

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.

Easy, 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. 801 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggville.....	18.30
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.....	21.00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 318 Suburban from Marysville.....	8.15
No. 802 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggville.....	13.05
No. 322 Suburban from Marysville.....	13.45
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville.....	18.20
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham, Moncton, Chatham and Loggville.....	18.50
No. 328 Suburban from Marysville.....	19.15

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour station. 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.

4.11 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.

6.00 a. m. MIXED, via Gibson branch, for Woodstock and north; Presque Isle, Plaster Rock, Edmundston and leave St. Mary's at 6.30 a. m.

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

6.49 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 Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc., St. Stephen and Woodstock.

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

ARRIVALS.

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

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

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

9.35 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.

M. 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 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 CENTRAL 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.

COAL!

HARD AND SOFT

COAL

NOW IN STOCK

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

is here.

Alonzo Staples,

York Street Drug Store.

DR. 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 abscessed teeth. Young lady in attendance.

PURIFIED BY SUFFERING

BY MARY JANE HOLMES.

(Continued.)

To this Helen consented—Juno still revolving in her mind how to return the letter, which grew more and more a horror to her. It was in her pocket, she knew, for she had felt it there when, after lunch, she went to her room for a fresh handkerchief. She would accompany Helen home—would manage to slip into the library alone, and put it partly under a book, so that it would appear to be hidden, and thus account for its not having been seen before. This seemed a very clever plan, and with her spirits quite elated, Juno drove round with Helen, finding no one in the parlor below, and felicitating herself upon the fact that Helen left her alone while she ran up to Katy.

"Now is my time," she thought, stealing noiselessly into the library and feeling for the letter. But it was not there, and no amount of search, no shaking of handkerchiefs, or turning of pockets inside out could avail to find it. The letter was lost, and in the utmost consternation Juno returned to the parlor, appearing so abstracted as scarcely to be civil when Katy came down to see her, asking if she was going that night to Sybil Grandon's, and talking of the dreadful war, which she hoped would not be a war after all. Juno was too wretched to talk, and after a few moments she started for home, hunting in her own room and through the halls but failing in her search, and finally giving it up, with the consoling reflection that were it found in the street no suspicion would fasten on her, and as fear of detection, rather than conviction for the sin, had been the cause of her distress, she grew comparatively calm, save when her conscience made itself heard and admonished confession as the only reparation which was now in her power. But Juno could not confess, and all that day she was absent-minded, ed her closely, wondering what connection, if any, there was between her burning cheeks and the letter she had found upon the floor in her daughter's room just after she had turned it at once, but of this she had her doubts, after learning that "Miss Lennox did not go up stairs at all." Juno, then, must have been the delinquent; and the mother resolved to keep the letter till some inquiry was made for it at least.

And so Helen did not guess how anxiously the young man was anticipating the interview at Sybil Grandon's, scarcely doubting that she would be there, and fancying just the expression of her eyes when they first met his. Alas for Mark, alas for Helen, that both should be so cruelly deceived. Had the latter known of the loving words sent from the true heart which longed for some word of hers to lighten the long march and beguile the tedious days of absence, she would not have said to Katy, when asked if she was going to Mrs. Grandon's, "Oh, no; please don't urge me. I would so much rather stay at home."

Katy would not insist, so went alone with Wilford to the entertainment, given to a few young men, who seemed as heroes then, when the full meaning of that word had not been exemplified, as it has been since in the life so cheerfully laid down, and the heart's blood poured so freely, by the tens of thousands who have won a martyr's and a hero's name. With a feeling of child despair, Mark listened while Katy explained to Mrs. Grandon that her sister had fully intended coming in the morning, but had suddenly changed her mind and begged to be excused.

"I am sorry, and so I am sure is Mr. Ray," Sybil said, turning lightly to Mark, whose white face froze the gay laugh on her lips and made her try to shield him from observation until he had time to recover himself and appear as usual.

How Mark blessed Sybil Grandon for that thoughtful kindness, and how wildly the blood thrilled through his veins as he thought, "She would not come." She does not care. I have deceived myself in hoping that she did, and now welcome war, welcome anything which shall help me to forget."

Mark was very wretched, and his wretchedness showed itself upon his face, making more than one rally him for what they termed fear, while they tried to reassure him by saying that to the Seventh there could be no danger after Baltimore was safely passed. This was more than Mark could bear, and at an early hour he left the house, bidding Katy good-bye in the hall, and telling her he probably would not see her again, as he would not have time to call.

"Not call to say good-bye to Helen," Katy exclaimed.

"Helen will not care," was Mark's reply, as he hurried away into the darkness of the night, more welcome in his present state of mind than the gay scene he had left.

Now that Mark was gone, Mrs. Grandon turned intuitively to Helen, finding greater comfort in her quiet sympathy than in the more worldly condolence offered her by Juno, who, as she heard nothing from the letter, began to lose her fears of detection, and even suffer her friends to rally her upon the absence of Mark Ray, and the anxiety she must

feel on his account. Sometimes they were however, when thoughts of the stolen letter brought a pang, while Helen's face was a continual reproach, and she was glad when, towards the first of May, her rival left New York for Silverton, where, as the spring and summer came on, her services were needed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A summer day in Silverton—a soft, bright August day, when the early rain-clouds by the well were turning their red cheeks to the sun, and the flowers in the garden were lifting their heads proudly, and nodding to each other as if they knew the secret which made that day so bright above all others. Katy was really coming home, and in proof thereof, there were behind the house and barn piles of rubbish, lath and plaster, mouldy paper and broken bricks, the tokens and remains of the repairing process, which for so long a time had made the farm-house a scene of dire confusion.

As a condition on which Katy might be permitted to come home, Wilford had stipulated an improvement in the interior arrangement of the house, offering to bear the expense even to the furnishing of the rooms. To this the family demurred at first, not liking Wilford's dictatorial manner, nor his insinuation that their home was not good enough for his wife. But Helen turned the tide, appreciating Wilford's feelings better than the others could do, and urging a compliance with his request.

"Anything to get Katy home," she said, and so the chimney was torn away, a window was cut here and an addition made there, until the house was really improved with its pleasant, modern parlor and the large airy bedroom, with bathroom attached.

The furniture, too, which he sent on from New York, was perfect in its kind, and suitable in every respect, and Helen enjoyed the setting very much, and when it was finished it was hard telling which was the more pleased, she or Aunt Betsy, who, having confessed in a general kind of way at a sewing society, that she did go to a play-house, and was not so very sorry either, except as the example might do harm, had nothing to fear from New York, and was proportionately happy, at least she would have been if Morris had not seemed so off, as she expressed it, taking but little interest in the preparations, and evincing no pleasure at Katy's expected visit. And Morris was greatly changed. The wound which in most hearts would have healed by this time, had grown deeper with each succeeding year, while from all he heard he felt sure that Katy's marriage was a sad mistake, wishing sometimes that he had spoken, and so perhaps have saved her from the life in which she could not be wofully free. "She would be happier with me," he had said, with a sad smile to Helen, when she told him of some things which she had not mentioned elsewhere, and there were great tears in Morris's eyes, when Helen spoke of Katy's distress and the look which came into her face when baby was taken away. But she was coming home; Providence had ordered that and he accepted it, looking eagerly for the

time, not reproaching his eagerness, so that not even Helen suspected how impatient he was for the day of her return.

Marian was working at her trade, and never came to the hotel except one day when Wilford was in New York, but that day sufficed for Katy to know that after herself, it was Marian whom baby loved the best—Marian, who cared for it even more than Mrs. Hubbell. And Katy was glad to have it so, especially after Wilford and his mother decided that she must leave the child in New London while she made the visit to Silverton.

Wilford did not like her taking so much care of it as she was inclined to do. It had grown too heavy for her to lift; it was better with Mrs. Hubbell, he said, and so to the inmates of the farm-house Katy wrote that baby was not coming.

They were bitterly disappointed, for Katy's baby had been anticipated quite as much as Katy herself, and Aunt Betsy had brought from the wood-shed chamber a cradle, which nearly forty years before had rocked the deacon's only child, the little boy, who had died just as he had learned to lispen his mother's name. As a memento of those days the cradle had been kept, Katy using it sometimes for her kittens and her dolls, until she grew too old for that, when it was put away beneath the eaves from whence Aunt Betsy dragged it, scouring it with soap and sand, until it was as white as snow. But it would not be needed, and with a sigh the old lady carried it back thinking "things had come to a pretty pass when a woman who could dance, and carouse all twelve o'clock at night, was too weakly to take care of her child," and feeling a very little awe of Katy who must have grown so fine a lady.

But all this passed away when the time drew near when Katy was to come, and no one seemed happier than Aunt Betsy on the morning when Uncle Ephraim drove from the door, setting old Whitey into a canter, which by the time the "race" was reached, had become a rapid trot, the old man holding up the reins and looking proudly at the out-fed animal speeding along so fast.

He did not have long to wait his train, for the train soon came rolling across the meadow, and while his head was turned towards the car where he fancied she might be, a pair of white arms was thrown impetuously around his neck, and a little figure, standing on tiptoe, almost pulled him down in its attempts to kiss him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

When there is no good within no good comes out.—Dutch Proverb.

The First Coffee.

The Dundee Advertiser tells the following story of the discovery of coffee as a beverage: "Near the middle of the fifteenth century a poor Arab was traveling through Abyssinia, and, finding himself weary and weak from fatigue, he stopped near a grove, then, being in want of fuel to cook his rice, he cut down a tree, which happened to be covered with dead berries. His men being cooked and eaten, the traveler discovered that the half-burned berries were very fragrant. He collected a number of them, and, on crushing them with a stone, he found that their aroma increased to a great extent. While wondering at this he accidentally let fall the substance into the can which contained his scanty supply of water—lo! what a miracle. The nearly putrid water was almost instantly purified. He raised it to his lips; it was fresh, agreeable, and in a moment the traveler had so far recovered his strength and energy as to be able to resume his journey. The lucky Arab gathered as many berries as he could, and, having arrived at Aden, in Arabia, he informed the mufti of his discovery. That worthy divine was an inveterate opium smoker, and had suffered for years from the influence of that poisonous drug. He tried an infusion of the roasted berries and was so delighted at the recovery of his own vigor that in gratitude to the tree he called it cayah, which in Arabia signifies 'force.'"

A COUGH COLD IS DANGEROUS.

There are different kinds of colds, and various ways in which they affect different people. Some constitutions will throw off a light cold, while to others it will stick tenaciously. There is one kind—the kind accompanied by a cough, the kind that turns to bronchitis, the kind that ends in consumption—that should never be neglected.

Many a life history would read differently, if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

This syrup contains all the virtues of the "Norway Pine Tree," combined with Wild Cherry Bark, and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other excellent herbs and barks.

Mrs. E. S. Akerly, Akerly, N.B., writes: "My little boy had such a bad cough he could not sleep at night. I tried several remedies but nothing seemed to relieve him until I got Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. From the first few doses he commenced to improve, and when he had taken one bottle he was completely cured."

Be careful in purchasing to see that you get the genuine Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark. Price 25 cts.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to The Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on 29th May, 1908, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract of four years, six times per week each way, between Oromocto and Upper Gagetown, from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Oromocto, Upper Gagetown and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at St. John.

S. C. ANDERSON,

Superintendent, POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, Mail Contract Branch, Ottawa, 13th April, 1908. Apr. 17d Thurs 31.



Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Edmundston Breastwork Extension," N.B., will be received at this office until 4.30 p.m., on Thursday, May 7, 1908, for the construction of an extension to the Breastwork at Edmundston, Victoria County, N.B., according to a plan and specification to be seen at the offices of E. T. P. Shewen, Esq., Resident Engineer, St. John, N.B., Geoffrey Stead, Esq., Resident Engineer, Chatham, N.B., on application to the Postmaster at Edmundston, N.B., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

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

An accepted cheque, on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for twelve hundred dollars (\$2,000.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the person tendering declines the contract lot, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

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

By order,

FRED. GELINAS,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, April 6, 1908. Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department. April 10, d31.