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

Office Hours 9 to 5.

Dentistry in all its modern branches. Special attention given to the care af 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.

No. 303 Mixed for Campbellton, Moncton, St. John and Halifax..... ....5.45

No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville..... ...18.30

No. 323 Subruban for Marysville..... ....16.20

No. 317 Suburban for Marysville 6.10

No. 321 Suburban for Marysville 11.10

No. 327 Suburban for Marysville..... ....18.40

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 notation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

Moncton, N. B., Oct. 10th, 1907.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

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

DEPARTURES.

8.25 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.

3.50 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 Vanceboro, 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.

3.10 p. m. From St. John and east.

3.05 p. m. From Woodstock and points north, via Gibson branch, arrives St. Mary's 8.35 p. m.

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

W. B. HOWARD, District Passenge 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

No Hessians Need Apply.

Aunt Sally Linnekin was looking admiringly at a collection of souvenir postal cards brought back from Europe by one of her summer boarders.

"Now, this one," said he, showing a handsome card, "is from Hesse, where those Hessian soldiers came from, you know."

Aunt Sally put down the cards and rose up in intense indignation.

"Land sakes!" she exclaimed in horror. "Did you go there?"

No Secret.

"Well, well," exclaimed Miss Passay, "so she's twenty-five today. I guess it would surprise her if I should tell her I was the same age."

"Oh, no," replied Miss Knox; "she knows that, of course."

"She knows that I'm twenty-five?"

"No; that you were."

Diligence increaseth the fruit of toil. A dilatory man wrestles with losses.—Hesiod.

AUTUMN DRESSES.

When the maple turns to crimson,
And the sassafras to gold;
When the gentian's in the meadow
And the aster in the wold;
When the moon is lapped in vapor,
And the night is frosty cold.

When the chestnut burrs are opened,
And the acorns drop like hail,
And the drowsy air is startled
With the thumping like the flail—
With the drumming of the partridge,
With the whistle of the quail.

Through the rustling woods I wander,
Through the jewels of the year,
From the yellow uplands calling,
Seeking her who still is dear;
She is near me in the autumn,
She, the beautiful, is near.

Through the smoke of burning summer,
When the weary winds are still,
I can see her in the valley,
I can see her on the hill,
In the splendor of the woodlands,
In the whisper of the rill.

For the shores of earth and heaven
Meet and mingle in the blue;
She can wander down the glory
To the places that she knew—
Where the happy lovers wandered
In the days when life was true.

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, Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.

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

WAY MAILS.

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

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

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

Scotia and P. E. Island

4.30 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

7.30 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.

Up-to-date UNDERTAKER

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

Geo. W. Adams,

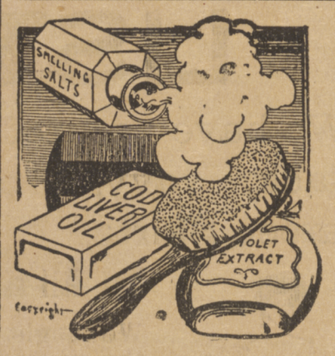
UP TOWN OPP BANK OF MONTREAL

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 the 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 other just as good and just as cheap. Low prices perch upon great value at all times.

Alonzo Staples,

York Street Drug Store.

Wedding ... Cake Boxes AT The Herald Office.

Beverly of Graustark

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON, Author of "Graustark"

Copyright, 1904, by Dodd, Mead and Company

(Continued.)

"It is not improbable, your highness. He is known to be a daring young fellow, and he has never failed in a siege against the heart of woman. Report has it that he is the most invincible Lothario that ever donned love's armor." Beverly was conscious of furtive glances in her direction, and a faint pink stole into her temples. "Our fugitive princes are lucky in neither love nor war," went on the duke. "Poor Dantan, who is hiding from Gabriel, is betrothed to the daughter of the present prime minister of Dawsbergen, the beautiful Iolanda. I have seen her. She is glorious, your highness."

"I, too, have seen her," said Yetive, more gravely than she thought. "The report of their betrothal is true, then?"

"His sudden overthrow prevented the nuptials which were to have taken place in a month had not Gabriel returned. Her father, the Duke of Matz, wisely accepted the inevitable and became prime minister to Gabriel. Iolanda, it is said, remains true to him and sends messages to him as he wanders through the mountains."

Beverly's mind instantly reverted to the confessions of Baldos. He had admitted the sending and receiving of messages through Franz. Try as she would, she could not drive the thought from her mind that he was Dantan, and now came the distressing fear that his secret messages were words of love from Iolanda. The audience lasted until late in the night, but she was so occupied with her own thoughts that she knew of but little that transpired.

Of one thing she was sure. She could not go to sleep that night.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE next morning Aunt Fanny had a hard time of it. Her mistress was petulant; there was no sunshine in the bright August day as it appeared to her. Toward dawn, after she had counted many millions of black sheep jumping backward over a fence, she had fallen asleep. Aunt Fanny obeyed her usual instructions on this luckless morning. It was Beverly's rule to be called every morning at 7 o'clock. But how was her attendant to know that the graceful young creature, who had kicked the counterpane to the foot of the bed and had mauled the pillow out of all shape, had slept for less than thirty minutes? How was she to know that the flushed face and frown were born in the course of a night of distressing perplexities? She knew only that the sleeping beauty who lay before her was the fairest creature in all the universe. For some minutes Aunt Fanny stood off and admired the rich youthful glory of the sleeper, prophetically reluctant to disturb her happiness. Then she obeyed the impulse of duty and spoke the summoning words.

"Wha—what time is it?" demanded the newcomer from the land of Nod, stretching her fine young body with a splendid but discontented yawn.

"Seben, Miss Bev'ly. Wha' time do yo' s'pose hit is? Hit's d' reg'lah time, o' co'se. Did yo' all have a nice sleep, honey?" and Aunt Fanny went blissfully about the business of the hour.

"I didn't sleep a wink, confound it," grumbled Beverly, rubbing her eyes and turning on her back to glare up at the tapestry above the couch.

"Yo' wasn' winkin' any when Ah fust come into de room, lemme tell yo'," cackled Aunt Fanny, with caustic freedom.

"See here, now, Aunt Fanny, I'm not going to stand any lecture from you this morning. When a fellow hasn't slept a"—

"Who's a-lecturin' anybody, Ah'd lak to know? Ah'm jes' tellin' yo' what yo' was a-doin' when Ah came into de room. Yo' was a-sleepin' p'etty dog-gone tight, lemme tell yo'. Is yo' goin' out fo' yo' walk befo' b'eakfus', honey? 'Cause if yo' is, yo' all 'll be obleeged to climb out'n dat baid maghty quick-like. Yo' baf is ready, Miss Bev'ly."

Beverly splashed the water with unreasonable ferocity for a few minutes, trying to enjoy a diversion that had not failed her until this morning.

"Aunt Fanny," she announced after looking darkly through her window into the mountains above, "if you can't brush my hair—ouch!—any easier than this I'll have some one else do it, that's all. You're a regular old bear."

"Po' lil' honey," was all the complacent bear said in reply, without altering her methods in the least.

"Well," said Beverly threateningly, with a shake of her head, "be careful, that's all. Have you heard the news?"

"Wha' news, Miss Bev'ly?"

"We're going back to Washin'ton."

"Thank de Lawd! When?"

"I don't know. I've just this instant made up my mind. I think we'll start—let's see, this is the 6th of August, isn't it? Well, look and see if you don't know, stupid! The 10th? My goodness! Where has the time gone, anyway? Well, we'll start some time between the 11th and the 12th."

"Of dis monf, Miss Bev'ly?"

"No. September. I want you to look up a time table for me today. We must see about the trains."

"Dey's on'y one leavin' heah daily, an' hit goes at 6 in de mo'nin'. One train a day! Ain' dat scan'lous?"

"I'm sure, Aunt Fanny, it is their business, not ours," said Beverly severely.

"P'raps dey mought be runnin' a excuhsion roun' 'bout Septembeh, Miss Bev'ly," speculated Aunt Fanny consolingly. "Dey gen'ly has 'em in Septembeh."

"You old goose," cried Beverly in spite of herself.

"Ain' yo' habin' er good time, honey?"

"No, I am not."

"Fo' de lan' sake. Ah wouldn' s'picioned hit fo' a minnit. Hit's de gayest place Ah mos' eveh saw—'cept Wash'ton an' Lex'ton an' Vicksbu'g."

"Well, you don't know everything," said Beverly crossly. "I wish you'd take that red feather out of my hat right away."

"Shall Ah frow hit away, Miss Bev'ly?"

"We-ll, no. You needn't do that," said Beverly. "Put it on my dressing table. I'll attend to it."

"Wha's become o' de gemman 'at wo' hit in de fust place? Ah ain' seen him fo' two—three days."

"I'm sure I don't know. He's probably asleep. That class of people never lose sleep over anything."

"'E's er pow'ful good lookin' puss-son," suggested Aunt Fanny. Beverly's eyes brightened.

"Oh, do you think so?" she said, quite indifferently. "What are you doing with that hat?"

"Takin' out de featheh—jes' as"—

"Well, leave it alone. Don't disturb my things, Aunt Fanny. How many times must I tell you"—

"Good Lawd!" was all that Aunt Fanny could say.

"Don't forget about the time tables," said Beverly as she sallied forth for her walk in the park.

In the afternoon she went driving with Princess Yetive and the young Duke of Mizrox, upon whose innocent and sufficiently troubled head she was heaping secret abuse because of the news he brought. Later Count Marlanx appeared at the castle for his first lesson in poker. He looked so sure of himself that Beverly hated him to the point of desperation. At the same time she was eager to learn how matters stood with Baldos. The count's threat still hung over her head, veiled by its ridiculous shadow of mercy. She knew him well enough by this time to feel convinced that Baldos would have to account for his temerity sooner or later. It was like the cat and the helpless mouse.

"It's too hot," she protested, when he announced himself ready for the game. "Nobody plays poker when it's 92 in the shade."

"But, your highness," complained the count, "war may break out any day. I cannot concede delay."

"I think there's a game called 'shooting craps,'" suggested she serenely. "It seems to me it would be particularly good for warriors. You could be shooting something all the time."

He went away in a decidedly irascible frame of mind. She did not know it, but Baldos was soon afterward set to work in the garrison stables, a most loathsome occupation, in addition to his duties as a guard by night.

After mature deliberation Beverly set herself to the task of writing home to her father. It was her supreme intention to convince him that she would be off for the States in an amazingly short time. The major upon receiving the letter three weeks later found nothing in it to warrant the belief that she was ever coming home. He did observe, however, that she had but little use for the army of Graustark and was especially disappointed in the set of men Yetive retained as her private guard. For the life of her Beverly could not have told why she disapproved of the guard in general or in particular, but she was conscious of the fact after the letter was posted that she had said many things that might have been left unwritten. Besides, it was not Baldos' fault that she could not sleep. It was distinctly her own. He had nothing to do with it.

"I'll bet father will be glad to hear that I am coming home," she said to Yetive after the letter was gone.

"Oh, Beverly, dear, I hate to hear of your going," cried the princess. "When did you tell him you'd start?"

"Why—oh—er—let me see, when did I say? Dash me, as Mr. Anguish would say, I don't believe I gave a date. It seems to me I said soon; that's all."

"You don't know how relieved I am," exclaimed Yetive rapturously, and Beverly was in high dudgeon because of the implied reflection. "I believe you are in a tiff with Baldos," went on Yetive airily.

"Goodness! How foolish you can be at times, Yetive!" was what Beverly gave back to her highness the Princess of Graustark.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Misunderstood.

Gunbusta—A burst hose recently caused Mrs. De Style a loss of $3,000.

Mrs. Gunbusta — Serves her right that's an awful lot of money to keep in one's stocking.—Lippincott's.

THAT BAD BREATH OF YOURS MEANS INDIGESTION

And very likely constipation, which fill your blood with impurities and poison your whole system. To cleanse your blood and strengthen your digestive organs

TAKE MOTHER

Seigel's SYRUP

Price 60 cents per bottle. Sold Everywhere

A. J. WHITE & CO., MONTREAL.

The Three Peanut States.

Virginia, Tennessee and Georgia are the leading peanut states. In Virginia the white peanut and the small red peanut are the varieties chiefly produced, while Georgia also largely produces this small red nut. In Tennessee the white nut, which is larger than the red, and the larger variety of the red nut are raised. The chief peanut counties are Humphreys, Perry, Hickman and Dickson, but the area of peanut cultivation has been enlarged in more recent years. Few peanuts are produced in east or west Tennessee, but in the counties named they are the chief money crop of a large per cent of the farmers. The peanut has many names—goober, pindar, earth nut, ground nut, ground pea. Northern soldiers called them goobers, and there was a well known song entitled "Grabbing Goober Peas," which was a favorite with troops "marching through Georgia."—Nashville American.

Windows of Celluloid.

One of the many uses to which celluloid is put is in supplying window lights for the curtains of automobile tops. Celluloid is made in sheets of extreme thinness down to a thickness of only five-one thousandths of an inch, and such sheets of celluloid can be rolled up as readily and closely as sheets of paper. From sheets of transparent celluloid pieces are cut of the sizes required for the windows, and when these have been set in place they can be rolled up with the curtain, like any other part of it. While the window of celluloid can thus be readily rolled up it is liable to be dented or crumpled, as a roll of paper would be if crushed, and so celluloid is not a perfect material for this use, but it appears to be the best that has yet been found.

Lord Rothschild and Jay Gould.

Lord Rothschild who is taking a prominent part in the commission which is considering as to the best territory for Jewish colonization, is the wealthiest member of the wealthiest and most famous banking house in the world. His monetary and social influence suggests the monarch rather than the financier. There is a story that Jay Gould once called upon him on business. Lord Rothschild sent out word that he was too busy to see the caller. Mr. Gould, not accustomed to being denied audience by any one, sent back rather a tart repetition of his request. After an interval the attendant returned with this reply from Lord Rothschild: "Tell Mr. Gould that Europe is not for sale."

New Diamond Field.

At Christiana, a little town in the Transvaal about seventy miles above Kimberley, an alluvial deposit has been discovered bearing diamonds, and the entire area has been staked out in claims, which are granted by the government, each fifty yards square. The "digging" for diamonds, which are found in the surface deposits, is somewhat similar to placer gold mining. There some 3,000 diamond miners, representing every nationality, are living in huts and tents with their families.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

BETWEEN

Montreal and Vancouer

"WESTERN EXPRESS"
To Calgary
Leaves Montreal, Daily at 10. 10 am.
Coaches and Palace Sleepers. Tourist Sleepers Sun., Mon. and Thurs.

"PACIFIC EXPRESS"
To Vancouver.
Leaves Montreal Daily at 10.10 p.m.
Coaches and Palace Sleepers. Tourist Sleepers Tues., Wed., Fri. and Sat.

NEW LINE to SPOKANE, WASH., and PORTLAND, Leaves Montreal at 10.10 pm

via Canadian Pacific, Crowsnest Branch, Kingsgate and Spokane-International Ry., connecting at Spokane with the Oregon Rd. & Nav. Co. for local stations, Portland, Ore. and all Pacific Coast Poimts South of Portland.

VISIT BANFF
The Canadian Winter Resort.
Sanitarium Hotel Open for Guests.

W. B. HOWARD, D. P. A., C. P. R.
ST. JOHN, N.B.