

# My Friend The Chauffeur.

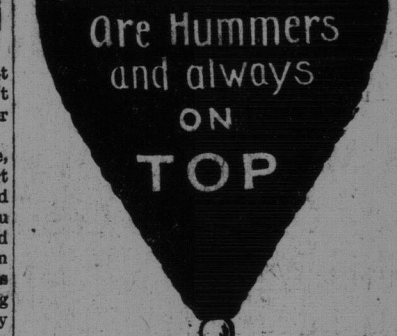
By C. N. & A. M.  
WILLIAMSON,  
Authors of  
THE...  
Lightning Conductor  
THE...  
Princess Passes,  
ETC.

(Continued.)  
"Oh, how good of him!" exclaimed our hostess. "I do admire that in you, Mr. Tarrymore." (I couldn't help wondering incidentally whether the Countess would have had such frequent lapses of memory regarding Terry's name, if she knew that he was the brother of a marquis; but it may be that I was wrong here.) "We shall feel as safe as if we were in a house when you are driving, now we know what kind of a man you are, don't you, girls?"  
Poor Terry, irrevocably pledged to blue ribbonism for the term of his natural chauffeurdom! I could have found it in my heart to pity him, had not the ice water come pinging ironically round at that moment. Let it then be upon his own head, with ice or without.  
And this case of handiwork with the widow of a Simon Pure Kiddie! for I had no longer the slightest doubt as to the middle name of the deceased. With a brain almost cruelly clear and cold, I entered the late with the lady's conversational gifts, and after a quick but brief tourney, conquered with flying colors. My aim was to pin her down with something definite, like an impaled butterfly; hers was to flutter over a vast garden of irrelevances; but she did not long evade the spike. I tipped the point with the subtly poisonous suggestion that all arrangements must be made in the home, otherwise complications might arise. There seemed to be so many people who had been attracted by that simple little achievement of mine, and really, I must be able to say that I and my car were engaged for such and such a date—preferably a near one—or I should have difficulty in evading requests for an intermediate trip with others.  
The butterfly wriggled no more. I need, I hastened to ensure the execution of that it was only too anxious to be comfortably pinned in place.  
"When could you go, Sir Ralph?" the Countess asked.  
"Day after tomorrow," I answered boldly.  
"Could you?"  
She looked rather taken aback.  
"We can't have too much things yet," she murmured.  
"You can get every requisite (don't that word!) in the Nice or Monte Carlo shops, if that's your only reason for delay."  
Still the lady hesitated.  
"Mamma's new crown isn't painted on all her baggage yet," said Beecy, living up, with a wicked delight, to her role of estate terrible. "It's being done, but it wasn't promised till the end of the week. Say, Sir Ralph, don't you think she's mean not to give me even as much as half a crown?"  
What I really thought was, that she deserved a slap; but Terry spared the Countess a blush and me the brain fog of a repulsive conciliatory smile to parent and child.  
"I think we ought to warn you," he said, "that the car hasn't precisely the carrying capacity of a luggage van. Perhaps when you find that there's no room for Paris frocks and hats, you'll regret your bargain."  
"Can't we take a small trunk and a catched piece?" asked the Countess. "I don't see how we could do with less."  
"I'm afraid you'll have to, if you go in my friend's car," Terry went on ruthlessly. "A small box between the legs of you, and a good-sized dressing bag each, be all that the car can possibly manage, though, of course Mamma and I will reduce our luggage to the minimum amount."  
Mrs. Kiddie looked grave, and at this instant, just as I felt that Terry's future was wavering in the balance, outstepped a servant with a bonnet-box, and there was a slight stir in the restaurant, behind our backs. Involuntarily I turned my head, and saw Prince Dalmat-Kalm hurrying towards us, his very mousethroat a thundercloud. He could not have appeared at a less convenient time for us.  
I was sure that he had not been consulted in regard to the automobile trip; that perhaps even now he was in ignorance of the plan; and that, when he came to hear of it as he must within the next few minutes, he would certainly try (as Beecy would have put it) to snatch the American ladies out of our mouths. It was like Terry's luck, I said to myself, that this evil genius should arrive at the moment when Mrs. Kiddie had been mercilessly deprived of her wardrobe by given her an opening if she chose to take it, by suggesting that she might "repent her bargain," and I was sure that he would be Dalmat-Kalm's fault if she didn't take it.  
A second later he had reached our table, was bending low over Mrs. Kiddie's hand, smiling with engaging wickedness at Beecy, and sending a dark look of melancholy yearning to catch Miss Destry's sympathy.  
"Why, Prince," the Countess exclaimed in a loud tone, calculated to reach the ears of any neighboring royalties, and let them see that she was as good as they were. "Why, Prince, if you're not always surprising people! I thought you were staying another day with the Duke of Messina, in Monte Carlo!"  
"I found myself homesick for Cap Martin," returned the Prince, with an emphasis and a sweeping glance which made a present of the compliment to the woman, the girl, and the child.  
A Serious Strike  
There's "a strike on" from head to foot when the Kidneys stop working properly. Dull headaches, tiredness, dizziness, puffiness under the eyes, bad skin, foul stomach, no appetite, sharp pains in the back, swollen feet—all due to Kidney Trouble.  
It may be weakness, or the beginning of a serious disease.

"Humph," I sneered into the ice water; "lost all he'd got with him, and the money-lenders turned crusty; that's when the homesickness came on."  
"Well, now you're here, do sit down and have lunch with us," said Mrs. Kiddie, "unless"—archly—"your homesickness has destroyed your appetite."  
"If it had, the pleasure of seeing you again would restore it," and once more the Austrian's gaze assured each one of the three that she alone was the "you" referred to.  
A nod and a gesture whisked a couple of attentive waiters to the table, and in the twinkling of an eye—even an American eye—a place was laid for the Prince, with duplicates of all our abstruse wine glasses.  
"Aha, my fine fellow, you are no friend of cold water," I said to myself in savage glees, as I acknowledged with a bow Mrs. Kiddie's elaborate introduction. "You will suffer even more than we have suffered. But I reckoned without a full knowledge of the princely character."  
History repeated itself with an irritation to the new guest to choose what he liked from the wine card. I looked for a courteous refusal, accompanied by some such gallant speech as, that he would drink to the ladies with his eyes; but nothing of the kind happened. He searched the list for a moment, with the absorption of a connoisseur, then unobtrusively ordered a bottle of Romanee Conti, which wine, he carelessly announced, he preferred to champagne, as being "less obvious."  
The price, however, would be pretty obvious on Mrs. Kiddie's list. I reflected, severely from a bottle, if it were a penny. But did this coming event cast a shadow on the Prince's contentment? On the contrary, it probably spurred the fabric with acquiescence. He sniffed the wine as if it had been an American Beauty rose, and quaffed it ecstatically, while Terry and I gulped down our ice water and our indignation.  
"You are just in time, Prince," said Mrs. Kiddie, "to advise about our journey. Oh, I forgot, you don't know anything about it yet. But we are going on a tour Sir Ralph, Mamma's automobile. Won't it be fun?"  
"Indeed!" the Prince ejaculated heartily. "I had the greatest pleasure in knowing that one swallow of the Romanee Conti was spoiled for him. No, I had not heard. I did not know that Sir Ralph Mory was one of your friends, and that this evening was arranged?"  
"It was only decided yesterday," replied the Countess, and it was revealed to me that the plump lady was not without feminine guile.  
"What's your car?" inquired the Prince, turning abruptly to me.  
"A Panhard," I answered, with a gaze as cold as milk. I knew that my answer would disappoint him, as he could pick no flaws in the make of the machine.  
"What horsepower?" he continued his catechism.  
"Something under twenty," I conventionally replied.  
"Twenty," corrected Terry, with a brutal bluntness unworthy of a Cok. He can be very irritating sometimes; but at this moment he was looking so extremely handsome and devil-may-care, that my desire to punch him had dissolved as I glanced at him. Could any woman resist such a look? I was a little wiser, and I proposed to take with you on our tour three ladies, their maid, and all their luggage!"  
Mrs. Kiddie looked grave, and at this instant, just as I felt that Terry's future was wavering in the balance, outstepped a servant with a bonnet-box, and there was a slight stir in the restaurant, behind our backs. Involuntarily I turned my head, and saw Prince Dalmat-Kalm hurrying towards us, his very mousethroat a thundercloud. He could not have appeared at a less convenient time for us.  
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## Diamond Dyes

Have Saved Money and Proved Blessings To Millions of Homes.



DIAMOND DYES are Hummers and always ON TOP

Our Canadian women will kindly bear in mind that weak, adulterated and imitation package dyes are still sold by some dealers who care little for the comfort, profit and success of our wives, mothers and daughters.  
If you would have home drying done successfully and profitably, insist upon having the DIAMOND DYES. Never be induced to accept worthless dyes at any price. The poor dye will surely ruin your hands as well as your goods.  
DIAMOND DYES for twenty-five years the favorite of our women, are sold by all progressive and busy druggists and general stores in Canada.

## THE CITY LIGHTING

Committee Has Selected Men to Make an Estimate.

The sub-committee of the safety board employed to secure an expert to give an estimate for a lighting plant for the streets and public buildings decided yesterday to employ Messrs. Ross & Holgate of Montreal, as an inclusive fee of \$600. The names of John Galt, of Toronto, and J. W. Holt, C. E., of this city, were before the committee. Mr. Galt had previously wired requesting an answer by Saturday as it was impossible to arrive at a decision by that date his application had to be dropped.  
Mr. Holt was heard by the committee and made a statement as to his qualifications. He also offered to do the work for \$800.  
The committee have gone in detail into the question of the cost of a plant to light the streets and public buildings and have estimated that the price of \$85 a lamp now paid to the St. John street railway can be reduced to within the vicinity of \$40. Since the matter has been under consideration the company, it is understood, have made a tentative offer to do the street lighting for \$60 a lamp. A site at the foot of Portland has been selected as the most suitable locality for a plant to be established.  
An estimate of the water power at Silver Falls also comes within the scope of the work Messrs. Ross & Holgate will undertake. It is believed that sufficient water power is available from this source to light at least a portion of the city and that it should be utilized in conjunction with a steam plant if practicable.  
Messrs. Ross & Holgate were recommended to the committee by the secretary of Canadian municipalities, to whom application was made for the names of experts at the particular work the committee had in view. The first offer made was to carry out the work for \$75 a day and expenses but the committee at a previous meeting decided that a lump sum would be preferable. It is expected that a representative of the firm will be sent to the city in the course of a few days.

## "I Would Never Be"

without DY-O-LA," said Mrs. J. Monbouquette, of Lower L'Anse-au-Loup, N. B., in a recent letter to us. "For it is the best dye I ever used."  
Uncommon to say the least, are the DY-O-LA DYES PERFECTLY AN ALL-GRADE, pure or mixed.  
No need to worry about cotton being in the weave. The purest-looking "all-wool" is often guilty of a cotton thread running through the fabric.  
The SAME package of DY-O-LA will color silk, wool, cotton, linen, lace.  
Your druggist has it.  
Enough to dye one-and-one-half to three pounds for 10c.  
Color-Card (home-dyed) sent on receipt of 2c. stamp. The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal, Can.

## SUSSEX

SUSSEX, Jan. 22 (Special).—Edward Burgess met with a severe loss on Saturday by having the misfortune to lose a valuable horse, the horse ran away, and the scheme which yesterday had excited her active disapproval. The girl, always interesting because of her unusual type of beauty, gained a new value in my eyes. She excited my curiosity, although her words were a practical revelation of her sense in the trip. Why did she break lance in our defence, and had she been torn from a convent to serve her rich relatives, that she should mention "St. John" in that familiar and tender tone? Had her beautiful white walls veiled with a new wind, and did she wait to tell the Prince in a sentence, how poor she really was? These were a few of the hundred and one questions which the Fair Maid of Destry's charming and somewhat baffling personality set going in my mind by a word or two.  
I thought that the Prince's face fell, but Mrs. Kiddie's contribution to the defence distracted my attention.  
"We don't expect to take all our luggage," she said. "I suppose some things could be sent by rail from place to place to meet us, could they?"  
"Of course," I assured her, before Dalmat-Kalm could enlarge upon the untidiness of such an arrangement. "That's what is always done. And your maid could travel by rail, too."  
"She is a Parisienne," exclaimed Mrs. Kiddie, and she's always saying she wouldn't leave France for twice the wages I pay."  
"Try her with three times," suggested Beecy. But Miss Destry was speaking.

## GIN PILLS

It is DANGEROUS. Sick Kidneys make mind and body sick.  
cure sick Kidneys. They do that one thing do it every time. They make the kidneys well—and keep them well. If anything is wrong with the Kidneys, GIN PILLS never fail to relieve the pain and cure the trouble. We have each faith in GIN PILLS that we authorize your druggist to refund the money if they fail to cure. See a box, 6 boxes for \$4.50, at your druggist or we will send you a box free if you write mentioning this paper.  
THE SOLE DRUG CO., WINNIPEG, MAN.

## GYPSUM KING

A TOTAL LOSS

Big Ocean Tug Wrecked on Muir Ledges—Crew Had Close Call.

Eastport, Me., Jan. 22.—While rounding the southwest head of Grand Manan during a thick fog early today, the New York tug Gypsum King with one barge in tow, struck on the famous Muir Ledges and will probably be a total wreck. The crew of both vessels landed later in the day at Seal Cove, and will reach here tomorrow. The fate of the barge is not known.  
The Gypsum King was owned by the J. King Transportation Company, of New York, and was well known among the coasting fleet through its regularity of her trips between New York, Windsor, and Halifax.  
She was bound for the last named port, having called here on Friday for orders. She left on Saturday, and anchored in the lower harbor on account of thick weather until yesterday afternoon, when she again started out, although the fog was still quite dense.  
The Muir Ledges are situated about ten miles due south from the Southwest Head and three miles west of Gamet Rock light.  
The Gypsum King struck about 4 o'clock this morning, the weather being very thick at the time, but comparative little wind blowing, although as usual the great surges of the Atlantic were sweeping over the rocks and ledges.  
The tremendous surge soon broke a hole in the hull of the tug and within an hour or two had lifted her off the ledges, so that she sank in deeper waters. The crew consisting of about ten or twelve men started for shore, and after a long fifteen-mile pull with only a compass to guide them, they reached a safe harbor at Seal Cove on the south side of the island. It is understood that the crew of the barge launched their boat at the same time and followed the tug's crew into Seal Cove.  
The tug Gypsum King was a comparatively new vessel, being built at the Richmond (N.Y.) in 1899. She was constructed of steel and rigged with masts. She was 233 net tons burden, 131 feet in length, twenty-nine feet in breadth, and sixteen feet in depth.  
It is understood that she was commanded by Captain W. H. Blizard.  
New York, Jan. 22.—In tow of the tug Gypsum King when she cleared from this port a week ago today for Eastport (N.B.) was the large Daniel M. Munroe, a vessel of 1,142 tons in command of Captain McKenzie and bound to Windsor (N.B.).  
A dispatch here Monday night to the marine and fisheries department said that the schooner Gypsum King was ashore, but the Eastport dispatch is later and more authoritative. The tug was off the telephone wires that it was the tug Gypsum King which went on the ledge. These are a collection of tales off the southwest end of Grand Manan ranging several miles.

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## Elegant Cabinet Photos of His Excellency

The Right Honorable Sir Albert Henry George, Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada. For All Years of the Celebrated "DIAMOND DYES."

We have received so many letters from ladies in Canada wishing to see the supplying of the beautiful Cabinet Photos which we have been sending out for the last two months that we have decided to continue the supply until the end of February, 1906. Please note the conditions for securing a Photo.  
One photo will be sent free of cost to each lady who sends her full post office address and four of the inner envelopes addressed to the end of Grand Manan ranging several miles.

## ROYAL HOTEL

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

## VICTORIA HOTEL

King Street, St. John, N.B. Electric Elevator and all Latest and Modern Improvements. D. W. MACDONALD, Proprietor.

## 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. 11-20-23 Queen St., near Prince Wm. A. C. NORTHROP, Proprietor.

## The DUFFERIN

E. LOUI WILLIS, Prop. KING SQUARE, St. John, N. B. (Fliegende Blätter).

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## NEW VICTORIA

Parties returning from the country for winter will find excellent rooms and accommodations at this Hotel, at moderate rates. Rooms overlooking the harbor, on street car line. With easy reach of business centre. 248 and 258 Prince William Street ST. JOHN, N. B. J. L. MACDONALD, Proprietor.

## ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

CHALFONTE On the Beach. Fireproof. Always Open. THE LEEDS COMPANY.

# The First of St. John's New Industries.

ST. JOHN IS SAID TO BE on the eve of an industrial boom; powerful influences are at work to bring this about. What may therefore be justly claimed as the first of these new enterprises is THE DOMINION STEAM LAUNDRY of 640 to 648 Main Street, North End., which will be in full operation during the early part of next week.

## WHILE THE CITY PROPER

is well supplied with establishments of this kind, the Portland-Fairville-Millford-Millidgeville section has not been so served. But now a first-class and thoroughly up-to-date washing and ironing plant has been set up, bidding fair to secure a large patronage. It will be run by competent, hustling, pains-taking hands.

## RAPID AND THOROUGH

Washing Machines, a 20-minute Drier of immense capacity; special contrivances to ensure Uniform Dampening, the proper treatment of Collar Bands, Wristbands and other fussy details; have been installed. In fact there is not an old-fashioned machine in the place. This will surely be appreciated by all.

## CAREFUL MEN AND PARTICULAR LADIES

will have no worry or anxiety when placing their work with the DOMINION people for their motto will be: Promptitude, Care and Thoroughness. No slap-dash, rip-and-tear "cleaning" methods. Expert help will have the best machines and purest materials with which to work.

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