My Friend the Chauffeur.

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

(Continued).

"Animal yourself!" Terry had the ingratitude to retort. "What have I gone through, I should like to ask?"

"I don't know what you've gone through, but I know how you behaved," I returned, as we walked back to the magnolia tree, "Like a sulky barber's block—I mean a barber's sulky block. No, I—but it doesn't signify. Hullo, there's the universal provider, carrying off the tray. Felicite, mon ange, say how you summoned that tea and those cakes and cream from the vasty deep?"

"What Monsieur is pleased to mean, I know not," my fourteen-stone angel replied. "I visited with haste a friend of mine at the hotel, and I came back with the things—that is all. It was an inspiration," and she sailed away, her head in the air.

Terry and I went into the house, for the sun had left the high-walled garden, and besides, the talk we were going to have was more suitable to that practical region, my smoking-room-study-den, than to the romantic shade of a magnolia tree.

We unpocketed our pipes, and smoked for several minutes before we spoke. I vowed that Terry should begin; but as he went on puffing until I had counted sixty-nine slowly, I thought it simpler to unvow the vow before it had had time to harden.

"A penny for your thoughts, Paddy," was the sum I offered with engaging lightness. "Which is generous of me, as I know them already. You are thinking of Her."

Teddy forgot to misunderstand, which was a bad sign.

"If it weren't for Her, I'd have got out of the scrape at any price," said he, bold as brass. "But I'm sorry for that beautiful creature. She must lead a beastly life, between a silly, overdressed woman and a pert minx. Poor child, she's evidently as hard up as I am, or she wouldn't stand it. She's miserable with them, I could see."

"So you consented to fall into my web, rather than leave her to their mercy."

"Not exactly that, but—well, I can't explain it. The die's cast, anyhow. I'm pledged to join the menagerie. But look here, Ralph, do you understand what you've let me in for?"

"For the society of three charming Americans, two of whom are no doubt worth their weight in gold."

"It's precisely their weight that's on my mind at this moment. You may know one or two little things, my dear boy, but among them motoring is not, otherwise when you were putting that mad advertisement into your pink rag, you would have stopped to reflect that a twelve-horse-power car is not expected to carry five grown persons up airy mountains and down rushy glens. Europe isn't perfectly flat, remember."

"Only four of us are grown up. Beechy's an Infant Phenomenon."

"Infant be hanged. She's sixteen if she's a day."

"Her mother ought to know."

"She doesn't want any one else to know. Anyway, I'm big enough to make up the difference. And besides, my car's not a new one. I paid a thumping price for her, but that was two years ago. There have been improvements in the make since."

"Do you mean to tell me that car of yours can't carry five people half across the world if necessary?"

"She can, but not at an exciting speed; and Americans want excitement. Not only that, but you saw for yourself that they expect a handsome car of the latest make, shining with brass and varnish. Amateurs always do. What will they say when my world-worn old veteran bursts, or rather bumbles, into view?"

I felt slightly crestfallen, for the first time. When one is an editor, one doesn't like to think one has been caught napping. "You said you ought to get two hundred pounds for your Panhard, if you sold it," I reminded him. "That's a good deal of money. Naturally I thought the motor must be a fairly decent one, to command that price after several season's wear and tear."

Terry fired up instantly, as I had hoped he would; for his car is the immediate jewel of his soul. "Decent!" he echoed. "I should rather think she is. But just as there's a limit to your intelligence, so is there a limit to her power, and I don't want it to come to that. However, the thing's gone too far for me to draw back. It must depend upon the ladies. If they don't back out when they see my car, I won't."

"To all intents and purposes it's my car now," said I. "You made her over to me before witnesses, and I think I shall have her smartened up with a bit of red paint and a crest."

"If you try on anything like that, you can drive her yourself, for I won't. I like her old grey dress, I wouldn't feel at home with her in any other. And she sha' n't be trimmed with crests to make an American holiday. She goes as she is, or not at all, my boy."

"You are the hardest chap to do anything for I ever saw," I groaned with the justifiable annoyance of a martyr who has failed to convert a pagan hero. "As if you hadn't made things difficult enough already by 'Mistering' yourself. At any moment you may be found out—though, on second thoughts, it won't matter a rap if you are. If you're a mere Mister, you are often obliged to appear before an unsympathetic police magistrate for pretending to be a Lord. But I never heard of a Lord's falling foul of the law for pretending to be a Mister."

"If you behave yourself, there is n't much danger of my being found out by any of the people most concerned, during a few weeks' motoring on the Continent; but it's to be hoped they won't select England, Scotland, or Ireland for their tour."

"We can tell them that conditions are less favorable for motoring at home—which is quite true, judging from the complaints I hear from motor-men."

"But look here; you let me in for this. What I did was on the spur of the moment, and in self-defence. I didn't dream then that I should be, first cornered by you, then led on by circumstances into engaging as a chauffeur, to drive my own car on such a wild-goose chase."

"It's a wild goose that will lay golden eggs. Fifteen guineas a day, my son; that's the size of the egg which that beneficent bird will drop into your palm every twenty-four hours. Deduct the ladies' hotel expenses—say three guineas a day; expenses for yourself and car we 'll call two guineas more (of course I pay my own way), that leaves you as a profit ten guineas daily; seventy guineas a week, or at the rate of three thousand five hundred guineas per annum. Before you'd spent your little patrimony, and been refused an —er—fratrimony, you were n't half as well off as that. You might do worse than pass your whole life as a Personal Conductor on those terms. And instead of thanking the wise friend who has caught this goose for you, and is willing to leave his own peaceful duck for your sake, with no remuneration, you abuse him."

"My dear fellow, I'm not exactly abusing you, for I know you meant well. But you've swept me off my feet, and I'm not at home yet in mid air."

"You can lie on your back and roll in gold in the intervals of driving the car, I promise not to give you away. Still, it 's a pity you wouldn't consent to trading a little on your title, which Heaven must have given you for some good purpose. As it is, you 've made my tupenny-ha'penny baronetcy the only bait, and that's no catch at all for an American millionairess, fishing for something big in Aristocracy Pond. Why, when that Prince of hers discovers what is doing, he will persuade the fair Countess Dalmar that she's paying a high price for a Nobody—a Nobody-at-All."

"What makes you think he doesn't know already, as he evidently followed the party here, and must be constantly dangling about?"

"My detective instinct, which two season's of pink journalism has developed. Mrs. Kidder saw the advertisement this morning, and was caught by it. May Sherlock Holmes cut me in the street if Prince Dalmar-Kalm has n't been away for the day, doubtless at Monte Carlo where he has lost most of his own money, and will send the Countess's to find it, if she gives him the chance."

"I never saw the fellow or heard of him, so far as I can remember," said Terry thoughtfully. "What's he like? Middle-aged, stout?"

"He looks thirty, so he is probably forty; for if you look your age, you are probably ten years past it—though that sounds a bit more Irish than Scotch, eh? And he's far from being stout. From a woman's point of view, I should say he might be very attractive. Tall; thin; melancholy; enormous eyes; moustache waxed; scar on forehead, successful effect of dashing soldier, but not much under the effect, I should say, except inordinate self-esteem, and a masterly selfishness which would take what it wanted at almost any cost to others. There's a portrait of Prince Dalmar-Kalm for you."

"Evidently not the sort of man who ought to be allowed to hang about young girls."

"Young girls with money. Don't worry about the vestal virgin. He won't have time in this game to bother about poor relations, no matter how pretty they may happen to be."

Terry still looked thoughtful. "Well, if we are going in for this queer business, we'd better get off as soon as possible," said he.

I smiled in my sleeve. "St. George in a stew to get the Princess out of the dragon's claws," I thought; but I refrained from speaking the thought aloud. Whatever the motive, the wish was to be encouraged. The sooner the wild goose laid the first golden egg the better. Fortunately for my private interests, the season was waning and the coming week would see the setting of my Riviera Sun until next November. I could therefore get away, leaving what remained of the work to be done by my "sub;" and I determined that, prince or no prince, luncheon tomorrow should not pass without a business arrangement being completed between the parties.

III.

A Chapter of Revenges.

Mrs. Kidder, alias the Countess Dalmur, either had a fondness for lavish hospitality or else she considered us exceptionally distinguished guests. Our feast was not laid in a private dining-room (what is the good of having distinguished guests if nobody is to know you've got them?); nevertheless, it was a feast. The small round table, close to one of the huge windows of the restaurant, was a condensed flower show. Our plates and glasses (there were many of the latter) peeped at us from a bower of roses, and bosky dells of greenery. The countess and the infant were dressed as for a royal garden party, and Terry and I would have felt like moulting sparrows had not Miss Destrey's plain white cotton kept us in countenance.

Mrs. Kidder had evidently not been comfortably certain whether we ought to march into the restaurant arm in arm, but the penniless goddess (who had perhaps been brought to Europe as a subtle combination of etiquette-mistress and ladies' maid) cut the Gordian knot with a quick glance, to our intense relief; and we filed in anyhow, places being indicated to Terry and me on either hand of our hostess.

A painted satin menu, with a list of dishes as long as Terry's tailor's bill, lay beside each plate. We were to be provided with all the luxuries which were not in season; those which were would have been far too common for an American millionairess, such as I began to be more and more convinced our hostess was. It was the kind of luncheon which calls for rare and varied wines, just as certain poetical recitations call for a musical accompaniment; therefore the countess's first words on sitting down at the table came as a shock.

"Now, Sir Ralph," said she, "you must just order any kind of wine you and Mr. Ter—Barrymore like. Mr. Kidder never would have alcohol in the house, except for sickness, and we three drink only water, so I don't know anything about it; but I want that you gentlemen should suit your own taste. Do make the waiter bring you something real nice."

My sparkling visions of Steinberger Cabinet, Cos d'Estournel, or an "Extra Sec" of '92, burst like a rainbow bubble. Here was one of life's little tragedies.

Neither Terry nor I were addicted to looking too lovingly on wine when it is red, or even pale golden; still, at this moment I had a sharp pang of sympathy for Tantalus. To be sure, that hint as to "somethinig real nice" grudged no expense; but I must have been blest with more cool, unadulterated "cheek" than two seasons of journalism had given me, to order anything appropriate while our hostess drowned her generous impulses in iced water.

With a wooden expression of countenance, I asked Terry what he would have.

"Water, thanks," he replied airily, and if, instead of gazing at the ceiling with elaborate interest, he had allowed his eye to meet mine at that instant, a giggle might have burst over that luncheon table, out of a clear sky. Perforce, I felt obliged to follow his lead, for only a guzzling brute could have bibbed alone, surrounded by four tectotallers; but, deprived of even an innocent glass of Riviera beer, my soul thirsted for a revenge which could not be quenched with ice water; and I took it without waiting for repentance to set in.

"You see, Barrymore is a chauffeur," I carefully explained, "and it's en regle for him, even though an amateur, to drink nothinig stronger than cold water You will notice during our trip, countess, how conscientious he is in sticking to this pledge."

I felt that Terry's eye launched a dagger; but it was now my turn to be interested in the ceiling.

(To be continued).

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More terrible than war, famine or pestilence is that awful destroyer, that hydra-headed monster, Consumption, that annually sweeps away more of earth's inhabitants than any other single disease known to the human race.

"It is only a cold, a trifling cough," say the careless, as the irritation upon the delicate mucous membrane causes them to hack away with an irritable tickling of the throat. When the irritation settles on the mucous surface of the throat, a cough is the result. To prevent Bronchitis or Consumption of the Lungs, do not neglect a cough however slight as the irritation spreading throughout the delicate lining of the sensitive air passages soon leads to fatal results. If on the first appearance of a cough or cold you would take a few doses of

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Miss Lena Johnston, Toledo, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for throat troubles after taking numerous other remedies, and I must say that nothing can take the place of it. I would not be without a bottle of it in the house."

The annual meeting of Trinity Preceptory, No. 507, R. B. K. of I., was held Saturday evening. After the general business was conducted the following officers were elected and installed: Sir Knights W. W. Williams, W. P. (re-elected); J. J. Cook, D. P.; S. Ferguson, chaplain (re-elected); W. H. Sulis, registrar; A. J. Armstrong, treasurer re-elected); J. C. Mowbray, T. W. Moore, lecturers; C. White, H. Hazlett, censors; J. W. Rusk, J. Chamberlain, standard bearers; W. Rodgers, pursuivant; W. B. Wallace, T. W. Morrison, Jas. Keyes, Geo. Currie, H. P. Allingham, E. L. Hughes, G. J. Moore, committee.

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The Young Men's Association of St. Peter's church held their monthly debate in their rooms Sunday afternoon on the following subject. "Resolved, that strikes should be settled by arbitration." Wm. Murphy, Joseph Marry, Harry Dever and James Daley spoke in favor of arbitration, while Arthur Delaney, Cuthbert Morgan, Thos. McCarty and Frank Casey supported the negative. After an interesting and instructive argument on both sides the judges decided the debate in favor of the negative.

An Englishman named Edgar Rowsell had the top joint of his second finger cut off yesterday while working on a tender in the Bay Shore section of the C. P. R. He was loading the tender when a large chute loaded with coal jammed his right hand on the edge of the tender. The top joint of his second finger was taken off. He was conveyed in an engine to the Fairville crossing, and went to Dr. Macfarland, who dressed the wound. He will likely be laid up for the next fortnight.

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THE BRITISH LIBERALS ARE CARRYING ALL BEFORE THEM

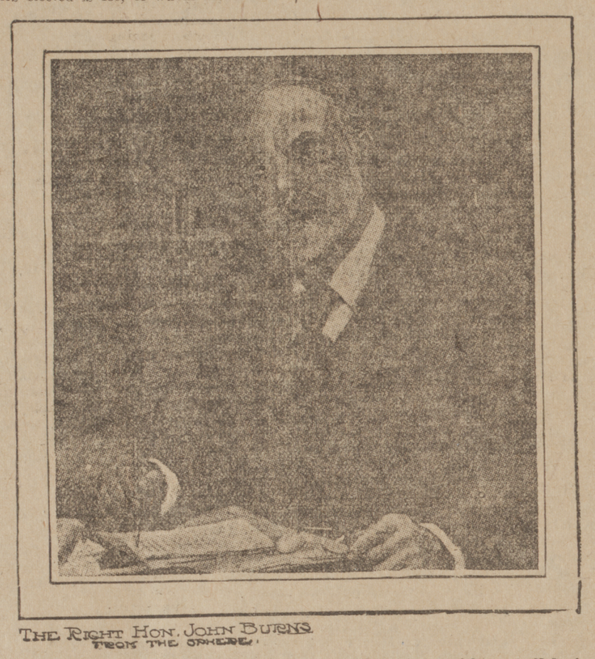
Political Complexion of United Kingdom has been Completely Changed During Last Eight Days---Already 248 Liberals Have Been Elected.

London, Jan. 20.—The following is a summary of the political situation at midnight:—

Total seats in Commons	670
Elections held	480
Liberals elected	248
Unionists	114
Laborites	40
Nationalists	78

London, Jan. 20.—Within the last eight days the political complexion of the United Kingdom has been completely changed by the tide of Liberalism that now is higher than the most sanguine Radical dared to hope for, or predict. The new parliament will be overwhelmingly Liberal.

Up to this time the total number of members elected is 480, of whom 248 are Liberals, 114 Unionists, 40 Laborites, 78 Nationalists and one Socialist. This leaves 190 seats still vacant.



THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BURNS. FROM THE DAILY MAIL.

The Liberals thus far have gained no less than 177 seats, counting labor gains as Liberal or government gains; and if the same proportion is kept up for the remaining 190 seats, the Liberals would have 407 votes in the next parliament, to which may be added those of 42 Laborites, one Socialists and 83 Nationalists, which would give Prime Minister Campbell-Bannerman 533 votes against 137 for the Conservatives.

Ireland remains practically unchanged. The Nationalists have plucked one seat from the solid northeast corner. The Liberals have broken into the Tory stronghold of Scotland with prospects for other remarkable successes, while, as already noted, the great fortresses of Unionism during the last ten years have been razed before a storm of undreamed of Liberal sentiment of opposition to the Unionist policy.

With the exception of Birmingham, which is completely controlled by Joseph Chamberlain, all the great centres have shown a determination to change from the old order. Mr. Balfour will probably remain an outsider until he is given a chance in a bye-election though possibly some safe Unionist seat may be relinquished in his favor before the end of next week. It is understood that several efforts in this direction have been made but

The most remarkable feature of the election thus far is the number of labor members elected. The last parliament could claim but seven laborite members while up to the present no less than forty have secured seats, and with the promise of further gains it is not at all improbable that labor will have a representation of fifty members in the new parliament. This undoubtedly would have a tremendous effect on futura legislation in England as the Laborites are almost certain to get the support of the Home Rulers in any reasonable measure introduced by them.

One of the most prominent politicians in England said to the Associated press today:

"It is useless to minimize the present revolution and we might as well begin to take a new view of the situation. In my opinion a parliament sitting at Dublin may be looked for within the next two years. Assuredly John Redmond, the leader of the Nationalist party, and

KEIR HARDIE.

Prime Minister Campbell-Bannerman have reached a working agreement and it is inconceivable that it would be imagined that it would be content with anything less than an Irish parliament. I have no idea that such a parliament would mean separation and have good reasons to believe that a plan is now under consideration by which the religious question can be eliminated from the deliberations of such a parliament, which would act under the imperial parliament and at least try the experiment of administering Irish affairs under the conditions which have changed in the last century."

The elections will be over before the end of next week, the last contest being set for Jan. 26. But so far as the Liberal government is concerned its life can now be measured not as was predicted prior to the elections, by months or a few years, but by the limitations of the septennial act.

A valuable horse, belonging to James Lowell, M. P. P., was killed on Saturday at the Inglewood Pulp Company's works, near Musquash. Mr. Lowell had hired out two horses to the company for the purpose of yarding logs. While one was so engaged Saturday a tree which was being cut down in the vicinity, was caught by the wind and fell, striking the horse across the neck. He was killed instantly. The horse, it is said, was valued at $300.

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The First of St. John's New Industries.

ST. JOHN IS SAID TO BE on the eve of an industrial boom; powerful influences are at work to bring this about. What may therefore be justly claimed as the first of these new enterprises is THE DOMINION STEAM LAUNDRY of 640 to 648 Main Street, North End., which will be in full operation during the early part of next week.

WHILE THE CITY PROPER is well supplied with establishments of this kind, the Portland-Fairville-Millford-Millidgeville section has not been so served. But now a first-class and thoroughly up-to-date washing and ironing plant has been set up, bidding fair to secure a large patronage. It will be run by competent, hustling, painstaking hands.

RAPID AND THOROUGH Washing Machines, a 20-minute Drier of immense capacity; special contrivances to ensure Uniform Dampening, the proper treatment of Collar Bands, Wristbands and other fussy details; have been installed. In fact there is not an old-fashioned machine in the place. This will surely be appreciated by all.

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