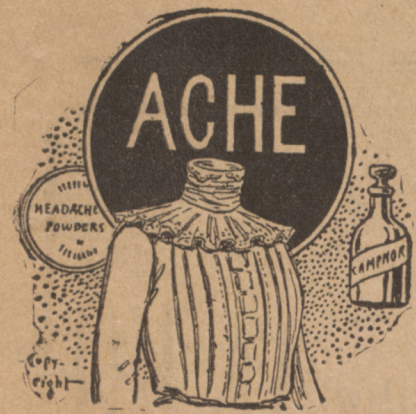




THE HEADACHE

is one of the most distressing of all. It effects the nerve center and through it the whole system.

Various remedies are to be found in this stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

and we have no hesitation in claiming that our

HEADACHE POWDERS.

to be as efficacious, if not superior to any preparation on the market. One powder will cure a very stubborn headache. Price — per —

Alonzo Stables
York Street Drug Store.

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 36, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior
N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.
May 8—démémoros.

CANADIAN RAILWAY

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 1, 1906.

Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

3.25 a.m.—Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, all points west. C.P.R. Dining Car, Fredericton Junction, Bangor, Portland and Boston. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Junction to Boston.

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

8 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 Fairville.

8 a.m.—Mixed for Fredericton Junction, 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, etc. (Leaves after July 1st), Houlton and Woodstock Palace Sleeper Fredericton Junction to Montreal. C.P.R. Dining Car Fredericton Junction to Matawankeas. Pullman Sleeper Fredericton Junction to Boston.

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

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON

8 a.m.—From Boston, Montreal, etc. (Leaves St. Andrews after July 1st), Woodstock and Houlton.

3.35 p.m.—From St. John and east.

4.15 p.m.—From Woodstock and all points north via Gibson Branch. Arrives at St. Mary's 8.15 p.m.

Dist. Pass. Agent, St. John, N.B.
J. E. K. USHER,
G. P. A., Montreal.

The Real Trouble.

The other afternoon a man rushed into the Reading terminal, galloped up the stairs and dashed for the train shed just as the gates were closed against him.

He looked as if he wanted to swear most vociferously, but he was out of wind, and all that he could do was to lean against the fence and soulfully sigh. It was then that the grumpy idiot, who is always on hand, paced over and butted in.

"Did you miss your train, old boy?" he queried, with a smiling glance at the panting one.

"No," was the grumpy rejoinder. "I chase myself up here that way every five minutes to see them shut the gates."

"What made you so late?" queried the other, not at all abashed. "Is your watch out of order?"

"No, my watch is all to the good," replied the man who missed the train, "but I think that my feet are about two minutes slow."

His Lesson.

A woman who had divorced her husband met him after many years.

"Have you married again?" she asked.

The man shook his head. "Ah!" sighed the woman. "You still love me."

"No," said the man. "I love myself." He was asked to explain.

"Bondage taught me the value of freedom," he replied. "I am answerable now only to myself. I come when I please, go when I please, do what I please and need not make explanation. I no longer divide my pleasures by two or multiply my worries by the same number. What I earn is mine and, when I contemplate its possible reduction, I need fear for myself alone. I have no great joys, but then I have no great sorrows."

"And love?" inquired the woman.

"I have been married," answered the man.—Channing Pollock in Show.

Buying Birds to Free Them.

Birds are often purchased in the bird market at Lucknow, India, in order to be set free again. This is done by Hindus as a work of merit and by Mohammedans after certain rites have been performed as an atonement, in imitation of the Jewish scapegoat. It is essential that a bird used for this purpose should be strong enough to fly away; but that does not induce the cruel dealers to feed the birds, or to refrain from dislocating their wings or breaking their legs. They put down everything to good or bad luck, and leave the customer to choose a strong bird, if he can find one, and to go away if he cannot. The merit obtained by setting a bird free is not attributed to Dely, but it is supposed to come in a large measure from the bird itself or from its attendant spirit, and hence birds of good or bad omen, and especially larks and crows, are in much demand and are regularly caught to be sold for this purpose.

To Her Who Waits

BY BEATRICE STURGES

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

"Nothing ever happens in this family," grumbled Molly Evans as she sat by the open window and watched an automobile disappear in a cloud of dust. She knew the girls who had just passed in the machine. They had waved their hands gayly at her, but she wished they hadn't. She wished she hadn't seen them. It was no fun to watch other people enjoy themselves.

"You expect too much," replied her sister Kate, who sat near by trying to make a last summer's dress look like new. "There are lots of things that might happen that you wouldn't like at all."

Kate was older than Molly and had managed to evolve for herself a philosophy that made life easier for her than for her restless sister.

"Just give up and stop expecting things, and they will come to you without any trouble," she added, with a serenity which, it must be confessed, scarcely matched her inmost feelings at that moment, for it is not the easiest thing in the world to make a last year's sleeve appear as the latest fashion model.

"Oh, that's all very well to talk, Kate," burst in Molly, "but what good has it ever done? Here we are grubbing along in the same old humdrum way. You've always been an angel and given up to other people, but you're not any nearer your ambition than ever, and just look at me!"

Kate did look at her affectionately. Molly was nineteen and Kate two years older. They had taken care of themselves for four years, Molly by teaching music and a class of little children, as their town had no kindergarten, and Kate by fine sewing and embroidery. The latter's ambition was to be a trained nurse, but that took so much time and she could not afford to give up her present income even for the prospect of a better one in years to come. She was always called upon when there was sickness and responded cheerfully, though usually her compensation consisted solely of thanks verbally expressed.

"Never mind, dear," replied the optimistic Kate. "Something will happen before you think—maybe today. Everything comes to her who waits. Suppose you walk over to Ferncliff and take this waist to Mrs. Dean. I promised it to her today, and it's all done up ready to go."

Molly arose and shook her curly brown head, smoothed out her pink frock and took the package. She kissed Kate before she started out, but there wasn't much animation in her walk.

"Something nice is on the way," said Kate. "I feel it in my bones." Molly laughed and ran down the steps. She broke off a big spray of lilac as she passed the bush by the gate and carried it along with her. The scent of the blossom brought memories that were both sweet and sad. A year ago, leaning over the gate in the moonlight by that same lilac bush, Dick Foster had first said, "Molly, I love you," and a new world of sweetness and life had been opened for her. Two months ago they had quarreled and separated. Why? Why do lovers ever quarrel? Do they know? Does anybody know? The most foolish and futile reasons on earth—jealousy, false pride and sometimes a tentative desire to gain the mastery. With Molly and Dick it was mostly jealousy, with hardly any foundation, and after that a foolish resolve on the part of each not to give in.

"I will come back when you send for me," announced Dick.

"I will never send for you," declared Molly.

And that was the situation, and that was why Mollie Evans, young and pretty and healthy, with every right to be happy, was taking a lonely walk and feeling herself the most abused girl in the world.

"Maybe Kate is right," she thought to herself. "I'll do things for other people and try to forget myself. I think I'd like to be a nun anyway. I love those white caps."

A tired looking woman passed her just then, and a sudden impulse made Molly hand the lilac spray to her. The woman looked surprised, but Molly hurried on without waiting for thanks. As she approached a little cottage that stood near the road she heard a child's screams, and the same impulse made her rush around the house in the direction of the noise. There in the kitchen stood a terrified little girl trying to put out a fire which had started from some burning oil and which had just leaped to the child's dress as Molly burst in the door. To snatch a rug from the floor and put out the latter was the work of an instant, and in a few moments more the other flames were quenched. After it was all over the neighbors rushed in and explained that the little girl kept house while her mother went out to work. The damage was slight, and neither Molly nor the child was hurt, but when Miss Evans started out again she was a bit pale and shaky.

"Well, something happened, anyway," she told herself as she went along. She left the package at Ferncliff, which was the finest estate in the neighborhood and stood not far from Dick Foster's home. She decided to walk through the village on the way back and had passed the postoffice, the drug store, of which the town had but one, and had stopped to look in the

window of the little bookshop, where some new music was displayed, when she heard a commotion and turned around to see people hurrying in all directions.

"A runaway," was her first thought, and she started to step into the store for safety when she noticed a big black dog approaching and heard people excitedly exclaim, "He's mad!"

And so he was. Yelping, snapping at everything, frothing at the mouth, down the street he came. Directly across from where Molly stood was an open grass square where a dozen little children, some hardly more than babies, were playing. Toward them he came, and Molly's heart grew cold within her. Not a man moved except to throw a stone at the mad beast, and even the little ones seemed oblivious of the danger that threatened them.

Leaping, the dog gained the square, and the next instant the maddened mouth would have snapped at some helpless child, but Molly was there as soon as he was. Fear had lent wings to her feet, and she stood directly in his path, stooped down, caught his head in her dress skirt and fell upon her knees, holding him down while she screamed for help. Scores of people rushed up then. Some snatched the children, some picked up Molly, others stood and looked, while one man dispatched the dog with a revolver. A chorus of grateful mothers assailed her ears, but she was so faint and weak she felt only a desire to get home and weep on Kate's sympathetic neck. Just then the 5:30 train from New York pulled in, and the passengers promptly stepped across the tracks to the square to see the excitement. One young man who shouldered his way through the crowd caught her eye.

"Oh, Dick," she exclaimed. "I'm so glad you've come!" and then fell happily into his outstretched arms before them all.

He drove her home very slowly, for they had a great deal to say, and, of course, Dick had to bring out the ring again from his pocket and put it on Molly's finger, and Molly had to tell him how silly and unhappy she had been, and Dick had to tell her something to the same effect about himself, and all that took considerable time.

Kate was waiting by the gate for her, but all clouds of anxiety vanished from her face when she saw Dick and looked in Molly's contented and shining eyes. "Didn't I tell you?" she whispered.

"Yes, you dear old prophet, you did," replied Molly, kissing her. "and it will come to you, too, for when Dick and I are married next month you can go and study and nurse to your heart's content."

A Fish Story.

A remarkable example of the voracity of a trout, accompanied by fatal results, has just come to light. A young man employed at Mr. Sargent's mill at Tipton, St. John, on the river Otter, noticed a fine trout lying dead in the mill race. He got the fish out and was astonished to find that tightly twisted in the most extraordinary fashion into the trout's gills was an eel, which had undoubtedly strangled its captor. But this was not all. Firmly stuck in the mouth of the eel was a little fish, probably a stickleback, which, being too big for the eel to swallow, had caused its death also. All three fish were very recently dead, and it was quite clear that the eel, which was a foot long, had attempted to swallow the stickleback, but had only succeeded in getting its head far enough down to choke itself. The trout, no doubt, seeing the eel in difficulties, had attacked it and attempted to swallow it, with the result that his slippery, writhing victim had managed to choke him by entangling itself up in a wonderful way in its captor's gills. Thus the little stickleback choked the eel, which in its turn strangled the trout.—London Telegraph.

The Retort Genial.

A southern woman who is now past her prime, but whose ready wit still makes her a welcome guest wherever she goes, tells the following story about an encounter with what she terms a "northern iceberg." She was at a musical entertainment at a private house in New York, and at the end of a song which had been delightfully rendered she turned with an exclamation of pleasure to a lady who sat near and whom she knew by sight, but had never met.

The woman addressed looked at her in surprise for a moment and then asked coldly, "Have I the pleasure of knowing you?"

"No," was the answer, "but I felt at liberty to speak to you on account of your being under such very great obligations to me."

"Will you have the goodness to explain what you mean?" said the New York woman haughtily.

"Merely that I refused your husband twenty-five years ago," replied the little southerner as she moved away to seek a more congenial atmosphere.

The Great Lantern Fly.

One of the largest and most curious of the many luminous or lamp bearing insects is the great lantern fly, a species of the firefly peculiar to central and northern South America. The great lantern is hardly as large as the common dragon fly or "snake feeder," but like that creature it has lacelike wings and an elongated abdomen. In Central America, particularly in Costa Rica and Panama, the Indians capture them by thousands, using them as decorations for their headdresses, saddles, etc. The Frenchman Renard who visited Guatemala in 1892 declared that the Indians used lantern flies and other luminous insects much in the same manner that we do torches and lanterns and that by the light the insects give out they were able to find their way through dark woods and swamps.

"Oriented" Orientals.

Knowledge of direction seems to be instinctive with the Burmans, says the author of "A People at School." They always reckon by the needle, not by relative position. They do not say "Turn to the right," but "Turn to the west." If a table in a room has two tumbler on it, one of them will be the east tumbler, the other the west, and the table itself will be not the "table near the window," but the "table in the east of the room." So they speak of the north or south side of a street or of a tree, not the shady or sunny side. Even in rain or mist they know the direction at once. An English traveler, walking in the Burman forest on a foggy morning to find all trace of the road wiped out by rain and every apparent means of ascertaining direction gone, was at a loss what to do, but his Burman servants knew at once. "That is north," they said, pointing, "and that is east. Our course lies between," and straight to the northeast they marched unerringly.

MAILS CLOSING

6 a.m.—For St. John, etc., St. Stephen and Charlottetown, Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska Counties, and United States.

7.00 a.m.—Woodstock and Gibson Branch Stations, daily.

WAY MAILS—East Side St. John River.

7.00 a.m.—For Keswick Ridge, Southampton, etc., Mondays and Thursdays.

West Side St. John River.

7.00 a.m.—For Springfield, Kingsclear, Prince William, etc. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

7.30 a.m.—St. John River via Steamer.—For Oromocto, Sheffield, Gagetown, etc.

8.45 a.m.—St. John, etc. C. P. Railway Stations, East Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.

10 a.m.—For St. Marys Ferry, Gibson and Marysville.

WAY MAILS.

2 p.m.—For Nashwaakias, St. Marys Ferry, daily. Nas-onworth, New Maryland, Hanwell, Lower St. Marys and Royal Road. Wednesdays and Saturdays.

3.30 p.m.—For Gibson, Marysville, Boiestown, Doaktown, Blackville, etc., Chatham and I. C. Railway Stations north and south.

4.30 p.m.—For St. Stephen, Woodstock, United States, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and North West Provinces.

8.15 p.m.—For St. John, etc., Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.

4 p.m.—British Mails via New York, Mondays and Thursdays.

MAILS RECEIVED.

9.00 a.m.—From St. John, etc., and Nova Scotia. From Hamtown, Royal Road, etc.

11.00 a.m.—From Nasonworth and New Maryland. Wednesdays and Saturdays.

11.30 a.m.—From Montreal, Ottawa, North West Provinces, etc., and United States.

1.05 a.m.—From I. C. Railway Stations, North Shore and Quebec. St. John River via Steamer.

5 p.m.—From Oromocto, Sheffield, Gagetown, etc.

9.05 p.m.—From Woodstock and Gibson Branch Stations, daily.

8.45 p.m.—From Nova Scotia, P. E. Island and St. John.

WAY MAILS.

7.00 p.m.—West Side River St. John.—From Meductic and Way Offices. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

St. John.—From Woodstock and Way Offices, Tuesdays and Fridays.

They Cure Quickly

without creating a habit—mild, prompt, sure and thorough—the most delicate person can take

McGale's Butternut Pills

without unpleasant effects. Purely vegetable. Invaluable for sick headaches, bad breath, indigestion and other derangements of the stomach and bowels.

Box—by mail or at the dealers—25c.

Sole Proprietors
THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., Ltd.
MONTREAL, Can.

EDGECOMBE'S SATURDAY BARGAIN!

Are talked about far and near—Every body who visits the Big Store goes away happy. With an immense stock to select from, and money saving prices the inducements appeal to the most exacting purchasers.

THE CLOTHING Department.

Which is conveniently situated now on the ground floor and easy of access, is at this particular season the happy hunting grounds for all who want stylish garments or seasonable goods of all kinds for man or boy. Those who have bought here, come again, and those who have not should call and be convinced that it is to their advantage to buy in this department.

We just mention a few things to be put on sale.

Saturday, Oct. 6.

LIGHT GREY FLANNEL.

16c. Cotton and Wool Twill ... 12c.

WRAPPERETTE AND WAISTINGS.

10c. Dark Colors ... 7c.

LINEN COLLARS

15c. Men's, Boys', Ladies' each 5c.

MEN'S TAN MOCHA KID GLOVES.

\$1.00. On Saturday ... 50c.

BOYS' UNDERWEAR.

Grey Union Ribbed Shirts and

Drawers each ... 15c.

WOOL TAM O'SHANTERS.

50c. All colors ... 25c.

VEILINGS.

A superior line up to 50c., Saturday ... 19c.

OIL CLOTH.

45c. Seasonable to lay under

your stove ... 32c.

A SNAP FOR KNITTERS.

15c. Good Factory Yarn, Grey

and Black, 4lb. Hanks ... 10c.

STOCKING WEBB

12c. Childs, only per yard ... 8c.

COAT AND VEST BUTTONS.

20c. All colors, per dozen ... 3c.

DRESS TRIMMING.

All colors up to \$1.50 per yard,

yard, Saturday ... 23c.

FANCY SILK CHIFFON COLLARS.

Worth up to \$1.60 each ... 33c.

CUSHION CORD.

10c, 15c. ... 8c.

LACES.

35c. Silk and Oriental, White and cream ... 11c.

MEN'S RAIN COATS.

\$7.50 to \$10.50 Saturday \$5.00 to \$7.50

MEN'S FLANNELETTE SHIRTS.

57c. Saturday only ... 38c.

OXFORD CLOTH

\$1.65 All Wool Brown Mixture 58 inch wide, Suitable for Men's, Boys' or Ladies' wear ... \$1.25

90c. Similar Colors, not so heavy ... 65c.

DARK GREEN ITALIAN CLOTH.

65c. For Skirts or Coat Trimming.

BEAVER JACKET CLOTH.

\$1.75 to \$2.00 In Black, Red, Fawn, Green, Brown, Saturday ... \$1.19

VENETIAN CLOTH

85c. For Ladies' Dresses and Suits. Unspotable. Colors, Green, Navy, Brown, Garnet, Grey, Saturday ... 63c.

ALL WOOL PLAID WAISTINGS.

60c. Latest out, Saturday ... 47c.

LADIES' COATING

\$2.25 Blue and Grey, Plaid back, Saturday ... 98c.

WANTED, at once, 300 Dozen Domestic Socks, 200 Doz. Domestic Mitts, also Overstockings and Yarn

FRED. B. EDGECOMBE CO., LTD.
FREDERICTON, N. B.