

My Friend The Chauffeur.

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

(Continued.)

At the sound of our motor several people came out to the door of the long, white, crescent-shaped building, and among them, to my great pleasure, was the Prince.

"How late you are!" he exclaimed, coming to help me out before Sir Ralph, or any of the other young men who were the managers of the hotel, had time to do it. "I've been expecting you for the last two hours. Do you know that it's nearly nine o'clock? I began to be afraid something had happened."

"What a pity you didn't think of that in time!" snapped Beecy. "Did you get Mamma to make a will in your favor last night?"

"My dear young lady, what do you mean?"

"I guess you'd know that without asking, if you'd come the way we have, instead of taking boats and things all over the place," giggled the impossible child, and then explained out loud that I was pinching her.

Naturally, the Prince was too dignified to bandy words with a naughty little girl, so he didn't pursue the subject further, but began inquiring particulars of our adventures as we went into the house together.

"Do you know why I was especially anxious to arrive a head of you?" he asked me, in a low voice.

"I think I remember your explaining last night," said I.

"Ah, but I didn't give my most important reasons. I kept them for your ears alone; and I hope you won't be displeased. Do you remember telling me something about tomorrow?"

I thought for a moment. "Do you mean that it will be my birthday?" I asked.

"I mean nothing else. Do you imagine that I would forget?"

To tell the truth, I hoped he had, for I'd mentioned it on an impulse, to regret the words as soon as they were out.

A woman who is well, I'll say over twenty-eight—had, perhaps, better let "sleeping dogs lie" when it comes to talking about birthdays, especially if she has a daughter who doesn't sleep, and never lies when she's wanted to.

However, out of the news had popped about the 30th of April being my birthday, and the Prince would hardly believe that I was as much as twenty-nine, though, of course, I was Beecy, and I couldn't well have married younger than fifteen. I murmured something about a birthday being of no consequence (I wish it weren't), but the Prince said that mine was of a great deal to him, and he had made exertions to arrive early and arrange a little surprise for me.

"I will say no more," he went on. "You will know the rest tomorrow; but the best, not until evening."

I could think of nothing during dinner except what he had said, though it was so late, and I'd been so hungry. And afterwards, standing on the balcony outside my bedroom window looking down on a scene of fairy-like beauty, the wonderful light moonlight and thoughts of the Prince seemed to mingle together in my head, like some intoxicating draught.

"Countess Dalmar, Princess Dalmar, Kalm," I kept saying over to myself, until the words wove themselves into a song

in my brain, with the scent of the flowers for accompaniment.

The whole house seems to have absorbed the perfume of the garden, as if they had soaked into the wood. The corridors, the bedrooms, the wardrobes, even the closets of drawers, have the same delicate fragrance. It scented my dreams and told me where we were when I walked in the morning, confused with sleep.

XVI

A CHAPTER OF ENCHANTMENT

A birthday must be happy spent in such an exquisite place, I told myself, when I'd got up and peeped out of the window upon a land of enchantment—even a birthday more advanced than one would choose. By morning light the lake was no longer sapphire, but had taken on a brilliant opaque blue, like lapis lazuli.

Umbrella pines were stretched in dark, jagged lines on an azure background. Black expresses pointed warning fingers heavenward, rising tall and slim and solemn, out of a pink cloud of almond blossoms. The mountains towering round the lake, as if to protect its beauty with a kind of loving selfishness, had their green or rugged brown sides softened with a purplish glow like the bloom on a grape.

And in the garden that flowed in waves of radiant color from terrace to terrace, amethyst wisteria, rosy azalea, and a thousand lovely things I'd never seen before, mingled tints as in a mosaic of jewels.

I had lain awake in the night listening to a bird which I could almost have believed a fairy, and though I'd never heard a nightingale, I wondered if he could be one. He said over and over again, through the white hours permeated with roses and flooded with moonlight: "Do look, do look! Spirit, spirit!"

And so, just in case he might have been calling me, I got up early to see what he wanted me to see. Then I was gladder than ever that we had decided to spend at least that day and another night at Serbelloni, for one might journey to all four corners of the globe and not find another place so magically beautiful.

Although I was up so early, perhaps I spent a longer time over my toilet than the two girls do over theirs; and when I was ready neither Maida nor Beecy were in their rooms. I had opened my door to go down and look for them when I came face to face with a water carrying an enormous bouquet. It was for me, with a perfectly lovely poem written by the Prince. At least, it was in his handwriting. So I suppose it was by him, and it was full of pretty allusions to an "adorable woman," with praises for the gracious day that gave her to the world, I was pleased! It was like going back and being a young girl again, and I could have sung for joy, as the bird did last night.

The rest of the party were on an enchanting terrace, looking down over flower-filled terraces upon the town of Bellagio, with its charming old campanile, and its grey roofs like a flock of doves clustered together on the border of the lake. The water was so clear and still that the big hotels and villas on the other shore seemed to have fallen in head-

down, and each little red and white canopied boat waiting for passengers at the quay had its double in the bright blue mirror. Clouds and mountains were all reflected too, and it seemed as if one might take one's choice between the real world and the dream world.

Maida and Beecy had already been for a walk with Sir Ralph and Mr. Barrymore, who had taken them up by a labyrinth of wooded paths to an old ruined castle which they described as crowning the head of the promontory. It had been built by the Romans, and in the Middle Ages was the stronghold of brigands, who captured beautiful ladies and terrorized the whole country. The girls were excited about some secret passages which they had found, leading down from the ruin to wonderful nooks screened on one side by trees and hanging over sheer abysses on the other. They wanted to show us also an old chapel and a monks' burying ground which you had to reach by scrambling down a narrow stairway attached to the precipitous Quince heels, which look so well with a white dress and dark blue silk stockings; besides, I began to want my breakfast, and it would have been impolite to disappear before I thanked the Prince, who might come out at any moment.

We had our coffee and rolls in a kind of bowser close to the terrace; and afterwards I did walk along the level path, fenced in with a tangle of roses—pink, and white, and gold, and crimson—as far as a bird's eye could see into the face of the sheer cliff which plunges vertically down, down into the blue-green water. The Prince was my companion, and he (who has distinguished friends in the neighborhood, which he has visited before) told me a strange story of the place. Once, he said, the Princess of Stange were lords of the land here, and a certain daughter of the house was famous as the handsomest and cruellest Princess of her time. Despite her dreadful disposition, she had crowds of lovers, whom she used to invite to walk with her by moonlight, after a tete-a-tete supper. She would lead them to this very spot on which we stood, and just as she had lured them on to make a burning declaration of love she would give a laugh, and a sudden plunge, which buried them in death in the lake far below. How different, judging from what I have read in the ladies' magazines, from the home-life of our dear Princesses of today! And how different from my habits, if I am asked to become, and do become, a Princess. I should have liked to throw out some delicate little suggestion of this sort, and perhaps would have found the right words, had not Beecy expressed at that moment with Sir Ralph. Then my whole attention was taken up, as it had been during breakfast, by tactfully staving off any allusion to the Prince's part to my birthday. All was in vain, however; he said something gallant, and I was quite as giddy for a few seconds as one of the wicked Princesses' lovers, who should be in an impenetrable mood and throw out allusions to my age. But she was as good as a kitten, though she looked at me in a naughty way, and only said,

DOOR SHUT TO FREAK MAN

Armless and Legless Negro
Refused Permission to
Land Here

"Would any one believe, Mamma, was twenty-nine today—if it weren't for Maida? When we went to Europe afterwards, I gave her that ruby heart ring of mine that she likes."

All day long we were busy doing agreeable things. We junched down by the lake shore, in the garden of a big hotel there, and afterwards were rowed across to Cadenabbia, in one of the canopied boats, to visit the Villa Carlota in its wonderful turned garden. I was delighted with the boat and the man who rowed us, in his white clothes and scarlet sash, but the Prince half-whispered in my ear that he was going to show me something better in the evening, when the time came for the "birthday surprise" about which I must please say nothing—not even to Beecy.

We had coffee at the most idyllic spot imaginable, which we reached by leaving the boat and mounting rather a steep path that went up beside a baby cascade. At the top was a shady terrace, with arbours of grape vines and roses, and a peasant's house, where the people live who wait upon us. We had thick cream for our coffee, and delicious stuff with raisins in it, and sugar on top, which was neither bread nor cake. I wanted the recipe for it, but I didn't like to get any one to ask; and perhaps it wouldn't taste the same in Denver. Oh dear me, I begin to think there are lots of things that won't taste the same in Denver! But I should love better than anything to go back with a high title, and see what some of those society women, who turned up their noses at me when I was only Miss Simon kinder, would do then. There isn't one who has a right to put crowns on her baggage or anywhere else, and I've got that already, whatever happens, by and by.

(To be continued.)

Does Your FOOD Digest Well?

When the food is imperfectly digested the full benefit is not derived from it by the body and the purpose of eating is defeated, no matter how good the food or how carefully adapted to the wants of the body it may be. Thus the dyspeptic often becomes thin, weak and debilitated, energy is lacking, brightness, snap and vim are lost, and in their place come dullness, loss of appetite, depression and languor. It takes no great knowledge to know where one has indigestion, some of the following symptoms generally exist, viz.: constipation, sour stomach, variable appetite, headache, heartburn, gas in the stomach, etc.

The great point is to cure it, to get back bounding health and vigor.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Is constantly effecting cures of dyspepsia because it is a natural yet effective way upon all the organs involved in the process of digestion, removing all clogging impurities and making easy the work of digestion and assimilation.

Mr. R. G. Harvey, Ameliasburg, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled with dyspepsia for several years and after using three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters was completely cured. I cannot praise B.B.B. enough for what it has done for me. I have not had a sign of dyspepsia since."

Do not accept a substitute for B.B.B. There is nothing "just as good."

CHARLES DYAR'S BLOW WAS FATAL

Elias Dobson, the Victim of New Brunswick's Assault, Dead of His Injuries.

Bangor, Me., Feb. 21.—Elias Dobson, the victim of an assault near Howe Brook, several weeks ago, died tonight in the Eastern Maine General Hospital.

Dobson was struck over the head with an iron pipe on Jan. 19, it being alleged that the blow was dealt by Charles Dyer, a fellow workman. Brain fever developed, but so great was the man's vitality that he was slowly recovering when, on Tuesday, he suffered a relapse.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best combined blood purifiers, and the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 50c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

DESPONDENT MAN ENDS HIS LIFE IN ST. CROIX RIVER

Charles Watt Jumped from a Cliff at St. Andrews Yesterday—Ill Health the Cause.

St. Andrews, N. B., Feb. 21.—(Special)—Charles Watt, 30 years of age, despondent through illness, leaped from a cliff in the St. Croix river this afternoon and put an end to his troubles. His body was found after the tide receded this afternoon.

Deceased made his home with Daniel McFarland at the Commons. Early in the winter he returned from the Klondike, broken down in health and in purse. He consulted several specialists but they could do nothing to restore his shattered health.

Last Monday he came back from Montreal feeling very despondent.

Cancer OF THE Face

Stott & Jarry, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for Cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvellous.

Frank Bredau, the smallpox patient in the isolation hospital, is reported to be in a favorable condition. No further cases have been reported. The Fairville physicians have all been supplied with vaccine and anyone can be vaccinated free of charge.

Old Folks Can't Stand Severe Purgatives

Which Destroy the Linings of the Intestines and Weaken the System.

In preparing his famous pills Dr. Hamilton was careful to make them mild. On this account they suit old people admirably. They act effectively, but very gently. In constipation they never fail; even the worst cases are cured promptly.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills stimulate the action of the bowels sufficiently to establish good health. They flush out all poisonous matters and make the system clean. By toning up the liver and kidneys they make the blood rich and pure. Headaches stop, the complexion grows ruddy, appetite braces, you get well, and stay well, too.

No medicine brings such abundant good health as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Can you afford to put off using them any longer? At all dealers, 25c. per box, or five for \$1.00, or direct from Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

TWO VERY OLD LADIES

SOUTHINGTON, Conn., Feb. 21.—Mrs. Silvia Langdon Dunham, the second oldest person in this state, died today, aged 105 years. Mrs. Dunham leaves two sons, one of whom is Rev. Samuel Dunham, Pastor Emeritus of the First Congregational church of Binghamton, N. Y.

The oldest person in the state, Mrs. Debora Silliman, of Easton, who is 106 years old, is seriously ill as the result of the shock caused by the death of her son, Charles F. Silliman, which occurred during a fire yesterday at his home in Easton. She is not expected to recover.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. Dr. W. B. ROY'S signature is on each box.

THE DEWEY IS ALL RIGHT

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—The navy department today received a cablegram from Las Palmas, Canary Islands, saying that the Potomac has arrived there and reports all well. The Potomac is one of the tugboats towing the dry dock Dewey, which left Solomons Island, Maryland, December 28 last for the U. S. naval station at Olongapo, Subig Bay, Philippine Islands.

BOISE, Idaho, Feb. 21.—It has been arranged that Meyer, Haywood, Pettibone and Steve Adams, held here on the charge of murdering former Governor Steinberg, shall be taken to Caldwell today and given a preliminary hearing. Vincent, St. John, arrested at Wallace, will arrive in Caldwell this morning, making five to be given preliminary hearings.

E. H. McAlpine returned from Fredericton last night.

Your money back if GIN PILLS do not cure.

Each Pill Contains
all the medicinal qualities of one and one-half ounces of the best Holland Gin. As a positive cure for all kinds of Kidney trouble.

GIN PILLS

stand unrivalled. It is not necessary to wait for days for beneficial results, you know at once that GIN PILLS are helping you. Sold by all Druggists at 50 cts. per box, 6 boxes for \$2.50 or direct from
THE BOLE DRUG CO. - - - Winnipeg, Man.
Trial box free if you mention this paper.

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

VICTORIA HOTEL,
King Street, St. John, N.B.
Electric Elevator and all Latest and Modern Improvements.
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.
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 accommodations 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.

CHALFONTE
On the Beach. Fireproof.
Always Open.
THE LEEDS COMPANY.

WHO Does Your Laundry?
Are you aware that the new and up-to-date steam laundry on Main Street, North End, does the best work in the city?

No Tearing,
No Yellowness,
No Wrinkling,
No Rough Edges

MODERN METHODS
WITH HOME CARE.
DOMINION STEAM LAUNDRY
640 and 648 Main St., N. E.
Telephone 1727.

BURNS, CUTS, BRUISES, CHAFES,
Etc., Use
DR. SCOTT'S LINIMENT.
And if very serious, saturate a piece of lint and apply to the affected part.
An Excellent Hair Restorer and Scalp Cleanser.
Large bottle, 25c.

FRANK P. VAUGHAN,
ELECTRICAL ENGINEER
AND CONTRACTOR.
5 Mill St., St. John, N. B.
Telephone No. 319.

Crocker & Wheeler Dynamos and Motors, Telephones, Annunciators, and Bells. Wiring in all its branches.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
Atlantic Steamship Service

From Liverpool. From St. John, N. B.
Feb. 12.....LAKE CHAMPLAIN Mar. 3
Feb. 27.....LAKE ERIE Mar. 17
Mar. 12.....LAKE MANITOBA Mar. 31
Mar. 27.....LAKE CHAMPLAIN Apr. 14
Apr. 12.....LAKE ERIE Apr. 28
FIRST CLASS—To Liverpool, £60 and \$80 and upwards, according to season.

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. SECOND CLASS—To Liverpool, £40; London, £25.00.

THIRD CLASS—To Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Belfast, Londonderry, and Queenstown, £25.00. From Liverpool, London or Londonderry to St. John, £27.50. To and from all other ports at equally low rates.

ST. JOHN TO LONDON.
S. S. Lake Michigan, Mar. 12. 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

To Vancouver, B. C. \$56.40
Victoria, B. C.
New Westminster, B. C.
Seattle & Tacoma, Wash.
Portland, Ore. \$53.90

Proportionate 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 the Company to make an agreement with the City of Saint John relative to the repairs of the streets and the removal of snow; also as to the extension of the Saint John Railway system.

The Company will also apply to have all Acts repealed or amended so far as they are inconsistent with 50th Victoria, Chapter 32.

January 31st, 1906. WELDON & McLEMAN, Solicitors.

COAL

You can feel safe with a full coal bin.

Besides the large stock of Hard Coal now on hand, Gibson & Co. have lying a 600 ton cargo of best American Lignite in Store and Chestnut sizes.

Gibson & Co. also have Scotch Anthracite in Chestnut and Nut sizes.

Almost every train on the I. C. R. brings some cars of coal for Gibson & Co. from Broad Cove mines, Pictou mines and Joggins mines, and carloads are also arriving daily from carloads in New Winter Port mines in Queens Co., N. B.

Strike or no strike, get your coal from J. S. GIBSON & CO., Tel. 6th.

Scotch and American Anthracite.

Fresh Mined Acadia Pictou arriving daily. Dry Hard and Soft Wood sawed and split. Best Quality of Charcoal always in stock.

GEORGE DICK, 48 Britain St.
Foot of Germain St.
Telephone 1116

Wood's Phospholine.
The Great English Remedy.

A positive cure for all forms of Sexual Weakness, Mental and Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Vitality, Impotence, Excess, all of which lead to Consumption, Infertility, Insanity and an early grave. Price \$1 per box, six for \$5. One Will Please six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain package on receipt of price. Write for Pamphlet. The "W" Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario.

Another Great Clothing Chance

FOR MEN AND BOYS

The wonderful success of the sale held at our King Street Store is no doubt still fresh in your memory,—there had been no such event previous in the history of retailing in Saint John.

We now purpose holding another of these trade stirring events at our Branch Store, 703 Main Street, Beginning Saturday, February 24th, and to this end we have reduced the prices on our whole stock of Men's and Boys' Clothing and Furnishings.

When you consider that besides the wear you'll get out of the clothes this season, they'll be practically as good as new next year, you can readily see the importance of taking advantage of this opportunity. Clothes are going to be higher next year, and you'll not be able to buy as good, even at full prices.

Another point to consider is the fact that our regular prices are always less than those of any other store. As makers of most of the clothes we sell, we can and do sell them for less than other stores must charge—and it is these lowest prices that have been reduced for this sale.

Here's What It Means to You:

Men's Overcoats Men's Tweed Suits

\$5.00 Overcoats Reduced to \$3.50 \$6.00 Tweed Suits Reduced to \$4.85

8.00 Overcoats Reduced to 5.85 8.00 Tweed Suits Reduced to 5.85

10.00 Overcoats Reduced to 6.85 10.00 Tweed Suits Reduced to 6.85

12.00 Overcoats Reduced to 7.85 12.00 Tweed Suits Reduced to 9.85

6.00 Ulsters Reduced to 4.58 15.00 Tweed Suits Reduced to 9.85

3.75 Reefers Reduced to 2.98 Men's \$2 Trousers Reduced to 1.19

Boys' Clothing--Some Prices

Boys' Ulsters were \$4.00 Reduced to \$2.68

Boys' Reefers were 3.00 Reduced to 1.00

Boys' Overcoats were 3.25 Reduced to 2.85

Boys' 3-piece Suits " 3.50 Reduced to 2.85

Boys' 3-piece Suits " 5.00 Reduced to 3.85

This Sale Begins Saturday Morning, February 24th, at our Branch Store, 703 Main Street. Store will be closed all day today and Friday to mark goods and get things in shape to handle the crowds that are bound to come.

SCOVIL BROS. & CO.