

My Friend The Chauffeur.

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

(Continued.)

"Miss Destrey was in the car?"
"Of course. She was sitting in the tonneau, and it looked as if there was some one beside the Prince; but Maida was in the way, so I couldn't make sure, and while I was dodging my head about, trying to see the automobile disappear, did you even know anything so horrible? I'm furious, and I don't know what the Prince must be thinking of me?"
I was agast at this unexpected point of view, but her next words enlightened me. "It's Maida's fault, I know that, though I don't see how she could have done it. She was wild with me because I stood up for the Prince carrying us off like this, and I suppose she just thought she'd punish him by somehow cheating me out of the pleasure I'd been looking forward to. I can't think of anything else, and neither can the county. He says Maida probably told the Prince that at the last minute I'd refused to go with him; otherwise he never would have driven off with her and left me like that."

I saw that it would be a simple waste of time to argue with her, and didn't attempt it. "I'm going to look for them," I said.

"Oh, do take me with you."
I thought for a second or two. The Countess isn't exactly a feather weight, and speed was an object; but protection for Miss Destrey was a still greater consideration, and it might be well for her to have even this foolish little woman's companionship. "Certainly," I replied. "I shall be very glad."

Wraps of some sort for her head and body were borrowed on board the yacht, Corramini showing himself kind and helpful, and with but a few minutes' delay for the lady's preparations, and lighting the lamps we were ready to start.

My mind was on the rack of doubt and distraction, but though I trusted Corramini not at all, I couldn't see why the most likely way to choose for the chase might not be the road to Hyova, Dalmatian coast, must be more or less familiar with the neighborhood, and might have acquaintances along the route who would help him. Corramini was watching the start, so I took the direction which, from some previous poring over local maps, I knew must lead towards Dalmatian coast, and I was not far from being right. This I did, lest he might have some means of communicating with his friend; but once out of his sight I slowed down, and addressed every one I met, in Italian. Had a motor car been seen driving this way during the afternoon? Several persons stared blankly, and did not brighten to intelligence when Italian was exchanged for faulty German; but we had not gone far when we caught up with a rickety cab, whose driver was evidently dawdling homeward to shelter for the night. His speech was, perhaps, near the mark, and if so he might be the very man I wanted.

I hailed him and fortunately he had a little Italian, and more French, of which he was innocently vain.

"I have seen an automobile," said he, "but it was not coming this way. There cannot have been another, for till today we have seen no such thing since Prince Jamie de Bourbon drove here and up to Montenegro, which made a great excitement for every one some years ago. And this one today has also gone to Montenegro."

I asked him to describe the vehicle, and not only did he give it all the characteristics of the Prince's car, but said that he had seen it slung on shore from a white yacht, which ended all doubt about the motor's identity, unless by any chance he had been bribed by Dalmatian to mislead inquirers. This seemed

a far-fetched proposition; but why should Montenegro be chosen as a destination? I asked this question aloud, half to myself, half to the Countess, and after a fashion she answered it from the tonneau. "Dear me, I can't think why on earth they should go there; but I believe I do remember the Prince once saying, ever so long ago when he first talked of driving down into Dalmatia, that he had a friend in Montenegro—an Austrian Consul, though I don't know in what city there."

"There's only one—the capital, Cetinje," I said mechanically, and my thoughts leaped ahead to the place I named.

"The Countess!" I muttered under my breath.

"Who, the Austrian Consul?"

"No. For all I know, he may be a splendid fellow and probably as he would never do the thing. But that beast might hope it."

"What beast—what thing—hope what?"

"I beg your pardon, Countess. I was talking to myself. Nothing that you would care to hear repeated."

XXVI.

A Chapter of High Diplomacy.

I had heard travellers speak, and had read books, of that mighty feat of engineering the road to Montenegro; but even so I was not prepared for the thrilling grandeur of that night drive in the mountains.

With a carriage and two horses, counting half for rests, we must have been seven good hours on the way to Cetinje; but my little twelve horse-power car worked on my heart and soul (I shall always believe now that she's got something of the sort, packed away in her engine), and we reached the lonely Montenegrin frontier, near the mountain-top, in just over an hour after our start. I caught the glimmer of the white stones that mark the dividing line between Austrian ground and the brave little Principality, and knew what they must mean. Twenty minutes more saw us at the highest point of the stupendous road; and dipping for a flight downward, we arrived not long after in the cup-like plain where the first Montenegrin village showed a few lights. I stopped at a small inn, ordered brandy for the Countess (who was half dead with cold or terror of our wild ride beside precipices), and inquired of the German-speaking landlord about the Prince's car.

Yes, a big red automobile had rushed by, much to the surprise of every one, about an hour ago. No doubt it was bound for Cetinje; but there had been no news of it since.

We flashed on without waiting for further parley. It was a long way yet, but the car devoured the road as if she were starving. At last we saw a single light to the left, and then a bunch of lights huddled together in a mountain-ringed plain, half a mile or so beyond. My annoyance I had to slacken speed for a flock of belated and bewildered sheep, just as we were nearing the first light, but in a moment we would have shot ahead again, had not my attention been caught by the sharp yelping of a little dog.

It was not the defiant yap of an enemy to motors, but rather a glad welcome; and the thin shred of sound was curiously familiar. Instead of putting on speed, I stopped dead in the middle of the road.

"What! Arolo, is that you?" I called.

In an instant a tiny black form was making wild springs at the car, trying to get in. It was Arolo and no other.

"This is where they are," I said. "In that house, yonder. If it hadn't been for

the dog, we'd have gone on, and—" It wasn't worth while to finish.

I drove to the side and stopped the engine. The Countess would go with me, of course, and it was better that she should; for she was the girl's aunt, and this was the pass her foolishness had brought her to.

Arolo pattered before us, leaping at the shut door of a rough, two-story house of dark stone. I knocked; no one came, and I pounded again. If there had been no answer that time, I meant to try and break the door in with my shoulder, which has had some experience as a battering ram and perhaps those inside guessed at my intentions, for then a tall Montenegrin, belted and armed with knife and big revolver, flung open the doorway.

(To be continued.)

PILES

Cured After 50 Years. We can Cure Piles and Prove it

Sample Package Free by Mail so That You Can Prove it on Yourself. No Surgery.

Piles (or hemorrhoids) rarely kill, but they cause more exquisite agony in a few minutes than much more serious troubles. This is especially true in the case of those who are ever so slightly constipated. It means the certain renewal of the agony every morning. It is inevitable and unavoidable.

Piles can now be quickly and perfectly cured, without pain, cutting, or detention from business or occupation. It has already been demonstrated in thousands of cases, in both sexes, at all ages and in the very worst as well as the ordinary ones.

We propose to let you try it yourself. You have probably been bitterly disappointed by many so-called Pile Cures.

This is why we want you to try our remedy before you pay a penny for it. Then you will know certainly and absolutely, whether it will do for you what it has done for so many others. It is for sale in every drug store because people must have it.

No one who has not suffered the torments of itching, painful or bleeding piles can appreciate, for one moment, the marvellous sense of relief that follows the use of the Toilet Pile Cure. You can go to the toilet without dread or fear, you can enjoy yourself at home without the slightest trouble, inconvenience or difficulty.

Follow a few easy and simple directions and get well and stay well.

Go to your druggist at once and buy a box of Toilet Pile Cure for 50 cents.

Here, for instance, is a sample of the kind of letters we get every day and we don't have to ask for them:

"Friend, I write to tell you good word your Toilet Pile Cure has done for me. I used your sample, and it did me so much good I went and got two boxes, and I used one and I am another man altogether. I have no pain, no piles, and I have been troubled with them for over 50 years, and could find no relief till now, thanks to your timely cure. Use my name if it will do you any good. Isaac Smith, Wharton, New York."

For Free Samples send to the Pyramid Drug Co., 2129 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich.

The chemical engine kept in the Port-lanet street fire station was placed on runners yesterday, and when opposite Murray street, in Main street, the horses found it impossible to pull the engine any farther. The best efforts of the driver were without avail, and it was evident that the horses were too light, although there had never been any difficulty in hauling the apparatus when on wheels, and there was sufficient snow on the ground. The team that pulls No. 5 engine had to be hitched to the chemical. They are stronger and heavier, and hauled the chemical back to the station.

Miss Margaret Armstrong, Paradise Row, has returned from the States.

THE STORY Is MISLEADING and FALSE

Some manufacturers of weak and almost worthless package dyes, now advertising their common products, and advising the ladies to use them, make the false and misleading claim that their crude dyes will color all kinds of materials—wool, silk, cotton and mixed goods—equally well. This false claim has deceived many women in Canada, and today, disappointed women and girls deplore the loss of good garments and materials as well as hard-earned money.

Moral—Carefully avoid all adulterated, weak and common package dyes that are offered to you by dealers looking for large profits and caring little for the comfort and welfare of our thrifty and economical women.

DIAMOND DYES, the world's favorite for successful home coloring, have scientifically prepared dyes for wool and silk, and for cotton and mixed goods, giving the best and most profitable results—bright, full and everlasting colors that never fade in sun or washing. Each color of the DIAMOND DYES sells for 10 cents per package, same price that is demanded for the imitation and worthless dyes which destroy your goods and ruin your hands. Ask for the DIAMOND DYES and refuse all others.

Send your name and address to Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal, P. Q., and you will receive free of cost new Dye Book, Card of Dyed Cloth Samples and Booklet in verse, entitled "The Long-johns' Trip to the Klondike."

SIXTEEN HUNDRED FUTURE CANADIANS

ARRIVE AT HALIFAX

Nova Scotia Legislature Adjourns for a Week Pending Appointment of a Governor.

Halifax, N. S., March 19.—(Special)—Three steamers arrived from Liverpool today with 1,605 immigrants to settle in Canada. The Allan steamer Pretorian, with 601 passengers, came in with the mails tonight. The Dominion got in earlier in the day with 1,200, only 400 of whom landed here, the others going on to Portland. The Carthaginian had 604.

The race for the governorship of Nova Scotia is still on. This afternoon it was believed that the two chief competitors were William Roche, M. P., and Charles C. Blackader, proprietor of the Acadia Recorder. Towards evening, however, a new man was introduced into the running, George J. Troop, a member of the legislative council. A telegram was sent to the government signed by eight members of the legislature and Liberal politicians, asking for his appointment.

Mr. Blackader will say nothing for publication. Mr. Roche says that if he were offered the position his business interests would demand that he take time for consideration. The legislature today adjourned for a week pending the appointment.

Some Liberals here are saying that it would be a graceful act for the government to appoint Sir Charles Tupper.

QUEBEC JURY NOW SORRY THEY CONVICTED MCCRAW OF MURDER

Three Rivers, Que., March 19.—(Special)—The jury in the McCraw murder trial rendered a unanimous verdict of "guilty" Friday. After being discharged and mingling with their fellow men, five of their number seem to have been overcome by qualms of conscience, for the next day, accompanied by some court officials, they proceeded to Sheriff Dumoulin and, it is said, asked how they could undo the part they had taken in condemning the prisoner. They desired to do on the ground that they had given their decision under the influence of a charge made with their own convictions.

Dr. Mary E. McLeod has returned from her western trip.

WILL'S ENGLISH PILLS QUICKLY CURE CONSTIPATION. HEADACHE & STOMACH TROUBLES 25 CENTS. ALL DRUGGISTS. WELLS & RICHARDSON CO. LIMITED MONTREAL, P. Q.

There is trouble among the Longshoremen. A report came from Carleton last night to the effect that there was friction and very nearly open hostilities among the ship laborers in No. 4 shed, Sand Point, and as a consequence there were no men working on the Donaldson liner Salacia last night.

The trouble occurred about 6:30 o'clock. The day gang at work on the Salacia, as is the custom, knocked off at 6 o'clock and at 6:30 the night gang were on hand ready to go to work. The story goes that, for some reason or other, Wm. Priest, day foreman for the Donaldson line, ordered the day gang to return to work till 11 o'clock. Objection was taken by the night crew who were in charge of night foreman Wm. Patterson. It is said that in an argument that took place blows were exchanged. The trouble ended by both gangs declining to go to work.

It was reported that the police intend to make reference of the matter at headquarters today along the lines of a breach of the peace.

POWERS SHY OF BACKING GERMANY

France Can Count on Four to Vote With Her, While Her Opponent Hasn't a Sure One.

Paris, March 19.—Officials here say that France's position is absolute and final against placing Case Blanes under international command. It is maintained that this is not a question of detail, but one that involves the entire Franco-German controversy over internationalization of the police.

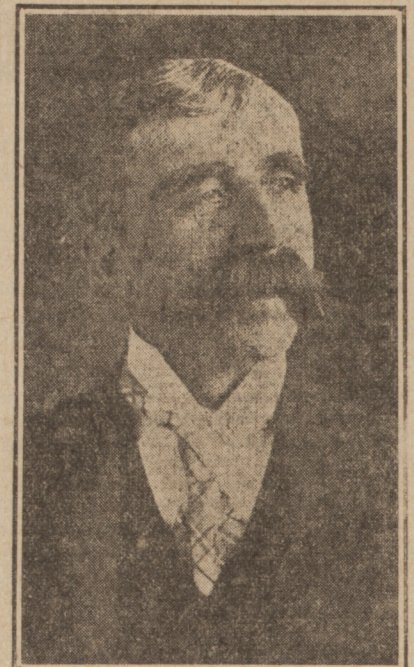
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The current opinion in official circles is that Germany intends to recede from her position.

A. O. H. BANQUET A GREAT SUCCESS

Division No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians, together with the ladies' auxiliary, celebrated St. Patrick's day by a supper at White's last night.

The private dining hall was splendidly decorated for the occasion. Irish flags were draped tastefully about the big room. The chair was occupied by Wm. L. Williams, president, and the vice-chair by John Gallagher, vice-president. To the



John Morrissey, M. P. P., Provincial President.

right of the president sat Mrs. Edward Finnigan, president of the ladies' auxiliary, and to the left Mrs. M. T. Cavanaugh, county president.

The following menu was served up in Mr. White's best style:—

Irish Broth.
Roast Turkey, Dressed in Dublin.
Crabapple Sauce.
Sirloin of South Ireland Beef,
Dish Gravy.
Tomato Escallop, Cold Ham.
Irish Potatoes, Turnips, Corn.
Limerick Plum Pudding, with Sauce.
Cork Jellies, with Whipped Cream.
Brown and White Bread Sandwiches.
Tea and Coffee.
Hibernia Ice Cream.

After the good things had been done full justice, the following toasts were honored:—

The King, with the usual honors.
The Day We Celebrate, ex-Provincial President John C. Ferguson.
The Ancient Order of Hibernians, Provincial President John Morrissey, M. P. P., of Newcastle.

Canada Our Home, Michael McDade, ex-provincial president, and James H. McHugh.
The City of St. John, Major Thomas Kitcham, of the Hibernian Knights.

Ireland, the land of the Shamrock, Michael Driscoll.
The Ladies' Auxiliary, Mrs. Edward Finnigan, Mrs. Cavanaugh.
The Ladies, James H. McHugh and E. J. McLaughlin.

The evening's enjoyment was also enhanced by songs and recitations by Miss O'Brien, Thos. Young, Joseph Bowes, James Murphy, Miss McAnulty, George McDermott, and Miss Tomney.

Wm. was spoken of on all sides as being the best gathering yet held by No. 1 Division was brought to a close at an early hour of the morning by the singing of Auld Lang Syne and the national anthem.

As mildew develops more rapidly under certain climatic conditions, so with Cancer in the human body. There are certain conditions that favor its development and when these conditions cease to exist the Cancer gradually disappears. Send six cents (stamp) to Scott & Jew, Bowmanville, Ont., if you are troubled with

CANCER.
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THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT



Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, therefore, when rough neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, many fatal results are sure to follow.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys most, because they do most and should have attention first.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root the great kidney and bladder remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Swamp-Root will set your whole system right, and the best proof of this is a trial.

53 COTTAGE ST., MELROSE, MASS.

DEAR SIR:—
"Ever since I was in the Army, I had more or less kidney trouble, and within the last year it became so severe and complicated that I suffered everything and was much alarmed—my strength and power was fast leaving me. I saw an advertisement of Swamp-Root and wrote asking for advice. I began the use of the medicine and noted decided improvement after taking Swamp-Root only a short time."

I continued its use and am thankful to say that I am entirely cured and strong. In order to be very sure about this, I had a doctor examine some of my water today and he pronounced it all right and in splendid condition.

I know that your Swamp-Root is purely vegetable and does not contain any harmful drugs. Thanking you for my complete recovery and recommending Swamp-Root to all sufferers I am,

Very truly yours,
L. O. RICHARDSON.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—In order to prove the wonderful merits of Swamp-Root you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured. The value and success of Swamp-Root are so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle. In sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this genuine offer in the St. John Evening Times. The genuineness of this offer is guaranteed.

STEAMSHIPS

DONALDSON LINE
—BETWEEN—
Glasgow and St. John
Winter Service, 1906.

From Glasgow, Feb. 21 S. S. Tritonia Mar. 17
Mar. 24 S. S. Salacia Mar. 24
Mar. 31 S. S. Alcides Mar. 31
Mar. 17 S. S. Kestrel Apr. 7
Mar. 24 S. S. Athena Apr. 12
Mar. 31 S. S. Tritonia Apr. 21
Apr. 7 S. S. Tritonia Apr. 28
(Completes winter sailings.)

Freight and passage rates furnished on application to the following agents:
Donaldson Brothers, Ltd., Glasgow
Robert Reford Co., Ltd., Montreal
SCHOFIELD & CO., LTD., St. John.

COAL

If You Want a Soft Coal

That will take the place of Hard Coal better than any other kind, try Picot's.

It is clean, lasts well, and is more economical than Hard Coal.

Good for closed stoves and ranges and also makes a nice grate fire.

GIBBON & CO.
64 Charlotte St., Smythe St., and Marsh St.

Special for This Week Only.

Best Mixed Cordwood, \$2.25 per load, sawed and split.
Dry Soft Wood for Kindling. Delivered to all parts of the city.

GEORGE DICK, 48 Britain St.
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1708 B. C. Permanent L. & S. Co. Canada Life Bldg. Prince Wm. Street.
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1823A Charlton W. H. Residence Brussels St.
744 Carleton Curling Rink.
1705 Currie Business University, Ltd. The General Office and Employers' Bureau, Germain St.
1710 Clarkson J. R. Residence, Douglas Ave.
1712 Clarke D. C. Residence, West St. John.
1725 Doug. Fred. The Printer, Germain St.
1727 Dominion Steam Laundry, Main St.
1721 Gleason J. F. Real Estate, Prince Wm. Street.
1702 Hayward Mrs. W. H. Residence, Carleton St.
1716 Irvine J. Residence, Milford.
A. W. McMAHON, Local Manager.

GOING UP IN SMOKE.

We are making a decided cut, for this week only, in Pipes, Tobacco and Cigars. Intending purchasers should call early, as all goods remaining on hand after this week will be otherwise disposed of. Our goods are the finest in the market.

M. A. FINN,
110-112 Prince William Street.

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