

My Friend The Chauffeur.

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

(Continued).

We were rowed back to Bellagio again, and climbed up by a short cut to the Villa Serbelloni just in time to escape a storm on the lake. In a flower-draped cave above our favorite terrace, we sat in garden chairs and watched the effect, which Mr. Barrymore and Sir Ralph talked about Pliny, whose statue was nearby, and some strange old general of Napoleon's who lived for a while at the Villa Serbelloni, and terrorized people who wanted him to pay his debts, by keeping fierce, hungry bloodhounds to patrol the place night and day.

When you are nicely sheltered, to watch rain falling in the distance, and marching like troops of grey ghosts along the sky, is something like watching other people's troubles comfortably, while you are happy yourself—though Maida would think that a selfish speech. Anyway, the effect of the storm was thrilling. First, Nature seemed to stop smiling and grow very grave as the shadows deepened among the mountains. Then, suddenly the thing happened which she had been expecting. A spurt of ink was flung across the sky and lake, leaving on the left a wall of blue, on the right an open door of gold. Black feathers dropped from the sky and trailed across the roughened water, to be blown away from sight as the storm passed over our lake to another; and when they had vanished, out came the sun again to shine through violet mists which bathed the mountain sides, and made their peaks seem to rise from a transparent sea.

We could not tear ourselves away until sunset; and by the time we had dressed for dinner, the rising moon had traced a path of silver from shore to shore, over the pearly-purple water, where the lights of Cadamosta were sending golden ladders down to the bottom of the lake.

I supposed that we would dine indoors, but the harbor where we had breakfast was illuminated with colored lanterns, which gleamed like rubies and emeralds and topazes among the dark tree branches, and the trails of roses and wisteria. "This is part of my surprise," said the Prince. "I have arranged this in honor of your birthday, dear Countess. No, don't thank me, for it is not my greatest pleasure to think of you."

Perhaps it was because I was in a mood to be pleased with everything, but it did seem as if I had never tasted such a dinner as that was. We had every delicacy in and out of season, a fruit salad which was a specialty of the house, made of strawberries, fresh figs, cherries, pineapples, and almonds; and when I thought that all the surprise was over, along the terrace came a procession of green, blue and rose-colored lights, as if fairies were flitting among the trees. But the fairies turned out to be waiters, bringing illuminated jugs in fantastic shapes, and a birthday cake for me lighted with twenty-nine tiny wax candles.

All had been thought of by the Prince; and if there had been any doubt in my mind before, I now saw that he really loved me for myself alone. When everybody had wished me good wishes, blowing out the candles as they wished, we left the table to stroll about in the moonlight, and the Prince and I got separated from the others. Ah, but that isn't all! he broke in when I was leading him to tell him how much I appreciated what he had done. "The best, I hope, is to come, if you will trust yourself to me for a little while."

I was ready to do so for any length of time, and when he had sent to the house for my wrap, we were leading me down a sloping path which I hadn't seen before, my curiosity bubbled like a tea-kettle beginning to boil.

"We are going to the little harbor on the Leco side," he explained, "and there you shall see what you shall see." "Are you planning to run away with me?" I asked, laughing. "Perhaps," said he, "and as fast as if we were in my automobile, though we shall travel by water."

I couldn't think what he meant, until we arrived at the harbor of which he had spoken. There, among two or three canopied row-boats was one as different as a swan is from geese. It had no canopy; and as the Prince brought me down to the quay, a man who had been sitting in the boat jumped up and touched his cap, which was shined like a chauffeur's. And sure enough it was a chauffeur, for this was a motor-boat, which had been lent by friends to Prince Dulmar-Kalm, especially for him to take me on the lake by moonlight.

He told me that he had hurried to Bellagio on purpose to borrow it, and that he did not leave too early tomorrow the people would call on me—distinguished people, who would delight in doing honor to the "American Countess."

Those were his very words; and he was so kind that I hadn't the heart to let him see I was frightened to go out in the motor-boat. I should have been far happier in a slow, comfortable old row-boat; and when I found that the Prince wanted to leave the Chauffeur behind, and manage the thing himself, my heart felt as if it had melted and began to trickle down among my ribs. It did seem hard, just as I had got used to a motor-car, to have this new experience thrust upon me, all unprepared. Often I had thought what noble sentiments one ought to utter while driving in a motor-car, considering that, at any moment your next words might be your last! but as we shot away from that little quay, out into the cold, white path of the moon, I felt that to save my life I could not have uttered any sentiments at all.

The Prince, however, appeared to be happy, and to have perfect confidence in himself, in spite of the water looking twice as wet as it had looked in the afternoon. This motor was of the same make as that in his car, he said; it was by his advice that his friends had bought it, therefore he understood it very well, and where would I like to go?

"Anywhere," I answered, as pleasantly as a woman can, whose heart has just turned to water.

"If I could but flatter myself that you meant anywhere with me," he exclaimed. "To me, also, our destination is indifferent, provided that I am with you and have you to myself, undisturbed by others not worthy to approach you. Do

you know, Countess, this is the first time you have ever been alone with me, for more than a few moments now." "It's only been a few minutes now," I faltered, for the sake of something to say.

"Ah, but it will be many minutes before I will give you up," said he, "unless you are cruel."

My heart began to beat fast, for his manner made me guess that something special was coming, and though I had often thought such a moment might arrive, and decided, or almost decided, how I would act, when it was actually at hand it seemed more tremendous than I had supposed.

"You must try to keep me in good humor," said I; but though the moon was beautifully romantic, and I felt he was looking at me with his whole soul in his eyes, and I couldn't help keeping one of mine glued on the steering gear, or whatever one ought to call it, and wondered whether he was paying as much attention to it as he was to me.

"I am more anxious to please you than anything else in the world; you must have seen that long ago," he went on, moving closer. I gave a little bound, because the boat was certainly going in zig-zags, and he was so near that by accident I jogged his elbow. With that the boat darted off to the left, at twice the rate it had been going. I screamed under my breath, as Besby saw, and caught hold of the seat with both hands. The Prince did something in a hurry to the machinery, and suddenly the engine was still as death. The boat went on for a few feet, as if by its own impetus, and then began to float helplessly.

"I've stopped the motor by mistake," he explained. "I will start it soon again, but let us remain where we are for the present. It is so delicious to rock gently on the little waves with you beside me, and the rest of the world far away."

"Oh, but the waves are not so very little," I said. "The water hasn't smoothed down since the storm. It's awfully nice and poetic, but don't you think it would be milder if you just steered?"

"I cannot steer the boat unless the motor is working," he replied. "But there is no danger of our being run down at this time. The moon lights the water like a great white lamp."

"Yes, but look at that big dark cloud," I said, pointing up. "It will be putting out the light of the lamp in about five minutes. And—and I do see things moving on the water. When the moon is obscured we might have a collision!"

The Prince looked up and saw the cloud too. "Very well," he said. "I will start the motor at once on one condition—that you do not ask me to take you home for an hour, at least."

"I promise that," I answered, quite shyly.

Instantly he set to work at the motor; but it wouldn't start. The Prince did a great many things, and even litged dozens of matches, to see what was the matter, but not a throb would the engine give.

"I am afraid," he announced at last, in a voice that was not to be contradicted, "I'm afraid the sparking-plug is broken."

"Well!" said I. "What then? Shall we be drowned?"

"Not at all," he reassured me, taking my hand. "We shall only drift about until some one comes to our rescue, as unfortunately there are no oars on board. If I thought you were not unhappy, I could resist the temptation."

I let him keep my hand, but I couldn't feel as happy as I ought to be polite. "It's—it's very interesting," I stammered, "but they don't know where we are, and they'll never think to search the lake for us!"

"The chauffeur will come to see what is wrong if I do not get the boat back by a little after midnight," said the Prince.

"A little after midnight!" I echoed. "But that would be awful! What would they think? And, oh, see, the cloud's over the moon! Ugh, how dark it is! We shall certainly be run down. Couldn't we call for help?"

"We are a long way already from the shore," said the Prince; "and besides it is not dignified to shout. By and by some one will come. Meanwhile, let us enjoy ourselves. Dear Countess, I confess I brought you here tonight—your birthday night—for a purpose. Will you listen while I tell you what it is?"

"Sh! Wait one minute. Aren't those voices in the distance, and don't you see something big and dark bearing down upon us?"

"They exist but in your imagination," answered the Prince; "or is it only that you wish to put me off?"

"Oh, no; I wouldn't be so rude," said I. "Please excuse me." But I was on pins and needles, trying to keep an eye in every direction at once (as if I'd had a headlight in my face) and to make the most of my situation at the same time.

"Then I will no longer strain my patience," cried the Prince in a warm voice. "Dearest Countess, I am at your feet."

And so he was, for he went right down on his knees in the bottom of the boat, kneeling on my dress so that I couldn't have stirred an inch if I'd wanted to, which I didn't, for I meant to accept him. He had had only my right hand, but now he seized the left, too, and began to kiss, first one, and then the other, as if I'd been a queen.

This was the first time a man had ever gone down on his knees to me, for the Prince is the only foreign gentleman I ever knew, and Mr. Kidder proposed in a buggy. Afraid I was of a collision, I was enjoying myself very much, when suddenly a horrid thing happened. A great white light poured upon us like a hawk on a chicken, and focussed on us as if we were a tableau. It was so bright shining all over us and into our eyes, that it made everything else except just the Prince and me, and our boat, look black as if it were raining ink. And we were so taken aback with surprise, that for an instant or two we kept our position exactly as if we were sitting for our photographs, the Prince kneeling at my feet and kissing my hands, I bending down my face over his head.

I never experienced such a moment in my life, and the thought flashed into my

head that it was Simon's ghost come to forbid my second marriage. This idea was so frightful, that it was actually a relief to hear a vulgar shout of laughter coming from the other end of the light, wherever that was.

The Prince recovered before I did, and jerked himself up to a sitting posture on the seat, exclaiming something in German, which I am afraid was swearing. "These Italian ruffians of the ducal house, with their disgusting search-light!" he spluttered in English when he was recovering himself a little. "But do not derange yourself, Countess. They have seen that we are not smugglers, which is one advantage, because they will not trouble us any more."

(To be continued).

CHAINED TO A CORPSE

Doleful Punishment of the Ancients Duplicated in our Modern Life.

The Romans used to punish a murderer by chaining to his body the corpse of his victim. Wherever he went he dragged behind him the debris of his crime, the stony man, revolting thing that was once a man, and caught hold of the seat with both hands. The Prince did something in a hurry to the machinery, and suddenly the engine was still as death. The boat went on for a few feet, as if by its own impetus, and then began to float helplessly.

"I've stopped the motor by mistake," he explained. "I will start it soon again, but let us remain where we are for the present. It is so delicious to rock gently on the little waves with you beside me, and the rest of the world far away."

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WILL TRY TO LAND NEGRO AT HALIFAX

Oruro Going There and Time Will Be Used in Seeking Permission to Get Freak Into States.

The West India freak, born without arms or legs, who arrived here on the steamer Oruro on Wednesday and who was refused admission into the country by the immigration authorities, is still on board the vessel and will probably return to the south. Lew Graham, his manager, has gone to Washington to endeavor to have him admitted into the United States territory.

Yesterday an effort was made to get permission of the Canadian immigration agent to let him come ashore and remain for three or four days, but it was without success. Bonds were offered, but would not be accepted. Tomorrow it is probable the steamer will sail for the West Indies via Halifax, but will remain for a week at the latter port. This time will be utilized by Graham in endeavoring to get permission for the negro to enter the United States and he hopes to succeed before the Oruro's sailing time from Halifax. The cause of his anxiety is the fact that the negro freak has been advertised to show beginning March 5. The first rebuff was at St. John, the next trial will be at Halifax.

BOARD OF HEALTH MEETING

Keeping Watch on Smallpox—Fairville Doctors Report No Alarm.

The Board of Health met yesterday to consider the smallpox situation, and hear what has been done since the disease was first discovered in Milford a few days ago. It was thought possible that the board might determine on compulsory vaccination for those residing in the affected district, but no decision of this nature was reached. It was said that the board has not at present the power to order compulsory vaccination but in the event of a threatened epidemic, the governor-in-council is vested with power to authorize the board to see that such an order is given and carried out.

No new cases of smallpox have been reported and the physician attending Frank Breda, the patient in the isolation hospital, says that he is doing very well indeed. At the meeting yesterday there was brought to the attention of the board the fact that there is a man living over in the neighborhood of Milford who has recently been in the lumber camps about Westfield. His movements will be watched. There is also a house in Randolph, in which a man from the camps visited and which may be disinfected.

The Fairville physicians report that there is no alarm felt in the community. The people now know that they can be vaccinated free, but so far the disposition to receive treatment has not been by any means general. Dr. J. H. Grey says that he has not vaccinated in the vicinity of public vaccination, but that a few came to him for private treatment. Dr. L. M. Curran says that yesterday he received applications from a few, but that at the time he was too busy to be of service to them. But few called at Dr. M. Macfarland's office.

WOMEN TO HELP AT THE EXHIBITION

Matter to Be Taken Up at Women's Council Executive Next Monday.

The ladies propose giving valuable aid to the exhibition to be held here next September. At the last meeting of the Women's Council executive here the president, Mrs. D. McLellan, read a letter from Mrs. Dennis, of Halifax, respecting the work performed by women in connection with Halifax exhibitions. Mrs. McLellan requested that something be done here along the same lines.

It was decided that the presidents of societies affiliated with the Women's Council take up the matter with their societies. This is being done and on Monday afternoon next, at a meeting of the executive of the Women's Council, the reports of the presidents will be received.

The idea of co-operation by the women at the exhibitions would mean that they would assume charge of the tea room; also of the women's exhibits, and seek to extend and make more comprehensive an exhibition features of especial interest to women.

SAYS PUBLIC LIFE IN CANADA IS VERY CORRUPT

Canadian Journalist Frees His Mind in London Paper—Testifies to All of Our Premiers' Honesty.

Montreal, Feb. 22.—(Special)—The Star's London correspondent says: Some small stir has been raised in the Anglo-Canadian fraternity by a Canadian journalist who, visiting England, in a letter to Pall Mall Gazette, alleges that the whole Canadian public life, and no inconsiderable portion of the business life, is permeated with corruption, and says the man who himself is honest feels that he must be ready to cope with boodles at every turn.

A large section of the population, he says, is not capable of being convinced that any man can be so foolish as to run for alderman or member of parliament merely for his health. According as a member is successful and subservient he is rewarded with a collectorship, judgeship, or other government place. He winds up with: "There has never yet been a federal premier who has not been free from suspicion of personal enrichment."

Sherriff James Robinson, J. S. Hargrave and W. B. Bishop, of Dalhousie, arrived in the city yesterday and registered at the Royal. They report that the lumber situation in Restigouche was very satisfactory. There is plenty of snow in the woods so that all the cut will be brought to the streams.

ADMIRABLE LECTURE

Rev. Canon Welch of Montreal Speaks on the Life and Work of George Eliot.

A large and thoroughly appreciative audience assembled last night in Trinity church school room to hear Rev. Canon Welch of St. James' Cathedral, Montreal, lecture on George Eliot. The reverend gentleman is thoroughly well acquainted with the works of the novelist who formed the theme of his lecture. He has sympathy, too, for her but at the same time is capable of forming a just estimate of her work.

George Eliot, whose real name was Mary Ann Evans, was born in 1819 and to the year 1856, when she was thirty-seven years old, she was known only as an essayist and a translator of German works. It was in September of that year that she began to write fiction and the first production of her pen was Scenes from Clerical Life. The lecturer said it was interesting to recall that Charles Dickens, of all her contemporaries, was the only one who had sufficient penetration to think the book the work of a woman.

George Eliot's next books were, Adam Bede, 1859; The Mill on the Floss, 1860; Silas Marner, 1861; Romola, 1863; Felix Holt, 1866; Middlemarch, 1871-2; and Daniel Deronda, 1876. George Eliot, the lecturer said, was most successful when dealing with every day scenes of English life with which she was perfectly familiar. She has, he continued, been compared to Shakespeare but there was this difference that while the great dramatist was quite at home dealing with the greatest problems of human experience she was like a swimmer beyond her depth when she attempted it. Canon Welch then read several passages from Adam Bede which, he said, was a perfect picture of English village life at the end of the 18th century. The Mill on the Floss, he considered, very much inferior to Adam Bede. Silas Marner, on the other hand, was looked upon by many as the writer's masterpiece. The lecturer concluded with a few remarks on the moral tendencies of George Eliot's works. The lecture was in every way a treat and was thoroughly enjoyed.

CONSERVATIVES HOLD SEAT IN NORTH TORONTO

D. K. McNaught Had 1421 Majority in Thursday's By-election

Defeated ex-Mayor Urquhart, Liberal—Socialist Candidate Got 280 Votes—Dr. Nesbitt Had 1,485 Over Opponent in Last Contest.

Toronto, Feb. 22.—(Special)—D. K. McNaught, Conservative, was elected today over ex-Mayor Urquhart, Liberal, by 1,421 votes for the North Toronto seat in the Ontario legislature. Simpson, the Socialist candidate, was not in the running. The vote: McNaught, Conservative, 3,833; Urquhart, Liberal, 2,413; Simpson, Socialist, 280. The vacancy was caused by the resignation of Dr. Nesbitt to accept the registration.

Dr. Nesbitt was elected last year by a majority of 1,483.

PROMOTION FOR HALIFAX EDITOR

C. S. Barnstead of the Acadia Recorder Now Clerk of Legislative Council—W. B. MacCoy, Assistant.

Halifax, Feb. 22.—(Special)—C. S. Barnstead, editor of the Acadia Recorder, who had been assistant clerk of the legislative council for some time, was today appointed clerk.

There was quite a race for the assistant clerkship, thus vacated, the chief competitors being W. B. MacCoy, barrister, of Halifax, and C. S. Pelton, barrister, of Yarmouth. A caucus was held tonight, when MacCoy was elected.

Miss Della Vanwart went to Fredericton last evening.

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked.

Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a cold?

Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, disgusting Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption.

Many a life history would read differently, if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very pine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections.

Combined with this is Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other peatral herbs and barks.

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any other of the Throat or Lung. You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

Gray's Syrup does that one thing, and does it well. It's no "cure-all," but a CURE for all throat and lung troubles. GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM stops the irritating tickle—takes away the soreness—soothes and heals the throat—and CURES COUGHS to stay cured. None the less effective because it is pleasant to take. 25 cts. bottle.

Cures Coughs

NOTICE.

We have appointed Messrs. Wm. Thomson & Co. of St. John and Halifax, as our General Agents for the Maritime Provinces for

MARINE INSURANCE.

Messrs. Thomson will appoint Local Agents. DALE & CO., Marine Underwriters, Montreal.

HOTELS

ROYAL HOTEL,

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

RAYMOND & DOHERTY, Proprietors.

VICTORIA HOTEL,

King Street, St. John, N.B.

Electric Elevator and all Latest and Most Improved.

D. W. McCOORMICK, Prop.

ABERDEEN HOTEL,

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

15-20-22 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 find winter will find pleasant 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. McCOSKERY, Proprietor.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

CHALFONTE

On the Beach. Fireproof. Always Open.

THE LEEDS COMPANY.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Atlantic Steamship Service

From Liverpool.	From St. John, N. B.
Feb. 13.....LAKE CHAMPLAIN Mar. 3	
Feb. 17.....LAKE ERIE.....Mar. 17	
Mar. 13.....LAKE MONTREAL.....Mar. 31	
Apr. 10.....LAKE ERIE.....Apr. 10	
First Cabin—To Liverpool, \$17.50 and \$50 and upwards, according to season.	
Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.	
Second Cabin—To Liverpool, \$40; London, \$42.50.	
Third Cabin—To Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Belfast, Londonderry, and Queenstown, \$26.50. From Liverpool, London or Londonderry to St. John, \$27.50. To and from all other points at equally low rates.	
ST. JOHN TO LONDON.	
S. S. Lake Michigan, Mar. 13. Third Class only.	
S. S. Lake Michigan, Mar. 13. Third-class only.	
S. S. Montrose, April 7. Second-class only.	
Rates same as via Liverpool.	
For Tickets and further information apply to	
W. H. C. MACKAY, St. John, N. B. or write.	
F. R. PERRY, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.	

CANADIAN PACIFIC

LOW RATE

Second-class tickets on sale daily, Feb. 15th to April 7th, 1906, inclusive, from St. John, N. B.

To Vancouver, B. C..... \$56.40

To Seattle, Tacoma, Wash. Portland, Ore..... \$53.90

To Nelson, B. C.....

To Trail, B. C.....

To Rossland, B. C.....

To Greenwood, B. C.....

Proportional Rates from and to other points. Also rates to points in COLORADO, IDAHO, UTAH, MONTANA and CALIFORNIA.

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.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

that the Saint John Railway Company will apply to the Legislature, at its next session, for the passing of an Act authorizing this Company to make an agreement with the City of Saint John relating to the repairs of the streets and the removal of snow, also as to the extension of the Saint John Railway system. The Company and City to have the power to arrange for the payment of a fixed annual sum of 8 per cent of the Company's earnings in lieu of taxation. The Company will also apply to have all Acts repealed or amended so far as they are inconsistent with 50th Victoria, Chapter 33,