

A. T. McMURRAY, D. M. D.

Office Hours 9 to 5.

Dentistry in all its modern branches. Special attention given to the care of children's teeth.

Patients living outside the city can make appointments by mail, and thus do away with an unnecessary delay.

By the use of our improved Electric Light, appointments can be made for any evening.

Lady in attendance. Phone 93.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, October 13th 1907 trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON.

To 303 Mixed for Campbellton, Moncton, St. John and Halifax.....	5.45
To 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville.....	18.30
No. 323 Suburban for Marysville.....	16.20
To 317 Suburban for Marysville.....	6.18
To 321 Suburban for Marysville.....	11.18
No. 327 Suburban for Marysville.....	13.40
No. 329 Suburban for Marysville.....	21.00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 318 Suburban from Marysville.....	8.15
No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville.....	13.05
No. 322 Suburban from Marysville.....	13.15
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville.....	18.20
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggieville.....	18.50
No. 328 Suburban from Marysville.....	19.15

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour rotation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight. Moncton, N. B., Oct. 10th, 1907.

CANADIAN RAILWAY

Passenger Train Service from Fredericton, Atlantic Time—Effective Oct. 13th, 1907.

DEPARTURES.

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.	
8.00 a. m. MIXED, via Gibson branch, for Woodstock and north; Presque Isle, Plaster Rock, Edmundston and leave St. Mary's at 8.30 a. m.	
9.50 a. m. EXPRESS for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Atlantic express for St. John and points east.	
5.50 p. m. MIXED for Fredericton Junction, connecting with short line express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and with Imperial Limited and Pacific expresses from Montreal for the west, north west, and Pacific coast; also connects for Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc., St. Stephen and Woodstock.	
9.00 p. m. EXPRESS for St. John and points east.	

ARRIVALS.

9.20 a. m. From St. John and east.	
11.45 a. m. From Montreal and west, Boston, St. Stephen, Woodstock and Houlton.	
8.10 p. m. From St. John and east.	
9.05 p. m. From Woodstock and points north, via Gibson branch, arrives St. Mary's 8.35 p. m.	
10.40 p. m. From Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton.	

W. B. HOWARD, District Passenger Agent, C. P. Railway, St. John, N. B.

Fire, Life, Health and Accident Insurance**JASPER A. WINSLOW,**

Opp. Normal School,

Queen Street, Fredericton.

F. St. John Bliss,**BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c**

Secretary-Treasurer of York County.

County Court House, Main Entrance

Where All Are Interested.

A significant evidence of Scotch good sense is afforded by the signs on the chairs and benches in the Glasgow parks, "Protect your property," thus reminding each citizen that he is part owner and has interests which he must care for.

Felt Hats.

Felt hats were first made by a Swiss in Paris in 1404.

Coin Collections.

The United States is said to have the smallest collection of rare coins of any government possessing a coin collection. At the present time the collection contains not more than 20,000 pieces, and the government expends only \$300 annually for additions to this collection. The Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris owns 350,000 pieces, the Royal Cabinet of Coins at Berlin contains 270,000 coins, the British museum possesses 250,000, the Numismatic Cabinet of Munich contains 180,000 and the Archaeological museum at Madrid contains 120,000 coins. There are thirteen other government coin collections in Europe, containing from 20,000 to 95,000 coins.

MAILS CLOSING

In effect, October 1, 1906.

6 a.m.—For St. John, etc., St. Stephen and Charlotte Co., 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 Springhill, Kingsclear, Prince William, etc. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

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

9.15 a.m.—St. John, etc., C. P. Railway Stations, East.

10 a. m.—For St. Mary's Ferry, Gibson and Marysville.

WAY MAILS.

2 p.m.—For Nashwaakias and St. Mary's Ferry, daily, Nashwaakias, New Maryland, Hanwell, Lower St. Marys and Royal Road, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

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

Up-to-date UNDERTAKER

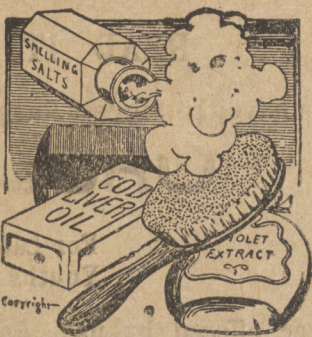
Coffins, Caskets and Funeral Furnishings, Hearse in Connection, Available at all hours. Pictures Framed and Mounted Promptly

Geo. W. Adams,
UP TOWN OPP BANK OF MONTREAL

JOHN G. ADAMS,
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER.

Prompt and careful attention to all orders. The only complete line of Funeral Furnishings in the City and the best Equipment.

Down Town. Next above Queen Hotel, Phone 26.



WHEN OUR BARGAINS ARE EXHAUSTED

you will say with others that you have seen some of the cheapest selling of

STANDARD MEDICINES, TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.,

that you ever saw. But really there is no "give out" to our bargains. Things sold today are immediately replaced by others just as good and just as cheap. Low prices perch upon great value at all times.

Alonzo Staples, The Herald Office.

York Street Drug Store.

Rice Paper.

Rice paper is not made from either rice or rice straw, but from a pithy plant found in China, Korea and Japan.

A Complex Calendar.

The Chinese have a singularly complicated calendar. Their cycles have sixty years, each year, month and day having its own name, and by combining these the day, month and year are designated.

Time's Changes.

"You," said she as she came down the stairs leisurely pulling on her gloves—"you used to say I was worth my weight in gold."

"Well, what if I did?" he asked, looking at his watch for the third time in fifteen minutes.

"And now you don't think I'm worth a wait of two minutes."

They Go Together.

"Any bottles? Any rags?" "Queer combination you deal in, my friend."

"Not so queer. People as has bottles generally has rags."—Washington Herald.

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

Scotia and P. E. Island

4.50 p.m.—British mails via New York, Mondays and Thursdays.

MAILS RECEIVED.

9.30 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.

12.00 noon.—From Montreal, Ottawa, Northwest Provinces, etc., and United States.

1.20 p. m.—From I. C. Railway Stations, North Shore and Quebec.

Scotia and P. E. Island.

St. John River via Steamer.

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

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

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

WAY MAILS

7.50 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.

Together they partially subdued the animal.

weiss, but that they had been advised to give the place a wide berth. Now they were making the best of a hard journey to Serres, where they expected but little better success. He produced certain papers for identification, which Quinnox examined and approved, much to Beverly's secret amazement. The princess and the colonel exchanged glances and afterward a few words in subdued tones. Yette looked furtively at Beverly and then at Baldos, as if to inquire whether these men were the goat hunters she had come to know by word of mouth. The two faces were hopelessly noncommittal.

Suddenly Baldos' horse reared and began to plunge as if in terror, so that the rider kept his seat only by means of adept horsemanship. Ravone leaped forward and at the risk of injury clutched the plunging steed by the bit. Together they partially subdued the animal and Baldos swung to the ground at Ravone's side. Miss Calhoun's horse in the meantime had caught the fever. He pranced off to the roadside before she could get him under control.

She was thus in a position to observe the two men on the ground. Shielded from view by the body of the horse they were able to put the finishing touches to the trick Baldos had cleverly worked. Beverly distinctly saw the guard and the beggar exchange bits of paper, with glances that meant more than the words they were unable to utter.

Baldos pressed into Ravone's hand a note of some bulk and received in exchange a mere slip of paper. The papers disappeared as if by magic, and the guard was remounting his horse before he saw that the act had been detected. The expression of pain and despair in Beverly's face sent a cold chill over him from head to foot.

She turned sick with apprehension. Her faith had received a stunning blow. Mutely she watched the vagabonds withdraw in peace, free to go where they pleased. The excursionists, turned to the main road, Baldos fell back to his accustomed place, his imploring look wasted. She was strangely, inexplicably depressed for the rest of the day.

CHAPTER XVII.

SHE was torn by conflicting emotions. That the two friends had surreptitiously exchanged messages, doubtless by an arrangement perfected since he had entered the service—possibly within the week—could not be disputed. When and how had they planned the accidental meeting? What had been their method of communication? And, above all, what were the contents of the messages exchanged? Were they of a purely personal nature or did they comprehend injury to the principality of Graustark? Beverly could not, in her heart, feel that Baldos was doing anything inimical to the country he served, and yet her duty and loyalty to Yette made it imperative that the transaction should be reported at once. A word to Quinnox and Ravone would be seized and searched for the mysterious paper. This, however, looked utterly unreasonable, for the vagabonds were armed and in force, while Yette was accompanied by but three men who could be depended upon. Baldos, under the conditions, was not to be reckoned upon for support. On the other hand, if he meant no harm, it would be cruel, even fatal, to expose him to this charge of duplicity. And while she turned these troublesome alternatives over in her mind the opportunity to act was lost. Ravone and his men were gone, and the harm, if any was intended, was done.

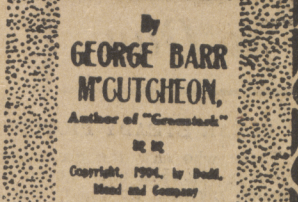
From time to time she glanced back at the guard. His face was imperturbable, even sphinx-like in its steadiness. She decided to hold him personally to account. At the earliest available moment she would demand an explanation of his conduct, threatening him if necessary. If he proved obdurate there was but one course left open to her.

"I don't see why I sit here and let you talk to me like that," she said, feeling the symptoms of collapse. "You have not been fair with me, Baldos. You are laughing at me now and calling me a witless little fool. You—you did something today that shakes my faith to the very bottom. I never can trust you again. Good heaven, I hate to confess to—to every one that you are not honest."

"Your highness!" he implored, coming close to the chair and bending over her. "Before God I am honest with you. Believe me when I say that I have done nothing to injure Graustark. I cannot tell you what it was that passed between Ravone and me, but I swear on my soul that I have not been disloyal to my oath. Won't you trust me? Won't you believe?" His breath was fanning her ear, his voice was eager. She could feel the intensity of his eyes.

"Oh, I don't—don't know what to say to you," she murmured. "I have been so wrought up with fear and disappointment. You'll admit that it was very suspicious, won't you?" she cried, almost pleadingly.

"Yes, yes," he answered. His hand touched her arm, perhaps unconsciously. She threw back her head to give him a look of rebuke. Their eyes met, and after a moment both were full of pleading. Her lips parted, but the words would not come. She was afterward more than thankful for this, because his eyes impelled her to give voice to amazing things that suddenly rushed to her head.

**Beverly of Graustark**

(Continued.)

In broken, jerky sentences Ravone explained to the colonel that they were a party of actors on their way to Edel-

She would deliver him up to the justice he had outraged. Hour after hour went by, and Beverly suffered more than she could have told. The damage was done, and the chance to undo it was slipping farther and farther out of her grasp. She began to look upon herself as the vilest of traitors. There was no silver among the clouds that marred her thoughts that afternoon.

It was late in the day when the party returned to the castle fired out. Beverly was the only one who had no longing to seek repose after the fatiguing trip. Her mind was full of unrest. It was necessary to question Baldos at once. There could be no peace for her until she learned the truth from him. The strain became so great that at last she sent word for him to attend her in the park. He was to accompany the men who carried the sedan chair, in which she had learned to sit with a delightful feeling of being in the eighteenth century.

In a far corner of the grounds, now gray in the early dusk, Beverly bade the bearers to set down her chair and leave her in quiet for a few minutes. The two men withdrew to a respectful distance, whereupon she called Baldos to her side. Her face was flushed with anxiety.

"You must tell me the truth about that transaction with Ravone," she said, coming straight to the point.

"I was expecting this, your highness," said he quietly. The shadows of night were falling, but she could distinguish the look of anxiety in his dark eyes.

"Well?" she insisted impatiently.

"You saw the notes exchanged?"

"Yes, yes, and I command you to tell me what they contained. It was the most daring thing I've—"

"Your highness, I cannot tell you what passed between us. It would be treacherous," he said firmly. Beverly gasped in sheer amazement.

"Treacherous? Good heaven, sir! To whom do you owe allegiance—to me or to Ravone and that band of tramps?" she cried, with eyes afire.

"To both, your highness," he answered so fairly that she was for the moment abashed. "I am loyal to you—loyal to the heart's core—and yet I am loyal to that unhappy band of tramps, as you choose to call them. They are my friends. You are only my sovereign."

"And you won't tell me what passed between you?" she said, angered by this epigrammatic remark.

"I cannot and be true to myself."

"Oh, you are a glorious soldier!" she exclaimed, with fierce sarcasm in her voice. "You speak of being true! I surprise you in the very act of—"

"Stay, your highness!" he said coldly. "You are about to call me a spy and a traitor. Spare me, I implore you, that humiliation. I have sworn to serve you faithfully and loyally. I have not deceived you, and I shall not. Paul Baldos has wronged no man, no woman. What passed between Ravone and myself concerns us only. It had nothing to do with the affairs of Graustark."

"Of course you would say that. You wouldn't be fool enough to tell the truth," cried she hotly. "I am the fool! I have trusted you, and if anything goes wrong I alone am to blame for exposing poor Graustark to danger. Oh, why didn't I cry out this afternoon!"

"I knew you would not," he said, with cool unconcern.

"Insolence! What do you mean by that?" she cried in confusion.

"In your heart you knew I was doing no wrong. You shielded me then, as you have shielded me from the beginning."

"I don't see why I sit here and let you talk to me like that," she said, feeling the symptoms of collapse. "You have not been fair with me, Baldos. You are laughing at me now and calling me a witless little fool. You—you did something today that shakes my faith to the very bottom. I never can trust you again. Good heaven, I hate to confess to—to every one that you are not honest."

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(To be continued.)

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

is rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Norway Pine Tree, skillfully combined with Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks. It is a pleasant, safe and effectual medicine for Coughs and Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy and all troubles of the Throat and Lungs.

A single dose will convince you that it will stop the cough, soothe the throat, and start you on the road to recovery.

Be sure and do not accept a substitute for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. The genuine is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and the price 25 cents.

Miss C. M. Woodcock, Kinmount, Ont., writes: "For some time I suffered from a lingering cough. I was afraid it would turn to consumption, and, as I had tried many remedies and found no cure I asked my father to get me a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. When I had taken that bottle I was so much better I got three more, and I am now completely cured."

DR. KESTER'S TORONTO.

The Making of a Pauper Told By Sympathetic Writer.

The dictionary defines a pauper as "an indigent person supported by alms." Here in Toronto the meaning might be enlarged. A pauper may be a person who works hard for his living, says a writer in The Toronto News. He may earn nine dollars a week, and neither drink, gamble or otherwise waste his substance, and yet be a pauper. If he has seven children and a wife, and pays ten dollars a month for the four rooms they live in, he can scarcely help being a person who requires alms. It is not that the rooms are a steam-heated flat, or on a scale out of ratio with his wage? They are—four certain rooms at such a rental—up a rickety old stairway, and cover, all told, about the space of an ordinary drawing-room. There is a departure from the perpendicular in the flooring, that, by the law of gravitation, encourages a congestion of occupants, furniture, and, most especially, any unwary visitors, towards the lower end of the incline. The walls carry out the same trend of architecture, and the ceilings harmonize. City water is obtained from a tap somewhere below. It is shared with ten other tenants of the premises, about twenty-five in number.

The certain man who lives in this particular abode earns nine dollars a week and has eight children. He is an honest, sturdy-looking chap, and his wife a bright, thrifty little creature, and it seems as though something is wrong somewhere that they have not enough to eat.

When you drop in to see them you fancy they are giving a children's party, and that all the neighborhood is present. The eldest child is only eleven, so that it is quite a task to arrange the others consecutively, for the one seven years old is taller than the one that is nine, and the one that is six is just the height exactly of the one that is eight. The two babies might be taken for twins. If it were not for a look in the woman's eyes, and a glimpse of some carefully hoarded bones and crusts, you would not come away with a choke in your throat. The youngsters have rounder cheeks and harder, straighter little bodies than many a carefully-tended, scientifically-fed "only child" that we know. They have thatches of golden hair befitting cherubs. It seems all the greater pity they should be starved—bodily and morally.

Big families and big rents are not the only means of making a worker a pauper. There is another person who is one because she hasn't a kitchen stove. She is a poor, lonely old colored lady that reminds you of hoe cakes and stories of the Civil War, and laundries as well as you could wish. Unfortunately she is deaf as the proverbial post, and, more unfortunately, possessed of an uncertain temper addicted to sudden and violent squalls. They are harmless, but apt to prove somewhat terrifying to a timid employer, and her engagements consequently are few. Formerly she "took in" sufficient work to keep the bell in and hunger from the door, but the infirmities of old age have gradually overtaken her stove, and nothing but a smoking, smouldering fire can be coaxed to boil the soap suds and heat the irons. A look at her arms and convalescent one that she is not lazy, and her muttered invocations to all that is evil to descend upon the delapidated range were an ample testimony to the fact that she would rather have washing than charity. One could only believe at her, by way of comfort, that perhaps Santa Claus would put a new one in her stocking at Christmas. If any tender-hearted friend of the working woman has a suggestion as to how this particular one might be aided, would they be kind enough to let us—Miss McIntosh at the Mission Union on Hayter street—know it.

There is a woman who works in a downtown restaurant from eight in the morning until eight at night, yet the only roof she could find to cover her head was the roof of a stable. You waded through mud and refuse to the ladder that leads to these filthy hay-loft apartments, and wonder if White-chapel could be very much worse. The rents would probably be lower. For these two bits of dark, damp cells she paid two dollars a week. Her wages at the restaurant were three. There was some small ground for clemency when one of her three children was arrested the other day for taking a drink from a neighbor's milk bottle. Through the efforts of the mission workers better quarters have been found, and the child brought back from the shelter. But there is still only three dollars a