MY FIRST CAPTURE

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

In the electric light I saw that it was not McGowan, though he was fitting a key into McGowan's front door. Then I remembered that all the McGowan's were away for the summer.

I stealthily approached. I leaped upon his shoulders.

"No resistance—you're my prisoner!"

"That's so," he grunted. "I'm it."

We marched towards the jail. I had been in office but a week, and was proud of my first capture. He seemed inclined to be sociable.

"Pleasant weather we're having now."

I agreed that it was warm for May.

"Great thing, these electric lights."

I assented to this, too, adding that they were a protection to honest people.

"Yes," he nodded, "the profession hasn't much show these days."

We were at the jail presently. I halted in the light corridor, and pushing open a door, stood aside for him to enter.

"This is your room. Hope you'll find it comfortable."

He looked about approvingly.

"Hm—southern exposure—head to the north—very nice, thank you."

"Glad you like it. Anything I can do further?"

"I rise early—suppose you have me called for my bath at seven."

I was going through his well made clothes. He was unarmed. His pockets contained a little—very little change, and a small bunch of antiquated keys.

"Couldn't do much with those keys," I commented.

"It is rather a poor outfit," he agreed. "Lucky I struck these free lodgings. I suppose I am good here till court sits."

"Yes—second week in September."

"Just fits in with my plans. I think I'll like it here first rate. Good night."

I went away grinning at his assurance. There was something free and western about it that appealed to me.

I rose early to have a look at him by daylight. I listened at his cell then called through the little grated window.

"Seven o'clock!" I said. "You wanted an early call!"

The cell was empty.

I began to have an uncanny feeling, and wasted no time in getting out into the morning sunshine. As I opened the door at the end of the corridor I saw that somebody was sitting on the step. He turned just then, and I recognized him. It was my guest of the night before.

"Good morning!" he greeted. "It was pleasant outside so I didn't wait for my call. I have been enjoying the sunrise."

I only stared at him.

"By the way, your locks are rather poor," he added. "You forgot to leave me a key last night, but it made no difference."

I pulled myself together.

Perhaps you'd better come in now," I suggested "and let me go over you again for those skeleton keys. I appreciate the fact that you didn't run away, and I want to treat you well, but business is business. I'm the new man here, and the public eye is upon me."

He returned to his cell quite willingly. There was literally nothing on his person that I could discover. I looked at him helplessly. He smiled—a pleasant, reassuring smile.

"Don't worry," he consoled; "I'm not likely to leave. I might go farther and fare worse."

He followed quite submissively to a cell across the way, where there was a lock of an altogether different pattern.

"I'll bring your breakfast down myself," I said. "Don't go, please, before I come," and went out, carefully locking the door.

Soon after I went to the window and looked down on the whole jail yard, in one corner of which was a vegetable garden. A man was weeding one of the beds. Then I stood stock still and stared. The man in the garden was my guest.

That was my weird summer.

I set myself now to solve this mystery—the secret of his power. When I locked him in his cell he showed no desire to leave it so long as I was near. Absent for a moment I would be likely to hear the lawn mower, and would look out to find him cutting grass.

I tried friendship. I had installed him as a harmless eccentric, helping me for his board. I now proceeded to make his stay pleasant. Books, pictures, a carpet and some furniture were placed in his quarters, and I invited him to my private table. His conversation was usually cultured and interesting, but gave me no clew as to his secret.

It was during the first week of September that the cashier of our local bank fell dead one morning, just before opening time. Then it was found that nobody else knew the combination of the safe—nobody but the president, who was somewhere in London or Paris.

Such a matter is of importance in a local town. I hurried over and saw the vice-president in his private office. I did not go into details. I merely told him that I had a fellow helping around the jail who seemed to know a good deal about locks. I added that of course I could not say as to his experience with combinations, and that he seemed to have a faculty for opening such locks as I had been able to offer him. Perhaps he could work the bank's combination without hurting the safe and save the expence of Chicago experts.

The vice-president was incredulous, but willing to let the fellow try. If he succeeded they would pay him something handsome. Of course it would be impossible. Their safe was one of the best. Even experts would doubtless use tools. Still, he might try.

Sands was picking beans when I found him—Sefton Sands was the name he had given me. He put down his pan to listen.

"I want you to do it, Sands—for me. The bank was against me in the election. I am likely to need them by and by."

"What make of safe is it?" he asked, as we hurried along.

I told him. He smiled.

"That's rather a different job from those toy locks of yours."

"But you'll do it!"

"I'll try. Stranger things have happened."

We had reached the bank by this time. Sands walked directly over to the safe, merely nodding to the vice-president. The banker's smile was a mixture of toleration and contempt.

"Well," he laughed, "I suppose you can open it?"

Sands laid his fingers on the lock and made no reply.

"Pretty good safe, eh?" sneered the banker.

Perhaps Sands was a bit annoyed.

"Oh, yes," he admitted, pleasantly. "Pretty good old bread box; but I wouldn't keep cookies in it, if I were you."

The banker flushed.

"Oh, you wouldn't! Well, I'll just give you a $100 bill if you open that old bread box!"

Perhaps Sands did not hear him. He was bending very close to the combination knob, beginning to turn it with his tapering, sentient fingers. Somehow we all became still, watching those marvellous fingers as if fascinated. The way they slipped and crept and hovered about the secret of that nickel disc wrought a spell of silence upon the little group of watchers. Something in it all suggested the cat stealing noiselessly upon its prey. It was almost hypnotic.

Presently the fingers hesitated, ceased. A wave of disappointment swept in upon me. A smile grew on the banker's face.

For an instant only—the cat had but gathered for the final spring. So fast the eye could not follow, the fingers sent the revolving dial spinning to the right. An instant's pause, and a second spinning, to the left—shorter this time. Then once more to the right—to the left—to the right—a slight clicking sound, and Sands stood facing us.

"Your safe is unlocked sir. I will allow you to open it."

* * * *

It was on the night before court opened that I went quietly down the corridor to his cell. His lamp was lit—but looking in I could not see him. Rather eagerly I unlocked the door. Sands' cell was empty, and a note lay under the shaded lamp.

Dear Sheriff, and friend:—It grieves me to go without saying good-bye, but I do not wish to embarrass you with further responsibility. As it is, your conscience may rest clear. I was not trying to enter that house last spring. I wished only to open the door of your acquaintance. For reasons I will not explain, my supply of funds was low and temporary seclusion desirable. I needed quiet summer retirement where I could complete certain plans and exchange light exercise for summer board. You have treated me like a gentleman, and in return I have only been able to keep your garden in order, and to oblige you in the little matter of the banker's safe, which, though having no wish to be in the public eye, I was willing to undertake at your request. The banker's reward will carry me to where I have reason to believe there is a piece of art work needed that is likely to pay very well. Please keep the little bunch of antiques—some people might call them keys—as a memento of our friendship. They were only intended to unlock your sympathy. Put with them, for contrast, the inclosed, from yours gratefully. SEFTON SANDS.

I shook the envelope and something fell out. It was a slender piece of steel wire, sharp at the ends, half-circular in form probably to fit some hiding place. It seemed very stiff, yet appeared to have been variously bent and straightened. I worked with it for an hour—bending, straightening and twisting it in the cell lock. It was of no avail in my clumsy fingers. I should have remained imprisoned through the ages had my release depended on that bit of steel.

A week later the papers were filled with accounts of the great burglary of the Metropolitan National. It was without parallel in the history of bank robberies. A tunnel requiring months to construct had culminated with a piece of lockwork of such surpassing skill that bankers, detectives and safe manufacturers were alike appalled. A vast sum of money had been obtained.

I read these accounts with interest, and rather guilty telegraphed Sands' description. Nothing came of it. The burglars were never captured, and my conclusion may have been quite absurd. Yet I have somehow always connected the affair of the Metropolitan National with the "piece of art work" referred to by Sefton Sands.

Don't Neglect a Cough or Cold

IT CAN HAVE BUT ONE RESULT. IT LEAVES THE THROAT or LUNGS, OR BOTH, AFFECTED.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP IS THE MEDICINE YOU NEED. . . . . .

It is without an equal as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Quinsy and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

A single dose of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will stop the cough, soothe the throat, and if the cough or cold has become settled on the lungs, the healing properties of the Norway Pine Tree will proclaim its great virtue by promptly eradicating the bad effects, and a persistent use of the remedy cannot fail to bring bout a complete cure.

Do not be humbugged into buying so-called Norway Pine Syrups, but be sure and insist on having Dr. Wood's. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cts.

Mrs. Henry Seabrook, Hepworth, Ont., writes; "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in our family for the past three years and I consider it the best remedy known for the cure of colds. It has cured all my children and myself."

PICTOU FIRE DOES MUCH DAMAGE

Pictou, March 24—(Special)—An alarm was sent in this morning for a fire in the upper part of a building owned and occupied by A. R. Lilly for his confectionery business. The flames spread to the adjoining building, owned by W. H. McLearn, gentlemen's furnishings, and used by him as a warehouse for storing goods.

The buildings were three stories and the fire was in the ceiling and hard to get at, but after an hour's work it was under control. A great deal of loss to this stock was caused by water as well as that done by the fire in the upper portion.

Lilly had $500 insurance on the building but none on the stock. McLearn's loss is understood to have been covered by insurance.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Cures a Cold in One Day. Cr6 in 2 Days

E. W. Grove on every box. 25c

SUDDEN DEATH OF ROBT. A. PAYNE

Former St. John Newspaper Man Succumbed at Home in Lincoln

Fredericton, N. B., March 25.—(Special) Robert A. Payne, a well known newspaper man, died quite suddenly at his home in Lincoln, Sunbury county, Saturday evening, from dropsy complicated with heart trouble. He had been in this city for the past six weeks assisting Dr. James Hannay with the legislative reporting and the nervous strain entailed by the work seemed to be more than his weakened constitution could stand.

Although his physical suffering must have been great he uttered no word or complaint and remained at his post until last Tuesday. A severe cold confined him to his hotel during the following days and on Friday afternoon he drove to his home in Lincoln. On Saturday he was unable to leave his room but seemed to be in good spirits and took his meals regularly.

The end came about 6:30 o'clock, just after he had partaken of a light supper, which had been carried to him by Mrs. Payne. She left the room to attend to some household duties and returned after ten minutes, to make the startling discovery that her husband had died during her absence. There was every indication that he had passed away without the sign of a struggle.

The sad news occassioned great regret in this city where deceased had many warm friends.

Mr. Payne had been associated with the daily papers of St. John for thirty years, and severed his connection with the Sun newspaper only a few months ago. He was widely known throughout the provinces and in his younger days was considered one of the best news gathe ers and general reporters St. John possessed and in later years he directed the Sun's news department with much ability and also wrote much editorially.

First a Druggist.

In his youth Mr. Payne, who was born on his father's farm at Lincoln, entered the drug business of George Hunt in Fredericton, where he served his apprenticeship. He proceeded to Boston, and, after gaining further experience, was appointed dispensing clerk to the Boston City Hospital, which position he held for a number of years. His first experience of newspaper work was gained during that period, and he wrote a number of special articles for Boston papers.

Returning to Fredericton in 1875 Mr. Payne was appointed correspondent of The Telegraph and his work in that connection met with such success that in the following year he was offered and accepted the position of night editor on The Telegraph staff.

In those days the staff consisted of the late William Elder, editor; James Hannay, associate editor; Robert A. Payne, news editor; Park A. Melville, city editor, and John Bowes, reporter.

In 1878, when the Sun newspaper was reorganized, and the property passed into the possession of W. H. Thorne and others, Mr. Payne became night editor of that journal under the late John Livingston. On the latters' retirement in 1883 he was advanced to the editorial chair, in which position he had Hon. G. E. Foster as associate editor. This arrangement continued until the appointment of S. D. Scott, who recently resigned. Mr. Payne remained with the Sun as news editor until last year when he retired from active preparation of the paper, and went to Ottawa as correspondent, in which capacity he reported the proceedings of the session of 1905, as he had done on several previous occasions. Since last session Mr. Payne had been engaged in special journalistic work, and on the opening of the provincial legislature was deputed to act as assistant to Dr. Hannay in preparation of the official reports.

During his lifetime Mr. Payne held two special appointments. While on the staff of this paper he acted as official reporter to the legislative council, which was afterwards abolished and was chosen as one of the staff representing Canada at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition held at Earls Court, London (Eng.)

Of Wide Knowledge.

From his long association with political questions in the handling of news the late Mr. Payne obtained a knowledge of parliamentary affairs second to none in this province, and was thoroughly versed in all questions of the day. He was eminently successful in his grasp of the essential facts to be embodied in a report and in this branch of newspaper work had few superiors.

The news of his death will be received with deep regret by the wide circle of friends and acquaintances with whom he came in touch during his long career as a newspaper man. Of a genial and kindly disposition he was ever ready to assist his younger brethren and to aid them in the profession which he loved and many a young man starting out in newspaper work in St. John has reason to hold Mr. Payne in kindly memory. He was hearty and cordial in manner and none who went to him for aid had cause to expect other than a pleasant reception and to receive the assistance wanted.

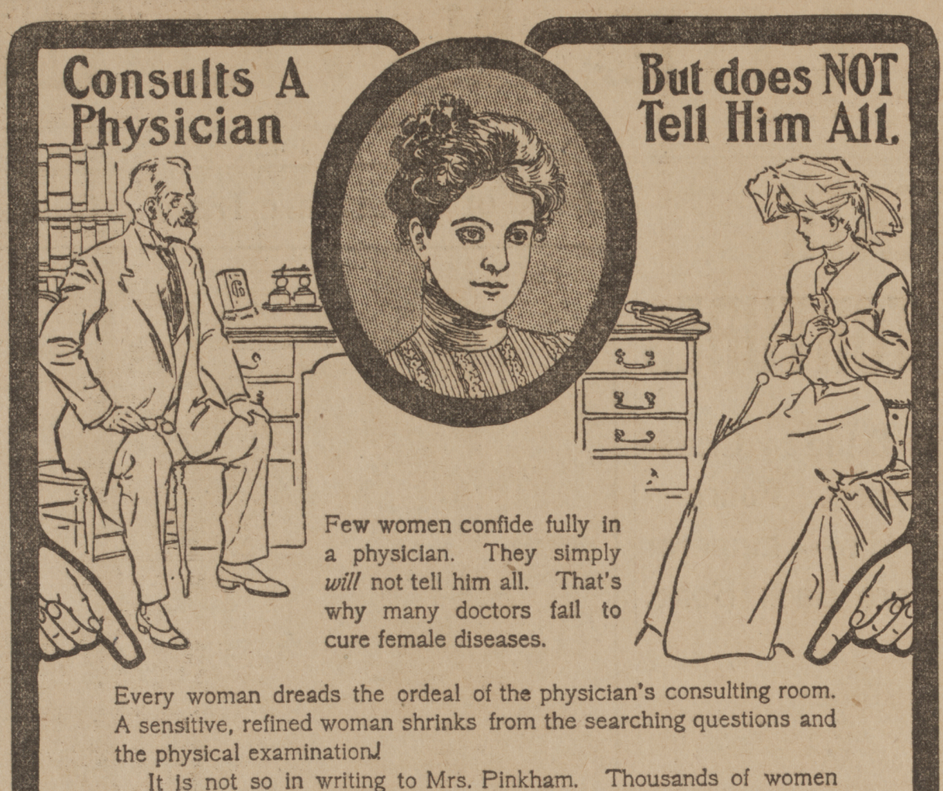
Mr. Payne was a bright conversationalist, possessed of a fund of anecdote, very apt in his application of a story. He enjoyed a keen appreciation of what was news and thoroughly knew the maritime provinces and particularly New Brunswick, and the way in which any particular piece of news was to be had in any section of the territory. His city knowledge was wide, he wrote well and with little effort and in all ways he was a valuable man in newspaper work. None who worked with him but will be sorry to hear of his death.

Deceased was aged sixty-three and leaves his wife, who is a daughter of the late Stephen Glasier, and three children—Fred A. Payne, of the St. John Star; Stephen A., cashier of the Dominion Express Co., St. John, and who is now ill at the home in Lincoln, and Miss Ella Payne. Deceased was a native of Fredericton and a cousin of Hon. A. G. Blair. His funeral will be at Lincoln at 2.30 o'clock this afternoon.

Well Known Halifax Woman Dead.

Halifax, N. S., March 25—(Special)—The wife of J. T. Twining, colonel of the 63rd Rifles, died today. She was a Miss Chipman, of Kentville. Last summer her son died as a result of an explosion of gunpowder with which he and companions were playing.

Oro P. King, M. P. P., of Sussex, was at the Royal Saturday.



Few women confide fully in a physician. They simply *will* not tell him all. That's why many doctors fail to cure female diseases.

Every woman dreads the ordeal of the physician's consulting room. A sensitive, refined woman shrinks from the searching questions and the physical examination.

It is not so in writing to Mrs. Pinkham. Thousands of women owe their present health and happiness (yes, and their good looks, too) to the fact that they have *told all* their physical troubles to Mrs. Pinkham and followed her advice and been cured of female diseases.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Cures more women every year than any other medicine in the world. If you are in doubt about your case, write in perfect confidence to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. You will receive in reply a personal letter of advice free. Mrs. Pinkham is daughter-in-law of Lydia Pinkham, and for twenty-five years under her direction, and since her decease, she has been advising sick women free of charge.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered intensely with suppressed periods and pain every month for years, and could get no relief from physicians' prescriptions or other medicine. I was advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and did so, and in a very short time the flow was regular, natural and without pain.

I am, indeed, a grateful, happy woman for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me.

ELLEN WALBY. Wellington Hotel, Ottawa, Ont.

Mrs. Hayes also profited by Mrs. Pinkham's advice.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Sometime ago I wrote you describing my symptoms (fibroid tumor) and asked your advice. You replied and I followed all your directions carefully and to-day am a well woman.

22 Ruggles St., Roxbury, Mass. MRS. E. F. HAYES.

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

BIG CHANCES FOR SETTLERS HERE

Geo. H. Ham of the C. P. R. in Town, Talks of Immigration Possibilities

Amongst the arrivals in St. John Saturday afternoon was Geo. H. Ham, of the Canadian Pacific Railway Co., who returned to Montreal on yesterday's steamship special. When seen by a representative of The Telegraph and questioned as to the influx of settlers he said:

"It would be difficult even to approximately estimate the number of settlers that will pour into western Canada this year. They are coming from all directions and they include all sorts and conditions of men—but generally speaking are of a splendid class and not without money. The fact is, that a good many of them are fairly well-to-do, and some rich.

"All the new comers are not going to the Northwest. Some of them are bound for Ontario, where they find farms or employment. The Ontario government is a pretty active agent in locating these people. You know there are a great many immigrants who are not exactly suited for the praries; they prefer an older settled part of Canada where they can learn something of our Canadian ways and customs before going west. Ontario gets between 20,000 and 30,000 of these every year and Quebec secures quite a number, but not nearly so many as Ontario."

"And New Brunswick?" asked the reporter.

"I really don't know," replied Mr. Ham, "but comparatively few, although I am told there is room for several thousand in the valley of the St. John alone. It seems to me that quite a number could be located there without any greater exertion than is now made by Ontario. With an influx of good farmers and complete equipment of your harbor, you can easily see that greater prosperity than you now enjoy would follow.

Western Cities Form Progress Clubs.

"St. John has many natural advantages, and its summer climate is unsurpassed by that of any other city anywhere. I needn't tell you that a doubled or trebled population means much to every property holder and every resident of the city. Out west they are forming what you might call progress clubs. Nelson (B. C.), with a population of about 8,000, has formed a "Twenty Thousand Club," and Vancouver, with about as many people as you have, has a "Hundred Thousand Club." Nearly everybody joins, chips in a small fee and the money is judiciously spent in advertising the resources of the city and the territory around it. The results are excellent. Don't make it appear that I am telling the people of St. John what they should do; I am merely mentioning what others are doing to promote the growth and prosperity of their cities.

"The west will be visited by several press associations next summer—a couple from the United States and one from Ontario, and probably a small one from Great Britain. These newspaper men do good work in making widely known the advantages and the opportunities which the west offers. I don't suppose you could get many settlers from the States or from upper Canada, but Great Britain, Denmark and northern Europe should be splendid fields in which to spread the gospel of St. John.

"The Canadian Pacific is kept pretty busy building new lines and extending old ones. The tourist traffic is increasing enormously, for the Canadian Rockies are a wonderful magnet in drawing people. The C. P. R. hotels in the mountains are being enlarged and the new hotels at Winnipeg and Victoria will rank amongst the best in the world. Yes, this is the C. P. R.'s busy time."

Damp Spring Weather Ruinous to Health

Causes Weakness, Headaches and Feeling of Unrest; the Cure is Simple.

That peculiar weakness so common in the spring, is demoralizing to body and mind alike.

Stupid, absent-minded and dull,—You feel the need of a stimulating tonic.

To impart quickness and great vitality to the entire system nothing acts like Ferrozone.

In a short time it makes you look fit and fine, creates a feeling of youth and strength that's surprising.

Ferrozone revives and braces the sickly because it nourishes and builds up the organs that are weak. As a spring tonic, appetizer and blood strengthener it is unequaled.

A well known resident of Utopia, Ont., Mr. H. H. Postle, writes: "From long experience I am convinced that everyone requires medicine in the spring. As a rule the blood is thin and impure and the whole system is congested with poisons that should be carried off. I use Ferrozone because it clears up the system, gives you an appetite and makes you sleep well. One winter I had serious palpitation of the heart, nervous headaches, and an extreme tired feeling. Sleep was not restful and by spring I was in bad shape. I took six boxes of Ferrozone and was made the picture of health."

Ferrozone makes permanent cures. Absolutely safe because it is purely vegetable and contains no alcohol. Concentrated cure in tablet form,—that's Ferrozone, 50c. per box or six boxes for $2.50 at all dealers or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn, U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

CANADA'S TRADE WITH UNITED STATES OVER $200,000,000 in 1905

Increased $114,000,000 in Past Ten Years—Imports Were $140,000,000 Last Year.

Washington, March 25—Trade of the United States with Canada in the fiscal year 1905, aggregated $202,999,213, against $89,429,096 in 1895, according to a bulletin issued by the department of commerce and labor. It shows that in the twenty years from 1875 to 1895 our trade with Canada increased $27,000,000 and from 1895 to 1905 it increased $114,000,000. The larger portion of this growth has been on the export side. The imports increased from $27,867,615 in 1875 to $62,469,632 in 1905, and exports advanced from $34,547,219 in 1875 to $140,529,581 in 1905.

Saturday was the 78th anniversary of the birth of Charles A. Everett. In the evening friends assembled at his residence, No. 11 Orange street, to tender congratulations. It was a very happy occasion.

CHARLOTTE COUNTY MAN FATALLY INJURED

Vernon Turner, of Bayside, Has Fractured Skull as Result of Foolish Trick—Sudden Death of Mrs. Herbert Dinsmore.

St. Stephen, N. B., March 26.—(Special)—Fire this forenoon started on the roof of Parker Hanson's house on Elm street, but was subdued by the firemen with damage by fire and wather amounting to about $200.

Mrs. Herbert Dinsmore died this afternoon from shock attending childbirth. She was a daughter of the late Robert Maxwell and is survived by her husband and a son, about four years of age.

Vernon Turner, a prominent farmer at Bayside, was brought to Chipman Memorial Hospital last evening with a fractured skull. He was operating a gasoline wood sawing machine in his yard when the belt slipped off. Instead of stopping the engine he undertook to replace the belt with the aid of a peavy. The peavy caught in the driving wheel and its handle crashed down on his forehead, the bone being badly shattered. He is still alive but the chances are against his recovery.

PARISIAN ARRIVED AT HALIFAX SATURDAY

Had 792 Passengers of a Superior Class—Sailed for St. John Yesterday With Big Cargo.

Halifax, N. S., March 25.—(Special)—The Allan liner Parisian arrived on Saturday afternoon from Liverpool with the mails. She brought 792 passengers and sailed today for St. John with a very large cargo.

The Sardinian also arrived on Saturday, bringing 334 passengers. She sailed for Boston.

It was exactly one year to the day, as she came up the harbor, since the Parisian collided with the Hamburg-American steamer Albano. The immigrants arriving by the Sardinian are chiefly Scottish and English and are of a superior class.

SENATOR McGREGOR NOW SLATED FOR NOVA SCOTIA'S GOVERNOR

Ottawa, March 25.—(Special)—No appointment has yet been made of lieutenant governor for Nova Scotia. It is learned on pretty good authority that Senator McGregor, of Pictou, will be appointed to the position. It is likely that the order will be put through at tomorrow's meeting of the cabinet.

Get My Free Book — Rheumatism

It tells about Rheumatism, about the causes, the way to live to avoid and free the system of rheumatic poisons—even in desperate cases—with

DR. SHOOP'S RHEUMATIC TABLETS

Dr. Shoop Racine Wis. Sold By Druggists.

BIG G CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

MEN AND WOMEN. Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles $2.75. Circular sent on request.

STEAMSHIPS

DONALDSON LINE

—BETWEEN—

Glasgow and St. John

Winter Service, 1906.

From Glasgow.	From St. John.
Feb. 24 S. S. Tritonia	Mar. 17
Mar. 3 S. S. Salacia	Mar. 24
Mar. 10 S. S. Alcides	Mar. 31
Mar. 17 S. S. Kastalia	April 7
Mar. 24 S. S. Athenia	April 12
Mar. 31 S. S. Concordia	April 21

(Completes winter sailings.)

Freight and passage rates furnished on application to the following agents:
Donaldson Brothers . . . . . Glasgow
Robert Reford Co., Ltd. . . . . Montreal
SCHOFIELD & CO., LTD., St. John.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Atlantic Steamship Service

From Liverpool.	From St. John, N. B.
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.

SECOND CABIN.—To Liverpool, $40: London, $42.50.

THIRD CLASS.—To Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Belfast, Londonderry, and Queenstown, $26.50. From Liverpool, London or Londonderry to St. John, $27.50 To and from all other points at equally low rates.

ST. JOHN TO LONDON.

S.S Montrose, April 7, Second-class only.
S. S. Mount Temple, April 10th. Third Class only.

Rates same as via Liverpool.

For Tickets and further information apply to
W. H. C. MACKAY, St. John, N. B.
or write.
F. R. PERRY, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

LOW RATE

Second-class tickets on sale daily, Feb. 15th to April 7th, 1906, inclusive, from St. John, N. B.,

To Vancouver, B. C. Victoria, B. C. New Westminster, B.C. Seattle & Tacoma, Wash Portland, Ore.	$56.40
To Nelson, B. C. Trail, B. C. Rossland B. C. Greenwood, B. C. Midway, B. C.	53.90

Proportionate Rates from and to other points. Also rates to points in COLORADO, IDAHO, UTAH, MONTANA and CALIFORNIA.

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.

The dining car service betwween Montreal and Sherbrooke, which has been in effect during the winter season, is now cancelled.

HOTELS

ROYAL HOTEL, 41, 43 and 45 King Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.
RAYMOND & DOHERTY, Proprietors
W. B. RAYMOND. H. A. DOHERTY.

VICTORIA HOTEL, King Street, St. John, N.B.
Electric Elevator and all Latest and Modern Improvements.
D. W. McCORMICK, Prop.

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

The DUFFERIN.
E. LeROI WILLIS, Prop.
KING SQUARE, St. John, N. B.

CLIFTON HOUSE,
74 Princess Street and 141 and 143 Germain Street,
ST JOHN N. B.
W. ALLAN BLACK, Proprietor.

NEW VICTORIA.
Parties returning from the country for winter will find excellent rooms and accommodation at this Hotel, at moderate rates. Modern conveniences. Overlooks harbor. On street car line. Within easy reach of business centre.
248 and 258 Prince William Street
ST. JOHN, N. B.
J. L. McCOSKERY. Proprietor.

Prince Royal Hotel,
113-115 PRINCESS STREET.
Centrally located. Cars pass the door every five minutes. Few minutes walk from Post Office.
MRS. C. GLEASON, Prop.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

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



Wood's Phosphodine,
The Great English Remedy.
A positive cure for all forms of Sexual Weakness, Mental and Brain Worry, Emissions, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, Effects of Abuse or Excess, all of which lead to Consumption, Infirmity, Insanity and an early grave. Price $1 per pkg., six for $5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain package on receipt of price. Write for Pamphlet.
BEFORE AND AFTER
The Wood Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario.