year I advised you not to play the system of yours and Raleigh's at Monte Carlo, or if you must have a go at it, to stick to roulette and five franc stakes. Instead of listening to me, you listened to him. What were the consequences?"

"For goodness sake don't moralize. I know well enough what they were. Ruin. And it doesn't gild the pill to remember that I deserved to swallow it."

"If only you'd swallow the advice instead! It would have slipped down more easily, poor old boy. But you swore to both the next dose without a groan. I said I'd try and think of a better plan than selling your Panhard, and going out to help work an African farm on the proceeds. Well, I have thought of a plan, and there you have the proof of my combined solicitude and ingenuity, in my own party."

"Don't shoot off big words at me."

"I'm a journalist; my father before me was a journalist, and got his silly old hobby by being a journalist. I'm one still, and have saved up quite a little competency on big words and potted phrases. I've collected a great many practical ideas in my experience. I want to make you a present of some of them, if only you'll have them."

"Do you call this advertisement a practical idea? You can't find a minute suppose that I'd been dead carting a lot of American or other women, whom I don't know about Europe in my car, and taking their beastly money?"

"If you drove properly, you wouldn't be found dead; and you would know them," I had begun, when there was a ring at the gate bell, and the high wall of the garden abruptly opened to admit a tidal wave of chiffon and muslin.

Terry and I were both so taken aback at the unexpected inundation that for a moment we lay still in our chairs and stared, with our hats tipped over our eyes and our pipes in our mouths. We were not accustomed to afternoon calls or any other time-of-day calls from chiffon and muslin at the Chatelet des Pins, therefore our first impression was that the tidal wave had overflowed through my gate by mistake, and would promptly retire in disorder at sight of us. But not at all. It swept up the path, in pink, pale green, and white billows, frothing at the edges with lace.

There was a lot of it—a bewildering lot. It was all train, and big flowery hats, and wonderful transparent parasols, which you thought you ought to see through, and couldn't. Before it was upon us, Terry and I had sprung up in self-defence, our pipes burning holes in our pockets, our Panamas in our hands.

Now the inundation divided itself into separate wavelets, the last lagging behind, crested by a foaming parasol, which hid all details, except a general white muslin fineness. But Terry and I had not much chance to observe the third billow. Our attention was caught by the first glittering rush of pink and emerald spray.

Out of it a voice spoke—an American voice; and with it a ray of light, a parasol rose like stage curtain. The green wave was a lady; a marvellous lady. The pink wave was a child with a brown face, two long brown plaits, and pink silk legs, also pink shoes.

"We've come in answer to X. Y. Z.'s advertisement in this morning's Riviera Sun. Now which of you two gentlemen put it in?" began the lady, with gay coquetry which played over each of us in turn. Oh yes, she was wonderful. She had hair of the brightest auburn that ever crowned a human head. It was done in undulations, with a fat ring in the middle of her forehead, between two beautiful fully arched black eyebrows. Her skin was very white, her cheeks were very pink, and her lips were very coral. Everything about her was "very."

Out of a plump face with a small nose that turned up and a chin which was overgrown, she looked a pair of big, good-natured, nondescript-colored eyes, and flashed a pair of pleasant dimples. At first glance you said "a stout girl of twenty-five." At the second you were not sure that the lady wasn't ten years older. But her waist was so slender that she panted a little in coming up the path, though the path was by no means steep, and her heels were so high that there was a suspicion of a limp in her walk.

Even to me the lady and her announcement gave a shock, which must have doubled its effect upon Terry. I was collecting my forces for a reply when the little brown girl giggled, and I lost myself again. It was only an instant, but Terry basely took advantage of that instant in a way which I should not have believed him capable.

"You must address yourself to my friend, Sir Ralph Moray," said the wretched

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

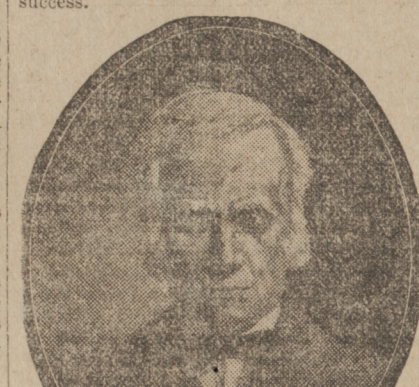
hockey match at the Arctic rink this evening. The firemen were called out this morning for a slight blaze in the upper flat of C. H. Bart's grocery store on Queen St. The ladies' bowling team returned from St. John last evening and were accorded a very hearty reception by their friends.

Piles Quickly Cured at Home

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure—
Trial Package Mailed Free to
All in Plain Wrapper.

Piles is a fearful disease, but easy to cure if you go at it right.

An operation with the knife is dangerous, humiliating and rarely a permanent success.



There is just one other sure way to be cured—painless, safe and in the privacy of your own home—it is Pyramid Pile Cure.

We mail a trial package free to all who write.

It will give you instant relief, show you the harmless, painless nature of this great remedy and start you well on the way to a perfect cure.

Then you can get a full-sized box from any druggist for 50 cents, and often one box cures.

If the druggist tries to sell you something just as good, it is because he makes more money on the substitute.

The cure begins at once and continues rapidly until it is complete and permanent.

You can go right ahead with your work and be easy and comfortable all the time. It is well worth trying.

Just send your name and address to Pyramid Drug Co., 11863 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich., and receive free by return mail the trial package in a plain wrapper.

Thousands have been cured in this easy, painless and inexpensive way, in the privacy of the home.

All druggists, 50 cents. Write today for a free package.

SARMATIAN IS OVERDUE

Allan Liner Should Have Reached Halifax by This Time—Death of Mrs. Schaffer.

HALIFAX Jan. 17.—(Special)—The death occurred at her residence Lockman St., this morning of Mrs. Jane Schaffer, wife of Geo. Schaffer, a well-known sail maker. The deceased leaves a husband, two sons and a daughter, the latter is the wife of D. J. Pickett, of the New York Tribune.

Allan liner Samarian from London and Havre, is overdue at this port.

A heavy southeast gale, which raged here last night, abated at daylight this morning the wind changing to northwest. During the night the rain came down in torrents doing considerable damage to the streets.

Today it is fine and spring like.

"TWO MILLION MARKETS."

(Saturday's N. Y. Post.)

Since Monday, December 4, every full day on the New York Stock Exchange has been marked by transactions larger than on any other day. Yesterday the two-million total was nearly touched, the day's record being 1,914,000 shares. Through the present week, there has been talk of the "two-million market."

As a regular thing, this suggests the question when and how long has the Stock Exchange reached or exceeded that particular pitch of activity.

Since 1901, the daily record has on only three occasions passed the 2,000,000 share mark—on December 7, 8, and 12, 1901, during the violent activity attending the break and recovery in Amalgamated Copper, and the general market.

In the month prior to the Northern Pacific corner of May 3, 1901, stock trading on eleven separate days exceeded 2,000,000 shares. On April 29, and May 1, the total ran beyond 2,000,000 shares. That is to say, there have been only sixteen days in the history of the Stock Exchange when the "two-million mark" was passed.

The totals ran into 3,000,000 shares in 1901, the Stock Exchange broke down physically, and an extra holiday was voted to enable exhausted brokers to recuperate.

NEVER LOST TO VIEW.

"There is nothing," the Cinder remarked, as the smoke.

Past train windows flew merrily by. Like watching for chances like this to keep.

One's self in the great public eye."—Baltimore American.

The Wine of Tar, Honey and Wild Cherry, made by the Baird Company, Limited, is free from all ingredients that cause unpleasant effects, common to many Cough Remedies, and is a perfectly safe preparation for children and adults. For all Coughs, Irritated Conditions of the Throat, Asthmatic and Bronchial Coughs, Throat and Lung Trouble, Loss of Voice, for Public Speakers and Singers, this preparation is especially valuable. At all dealers. Price, 35 cents for a bottle containing six ounces.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. BROWNE'S signature is on each box.

Sheriff Albion Foster, of Woodstock, was in the city yesterday, having in charge a patient for the provincial hospital.

MONCTON'S MAYOR AND JOHN T. HAWKE

Mayor Ryan Reviewing the Year Tells of His Difficulty With Transcript Man.

Moncton, N. B., Jan. 17.—(Special)—The home of Conductor J. B. Crockett was the scene of an interesting event this evening when his daughter, Miss Estelle, was united in marriage to Temple Doyle, of James Doyle & Son, of this city, by Rev. J. W. McConnell, of the Central Methodist church, in the presence of the immediate friends of the contracting parties. The young couple left on a trip to the upper provinces.

Gordon McKeown, a popular young clerk in the I. C. R. advertising department, died at his father's home here this evening after a few days illness. He was at work last Friday but went home suffering from acute peritonitis, resulting from a cold. He was twenty years old, son of Albert McKeown, of the I. C. R. He had been clerking in the I. C. R. for a few years and was highly respected by a wide circle of young friends who profoundly regret his early demise.

Two new parlor cars, Minto and Aberdeen, arrived here this afternoon for the I. C. R. from the Crossen Car Works.

Scott Act convictions were entered in the police court today against the Minto Hotel, Thaddeus Richard, E. Gowing and Henry Cormier.

The minister of railways is expected here Friday.

The closing meeting of the city council for the year was held tonight. The estimates for next year total \$75,101.80 against \$73,191.50. The slight increase is due to greater amount for schools. The mayor said that the city has more than \$1,000 to its credit in the bank on the year's operations and this together with the amount of collectable taxes would about wipe out the city's floating debt.

In the course of his review of the year's record Mayor Ryan made reference to an unpleasant incident in the early part of the year. He did not regret the incident, he only regretted it had not taken place two months earlier, then the council would not have been held up to ridicule so long. The publisher of a certain paper who found fault with the council could see no good in anything that did not emanate from him. He referred to this gentleman as an odious of getting into civic politics, but who dare not come before the electors like a man seeking a position at the council board. The mayor alleged the individual he referred to never held a position by the will of the people and was now seeking in a crooked way to get into a civic position.

The minister of railways has replied to the petition of the city council asking for the rescinding of a regulation debarring I. C. R. employees holding civic positions. Mr. Emmerson's reply in effect is that it is better for railway men to devote their whole time to their business and keep out of active municipal politics. He refers to the G. T. R. and C. P. R. and says they do not allow their employees to hold civic public office. The C. P. R. makes exception when it is in the interest of the community. Under any circumstances the minister says no train hands, station agents or clerks receiving cash, such as ticket agents, should be allowed to become active in such matters.

"I slipped on an icy step and sprained my right ankle very badly," writes Miss Minnie Burgoyne of Glenwood. It swelled to a tremendous size and caused intense pain. I applied Polson's Nerviline and got prompt relief; the swelling was reduced, and before long I was able to use my foot." For sprains, swellings and muscular pains Nerviline is the one sure remedy. Strong, penetrating, swift to destroy pain—that's Polson's Nerviline. Fifty years in use.

SPRAINED HER ANKLE

The condition of Mrs. William Peacock of Rolling Dam, Charlotte county, who is ill at Fairville, is critical and very little hopes of her recovery are entertained. Two daughters have arrived from Hartford (Conn.), and also a married daughter from Rolling Dam.

Of course, you know about

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

You know there is nothing so bad for health as a Disordered Stomach or Liver.

You know, too, there is nothing so good for Bad Stomach and Liver as ABBEY'S SALT.

It's a habit of health to take ABBEY'S SALT.

26c AND 60c A BOTTLE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

NEW VICTORIA.

Parties returning from the country for winter will find excellent rooms and accommodation at this hotel, at moderate rates. Modern conveniences. Overlooks harbor. On street car line. Within easy reach of business centre.

248 and 258 Prince William Street ST. JOHN, N. B.

J. L. McCOSKEY, Proprietor.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

CHALFONTE

On the Beach. Fireproof. Always Open.

THE LEEDS COMPANY.

Ladies' Flannelette Wear at Great Bargains

CORSET COVERS AT 15c, REDUCED FROM 25c.

"	"	"	29c.	"	50c.
"	"	"	59c.	"	75c.
"	"	"	69c.	"	\$1.00.
"	"	"	75c.	"	\$1.50.

FLANNELETTE GOWNS AT 49c., 69c. and 89c.

These are all reduced for the clearance sale. They come in White, Blue and Pink, and are in three sizes. The gowns are prettily trimmed and made from a good quality of fast colored shaker.

A CORSET SALE. OVER THREE HUNDRED Pairs.

These are from the D. & A. Factory, are all perfect goods, but have been used as samples and may be slightly mussed. Every corset is perfect fitting, and the prices are nearly half their usual. 25c., 35c., 50c., 69c. and 89c. The 89c. one being the regular \$1.50 corset.

F. A. DYKEMAN & CO., : 59 Charlotte Street

DIXON'S
DOUBLE DIAMOND
PORT
MORGAN BROTHERS,
OPORTO.
GEO. PERCIVAL & CO., Montreal,
Sole Agents for Canada.

COAL.

An Open Grate Fire.

Next to a fire of Rock Maple Wood in the big, old-fashioned fire-place is an open grate fire of Old Mine Sydney Coal.

Old Mine Sydney Coal is the only coal that will reproduce the yellow blaze of the Rock Maple and not make much more ash.

And the best of it is that the Old Mine Sydney ash is heavy and does not blow about the room and settle on the polished furniture, etc.

Selected genuine Old Mine Sydney is now being delivered by Gibbon & Co. The gold seal certificate of quality can be seen at 615 Charlotte street or Smythe street.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

SHORT LINE TO MONTREAL.

Through Fast Express leaving Halifax at 8.00 a. m., St. John 6.00 p. m., daily, except Sunday. First and Second Class Coaches and Sleepers Halifax to Montreal.

DINING CARS BETWEEN TIROU and MATTAWAMKEAG and between SHERBROOKE and MONTREAL.

PACIFIC EXPRESS

From Montreal every day at 9.40 a. m. for all points.

CANADIAN NORTHWEST, KOOTENAI and PACIFIC COAST.

This train carries First and Second Class Coaches and Palace Sleepers. Also Tourist Sleeper.

Sunday, Monday and Thursday

Round Trip Rates to Colorado, California and N. P. Coast points, quoted on application. Lowest rates apply.

Call on W. H. C. MACKAY, St. John, N. B., or write to F. R. PERRY, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

HAMILTON ELL SCOTCH SOFT COAL LANDING.

Scotch & American Anthracite

GEORGE DICK, 48 Britain St., Foot of Germain St.

Telephone 1116

HOTELS

ROYAL HOTEL,

41, 43 and 45 King Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

RAYMOND & DOHERTY, Proprietors

W. E. RAYMOND. H. A. DOHERTY.

VICTORIA HOTEL,

King Street, St. John, N. B.

Electric Elevator and all Latest and Modern Improvements.

D. W. MCCORMICK, Prop.

ABERDEEN HOTEL.

Home-like and attractive. A temperance house. Newly furnished and thoroughly renovated. Centrally located. Electric cars pass the door and from all parts of the city reach in attendance at all trains and boats. Rates \$1 to \$1.50 per day.

18-22 Queen St., near Prince Wm.

A. C. NORTHROP, Proprietor

The DUFFERIN.

E. LeROI WILLIS, Prop.

KING SQUARE, St. John, N. B.

CLIFTON HOUSE,

74 Princess Street and 141 and 143 Germain Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

W. ALLAN BLACK, Proprietor.

NEW VICTORIA.

Parties returning from the country for winter will find excellent rooms and accommodation at this hotel, at moderate rates. Modern conveniences. Overlooks harbor. On street car line. Within easy reach of business centre.

248 and 258 Prince William Street ST. JOHN, N. B.

J. L. McCOSKEY, Proprietor.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

CHALFONTE

On the Beach. Fireproof. Always Open.

THE LEEDS COMPANY.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, OCT. 15th, 1905, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

No. 2—Express for Halifax, Sydney and Campbellton	7.00
No. 6—Mixed train to Moncton	7.30
No. 25—Express for Point du Cluene, Halifax and Victoria	12.15
No. 13—Express for Quebec and Montreal	12.30
No. 1—Express for Moncton, Sydney and Halifax	12.40

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

No. 2—From Halifax and Sydney	6.30
No. 7—Express from Moncton	6.00
No. 133—Express from Montreal and Quebec	12.45
No. 1—Mixed train from Moncton	12.50
No. 25—Express from Halifax, Pictou, PE. and Campbellton	12.40
No. 1—Express from Moncton	12.40
No. 11—Mixed from Moncton (daily)	4.00

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time. 24.00 O'clock midnight.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Moncton, N. B., Oct. 12, 1905.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, 3 King Street, St. John, N. B. Telephone 271.

GEORGE GARVILL, C. T.

Backache

more than tiredness. Hard work does not bring sharp, shooting pains. And a dull, nagging pain—that a night's sleep won't drive away—is never due to weariness.

Nine times in ten, backache says Kidney Trouble. Pain is nature's way of telling you that your Kidneys are weak—that

they cannot do nature's work—that they want help to get well and strong again!

GIN PILLS

are the greatest help that sick kidneys can have. They relieve the pain, strengthen the weak parts, and completely cure all Kidney Troubles. They are prepared solely to cure the Kidneys. They do that one thing—do it quickly, thoroughly, completely. That's why we authorize any druggist to refund your money if they fail. Sample box free if you mention this paper. THE SOLE DRUG CO., WINNIPEG, MAN.