

My Friend
The Chauffeur.

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

(Continued.)

"Yes, of course," said Aunt Kathryn, more meekly. "But, Signorina Bari, there, it isn't so dreadful. Maida, Beechy isn't very sick. She'll be well tomorrow, and when they find we're gone, which they can't till late this afternoon, they won't waste time motoring down; they'll take a ship which leaves Ragusa in the morning for Cattaro. The Prince says they're sure to. We'll all meet tomorrow at noon, and meanwhile I guess there's nothing for us to do but make the best of the joke they've played on us. Anyway, it's an exciting adventure, and you like it."

"You call it a joke!" I cried. "I call it something very different. Let me speak to the Prince."

I sprang up, forgetting poor Airole asleep on my lap, but Aunt Kathryn scrambled out of her low chair also, and snatched my dress. "No, I'm not going to have you insult him," she exclaimed. "You shan't talk to him without me. He's my friend, not yours, and if you choose to consider this wild trick he's playing more a compliment than anything else, why, it won't hurt you. As for Beechy, she's my child, not yours."

"This silenced me for the moment, but only until the Prince spoke. 'Are you forgiven?' asked the Prince."

"Maida's very angry, and so am I, of course," replied Aunt Kathryn, bridling and showing both dimples.

"Dear ladies," pleaded the Count, "I wouldn't have consented to help this mad friend of mine, if he hadn't assured me that you were too much under the influence of your rather reckless chauffeur, who would probably break your bones and his companion's ear, in his obstinate determination to go down to Cattaro by motor."

"Why, lately the Prince has been encouraging him!" I interrupted.

"Ah, you have misunderstood him. A wild fool must have his way; that was what the thought of your gentlemen chauffeur, no doubt. This will give the self-willed young man an excuse to take the boat to Cattaro tomorrow. You will have a run on Dalmar-Kalin's motor (which he has put on board on purpose) this afternoon from Cattaro to Schloss Hrvoya. It will not be serious for Miss Beechy. You can drive, and get her answer that Signorina Bari is playing nurse and chaperon very nicely."

"You must understand, Miss Destrey, as I have made the Countess understand already," put in Prince Dalmar-Kalin, "that I only chose this course because I knew it would be useless trying to dissuade Mr. Chauffeur Barrymore from attempting the trip by road; but this will effectually stop him."

"You are very, very naughty, Prince," chattered Aunt Kathryn; and I was so angry with her for her frivolity and vanity that I should hardly have dared to speak, even if words hadn't failed me."

"At least we have thought of your comfort," said Count Corramini. "There are two cabins ready for your occupation, with everything you will need for the toilet, so that you can sleep in peace after your trip to Hrvoya."

"I must protest," I said, just able to control my voice. "I think this an abominable act, not worthy of gentlemen. Knowing that one of us feels so strongly, Count, won't you order your yacht to turn back to Ragusa?"

He bowed his head, and shrugged his eyebrows. "If I had not given my word to my friend," he murmured. "For today Aethusa is his."

"I believe he's bribed you!" the words sprang from my lips, without my meaning to speak them; but they hit their mark as if I had taken close aim. The scowled features flushed so painfully that they seemed to swell; and with the lightning that darted from under the black thundercloud of his brows, the man was hideous. He bit his lip to keep back an angry answer, and Aunt Kathryn screamed at me, "Maida! I'm ashamed of you. You'd better go to your cabin and not come out till you're in a more ladylike frame of mind."

I took her at her word and walked sharp-

ly away with Airole trotting at my heels. There were six cabins on "Aethusa," as I knew, because I had been shown them all. I knew also which was Count Corramini's, which his wife's, which her maid's, and which were reserved for guests. Now I walked into one of the spare cabins, of which the door stood open, and whether it was meant for me or for Aunt Kathryn I wasn't in a mood to care.

Various toilet things had been ostentatiously laid out, and there was a bunch of roses in a glass, which in my anger I took and tossed out of the window; but I hate people who are cruel to flowers almost as much as those who are cruel to animals, and the poor roses were the only inoffensive things on board.

"Oh, Airole!" I said, "she takes it as a compliment! Well—well—well!"

My own reflections and the emphasis of Airole's tiny tail suddenly brought my anger down from boiling point to a bubbly simmer, and I went on, thrashing the matter out in a conversation with the dog until the funny side of the thing came uppermost. There was a distinctly tummy side, seen from several points of view, but I didn't intend to let anybody know that I saw it. I made up my mind to stay in the cabin indefinitely; but it was not necessary to the maintenance of dignity that I should refrain from enjoying as much of the scenery as the porthole framed in a picture. Accordingly I knelt on the bed, looking out, too excited to tire of the strained position.

We had passed a long tongue of land, beamed upon by white rollers of surf, that seemed as if they strove to overwhelm the old fort set far above their reach. A rocky island too, rising darkly out of a golden sea, and then we entered the mouth of a wonderful bay, like the pictures of Norwegian fjords. As we steamed on, past a little town protected by a great square-towered, fortified castle, high on a precipitous rock, I guessed by the formation of the bay which Mr. Barrymore had shown me on a map, that we were in the famous Bocche di Cattaro.

"Yes," I told myself, "that must be Castelnuovo. Mr. Barrymore said the bay was like the Lake of Lucerne, with its starfish arms. This can't be anything else."

The yacht glided under the bows of two huge warships, with officers in white, on awninged decks, and steamed into a long canal-like stretch of water, only to wind out again directly into a second mountain-ringed bay. So we went from one to another, passing several pretty towns, one beautiful one which I took to be Peneto, if I remember the name aright, and two exquisite islands floating like swans on the shining water, illuminated by the afternoon sun. Then, at last, we were slowing down within close touch of an strange seaside place as could be in the world. Close to the water's edge it crept, but climbed high on the rocks behind the house of the foreground, with a dark belt of ancient wall circling the lower town and upper town, and finishing at the top with fortifications marvellous enough for a dream. In the near background were green hills; but beyond, towered desolate grey mountains crowned with dazzling snow, and in their rugged faces was scored a tracery of white lines seemingly scratched in the rock. I knew that they must mean the twisting of a road, up and up to the junction of mountain and sky, but the walls of grey rock looked so sheer, so nearly perpendicular, that it was impossible to imagine horses, or even automobiles mounting there.

In my interest and wonder as to whether we had arrived at Cattaro already I had forgotten my injuries for the moment, until I was reminded of them by Aunt Kathryn's voice.

"It's Cattaro," she called through the door. "Let me in, please, I've something to say."

I slipped back the bolt and she came in hurriedly, as if she were afraid of being kept out after all.

"See here, Maida," she said, "to save time the Prince is having his motor put on shore the minute we get into the quay, and he'll drive us up to Schloss Hrvoya this afternoon. It's only four o'clock, and he says, though it's away up in the

mountains and we'll be two hours getting there, we shall run down in half the time, so we shall be back soon after seven and can dine on board. It's quite appropriate that I should be with the Prince, whose ancestral home it was, when I look on Hrvoya first. He's fully persuaded he'd be vexed if he thought I'd told you and I wouldn't if you hadn't aggravated me. Oh dear, you do make me so nervous and miserable! Will you come to Schloss Hrvoya, or will you not?"

I thought very quickly for a few seconds before answering. Perhaps it would be better to go than to stay on "Aethusa" without Aunt Kathryn, especially as I had now made Count Corramini my enemy. Mr. Barrymore and Sir Ralph and Beechy couldn't arrive at Cattaro by ship till tomorrow, even if they found out what had become of us and followed at the earliest opportunity without waiting to hear. No, there was nothing to keep me on the yacht, or in the town of Cattaro, and hateful as the whole expedition was, it would be better to cling to Aunt Kathryn than be anywhere else alone in a strange place, among people whose language I neither spoke nor understood.

(To be continued.)

Bilious Dyspepsia
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Some persons have attacks of Bilious Dyspepsia very frequently, and feel as if they were about to die.

The whole system seems to collapse. The tongue becomes coated, the face a sallow pallor, and a bitter taste is always noticeable in the mouth.

At times the bowels are very constipated, but occasionally acute diarrhoea is caused by the accumulation of bile in the system.

It is highly dangerous to allow such a condition to imperil your life. It must be cured and the simplest and surest remedy is Ferrozone. It digests every particle of food eaten, and prevents the waste products from clogging up the system.

Ferrozone restores all deranged organs to a healthy, vigorous condition.

It keeps the bowels well regulated, makes the kidneys eliminate all poisons from the blood, and supplies the necessary elements to build up and strengthen the entire body.

Mr. Louis Meehan, one of Peterborough's well-known business men, gives the following testimonial:

"About three years ago," says Mr. Meehan, "I had the Grippe, which left me in a very run down condition that finally developed into Dyspepsia. I was unable to eat but a few things and had a craving for acid. I gave up treating with the doctors because they did not help me, and on the advice of a friend used Ferrozone. It not only cured me of Dyspepsia and Biliousness, but has built up my strength to what it was before I had the Grippe. I can recommend Ferrozone as an ideal restorative."

Ferrozone is capable of digesting all classes of food, and contains in a highly concentrated form the elements necessary for strengthening and reconstructing, and nourishing the stomach and other digestive organs. It is a builder of blood, muscle and fat, and makes sickly, weak, disheartened people strong and well. Ferrozone gives you force, energy, vim and spirit and cures every time. Sold by all druggists. Price 50c. per box or six boxes for \$2.50. By mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

Mrs. W. H. Steeves and her little son Darrell came to St. John yesterday from Fredericton to be present at the funeral of Mrs. Steeves' brother-in-law, W. H. Scovil.

FIVE GOLDEN RULES.

First—Eat only 3 meals a day, 5 hours apart.

It requires 4 to 4½ hours to digest a meal. This leaves ½ to 1 hour for the stomach to rest.

Second—Eat nothing between meals.

If anything is taken into the stomach while digestion is going on, digestion stops and may not start again for an hour.

Third—Eat slowly and chew food thoroughly.

This insures food being well mixed with saliva and partially digested before it reaches the stomach.

Fourth—Drink little fluid with meals.

The stomach gives out about a pint of gastric juice to digest each meal. If you take another pint of tea, wine or water, then the digestive juices are too diluted to properly digest the food.

Fifth—Take one "Fruit-a-tives" tablet about twenty minutes before meals. "Fruit-a-tives" tone up and sweeten the stomach — insure an abundant flow of digestive juices—and cure Dyspepsia. Follow these directions for a month and see how much better you are in every way.

50c. a box. At all druggists.

Interesting Address on Fishes.

C. F. B. Rowe last night gave his second address on fishes, in the rooms of the Natural History Society. Mr. Rowe is well fitted to speak on the subject, having devoted much study to the inhabitants of the waters. The address was very interesting and dealt with such points as reproduction, length of life and general habits. The changes of color which take place in some species to conform with their surroundings were discussed. The different parts of the fish, scales, fins and tails were also told of as well as the powers of hearing and sight possessed by them.

Mr. Rowe spoke of a great many kinds of fresh and salt water fish. Among these were the trout, salmon, perch, bass, pike, flounder, shark, flying fish, trunk fish, and those odd forms which are the result of breeding and selection. An interesting discussion followed.

INGERSOLL ON ALCOHOL

Colonel Ingersoll, an abstemious liver himself, had a great horror of the evils of drunkenness. It was at the Mann trial in Chicago, way back in 1876, that he uttered the following impassioned denunciation of drink.

I believe that alcohol to a certain degree demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it. I believe from the time it issues from the stills and poisonous from the distillery until it empties into the hell of crime, death and dishonor, it impels on to have struggled with the imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing. And when you think of the loss of the millions of the prison, and of the scaffold upon either bank—I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the damned stuff called alcohol.

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Thirty-one Persons Drowned.

Antwerp, March 13—Thirty-one persons were drowned today owing to equinoctial tides overflowing or bursting dykes of the Scheldt river.

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WEDDINGS

Capson-McKay.

A very interesting event took place yesterday afternoon at the residence of the officiating clergyman, Rev. P. J. Stackhouse, B. D., when George Capson was united in marriage to Miss Louie McKay, both of this city. The bride looked very beautiful in a blue traveling suit with white trimmings and hat to match. After the ceremony the happy couple left for a brief visit to their old home in St. Martins. On their return they will reside in Charlotte street.

Chisholm-Ward.

A happy event took place last evening at the residence of James Chisholm, Frederick street, when Edward Chisholm, Rev. P. J. Stackhouse, pastor of the Tabernacle, tied the nuptial knot. After the ceremony supper was served. Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm will keep house in Frederick street.

The young people of Waterloo street United Baptist church last night formed an organization for social and religious work. Rev. A. J. Prosser was elected honorary president; Lee Hiscock, president; Miss Mary Harlow, vice-president; Mrs. Bliss Dunfield, secretary-treasurer. Bible study, social development, literature and missionary phases in the denomination will be the subjects taken up. At the first meeting, Monday evening next, a committee of five will present the subject of Bible study. On the following Monday a public temperance meeting will be conducted by the young people.

The Y. M. C. A. new building fund grows apace. The weekly meeting of the trustees and board of management last night learned that \$252 had been received since the previous Tuesday and that the cash subscriptions for the building fund now total \$31,043.50. Besides this, 120 shares of the Kennebecosis Chalet stock have been contributed out of a total of 120. No shareholders asked have yet refused to donate their holdings to the building fund.

Rev. John E. Finen, D. D., was at Seville (Spain), February 21, on his tour of Europe.

BIG CURE

Use Big C for unnatural discharges, inflammation, irritation or alterations of mucous membrane. Painless, and not stringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 2 bottles \$2.00. Circular sent on request.

Our Great Alteration Sale

WILL START Wednesday, March 14th AND END MARCH 24th.

AFTER this sale is over Mr. Jas. Myles, the carpenter and builder, will turn our stores inside out and give us one of the most up-to-date business houses in St. John. Before he gets in his work it is our intention to surprise the people by showing them some of the

Greatest Bargains

they ever saw, without fire or water. We must move the goods out of the way, we must do it quickly and if anybody wants to make money by saving it this will be the chance of a lifetime.

We will not ask the people to buy winter overcoats of fur or cloth.

What We Offer is Up-to-Date New Spring and Summer Goods Just Opened.

- MEN'S NEW SPRING SUITS in Nice Fashionable Plaids and Checks, just opened; the goods are just the same as \$14.00 to order suits. Regular price \$10.00. Sale Price \$6.00
- Fifty different patterns to choose from.
- 150 MEN'S BLACK CLAY SUITS, Double or Single Breasted, made to sell at \$10.00. Sale Price 6.00
- VERY BEST SCOTCH TWEED SUITS, all Newest Patterns, Latest Cut and Best Trimmings, sold everywhere at \$15.00. Sale Price 9.98
- MEN'S SUITS, extra Quality Fine Black Clay Worsted, Double or Single Breasted, Cheap at \$15.00. Sale Price 10.00
- MEN'S SHOWER-PROOF OVERCOATS, long, fashionable cut, full back, long Square Shoulders, worth \$12. Sale Price 8.00
- MEN'S SPRING OVERCOATS \$5.00 up.
- THE NOTED HEBWSON TWEED SUIT, Best Wearers on earth. Cheap at \$16.00. Sale Price \$10.00
- HUNDREDS OF MEN'S WORKING PANTS from 85c. up
- MEN'S WHITE DRESS SHIRTS 38c. up
- MEN'S NIGHT SHIRTS 38c. up
- MEN'S BLACK COTTON HOSE Four pairs for 25c.
- TRUNKS AND VALISES ALL AT REDUCED PRICES.
- DRESS SUIT OASES from \$1.24 up.
- LADIES' ALL WOOL HOSE 18c. 2 pairs for 30c.
- GIRLS' ALL WOOL HOSE 15c. 2 pairs for 25c.
- LADIES' BLACK SATEEN WAISTS 48c.
- LADIES' WHITE LAWN WAISTS 38c.
- LADIES' WHITE, BLUE OR BLACK LUSTRE WAISTS 78c.
- LADIES' SUMMER AND WINTER VESTS 15c. 2 for 25c.
- LADIES' BLACK OR BLUE LADIES' CLOTH SKIRTS. Regular price \$2.98. Now \$1.78
- LADIES' SUMMER WASH SHIRTWAIST SUITS, from \$1.78 to \$5.00
- LADIES' LUSTRE SUITS \$4.00 to \$8.50
- LADIES' COATS AND COSTUMES from \$3.75 up

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- A LOT OF CHILDREN'S STOCKINGS WORTH UP AS HIGH AS 25 CENTS, A PAIR—YOUR CHOICE OF THE LOT 5 CTS.
- CUSHION CORDS—Regular 10c. quality 4c. a yard. Not a particle damaged.
- VALENTIENNES INSERTIONS—A hundred dozen of them to be sold at 5c., 10c. and 15c. a dozen. The regular price runs up as high as 80c. a dozen. These are not even wet, but are a little bit rumpled and somewhat mused, but perfectly clean.
- AN ENORMOUS LOT OF LEATHER AND FANCY BELTS ON SALE AT TWO PRICES, 5 CTS. AND 10 CTS.—Only a few of them are the worse of having passed through the conflagration.
- THE GREAT RIBBON SALE IS NOW ON—Over ten thousand yards in the lot. Panna satin ribbons for millinery purposes, 6, 7 and 8 inches wide at 10c. a yard, regular price 35c. and 40c. They are in perfect order and come in all colors.
- LOTS OF NARROW WIDTH RIBBONS FROM 1 CENT A YARD UP.

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