

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1906.

My Friend
Chauffeur.

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

(Continued.)
"But Mr. Barrymore can't join us then," Maida objected to Mamma, in a low voice. "He has the car to look after before he can dress, and after the good day he has given us wouldn't it be ungrateful to begin without him?"
"My dear girl, when all's said and done, he is the chauffeur," replied Mamma, at her worst under His Highness's influence. "It would be a pretty thing if we were to keep the Prince waiting for him. You can come down later if you like."
"Very well, I will," said Maida, very pluck as to her cheeks and bright as to her eyes. I didn't think she would dare keep her word, for fear Mr. Barrymore might believe she cared too much about him; but just because he's poor and she imagines he is snubbed, she will do anything. Everybody except the Chauffeur had been at table for a quarter of an hour, and hours d'ouverts and soup, and fish, had given place to beef, when Maida came in, dressed in white, and looking beautiful. As she appeared at one door Mr. Barrymore appeared at another, and was just in time to pull out her chair instead of letting the waiter do it.
The Chauffeur, seeing we had laughed through half the menu, wouldn't have bothered with soup or fish, but Maida insisted on having both, piping hot, too, though she never cares what she eats; as she belated one got so good a dinner as anybody. Whether he realized that Maida had waited for him I don't know, but he was so manfully talkative and full of fun that I longed to "wipe" somebody, feeling as I did that his cheerfulness was due to Maida's kindness. Unfortunately there was no excuse for wiping; but I suddenly thought how I could throw a little cold water. "Have you noticed, Mr. Barrymore," I asked, "that my cousin Maida never wears anything except black, or grey, or white?"
"Yes, I have noticed," he said, with an expression in his eyes which added that he'd noticed everything concerning her. "But then," he went on, "I haven't had time to see her whole wardrobe."
"If you had, it would be the same," said I. "It's a pity, I think, for blue and pink and pale green, and a lot of other things would be so becoming. But she's got an idea into her head that a few months from now, she will enter that old convent."
"Becky, please!" broke in Maida, her face almost as pink as an American Beauty rose.
"Well, you are going to, aren't you?" I flew out at her. "Or have you changed your mind—already?"
"I think you are very unkind," she said, in a low voice, turning white instead of red, and Mr. Barrymore bit his lip, looking as if he would rather shake me than calm his dinner. There all at once I was dreadfully sorry for hurting Maida, partly because Mr. Barrymore glared, partly because she is an angel; but I would have died in agony sooner than say so, or show that I cared though I had such a lump in my throat. I could scarcely swallow. Of course everybody thought I had turned sulky, for I shrugged my shoulders and pouted, and didn't speak another word. By and by I really did begin to sulk, because if one puts on a certain expression of face, after a while one finds thoughts that match it stealing into one's mind. I grew so cross with myself and the whole party, that Mamma said she was tired and headache, and would go to our sitting-room if Maida didn't object, I determined that whatever happened there two shouldn't have the satisfaction of a tea-tete.
Every one had finished except Maida and the Chauffeur, who had only got as far as the chicken and salad stage; and when the Prince's face which I translated to myself as, "Eien a' faire ite." Since our talk in the garden at San Dalmaro, he had given himself no more trouble for Maida or me; all in for Mamma, at least, when she is present; so I wasn't surprised when he said that he had several telegrams to send off, and would excuse himself.
"But about to-morrow," he exclaimed, pausing when he had risen. "Shall you stop to see the Cathedral, and something of Milan by daylight, before going on to the Lake of Como?"
"Oh, yes," Maida answered. "Mr. Barrymore says we shall have plenty of time."
"He is quite right," replied the Prince so graciously that I instantly asked myself what little game he was playing now.

MORRILL BROUGHT HOME BY DETECTIVE
Waived Extradition and Will Face Charge Against Him Here

Some Cents and Money Orders for \$80 Found on Him—Curious Crowd Gathered to Await the Train.

In custody of Detective Killen, O. V. Morrill, of the North End, who left here last week, it is charged, with \$200 belonging to his employers W. F. & J. W. Myers, returned to the city on the Boston express late Saturday night. He had been arrested in South Paris, near Portland (Me.), on the strength of a telegram from Chief Clark.

It was reported that he would fight extradition proceedings, and to this end had engaged the services of a law firm in South Paris.

Detective Killen says, however, that he concluded to return to St. John without offering objection.

As early as 7 o'clock a crowd had formed about the railway station. All were acquainted with Morrill. The train did not arrive until midnight, and the detective and Morrill were seen in the second class car. The crowd rushed along by the side of this car as it came to a gradual stop, and so thickly did the curious congregators about the steps of the coach that regular passengers had difficulty in descending and making their way through.

The detective and Morrill determined to pass the car shed wall, and hastened along this dark and narrow passage. But they were seen, and when at last they stepped briskly out toward the coach stand, the half hundred or so who had been tracing and watching hurried after Morrill carried a dress suit case and a parcel wrapped in a newspaper. He did not look into the faces of those who thronged around. He just gazed intently at the floor and, by the detective's side, hastened along.

Both took a coach and were driven to central station, where the formal charge was entered.

Detective Killen says that about eighty cents cash were found on Morrill, and a couple of Canadian Express orders— one for \$50 and another for \$30.

Girl Toilers

Gain Strength for Work

In office and factory, shop, store or kitchen girls are at work all over this land, and alas! far beyond their strength. Young women who work are especially liable to female ills. Too often the girl is the bread winner of the family and she must toil unremittingly, no matter if her back does ache, her limbs and abdomen throb with dull pain and dragging sensations, and dizzy spells make her utterly unfit for work. These are the sure signs of female irregularities which kill beauty and youth.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

builds health and strength for all women who work and are weary. It creates the vitality that makes work easy. From the thousands of grateful letters written by working girls to Mrs. Pinkham we quote the following:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—Overwork and long hours at the office, together with a neglected cold, brought on a female trouble until finally I was unable to go to work. I tried change of scene and climate, but found that I did not regain my health. I then thought of a friend who had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when her health was in the same condition that mine was, and straightaway sent out for a bottle. I finished that and took two more before I really began to improve, but after that my recovery was very rapid, and when I had finished the sixth bottle I was well and able to go back to work again. I certainly think your medicine worthy of praise, and am indeed glad to endorse it.

MRS. ALMA BOSTWELL, 78 rue St. Francois, Quebec, Que.

Oh, if Canadian girls who work would only realize that they have but one life to live, and make the most of their precious health and strength! Mrs. Pinkham extends to every working girl who is in ill health a cordial invitation to write her for advice. Such letters are always kept strictly confidential, and from her vast experience Mrs. Pinkham probably has the very knowledge that will help you—and may save your life.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures Where Others Fail

More Terrible Than War!

More terrible than war, famine or pestilence is that awful destroyer, that headless monster, Consumption, that annually sweeps away more of our best laborers than any other single disease known to the human race.

"It is only a cold, a trifling cough," say the careless, as the irritation upon the delicate mucous membrane causes them to hack away with an irritable hacking of the throat. When the irritation settles on the mucous surface of the throat, a cough is the result. The gravest Bronchitis or Consumption of the Lungs, do not neglect a cough however slight as the irritation spreading throughout the delicate lining of the sensitive air passages soon leads to fatal results. 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.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains all the life-giving properties of the pine trees of Norway, and for Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, all forms of Lung Affections it is a specific. Be sure when you ask for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup that you get the genuine, and that you are taking something else.

Mrs. Ernest Johnston, Toledo, Ohio, writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for throat troubles after Christmas day, and it has done me more good than any other remedy, and I must say that nothing can take the place of it. I would not be without a bottle of it in the house."

REV. FATHER BUTLER, OF PARSBORO, DEAD

Passed Away Yesterday Morning After a Lingering Illness—Was Highly Esteemed by All Classes.

Parsboro, Feb. 18. (Special)—The death occurred here at an early hour this morning of Rev. Thomas J. Butler, aged sixty-six. He had been in poor health for several years, and had his last illness on Christmas day, but was not considered dangerously ill until a short time ago, when pneumonia set in.

Father Butler was born in Halifax, and has been in the parsonage for nearly forty years. He was stationed at Bedford for some time and held charge of Calabona parish twenty years. He has been in this parish about eight years, and his kindly disposition and genial manners have endeared him to all classes and classes in the community. He was a brother of Rev. E. Butler, formerly chaplain of the forces, and of James Butler, his body will be buried here next Wednesday morning.

As milder develops more rapidly under these climatic conditions, so with Cancer in the human body. There are certain conditions that favor its development, and when these conditions cease to exist the Cancer gradually disappears. Send six cents (stamp) to Scott & Jewell, Benningville, Ont., if you are troubled with

"I'm Well
Because of Ligozone," is a Tale Told Everywhere.

In almost every hamlet—every neighborhood—there are living examples of what Ligozone can do. Wherever you are, you need not go far to find some one who has been helped by Ligozone.

Talk to some of those cured ones; perhaps your own friends are among them. Ask if they advise you to try Ligozone. Or let us buy you a bottle, and learn its power for yourself. If you need help, please don't wait longer; don't stay sick. Let us show you—as we have to millions—what Ligozone can do.

What Ligozone Is.

The virtues of Ligozone are derived solely from gases. The formula is sent to each user. The process of making requires large apparatus, and from 8 to 14 days time. It is directed by chemists of the highest class. The object is to fix and combine the gases so as to carry into the system a powerful tonic-germicide.

Contact with Ligozone kills any form of disease germ, because germs are of vegetable origin. Yet to the body Ligozone is not only harmless, but helpful in the extreme. That is the main distinction. Common germicides are poison when taken internally. That is why medicine has been so helpless in a germ disease. Ligozone is exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying; yet no disease germ can exist in it.

We purchased the American rights to Ligozone after thousands of tests had been made with it. Its power had been proved again and again, in the most difficult germ diseases. Then we offered to supply the first bottle free in every district where it required it. And over one million dollars have been spent to announce and fulfill this offer.

The result is that 11,000,000 bottles have been used, mostly in the past two years. Today there are countless cured ones, scattered everywhere, to tell what Ligozone has done.

But so many others need it that this offer is published still. In late years, science has traced scores of diseases to germ attacks. Old remedies do not apply to them. We wish to show those sick ones—at our cost—what Ligozone can do.

Where It Applies.

These are the diseases in which Ligozone has been most employed. In these it has earned its widest reputation. In all of these troubles we supply the first bottle free. And in all no matter how difficult—we offer each user a two months' further test without the risk of a penny.

50c. Bottle Free.

If you need Ligozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full-size bottle, and will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to let the product itself show you what it is. In justice to yourself, please accept it today, for if placed you under no obligations whatever.

Ligozone costs 50c. and 81c.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

Fill it out and mail it to The Ligozone Company, 68-64 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

My disease is.....
I have never tried Ligozone, but if you will supply me a 50c. bottle free I will take it.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....
STATE.....

NOTE: This offer applies to new users only. Any repetition or hospital not new users will be gladly supplied for a fee.

CANCELLED CIVIC ADDRESS TO SIR WILFRID AT TORONTO

Reception Committee and Board of Control Couldn't Agree About It.

Toronto, Feb. 18. (Special)—The civic reception to Sir Wilfrid Laurier is off. Sir Wilfrid will come and go, but no address will be presented to him by the city.

"Yes, it has fallen through," said Mayor Coteleur, this morning.

"It was agreed to by the board of control, was it not, made to convince you; to let the product itself show you what it is. In justice to yourself, please accept it today, for if placed you under no obligations whatever.

Ligozone costs 50c. and 81c.

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