

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

"We've some lovely cakes and candy packed in that sweet tea-basket we bought at an English shop in Paris," said Mrs. Kidder; "but I suppose we'd better not get anything out to eat now, for fear of hurting the waiter's feelings. What do you think, Sir Ralph?"

"Personally, I should like nothing better than to hurt them," I replied severely; "but I'm thinking of myself. Cakes and candy on top of those walking-sticks! 'Twere more difficult to build on such a foundation than to rear Venice on its piles and wattles."

"We'd better save what we have till later on," said Maida. "About four o'clock, perhaps we shall be glad to stop somewhere, and I can make tea. It will be fun having it in the automobile."

"There she goes now, revealing domestic virtues!" I thought ruefully. "It will be too much for Terry to find her an all-round out-of-doors and indoors girl in one. He always said the combination didn't exist; that you had to put up with one or the other in a nice girl, and he was jolly thankful for what you'd got."

But Terry did not seem to be meditating upon the thought just brought to light by his travelling companion. He remarked calmly that by tea-time we should doubtless have reached San Dalmazzo, a charming little mountain village with an old monastery turned into an inn; and then he absently wondered what had become of the Prince.

"My, what a shame, I'd almost forgotten him!" exclaimed Mrs. Kidder. "He must have given us up in despair and gone on."

"Perhaps he's had a break-down," I suggested. "What! with that wonderful car? He told me last night that nothing had ever happened to it yet. He must be miles ahead of us by now."

"Then this is his astral body," said Terry. "Clever of him to 'project' one for his car too. Never heard of its being done before. It's a most remarkable thing. Nor had I ever heard of an astral body who swore roundly at its chauffeur, which this apparition now stopping in front of the restaurant windows did. It called the unfortunate shape in leather by several strange and creditable, or perhaps discreditably original names, but as the flow of eloquence was in German, it could not be appreciated by the ladies. Mrs. Kidder knew the languages not at all, and Miss Destrey and Beechy had remarked, when Dalmatia was proposed, that their knowledge was of the copy-book order."

So completely upset was the Prince, that on joining us he forgot to be sarcastic. Not a question, not a sneer as to our progress, not an apology for being late. He flung himself into a chair at the table, ordered the waiters about with truculence, and, having thus relieved his mind, began complaining of his head. An Austrian Prince, when cross and hungry, can be as undesirable a social companion as a Cockney cad, and the Countess's distinguished friend did not show to advantage in the scene which followed. Yes, there had been an accident. It was unheard of—abominable!—the fault of the chauffeur. Chauffeur (and he looked bleakly at Terry) were without exception brutes—detestable brutes. You put up with them because you had to; that was all. The automobile had merely stopped. It must have been the simplest thing in the world for a professional driver to discover what was wrong; yet this animal, Joseph, could do nothing but poke his nose into the machinery and then shrug his hideous shoulders. Why, yes, he had taken out the valves, of course, examined the sparking plugs, and tested the coil. Any amateur could have done that. It was a good spark; there was no short circuit, yet the motor would not start, and the chauffeur was unable to give an explanation. Twice he had taken the car to pieces without result—absolutely to pieces. Then, and not until then, had the creature found wit enough to think of the carburettor. There was the trouble, and nowhere else. All that delay and misery had been caused by some grime which had penetrated into the carburettor and prevented the needle working. This it was to have a donkey instead of a chauffeur.

Tooting out of Ventimiglia, that grim frontier town whose name has become synonymous to travellers with waiting and desperate resignation, we turned up the side of the Roya, where the stream gushes seaward, through many channels, in a wide and pebbly bed. The shower just past, though brief, had been heavy enough to turn a thick layer of white dust into a greasy, grey paste of mud. On our left was a sudden drop into the rushing river, on the right a deep ditch, and the road between was as round-shouldered as a hunchback. Seeing this natural phenomenon, and feeling the slightly uncertain step of our flat tyres as they waded through the sticky mud, the pleasant smile of the proud motor-possessor which I had been wearing hardened upon my face. I didn't know as much about motors as our passengers, but I did know what side-slip was, and I did not think that this was a nice place for ladies to be initiated. There might easily be an accident, even with the best of drivers such as we had in Terry, and I was sure that he was having all that he could do to keep on the crown of the road. At any moment slowly as we were going, the heavily-laden car might become skittish and begin to waltz, a feat which would certainly first surprise and then alarm the ladies, even if it had no more serious consequences.

It was while we were in this critical situation, which had not yet begun to dawn upon our passengers, that Dalmat Kalm seized the opportunity of racing past us from behind, blowing a fanfare on his horn, to prove how much faster his car could go than ours. In the instant that he was abreast of us, our fortune, which overhung the back axle further than is considered wise in the latest types of car, swung outwards with a slip of the tire in the grey grease, and only by an inch which, seemed a mere hair's breadth was Terry able to save us from a collision.

The Countess screamed, Beechy clung once more to my knee and we all glared at the red car with the white canopy as it shot ruthlessly ahead. The Prince's anger painted on our ungodly faces, he doubtless attributed to jealousy, as he glanced back to wave a triumphant air before flashing out of sight, round a bend of the road.

There is something very human, and particularly womanish, about a motor-car. The shock of the narrow escape we had just seemed to have unsteadied the nerve of our brave Panhard for the moment. We were nearing a skew bridge with an almost right angle approach; and the strange resultant of the nicely balanced forces that control an automobile skating on "pneus" over slippery mud twisted us round, suddenly and without warning. Instantly, oilily, the car gyrated on a pivot, and behold, we were facing down the valley instead of up. Terry could not have done it if he had tried.

"Oh, my goodness!" quavered the Countess in a shrill, hysterical tone. "I must be preserved from a big one. This automobile has turned its nose towards home again, of its own accord. Oh, Sir Ralph, I'm not sure I like motoring as much as I thought I would. I'm not sure the Hand of Providence did not turn the car back."

"Nonsense, Mamma!" cried Beechy. "The other day the Hand of Providence was pointing out Sir Ralph's advertisement in the newspaper. It can't be always changing its mind, and you can't either. We're all alive, anyhow, and that's something."

"Ah, but how long shall we be?" moaned her mother. "I don't want to be silly, but I did not know that an automobile had the habits of a kangaroo and a crab and a base-ball and I'm afraid I shall never get used to them."

Terry explained that his car was not addicted to producing these sensational effects, and compared the difficulties it was now combating with those which a skater might experience if the hard ice were covered an inch deep with soft soap. "We shall soon be out of this," he said, "for the road will be better higher up where the hills begin, and the rain has had a chance to drain away."

Thereby by these promises, the poor Countess believed herself very well, though she looked as if she might burst an important blood-vessel, as Terry carefully turned his car on the slippery surface of the road's tortoise-back. I was not happy myself, for it would have been as "easy as falling off a log" for the automobile to leap gracefully into the Roya; but the brakes held nobly, and as Terry had said, there was better going round the next corner.

Here the mountains began to draw together, so that we were no longer travelling in a valley, but in a gorge. Deep shadow shut us in, as if we had left the warm, outer air and entered a dim casket, partially sheltered and mysteriously cool. Dark crags shaped themselves magnificently, and the scene was of such wild grandeur that even Beechy ceased to be flippant. We drove on in silence, listening to the battle song of the river as it fought its way on through the rocky chasm its own strength had hewn.

The road mounted continuously, with a gentle incline, weaving its grey thread round the blind face of the mountain, and suddenly, turning a shoulder of rock we came upon the Prince's car which we had fancied many kilometres in advance. The big red chariot was stationary, one wheel

SOLDIERS MUST PAY DUTY. Hon. Mr. Fielding Hears That Officers in Halifax Import their Supplies Duty Free and he says That it Must Stop.

Halifax, N. S., Jan. 29.—(Special)—The opening session of the tariff commission was held at the board of trade rooms this morning, Hon. W. S. Fielding presiding. The attendance is large, there being quite a number of delegations present from outside the city. W. J. Clayton and L. J. Mylius, speaking for the board of trade, advocated that the preference on British goods be only extended when the goods are imported through Canadian ports.

The Farmers' Association asked that the duties on farming implements be reduced and no increases made in the tariff. Other members of the board of trade reminded the commission with regard to the importance of the shipbuilding industry in this part of Canada. It was extremely important, they said, that something should be done in this connection. It was essential the government should come to the assistance of this industry.

B. F. Pearson thought a bounty of \$6 per registered ton would probably be an adequate assistance. The tariff commission resumed at 2 o'clock, when J. A. Mowle, representing the canners of Nova Scotia, presented a petition in opposition to the imposition of any duty on tinned meats.

J. Howe Cox requested that the duty on fertilizer be removed, particularly on bone meal. He also requested that the retail growers should be assisted in every way possible as regards transportation facilities. A. M. Bell, president of the board of trade, said that Mr. Cox's plea for better transportation for fruit was an important matter. He then quoted from a letter that he had received from a firm in London pointing out that steamers like the Uluda's class should not receive subsidies. The letter also stated that the Allan mail boat had refused freight for Halifax.

Mr. Fielding said it was a matter of surprise to him to learn that the Allan refused freight for Halifax. William Youd, on behalf of the fertilizer manufacturers, asked that the raw material be admitted free of duty. A. L. Wood, representing the retail merchants' associations, said there were some matters which he thought required revision. Taking up cotton fabrics, he said that duty on colored cottons or dyed cottons should not be greater than on white.

Mr. Peterson pointed out that the colored cotton costs more to make. Mr. Wood said that the difference of colored over white was not sufficient to warrant an extra ten per cent of duty. The cost of dyeing and printing was only trifling. Mr. Wood objected to the fact that any military man can import goods for himself or wife free of duty. There is no disputing this, he said. It is a question of fact and it is done right here in Halifax.

Mr. Fielding said that if these parties received goods other than for military purposes the matter should certainly be looked into. T. R. Gue, of the Acadia Powder Company, said that the manufacturers of explosives in Canada are not afforded the same protection as other industries in the domain. He closed by asking for greater protection on blasting powder, say one per cent per pound. An important representation made to the commission was the plea presented on behalf of the iron mining industry. The request made to the commission was that the duty should be paid direct to the miner. The plea for assistance to the iron ore producer, as distinct from the iron master, was strongly supported in an interesting and practical address by Prof. J. E. Woodman, of Dalhousie.

Sergeant Hastings, of the North End police division, is reported to be seriously ill. He has been in poor health for several months, but of late his condition has become worse. Percy W. D. Campbell, chief train dispatcher in the I. C. R. station, has resumed duty after being ill for several weeks. The annual meeting of the local Council of Women will be held in the King's Daughters' Guild room Wednesday afternoon. The executive will meet at 2:30 and the regular meeting open to the public, will commence at 3 o'clock. The election of officers will be held, reports will be read and matters of interest to the council discussed. Mrs. D.M. Lellan, who is now president, is the only one in nomination for the office and will be re-elected.

Next to a fire of Rock Maple Wood in the big, old-fashioned fire-place is an open grate of Old Mine Sydney Coal. The Old Mine Sydney Coal is the only coal that will reproduce the yellow blaze of the Rock Maple and not make much noise. And the best of it is that the Old Mine Sydney ash is heavy and does not blow about the room and settle on the polished furniture, etc. Selected genuine Old Mine Sydney is now being delivered by Gibson & Co. The gold seal certificate of quality can be seen at 614 Charlotte street or Smythe street.

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McNISH'S DOCTOR'S SPECIAL SCOTCH WHISKY CHALLENGES THE WORLD. GEO. PERCIVAL & CO. MONTREAL SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA.

ROBBED BY A NEGRESS. Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 29.—Robbery of \$500 by a colored woman from Thomas Hughes, thirty-five years old, of Toronto (Ont.), occurred about midnight last night on Main street. Later on Hughes complained to the police of the Pearl street station, and he gave a description of the woman, upon which the authorities arrested Lillie Orpagan, twenty-six years old, on charge of grand larceny in the first degree. The prisoner denies the robbery, and Hughes could not positively identify her as the woman who got his money.

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

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RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC SHORT LINE TO MONTREAL. Through Fast Express leaving Halifax at 8:00 a. m. St. John 8:30 p. m. daily except Sunday. First and Second Class Coaches and Seepers Halifax to Montreal.

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ST. JOHN TO LONDON. S. S. Mount Temple, Feb. 13. Third Class only. 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.

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BUY WRECK OF GYPSUM KING. Capt. John Ingersoll, of the steamer Aurora, has purchased the wreck of the tug Gypsum King, which went ashore on the Murr Ledges, off Grand Manan, some days ago. Frank Ingersoll, of Grand Manan, who is at the Victoria Hotel, said that the tug is lying with a list of shore on St. Marys Ledge, about six miles southeast of the island. There is seventeen feet of water in the after part of the vessel. It was at once time reported that the tug had sunk but she has not been all submerged. Mr. Ingersoll says that it is reported on the island that the captain of the ill-fated tug mistook Gannet Rock light for Briar Island light, hence the wreck. The engineer reported that before he left the Gypsum King the stairs leading into the engine room were lifting, indicating that there is a high tide in her bottom. Mr. Ingersoll says the tug will be a total loss. Capt. John Ingersoll, who has purchased it, will attempt to take off the more valuable fittings.

A STREET RAILWAY RECORD (Toronto World). During the first week of this year the Glasgow Municipal Street Railway established a record by carrying 4,335,079 passengers and earning about \$90,000 — the average fare paid being thus under two cents. As overworking is a stringent prohibition it may safely be said that among these four million and a half travellers, not one was a strap holder, and that very few escape without payment of their proper fare. These things can only be achieved by a sufficient supply of cars and a rapid and generally efficient service. Glasgow is hampered by the River Clyde, which practically bisects it, yet unbiased reports are in substantial agreement, that the public enjoy an exceedingly good, rapid and cheap system of transportation. Yet it is curious but true that when the tramways in their relations were characterized by similar complaints and bickerings to those with which Toronto is familiar, now that the citizens themselves are the owners and controllers peace and contentment reign.

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MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS. They bring health to the broken down, energy to the weakened constitution, tone up the tired, overstrained nerves, and strengthen the weak heart. Mrs. Edward Jackson, Hall's Bridge, Ont., writes: "For a year I was greatly troubled with nervousness and loss of appetite, and could neither sleep nor eat. After taking a few boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I was completely cured and can recommend them to all sufferers." Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

A PLEASANT EVENING. In St. David's church school room last night there was a very pleasant gathering of the young people's societies of a number of the city Protestant churches. They were the guests of the trustees and congregation of St. David's church. After a short musical programme, refreshments were served. The young people's association of St. David's were in charge, their president, David Ledingham, occupying the chair. The societies represented were St. Andrew's Guild, St. Stephen's Guild, Carleton Protestant Church, Y. P. C., St. Matthew's Church, North End, Y. P. C., Calvin Church, Y. P. C. The programme was: Address of welcome, the president; selection, M'Nolin Club; reading, Mrs. E. A. Smith; solo,