

My Friend The Chauffeur.

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

(Continued.)
At our first fine pancher bound, Mrs. Kiddler half rose in her seat and seized my right arm, while Beechy's little hand clutched anxiously at my left knee.
"Oh, mercy!" the Countess exclaimed, "Tell him not to go so fast—oh, quick! we'll be killed!"
"No, we won't. Don't be frightened; it's all right," I answered soothingly, primed by my late experience in leaving the Chateau des Pins. "Why, we're going slowly—crawling at the rate of twenty—"

"Fifteen!" laughed our chauffeur over his shoulder.
"Fifteen miles an hour," I amended my sentence wondering in what way the shock of surprise had affected the Vestal Virgin. Somehow I could not fancy her clanking weakly at any part of Terry's person. "You would not have us go slower, would you? The Prince is sure to be watching."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mrs. Kiddler. "I did not think it would be like this, did I?"
"I believe I'm going to like it by-and-by," gasped Beechy, her eyes as round as half-crowns, and as big, "Mamma, have you fainted?"

Miss Destrey looked back into the tonneau, her face pale but radiant. "I would not waste time fainting," she said. "I'm buckling on my wings."

"With me were a coward!" I thought. "Terry hates them like poison, and never forgive her if she did not worship motorizing at the first go-off." As for me, I have always found a certain piquant charm in a timid woman. There is a subtle flattery in her almost unconscious appeal to superior courage in man which is perhaps especially sweet to an underdog chap like me; and I had never felt more kindly to the Countess and her daughter than I did at this moment.

As Lotzair with his Corisande, I "soothed and sustained their agitated frames" so successfully, that the appealing hands stole back to their respective laps, but not to rest in peace for long. The car breasted the small hill at the top of the Cap, sturdily, and we sped on towards Montone, which, with its twin, sickle bays, was suddenly disclosed like a scene on the stage when the curtains have been noiselessly drawn aside. The picture of the beautiful little town, with its background of clear-cut mountains, called forth quivering exclamations from our reviving passengers; but a few minutes later when we were in the long, straight street of Montone, weaving our swift way between coming and going electric trams, all the good work I had accomplished had to be done over again.

"I can't stand it!" moaned Mrs. Kiddler, in her misery, like a frost-bitten apple. "Oh, can't the man see that street car's going to run us down? And now there's another, coming from behind. They'll crush us between them. Mr. Terry, stop—stop! I'll give you a thousand dollars to take me back to Cap-

Martin. Oh, de doesn't hear! Sir Ralph—why you're laughing!"
"Mamma, you'd send a mummied cat into hysterics," giggled Beechy. "I guess together we'd make the fortune of a dime museum, if they could show us now. But the cars didn't run over us, did they?"
"No, but the next ones will—and oh, this car!" Mr. Terry's was the queerest man, he's steering right for it. No, we've missed it this time."

"We'll miss it every time, you'll see," I reassured her. "Barrymore is a magnificent driver; and look, Miss Destrey isn't nervous at all!"

"She hasn't got as much to live for as Mamma and I have," said Beechy, trying to hide the fact that she was holding on to the side of the car. "You might almost as well be smashed in an automobile as end your days in a convent."

Here was a revelation, but before I had time to question the speaker further, she and her mother were clinging to me again as if I were a Last Straw or a Forlorn Hope.

This sort of thing lasted for four or five minutes, which doubtless appeared long to them, but they were not in the least tedious for me. I was quite enjoying myself as a Refuge for Shipwrecked Mariners, and I was rather sorry that otherwise when the mariners began to find their own bearings. They saw that, though their escapes seemed to be by the breadth of a hair, they always were escapes, and that no one was anxious except themselves. They probably remembered, also, that we were not pioneers in the sport of motorizing; that some thousands of other people had done what we were doing now, if not worse, and still lived to tell the tale—with exaggerations.

Presently the strained look left their faces; their bodies became less rigid; and when they began to take an interest in the shops and villas I knew that the worst was over. My arm and knee felt lonely and deserted, as if their mission in life had been accomplished, and they were now mere obstacles, occupying unnecessary space in the tonneau.

As for Terry, I could see by the set of his shoulders and the way he held his head that he was pleased with life, for he is one of those persons who shows his feelings in his back. He had fought against the idea of this trip, but now that the idea was crystallizing into fact he was happy in spite of himself. After all, what could he ask for that he had not at this moment? The steering wheel of his beloved motor (reserved for him by my cunning) under his hand; behind him a plucky and beautiful girl; behind him a devoted friend; in front, the fairest country in the world, and a road which would lead him to the Alps and to Piedmont; to stately Milan and to the blue, rapacious reaches of Como; a road that would beckon him on and on, past villages sleeping under cypresses on sunny hillsides to Verona, the city of the "star-

crossed lovers," to Giotto's Padua, and by peerless Venice to strange Dalmatia, where Christian and Moslem look distrustfully into one another's eyes.

What all this would be to Terry I knew, even though he was playing a part distasteful to him; for if he had missed being born an Irishman, and had recollected it to his sense of humor to be born at all, he would certainly have been born an Italian. He loves Italy; he breathes the air as the air of home, drawn gratefully into the lungs after a long absence. He learned to speak Italian as easily as he learned to walk, and he could pour out liquid line after line of old Italian poetry, if he had not all a British male's self-conscious fear of making an ass of himself. History was the only thing except cricket and rowing, in which he distinguished himself while at Oxford, and Italian history was to him what novels are to most boys, though had it occurred to him at the time that he was "improving his mind" by reading it, he would probably have shut up the book in disgust.

He was not a stranger in the country to which we were going, though he had never entered it by this gate, and most of his motorizing had been done in France; but I knew that he would revel in visiting once more the places he loved, in his own car.

"Have you ever been in Italy?" I asked the Countess, but she was evilly fascinated by a dog which seemed bent on committing suicide under our car, and it was Beechy who answered.

"We've never been anywhere before, any of us," she said. "Mamma and I only had our machinery set running a few months ago, but now we are wound up, goodness knows how far we'll get. As for Mamma—she's a mechanical dolt like us. But do you know the play about the statue that came to life?"

"Gaiates?" I suggested.
"Yes, that's the name. Mamma's like that; and I suppose she'll go back as soon as she can, and ask to be turned into a statue again."

"What do you mean?" I ventured to inquire; for these hints of the child's about her cousin were gradually consuming me to a grey ash with curiosity.

"I can't tell you what I mean, because I wouldn't. I would. But that's what Mamma means."

"What she means?"
"Yes, to go back and be turned into a statue, forever and ever."

I ought to have been glad that the girl destined herself for a colder fate than a union with a snappy, go-lucky Irishman as poor as herself, but somehow I was not glad. Watching the light glint on a tondril of spun gold which had blown out from the motor-hood, I could not wish her young heart to be turned to marble in that mysterious future to which Beechy Kiddler hinted she was self-destined.

"Perhaps I'd better make love to her myself," was the suggestion that flashed

into my mind; but innate canniness steadily pushed it out again. With my seven hundred a year, and The Riviera Sun only just beginning to shed a few golden beams I could not afford to take a penniless beauty off Terry's hands, even to save him from a disastrous marriage or her from the fate of Gaiates.

Yet what a day it was in which to live and love, and motor over perfect roads through that radiant summer-land which the Ligurians loved, the Romans conquered, and the modern world comes from afar to see.

Though it was early in April, with Easter but a few days behind it, the sky, the air, the flowers, belonged to June—a rare, rich June to praise in poetry or song. Billows of roses surged over old pink and yellow stucco walls, or a soaring flame of scarlet geranium ran along their tops devouring the trails of ivy with a hundred fiery comets. White villas were draped with gorgeous panoply of purpled bougainvillea; the breeze in our faces was sweet with the scent of lemon blossoms and a heavier undertone of white-bellied datura. Far away, over that polished floor of lapis lazuli which was the sea, summer rain-clouds boiled up above the horizon, blue with the soft-grey-blue of violets; and in the valleys, between horned or pointed mountains, we saw spurts of golden rain glittering in the morning sun.

What a world! How good to be in it, to be "in the picture" because one had youth and was not hideous to look upon. How good to be in a motor-car. This last thought made the chorus at the end of each verse for me. I was glad I had put that advertisement in The Riviera Sun, and that "Kid, Kiddler, and Kiddler" had been before any one else in answering it.

I could hear Terry telling Miss Destrey things, and I knew that if they listened the others could hear him too. This was well, because an unending flow of information was included in the five guinea a day, and I should have been embarrassed had I, as the supposed owner of the car, been called upon to supply it.

I listened with a lazy sense of proprietorship in the man, as my chauffeur related the pretty legend of St. Agnes's ruined castle and the handsome Pagan who had loved the Christian maiden; while he described the exquisite walks to be found up hidden valleys among the serrated mountains behind Montone, and enlarged upon the charms of picnics with donkeys and lunch baskets under canopies of olive or pine, with a carpet of violets and primroses.

He seemed well up in the history of the Grimaldis and that exciting period when Montone and legend-enclosed Roccabruna had been under the rule of the tyrannical princes of that name, as well as Heracles's rock, Monaco, still their own. He knew, or pretended to know, the precise date when Napoleon III. fled Nice and Savoy from the Italian army, and the price of help against the hated Austrians. Altogether, I was so pleased with the way in which he was beginning, that I should have been tempted to raise his wages had he been my paid chauffeur.

(To be continued.)

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose. Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better it is. It is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables. Charcoal effectively cleans and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh. All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered willow charcoal, and other harmless anti-septic tablets, form a rather soft, but of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath, and purer blood, and the beauty of it is that no one can have an ailment from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in the stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

I. O. F. INSTALLATION

Thursday evening Court Loyalist, the oldest and largest court of Foresters in the city, installed the following officers:—H. B. Cunningham, C. R.; W. A. Erb, Rec. Sec.; M. J. Doney, Treas.; Thomas E. Hastings, S. W.; Daniel Oram, S. B.; W. J. S. Myles, C. D. H. C. R.; David Oram, V. C. R.; W. W. Hawker, Fin. Sec.; J. M. Hunter, Orator; R. Scott, J. W.; Fred L. Hunter, J. B.; Dr. Gray, C. Pity.

H. C. R. Langley, assisted by H. V. C. R. Woods of Wakefield, Ben. Logan and H. Sec. Fred Belyea of High Treas. E. Hood, H. M., Samuel Willis as H. S. S., and a guard of Royal Foresters conducted the installation. Refreshments were served and the large number of Foresters thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.
(Seal) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Aubrey D. Johnston, of St. Stephen, is in the city attending a meeting of the provincial board of pharmacy.



At 25c. A woven net corset, regular price 50c., sizes 20, 21.

At 35c. Cotte, jean, and woven net corsets in a large variety of styles. Some with garters attached. A number of the corsets in this lot were as high as 85c. Sizes from 20 to 24.

At 60c. These are the regular \$1.00 corsets. They are the Standard D & A make, and are in a large variety of styles, white, drab and black. Sizes 18 to 33.

At 80c. These are the regular \$1.50 corsets and many of them are handsomely silk trimmed. Sizes 18 to 29.

At \$1.25. These are the \$2.00 corsets, sizes from 19 to 24. The best and most satisfactory corsets you can buy for the money.

A Corset Bargain Worth While

Three hundred pairs of corsets on sale Saturday morning at most extraordinary prices. In fact the prices are almost halved.

All of these Corsets are of the celebrated D & A make. Perfect fitting, newest shapes, but are odd lines that are, being cleared out where all sizes are not in stock. Many in the lot are samples.

Children's Corset Waists

At 19c., 35c. and 39c. These are the regular 25c., 50c. and 65c. The sizes are 20, 21, 22 to fit children from 4 to 10 years.

Flannelette Waists

At 49c. A large variety of patterns and styles to be cleared out at this unusual price. Sizes run from 32 to 40.

Flannelette Waists

At 60c. made from neat pattern, first color flannelette in light and dark colors. Many in this lot are worth \$1.00.



Black Sateen Waists

A small lot on sale at 45c., sizes 32 to 44. Waists that were as high as \$1.25 each.

F. A. Dykeman & CO., 59 Charlotte Street.

"You've tried the rest
Now try the best."



SCOTCH.

Its mellowness suits every palate and its wholesomeness is unparalleled.

Greenlees Brothers
Distillers, Argyleshire

ATLANTIC CITY

A PERFECT WINTER RESORT

Climate Mild, but Invigorating

THE PLACE FOR THE HOLIDAYS

CHALFONTE

Superior in its Appointments

New, Fireproof

On the Beach

Send for Illustrated Folder and Rates.

THE LEEDS COMPANY

HANDSOME NEW GOLF CLUB HOUSE

MEXICO CITY, Jan. 26.—The second round of the amateur golf championship yesterday resulted as follows:

A. G. Lockwood, Massachusetts beat Garrison B. Adams, New York; A. W. Evans, Mexico, beat C. F. Cummings, Mexico; H. P. Gallagher, Mexico beat A. R. Dobson, Mexico; Walter Fairbanks, Denver, beat J. H. Wilkinson, Mexico. Rowland Jones, won the consolation match from professionals with 74, runner up Alexander Campbell, 76.

Governor Landa Y Escandon yesterday laid the corner stone of the new club house of the Mexico Country Club on the golf grounds near Churugaseo. Photographs of the visiting players and Willie Smith, the present champion of Mexico, with a list of members and a golf ball were placed in a box and sealed in the corner of the wall. An elaborate luncheon was served after the ceremonies.

NO ONE NEED BE SICK

Sickness has been a "Chinese puzzle" to scientists and medical men. All sorts of theories have been advanced as the cause, but the cure was a mystery. Sea-bells, the result of nerve irritation. The motion of the steamer induces a corresponding movement of the internal organs, especially the liver and stomach, which irritates the solar plexus and the nerve centres of the brain, etc., there can be no sickness. The Anti-Mal de Mer Belt is an absolute preventative against sickness. It retains all the internal organs in their natural positions. It is worn comfortably beneath the clothing and is not the slightest inconvenience even in a box and sealed in the corner of the wall. An elaborate luncheon was served after the ceremonies.

Full information about this invention may be obtained from R. D. Taylor, agent, 12 South Wharf St., John, N. B., or by addressing the Anti-Mal de Mer Belt Co., 180 St. James street, Montreal.

The Trades and Labor Council held their annual meeting last evening. The following officers were elected: E. J. Neve, president; H. T. Campbell, vice-president; M. J. Kelly, corresponding secretary; K. Nash, financial secretary; D. Crillon, treasurer; M. J. Kelly, P. J. Sharkey, trustees.

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. McCORMICK, 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 BLAIR, 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. McCOSKERY, Proprietor.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Atlantic Steamship Service

From Liverpool. From St. John, N. B.

Jan. 16...LAKE BRUE...Feb. 3
Jan. 20...LAKE BRUE...Feb. 7
Feb. 13...LAKE CHAMPLAIN...Mar. 3
Feb. 27...LAKE BRUE...Mar. 17
Mar. 13...LAKE MANITOBA...Mar. 31
Mar. 27...LAKE CHAMPLAIN...Apr. 14
Apr. 10...LAKE BRUE...Apr. 25

FIRST CABIN.—To Liverpool, \$47.50 and \$50 and upwards, according to steamer.

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. SECOND CABIN.—To Liverpool, \$40; London, \$42.50.

THIRD CLASS.—To Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Belfast, Londonderry, and Queenstown, \$35.50. From Liverpool to 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 only.

S. S. Lake Michigan, Mar. 13, Third Class only.

Rates same as via Liverpool.

For Tickets and further information apply to

W. H. G. MACKAY, St. John, N. B.

or write.

F. R. PERRY, D. P. A. C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

COAL.

An Open Grate Fire.

Next to a fire of Rock Maple Wood in big, old-fashioned fire-place is an open grate fire 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 more ash than the best of it. It is 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.

Acadia Pictou

Landing:

\$7.35 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

\$3 STEAM ENGINE FREE

Boys! Look here!

This is one of the best and largest engines ever given away.

The boiler is made of brass and is absolutely safe. It has a safety valve, steam whistle, large balance wheel, and all other necessary parts to make it the most powerful engine for toy machinery.

It's just the kind of engine every boy loves to have and we're going to give it to you absolutely free for asking.

Comic Post Cards

They're the greatest thing of the season. Over a million sold in five weeks, and only 50c. each.

Write today, so you can have them before they're gone—hat they're

like. Address, at once, Glen Valley Co., Dept. 66, Toronto.

Comic Post Cards

They're the greatest thing of the season. Over a million sold in five weeks, and only 50c. each.

Write today, so you can have them before they're gone—hat they're

like. Address, at once, Glen Valley Co., Dept. 66, Toronto.

WAIT FOR THIS!

Robertson & Trites'
STOCK OF
Dry Goods
TO BE SOLD OUT
AT ONCE.

The greatest chance offered the women of Saint John in years to procure DRY GOODS at their own prices. The entire stock must be sold at once. Salespeople are now busily engaged in marking sale price on goods. A large staff of competent salespeople will be on hand when the doors open on

Wednesday Morning, Jan.

31st at Nine O'clock

to meet customers. The greatest opportunity of recent years to obtain New, Clean, Up-to-Date Dry Goods at prices which will cause a sensation.

SALE AT OLD STAND OF

Robertson & Trites,

Charlotte Street, Opposite Dufferin.

See Evening Papers on Monday For Full Particulars.