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and freshness are absolutely necessary qualities of the drugs you use if they are to be of the service required. This advice with few exceptions to toilet preparation also.

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every article we sell as being of standard quality and full strength. To household remedies of proven value we give particular attention and our prescription department has but one motto: "Absolute fidelity and accuracy." And low prices are a feature of every department.

Alonzo Staples
York Street Drug Store.

W. J. IRVINE, D.D.S.

And Special Practitioner's Certificate from Chicago College of Dental Surgery.

Artificial Teeth!

Inserted in Gold, Aluminum and ordinary Rubber Plates.

Crowns and Bridge Work
Executed in Gold and Porcelain after a set and best methods.

Anesthetics.
Local and General applied and administered for "Painless Dentistry."

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
ATLANTIC DIVISION

ALL RAIL LINES THE SHORT LINE
To Boston, etc. To Montreal.

IMPERIAL LIMITED ROUTE
TO THE PACIFIC COAST

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS
In Effect, May 6th, 1906.

Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

9.35 a. m.—Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Bonaventure, Woodstock, and points north; Edmundston, Riviere du Loup and Quebec. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jet, to Boston.

7.20 a. m.—Mixed, via Gibson Branch, for Woodstock and north; Presque Isle, Edmundston, Riviere du Loup and Quebec. Leaves St. Mary's 8.15 a. m.

9.20 a. m.—Express for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Atlantic Express for St. John and points East. Atlantic Express will not stop between Fredericton Junction and Fairville. Palace Sleeper, Fredericton Junction to Halifax Dining Car, Fredericton Junction to Truro.

6.45 p. m.—Mixed for Fredericton Jet, connecting with Short Line Express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and points west. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jet, to Montreal. Also connects for Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. St. Stephen, (St. Andrews after July 1st.) Houlton and Woodstock. Palace Sleeper, Fredericton Jet to Fredericton Junction to Mattawamkeag. Pullman Sleeper, Fredericton Jet, to Boston. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jet, to St. John.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON

9.00 a. m.—From St. John and points east.
11.20 a. m.—From Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, (St. Andrews after July 1st.) Woodstock and Bonaventure.

8.55 p. m.—From St. John and east.

8.45 p. m.—From Woodstock and all points north via Gibson Branch. Arrives at St. Mary's 8.10 p. m.

10.40 p. m.—From Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton.

F. R. PERRY,
Dist. Pass. Agent, St. John, N.B.

C. E. E. USHER,
G. P. A., Montreal.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

ASK Our Agent for Copy of

"WESTERN CANADA."

READ IT. It has interested Thousands. It will interest YOU

AND, IF GOING WEST,

Tell us WHEN, and to

What Point. We will quote you Rates and supply all information.

GENERAL CHANGE OF TIME MAY 6th

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

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. J. C. MULLER

Pumpkin Seed -
Licorice -
Rhubarb -
Sage -
Peppermint -
Ginger -
Cloves -
Mace -
Nutmeg -
Cinnamon -
Vanilla -
Almond -
Sassafras -
Sage -
Peppermint -
Ginger -
Cloves -
Mace -
Nutmeg -
Cinnamon -
Vanilla -
Almond -
Sassafras -

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Facsimile Signature of
Dr. J. C. Muller
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

of

Dr. J. C. Muller

In Use

For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

"George," said Mrs. Ferguson, "didn't you promise me that if you couldn't get a man to beat those rugs you would take them out into the back yard and beat them yourself?"

"I think I did," answered Mr. Ferguson.

"Have you found the man yet?"

"Not yet."

"Well, I want them beaten. I can't wait any longer."

"How long ago was it that I promised to have it done?"

"Three weeks ago to-day."

"Laura," said Mr. Ferguson, indignantly, "I have been in business over fifteen years, and I have never yet failed to meet my obligations in thirty days, which is the same as cash. You have no right to dun me for that man for nine days yet. No, I won't listen to another word on the subject. Business is business."

Waving the matter aside with an imperious gesture, he returned again to his newspaper.—Chicago Tribune.

The Perfect Writing-in-Sight TYPEWRITER.

L. C. Smith & Bros.

The concentration of twenty years experience in Typewriter building.

OVER 500 IN USE IN ONE YEAR MUST SPEAK OF MERIT.

Enquire of those using it and write for FREE Illustrated Catalogue.

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The New Williams Sewing Machine

Recognized as the leading Machine of the day. Light and easy running, ball-bearing stand, simple in construction. Most highly finished. Fully guaranteed. Easy terms.

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UNDERTAKER, Local Manager,

UP TOWN, OFF. PEOPLE'S BANK

Agents wanted for York and Sunbury Counties.

5,000 Feet of Room Moulding

Just received. Let us send you samples.

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Down Town, Next above Queen Hotel. Phone 62

Always--Everywhere in Canada

ASK FOR

EDDY'S

"Silents" and "Headlights"

THE LEADERS. USED BY THOUSANDS.

SCHOFIELD BROS.,

Selling Agents - - - St. John, N. B.

THE DRIFT OF FATE.

(Continued.)

"Number 23 is somewhere hereabouts sir," said the driver, who seemed to derive a certain amount of satisfaction from his ignorance of the locality. "I don't doubt but what one of these boys will be able to tell you exactly."

I paid him his fare and sixpence over for his civility, and then turned to question a filthy little gutter urchin, who, with his bare feet and chattering teeth, was standing beside me.

"Where is No. 23, my lad?" I inquired. "Can you take me to it?"

"Twenty-three?" said the boy. "That's where Crooked Billy lives, sir. You come along with me and I'll show you the way."

"Go ahead then," I answered, and the boy thereupon hopped into the darkness of the alley before which we had been standing. I followed him as quickly as I could, but it was a matter of some difficulty, for the court was as black as the Pit of Tophet, and seemed to twist and turn in every conceivable direction. A more unimpassable place it would have been difficult to find. Half way down I heard the boy cry out "Hold up, mother!" and before I could stop I found myself in collision with a woman who, besides being unsteady on her legs, reeked abominably of gin.

Disengaging myself to the accompaniment of her curses, I sped after my leader, and a moment later emerged into the open court itself. The snow had ceased, and the three-quarter moon, sailing along through swift flying clouds, showed me the surrounding houses. In one or two windows, lights were burning, revealing sights which almost made my flesh creep with loathing. In one I could see a woman sewing as if for life by the light of a solitary candle stuck in a bottle, while two little children lay asleep, half-dressed, on a heap of straw and rags in the corner. On my right I had a glimpse of another room, where the dead body of a man was stretched upon a mattress on the floor, with two old hags seated at a table beside drinking gin from a black bottle, and turn about. The wind whistled mournfully among the roof tops; the snow had been trodden into a disgusting slush everywhere, save close against the walls, where it still showed white as silver; while the reflection of the moon gleamed in the icy puddles golden as a spade guard.

"This is number 23," said my conductor, pointing to the door before which he stood.

I rewarded him and then turned my attention to the door indicated.

"The gentleman what has come about the 'ansom keb," she said, as she ushered me into the room.

The apartment was lit by two candles stuck in their own wax upon a little deal table, and by their rays I could distinguish the man I had come in search of standing by the fireplace awaiting me. He did not greet me until he had made certain, by listening at the keyhole, that the old woman had gone down stairs. He was a quaint little fellow, Jewish in the color of his hair, and in the shape of his head. He had the nose of his race, little heady eyes as sharp as gimlets, and a long beard which a little washing might have made white. He was dressed in a black frock coat, two sizes too large for him; black trousers that would have fitted a man three times his size; and boots that had been patched and otherwise repaired till their original maker would not have known them again.

"Mr. Penethrone, I presume," he began, rubbing his hands together and speaking as if he had a bad cold in his head. "I am delighted to see you. I am sorry that I cannot ask you to sit down, but I have no chair to give you. For the same reason I cannot offer you refreshment. Have you had a good look at me?"

My surprise at this abrupt question prevented my replying for a moment; then I inquired that I thought I should know him again, after which with a muttered "That's all right," he blew out the candles, remarking that, as we now knew each other, we could conduct our business quite as well with half the light.

"I received word from our mutual acquaintance Dr. Nikola this morning," he began, when the illumination had been thus curtailed, "that you would be coming to see me. Of course I didn't ask the business, for Dr. Nikola is my friend, and I obey and trust him to the letter. By his instructions I am to fit you with a disguise, and then to take you to the place where you will discover a certain hansom cab awaiting you."

(To be continued.)

USE PADS, FALSE EYEBROWS AND LASHES.

They Trim Their Figures With Corsets, Carry Sachets and Scent Bottles and Have Miniatures or Vest Buttons.

A recent discussion in London in the public press reveals the fact that the dandy is as much a character today as he was in the days of Count d'Orsay and Beau Brummel. The amount of money that men of fashion spend on "purple and fine linen" is shown to be something enormous.

Numerous sports and pastimes that claim so many devotees in these days swell the tailoring bills of the men of our day. For instance, motor or car outings alone account for large bills for habilitations.

Then there is such an enormous variety in the patterns of the ordinary clothes that are worn. To take the prosaic matter of shirts alone, the young man of this century has a strong sense of comfort; hence the starched white shirts are worn only with evening dress, and the daintiest possible cambric ones are his daytime choice. He has pink cambric shirts, striped and daintily patterned with white flowers; buff shirts, olive green shirts, blue shirts and his latest love is a dark purple shirt.

In the matter of hats, occasion is his fetish just as it is his sister's, and, precisely the headgear that fits the demands of the moment must be forthcoming.

The fashionable black tail coat that fastens with a single button in front and the frock coat demands a slim waist; hence the present popularity of stays among men of all ages and all professions. The use of stays by men is more or less denied, but what a revelation of vanity might be made not only by the corsetiers, but by

After pounding with my knuckles upon the panel, I waited for it to be opened. But those inside were in no hurry, and for this reason some minutes elapsed before I heard anyone moving about; then there came the sound of shuffling feet, and next moment the door opened an inch or two, and a female voice inquired with an oath—which I will omit—what was wanted and who was wanting it.

To the first query I replied by asking if Levi Solomon lived there, and if he did, whether I could see him. The second I shirked altogether. In answer I was informed that Levi Solomon did reside there, and that if I was the gentleman who had called to see him about a hansom cab I was to come in at once.

The door was opened to me, and I immediately stepped into the grimiest, most evil-smelling passage I have ever been in. I waited for it to be opened. But those inside were in no hurry, and for this reason some minutes elapsed before I heard anyone moving about; then there came the sound of shuffling feet, and next moment the door opened an inch or two, and a female voice inquired with an oath—which I will omit—what was wanted and who was wanting it.

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the posticheurs who supply wigs, toupees for their vain masculine clients, and by the tailors who build up the defective figures of men of all ages by means of pads and other clever contrivances.

While it is true that the well-dressed Englishman does not wear much jewelry, it is also true that they own baskets full of odds and ends of gem work. A long array of the pin heads the list, comprising pearls of different colors, such as purple, pink and black, some of them of historical interest, with pedigrees as lengthy as that of the most famous racehorse.

The dandies of today have watches for evening wear that are excessively thin, and even a succession of watch chains to suit various occasions. A dandy who values the contour of his figure is a great connoisseur in handkerchiefs, and orders only the most fine cambric ones for evening wear. His cipher is embroidered in the corner with exquisite stitchery and in some cases is inlaid in the form of guipure lace.

A great deal of scent is being sold now for men, but it is used as a sprinkler, and little silver cans are sold for the purpose of wetting, or, rather, scenting, the dandy's lingerie before he puts it on. He affects sachets and carries in his waistcoat pocket a tiny phial of his favorite perfume, enclosed in a case especially made to take up a very small amount of space in his pocket and to lie perfectly flat.

The same principal is applied to his cigar and cigarette cases, and those who play for him when he changes into evening dress are specially slender affairs, holding one row of cigars or cigarettes only in one case.

No longer satisfied with the dreary colors for winter, men are at last beginning to adopt clothing of bright color and vivid patterns.

During the King's stay at Sandringham he wore a scarlet tam o' shanter, a drab Norfolk jacket, and knickers and brightly colored hose.

The efforts to relieve the somberness of men's clothing have been specially directed towards the production of stylish fancy vests. Particular attention has been paid to the buttons of these garments, the tailor and the jeweller having tried to outdo each other in the beauty of their productions.

The latest development in this direction is the reproduction in miniature of famous works of art, such as the most beautiful female portraits by such artists as Gainsborough, Romney and others.

THE STRICKEN CITY.

Frisco Man Tells of Frantic People Rushing About in Streets After Quake.

South Framingham, May 6.—In a letter to Representative Harry N. Winch, Winfield Reissner, former resident describes the Frisco quake. He says:

"It was not five minutes after the earthquake that the fire broke out. There were 25 or 30 small fires at first, and then one pitiful sight followed another. Women in their night robes, sometimes with babies in their search of places of safety."

"It was a sight to bring tears to the eyes, as in their bare feet, leaving their home to be burned, and, perhaps, husband, wife or child dead people rushed frantically through the streets, first to one spot, and then to another, until finally they reached some place where there was nothing to burn."

"Some of these people were without wearing apparel for two or three days and slept in the open air. Even now people are living anywhere and any way in tents, in huts and in tin shanties."

"When the fire first started people naturally attempted to save their belongings. Teamsters began to charge \$25, and even \$30 to move a trunk. Soldiers soon put a stop to this, and compelled them to do the work free of charge. More than one man is dead because he refused to obey the orders."

"All the families are obliged to do their cooking in the streets, and it is an odd sight I can tell you. Food and clothing have been coming in from all parts of the state, however, and we are not much in need now."

"One cannot buy a thing in the stores of the city. All are total wrecks, for if they were not burned they were broken into and their contents spirited away."

Snake Blew the Whistle.

Everybody in Town Ran to the Mill

The Denver Post has the following story: Irvin Durnill, who runs the engine in the sawmill at Martinsburg, Ind., had a three foot rattlesnake blow the whistle of his engine for him.

This is a true story. The whistle blew so long and hard one day that everybody in the town ran to the mill, thinking it was an alarm of fire. They found Durnill standing at the door of the engine room, apparently afraid to enter, while the rope attached to the whistle the snake was wound, tooing as if it enjoyed the sound.

The theory of the local zoologists is that the snake crawled up on the boiler of the engine in the night, to keep warm, and that when Durnill got up steam it climbed the rope to escape the heat, its weight being sufficient to blow the whistle, and that Durnill was afraid to go after it.

The engineer, however, denies he was afraid. There is another story going around that Durnill had tripped the snake to blow the whistle at 7 o'clock every morning, and that this morning Durnill's assistant, becoming over-enthusiastic, simply worked too long, rousing the whole place. Somebody got a shotgun and killed the snake.

Stella—To what department does a check book belong?

Bella—Your grandfather's is history; your father's, biography, and your suitor's fiction.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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