

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 an evening.

Lady in attendance. Phone 91.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, May 22nd, 1906, trains will run daily (Sundays 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 Suburban for Marysville	16.20
No. 323 Suburban 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	21.30

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	13.45
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville	13.45
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham, Moncton, Chatham and Loggieville	18.20
No. 328 Suburban from Marysville	16.30
No. 328 Suburban from Marysville	19.15

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour operation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight. Moncton, N. B., May 23, 1906.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

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

DEPARTURES.

8.00 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.

9.00 a. m. MIXED, via Gibson branch, for Woodstock and north; Presque Isle, Plaster Rock, Edmundston and leave St. Mary's at 9.30 a. m.

9.00 a. m. EXPRESS for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Atlantic express for St. John and points east.

2.00 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.

4.00 p. m. EXPRESS for St. John and points east.

ARRIVALS.

6.20 a. m. From St. John and east.

9.45 a. m. From Montreal and west, Boston, St. Stephen, Woodstock and Houlton.

9.10 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.

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

W. J. IRVINE, D. D. S.

Special Practitioner's Certificate from Chicago College of Dental Surgery

Artificial Teeth

Inserted in Gold, Aluminum and ordinary Rubber Plates

Crown & Bridge Work

Executed in Gold and Porcelain after latest and best methods

Anesthetics

Local and General applied and administered for Painless Dentistry

OFFICE: CHESTNUT'S BUILDING

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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.

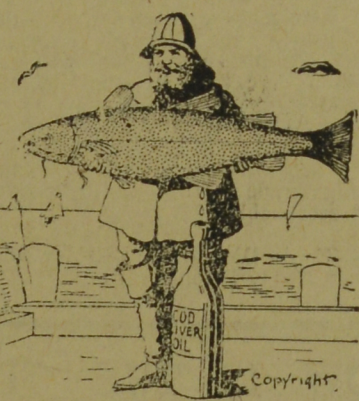
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HARD AND SOFT

COAL

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P. FAPRELL



PURE COD LIVER OIL

Is one of the best if not the very best remedy for loss of flesh and vitality. Our Norwegian Cod Liver Oil at — per bottle is excellent.

For those who cannot take the oil in its natural state we have a full line of Emulsions including such well known brands as Scott's, etc. Anything one expects to find in a complete stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES here.

Alonzo Staples,

York Street Drug Store.

DR. F. W. BARBOUR,

SURGEON DENTIST,

President and Prize Man Boston Dental College Class 1891. Registered by Mass. State Board of Legislation. Facilities and experience in all branches of Dentistry. Special attention given to saving aching or abscessed teeth. Young lady in attendance.

PURIFIED BY SUFFERING

BY MARY JANE HOLMES.

(Continued.)

The village clock was striking one, and the sound echoed across the waters of Fairy Pond, awakening in his murky bed, a sleeping frog, who sent forth upon the warm, still air a musical, plaintive note as Morris bore his bride over the threshold and into the library, where a cheerful fire was blazing. He had ordered it kindled there, for he had a fancy ere he slept to see fulfilled a dream he had dreamed so often, of Katy sitting as his wife in the chair across the hearth, where he placed her now, himself removing her shawl and hood; then kneeling down before her, with his arm around her waist and his head upon her shoulder, he prayed aloud to the God who had brought her there, asking life blessing upon their future life, and dedicating himself and all he had to his Master's service. It is such a prayer which God delights to answer, and a peace, deeper than they had yet known, fell upon the newly married pair at Linwood.

CHAPTER LII.

The scene shifts now to New York, where, one week after the wedding at Silverton, Mark and Helen went, together with Morris and Katy. But not to Madison Square. That house had been sold, and Katy saw it but once, her tears falling fast as, driving slowly by with Morris, she gazed at the closed door and windows of what was once her home, and around which lingered no pleasant memories, save that it was the birthplace of baby Cameron. Lieutenant Bob Reynolds had thought to buy it, but Bell said "No, it would not be pleasant for Katy to visit me there, and I mean to have her with me as much as possible." So the house went to strangers, and a less pretentious but quite as comfortable one was bought for Bell, so far up town that Juno wondered how her sister would manage to exist so far from everything, intimating that her visits would be far between, a threat which Lieutenant Bob took quite seriously. Indeed, it rather enhanced the value of his pleasant home than otherwise, for Juno was not a favorite, and his equanimity was not likely to be disturbed if she never crossed his threshold. She was throwing bait to Arthur Grey, the man who swore he was fifty to escape the draft, and who, now that the danger was over, would gladly take back his oath and be forty, as he really was. With the most freezing kiss imaginable Juno greeted Katy, calling her "Mrs. Grant," and treating Morris as if he were an entire stranger, instead of the man whom to get she would have moved both earth and heaven. Mrs. Cameron, too, though glad that Katy was married, and fully approved her choice, threw into her manner so much reserve that Katy's intercourse with her was anything but agreeable, and she turned with alacrity to father Cameron, who received her with open arms, calling her his daughter, and welcoming Morris as his son-in-law in Wilford's stead. "My boy," he frequently called him, showing

how willingly he accepted him as his husband of one whom he had loved as his child. Greatly he wished that they should stay with him while they remained in New York, but Katy preferred going to Mrs. Benker's, where she would be more quiet, and avoid the bustle and confusion attending the preparations for Bell's wedding. It was to be a grand church affair, and to take place during Easter week, after which the bridal pair were going to Washington, and if possible to Richmond, where Bob had been a prisoner. Everything seemed conspiring to make the occasion a joyful one, for all through the North, from Maine to California, the air was rife with songs of victory and the notes of approaching peace. But alas! He who holds our country's destiny in his hand changed that song of gladness into a wail of woe, which, echoing through the land, rose up to heaven in one mighty sob of anguish, as the whole nation bemoaned its loss. Our President was dead, and New York was in mourning, so black, so profound, that with a shudder Bell Cameron tossed aside the orange wreath and said to her lover: "We will be married at home. I cannot now go to the church, when everything seems like one great funeral."

And so in Mrs. Cameron's drawing room there was a quiet wedding, one pleasant April morning, and Bell's plain travelling dress was far more in keeping with the gloom which hung over the great city than her gala robes would have been, with a long array of carriages and merry wedding chimps. Westward they went instead of South, and when our late lamented President was borne back to the prairies of Illinois, they were there to erect the noble dead, and mingle their tears with those who knew and loved him long before the world appreciated his worth.

Softly the May rain falls on Linwood, where the fresh green grass is springing and the early spring flowers blooming, and where Katy stands for a moment in the bay window of the library, listening to the patter on the tin roof overhead, and gazing wistfully down the road, as if watching for some one to turn, and she enters the dining-room. Aunt Hannah and Aunt Betsy are visiting her this rainy afternoon, while Morris, on his return from North Silverton, is to call for Uncle Ephraim and bring him home to tea. Morris and his young wife are very happy together, and Katy finds the hours of his absence very long, especially when left alone. Even to-day the storm drives her to the

she looks more than once from the bay window, until at last Brownie's head is seen over the hill, and a few minutes after Morris's arm is round her shoulders, and her lips are upturned for the kiss he gives her as he leads her to the house, chiding her for exposing herself to the rain, and placing in her hand three letters, which she does not open until the cosy tea is over and her family friends have gone. Then, while her husband looks over his evening paper, she breaks the seals on by one reading first the letter from "Mrs. Bob Reynolds," who has returned from the West, and who is in the full glory of her bridal calls.

"I was never so happy in my life as I am now," she wrote. "Indeed, I did not know that a married woman could be so happy. But then every woman has not a Bob for a husband, which makes a vast difference. You ought to see Juno. I know she envies me, though she affects the utmost contempt for matrimony, and reminds me forcibly of the fox and the grapes. You see Arthur Grey is a failure, so far as Juno is concerned, he having withdrawn from the field and laid himself at the feet of Sybil Grandon, who will be Mrs. Grey, and a bride at Saratoga the coming summer. Juno intends going too, as a bridesmaid of the party but every year her chances lessen, and I have very little hope that father will ever call other than Bob his son, always excepting Morris, of course, whom he has adopted in place of Wilford. You don't know, Katy, how much father thinks of you, blessing the day which brought you to us, and saying that if he is ever saved he shall in a great measure owe it to your influence and consistent life after that great trouble came upon you."

There were tears in Katy's eyes as she read this letter from Bell, and with a mental prayer of thanksgiving that she had been of any use in guiding even one to the Shepherd's Fold, she took next the next letter whose superscription brought back so vividly to her mind the daisy-covered grave at Anawick. Marian, who was now at Annapolis, caring for the returned prisoners, did not write often, and her letters were prized the more by Katy, who read with a beating heart the kind congratulations upon her recent marriage, sent by Marian Hazelton.

For a long time Katy held this letter in her hand, wondering if the sorrowful woman whose life was once so strangely blended with that of Marian Hazelton, could be the Katy Grant who sat by the evening fire at Linwood, with the sunshine of perfect happiness resting upon her heart. "Truly He doeth all things well to those who wait upon Him," she thought, as she laid down Marian's letter.

There were great tear blots upon that letter as Katy put it aside, and nestling close to Morris, laid her head upon his knee, where his hand could smooth her golden curls, while she pondered Helen's closing words, thinking how much they expressed, and how just a tribute they were to the noble woman whose life had been one constant sacrifice of self for another's good—"The soldiers call her an angel, but we know her as Marian."

THE END.

Retrenching.—Wife.—How is it we always have to walk everywhere? Before we were married we drove everywhere. Hubby—Yes! that's why we have to walk now.—Coloured Comic.

LONG HAIRD MEN.

The Way Massachusetts Protested Against Them in 1649.

The following protest signed by Jo. Endicott, governor; Thos. Dudley, deputy governor; Richard Bellingham, Richard Saltonstall, Increase Nowell, William Hibbins, Thos. Flint, Rob. Bridges and Simon Bradstreet was published in Massachusetts in 1649:

"Protest, against wearing long hair, of the governor, etc., of Massachusetts:

"Forasmuch as the wearing of long hair, after the manner of Russians and barbarous Indians, has begun to invade New England, contrary to the shame of God's word, which says it is a rule for man to wear long hair, as also the commendable custom generally of all the godly of all our nation, until within these few years:

"We, the magistrates, who have signed this paper, for the showing of our own innocency in this behalf, do declare and manifest our dislike and detestation against the wearing of such long hair, as against a thing unbecomely and unmanly, whereby men do deform themselves and offend sober and modest men and do corrupt good manners. We do therefore earnestly intreat all the elders of this jurisdiction, as often as they shall see cause, to manifest their zeal against it in their public administrations, and to take care that the members of their respective churches be not defiled therewith; that so, such as prove obstinate, and will not reform themselves, may have God and man to witness against them. The third month 10th day, 1649."

System In Clothes.

A woman who is noted for always looking smartly gowned and who boasts that she spends less on her clothes than does any one of her friends says that she solves the problem by having a good black street gown each spring and autumn and two white gowns for summer. The remainder of her dress allowance is spent on waists (which she makes herself), on hats, parasols, shoes and gloves. The gowns are all on the tailor made order, cut short and rather severe in style. No mention is made of thin muslin frocks, which she makes so simply that they last from season to season and which cost almost nothing.

DRESS-MAKERS



The nervous strain through which dressmakers have to pass at certain seasons of the year seems almost beyond endurance, and frequently brings on nervous prostration, fainting spells, dizziness, sleeplessness and a general breaking down of the feminine system, until life seems altogether miserable.

For all overworked women there is one tried and true remedy.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

restores the feminine system to a strong, healthy, normal condition.

Mrs. A. D. Trudeau, Annapolis, Ontario, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I suffered terribly from ulceration of the feminine organs for eight years. I tried four doctors but got no relief, and thought I would have to die. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has entirely cured me. I hope every suffering woman will take my advice and try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

CANADIANS WHO EMIGRATE.

Protest Against Continual Drain of Dominion's Stalwart Sons.

A New York paper recently stated that there were as many Canadians living in the United States as in the Dominion, and deduced therefrom the conclusion that Canadians, judged by their actions, had as much love for Uncle Sam's country as for their own land. If true, this statement might seem to have a rather portentous significance—and, unfortunately, it contains rather too much truth.

At the last census, the Canadian-born population of the United States was 1,181,768, of which number 786,581 were of English-speaking origin, and 395,187 of French-speaking origin. But, as the census officials point out, these figures do not reveal the total number of persons that might properly be ranked as Canadians. On a very conservative estimate, at least one-third of this number represents heads of families, and, taking five as the average family, we are driven to the rather disturbing conclusion that there are nearly 3,000,000 people properly belonging to Canada, yet living in the United States—or nearly one-half the present population of the home country. If we take account of the children and grand-children of the older generations of Canadians who migrated to the States, it is probably not far from the truth to say that there are as many people in the States who ought to be Canadians as in the home country.

At the time of the last census, Canada was sending more people to the United States than any other country, except Germany, and, though some of our politicians have assured us that the exodus has ceased, convincing evidence of this is wanting. Ever since the consummation of Confederation, the migration to the States has increased at a much faster rate than the growth of our population; and, if the prosperity of the past few years has checked the tendency, there is still a large annual migration to the big republic.

In some respects, Canadians would seem to be a short-sighted people. While we declare that the greater need of the country is a larger population, we rear and educate at considerable expense large numbers of young men, and then let them go to the States. One might imagine that it would be better policy for our Governments to attempt to promote conditions calculated to keep our own people at home, than to spend millions bringing in foreigners. Certainly the Government would do well to appoint a royal commission to investigate the problem, and consider the possibility of a course of action calculated not only to stop the exodus, but to reclaim the Canadians living in the States. True, the Government has, by establishing immigration agencies in the States, attempted something in this direction; but a public commission might throw a large and much-needed light on the problem.

In any case, in a country like Canada, where political policies determine economic conditions to a large extent, it is well within the sphere and duty of the political authorities to attempt to find a solution for a problem which in its last analysis is a problem of economics—or creating economic conditions offering opportunities as good as those in the United States.—Montreal Standard.