A. T. McMURRAY, M. D. 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.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, October 11th, 1908, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON.

No. 803 Mixed for Campbellton, Moncton, St. John and Halifax ... 5.45
No. 317 Suburban for Marysville ... 6.15
No. 321 Suburban for Marysville ... 11.15
No 323 Suburban for Marysville ... 16.20
No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville ... 18.30
No. 327 Suburban for Marysville ... 18.40
No. 329 Suburban for Marysville ... 21.20

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 818 Suburban from Marysville ... 8.15
No. 802 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville ... 13.05
No. 322 Suburban from Marysville ... 13.45
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville ... 18.20
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggieville ... 18.50
No. 328 Surburban from Marysville ... 19.15
No. 330 Surburban from Marysville ... 21.55

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight. Moncton, N. B., Oct. 7th, 1908.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Ry

Passenger Train service from Fredericton, Effective Oct. 11, 1908 Atlantic Time—Daily except Sunday.

DEPARTURES.

6.25 a. m., for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and north to Presque Isle and Edmundston; also for Bangor, Portland and Boston.
11.00 a. m., via Gibson Branch for Woodstock and north to Presque Isle and Edmunston. Leaves St. Marys 8.30 a. m.
... a. m., for Fredericton Jct. connecting with Atlantic Express for St. John and points
...50 p. m., for Frederic... connecting with Express ... Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, and with Imperial Limited and Pacific Express from Montreal for the West, Northwest and Pacific Coast; also connects for Vanreboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc., St. Stephen and Woodstock.
...00 p. m., for St. John and points East.

ARRIVALS.

... a. m., from St. John and East.
11.45 a. m., from Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton.
...20 p. m., from St. John and East.
9.20 p. m., from Woodstock and points north, via Gibson branch. Arrives St. Marys 8,38 p. m.
10.40 p. m., from Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton.

W. B. HOWARD, D. P. A., C. P. Ry., St. John, N. B.

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Special Practioner'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

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Local and General applied and administered for Painless Dentistry

OFFICE:

CHESTNUT'S BUILDING

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

The great Uterine Tonic, and only safe effectual Monthly Regulator on which women can depend. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, $1; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, $3; No. 3, for special cases, $5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (formerly Windsor)

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 Diarrhœa 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.

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THE LEADING UNDERTAKER.

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

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COAL

Now in Stock a Large Supply of Hard and Soft Coal, price reasonable.

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SANITOL

ANITOL

The greatest of all tooth powders. If you want white lustrous teeth use it

Sanitol keeps the teeth white, sterlizes the mouth and keeps the tissues healthy

It is made from the finest ingredients and in the most sanitary manner.

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D. FO... R BOOR,

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President and Prizeman 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 ... Young lady in attendance.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, 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 one-quarter section 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

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

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties, by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father or mother, (if the father is deceased,) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceeding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing must 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.

Jan. 25. d 6m.

WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD ALWAYS TAKE

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

It is famous for its cures and can always be depended upon. It counteracts any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia. IT IS SAFE AND SURE. Price 25c. Large size 50 cents.

HIS WILL AND HERS

BY DORA RUSSELL

Author of "The Broken Seal," "The Last Signal," "Footprints in the Snow," "On Golden Hinges," Etc.

(To be continued.)

"Yes," half-whispered George, and then the man led him away, and George shuddered as he went.

* * * * * * * * *

The next day they laid her in her untimely grave and George followed her to the quiet cemetery they had chosen for her last resting-place. She was buried there as the wife of George Gifford of Suffold, but nothing was told of her tragic ending or her brief sad life. It was a case of suicide, it was supposed, but there was no fact absolutely to prove this. It was a mystery, and in spite of all investigations such it remained.

But on the day after the funeral George wrote two letters, one addressed to his father and the other to Sir Ralph Woodland at Harewood. To his father he simply told the sad news that poor Laura was dead, that he had seen her after death, and that she was buried. He felt that it would do no good now to fill the gosspis' lips with any dreary particulars. Only to Sir Ralph Woodland he told the bitter truth.

"Sir," he wrote, "Yesterday I followed my poor wife to her grave. Her body had been found in the river two days previously, and I was called to London to identify her. There was no doubt; and I think your own conscience must now reproach you for your unjustifiable conduct toward her,

"GEORGE GIFFORD."

This letter was forwarded to Sir Ralph from Harewood to his club in town, and absolutely overwhelmed him with horror, and bitter unavailing remorse. For days he was a man distraught, and then he decided to leave England, carrying away with him the ever-present memory of the woman he loved.

But before he went he paid a last visit to Laura's grave. He took with him a cross of white flowers, and laid it on the new-turned sod. Long he stood there, a gloomy-faced man, dressed in deep mourning, and some passers-by looked at him with pity, and whispered to each other that his heart's best hopes must be buried there. Then, when he was quite alone, when the last echo of footsteps had died away, he knelt down and kissed the turf above her head.

"Good-by, my darling," he whispered; "you would have been happier with me, Laura; though I wrecked your life you would have been happy with me."

* * * * * * * * *

George Gifford went back to Suffold, and his father and cousin received him with silent sympathetic handclasps; and by his wish all the household at Red House were clothed in deep mourning. It was known in the little town that Mrs. George Gifford was dead, but the widower gave no particulars.

"I saw her," he told Anna Lindsay; but the subject was evidently so painful to him that they forebore to ask him any questions.

Then, little by little, new interests arose; new anxieties. Old Mr. Gifford took seriously ill in the winter-time, and Anna Lindsay nursed him with unceasing devotion. This threw her, of course, constantly with George, who naturally felt grateful to her for her kindness to his father. She did not, however, press her attentions on George, but she studied him in every way, and gradually he seemed to recover his usual spirits.

But Mr. Gifford did not recover his health. He threw off the sharp attack of illness, but it was plain to all eyes, and to the old man himself, that he was fast going to his long rest. He grew weak and listless; he sat dreaming vaguely of bygone times, and seemed to take little interest in things around him.

Yet one evening, when the days were lengthening for the spring, he spoke to George of Anna Lindsay.

"I have provided for her, George," he said, "but after I am gone what will you do?"

"Please do not speak of such things, father," answered George, moving uneasily.

"My boy, my time for here is not long," continued the old man, "and I should be pleased to think that Anna would remain with you. She would make you a good wife, George, and she loves you well, for the news of your first marriage nearly killed her."

"What?" said George, startled.

"I never told you," went on Mr. Gifford, "for it could have done no good; but when I read your letter in which you told us I shall never forget Anna's face; it frightened me."

There was nothing more said. Mr. Gifford was not a man of many words, but George knew that his father would not have spoken thus without reason. It softened his feelings toward Anna. Here was one woman, at least, who had loved him for himself; and then he sighed, and thought of the dead woman who had not loved him, lying in her grave. But he made no difference in his manner to his cousin, and it was not until after Mr. Gifford's death that any change took place in the quiet household.

But as the spring advanced the good old man slept peacefully away, dying with the respect and love of all around him. Both George and Anna Lindsay were deeply affected by their loss. But about a week after the funeral Anna had a word to say to her cousin which had a great influence on their lives.

"George," she said, one evening after dinner, when the twilight was gathering around them, "I must be thinking of leaving Red House now."

"I do not see any occasion for that, Anna," said George, somewhat nervously, for he remembered his father's words.

"Yes, George," said Anna, in an agitated voice, "I must go, for people would talk about you and me —unless—"

"Unless we were married, I suppose. Well, Anna, do you wish this? If so, let it be as you will."

CHAPTER XXX.

Three years after old Mr. Gifford's death, three long years to the weary of the earth, and short to the happy ones, a great storm broke over our northern seaboard, carrying death and destruction on its wild, tumultuous breath.

It swept with terrific force over a sea-girt village perched on a high cliff, and inhabited chiefly by fisher-people. The village is named Reddrift, and about midday, when the sky was one dull, uniform gray, and the wind blowing a hurricane, and the rain falling in great blinding, splashing drops, a cry arose from the little group of fishermen and seamen collected on the shore below the cliff that a ship was to be seen struggling amid the boiling mass of waters out at sea.

"They've lost all power over her," said an old weather-beaten pilot, scanning her through his glass.

"She's drifting fast on the rocks," said a young fisherman. "Let's man the life-boat; she may strike not far from here."

This was quickly done; and every eye was strained watching the struggles of the vessel amid the mountainous waves. Sometimes she seemed to disappear; then again she rose. She seemed a trim little ship, and the seamen present pronounced her to be a yacht. Among those watching her on the shore was a tall, slender woman dressed in blue serge and wearing a sailor-hat. By her side was another woman, a girl, who apparently was her servant.

"Go, Elizabeth," said the tall lady to the girl, and producing a bunch of keys as she spoke, "and bring down the brandy out of the cupboard in the parlor and two blankets. If the ship strikes we should have something ready for the poor men."

"Yes, madame," replied the girl; and she turned and ran with quick light steps up the steep path that led from the shore to the village.

Ten minutes later the doomed ship, swaying, tumbling, helpless, drifted with a grinding, crushing blow against one of the huge brown half-submerged rocks that stand out into the sea only a few yards distant from Reddrift. The life-boat was ready; there was a momentary lull; gallant hands pushed her off, and six gallant young fishermen instantly manned her.

They rowed slowly out. The foam swept over them, the waves seemed to engulf them, but still they went on. They reached the ship; the bystanders saw some of the sailors leap from the ship into the boat. They saw, too, one man lowered by a rope by those on board, and received in the arms of the men in the boat; he was evidently injured. Then they saw the life-boat push off again from the sinking ship. There were still some sailors on board of her, but the life-boat now quickly sped her way to the shore, and men standing there ran out into the surf and drew her in.

The rescued sailors sprang out of the boat, but still they carried the injured man in their arms, and he was quickly laid on the shore. Then the tall woman, whom they called madame, bade them lift him on the blankets she had sent for; she knelt down beside him and moistened his lips with the brandy her servant had brought her. His face was haggard and marked, his hair gray at the temples, but as madame bent over him a little cry escaped her lips.

One of the sailors of the wrecked ship, who was also bending over him, now looked up.

"How was he hurt?" asked madame, quickly.

"A spar struck him, my lady," answered the man, "about an hour ago, and he's never spoken since. He's the owner of the yacht, Sir Ralph Woodland."

"I know," answered madame, with her dark eyes fixed on the haggard face lying before her. "He's an old friend of mine. He must be carried at once to my house in the village."

This was quickly done. A mattress was procured, and on this Sir Ralph Woodland was carried to madame's picturesque old-fashioned house in the village. It stood back in a garden. It showed all the signs of care and attention in its surroundings and details.

"Take him to my room," said madame, who was walking by the side of the mattress. "Elizabeth, run on and stir the fire, and show the men the way. And Davidson," and she turned to an old fisherman who was also walking in the procession, "run as fast as you can for Doctor Newbridge. Tell him to come at once; that a gentleman, the owner of the wrecked yacht, is seriously injured."

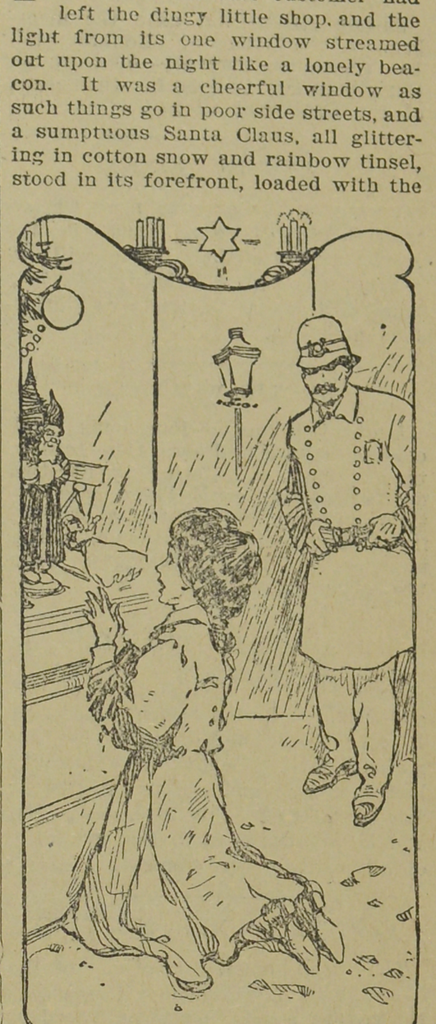
"Yes, madame," answered the old fisherman, touching his cap respectfully. They evidently all knew her. She was, indeed, considered the great lady of the village, and in times of poverty, sickness, or sorrow was never appealed to in vain.

(To be continued.)

SANTA IN BLUE.

Child's Prayer to the Saint Answered by a "Cop."

It was Christmas eve in a side street of the great city and so late that the last customer had left the dingy little shop, and the light from its one window streamed out upon the night like a lonely beacon. It was a cheerful window as such things go in poor side streets, and a sumptuous Santa Claus, all glittering in cotton snow and rainbow tinsel, stood in its forefront, loaded with the



"AND, OH, SANTY, I DO WANT A DOLLY!"

pretty things that please children always and especially so at Christmas.

Presently from a darker, poorer street a tiny slip of a girl came timidly around the corner, and, glancing about anxiously to see that no one was in sight, she stole up to the window of the little shop and began feasting her hungry eyes upon its beautiful treasures. She was very, very thin and pale, and her clothes were but shreds and patches, yet her eyes sparkled, and there was the joy of Christmas in her heart just to look at the good things.

For a minute or more she stood with her wan little face pressed close against the glass, and then she dropped to her knees before this shrine of Santa Claus and clasped her hands together as we see pictures of children at prayer. Her upturned eyes were closed, and the light fell upon her face very softly.

In the shadow of the houses across the street a big policeman stood watching. Now he came stealthily over toward the shrine, with the child on her knees before it. As he reached the curb he heard her voice, trembling and uncertain:

"Now I lay me down to sleep I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take. And, oh, Santy Claus, I do want a dolly and some candy for Christmas! Amen!"

She had said the only prayer she knew, and as she rose to her feet again the policeman touched her on the shoulder. She started suddenly and would have run away, for these street waifs fear the big policemen, but he held her.

"Come with me," he said, and she began to cry.

He took her into the little shop, and when she came out again she held a yellow haired doll fiercely to her thin little breast with one hand and in the other she carried two bags of candy.

As she looked up to the big policeman he saw in her face what he had seen as she knelt before the shrine of Santa Claus, and he bent down and kissed her good night.—William J. Lampton in New York Herald.

Christmas Pies.

In England, Yorkshire is still the stronghold of vast Christmas pies that trace their lineage far beyond the Norman conquest into the dim feasts of Saxon kings and Danish freebooters. A rather quaint note, written in 1833, makes mention of the "wains" (or wagons) groaning about Christmas time under a load of these pies and adds, "At such times the hostess of a well frequented inn of the old school will construct a pie of the circumference rivaling her own, and the county newspaper will record its dimensions."

One such "hostess of the old school" is immortalized by a famous though slightly profane epitaph in a Yorkshire churchyard running as follows:

Here lies the body of Mary Ann Shoven.
She was versed in the arts
Of cakes, pies and tarts
And the mystical rites of the oven.
When she'd lived long enough
She made her last puff—
A puff by her husband much praised.
Now here she doth lie
And make a mud pie
In the hope that her crust may be raised.

—New York Evening Post.

Ireland.

The inhabitants of Ireland were called "Scots" long before Scotland acquired her present name. The first name under which Ireland was known was Jernis.

Wood's Phosphodine

The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. *Cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Sexual Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhœa, and Effects of Abuse or Excesses.* Price $1 per box, six for $5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *New pamphlet mailed free.* The Wood Medicine Co. Toronto, Ont. *(formerly Windsor)*