



PURITY

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 preparations also.

YOU CAN DEPEND ON

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

Crown and Bridge Work
Executed in Gold and Porcelain after a cast and best methods.

Anesthetics
Local and general applied and administered forainless Dentistry.

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CANADIAN RY.
ATLANTIC DIVISION

ALL RAIL LINE 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.

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

7.50 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.

5.30 p.m.—Mixed for Fredericton Jet, connecting with Short Line Express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and with Imperial Limited and Pacific Express from Montreal for the West, Northwest and Pacific Coast. Also connects for Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. St. Stephen, (St. Andrews after July 1st.) Houlton and Woodstock. Palace Sleeper Fredericton Jet, to Montreal. C.P.R. Dining Car Fredericton Junction to Mattawamkeag, Pullman Sleeper Fredericton Jet, to Boston.

9.00 p.m.—Express for St. John and East. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jet, to St. John.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON

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

8.35 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.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher

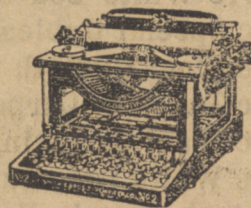
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Young lady in attendance.

THE DRIFT OF FATE.

(Continued.)

"Mr. Bartrand," I said, when I had reached the pavement, at the same time pulling off my false beard and sou'wester, "this business has gone far enough, and I am now going to tell you who I am and what I wanted with you. Do you know me?"

Either he was asleep or he was too surprised at seeing me before him to speak, at any rate he offered no reply to my question.

"Mr. Bartrand," I began again, "I ask you if you are aware who I am?"

Still no answer was vouchsafed to me, and immediately an overwhelming fear took possession of me. I sprang upon the step and tore open the apron. What I saw within made me recoil with terror. In the corner, his head thrown back and his whole body rigid, lay the unfortunate man, that I had determined to kill, but had since decided to spare. I ran my hands, all trembling with terror, over his body. The man was dead—and I had killed him. I must my some mischance have pressed the spring that opened the valve, and thus the awful result had been achieved. Though years have since elapsed since it happened, I can feel the agony of that moment as plainly now as if it was but yesterday.

When I understood that the man was really dead and that I was his murderer—branded henceforth with the mark of Cain—I sat down on the pavement in a cold sweat of terror, trembling in every limb. The face of the whole world had changed within the last few minutes—now I knew I would never be like other men again. Already the fatal noose was tightening around my neck.

While these thoughts were racing through my brain, my ears, now preternaturally sharp, had detected the ring of a footstep on the pavement a hundred yards or so away. Instantly I sprang to my feet, my mind alert and nimble, my whole body instinct with the thought of self preservation. Whatever happened I must not be caught, red handed, with the body of the murdered man in my possession. At any risk I must rid myself of that, and speedily, too.

Climbing to my perch again I started off at a rapid pace in the same direction in which I had been proceeding when I had made my awful discovery. On reaching the first cross roads I branched off to the right, and, discovering that it was a busy thoroughfare, turned to the left again. Never before had any fellow man inspired me with such terror. At last I found a deserted street, and in the act of pressing the lever with my foot when a door in the house ahead of me opened and a party of ladies and gentlemen issued from it. Some went in one direction, others in the contrary, and I was between both. To drop the body where they could see it would be worse than madness, so, almost cursing them for interrupting me, I dashed my horse and dashed around the first available corner. Once more I found a quiet street, but this time I was interrupted by a cab turning into the street and coming along behind me. The third time, however, was more successful. The street was empty in front and behind. On either side were rows of respectable middle class houses, with never a light in the window nor a policeman to be seen.

Trembling like a leaf, I stopped the cab, and, when I had made sure that there was no one looking, placed my foot upon the lever. So perfect was the mechanism that it acted instantly. Next instant Bartrand was lying on his back in the centre of the road. As soon as his weight released it, the bottom of the vehicle rose and I heard the spring click as it took its place again. Before I drove on I turned and looked at him where he lay so still and cold on the pure white snow, and thought of the day at Markapurbie, when he had turned me off the station for wanting to doctor poor Ben Garman, and also of the morning that I had denounced him to the miners on the Booga Range, after I had discovered that he had stolen my secret from me and appropriated my wealth. How little either of us thought then what the end of my hatred was to be! If I had been told on the first day that I met him that I was going to murder him, and that he would ultimately be lying dead in the middle of a London street, I very much doubt if either of us would have believed it possible. But how horribly true it was!

As to what I was now, there could be no question. The ghastly verdict was self evident, and the word rang in my brain with a significance I had never imagined it to possess before. It seemed to be written upon the houses, to be printed upon the snow-curbed sky. Even the roll of the wheels beneath me proclaimed me a murderer. Until that time I had had no real conception of what that grisly word meant. Now I knew it for the most awful in the whole

range of our English language.

All this time I had been driving aimlessly on and on, having no care where I went, conscious only that I must put as great a distance as possible between myself and the damning evidence of my crime. Then a reaction set in, and I became aware that to continue driving in this half coherent fashion was neither politic nor sensible, so I pulled myself together and tried to think what I had better do.

The question for my consideration was whether I should hasten to Hogarth Square as arranged and hand the cab over to Nikola, or whether I should endeavor to dispose of it in some other way, and not go far near that dreadful man again. One thing was indisputable, whatever I did, I must do it quickly. It was nearly one o'clock by this time, and if I wanted to see him at the rendezvous I must hurry, or he would have gone before I reached it. In that case, what should I do with the cab? After anxious thought I came to the conclusion that I had better find him and hand him his terrible property. Then, if I wished to give him the slip, I could lead him to suppose I intended returning to my hotel, and afterwards as I might deem best for my own safety. This once decided, I turned the vehicle around, whipped up the horse, and set off for Hogarth Square as fast as I could go. It was a long journey, for several times I missed my way and had to retrace my steps; but at last I accomplished it and drove into the Square. Sure enough at the second lamp post on the right hand side, where he had appointed to meet me, three men were standing beside a hansom cab, and from the way I peered about, it was evident they were anxiously awaiting the arrival of someone. One I could see at the first glance was Nikola, the other was probably his Chinese servant, the man who had brought me the cab earlier in the evening, but the third's identity I could not guess. Nor did I waste time trying.

(To be continued.)

WHAT CAUSES SNORING?

When asleep, people that snore breathe through the mouth instead of the nostrils, which are choked with catarrh. Just use "Catarrhazone," before retiring, and you will be very quickly cured of that snoring habit. By destroying the cause of catarrh, and healing the membranes, Catarrhazone makes a complete cure in every case; it cleans the nostrils, stops the discharge and prevents dropping in the throat in a few minutes. Nothing so pleasant or certain to cure snoring, catarrh or colds as Catarrhazone—that's worth remembering.

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER

A Simple Way of Making a Very Ordinary Dish Attractive.

A genuine Irish stew is generally a "pot of luck," depending upon the vegetables at hand and the meat it contains. Sometimes, indeed, there is no meat at all, simply bones for the bit of flavor they give. The meat may be beef or mutton, or both, or fat salt pork. If you elect to have beef or mutton, a pound will be a liberal quantity, with as many bones as the butcher donates. Remove the fat from the meat, and separate meat and bone. Put the bones in one kettle and the meat in another, and cover with cold water. After the contents of the kettle have cooked gently for an hour, and been skimmed, season with salt. Now make ready your sound vegetable tops that you have on hand, celery, etc., chop, and add to the kettle with the bones. For the kettle in which the meat has been cooked, prepare two small onions sliced. When they have simmered half an hour, add six small potatoes cut in quarters. Now strain the liquor from the bones and chopped vegetable tops, pressing with a spoon so as to extract all the flavor of the vegetables. Thicken this strained broth, which should measure about a pint and a half with a heaping tablespoonful of flour, mixed with a tablespoonful of butter. Cook five minutes, stirring all the time; then add to the kettle containing the meat, onion and potato. Simmer a moment or two longer, stirring all the time. Taste to see if the seasoning is all right, adding more salt and pepper if necessary. Then serve at once. This quantity will make enough for two hearty meals for two persons. Cool before putting what is left in the icebox.

The portrait painter (in despair).—Madam, I find it impossible to procure colors that will match your exquisite complexion.

The sitter (without reserve).—Well, just draw the outlines today, and when I come next time I'll bring some of my colors for you.



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Nothing contributes so much to the food you eat as flour, and therefore nothing should be more carefully bought. Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour is the whitest, cleanest and most nutritious flour that's milled. It is the only flour that is absolutely pure.

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"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook," contains 130 pages of excellent recipes, some never published before. Your grocer can tell you how to get it FREE.

Some people would appreciate sunshine and scenery more if they could turn them into cash.

A STRONG HEART AND STEADY NERVES

Very important is it in this age of competition to have a clear cool head, a strong heart and steady nerves. Too much rush and bustle, work and worry, fall to the lot of the average business man—his heart and nerve system will not stand it—he gives them too much work to do. Women also are doing the same thing attending to their household duties and looking after their social obligations. The constant strain under which they have to continue day in and day out, the irregularities of habit, loss of rest will soon shatter the system. Before long you become nervous, starting at the least sudden sound, heart flutters and palpitations, spots before the eyes, the pulse becomes weak and irregular, you have faint and spells, lack of self-confidence, rush of blood to the head, irritability of temper, nervousness of breath, starting in sleep, sensations of pins and needles, sleeplessness, restlessness and finally physical breakdown and nervous prostration.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are the remedy you require to restore your strength and health. Their extraordinary curative power manifests itself immediately they are taken. Through the medium of the nervous system they impart a strengthening and restorative influence to every organ and tissue of the body. Many have been cured, among them being Mr. Ray, Coimier, Wellington, P.E.I., Mrs. Kilmer, Humberstone, Ont., Mrs. C. M. Donald, Portage, Prairie, Man., Mr. Walter Cleveland, Baywater, N.S., Mr. Owen Martin, Alma, N.B., and thousands of others. The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cts. per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25. Cash is procured at all drug and grocery stores, or will be sent on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Scientifically combined in the form of agreeable and palatable Syrup.

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Taken with Cod Liver Oil in the first stages of Consumption, it will be found invaluable.

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