My Friend The Chauffeur.

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

(Continued).

Terry is as far from sainthood as I am, and I knew well that his bosom yearned to let Dalmar-Klam stew in his own petrol. Nevertheless, he brought the car to anchor without a second's hesitation, drawing up alongside the humiliated red giant. Amid the exclamations of Mrs. Kidder, and the suppressed chuckles of the enfante terrible, we two men got out, with beautiful expressions on our faces and dawning haloes round our heads, to help our hated rival.

Did he thank us for not straining the quality of our mercy? His name and nature would not have been Dalmar-Kalm if he had. His first words at sight of the two ministering angels by his side were: "You must have brought me bad luck, I believe. Never have I had an accident with my car until today, but now all goes wrong. For the second time I am en panne. It is too much. This viper of a Joseph says we cannot go on."

Now we began to see why the Prince's chauffeur had acquired the countenance of a male Niobe. Wormlike resignation to utter misery was, we had judged, his prevailing characteristic; but hard work, ingratitude, and goodness knows how much abuse, caused the worm to turn and defend itself.

"How go on with a change-speed lever broken short off, close to the quadrant?" he shrilled out in French. "And it is His Highness who broke it, changing speed too quickly, a thing which I have constantly warned him against in driving. I cannot make a new lever here in a wilderness. I am not a magician."

"Nor a Felicite," I mumbled, convinced that, had my all-accomplished adjutant been a chauffeur instead of a cook, she would have been equal to beating up a trustworthy lever out of a slice of cake.

"Be silent, brigand!" roared the Prince, and I could hardly stifle a laugh, for Joseph is no higher than my ear. His shoulders slope; his legs are clothespins bound with leather; his eyes swim in tears, as our car's crankhead floats in an oil bath; and his hair is hung round his head like many separate rows of black pins, overlapping one another.

"We shall save time by getting your car out of the ditch, anyhow," suggested Terry; and putting our shoulders to it, all four, we succeeded after strenuous efforts in pushing and hauling the huge beast onto the road. I had had no idea that anything less in size than a railway engine could be so heavy.

There was no question but that the giant was helpless. Terry and Joseph peered into its inner workings, and the first verdict was confirmed. "There's an imperfection in the metal," said expert Terry. In his place, I fear I should not have been capable of such magnanimity. I should have let the whole blame rest upon my rival's reckless stupidity as a driver.

"It's plain you can do nothing with your car in that condition," he went on. "After all" (even Terry's generous spirit couldn't resist this one little dig), "it would have been well if I'd brought that coil of rope."

"Coil of rope? For what purpose?"

"To tow you to the nearest blacksmith's, where perhaps a new lever could be forged."

"This is not a time for joking. Twelve horses cannot drag twenty-four."

"They're plucky and willing. Shall they try? Here comes a cart, whose driver is wreathed in smiles. Labor exulting in the downfall of Capital. But Labor looks good-natured. "Good morning," Terry hailed in Italian. "Will you lend me a stout cord to tow this automobile?"

The Prince was silent. Even in his rage against Fate, against Joseph, and against us, he retained enough common sense to remember that 'tis well to choose the lesser of two evils.

The carter had a rope, and an obliging disposition. A few francs changed hands, and the Hare was yoked to the Tortoise. Yoked, figuratively speaking only, for it trailed ignominously behind at a distance of fifteen yards, and when our little Panhard began bumbling up the hill with its great follower, it resembled nothing so much as a very small comet with a disproportionately big tail.

The motor, in starting, forged gallantly ahead for a yard or two, then, as it felt the unexpected weight dragging behind, it appeared surprised. It was, indeed, literally "taken aback" for an instant, but only for an instant. The brave little beast seemed to say to itself, "Well, they expect a good deal of me, but there are ladies on board, and I won't disappoint them."

"Felicite," I murmured. "She might have stood sponsor to this car."

With another tug we began to make progress, slow but steady. Joseph, as the lighter weight, sat in his master's car, his hand on the steering-wheel, while the Prince tramped gloomily behind in the mud. Seeing how well the experiment was succeeding, however, he quickened his pace and ordered the chauffeur down. "I do not think that the difference in weight will be noticeable," he said, and as Joseph obediently jumped out the Prince sprang in, taking the wheel. Instantly the rope snapped, and the big red chariot would have run back had not Joseph jammed on the brake.

Terry stopped our car, and the ill-matched pair had to be united again, with a shorter rope. "Afraid you'll have to walk, Prince," said he, when he had finished helping Joseph, who was apparently on the brink of tears.

Dalmar-Kalm measured me with a glance. "Perhaps Sir Ralph would not object to steering my car?" he suggested. "Then Joseph could walk, and I could have Sir Ralph's place in the tonneau with the ladies, where a little extra weight would do no harm. Would that not be an excellent arrangement?"

"David left Goliath on the ground, and dragged away only his head," I remarked. "We are dragging Goliath; and I fear his head would be the last—er—feather. So sorry. Otherwise we should be delighted."

What the Prince said as the procession began to move slowly up-hill again, at a pace to keep time with the "Dead-March in Saul," I don't pretend to know, but if his remarks matched his expression, I would not in any case have recorded them here.

VI.

A CHAPTER OF PREDICAMENTS.

On we went, and twilight was falling in this deep gorge, so evidently cut by the river for its own convenience, not for that of belated tourists. Here and there in the valley little rock towns stood up impressively, round and high on their eminences, like brown, stemless mushrooms. Each little group of ancient dwellings resembled to my mind a determined band of men standing back to back, shoulder to shoulder, defending their hearths and homes from the Saracens, and saying grimly, "Come on if you dare. We'll fight to the death, one and all of us."

At last, without further mishap, we arrived at a mean village marked Airole on Terry's map. It was a poverty-stricken place, through which, in happier circumstances, we should have passed without a glance, but—there, by the roadside was a blacksmith's forge, more welcome to our eyes than a castle double-starred by Baedeker.

Joseph's spleen reduced by the sight of his master tramping in the mud while he steered, the little chauffeur looked almost cheerful. He promised to have a new lever ready in half an hour, and so confident was he that he urged us to go on. But the Prince did not echo the suggestion, and Mrs. Kidder proposed that we should have tea while we waited.

Though it was she who gave birth to the idea, it would have been Miss Destrey who did all the work, had not Terry and I offered such help as man can give. He went in search of water to fill the shining kettle; I handed round the biscuits and cakes, while the Prince looked on in the attitude of Napoleon watching the burning of Moscow.

We were as good as a circus to the inhabitants of Airole; nay, better, for our antics could be seen gratis. The entire population of the village, and apparently of several adjacent villages, collected round the two cars. They made the ring, and—we did the rest. We ate, we drank, and they were merry at our expense. The children wished also to eat at our expense, and when I translated (with amendments) a flattering comment on Mrs. Kidder's hair and complexion offered by an incipient Don Juan of five years, she insisted that all the spare pastry should be distributed among the juveniles. The division led to blows and tears which had to be quenched with coppers; while into the melee broke a desolate cry from Joseph, announcing that his lever was a failure. The Prince strode off to the blacksmith's shop, forgetful that he held a teacup in one hand and an eclair in the other. With custard dropping onto the red-hot bar which Joseph hammered, he looked so forlorn a figure that Terry was moved to pity and joined the group at the forge. He soon discovered what Joseph might have known from the first, had he not lived solely in the moment, like most other chauffeurs. The village forge was not assez bien outillee for a finished lever to be produced; the Prince's car must remain a derelict, unless we towed it into port.

We started on again, in the same order as before and at the same pace, followed by all our village proteges, who commented frankly upon the plight of the Prince, and the personal appearance of the whole party. At length, however, our moving audience dwindled. A mile or two beyond Airole the last, most enterprising boy, deserted us, and we thought ourselves alone in a twilight world. The white face of the moon peered through a cleft in the mountain, and our shadows crawled after us, large and dark in the grey ribbon of the road. But there was another shadow which moved, a small drifting shadow over which we had no control. Sometimes it was by our side for an instant as we crept up the hill, dragging our incubus, then it would fall behind and vanish, only to reappear again, perhaps on the other side of the road.

"What is that tiny black thing that comes and goes?" asked Mrs. Kidder.

"Why," exclaimed Miss Destrey, "I do believe it's the forlorn little dog that was too timid to eat from my hand in the village. He must have followed all this time."

"Do see if it is the same dog, Prince," Beechy cried to the tall, dark figure completing the tail of our procession.

A yelp answered. "Yes, it is he," called the Prince. "A mangy little mongrel. I do not think he will trouble us any longer."

Then a surprising thing happened. The Vestal Virgin rose suddenly in the car. "You have kicked him!" she exclaimed, the gentleness burnt out of her pretty voice by a swift flame of anger. "Stop the car, Mr. Barrymore—quickly, please. I want to get down."

Never had that Panhard of Terry's checked its career in less space. Out jumped Maida, to my astonishment without a word of objection from her relatives. "I will not have that poor, timid little creature frightened and hurt," I heard her protesting as she ran back. "How could you, Prince!"

Now, though the girl was probably no more than a paid companion, she was lovely enough to make her good opinion of importance to the most inveterate fortune hunter, and as Miss Destrey called, "Here, doggie, doggie," in a voice to beguile a rhinoceros, Dalmar-Kalm pleaded that what he had done had been but for the animal's good. He had not injured the dog, he had merely encouraged it to run home before it was hopelessly lost. "I am not cruel, I assure you. My worst troubles have come from a warm heart. I hope you will believe me, Miss Destrey."

"I should be sorry for your dog, or—your chauffeur," she answered. "He won't come back to be comforted, so I suppose after all we shall have to go on. But I shall dream of that poor little lonely, drifting thing tonight."

Hardly had she taken her seat, however, than there was the dog close to the car, timid, obsequious, winning, with his wisp of a head cocked on one side. We drove on, and he followed pertinaciously. Mildly adjured by the Countess to "go home, little dog," he came on the faster. Many adventures he had, such as a fall over a heap of stones and entanglement in a thorn-bush. But nothing discouraged the miniature motor maniac in the pursuit of his love, and we began to take him for granted so completely that after a while I, at least, forgot him. On we toiled with our burden, the moon showing silver into the dark mountain gorges, as if it were raining stars.

The further we burrowed into the fastnesses of the Roya, the more wild in its majestic beauty grew the valley, so famed in history and legend. The gorge had again become a mere wash in the rock, with room only for the road and the roaring river below. High overhead, standing up against the sky like a warning finger, towered the ancient stronghold of Piena, once guardian fortress of the valley; where the way curved, and crossed a high bridge spanning the torrent, we passed a tablet of gleaming bronze set against the rock wall, in commemoration of Massena's victory in an early campaign of Napoleon's against Italy. Sometimes we rushed through tunnels, where the noise of the motor vibrated thunderously; sometimes we looked down over sublime precipices; but the road was always good now, and we had no longer to fear side-slip.

(To be continued).

A MOTHER'S DUTY.

She Should Carefully Guard the Health of Her Growing Daughter—Her Future Happiness Depends Upon the Change from Girlhood to Womanhood.

Every mother should watch with the greatest care the health of her growing daughter. She is a girl today—tomorrow a woman. The happy health of womanhood depends upon this vital change from girlhood. When nature makes new demands upon her blood supply, you must build up her blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Her system is unequal to that strain if her back aches, if she is pale or thin, dull eyed or languid. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give her new, rich, red blood and tide her over the crisis. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will make her development perfect and regular—they will make her a strong, happy, graceful woman. Miss Enerine Vilandre, St. Germain, Que., says: "While attending school my health began to give way. I suffered from headaches and dizziness, my appetite left me, and I grew pale as a corpse. As the doctors did not help me any, my father got me a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had used two boxes there was an improvement, and when I had taken a half dozen I was again in perfect health. I believe all weak girls will find new health if they take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Thousands of growing girls, and thousands of women owe health and happiness to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They keep the blood rich and pure and regular. They banish headaches and sideaches and backaches, and they bring the rosy glow of perfect health to pale and sallow cheeks. But you must get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SACKVILLE

SACKVILLE, Jan. 29.—Rev. Mr. Beatty, who has been holding a series of special services in Main street Baptist church, preached his farewell sermon last evening to a large congregation. Rev. Dr. Watson filled the pulpit of the Methodist church Sunday morning.

Mrs. Bent, of British Columbia, is the guest of Mrs. Bliss Anderson.

Dr. Archibald's violin class will give a concert in Lingley Hall on March 2nd.

Miss Norton of Moncton is the guest of Miss Alice Phinney.

Mrs. George A. Wilson will be at home on Monday and Tuesday afternoons of this week, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Copp, Bridge street.

Miss Laura Smith, of Moncton, is spending a few days with Mrs. Charlie George, Upper Sackville.

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., have a painless constitutional remedy for Cancer & tumors that has cured many very critical cases. Send 6 cts. (stamps) for booklet if you are troubled with

CANCER.

WHAT A KISS TASTES LIKE

The greatest surprise to a girl who gets kissed the first time is there is no taste to it.—Pocahontas (Ark.) Times. No taste to it? Well, by the hen feathers on cupid's dart, but the Times man must be color blind in his palate. They tell us, those who have tried it, that it tastes like the double distilled essence of honey, spread thick on a piece of pumpkin pie. Away back in the dim joyful years of long ago before we lost our teeth and our cinch on the beauty prize, the prettiest girl in the world told us with her eyes that it felt like a covey of quail flying out of each ear and ended with a sensation like a flock of angels pouring molasses down one's back. No taste to the first kiss? Great Scott! It would make a wooden cigar Indian's hair curl and his toe nails quiver in ecstacy. The Times man must be an ice house.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

GREAT WEALTH OF 5000 MEN

Today it is computed that there are in the United States no fewer than seventy estates that average in value $35,000,000 each. There are ten private fortunes aggregating $2,000,000,000 — those, namely, of John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, Marshall Field, W. K. Vanderbilt, John Jacob Astor, J. P. Morgan, Russell Sage, J. J. Hill, Senator W. A. Clark and William Rockefeller. There are 400 fortunes aggregating $3,000,000,000, and 4,500 aggregating $10,000,000,000. Five thousand men in this country, whose aggregate wealth is estimated at $15,000,000,000, actually own, to say nothing of how much they control, nearly one-fifth of our entire national wealth in money, land, mines, buildings, industries, franchises and everything else of value, which sixth, if put into gold, would give them all of the yellow metal above ground in the world and leave more than $9,000,000,000 still owing them.—Harper's Weekly.

1-30th of the entire Quinine production of the World is consumed every year by the makers of Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets

"Cure a Cold in One Day." E. W. GROVE'S signature on box. 25c

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION

Annual Meeting of Canadian Society For Prevention of Tuberculosis to be Held in Ottawa.

The sixth annual meeting of the Canadian Association for the Prevention of Consumption and other forms of Tuberculosis will be held in the railway committee room of the house of commons on the 28th of March next. Hon. Senator Edwards will preside in the afternoon.

In the evening a public lecture will be delivered in the lecture hall of the Normal School by Dr. Arthur J. Richer of Montreal which will be illustrated with steriopticon plates showing the stages of consumption and some of the appliances now in use to check and cure the disease The chair will be taken in the evening by His Excellency, Earl Grey.

The following points and suggestions regarding the prevention of consumption which deserve the attention of everybody, are gathered from a recent article by Dr. Knopf, of New York, which is to be found in the medical Record of November 18th, 1905.

There are more cases of advanced tuberculosis to be treated than any other disease.

There is no disease where so much can be done to render the patient comfortable and hopeful as pulmonary tuberculosis in the advanced stage.

There is no disease where one case in a family can more readily become the cause of infection of other members particularly in the stage where the consumptive begins to be confined to the close association of the family members only.

It is extremely important to remember that advanced consumptive patients who are able to go about, perhaps able to work at their ordinary calling in the office or factory when ignorant or careless, constitute the greatest danger to the health of the community. They must be considered as the most frequent cause of infection. The careless, ignorant or helpless consumptive when confined to bed can do little more than infect his room, but the advanced patient able to follow some calling can, if he is careless, scatter 7,000,000,000 bacilli every day with the greatest ease.

Of all the tuberculosis patients, he should be the most carefully instructed and should be most deeply impressed with the fact that carelessness in the disposal of the sputum is dangerous to himself as well as to his neighbors.

As yet people generally have not been educated up to the point at which they are willing to carry and use a pocket flask or cardboard purse. Being desirous to conceal their condition, they are extremely reluctant to do anything which would call attention to their infirmity. Some way less likely to cause remarks must be found. Probably the best that can be done in the meantime is to suggest that tuberculosis men should have two pockets lined with some material which can be easily cleaned and that they should carry in one of these pockets very cheap handkerchiefs of bits of cheese cloth or other cheap material cut like handkerchiefs, which when used can be put into the other pocket and there kept until the close of the day when they can be easily destroyed or sterilized by boiling after their return home. In this way they can escape observation and at the same time secure their fellow-workmen and associates against danger. When so mple a precaution as this, and one so easily within the reach of every right thinking man is available, not to make use of it, would seem to be little less than criminal neglect.

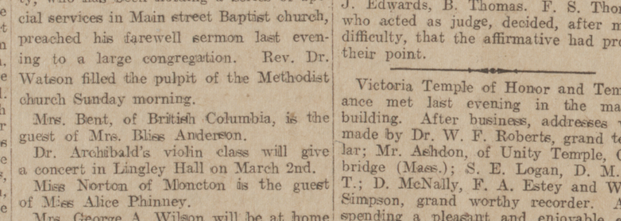
An interesting debate was held in the Portland Methodist church last evening, the subject being, "Resolved, that the present system of election is preferable to the old system of electing by districts or to that put forward by the citizens' league." The debaters were: Affirmative, M. E. Grass, leader; Dr. C. M. Pratt, A. Lingley; negative, T. A. Armour, leader; J. Edwards, B. Thomas. F. S. Thomas, who acted as judge, decided, after much difficulty, that the affirmative had proved their point.

Victoria Temple of Honor and Temperance met last evening in the market building. After business, addresses were made by Dr. W. F. Roberts, grand templar; Mr. Ashdon, of Unity Temple, Cambridge (Mass.); S. E. Logan, D. M. W. T.; D. McNally, F. A. Estey and W. C. Simpson, grand worthy recorder. After spending a pleasant and enjoyable evening the temple closed and the members adjourned to Breen's restaurant, where an oyster supper was served in honor of the guest of the temple, Mr. Ashdon, of Cambridge.

The annual meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of St. Stephen's church was held yesterday afternoon. Officers were elected as follows: President, Miss Grace W. Leavitt; vice-presidents, Mrs. Robert Thomson, Mrs. James L. Dunn, Mrs. Peter Campbell, Mrs. James Wilson, Mrs. J. H. Davidson, Mrs. T. Graham; recording secretary, Mrs. Wm. Gilchrist; treasurer, Miss M. Robertson; treasurer of Dorcas committee, Miss Jessie Campbell; delegates for local Council of Women, Miss Jessie Reed, Mrs. J. Collins, Mrs. T. Graham, Mrs. J. Davidson, Mrs. J. Wilson. The meeting was well attended. Plans for refurnishing the vestry were made.

John J. Bradley, of Westmorland Road, has purchased from J. M. F. Whiting his valuable freehold property, Nos. 38 and 40 Paddock street.

An absolutely pure smoking tobacco



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We have talked so strongly about "Fruit-a-tives" being a liver tonic, and curing Constipation and Biliousness, that some may think they are not for anything else. Well, they are. "Fruit-a-tives" are a grand, good tonic for the whole system. One "Fruit-a-tives" tablet three times a day, makes rich, red blood and firm flesh. The same daily treatment and a sensible diet takes away dyspepsia and gives you sound digestion, and good appetite. "Fruit-a-tives" clear the skin of pimples and blotches—make the complexion fresh and rosy. Get "Fruit-a-tives"—take them the right way—and see how you improve.

50c. a box. At all druggist.

COMPARITIVE STATEMENT

Of Butter, Cheese, Bacon and Hams Exported From Canada.

Following are the quantities and value of butter, cheese, bacon and hams exported from Canada during the years ending October 31st, 1905 and 1904:

	—1904— Quantity.	Value.
Butter	32,450,075	$ 5,982,857
Cheese	216,610,576	20,312,469
Bacon	119,232,250	11,871,868
Hams	2,759,622	290,238
		$38,457,432

	—1905— Quantity.	Value.
Butter	34,520,705	$ 7,010,799
Cheese	215,379,587	22,437,540
Bacon	113,770,011	12,179,288
Hams	4,284,004	479,750
		$42,107,387

Over 60 per cent. of the butter and about 20 per cent. of the cheese we manufactured is being consumed in the country, and as the great west (which does not at present pay much attention to dairying) is fast filling up, our shipments to that district are bound to increase, leaving us that much less to export.

The value of our exports of butter, cheese and bacon, which naturally go together, amount to $42,107,387, nine million dollars more than all the products of our forests, rough and manufactured, and fifteen million dollars more than all grain and grain products exported from the country.

A RIGHT WAY and A WRONG WAY

Many people have many ways to bring about the same result. Most of them are mistaken ways, but this is not known until the test of time points plainly to the error. Practically there are but two ways to accomplish anything; a right way and a wrong way. Take, for instance, a man with a bad back, there are lots of them, and of various kinds, some with stiches and twitches, others with cricks and twinges; then there's the dull, heavy continuous kind that lasts all day and doesn't sleep at night. They're all bad enough, they're all hard enough to get rid of. Some people rub the back with liniment, others cover it with plasters, either or both means often bring relief, but the pain comes back—it's the wrong way to cure the trouble.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

have a way to cure backache, a way that's all their own—the right way. They're made for the kidneys only. When the kidneys fail in their work of filtering the blood the back aches because they are situated in the small of the back; backache is the kidney's warning of trouble, and every day you let the warning go it brings you nearer to urinary disorders, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, etc.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure every form of kidney ills and that's why they bring such quick relief from bachache. Mr. Fred Gray, Good Corner, N.B., writes: "I was greatly troubled with pain across my back. I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, and received so much benefit from them that I consider them the best remedy for kidney trouble there is. I would not be without them in my house."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for $1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

U. S. VETERAN BARRED OUT

Boston, Jan. 30—Although he has served three enlistments under the flag of the United States, once in the navy, once in the regular army, and once as a volunteer, from each of which he received an honorable discharge, John J. Bowes will be refused admittance to the United States unless the immigration authorities receive assurance that he will not become a public charge.

Bowes is a native of Great Britain, and despite his military service here he has never been naturalized. He arrived at this port Jan. 19, and was detained on the ground that he might be a public charge. He was suffering from rheumatism and a bullet wound received while serving in the Philippines, which has never properly healed. The immigration officials here and at Washington are endeavoring to have Bowes admitted to a soldiers' home.

The officials here say that Bowes is not eligible for admission to this country, and will have to be deported unless some one guarantees to care for him.

Mr. Gaudet, of St. John diocesse, was, on Sunday last, ordained to minor orders by Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax.



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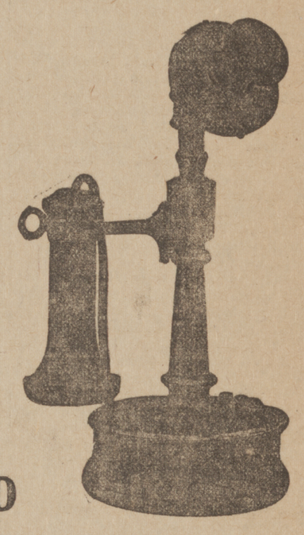
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ABERDEEN HOTEL. Home-like and attractive. A temperance house. Newly furnished and thoroughly renovated. Centrally located. Electric cars pass the door to and from all parts of the city Coach in attendance at all trains and boats Rates $1 to $1.50 per day. 18-20-22 Queen St., near Prince Wm. A. C. NORTHORP, Proprietor

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Stores Cor. Charlotte and Sydney and 423 Main St. N. E. POUND CAKE a Specialty. Plum, Cherry, Fruit and Sponge. All kinds of pastry made from the best of butter and eggs.

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SHORT LINE TO MONTREAL. Through Fast Express leaving Halifax at 8.00 a. m., St. John 6.05 p. m. daily, except Sunday. First and Second Class Coaches and Sleepers Halifax to Montreal.

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PACIFIC EXPRESS From Montreal every day at 9.40 a. m. for all points. CANADIAN NORTHWEST, KOOTENAY AND PACIFIC COAST.

This train carries First and Second Class Coaches and Palace Sleepers Also Tourist Sleeper EVERY. Sunday, Monday and Thursday.

Round Trip Rates to Colorado, California and N. P. Coast points quoted on application. Lowest rates apply.

Call on W. H. C. MACKAY, St John. N. B., or write to F. R. PERRY, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Atlantic Steamship Service

From Liverpool.	From St. John, N. B.
Jan. 16....	LAKE ERIE.....Feb. 3
Jan. 30....	LAKE MANITOBA.....Feb. 17
Feb. 13....	LAKE CHAMPLAIN....Mar. 3
Feb. 27....	LAKE ERIE.....Mar. 17
Mar. 13....	LAKE MANITOBA.....Mar. 31
Mar. 27....	LAKE CHAMPLAIN....Apr. 14
Apr. 10....	LAKE ERIE.....Apr. 28

FIRST CABIN.—To Liverpool, $47.50 and $50 and upwards, according to steamer.

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

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