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.

A PAPER OF PINS.

Pins were introduced in the sixteenth century.

Then they were costly and highly prized as gifts.

A paper of pins was more acceptable than a bouquet.

An act was passed in 1543 making it illegal to charge more than eightpence a thousand for metal pins.

Persons of quality often used pins made of boxwood, bone and silver, while the poor put up with wooden skewers.

In those day husbands were often surprised at the great amount of money that went for pins; hence the term "pin money."

Not so many years ago the frugal American housewife was wont to teach pin economy by teaching her children that canny couplet, "See a pin and pick it up, all the day you'll have good luck."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A boy's idea of a hero is another boy who runs away from home.

Nothing is so often overestimated as the information given confidentially.

As a rule, what a man calls his rights represent merely desired privileges.

You may have forgotten more than the other man knows and still be a short horse.

The man who is scared into being good is the one most likely to boast of his exceeding virtue.

There are lots of ways of wasting time. Feeling sorry for yourself brings about as little returns as any.

When a man goes to church and hears a sermon which seems intended expressly for him, he never enjoys it very much.

As the prize winner in the biggest baby contest, the man who doesn't get sick very often is a strong competitor when he does.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, June 16th, 1907, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON.

No. 303 Mixed for Campbellton, Moncton, St. John and Halifax 5.00
No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville 18.30
No. 317 Suburban for Marysville 6.15
No. 321 Suburban for Marysville 11.15
No. 323 Subruban for Marysville 16.15
No. 327 Suburban for Marysville 18.50
No. 329 Suburban for Marysville 21.30

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 318 Suburban from Marysville... ..... 8.15
No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville 12.05
No. 322 Suburban from Marysville 13.25
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville... ..... 18.20
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggieville 16.3
No. 328 Suburban from Marysville 19.25

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

Moncton, N. B., June 12th, 1907

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Passenger Train service from Fredericton Effective June 2nd, 1907 Atlantic Time.

DEPARTURES.

6.20 a. m. Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points North; Edmundston, Riviere du Loup and Quebec; Bangor, Portland, Boston.

7.40 a. m. Mixed — Via Gibson Branch for Woodstock and North; Presque Isle, Edmundston, Riviere du Loup and Quebec. Leaves St. Marys at 8.20 a. m.

9.30 a. m. Express for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Atlantic Express for St. John and points East.

4.30 p. 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 Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston etc., St. Stephen (St. Andrews after July 1st) and Woodstock.

9.00 p. m. Express for St. John and points East.

ARRIVALS.

9.00 a. m. From St. John and East.

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

3.35 p. m. From St. John and East.

6.15 p. m. From Woodstock and points North, via Gibson Branch. Arrives at St. Marys, 8.40 p. m.

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

W. B. HOWARD, District Passenger Agent, St. John.

WM. STITT, General Passenger Agent, Montreal, P. Q.

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

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 Boiestown, Doaktown, Blackville, etc., Chatham, and I. C. Railway Stations, north and

4.45 p.m.—For St. Stephen, Woodstock, 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.

8.30 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

7.00 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.

COME TO US.

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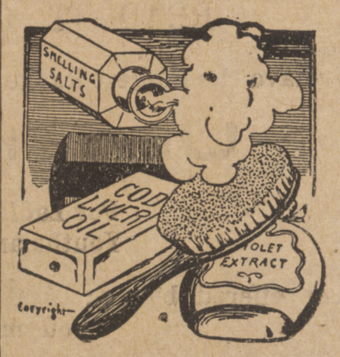

WHEN OUR BARGAINS ARE EXHAUSTED

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"

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(Continued.)

"Why do you wear that horrid black patch over your eye?" she asked, a trifle timidly. He muttered a sharp exclamation and clapped his hand to his eye. For the first time since the beginning of their strange acquaintanceship Beverly observed downright confusion in this debonair knight of the wilds.

"It has—has slipped off," he stammered, with a guilty grin. His merry insolence was gone, his composure with it. Beverly laughed with keen enjoyment over the discomfiture of the shame faced vagabond.

"You can't fool me!" she exclaimed, shaking her finger at him in the most unconventional way. "It was intended to be a disguise. There is absolutely nothing the matter with your eye."

He was speechless for a moment, recovering himself. Wisdom is conceived in silence, and he knew this. Vagabond or gentleman, he was a clever actor.

"The eye is weak, your highness, and I cover it in the daytime to protect it from the sunlight," he said coolly.

"That's all very nice, but it looks to be quite as good as the other. And what is more, sir, you are not putting the patch over the same eye that wore it when I first saw you. It was the left eye at sunset. Does the trouble transfer after dark?"

He broke into an honest laugh and hastily moved the black patch across his nose to the left eye.

"I was turned around in the darkness, that's all," he said serenely. "It belongs over the left eye, and I am deeply grateful to you for discovering the error."

"I don't see any especial reason why you should wear it after dark, do you? There is no sunlight, I'm sure."

"I am dazzled, nevertheless," he retorted.

"Fiddlesticks!" she said. "This is a cave, not a drawing room."

"In other words, I am a lout and not a courtier," he smiled. "Well, a lout may look at a princess. We have no court etiquette in the hills, I am sorry to say."

"That was very unkind, even though you said it most becomingly," she protested. "You have called this pail a throne. Let us also imagine that you are a courtier."

"You punish me most gently, your highness. I shall not forget my manners again, believe me." He seemed thoroughly subdued.

"Then I shall expect you to remove that horrid black thing. It is positively villainous. You look much better without it."

"Is it an edict or a compliment?" he asked, with such deep gravity that she flushed.

"It is neither," she answered. "You don't have to take it off unless you want to"—

"In either event it is off. You were right. It serves as a partial disguise. I have many enemies and the black patch is a very good friend."

"How perfectly lovely," cried Beverly. "Tell me all about it. I adore stories about feuds and all that."

"Your husband is an American. He should be able to keep you well entertained with blood-and-thunder stories," said he.

"My hus— What do you— Oh, yes!" gasped Beverly. "To be sure. I didn't hear you, I guess. That was rather a severe clap of thunder, wasn't it?"

"Is that also a command?"

"What do you mean?"

"There was no thunderclap, you know."

"Oh, wasn't there?" helplessly.

"The storm is quite past. There is still a dash of rain in the air, and the wind may be dying hard, but aside from that I think the noise is quite subdued."

"I believe you are right. How sudden it all was."

"There are several hours between this and dawn, your highness, and you should try to get a little more sleep. Your cushions are dry and"—

"Very well, since you are so eager to get rid of"— began Beverly, and then stopped, for it did not sound particularly regal. "I should have said, you are very thoughtful. You will call me if I sleep late?"

"We shall start early, with your permission. It is forty miles to Ganlook, and we must be half way there by nightfall."

"Must we spend another night like this?" cried Beverly dolefully.

"Alas, I fear you must endure us another night. I am afraid, however, we shall not find quarters as comfortable as those of the Hawk and Raven."

"I didn't mean to be ungrateful and —er—snippish," she said, wondering if he knew the meaning of the word.

"No?" he said politely, and she knew he did not, whereupon she felt distinctly humbled.

"You know you speak such excellent English," she said irrelevantly.

He bowed low. As he straightened his figure, to his amazement, he beheld an agonizing look of horror on her face, her eyes riveted on the mouth of the cavern. Then there came an angrier sound, unlike any that had gone before in that night of turmoil.

"Look there! Quick!"

The cry of terror from the girl's palsied lips as she pointed to something behind him awoke the mountain man to instant action. Instinctively he snatched his long dagger from its sheath and turned quickly. Not twenty feet from them a huge catlike beast stood half crouched on the edge of the darkness, his long tail switching angrily. The feeble light from the depth of the cave threw the long, water soaked visitor into bold relief against the black wall beyond. Apparently he was as much surprised as the two who glared at him, as though frozen to the spot. A snarling whine, a fierce growl, indicated his fury at finding his shelter, his lair, occupied.

"My God! A mountain lion! Ravone! Franz! To me!" he cried hoarsely, and sprang before her shouting loudly to the sleepers.

A score of men, half awake, grasped their weapons and struggled to their feet in answer to his call. The lion's gaunt body shot through the air. In two bounds he was upon the goat hunter. Baldos stood squarely and firmly to meet the rush of the maddened beast, his long dagger poised for the death dealing blow.

"Run!" he shouted to her.

Beverly Calhoun had fighting blood in her veins. Utterly unconscious of her action at the time, she quickly drew the little silver handled revolver from the pocket of her gown. As man, beast and knife came together, in her excitement she fired recklessly at the combatants without any thought of the imminent danger of killing her protector. There was a wild scream of pain from the wounded beast, more pistol shots, fierce yells from the excited hunters, the rush of feet, and then the terrified and almost frantic girl staggered and fell against the rocky wall. Her wide gray eyes were fastened upon the writhing lion, and the smoking pistol was tightly clutched in her hand.

It had all occurred in such an incredibly short space of time that she could not yet realize what had happened.

Her heart and brain seemed paralyzed, her limbs stiff and immovable. Like the dizzy whirl of a kaleidoscope, the picture before her resolved itself into shape.

The beast was gasping his last upon the rocky floor, the hilt of the goat hunter's dagger protruding from his side. Baldos, supported by two of his men, stood above the savage victim, his legs covered with blood. The cave was full of smoke and the smell of powder. Out of the haze she began to see the light of understanding. Baldos alone was injured. He had stood between her and the rush of the lion, and he had saved her at a cost she knew not how great.

"Oh, the blood!" she cried hoarsely. "Is it—is it—are you badly hurt?" She was at his side, the pistol falling from her nervous fingers.

"Don't come near me. I'm all right!" he cried quickly.

"Take care—your dress"—

"Oh, I'm so glad to hear you speak! Never mind the dress! You are torn to pieces! You must be frightfully hurt. Oh, isn't it terrible—horrible! Aunt Fanny! Come here this minute!"

Forgetting the beast and throwing off the paralysis of fear, she pushed one of the men away and grasped the arm of the injured man. He winced perceptibly, and she felt something warm and sticky on her hands. She knew it was blood, but it was not in her to shrink at a moment like this.

"Your arm too!" she gasped. He smiled, although his face was white with pain. "How brave you were! You might have been—I'll never forget it—never! Don't stand there, Aunt Fanny! Quick! Get those cushions for him. He's hurt."

In her excitement she fired recklessly.

"Good Lawd!" was all the old woman could say, but she obeyed her mistress.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Man yields to custom as he bows to fate—in all things ruled, mind, body and estate.—Crabbe.

GRAPES ARE PLENTIFUL.

Prospects In Niagara Fruit Belt Are Very Good.

Nothing so far has been published about the grape crop in the Niagara fruit belt, and it will be interesting to learn that the prospects for grapes this year were never better. A grape-grower said recently that this has been an exceptionally favorable spring for grapes, and the vines are looking exceptionally well now. "I may say that the grape industry is in much better shape around here now than it was two or three years ago. Then it was beginning to look a very serious matter for the grapes by reason of the fungus diseases which threatened their destruction. Efficient spraying has, similarly to the case of the peach trees, saved the grape vines of the fruit belt, and now the only thing we have to fear is the weather. The grape rot is largely due to the weather, it coming from too much dampness."

Accordingly the Niagara district will send out its usual four or five thousand tons of grapes this year, as in former years.

Speaking of the manner in which the Niagara fruit-growers are opening out trade in the Canadian west, a prominent grower remarked to your correspondent that last year 35 carloads of fruit were shipped to the west from here, whereas the previous year there were only seven cars sent out. Practically every kind of fruit was sent.

Horse Chased by Engine.

Chased by a locomotive for five miles, crossing half a dozen trestle bridges and finally tumbling from one 30 feet into a river bed, and emerging with one cracked rib and the loss of four shoes—that's the record that was made by an ordinary every day sort of a horse recently.

One Pendrake is a poultry farmer in Davisville. Driving near the Don River, he was tempted by the cooling waters and Taylor's Dam and went in for a swim, in the meantime unhitching his horse and tying it to a nearby tree.

One of the Canadian Northern Ontario trains, northbound and shrieking enthusiastically, came along and scared the equine, which, with a sudden jerk, broke loose.

Curiously enough it took the railway track for its speedway and sped away with the train in close pursuit. Along the ties and over trestle bridges galloped the beast. Several times its legs went down between the bridge ties, loses the shoes, but scrambling up, continued on the wild run.

Twice the engineer slowed up and attempts were made to catch the excited horse, but in vain.

Finally, after five miles had been covered, while crossing a trestle the poor brute swerved, stumbled and went over and splashed into the river 30 feet below. There was enough water to break the fall—and it was soft water at that—and the horse landed itself comparatively unhurt.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Alterations, &c., Military Stores Building, St. John, N. B.," will be received at this office until Tuesday, October 8th, 1907, inclusively, for alterations and additions to the Military Stores Building at St. John, N. B., according to plans and specifications to be seen at the officeof D. H. Waterbury, Esq., Custom House, St. John, N. B., and at the Department of Public Works.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted check on a chartered bank payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works equal to ten per cent. of the amount of the tender must accompany each tender. The check will be forfeited if the person tendering decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-appeanance of tender.

Thedepartment does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,
FRED. GELINAS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, September 18, 1907.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.
Sept. 24 d3i.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Portland and Boston

EXCURSIONS

Via THE ALL RAIL LINE

on Sale Daily until

OCTOBER 16TH, 1907

Good for Return thirty days from date of issue.

FROM FREDERICTON TO BOSTON AND RETURN, $10.75

EQUALLY LOW RATES FROM OTHER PO NTS.

SPECIAL LOW RATES

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To British Columbia and Pacific Coast Points

NOW ON SALE.

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