

My Friend The Chauffeur.

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

(Continued.)

We met no one; nevertheless Terry got down and lit our lamps. Dalmar-Kalm making an unnecessary delay by insisting that Joseph should light his too. He could not bear to have his great Blériot dark, while our humbler acetylene illumined the way for His Mightiness.

Suddenly we ran out of the bewildering lights and shadows, woven across our way by the moon, into the lights of a town; and two douaniers appeared in the road, holding up their hands for us to stop. Down jumped Terry to see why he should be challenged in this unexpected place, and the Prince joined him.

"Your papers, if you please," demanded the official.

Terry produced those which had been given us at the custom-house in Grimaldi.

"But these are French papers. Where are those for France?" asked the douanier.

"This is not France," said the Prince, before Terry could speak.

"It is Breil, and it is France," returned the man. "France for nine kilometres, until Fontan, where Italian territory begins again."

Terry laughed, rather ruefully. "Well," said he, "I have no French papers, but we paid a penny at the Pont St. Louis to leave France. This car is French, and we ought not to pay anything to enter; nevertheless, I shall be delighted to hand you the same sum for the privilege of coming in again."

"Ah, you paid ten centimes?" "Yes, if you have the receipt it may be possible to permit you to go on."

"Permit us to go on?" echoed Dalmar-Kalm angrily. "I should think so, indeed."

"I'm sorry, I took no receipt," said Terry. "I thought it an unnecessary formality."

"No formality is unnecessary, monsieur," said the servant of form. "I also am sorry, but in the circumstances you cannot enter French territory without a receipt for the ten centimes. As a man I believe implicitly that you paid the sum, as an official I am compelled to doubt your word."

Who but a Frenchman could have been so exquisitely pompous over a penny? I saw by Terry's face that he was far from considering the incident closed; but he had too much true Irish tact to try and get us through by storming.

"Let us consider," he began, "whether there is not some means of escape from this difficulty."

But Dalmar-Kalm was in no mood to temporize, or keep silent while others temporized. The lights of Breil showed that it was a town of comparative importance; it was past eight o'clock; and no doubt his Highness's temper was sharpened by a keen edge of hunger.

That he should be stopped by a few official figure-heads almost within smell of food, broke down the barrier of self-restraint—never a formidable rampart, as we had cause to know. In a few loud and vigorous sentences he expressed a withering contempt for France, its institutions, its customs, and especially its custom-house.

"If you'd mix up the Prince's initials, as you do Mr. Barrymore's sometimes, and call him Kalm-Dalm, there'd be some excuse for it," Beechy Kidder murmured to the Countess.

"Hush, he'll hear!" implored the much enduring lady, but there was small danger that His Highness would hear any expostulations save his own.

The Countess's eye grew dark, and Terry frowned. Had the douanier been insolent, my peppery Irishman would have been insolent too, perhaps in the hope of covering the man by truculence more swabbing than his own; but he had been as polite as his countrymen proverbially are, if not goaded out of their suavity. "Look here, Prince," said Terry, hanging onto his temper by a thread (for he also was hungry), "suppose you leave this matter to me. If you'll take the ladies to the best hotel

in town, Moray and I will stop here and see this thing through. We'll follow when we can."

Dalmar-Kalm snapped at the suggestion; our passengers saw that it was for the best, and yielded. As they moved away a shadowy form hovered in their wake. It was the little black dog of Air-ole.

The Marquis of Innisfallen's first quarrel with his brother had been caused by Terry's youthful preference for an army instead of a diplomatic career. Now, could this cantankerous relative have seen my friend, he would once more have shaken his head over talents wasted. The only eloquence which Terry lavished on that comparatively insignificant French douanier ought to have earned him a billet as first secretary to a Legation. He pictured the despair of the ladies if the power of France kept them prisoners at the frontier; he referred warmly to the country's reputation for chivalry; he offered to pay the usual deposit on a car entering France and receive it back again at Fontan. To this last suggestion the harassed official replied that technically his office was closed for the night, and that after eight o'clock he could not receive money or issue papers. Finally, therefore, Terry was reduced to appealing to the cleverness and resource of a true Frenchman.

It was a neat little fencing-match, which ended in the triumph of Great Britain. The functionary, treated like a gentleman by a gentleman, became anxious to accommodate, if he could do so "consistently with honor." He had an inspiration, and suggested that he would strain his duty by sending a messenger with us to Fontan, there to explain that we were merely en passage. Out of the crowd which had collected a loutish youth was chosen; a poubroire promised; and after many mutual politenesses we were permitted to trudge on to the sacred soil of France.

It is no more safe to judge a French country inn by its exterior, than the soul of Cyrano de Bergerac by his nose. The inn of Breil had not an engaging face, but it was animated by the spirit of a Brillat Savarin, by which we were provided with a wonderful dinner in numerous courses. We could not escape from it, lest we hurt the amour-propre of the cook, and it was late when we were ready for our last sortie.

"You will never reach San Dalmazzo tonight, towing that car," we were informed by the powers that were in the hotel. "The hills you have passed are as nothing to the hills yet to come. You will do well to spend the night with us, for if you try to get on you will be all night upon the road."

Our passengers were asked to decide, and we expected a difference of opinion. We should have said that the two girls would have been for pushing on, and the Countess for stopping. But that plump lady had already conquered the tremors of fear, earlier in the day, had threatened to wreck our expedition at the outset.

"It's a funny thing," said she, "but I want to go on, just on, for the sake of going. I never felt like that before, travelling, not even in a Mann Boudoir car, as home, which I guess is the most luxurious thing on wheels. I always wanted to get there, wherever 'there' was; but now I want to go on and on—I wouldn't care if it was to the end of the world, and I can't think why, unless it's the novelty of automobiling. But it can't be that, either. I suppose, for only a little while ago I was thinking that bedridden people weren't badly off, they were so safe."

We all laughed at this (even the Prince, whom plenty of champagne had put into a sentimental mood), and I suddenly found myself growing quite fond of the Countess, crown and all.

After the heat of the salle a manger, the night out of doors appeared strangely white and cold, its purple depths drenched

with moonlight, the high remoteness of its dome faintly scintillating with icy points of stars. An adventure seemed to lie before us. We turned wistfully to each other for the warmth of human companionship, and had not the Prince been trying to flirt with little Beechy—seen by mamma, I should have felt kindly even to him. Even as it was, I consented to let him try sitting in this car, and the rope, insured to suffering, had the consideration not to break.

We forged on, up the higher reaches of the Rova valley, so glorious in full moonlight that it struck us into silence. The mountains towering round us shaped themselves into castles and cathedrals of carved marble, their faces, grey by day, glittering white and polished under the magic of the moon. The wonderful crescent town of Saorge, hanging on the mountain-side, would alone have been worth coming this way to see if there had been nothing else. Veiled by the mystery of night, the old Ligurian strong-hold appeared to be suspended between two rocky peaks, like a great white hammock for a sleeping goddess, and now and then we caught a jewelled sparkle from her rings.

They had not told an idle tale at the inn. The road, weary of going uphill on its knees, like a pilgrim, got suddenly upon a level, and we were on its back, with the Prince's chariot trailing after us. Nevertheless, our car did not falter, though the motor passed. Scarcely ever were we able to pass from the first speed to the second, but then (as Beechy remarked), considering all things, we ought to be thankful for any speed above that of a snail.

At Pontan—when he had vouched for us—we disembarked our car, with a light heart and a heavy pocket. Again, we were in Italy, a silent, sleeping Italy, drugged with moonlight, and dreaming troubled dreams of strangely contorted mountains. Then suddenly it waked, for the moon was sinking, and the chain had lost its potency. The dream-shadows vanished, and we were in a wide, dark basin, which might be green as emerald by day. A grey ghost in a long coat, with a rifle slung across his back, flitted into the road and startled the Countess by signing for us to stop.

"Oh, mercy! are we going to be held up?" she whispered. "I'd forgotten about the brigands."

"Only an Italian custom house brigand," said Terry. "We've got to San Dalmazzo after all, and it isn't morning yet."

"Yes, but it is!" cried Beechy. "There's a clock striking twelve."

A few minutes later we were driving along a level in the direction of the monastery hotel, which was said to be no more than a hundred metres beyond the village. I had often heard of this hostelry at the little mountain retreat of San Dalmazzo, loved and sought by Italians in the summer heat. The arched gateway in the wall was clearly monumental, and we felt sure that we had come to the right place, when Terry steered the car through the open portal and a kind of tunnel on the other side.

Before the door of a long, low building he stopped the motor. His "churn, churn" stilled the silence of the night, and we were profound, and not a light gleamed anywhere.

Terry got down and rang. We all waited anxiously, for much as we had enjoyed the strange night drive, the day had been long, and the chill of the keen mountain air was in our blood. But nothing happened, and after a short pause Terry rang again. Silence was the only answer, and it seemed to give denial rather than consent.

(To be continued.)

GROWING GIRLS in ill-health should use occasionally Wheeler's Botanic Bitters, a purely vegetable and reliable remedy, for all irregularities of the system, curing Headache, Biliousness and Dizziness.

Piles 14 Years

Terrible Case Cured Painlessly
With Only One Treatment of
Pyramid Pile Cure.

Free Package in Plain Wrappers
Who Mailed to Everyone Writes.

"I have been a terrible sufferer of piles for fourteen (14) years and during all this time you can have an idea of how many kinds of medicine I tried. But I found no relief whatever. I felt there must be some thing that could cure me without having to undergo an operation which might kill me."



FREE
Trial Package
Did It

Now, after trying but one treatment of your 'Pyramids,' I am free, free to tell all sufferers of this dreadful disease to try this medicine—the Pyramid Pile Cure. It will cure when all others fail. Sincerely yours, George Braneigh, Schellburg, Pa.

Anyone suffering from the terrible torture, burning and itching of piles, will get instant relief from the treatment we send out free, at our own expense, in plain sealed package, to everyone sending name and address.

Surgical operation for piles is nerve-racking, cruel, and rarely a permanent success. Here you can get a treatment that is quick, easy to apply and inexpensive, and free from the publicity and humiliation you suffer by doctors' examination.

Pyramid Pile Cure is made in the form of "easy to use" suppositories. The coming of a cure is felt the moment you begin to use it, and your suffering ends.

Send your name and address at once to Pyramid Drug Co. 13843 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich., and get, by return mail, the treatment we will send you free, in plain, sealed wrapper.

After seeing for yourself what it can do, you can get a regular full size package of Pyramid Pile Cure from any druggist at 50 cents each, or, on receipt of price, we will mail you same ourselves if he should not have it.

SHOT DEAD BY GERMANS

Canadian Doctor Murdered in
Africa by Kaiser's Soldiers.

Ottawa, Jan. 31.—(Special)—A despatch to the Central News, London, from Cape Town, published here today says: "Canadian here are enraged at an alleged outrage by German soldiers at Swakopmund, German Southwest Africa, who are said to have shot and killed Dr. Anson Donaldson, of Brockville (Ont.)."

"According to the story, Dr. Donaldson was walking peacefully in the streets when a soldier fired at him, and while he was lying wounded on the ground, other soldiers riddled his body with bullets."

Dr. Donaldson was widely known in and around Brockville and was aged about thirty. He was born and educated at Brockville and went to South Africa as a surgeon with the Brockville squad of Strathcona's Horse. He served in the Boer war and returned to Canada after peace had been declared.

Dr. Donaldson apparently liked Africa and returned to practice there about two years ago. One of the brothers is also in South Africa and his father, sister and several brothers still reside at Brockville.

A REASONABLE THEORY ABOUT CANCER

There is a peculiar condition of the blood that favors the growth of Cancer, and neither knife nor plaster will effect a permanent cure without the aid of a constitutional treatment, such as ours. Send 6 cents (stamp) and get the book, which I guess is the most luxurious thing on wheels. I always wanted to get there, wherever 'there' was; but now I want to go on and on—I wouldn't care if it was to the end of the world, and I can't think why, unless it's the novelty of automobiling. But it can't be that, either. I suppose, for only a little while ago I was thinking that bedridden people weren't badly off, they were so safe."

We all laughed at this (even the Prince, whom plenty of champagne had put into a sentimental mood), and I suddenly found myself growing quite fond of the Countess, crown and all.

After the heat of the salle a manger, the night out of doors appeared strangely white and cold, its purple depths drenched

HE LOST HIS JOB

Calais Customs Official Suspend-
ed as Result of Smuggling Case
Against Ex-mayor J. M. John-
son.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 30.—Noah S. McGarry, Customs Inspector at Calais, Eastport district (Me.), has been suspended by the treasury department under charges growing out of the case of alleged smuggling pending against ex-Mayor J. M. Johnson, of Calais. District-Attorney Dyer, of Portland, has been making an investigation for the department, and it is believed that his report will soon be ready, determining whether his successor, District-Attorney Whitehouse, shall take the case into court.

An investigation of Inspector McGarry, who is one of the best known customs officials of New England, having been in the service for thirty years, was ordered some time ago.

GEO. H. HAM HONORED

Popular C. P. R. Man The Guest
of Honor at a Press Banquet
in Washington.

Washington, Jan. 31.—George H. Ham, of the C. P. R., Montreal, was tendered a magnificent banquet at the New Willard hotel tonight by twenty of the leading newspaper correspondents of Washington, who also presented him with a costly scarf pin, emblematic of the American nation.

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.

P. J. Burns, of Bathurst, is at the Royal.

COAL MEN REPORT

BUSINESS IS GOOD
Weather Although Mild did not
Greatly Affect Them.

The present mild winter is not altogether an unmixed blessing. Complaints about the dullness of trade among the coal dealers are coming in from all over the country. The last issue of the Coal Trade Journal of New York is full of them. In Canada the same conditions seem to prevail to a greater or less degree. From Montreal comes the report that the sales have been diminished fifty per cent.

St. John coal dealers say they are not suffering to that extent, however. House-holders here seem to be a thrifty lot and most of them lay in a supply in the fall of the year, lasting them till February or March. The retail trade has been undoubtedly affected by the mild weather, especially in soft coal, and the next two months, unless they are very cold, may cut into the trade more than the past two.

The dealers are uttering words of warning. The probability of a strike in both the anthracite and bituminous coal regions in the United States seems to be threatening, they say. The present agreement between the miners and operators will end April 1. The miners have formulated demands for increased wages in both sections. On the other hand the operators say that they have been running the mines at a loss during the present year.

A. I. TEED IS THE NEW MAYOR OF ST. STEPHEN

St. Stephen, N. B., Jan. 31.—(Special)—The election of councillors in Queens ward today resulted in the choice of R. W. Grimmer and E. M. Ganong, defeating Edmund Mills. Mills and Ganong were the old councillors. In Dukes ward C. N. Vroom defeated A. D. Taylor for assessor.

The new board will be composed of the following: Mayor, A. I. Teed; councillors, Dukes ward, W. A. Dinmore, A. A. Ladin; assessor, C. N. Vroom. Kings ward, councillors, J. T. Whitlock, Edward Keyes; assessor, L. K. McGeehey. Queens ward, councillors, Grimmer and Ganong; assessor, L. A. Mills.

The TERRIBLE PANGS OF DYSPEPSIA CAN BE CURED

To be dyspeptic is to be miserable, hopeless, confused and depressed in mind, forgetful, irresolute, drowsy, languid and useless.

Constipation, headache, heartburn, sour stomach, distress after eating, belching of wind, faintness, and fullness and distention of the stomach are a few of the many distressing symptoms of the poor, weary dyspeptic.

Dyspepsia is a disease that in one way or another resembles nearly every other disease, and the only way to get rid of it is to tone up the stomach, liver, bowels and blood. This will be quickly done by the use of

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

It regulates the stomach, stimulates the secretion of the saliva and gastric juice to facilitate digestion, removes acidity, purifies the blood, and tones up the entire system.

Mrs. M. A. McNeil, Brook Village, N.S., writes: "Last winter I was very thin and was fast losing flesh owing to the run down state of my system. I suffered from dyspepsia, loss of appetite and bad blood. I tried everything I could get but to no purpose. I finally started to use Burdock Blood Bitters, and from the first day I felt the good effects of the medicine and am strong and well again. I can eat anything now without any ill after effects. It gives me great pleasure to recommend Burdock Blood Bitters, for I feel it saved my life."

The joint committee from the common council and the board of trade appointed to secure an expert for an examination of the water power at the falls met last evening in the rooms of the board of trade. The following were present: H. B. Schofield, T. H. Estabrooks, W. S. Fisher, Ald. MacRae and Ald. Frink with W. E. Anderson as secretary. Mr. Schofield was elected chairman and the committee had a preliminary discussion as to the methods to be pursued, several names of experts were before the meeting, but no definite action will be taken until the matter has been more fully investigated.

For Sale Low.

We offer a choice selection of Ales, Wines, Spirits, etc.—Champagnes, Claret, Sauternes, Burgundies, Ports, Sherries, Madeiras, Tarragones, Scotch, Irish, Rye and Bourbon Whiskies; Brandy, Rums, Gins, etc., etc. English Ales, Irish Stouts. Mail and telephone orders attended to promptly. Prices Low.

M. A. FINN, 110 and 112
Prince William St.

COAL

IF A STRIKE SHOULD OCCUR
would you have a full bin or an empty one? If you want to fill up with Furnace Hard Coal now, we have a lot of both Scotch and American Hard Coal, which must be moved in the next few days. Orders will be taken for the Furnace size delivered in bulk at \$5.50 per ton for the American, and \$6.00 for the Scotch.

Either of these coals can be used in closed stoves, tidies, etc., as well as in Furnaces. J. S. GIBSON & CO., 614 Charlotte Street, Snythe Street, Tel. 476.

Acadia Pictou Landing:

\$7.25 per chaldron, cash with order. BROAD COVE, RESERVE SYDNEY and SCOTCH. ALL SOFT COAL. SCOTCH AND AMERICAN ANTHRACITE.

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

OFFICE, WAREHOUSE AND FACTORY TELEPHONES

HOTELS

ROYAL HOTEL,
41, 43 and 45 King Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
RAYMOND & DOHERTY, Proprietors
W. E. RAYMOND. E. A. DOHERTY.

VICTORIA HOTEL,
King Street, St. John, N.B.
Electric Elevator and all Latest and Modern Improvements.
D. W. McORMICK, 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.
18-20-22 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 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. McOSKERY, Proprietor.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
CHALFONTE
On the Beach. Fireproof.
Always Open.
THE LEEDS COMPANY.

ROYAL BAKERY.
(TWO STORES)
Stores Cor. Charlotte and Sydney and 423 Main St. N. B.
A positive cure for all forms of 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 packages on receipt of price. Write for Pamphlet. The Wood Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario.

RAILROADS.
CANADIAN PACIFIC
SHORT LINE
TO
MONTREAL.
Through Fast Express leaving Halifax at 8.00 a. m., St. John at 8.30 p. m. daily, except Sunday. First and Second Class Coaches and Sleeping Cars to Montreal.

PACIFIC EXPRESS
From Montreal every day at 9.40 a. m. for CANADIAN NORTHWEST, KOOTENAY and PACIFIC COAST. This train carries First and Second Class Coaches and Palace Sleepers. Also Tourist Sleeper EVERY.

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.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
Atlantic Steamship Service

From Liverpool. From St. John, N. B.
Jan. 16...LAKE ERIE...Feb. 2
Jan. 30...LAKE MANITOBA...Feb. 17
Feb. 13...LAKE CHAMPLAIN...Mar. 3
Feb. 27...LAKE ERIE...Mar. 17
Mar. 13...LAKE MANITOBA...Mar. 31
Mar. 27...LAKE CHAMPLAIN...Apr. 14
Apr. 10...LAKE ERIE...Apr. 23

FIRST CABIN—To Liverpool, \$47.50 and \$50 and upwards, according to steamer.
SECOND CABIN—To Liverpool, \$40; London, \$42.50.
THIRD CLASS—To Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Belfast, Londonderry, Queenstown, \$36.50. 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. Mount Temple, Feb. 13; Third Class S. S. Lake Michigan, Mar. 13, Third 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.

Wood's Phenolphthalein.
The Great English Remedy.
A positive cure for all forms of 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 packages on receipt of price. Write for Pamphlet. The Wood Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario.

IRVING SMOKERS OF ALL NATIONS CIGARS Get the Habit

United States No. 2

Hats off to Canada.

Your Uncle Samuel thought he had cornered the market on turning out the best of everything. But my cigar makers have to take a back seat to England's little (?) baby across the line.

I turn out some pretty fine cigars down here, but the IRVING has the best of them in a tight corner.

I believe in patronizing home industries, but just between you and me, I smoke the IRVING myself, whenever any of my Canadian cousins come across the borders with a fresh supply.

J. Hirsch,
Sons & Co.
Makers, Montreal

