MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

My Friend the Chauffeur.

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

(Continued).

A throng of loungers, theatrically picturesque, fell back in astonishment to give us passage, and a moment later we were caught in a double row of fortifications with a sharp and difficult turn through a second gate. It was almost like a trap for a motor car; but we got out, and sprang at the same instant into the main street of a town that might have been built to please the fancy of some artist-tyrant.

"It is a delicious mixture of Carcassonne and Verona set down by the sea, with something of Venice thrown in, isn't it?" said Mr. Barrymore: and I thought that part of the description fitted, though I had to be told about splendid, fortified Carcassonne with its towering walls and bastions, before I fully understood the simile.

"Yes, a Verona and Venice certainly." I answered, "with a sunny coast like that of the French Riviera, and inhabited by people of the Far East."

I think one might search the world over in vain to find just such another fascinating street as that broad street of Ragusa, with its exquisitely proportioned buildings that gave one a sense of gladness, the extraordinary great fountain, the miniature palace of the Doges, the noble churches strange, embroidered costumes exposed for sale, Eastern jewelry, and quaint, ferocious-looking weapons. And then, the queer signs over the shops, how they added to the bewildering effect of unreality! Many of the letters were more like hooks and eyes, buckles and bent pins, than re-and the people who bought, were more wonderful than the shops themselves.

There were a few ordinary Europeans, though it was past the season now; and plenty of handsome young Austrian officers in striking uniforms, pale blue and bright green; but the crowd was an embroidered, sequined, crimson and silver, gold and azure crowd, with here and there a sheepskin coat, the brown habit of a monk, and the black veil of a nun.

Through half-open doorways we peeped into courtyards where fountains flashed a diamond spray, all pink with sunset, between arcaded columns. We saw the cathedral planted on the site of the chapel where Richard Coeur de Lion worshipped; then, wheeling at the end of the street, we returned as we had come while the rose-pink air was full of chiming church bells and cries of gulls, whose circling wings were stained with sunset color.

Altogether this day had been one of the best days of my life. So good a day, that it had made me sad; for I thought as I leaned on the rail of my balcony after dinner, there could not be many days so radiant in my life to come. Many thoughts came to me there, in the scented darkness, and they were all tinged with a vague melancholy.

There was no moon, but the high dome of the sky was crusted with stars, that flashed like an intricate embroidery of diamonds on velvet. From the garden the scent of lilies came up with the warm breeze, so poignant-sweet that it struck at my heart, and made it beat, beat with a strange tremor in the beating that was like vague apprehension, and a kind of joy as strange and as inexplicable.

Far away in the place someone was singing a wild, barbaric air, with a wonderful voice that had in its timbre the same quality the lilies had in their fragrance. For some reason that I didn't understand, my whole spirit was in a turmoil, yet nothing had happened. What was the matter? What did it mean? I couldn't tell. But I wanted to be happy. I wanted something from life that it had never given, never would give, perhaps. There was a voice down below in the garden—Mr. Barrymore talking to Sir Ralph. I listened for an instant, every nerve tingling as if it were a telegraph wire over which a question had been sent, and an answer was coming. The voice died away. Suddenly my eyes were full of tears; and surprised and frightened, I turned quickly to go in through my open window, but something caught my dress and drew me back.

"Maida!" said another voice, which I knew almost as well as that other I had heard—and lost.

Prince Dalmar-Kalm had come out of a window onto a balcony next mine, and leaning over the railing had snatched at a fold of my gown.

"Let me go, please," I said. "And that name is not for you."

"Don't say that," he whispered, holding me fast so that I could not move. "It must be for me. You must be for me. You shall. I can't live without you."

His words jarred so upon my mood that I could have struck him.

"If you don't let me go, I'll cry out," I said in a tone as low as his, but quivering with anger. "I would be nothing to you if you were the last man in the world."

"Very well. I will be the last man in your world. Then — we shall see," he answered; and dropped my dress.

In another instant, I was in my room and had fastened the shutters. But the words rang in my ears, like a bell that has tolled too loud.

XXIII.

A Chapter of Kidnapping.

Beechy was ill next morning; nothing serious; but the Prince, it seemed, had brought her in the evening a box of some rich Turkish confection; and though she doesn't care for the man, she couldn't resist the sweet stuff. So she had eaten, only a little, she said; but the box contradicted her, and the poor child kept her bed.

Aunt Kathryn and I were with her until eleven o'clock. Then she was sleepy, and told us to go away. So we went, and took a drive to the pretty harbor of Gravosa, with Mr. Barrymore and Sir Ralph, unaccompanied by the Prince, whose car was said to be somehow disabled.

We expected, if Beechy were well, to get on next day; but the Chauffeulier was troubled about the road between Ragusa and Cattaro—and no proper "route-book" existing for that part of the world, unexplored by motors, he could find out surprisingly little from any one. Prince Dalmar-Kalm was as ignorant as others, or appeared to be, although this was his own land; and so it seemed doubtful what would be our next adventure.

The spin was a very short one, for the day was hot, and we didn't care to leave Beechy long alone. But when we came back she was asleep still; and I was getting rid of my holland motor-coat in my own room when Aunt Kathryn tapped at the door. "Don't take off your things," she said, "but come out again—that's a dear—for a drive to Gravosa."

"We've just come back from Gravosa," I answered, surprised.

"Yes, but we didn't see the most interesting thing there. You know the yacht standing out at a little distance in the harbor, that I said looked like the Corraminis'? Well, it is the Corraminis'. The Prince wants us to drive with him—not on the automobile, for it isn't mended yet, but in a cab, and go on board the yacht for lunch with the Count and Contessa."

"Oh, you'd better go without me," I said.

Aunt Kathryn pouted like a child. "I can't," she objected. "The Prince says I can't, for it would be misunderstood here if a lady drove out alone with a gentleman. Do come."

"I suppose I shall have to, then," I answered ungraciously, for I hated going. At the last minute little Airole darted after me, and to save the trouble of going back I caught him up in my arms. I was rewarded for the sacrifice I had made by being let alone during the drive. The Prince was all devotion to Aunt Kathryn, and scarcely spoke a word to me.

At the harbor there was a little boat sent out from the Corraminis' "Arethusa" to fetch us, so it was evident that we had been expected and this was not an impromptu idea of the Prince's.

On board the yacht, which we had visited once or twice in Venice, Count Corramini met us, his scared face smiling a welcome.

"I am more than sorry that my wife is suddenly indisposed," he said, in his careful English. "She is subject to terrible headaches, but she sends messages and begs that Countess Dalmar will take the head of the table in her absence."

We lunched almost at once, and as it was a simple meal, finished soon. Coffee was served on deck under the awning, and its shadow was so cool, the air so fresh on the water, and the harbor so lovely that I was growing contented, when suddenly I grew conscious of a throb, throb of the "Arethusa's" heart.

"Why, we're moving!" I exclaimed.

"A short excursion the Prince and I have arranged for a little surprise," exclaimed Count Corramini. "We hoped it might amuse you. You do not object, Countess?"

"I think it will be lovely, this hot afnoon," said Aunt Kathryn, who was radiant with childish pleasure in the exclusive attentions of the two men.

"But poor little Beechy!" I protested.

"Probably she will sleep until late, as she couldn't lunch," said Aunt Kathryn comfortably. "And if she wakes, the 'other Beatrice' as she calls Signorina Bari, will sit with her. She offered to you know."

I raised no further objection to the plan, as evidently Aunt Kathryn was enjoying herself. But when we had steamed out of the Bay of Ombla, far away from Ragusa's towering fortifications, and on for more than an hour, I ventured to suggest to Count Corramini that it was time to turn back. "We shan't get to the hotel till after three, as it is." I said glancing at my watch.

"Let us consult the Countess," he replied. "Here she comes now."

Aunt Kathryn and the Prince had left us twenty minutes before, to stroll up and down the deck, and had been leaning over the rail for some time, talking in low voices, but with great earnestness. As the Count answered me, they had moved and were coming slowly in our direction, Aunt Kathryn looking excited, as she came nearer.

She sat down on the deck chair without replying for a moment, and then she said, in an odd, quavering tone, "Maida, I've just heard a thing from the Prince, that I'll have to talk to you about. County, can I take her into the sallong?"

The Count jumped up. "It is for Dalmar-Kalm and me to go, if you wish to speek to Mees Destrey alone," he exclaimed. And laying his hand on the Prince's shoulder, the two men walked away together.

My only thought was that Prince Dalmar-Kalm must have told Aunt Kathryn of my refusal and asked her to "use her influence." But her first words showed me that I was mistaken.

"I'm very angry with the Prince, but I can't help thinking what he's done is romantic. He and the County have kidnapped us."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, you needn't look so horrified. They're only taking us to Cattaro by yacht instead of our going by automobile that's all."

"All?" I echoed. "Its the most impudent thing I ever heard of. Didn't you tell him that you wouldn't go, that you"

"Well, I'd like to know what good my saying 'Wouldn't' could do? I can't stop the yacht."

"Its Count Corramini's yacht, not the Prince's" I said, "and whatever else they may be, they're gentlemen, at least by birth. They can't run off with us like this against our wills."

Aunt Kathryn chuckled. "Well, they have, anyhow," she retorted. "And the Prince says, if only we knew what the road to Cattaro was like, I'd thank instead of scolding him."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed. "We must go back. What's to become of Beechy left alone in Ragusa ill, with nobody but Mr. Barrymore and Sir Ralph to look after her, Its monstrous!"

(To be continued.)

Your Money Back if Gin Pills Do Not Cure.

'Tis the Kidneys.

When there is a puffiness under the Eyes it is a certain indication the Kidneys are not working properly. There is danger in neglect and the trouble should be immediately corrected. The most effective remedy is

Gin Pills

for they act at once and do their work most thoroughly. All druggists, 50c. a box, 6 boxes for $2.50. Trial box free. Name this paper.

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Without Knife or Instrument

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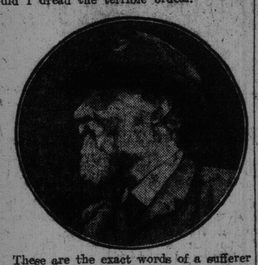
"Every morning, for over 20 years, I never went to the toilet without fear and trembling, and I never left it without having suffered agonizing tortures. Many days I did not dare go at all, so much did I dread the terrible ordeal."



These are the exact words of a sufferer from piles, and we hear the same thing almost every day. It voices the sentiments of hundreds of thousands of others in this country today, for it is estimated that of every ten persons we meet in church, the street, or the theatre, seven are affected with piles.

Martyrs, and needless martyrs, too, for since the discovery of the marvellous Pyramid Pile Cure no one need suffer one moment longer. There is now no excuse for having piles and if you continue to suffer from them you do not deserve a particle of sympathy, considering the chance we give you to prove it to your own satisfaction wholly free of cost to you.

Here is a typical case: Mr. Benjamin Shaw, Postmaster of Bland, New Mexico, He had suffered from aggravated piles for years, and was upon the eve of a serious surgical operation, believing that he had reached the limit, and that the operation offered the only possible means of relief and cure. Let us quote his own words in his letter of Oct. 31, 1905: "I was in great agony of mind and body. In the meantime, a gentleman told me of the virtue of your pyramid remedy. I fortunately found it at a drug store, and by the next morning I did not feel that an operation was necessary, and in three days I was able to return home, and a complete cure was accomplished to my great satisfaction and the surprise of the physician."

Send today to the Pyramid Drug Company, 2,119 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich., and get a sample package by return mail and then go to your druggist and get a box, the price of which is 50 cts., and get well without pain, trouble or cutting.

SCHOOL TRUSTEES

Printing of the Report—Resignation of Mr. Dill Accepted.

The Board of School Trustees held their regular meeting last night. Two tenders for printing the annual reports were handed in. The first was from the Daily Telegraph for $1.25, the other from John A. Bowes $1.05. On motion the lowest tender was accepted.

The only other business considered was the resignation of G. W. Dill from the High School staff. It was accepted as read. Miss Sadie Gray, of Dufferin Grade II, was granted leave of absence without pay on account of ill health.

Secretary Manning's report for February showed total enrollment of pupils 6,883; average daily attendance, 6,104, a percentage of 87 of the whole.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

1400 SALVATION ARMY IMMIGRANTS AT HALIFAX

Halifax, N. S. March 12—(Special)—The Dominion line steamer Kensington chartered by the Salvation Army arrived at 10 o'clock tonight from Liverpool. She has on board 1,400 members of the army who have been selected by that organization and sent to Canada to take up lands in the west. The steamer anchored at quarantine, and the health officers will not go aboard till tomorrow morning.

The Tunisian sailed for Liverpool tonight with the mails and 250 passengers.

The Baird Company's

Wine of Tar Honey and Wild Cherry

Safe Pleasant Effectual Speedy

For all Coughs, Colds, Bronchial and Asthmatic Coughs, Irritated Throat, Loss of Voice, Public Speakers and Singers

AT ALL DEALERS

TEMPERANCE

St. John County Branch of Federation Organized.

A St. John county branch of the New Brunswick Temperance Federation was organized in the Temperance Hall, Market building, last night. Rev. Thomas Marshall was in the chair and delegations from the Temple of Honor and Temperance, Sons of Temperance, the W. C. T. U., the I. O. G. T., and the United Temperance Committee of the Methodist church were present.

Officers for the new organization were chosen as follows: Dr. W. F. Roberts, president; S. P. McCavour, 1st vice; James Keys, 2nd vice; Mrs. J. H. Gray, 3rd vice; E. M. Stockford, secretary-treasurer; D. C. Fisher, John McCavour, Michael Kelly, C. H. Hutchings, Mrs. Isabella VanWart, Mrs. J. Seymour, Fred Rowley, John Gowland and Dr. J. H. Gray, executive committee.

The matters of a constitution and finance were left with the executive.

Rev. Mr. Marshall gave the meeting a report of the proceedings at Fredericton last week. The meeting adjourned to come together again at the call of the chair.

CALL REV. MR. HAND TO ST. JAMES' CHURCH

Thought Middleton (Conn.) Clergyman Will Accept and Be Here About Easter.

At a meeting in St. James church last evening, it was unanimously decided to extend a call to Rev. J. Edward Hand, at present stationed in Trinity church, Middleton (Conn.) Owing to the departure of Rev. A. D. Dewdney, the pulpit of St. James' church is at present without a permanent pastor.

Mr. Hand is of Canadian birth, and a graduate of Wycliffe College, University of Toronto. He is 37 years of age, married, and has one daughter.

It is expected that he will be in the city about Easter.

NEXT COLONIAL CONFERENCE MAY BE MARCH, 1907

Hon. Winston Churchill Says That Date Has Been Suggested by the British Government.

Montreal, March 12—(Special)—A special London cable says. In reply to a question by Mr. Trevelyan in the house of commons today, Hon. Winston Churchill said that no date had been fixed for the next colonial conference. The colonial premiers had been asked if next March would be a suitable date.

He had seen the report of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech at Toronto in which he said that Canada was content to attend her own affairs and had no desire to interfere in Great Britain's controversy over fiscal matters. Colonial statesmen, said Mr. Churchill, had maintained a correct attitude in this matter.

A STRONG HEART AND STEADY NERVES

Very important it is in this age of competition to have a clear cool head, a strong heart and steady nerves.

Too much rush and bustle, work and worry, fall to the lot of the average business man—his heart and nerve system will not stand it—he gives them too much work to do.

Women also are doing the same thing attending to their household duties and looking after their social obligations. The constant strain under which they have to continue day in and day out, the irregularities of habits and loss of rest will soon shatter the strongest system. Before long you become nervous, starting at the least sudden sound, the heart flutters and palpitates, specks float before the eyes, the pulse becomes weak and irregular, you have faint and dizzy spells, lack of self-confidence, rush of blood to the head, irritability of temper, shortness of breath, starting in sleep, sensation of pins and needles, sleeplessness, restlessness and finally physical breakdown or nervous prostration.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are the remedy you require to restore your strength and health. Their extraordinary curative power manifests itself immediately they are taken. Through the medium of the nervous system they impart a strengthening and restorative influence to every organ and tissue of the body. Many have been cured, among them being Mr. Ray V. Coomier, Wellington, P.E.I., Mrs. E. Kilmer, Humberstone, Ont., Mrs. C. McDonald, Portage la Prairie, Man., Mr. Walter Cleveland, Bayswater, N.S., Mrs. Owen Martin, Alma, N.B. and thousands of others.

The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cts. per box or 3 boxes for $1.25. Can be procured at all drug and general stores, or will be sent on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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 HEWSON 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 CASES 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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