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.

... of our improved Electric ... made for ...

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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. 804 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.
11.50 a. m., for Fredericton Jct. connecting with Atlantic Express for St. John and points
3.30 p. m., for Fredericton Jct., connecting with Express for 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.
6.00 p. m., for St. John and points East.

ARRIVALS.

9.30 a. m., from St. John and East.
11.45 a. m., from Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton.
1.10 p. m., from St. John and East.
5.10 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.

W. J. IRVINE, D. D. S

Special Practioner's Certificate from Chicago College of Dental Surgery

Artificial Teeth

Inserted in Gold, Aluminum and ordinary Rubber Plates

Crown & BridgeWork

Executed in Gold and Porcelain after latest and best methods

Anesthetics

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

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER
Pumpkin Seed
Alx. Senna
Rochelle Salts
Anise Seed
Peppermint
Bi Carbonate Soda
Worm Seed
Clarified Sugar
Wintergreen Flavor

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 DOSES—35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

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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.

Down Town. Next above Queen Hotel. 'Phone 26

COAL

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

P. FARRELL

Old Kris Kringle

Has arraigned to call at our Store and purchase his Christmas Spuply of Perfumery, Toilet Perquisite Cigars, Pipes etc. Kris is an observing old chap and knows where the best value can be obtained. Wives who intend presenting their husbands with Cigars on Christmas Day should make it a point to buy them from us.

Our Cigars are all good, therefore you can make no mistakes.

Alonzo Staples

YORK STREET

C. F. W. BARBOUR,

SURGEON DENTIST,

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 ab... 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 ... 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 SAFE AND SURE.

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.)

In a few minutes more Sir Ralph Woodland was carried into a comfortable bedroom and laid on the bed. Here, as outside, everything was arranged with good taste. Again madame bent over the prostrate man, and this time he swallowed a little dose of the brandy she held to his lips. Then his drenched clothes were removed and replaced by a warm flannel dressing-gown, and his wet boots pulled off, and his cold feet chafed with spirit. Madame, assisted by one of the sailors of the yacht, did everything she could to revive him, and a quarter of an hour later the village doctor hurried in.

"Ah, madame," he said, also respectfully, "I hope that there is nothing serious the matter."

He was a long, lean, weather-beaten man, this village doctor, but he apparently had his wits about him, and after examining the patient he beckoned madame out of the room.

"It's slight concussion of the brain," he said; "the sailor says a spar struck him on the head; but he'll pull through all right. He'll wander a bit, most likely, and must be watched."

"I will watch him," answered madame, calmly, though her handsome face was very pale. "I thank God that it is no worse."

A serene expression of trust and hope shone in her dark eyes as she spoke. She looked a woman of lofty aims and a pure and stainless life, and the village doctor regarded her with admiration.

"It is very good of you," he said; "but you are always good."

"He is an old friend of mine," replied madame, "and I am naturally pleased to help him. The other poor men, doctor, can have what they want in the kitchen. Elizabeth can see after them, and I will pay for their accommodation in the village until we see what Sir Ralph's wishes are regarding them."

"Sir Ralph?" said the doctor, inquiringly.

"Yes, Sir Ralph Woodland; I knew him several years ago."

The doctor, after doing what he could for Sir Ralph, and giving madame directions, hurried away to see what assistance the rest of the men required; and madame was left alone with her unexpected guest. She stood looking at him, and her eyes grew soft and moist as she did so.

"It is strange—strange," she murmured; and she bent down and took one of his brown, lean hands in hers.

Her touch seemed to affect his dull senses. He stirred, and a moment or two later opened his eyes and fixed them with a bewildered look on her face.

"Do you feel better?" she asked, softly. "This is a strange meeting."

"After death," murmured Sir Ralph, still looking up at madame's face; "this is after death."

She did not contradict him. She thought he was wandering, as the doctor said that it was not unlikely that he would do so.

She therefore sat quietly down by the bed, and Sir Ralph's sunken eyes followed her as she did this.

"You are not much changed," he said, presently, in a dreamy, faraway voice, "only you look happier."

"I am happier," answered madame, gently. "I have lived through the storm and found rest at last, Sir Ralph."

"In death?" asked the half-unconscious man.

"No, in life," answered madame, soothingly.

"But you died; I always wished to meet you after death—and we have met at last—met at last."

He put his hand out as if he wished to take madame's, and she took it in her own.

"It is warm," murmured Sir Ralph. "How strange that it should be warm!"

"It is warm with life," smiled madame, a little wistfully.

"But you are dead. I went to your grave—it broke my heart."

There was something inexpressibly mournful in Sir Ralph's tone as he said this, and madame's eyes filled with sudden tears.

"It broke my heart," he kept murmuring, and then he seemed to relapse into partial unconsciousness, though his lips moved occasionally.

Presently he seemed to sleep; but about four o'clock, when the doctor returned, he woke up, and looked at him as if in astonishment.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am the doctor—Doctor Newbridge; and I have good news for you, Sir Ralph Woodland. All the men on board your yacht have been rescued by the life-boat, and the poor fellows are all right, and being well cared for here by madame," and the doctor turned and looked at the mistress of the house as he spoke.

Sir Ralph's eyes followed his, and fixed themselves on the handsome features which seemed so strangely familiar to him.

"Madame?" he repeated.

"Yes, Sir Ralph," said madame, and a soft blush spread over her face as she spoke; "you knew me long ago under another name—Laura Ingram."

Sir Ralph started up in bed as he heard the name, and stared at Laura with wide-open eyes.

"It is long since," she said, falteringly.

"Laura!" gasped Sir Ralph. "Not—not living—"

"Yes," answered Laura, a little sadly; "living still. I said I must be as one dead to you when we parted, and I have been—but—"

"Humph!" said the doctor between his teeth, and turned away and quietly left the room. He was too shrewd a man not to see that his presence was no longer wanted.

"But," said Sir Ralph, after he was gone, with a strange yearning, puzzled look on his haggard face, and stretching out his hands toward her, "Mr. Gifford wrote to me that you were dead. I went to your grave—"

"George was deceived then by some mistake," answered Laura, "for I do not think intentionally he would mislead you. I have lived all this time as Madame Vauvert."

"Madame Vauvert, the writer?" asked Sir Ralph, in extreme surprise.

"Yes," said Laura, with a faint smile. "When I first left my husband I went to Mr. Brook, the publisher, and threw myself on his mercy. I asked him to keep my true name and address a secret from every one, and he has most honorably fulfilled his trust. As Madame Vauvert I have done very well, and for the last two years have lived on the coast here."

"Strange! This is, indeed, most strange," exclaimed Sir Ralph, still with his eyes fixed on Laura's face, as if he could scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses. "I have read some of Madame Vauvert's books, and I used to think of you as I did so—though when did I not think of you!"

"That is all past and ended now," answered Laura, gently.

He did not speak for a moment; then he put out one of his hands and grasped hers with nervous force.

"My life has been one long remorse," he said.

Laura was affected; her hand trembled in his. A strange, almost forgotten, emotion stirred in her breast.

"And—you know nothing of—Suffold?" presently asked Sir Ralph, in an agitated voice.

"Nothing. I have been dead to poor George, as I have been to you."

"And you do not know that after your supposed death he married?"

"Married!" exclaimed Laura, looking up in great surprise. The news astonished her. It was a sort of shock, and for a moment she could scarcely realize it.

"Yes," continued Sir Ralph, "nearly three years ago, after old Mr. Gifford's death, he married his cousin, Miss Lindsay."

"Married Anna Lindsay! Impossible!" cried Laura.

"Yet it is a fact. And—I have other news for you—"

Laura did not speak; she looked in his face. She had not courage to ask him what it was.

"You—you are a widow," faltered Sir Ralph, still grasping her trembling hand. "In the spring of last year—'91, Mr. Gifford took influenza, and it ran on to inflammation, and he died after a very short illness."

Laura gave a gasping sigh, and grew suddenly pale. George dead? George! She stood there, and all her past life seemed to come back to her. The dreary days at Red House; the subtle love that had stolen back into her heart; her misery, and her flight. And George, poor George!

She remembered, too, his kindness, his unselfish love.

"Oh, it was cruel, cruel of me to leave him!" she suddenly cried, and then turned and left the room, with tears streaming down her pale face.

But after awhile, after the first shock and pain were over, a sort of relief came to her heart. Poor George was gone, she told herself, and he could not have loved her very deeply since he had married Anna Lindsay so soon. Here she wronged George, but it made her self-reproach lighter, and as these thoughts were passing through her mind the doctor rapped at the door of the room she was in.

"May I come in?" he asked; and when he entered he looked very grave.

"I've no right to interfere, I know," he said, casting down his eyes; "but Sir Ralph Woodland is my patient, and any sort of excitement is bad for him at present. They told me just now that you had left his room, and when I went up to him I found him very much upset. He ought—in fact, he must—be kept very quiet, or with the injury to his head we'll be having a case of brain fever."

"I—am so sorry," faltered Laura; "but he told me some bad news."

"So he told me. But please, madame, go to him now, and try to keep him calm."

And after a few moments Laura went. She sat down by the bedside and spoke soothing words to the injured man, and her voice seemed to have the old sweet charm for him.

"If you are sure it is not all a dream?" he said, wistfully.

"I am sure it is not a dream," answered Laura, gently. "I am sure you are here in my house at Redcliff, and that all your poor men are saved, and that I am going to nurse you and take care of you until you are quite well."

"And then?" asked Sir Ralph, with a restless sigh.

"You must get well first. And now take this and try to sleep."

* * * * * * * * *

(To be continued.)

CREMATED BEFORE CROWDS.

Two Little Ones Jump to Death and Third Is Burned.

A terrible mistake occurred recently at a fire display in Durban by the Durban fire brigade and seamen of the British warship Hermes.

The display concluded with the destruction by fire of some temporary buildings, at the top of which were three children, aged 9, 8 and 7 years, the two sons of Firemaster Lambeth and a son of a fireman named Scott. It was arranged that the signal for igniting these structures should be given by means of a naval rocket. But some men from the Hermes were giving a display with a field gun, and the firing of this gun was mistaken for the rocket, with the result that the torch was applied to the house fully five minutes before the time fixed.

The result was that before the children coulld be brought down the escape, as arranged, the whole building, which had been saturated with paraffin, was in flames.

Two of the children, at the call of those below, jumped down from the burning building and sustained such injuries that they died shortly after, and the third fell back into the burning house.

Five firemen were on the roof of the buildings (the children being on an upper floor), but they slid down ropes and then jumped to the ground.

Several thousand people, present to watch the display, were witnesses of the tragedy. The scene was heartrending, with frantic parents and children screaming, women fainting and the inability of any one to do anything. The buildings were so quickly in the power of the flames that firemen and onlookers were alike helpless. What had up to that point been the scene of a highly successful display was turned in a few minutes into a camp of mourning. When the incinerated body of the child who had fallen into the flames was brought forth every one was overcome. During the first moments of the accident the spectators thought that only dummies were falling from the building.

ASLEEP IN BATTLE.

Uncontrollable Desire In Situations of Great Tension.

It is not an unknown thing for a soldier to fall asleep even when ostensibly taking an active part in an action. A case in point is supplied by an interesting communication from a London surgeon who served in South Africa. He writes:

Any one who has seen men in situations of great tension knows that some of them—in fact, a small minority of them—may be overcome by an uncontrollable desire to sleep. It affects some men more than others. At Honning spruit, June, 1900, the writer happened to be the only surgeon on the spot when Colonel Bullock was attacked for about nine hours by a Boer force double his own in numbers, better armed and assisted by artillery. We were without this invaluable assistance. The Boers failed to take the post.

During the attack the writer visited a trench in which one man was badly hit and another was lying apparently dead, except that he had not the color of a man killed in action. The writer turned him over to get a better look at him and found the man had been sound asleep, and this was not the only case of sleeping that day.

Colonel Bullock's force was called upon to repel an attack at about 7 a.m. on empty stomachs, were obliged to lie face downward in shallow trenches and endure the shell and rifle fire from all but invisible foes, and in the sun, after a sleepless night of travel in railway trucks, a few of them went to sleep. The main cause, the writer believes, was the tension of the situation in the absence of active physical exertion.

The writer felt the same desire for sleep, but active employment kept him awake. The wounded, except the most severely wounded, soon succumbed to the beautiful action of this natural anaesthetic.—British Medical Journal.

Famous Admiral and Alcohol.

When I was young and put myself into training as an athlete (said Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, who is at present engaged in manoeuvres in the North Sea with the largest fleet ever assembled in the world's history, I never drank any wine, beer, or spirits at all. Now I am an older man and have a position of great responsibility, often entailing quiet thought and determination, and instant decision; I drink no wine, spirits, or beer, simply because I am more ready for any work imposed upon me day or night; always fresh, always cheery, and in good temper.

I do not believe that alcohol in any form ever has or ever will do anyone any good. I am not sixty years old, and since I have entirely given up wine, spirits and beer, I find I can do as much work, or more, physically or mentally, than I could do when I was thirty. I am always well, laughing at the "downs" of life equally with the "ups"; and I always feel fit.

If only some of the young men would try going without liquor for three months I do not believe they would think liquor at all necessary again. Get some of your splendid young men to try it; and "report proceedings" after the three months.

Infectious Diseases In Russia.

In no country in the world are infectious diseases so frequently mortal as in Russia. Children especially suffer, and diphtheria, measles, scarlatina and smallpox literally decimate villages and country towns.

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)