My Friend the Chauffeur.

By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON,

Authors of

..THE..

Lightning Conductor

..THE..

Princess Passes,

ETC.

(Continued).

"I suppose so," replied Mrs Kidder who invariably frowned when addressed as "Cousin Kathryn," and brightened faintly if spontaneously Kittied. "We 've been here more than a week, and seen all the Nice and Monte Carlo sights, thanks to the Prince.There's nothing to keep us, although it will be all we can do to get off so soon."

"Why be hurried, Countess?" with a shrug of the shoulder half-turned from me.

"Well, I don't know," Her eyes wandered to mine. "But it suits Sir Ralph to leave then. I guess we can manage it."

"Where will you go?" inquired Dalmar-Kalm. "I might be able to join you somewhere en route."

"Well, that's one of the things we have n't quite settled yet," replied Mrs. Kidder. "Almost anywhere will suit me. We can just potter a-round. It's the automobiling we want. You know, this is our first time in Europe, and so long as we're in pretty places, it's much the same to us."

"Speak for yourself, Mamma," said Beechy. "Maida and I want to see the Lake of Como, where Claude Melnotte had his palace."

"Oh, my, yes! In 'The Lady of Lyons.' I do think that's a perfectly sweet play. Could we go there, Sir Ralph?"

"I must consult my chauffeur," said I, cautiously. "He knows more about geography than I do. He ought to; he spends enough money on road-maps to keep a wife, Eh, Terry?"

"There are two ways of driving to the lakes from here," he said, with a confidence which pleased me. "One can go coasting along the Italian Riviera to Genoa, and so direct to Milan; or one can go through the Roya Valley, either by Turin, or a short cut which brings one eventually to Milan."

"'Milan!" exclaimed Miss Destrey, with a rapt look. "Why, that's not very farm from Verona, is it? And if it's not far from Verona, it can't be so far from Venice. Oh, Beechy, think of seeing Venice!"

"It would be easy to go there," Terry said, showing too much eagerness to fall in with a whim of the poor relation's; at least such was my opinion until, with a glint of mischief in his eyes, he added, "If we went to Venice, Countess, it would be very easy to run on if you liked, into Dalmatia and see the new estate which you told us you thought of buying, before you actually made up your mind to have it."

It was all I could do to stfangle a chuckle at birth. Good old Terry! Even he was not above taking a neat revenge; and the Prince's face showed how neat it was. Could it be possible that the estate in Dalmatia which carried with it a title, had any resemblance to Claude Melnotte's in that "sweet" play, "The Lady of Lyons?" I could scarcely believe that, much as I would have liked to; but it was clear he would have preferred to have the American millionairess take the beauties of her new possessions for granted.

"Oh, I have made up my mind already. I made it up before we arrived here," said the Countess.

"She mare it up in the train coming from Paris," corrected Beechy, "because she had to decide what name to register, and whether she'd have the crown put on her handkerchiefs and her baggage. But she had to cable to our lawyer in Denver before she could get money enough to pay what the Prince wanted in advance, and the answer only came back this morning."

"And what does the lawyer say?" asked the Prince, flushing, and with a strained playfulness contradicted by the eager light in his eyes.

"Just guess," said Beechy, all her imps in high glee.

"Lawyers are such dry-as-dust persons," remarked His Highness, hastily lifting his glass to toss off the last of the Romanee Conti. "If he is a wise man who studies his client's interests, he could not advise Madame against taking a step by which she ascends to a height so advantageous, but—"

"Oh, he said yes," cried Mrs. Kidder, clinging to her Countesshood.

"And he put after it, 'If you will be a fool,'" added Beechy. "But he'll have to pay for that part of the cable himself."

"He is my late husband's cousin," explained Mrs. Kidder, "and he takes liberties sometimes, as he thinks Simon would not have approved of everything I do. But you needn't tell everything, Beechy."

"Let's talk about Venice," said Miss Destrey with a lovely smile, which seemed all the more admirable as she had given us so few. "I have always longed to see Venice."

"But you didn't want to come abroad, you can't say you did," remarked Beechy the irrepressible, resenting her cousin's interference, as a naughty boy resents being torn from the cat to whose tail he has been tying a tin can. "And I know why you didn't!" She too had a taste for revenge!

Miss Destrey blushed—I wondered why; and so, no doubt, did Terry wonder. (Had she by chance been sent abroad to forget an unfortunate attachment?)

"You wanted to stay with the Sisters," Beechy took advantage of the other's embarrassed silence to go on. "And you hardly enjoyed Paris at all, although everybody turned to look after you in the streets."

"Well, now that I have come, I should enjoy seeing the places I've cared most to read about in history or poetry," said Miss Destrey quickly, "and Venice is one of them."

"Maida has lived more in books than she has in real life," remarked Miss Beechy with scorn. "I know a lot more about the world than she does, although I am only—only—"

"Thirteen," finished the Countess. "Beechy darling, would you like to have some more of those marrons glaces? They aren't good for you, but just this once you may, if you want to. And oh, Sir Ralph, I should love to see my new estate. It's a very old estate really, you know, though new to me; so old that the castle is almost a ruin; but if I saw it and took a great fancy to the place, I might have it restored and made perfectly elegant, to live in sometimes, mightn't I? Just where is Schloss (she pronounced it 'Slosh') what you may-call-it? I never can say it properly?"

"Schloss Hrvoya is very far down in Dalmatia—almost as far east as Montenegro," replied the Prince. "The roads are extremely bad, too. I do not think they would be feasible for an automobile, especially for Sir Ralph Moray's little twelve-horse-power car carrying five persons."

"I differ from you there Prince," Terry argued, looking obstinate. "I have never driven in Dalmatia, although I've been to Fiume and Abbazzia; but I have a friend who went with his car, and he had no adventures which ladies would not have enjoyed. Our principal difficulty would be about petrol; but we could carry a lot, and have supplies sent to us along the route. I'll engage to manage that—and the car."

"Then it's settled that we go," exclaimed Mrs. Kidder, clapping two dimpled hands covered with rings. "What a wonderful trip it will be."

I could see that the Prince would have liked to call Terry out, but he was too wise to dispute the question further; and a dawning plan of some kind was slowly lightening his clouded eye.

My wish was granted at last; something was settled. And later, strolling on the terrace, I contrived to put all that was left upon a business basis.

Never had man a better friend than Terence Barrymore has in me; and my whole attention on the way home was given to making him acknowledge it.

IV.

A CHAPTER OF HUMILIATIONS.

After all, we did not start on the day after tomorrow. Our luncheon had been on Tuesday. On Wednesday a note came, sent by hand from Mrs. Kidder, to say that she could not possibly be ready until Friday, and that as Friday was an unlucky day to begin any enterprise, we had better put off starting until Saturday. But I must not "think her changeable, as she really had a very good reason;" and she was mine "Cordially, Kathryn Stanley Kidder-Dalmar."

Having first stated that she could not be ready, and then added her reason was good, I naturally imagined there was more in the delay than met my eye. My fancy showed me the hand of Prince Dalmar-Kalm, and I firmly believed that each finger of that hand, to say nothing of the thumb, was busily working against us.

All Thursday and Friday I expected at any moment to receive an intimation that, owing to unforeseen circumstances (which might not be explained) the Countess and her party were unable to carry out the arrangement they had entered into with us. But Thursday passed and nothing happened. Friday wore on towards evening, and the constant strain upon my nerves had made me irritable. Terry, who was calmly getting ready for the start as if there were no cause for uncertainty, chaffed me on my state of mind, and I rounded upon him viciously, for was not all my scheming for his sake?

I was in the act of pointing out several of his most prominent defects, and shedding cigarette ashes into his suit case as he packed, when Felicite appeared with a letter.

"It's from her!" I gasped. "And — she's got her coronet. It's on the envelope, as large as life."

"Which means that she's ready," said the future chauffeur, examining a suit of overalls.

"Don't be so cocksure," said I, opening the letter. "Hum—ha—well, yes, it does seem to be all right, if you can ever judge a woman's intentions by what she says. She wants to know whether the arrangement stands, that we're to call for them at ten o'clock tomorrow morning, and whether we're to go rain or shine. I'll scratch off a line in answer, and say yes—yes—yes, to everything."

I did so with a trembling hand, and then gave myself up to the weakness of reaction. Upon Felicite fell the task of doing my packing, which consisted in cramming a suit of flannels, my evening things, and all the linen it would hold without bursting asunder, into a large, fitted suit-case. Terry had a suit-case too, five times better than mine (Irishmen in debt always do have things superior to those of everyone else); we had motor-coats, and enough guide-books and road-maps to stock a small library; and when these were collected we were ready for the Great Adventure.

When Terry visits me at the Chalet des Pins, he keeps his car at a garage in Mentone. His habit has been to put up his chauffeur close by this garage, and telephone when he wants to use the car; but the chauffeur was paid off and sent away ten days ago, at about the time when Terry decided that the automobile must be sold. He had not been in spirits for a drive since, until the fateful day of the advertisement, but immediately after our luncheon with the Countess he walked down to the garage and stayed until dinner time. What he had been doing there he did not deign to state; but I had a dim idea that when you went to call on a motor-car in its den, you spend hours on your back bolting nuts, or accelerating silencers, or putting the crank head (and incidentally your own) into an oil bath; and I supposed that Terry had been doing these things. When he returned on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, spending several hours on each occasion, I went on supposing the same; but when at nine o'clock on Saturday morning he drove up to the garden gate after another trip to Mentone, I had a surprise.

Terry had almost bitten off my head when I had innocently proposed to have his car smartened up to suit the taste of the Countess; but, without saying a word to me, he had been at work improving its appearance.

"She" (as he invariably calls his beloved vehicle) was dressed in grey as before, but it was fresh, glossy grey, still smelling of turpentine. The tyres were new, and white, and a pair of spare ones were tied onto the motor's bonnet, which looked quite jaunty now in its clean lead-colored paint.

The shabby cushions of the driver's seat and tonneau had been re-covered also with grey, and wherever a bit of brass was visible it glittered like pure gold.

At the sound of the Panhard's sob at the gate, Felicite and I hurried down the path, armed with two coats and suit-cases, there to be surprised by the rejuvenated car, and dumbfounded by a transformed Terry.

"Mon Dieu, comme il est beau, comme ca," cried my domestic miracle worker, lost in admiration of a tall, slim, yet athletic figure, clad from head to foot in black leather. "Mais—mais ce n'est pas comme il faut pour un Milord."

"Why, Terry," exclaimed I, "I never thought—I never expected—I'm hanged if you're not a real professional. It's awfully smart, and very becoming—never saw you look better in your life. But it's—er—a kind of masquerade, you know. I'm not sure you ought to do it. If Inisfallen saw you like that, he'd cross you out of his will."

"He's dead certain to have done that already. When I engaged as your chauffeur I engaged as your chauffeur and I intend to look the part as well as act it. I want this car to be as smart as it can which unfortunately is n't saying much, and towards that end I've been doing my best these last three or four days. She is n't bad, is she?"

"From being positively plain, if not ugly, she has become almost a beauty." I replied. But I thought you were determined to preserve her from the sin of vanity? Why this change of wind?"

"Well, I could n't stand Dalmar-Kalm running her down," Terry confessed rather sheepishly. "There was so litle time, that half the work on her I've done myself."

"That accounts then, for your long and mysterious absences."

"Only partly. I've been working like a navvy, at a mechanic's shop, fagging up a lot of things I knew how to do on principle, but had seldom or never done with my own hands. I was always a lazy beggar, I'm afraid, and it was better fun to smoke and watch my man Collet making or fitting in a new part than to bother with it myself. This will be my first long trip 'on my own,' you see, and I don't want to be a duffer, especially as I myself proposed going down into Dalmatia, where we may get into no end of scrapes."

(To be continued).

ONLY A Common Cold

BUT IT BECOMES A SERIOUS MATTER IF NEGLECTED. PNEUMONIA, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH or CONSUMPTION IS THE RESULT.

Get rid of it at once by taking

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

Obstinate coughs yield to its grateful soothing action, and in the racking, persistent cough, often present in Consumptive cases, it gives prompt and sure relief. In Asthma and Bronchitis it is a successful remedy, rendering breathing easy and natural, enabling the sufferer to enjoy refreshing sleep, and often effecting a permanent cure.

We do not claim that it will cure Consumption in the advanced stages, but if taken in time it will prevent it reaching that stage, and will give the greatest relief to the poor sufferer from this terrible malady.

Be careful when purchasing to see that you get the genuine Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark.

Mr. Wm. O. Jenkins, Spring Lake, Alta., writes: "I had a very bad cold settled on my lungs. I bought two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup but it only required one to cure me. I have never met with any other medicine as good."

Price 25 cts., at all dealers.

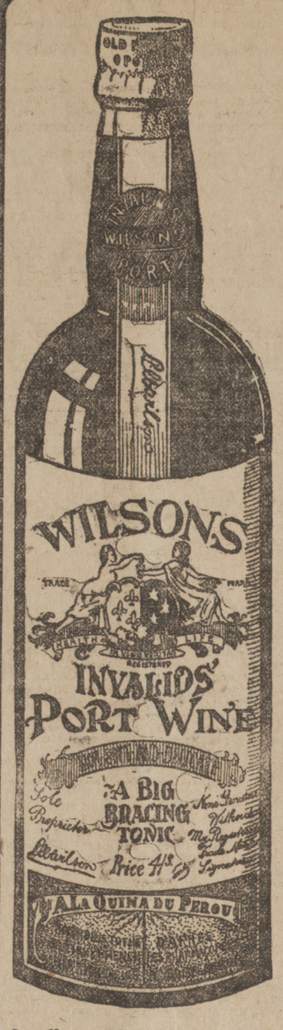
BRET HARTE A JEW

H. W. Boynton, author of "Bret Harte," in the McClure-Phillips "Contemporary Men of Letters Series," declares that the most minute search of all documents and inquiries among persons who knew Bret Harte, have not enabled him to fix definitely the rumors of Harte's Jewish ancestry. Clement Shorter, editor of the Sphere, takes issue with Mr. Boynton and declares there is no doubt about the matter. He writes to an enquirer: "I may state that my final authority for Mr. Bret Harte's Jewish origin is his daughter, Miss Ethel Bret Harte, for whom a fund was recently raised in London. Bret Harte in his family circle recalled as a smart boy being taken to see the old grandfather, who was a very strict Jew and never forgave his son for marrying a Christian."

CONSTITUTIONAL CURE FOR CANCER.

Painless, can be used in your own home without anyone knowing it. Send 6 cts (stamps) for particulars. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

The city committee on the Mowry Safety Nut Company's agreement had a further meeting last evening to consider the draft as now revised by the recorder. It is expected that at the next meeting the committee will be in a position to make a recommendation to the council.



Leading Chemist of the Laboratory of Practical Sciences, writes as follows:

I hereby certify that "WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT" is a wine of good quality, agreeable to taste, and that the medicinal properties of Quinquina which it contains, make it a powerful tonic.

L. Mirier

Paris. *Chemist.*

35a

LYING IN STATE IN CITY HALL

Hon. Raymond Prefontaine's Body Reached Montreal Last Night--Funeral on Thursday.

Montreal, Jan. 23.—(Special)—The special train from Halifax, bearing Hon. Mr. Prefontaine's body, arrived at Bonaventure station tonight at 8 o'clock and now all that is mortal of the lamtented minister lies in state in the city council chamber at City Hall, where for several years he presided as chief magistrate.

An immense crowd gathered at the station to pay a token of respect to one who was known by almost every citizen from Maisonneuve to Hochelaga. The police with great difficulty kept the crowd from completely blocking the approaches. The train was an hour late and another set back of three-quarters of an hour was caused by delay of the train bringing the government party from Ottawa. As soon as Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his ministers arrived the casket was borne down the long platform by blue jackets from the battleship Dominion and deposited in a hearse standing under guard of soldiery at the main entrance.

Following the casket came many prominent citizens, deputations from city council, political clubs, etc., and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. Messrs. Aylesworth, Brodeur, Paterson, Fisher, Emmerson, Lemieux and Scott.

Along the route to city hall were thousands of citizens and a great crowd had gathered in front of the building. The council chamber was draped in black, yellow and purple and was a veritable bower of flowers. The casket was placed on a bier immediately in front of a dais formed by means of the mayor's chair, with the inscription, "Requiescat in pace," immediately above.

The body will lie in state tomorrow and will be continuously in charge of relays from the 5th Royal Scotts. The funeral will take place on Thursday morning to St. James cathedral and thence to the cemetery at Cote Desneiges.

McCALL HAS SOLD HIS SUMMER HOME

It Cost $600,000 When First Built and Has Been Sold for $350,000.

New York, Jan. 23—John A. McCall, former president of the New York Life Insurance Company, parted today with the summer palace he erected and furnished at Long Branch at an expense of $600,000.

The place was sold to Myron H. Oppenheim, a lawyer. The purchase was made for a client who is not now in this country.

The purchase price was in the neighborhood of $350,000—little more than half the sum expended by Mr. McCall upon the place.

BIG PLANS FOR ANOTHER LINE

Mackenzie and Mann Building Links of a Transcontinental Road--Short Line to Ottawa.

Ottawa, Jan. 23.—(Special)—C. W. Spencer says that according to the plans of MacKenzie & Mann, Ottawa is not only to be on the main line of the transcontinental but will be directly connected with the system between Montreal and Toronto, at the same time having a short line to Quebec by way of Hawkesbury and Garneau Junction.

It is also the intention to extend the line up the Ottawa Valley and connect at or near Sudbury with the James Bay Railway, now in course of construction.

"We will start the first of May," Mr. Spencer stated, "to build our line between Hawkesbury and Ottawa and Hawkesbury and Montreal. There are no great difficulties in construction to be encountered and the system should be in Ottawa by fall. The road between Hawkesbury and Montreal will be an air line, making the shortest route between Montreal and Ottawa.

"There will also be constructed a short line between Ottawa and Quebec by way of Hawkesbury and Garneau Junction and later on we will extend the line up the Ottawa Valley. Construction work on the James Bay Railway between Toronto and Sudbury is well advanced and at the latter place connection will be made with the one to be built up the valley.

"In many parts of the country we are building portions of the main or branch line and the intention is when these are fully in operation to establish the connecting link by building from Lake Superior west, thus making the Canadian Northern system eventually a transcontinental railway in the same acceptance as the Canadian Pacific.

"Many sections are being built in the far west. Construction work is going ahead in Ontario, the Quebec section will be under way this year, we are building or control several lines down east and all these will be a component part of or act as feeders to the transcontinental system."

The James Bay Railway, one of the Mackenzie & Mann systems, will be opened for traffic between Toronto and Parry Sound on June 1st and through to Sudbury on Sept. 1st. The James Bay line parallels the famous Muskoka Lakes and passengers will be delivered at three points along them, thus affording a splendid and most direct connection with the summer resorts.

SON ARRESTED FOR BURGLARY

Chatham, N.B., Jan. 23—(Special)—William Coulson, who was arrested Saturday on a charge of breaking into W. R. Gould's jewelry store on the night of January 9, and appropriating goods and cash, was examined yesterday before the police magistrate and sent to Newcastle today to await trial.

After Dennis Gould's evidence was heard he was also arrested and sent up for trial, but is now out on bail. W. R. Gould said he was satisfied with his son's management of his business during his absence and did not know at whose instigation he had been arrested.

SICK KIDNEYS

Mean Aching Backs and Sharp Stabbing Pains that Make Life Almost Unendurable.

An aching, breaking back, sharp stabs of pain—that is kidney trouble. The kidneys are really a spongy filter—a human filter to take poison from the blood. But sick, weak kidneys cannot filter the blood properly. The delicate human filters get clogged with impurities, and the poison is left in the system to cause backaches, headaches, rheumatism, dropsy and fatal inflammation. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the one sure cure for sick kidneys. They make new, rich blood, which flushes them clean and gives them strength for their work. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills set the kidneys right, and make lame,aching backs strong and well. Mr. George Johnson, of the village of Ohio (N. S.), says: "My son, now eighteen years old, suffered from kidney trouble and severe pains in the back, which caused him many a sleepless night. We tried several medicines, but they did not help him, and he grew so weak that he could not do the work that falls to the lot of a young boy on a farm. We were advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this was the first medicine that reached the cause of the trouble. He took the pills for a couple of months,when every symptom of the trouble was gone, and he was as healthy as any boy of his age. I am satisfied Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure kidney trouble in its most severe forms."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new rich blood. In that way they strike at the root of anaemia, indigestion, kidney trouble, liver complaint, erysipelas, skin diseases, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, and the special ailments of growing girls and women whose health depends upon the richness and regularity of their blood. The genuine pills have the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box, and may be had from all dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

D. P. Flannery has returned from New York.

COAL.

An Open Grate Fire.

Next to a fire of Rock Maple Wood in the big, old-fashioned fire-place is an open grate fire of Old Mine Sydney Coal.

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

And the best of it is that the Old Mine Sydney ash is heavy and does not blow about the room and settle on the polished furniture, etc.

Selected genuine Old Mine Sydney is now being delivered by Gibbon & Co. The gold seal certificate of quality can be seen at 6½ Charlotte street or Smythe street.

Acadia Pictou Landing:

$7.25 per chaldron, cash with order.

BROAD COVE, RESERVE SYDNEY and SCOTCH. ALL SOFT COAL.

SCOTCH AND AMERICAN ANTHRACITE.

GEORGE DICK, 48 Britain St. Foot of Germain St

Telephone 1116

The First of St. John's New Industries.

ST. JOHN IS SAID TO BE on the eve of an industrial boom; powerful influences are at work to bring this about. What may therefore be justly claimed as the first of these new enterprises is THE DOMINION STEAM LAUNDRY of 640 to 648 Main Street, North End., which will be in full operation during the early part of next week.

WHILE THE CITY PROPER is well supplied with establishments of this kind, the Portland-Fairville-Millford-Millidgeville section has not been so served. But now a first-class and thoroughly up-to-date washing and ironing plant has been set up, bidding fair to secure a large patronage. It will be run by competent, hustling, painstaking hands.

RAPID AND THOROUGH Washing Machines, a 20-minute Drier of immense capacity; special contrivances to ensure Uniform Dampening, the proper treatment of Collar Bands, Wristbands and other fussy details; have been installed. In fact there is not an old-fashioned machine in the place. This will surely be appreciated by all.

CAREFUL MEN AND PARTICULAR ladies will have no worry or anxiety when placing their work with the DOMINION people for their motto will be; Promptitude, Care and Thoroughness. No slap-dash, rip-and-tear "cleaning" methods. Expert help will have the best machines and purest materials with which to work.

MODERN METHODS WITH HOME CARE.

DOMINION STEAM LAUNDRY

640 to 648 Main Street.

HOTELS

ROYAL HOTEL,
41, 43 and 45 King Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
RAYMOND & DOHERTY, Proprietors
W. E. 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.
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The DUFFERIN.
E. LeROI WILLIS, Prop.
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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.

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On the Beach. Fireproof.
Always Open.
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CANADIAN PACIFIC

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.

DINING CARS between TRURO and MATTAWAMKEAG and between SHERBROOKE and MONTREAL.

PACIFIC EXPRESS
From Montreal every day at 3.40 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.
SECOND CABIN.—To Liverpool, $46. London, $42.50.
THIRD CLASS.—To Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Belfast, Londonderry, and Queenstown, $26.50. From Liverpool, London or Londonderry to St. John, $37.50 To and from all other points at equally low rates.

ST. JOHN TO LONDON.
S. S. Mount Temple, Feb. 13, Third Class only.
S. S. Lake Michigan, Mar. 13, Third Class only.
Rates same as via Liverpool.
For Tickets and further information apply to
W. H. C. MACKAY, St. John, N. B.
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F. R. PERRY, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.



The only safe effectual monthly medicine on which women can depend. Sold in two degrees of strength—No. 1, for ordinary cases, $1 per box: No. 2, 10 degrees stronger for special cases, $3 per box. Sold by all druggists. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound; take no substitute.
The Cook Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario.

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.

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