

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B. MONDAY, JANUARY 22, 1906.

My Friend The Chauffeur.

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

(Continued.)

"Animal yourself!" Terry had the indignity to remark. "What have I gone through, I should like to ask?"

"I don't know what you've gone through, but I know how you behaved," I returned, as we walked back to the magnolia tree. "Like a silky barber's block—like a barber's block. No, I don't think it's a simile. Hullo, there's the universal provider, carrying off the tray. Felicitate, mon, say how you summed up that tea and those cakes and cream from the vandy deep?"

"What Monsieur is pleased to mean, I know not," my fourteen-year-old nephew replied. "I visited with haste a friend of mine at the hotel, and I came back with the things that are all. It was an indignity," and she sailed away, her head in the air.

Terry and I went into the house, for the car had left the high-walled garden, and besides, the talk we were going to have was more suitable to that practical region, my smoking-room-study-dorm, than to the romantic shade of a magnolia tree.

We unpocketed our pipes, and smoked for several minutes before we spoke. I vowed that Terry should begin; but he went on puffing until I had counted sixty-nine slowly, I thought it simpler to unroll the vandy before it had had time to harden.

"A penny for your thoughts, Paddy," was the man I offered with engaging lightness. "Which is generous of me, as I know them already. You are thinking of Her."

Toddy forgot to misunderstand, which was a bad sign.

"If it weren't for Her, I'd have got out of the scrape at any price," said he, bold as brass. "But I'm sorry for that beautiful creature. She must lead a heady life, between a silly, over-dressed woman and a pert mix. Poor child, she evidently as hard up as I am, or she wouldn't stand it. She's miserable with them, I could see."

"So you consented to fall into my web, rather than leave her to her mercy?"

"Not exactly that, but—well, I can't explain it. The die's cast, anyhow. I'm pledged to join the menagerie. But look here, Ralph, do you understand what you've let me up to?"

"For the society of three charming Americans, two of whom are no doubt worth their weight in gold?"

"It's precisely their weight that's on my mind at this moment. You may know one or two little things, my dear, but among them nothing is not, whenever you were putting that mad advertisement into your pink rag, you would have stopped to reflect that a twelve-horse-power car is not expected to carry five grown persons up airy mountains and down rocky gorges. Europe is perfectly fit, remember."

"Only four of us are grown up. Beechey's an infant phenomenon."

"Infant be hanged. She's sixteen if she's a day."

"Terry, don't you know?"

"She doesn't want any one else to know. Anyway, I'm big enough to make up the difference. And besides, my car's not a new one. I paid a handsome price for her, but that was two years ago. There have been improvements in the make since."

"Do you mean to tell me that car of yours, can't carry five people half across the world if necessary?"

"She can, but not at an exciting speed, and Americans want excitement. Not only that, but you saw for yourself that they expect a handsome car of the latest make, shining with brass and varnish. Amateurs always do. What will they say when my world-horn old veteran hump, or rather humples, into view?"

I felt slightly crestfallen, for the first time. When one is an editor, one doesn't like to think one has been caught napping. You said you ought to get two hundred pounds for your Bandaid, if you sold it," I reminded him. "I could get a good deal of money. Naturally I thought the motor must be a fairly decent one, to command that price after several seasons' wear and tear."

Terry fired up instantly, as I had hoped he would; for his car is the immediate jewel of his soul. "Decent?" he echoed. "There's a limit to her power, and I don't mean it to come to that. However, the thing's gone too far for me to draw back. It must depend upon the ladies. If they don't back out when they see my car, I won't."

"To all intents and purposes it's my car now," said I. "You made her over to me before witnesses, and I think I shall have her smartened up with a bit of red paint and a crest."

"If you try on anything like that, you can drive her yourself, for I won't. I like her old grey dress. I wouldn't feel at home with her in any other. And she shan't be trimmed with crests to make an American holiday. She goes as she is or not at all, my boy."

"You are the hardest chap to do anything for I ever saw," I growled with the justifiable annoyance of a martyr who has failed to convert a pagan hero. "As if you hadn't made things difficult enough already by 'misleading' yourself. At any moment you may be found out by an on-foot thought, if you're a mere Mister, you are often obliged to appear before an unsympathetic police magistrate for pretending to be a Lord. But I never heard of a Lord's falling foul of the law for pretending to be a Mister."

"If you behave yourself, there's not much danger of my being found out by any of the people most concerned, during a few weeks' motoring on the Continent. It's to be hoped they won't select England, Scotland, or Ireland for their tour."

"We can tell them that conditions are less favorable for motoring at home—where it's quite free, judging from the complaints I hear from motor-men."

"But look here, you let me in for this. What I did was on the spur of the moment, and in self-defence. I didn't dream then that I should be first connected by you, then led on by circumstances into engaging as a chauffeur, to drive my own car on such a wild-goose chase?"

"It's a wild goose that will lay golden eggs. Fifteen guineas a day, my son; that's the size of the egg which that beneficent bird will drop into your palm every twenty-four hours. Deduct the ladies' hotel expenses—say three guineas a day; expenses for yourself and car we'll call two guineas more (of course I pay my own way), that leaves you as a profit ten guineas daily; seventy guineas a week, or at the rate of three thousand five hundred guineas per annum. Before you'd spent your little patrimony, and been refused an inheritance, you were 't' half as well off as that. You might do worse than pass your whole life as a Personal Conductor on these terms. And instead of thanking the wise friend who has caught this goose for you, and is willing to leave his own powerful duck for your sake, with no remuneration, you abuse him."

"My dear fellow, I'm not exactly abusing you, for I know you mean well. But you've swept me off my feet, and I'm not at home yet in mid air."

"You can lie on your back and roll in gold in the intervals of driving the car. I promise not to give you away. Still, it's a pity you wouldn't consent to trading a little on your title, which Heaven must have given you for some good purpose. As it is, you've made my twenty-nine-penny barometer the only barometer to be caught at all for an American millionaire, fishing for something big in America. Don't you see, when that Prince of here discovers what is doing, he will persuade the fair Countess Dalmat that she's paying a high price for a Nobody—a Nobody at all."

"What makes you think he doesn't know already, as he evidently followed the party here and must be constantly hanging about?"

"My detective instinct, which two seasons' pink journalism has developed. Mrs. Kiddler saw the advertisement this morning, and was caught by it. May Sherlock Holmes see me in the street if Prince Dalmat-Kalm has not been away for the day, doubtless at Monte Carlo where he has lost most of his money, and will send the Countess to find it, if she gives him the chance."

"I never saw the fellow or heard of him, far as I can remember," said I thoughtfully. "What's he like? Middle-aged, stout?"

"He looks thirty, so he is probably forty; for if you look your age, you are probably ten years past it—though that sounds a bit more Irish than Scotch, and And he's far from being stout. From a woman's point of view, I should say he might be very attractive. Tall, thin, with a melancholy, enormous eyes, mouth, and a masterly selfishness which would take what it wanted at almost any cost to others. There's a portrait of Prince Dalmat-Kalm for you."

"Evidently not the sort of man who ought to be allowed to hang about young girls."

"Young girls with money. Don't worry about the vandy virgin. He won't have time in this game to bother about poor relations, no matter how pretty they may happen to be."

Terry still looked thoughtful. "Well, if we are going in for this queer business, we'd better get off as soon as possible," said he.

I smiled in my sleeve. "St. George in a story to get the Princess out of the dragon's claws," I thought; but I refrained from speaking the thought aloud. Whatever the motive, the wish was to be encouraged. The sooner the wild goose laid the first golden egg the better.

Terrifically for my private interests, the season was waning and the coming week would see the setting of my Riviera sun until next November. I could therefore fore go away, leaving what remained of the work to be done by my "sub," and I determined that, price or no price, luncheon tomorrow should not pass without a business arrangement being completed between the parties.

More Terrible Than War!

More terrible than war, famine or pestilence, is the monster, Consumption, that annually sweeps away more of our best men and women than any other disease known to the human race.

"It is only a cold, a trifling cough," say the careless, as the irritation which the delicate mucous membrane causes them to hack away as an irritating cough, or for asthma, cough, whooping cough, and all throat and lung affections is a speciality. Be sure when you see a cough, however slight, do not neglect it. It is a warning of a more serious ailment. If on the first appearance of a cough or cold, you would take a few doses of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

you would save yourself a great deal of unnecessary suffering and expense. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains all the life-giving properties of the pine trees of Norway, and is a powerful expectorant, and a speciality for all throat and lung affections. It is a speciality. Be sure when you see a cough, however slight, do not neglect it. It is a warning of a more serious ailment. If on the first appearance of a cough or cold, you would take a few doses of

The annual meeting of Trinity Precipitancy, No. 107, B. P. K. of I, was held Saturday evening. After the general business was conducted the following officers were elected and installed: Sir Knights W. W. Williams, W. P. (re-elected); J. C. Cook, P. P.; S. Ferguson, chaplain (re-elected); W. H. Sullivan, registrar; A. J. Armstrong, treasurer (re-elected); J. C. Mowbray, T. P. Moore, lecturers; C. White, H. Hazlett, censors; J. W. Rank, J. Chamberlain, standard bearers; W. Rodgers, purveyor; W. B. Wallace, T. W. Morrison, Jas. Kaye, Geo. Currie, H. P. Allingham, E. L. Hughes, G. J. Moore, committee.

A Clear Skin and a bright eye usually indicate health, which is obtained by using Wheeler's Botanic Bitters, a genuine system regulator and Blood Purifier. Cures Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath, Pimples, Blisters, and Loss of Appetite.

The Young Men's Association of St. Peter's church held their monthly debate in their rooms Sunday afternoon on the following subject: "Resolved, that strikes should be settled by arbitration." Wm. Murphy, Joseph Marry, Harry Dever and James Daley spoke in favor of arbitration, while Arthur Delaney, Cathbert Morgan, Thos. McCarty and Frank Casey supported the negative. After an interesting and instructive argument on both sides the judges decided the debate in favor of the negative.

An Englishman named Edgar Rowell had the top joint of his second finger cut off yesterday while working on the C. P. R. He was leading the tender when a large chisel loaded with coal jammed his right hand on the edge of the tender. The top joint of his second finger was taken off. He was conveyed in an engine to the Fairville crossing, and went to Dr. Macfarland, who dressed the wound. He will likely be laid up for the next fortnight.

THE BRITISH LIBERALS ARE CARRYING ALL BEFORE THEM

Political Complexion of United Kingdom has been Completely Changed During Last Eight Days—Already 248 Liberals Have Been Elected.

London, Jan. 20.—The following is a summary of the political situation at midnight:—

Total seats in Commons	670
Elections held	480
Liberals elected	248
Unionists	114
Laborites	40
Nationalists	78

London, Jan. 20.—Within the last eight days the political complexion of the United Kingdom has been completely changed by the tide of Liberalism that now is higher than the most sanguine Radical dared to hope for, or predict. The new parliament will be overwhelmingly Liberal.

Up to this time the total number of members elected is 480, of whom 248 are Liberals.

Without success. Such reports as these, it is believed, are materially weakening the prestige of the accredited leader of the Unionist party. In the absence of Mr. Balfour, Joseph Chamberlain probably will take the lead in the next parliament; at any rate he is now acknowledged to be the strong man and will have the great support of any man on the opposition benches.

Neither Terry nor I were addicted to looking too longly on wine when it is, or even pale golden; still, at this moment I had a sharp pang of sympathy for Tantalus. To be sure, that hint as to "something real nice" grudged to a penny; but I must have been blotted with more cool, unadulterated "cheek" than two seasons of journalism had given me to order anything appropriate while our hostess drowned her generous impulses in red water.

With a wooden expression of countenance, I asked Terry what he would have. "Water, thanks," he replied stily, and, as he went to the cellar, he gave me an elaborate interest, he had allowed his eye to meet mine at that instant, a giggle might have burst over him, but he was, surrounded by four teetotalers; but, deprived of even an innocent glass of R. V. beer, my soul thirsted for a revenge which could not be quenched with ice water; and I took it without waiting for repentance to set in.

"You see, Balfour is a chauffeur," I carefully explained, "and it's an eagle for him, even though an amateur, to drink the strongest of old wine. You will notice during our trip, countess, how conspicuous he is in sticking to this pledge."

I felt that Terry's eye launched a dagger; but it was now my turn to be interested in the ceiling.

(To be continued.)

London, 114 Unionists, 40 Laborites, 78 Nationalists and one Socialist. This leaves 190 seats still vacant.

The Liberals thus far have gained no less than 177 seats, counting labor gains as Liberal or government gains; and if the remaining 190 seats, the Liberals would have 407 votes in the next parliament, to which may be added those of 40 Laborites, one Socialist and 88 Nationalists, which would give Prime Minister Campbell-Bannerman a majority of 137 for the Conservatives.

England remains practically unchanged. The Nationalists have picked one seat from the broken northern corner. The Liberals have broken into the Tory empire in the shape of Scotland with prospects for other remarkable successes, while, as already noted, the great fortress of Unionism, the House of Commons, has been razed before a storm of unredeemed Liberal sentiment of opposition to the Unionist.

With the exception of Birmingham, which is completely controlled by Joseph Chamberlain, all the great centers have shown a determination to change from the old order. Mr. Balfour will probably remain an outsider until he is given a chance in a bye-election though possibly some safe Unionist seat may be relinquished in his favor before the end of the week. It is understood that several efforts in this direction have been made.

The most remarkable feature of the election thus far is the number of labor members elected. The last parliament could claim but seven labor members while up to the present no less than forty have secured seats, and with the promise of further gains it is not at all improbable that the last ten years have been razed before a storm of unredeemed Liberal sentiment of opposition to the Unionist.

The elections will be over before the end of next week, the last contest being set for Jan. 26. But so far as the Liberal government is concerned its life can now be measured not as was predicted prior to the elections, by months or a few years, but by the limitations of the septennial act.

COAL

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Old Mine Sydney Coal is the only coal that will reproduce the yellow blaze of the Rock Maple and not make much more ash.

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.

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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, painstaking 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.

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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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