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A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
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Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
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Agents wanted for York and Sunbury Counties.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY
On and after Sunday, Oct. 15th, 1905 trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:
TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON
No 303 Mixed for Campbellton, Moncton, Chatham and Loggieville,..... 5.45
No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville..... 16.20
No. 317 Suburban for Marysville..... 6.15
" 321 Suburban for Marysville..... 11.15
" 327 Suburban for Marysville..... 18.25
" 329 Suburban for Marysville..... 21.00
TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.
No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville... ..... 13.05
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggieville..... 18.35
No. 318 Suburban from Marysville... ..... 8.15
" 322 Suburban from Marysville..... 18.20
" 328 Suburban from Marysville..... 19.15
All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight
Moncton, N. B, Oct. 12th, 1905

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And you can terminate your policy any year without loss of profits.
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Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous.
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Circular sent on request.

LOVE'S WILLOW.

Twenty years ago the Bennett Homestead" stood gray, massive and comfortable, on a grassy triangle of land, that was bounded on three sides by the East Bridgeford roads, while the extensive farm lands sloped sunnily toward Bridgeford proper, and the southern horizon in the rear.

The grassy triangle had never been fenced in from either road. Eight magnificent maples grew in a symmetrical row on its outer edge. Beyond them the dust rose whitely in summer, if a wagon or a cart rolled by. But under them spread a delicious golden checkered shade dear to the hearts of every Bennett born within these walls.

The house was a wide framed structure of unpainted wood, with a monstrous chimney for its centre, and vast fireplaces in all the sparsely furnished rooms.

Squire Bennett was considered by his neighbors and by his little world at large "a fore-handed man." And although the great house owned no carpets, and its infrequent guests did unconscious penance for their sins by sitting in the hardest and most uncomfortable of wooden chairs, still Hapsy Bennett, his daughter and only child, was called an heiress by her companions, and wooed as such by all the more careful young men within the town.

But Hapsy thus far had laughed at lovers and at love alike.

She was a trim, active girl of eighteen, with soft, dark brown eyes, and a pensive smile, a fair complexion, and regular features, and a color in her cheeks like the heart of a damask tose.

Somewhat shy in manner and retiring in disposition, it was hard at first to make her acquaintance; but afterward, if you were worthy of a true and earnest friendship, no stauncher friend than Hepsy could be found.

The idol of her father, and in her own quiet way the village favorite and belle, I think she had in her early years but one trouble. That was her name.

It seemed to her a very grievous thing that she should have been christened "Hapsilonia," at the whim of a maiden aunt, who invented the name after seven weeks of hard mental effort, and who left to the child, in dying, one hundred golden dollars for its every letter.

Even the thousand golden reasons for the hated appellation could not console the child as she grew older,

She would so gladly have been called "Blanche," or "Edith," or "Ethel," but who ever heard of a heroine of romance with a name like hers!

At seventeen, however, Hapsy's murmurs suddenly ceased.

She was sent by her indulgent father, to a famous boarding school, or rather, an "academy," in a neighboring State. There, between the dusk of one summer's day and the dawning of another, life took on a new meaning, and was invested with a glory before unknown.

And there, among many other startling discoveries, she learned that the name of "Hapsy," breathed in loving tones, beneath a harvest moon was quite as sweet as any "Ethel" of them all!

Hapsy returned from the fatal academy an altered being. Always quiet, she was now as shy and silent as a hermit thrush, and only when Philip Oliver had followed her to the homestead, and greeted her as no man should ever greet a woman whom he does not mean to win for his wife, only then did she regain her lost cheerfulness and rejoin her old friends and playmates with her lover by her side.

Philip Oliver was young and poor. But he was also ardent, and deeply ambitious. At one-and-twenty he already lived in the future, and those who knew him best shook their heads and said that Hapsy's quiet beauty would never have attracted him if it had not been rendered still more attractive by her father's broad acres in the background, and by the dowry of her own strange name.

No one was bold enough to hint this to Hapsy.

She clung more and more fondly to her lover as the day of separation drew near.

On the spot where they parted, she planted a shoot of the golden willow as soon as Philip had gone.

"The willow grows quickly," she thought, as she labored over her task. "This will be a tall young tree by our wedding day."

Alas, por Hepsy! The willow grew into a massive and mighty trunk. And yet that wedding day had never dawned.

* * * * * * *

Twenty years had passed slowly and sadly by.

During the last ten Squire Bennett had been lying in his grave in the Bridgeford churchyard, sent there before his time—it was said—by the rascality of a young townsman, for whose benefit he had signed heavy notes, only to be left to pay them without assistance, and even without sympathy or kindness from the man who had been his ruin.

Black, indeed, had been the day homestead with lying promises upon his readt tongue.

One short year had left the father hampered with mortgages and other embarrassments, which he had never lived to clear away, and the daughter bankrupt in faith and love forever.

Poor Hapsy!

On the evening of her thirty-eighth birthday, she sat in the open door of the old homestead looking out across the grassy triangle, at the light maple trees, and the road beyond—that road by which Philip Oliver had so often hurried to meet her during that one beautiful year, when the world was so bright and happy, when her heart and her home together were so full of life, and light, and love.

Her soul was full of bitterness as she gazed at the willow tree, now waving its widely spreading branches high up in the air against the setting sun.

"Love's Wilow!" she muteered to herself, with a sneer upon her faded lips. "I named it so on the last night when he left me standing there. Hate's Willow I call it now! And oh! if my curse for my father's ruin and death, and for my own blank life could onffy reach him, how happy I should be still! But it cannot. Up yonder he lives, rich and happy—the great man of the town—and his wife and children idolize him, they say, While I—"

Her voice failed her. Her head sank low upon the clasped hands resting on her knee.

"No—it is not right! Heaven is not just! He prospers in everything, and yet he is a hard and wicked man. It is cruel—cruel—cruel! I will not try to endur it another day."

A dark and deadly purpose was forming itself out of her intense loneliness and despair.

Through all these long years she had toiled as a worker in a city factory, in order to pay the needful taxes, and the interest on the mortgage, that she might keep the homestead farm.

Bad tenants had imposed upon and cheated her. One or two had "levanted," making no payment at all. The land had been neglected. The buildings had not been kept in repair, according to agreement; and in every transaction between Hapsy and her tenants her own interests had invariably gone to the wall.

Finally the bank that held the mortgage foreclosed, in order to get its full advance with interest from the fast decreasing property.

During that year of foreclosure Hapsy had wrought with feverish haste "against time," still hoping to save her land.

It was all in vain. Equally futile were her efforts to raise the money on the value of the land. Men shook their heads when she begged them to become security for her.

Finally in the depth of her misery, half insane with the dread of losing the old home, she had appeaied to Philip Oliver, now a rich man and the husband of a millionaire's daughter, and "the great mogul" of her own native place.

A letter came to her in the once familiar handwriting.

She tore it open cagerly. Only to find a cold refusal of her request, coupled with an impertinent wonder that, after so many years of constant labor on her part, she was not yet "independent, as she ought to be."

Can you wonder that she sat there on the threshold of the home so nearly lost, with a heart darkened by despair, and her only hope the hope of rest—rest in the still dark pool below the willows, from among whose branches Phipli Oliver had once brought her, the Lover's Tree?

Twilight darkened down around the lonely homestead.

As the first scrar twinkled out through the deep blue sky some one came up the road and crossed the triangle, halting beside the bowed figure in the onen door.

"Hapsy?" said s kind voice.

The woman looked up quickly.

"That ought to be William Hewitt," she said, as if speaking to herself. "But William Hewitt went West when he was a mere boy. Poor William! How fond I was of him then! And he was fond of me."

"He was," replied the voice, and it had a tremble in it now—"so fond of you, Hapsy, that he never was able to care for another woman in his life—so fond of you that he has come back here to the old place tonight to see you, and ask whether you can like him well enough, even for the sake of old times, to be his wife?"

Hapsy started to her feet and looked hard at the stranger on hearing this strange declararion.

She saw by the moonlight a tall, stoutly-built and sunburnt man, with a kindly, honest face, and two bright blue eyes, that were watching her hery anxiously while waiting her decision.

"Willy Hewitt! Can it be Willy?" she asked, perplexed by the great change.

The stranger smiled as he removed his hat and drew nearer, holding out his hand.

"Yes—it is Willy's own white forehead and brown curls—Willy's own eyes and smiles."

"And Willy's heart and hand—as true to you as they were twenty years ago, Hapsy. Will you take them?"

"I?"

She looked down upon her wasted figure, her worn and shabby dress.

"I am not Hapsy Bennett now," she said, in a tone of pain. "My youth is gone, Willy, and my happiness with it. Tomorrow I lose this, and this is all I have left in the world to care for," she continued, pointing to the house. "It is full of ghosts tonight; tomorrow night at this time there may be one more. Leave me, Willy, and look for a wife younger and happier than Hapsy Bennett can ever hope to be."

"My wife is here, if I ever have a wife," was Willy's resolute reply. "Hapsy, I am rich. I came back here purposely to share my fortune with you. Tomorrow morning, after breakfast, I will pay off the mortgage and interest, and put the deed of the Bennett farm back into your hands. After that, take me or leave me, as you please. But I shall never be happy, never in all the the world, if you send me away from from you again. There never has been, and will be, but one woman in the world for me, and that wkman is Hapsy Bennett—or Hapsy Hewitt. Which shall it be, dear?"

How could she answer him save in one way.

Love brings love, and happiness is the best balm in all the world for a chilled and wounded heart—and that Hapsy Hewitt is happy in the rescued Bennett homestead, I, the writer can safely testify, for I have seen her there, bright and handsome in spite of her nine-and-thirty years, this very day. New York Weekly.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE.
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ATLANTIC DIVISION
ALL RAIL LINE To Boston, etc. | THE SHORT LINE To Montreal.
IMPERIAL LIMITED ROUTE
TO THE PACIFIC COAST
ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS
In Effect, October th, 1905
Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated.
LEAVE FREDERICTON
6.25 a m—Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points north; Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, Plaster Rock and Edmundston, Bangor, Portland and Boston. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jct. to Boston.
7.45 a. m—Mixed, via Gibson Branch, for Woodstock and north; Presque Isle, Plaster Rock, Edmundston, etc. Leaves St. Mary's 8.15 a. m.
9.50 a. m.—Express for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Atlantic Express for St. John and points East. Palace Sleeper, Fredericton Jct. to Halifax, N. S., Dining Car, Fredericton Jct. to Truro N. S.
5.50 p. m—Mixed for Fredericton Jct., connecting with Short Line Express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and with Pacific Express from Montreal for the West, Northwest and Pacific Coast. Also connects for Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. St. Stephen and Woodstock.
Palace Sleeper Fredericton Jct. to Montreal. Pullman Sleeper Fredericton Jct. to Boston. C. P. R. Dining Car F'ton Jct. to Mattawamkeag.
9.00 p. m.—For St. John and East. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jct. to St. John
ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON
9.20 a m—From St. John and points east.
11.45 a m—From Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, Woodstock and Houlton.
8.10 p. m.—From St. John and east.
8.50 p. m.—From Woodstock and all points north via Gibson Branch. Arrives at St Mary's 8.15 p. m.
90.40 p. m.—From Boston, Portland, Bangor St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton.
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CRUISERS AS-YOU-PLEASE

A Most Interesting Race Across the Atlantic.

An exciting go-as-you-please race has just taken place between vessels of the second cruiser squadron during their recent journey from Sandy Hook to Gibralter, says the London Daily Chronicle of December 15. Towards the end of the race it was seen that the winner would be the ship whose crew could shift coal the fastest, and on board Prince Louis of Battenberg's flagship, the Drake, officers of the watch below and the midshipmen, as well as warrant and petty officers and seamen, became for the time coal trimmers, and worked literally like niggers.

Prince Louis' orders, when the squadron was clear of Sandy Hook, were to "make the best of your way independently to Gibralter at the greatest speed possible with the amount of coal on board."

So close was the racing that on the evening of the fourth day the Drake, Bedford, Berwixck and Cumberland were all within one mile of each other, with the Cornwall about six miles astern and the Essex tailing off four miles behind her.

Twenty-four hours later the Drake had obtained a lead of five miles, and increased it, owing to the Berwick having an engine break down for a couple of hours. But next day having the advantage of best Welsh steam coal to the Drake's American coal, the Berwick had crept up to within three miles of the leader.

Petty officers and men, including signal ratings, were ordered for the stoke-hold, and the middies worked incessantly for many hours getting coal to the fires from the after and reserve bunkers. On the last day of the race the Drake's lieutenant's and warrant officers donned coaling suits and put in six hours' hard work, with the result that Prince Louis' flagship won thw race of 1,700 miles by eight cables.

TheTrake's rfun from Sandy Hook to Tarifa Point was seven days, seven gours, ten minutes and averaged eighteen and a half knots an hour, beating all men-of-war tecords for ocean racing by over half a knot. The flagship had only 300 tons of coal left, and the Berwick 256.

COREA NOT A VASSALAGE.

But Japan Will Dominate Her Foreign Affairs.

New York, Jan. 3.—That Japan intends to develop Corea and to dominate her foreign affairs but does not intend to make that country a vassal or Japanese state was a statement made recently by Koretiyo Takahasi, the Japanese financial commissioner, who arrived here from Europe on his way to Tokio.

When Mr. Takahasi was asked whether Corea would be made to pay any part of Japan's debts, he said: "No, we will develop Corea but not tax her. The question of Japanese protectorate in Corea is misunderstood in this country. Corea is a weak nation and needs protection. Japan has no intention of making her a vassal or a state of the nation but she intends to dominate her foreign relations in order to preserve the peace in the far east. In no way is it intended to interfere with her internal affairs."

"Will your country sell Sakhalin Island to help pay the debt?" was asked.

"Japan will not sell her possession," he replied. "It is too valuable in coal, oil and mines, and Japan intends to develop this property."

Mr. Takahasi said he had been instrumental in floating loans for Japan amounting to $535,000,000 and that of that amount the United States had taken $190,000,000 of bonds.

What is Meant by "Protein" in Flour?
"Protein" in food is the food element that makes bone, muscle and brain.
Pure flour contains more protein in its most useful form than any other food, but the flour must be pure.
ROYAL HOUSEHOLD Flour is milled to make it the purest in the world; therefore it contains more protein, is more nourishing, is most economica lto use.
It pays the housewife to insist upon getting "Royal Household" guaranteed flour instead of taking a poorer flour which the grocer may be interested in selling.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way. Buy Sunlight Soap and follow directions.