

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 save away with an unnecessary delay.

of our improved Electric made for

Lady is at

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, October 11th, 1908, 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. 311 Suburban for Marysville	6.15
No. 321 Suburban for Marysville	11.15
No. 333 Suburban for Marysville	16.20
No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggville	18.30
No. 327 Suburban for Marysville	18.40
No. 329 Suburban for Marysville	21.20

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 318 Suburban from Marysville	8.15
No. 302 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
No. 330 Suburban from Marysville	21.55

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

CANADIAN RAILWAY

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

DEPARTURES.

4.25 a. m., for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and north to Presque Isle and Edmundston, also for Bangor, Portland and Boston.
3.00 a. m., via Gibson Branch for Woodstock and Edmundston. Leaves St. Marys 8.30 a. m.
9.50 a. m., for Fredericton Jct. connecting with Atlantic Express for St. John and points East.
5.50 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 Vanboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc., St. Stephen and Woodstock.
9.00 p. m., for St. John and points East.

ARRIVALS.

3.20 a. m., from St. John and East.
11.45 a. m., from Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton.
2.10 p. m., from St. John and East.
2.10 p. m., from Woodstock and points north, via Gibson branch.
Arrives St. Marys 8.33 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 Practitioner's Certificate from Chicago College of Dental Surgery

Artificial Teeth

Inserted in Gold, Aluminum and Ordinary Rubber Plates

Bridge Work

Executed in Gold and Porcelain after latest and best methods

Anesthetics

Local and General applied and administered for Painless Dentistry

OFFICE:

HESTNUT'S BUILDING

Cook's Colic Root Compound.

The great Uterine Tonic, and only safe effective Monthly Regulator on which women can depend. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, 2, 3. No. 3 is 10 degrees stronger. 33¢ No. 3, for special cases, 55¢ per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: The Cook Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont. (formerly Windsor)

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—
Aloes—
Rhubarb—
Anise Seed—
Peppermint—
Oil of Sassafras—
Verm. Seed—
Cinnamon—
Syrup of Marshmallows

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 DROPS—35 CENTS.

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 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

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

P. FAPRELL

Toilet Soaps

We have one of the very finest assortments to be found in the city and the stock is the very best.

It includes Buttermilk Heliotrope, Mylissia, also Vinolia, Baby Soap, Vol Cream and Glycerine Soap

It is a mistake to use cheap trashy toilet soaps, we don't handle them

Physicians Prescriptions carefully compounded

Alonzo Staples

SOLE AGENT.

Bring your prescriptions to **STAPLES' PHARMACY**

D. I. 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.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 28, 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, 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 situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, or 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 to 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 preceding 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. 28, 1908

WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD ALWAYS TAKE

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

It is famous for its cures and its safety. It is a sure remedy for a cold to reach its point.

IT IS SAFE AND SURE.

Price 25¢. Large size 50¢.

HIS WILL AND HERS

BY
DORA
RUSSELL

Author of

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

(Continued)

Altogether she began to feel very dreary and weary. She had written two other short stories, and they had both been rejected by three different magazines. Then she had sent them to Mr. Valentine Ross, who wrote in reply that as he had not yet found room for the one of hers that he already held, he feared it would be impossible, for that year at least, to look at another. He added in his letter that accompanied the returned manuscript, "Have you seen anything lately of our friend Sir Ralph Woodland? I have not."

All this was very discouraging, and Laura found that the loss of Sir Ralph's occasional society made all the difference to her life. However, she worked bravely on. She began a three-volume novel, and sometimes forgot her own troubles in thinking of imaginary ones. But these troubles threatened to become real and tangible, and with the exception of the solitary five-pound note given her by Sir Ralph she had made nothing. The golden gates of fortune seemed closed to her, and the bitter ways of poverty to lie at her feet.

At last she determined to leave the rooms where she was and go to cheaper ones. She did this most unwillingly. To go from Maddox Street seemed to cut off her last chance of again seeing Sir Ralph Woodland. He would not know her new address, and as he had seemingly so completely dropped her acquaintance, how could she let him know it?

However, it could not be helped. She could not afford to go on paying for the rooms in Maddox Street, and so removed to cheap lodgings in Edgeware Road. There she went on with her novel, and tried to sell some of her paintings, but with the same result as her stories. It was the old story—the weary struggle for fame which does not come.

And so month after month passed away. The house where she lived was dusty and dreary, the landlady stout, dirty, and exacting, and at nights given to overstrong potations. But Laura tried to buoy herself up about the novel.

"If I can get it published," she often thought, "he may see it advertised, and may go to the publishers and find out where I live, and then he will surely come to see me."

She could not understand how the few words that she had said to him about not marrying him had so completely severed their lives. He had seemed to care for her—and to be discouraged so soon!

At last the novel was done, in the sweet springtime, when the parks lay in the fresh beauty, and the sons and daughters of wealth rode or sat beneath the green trees. The sons and daughters of toil sometimes caught a glimpse of them also, and forgot for awhile the carking cares of their daily lives. The beautiful sunshine is for all, and brightens the meanest dwelling. It shone into Laura's dingy sitting-room, it fell on her face, which had changed and saddened.

"He will return to town for the season," she told herself, as she felt the warmth of the glad beams. "I may see him in the park."

She had formed a theory in her mind that in his disappointment at her refusal he had probably left England. But he would come back. And so Laura in her black gown, which had not improved by wear, took many a walk in the spring days alone in the park, and looked at the riders on the Row with wistful eyes. Sir Ralph she knew rode regularly when in town, but for a long time she saw nothing of his tall figure and strong dark face.

In the meanwhile she had sent her novel to a publisher, and it had been returned to her with a civil note of thanks and regret. She tried another and another. The third wrote to say his reader's opinion was not highly favorable, but that if she were willing to advance a certain sum of money he would venture to publish it on the system of half-profits after all expenses had been paid. The sum required to be advanced was fifty pounds, and fifty pounds would nearly make an end of Laura's little capital.

Still she was so weary of waiting, so tired of disappointment, that she resolved to risk it. She knew it was very rash, but like all young writers she had a great belief in the first big thing of her brain. She thought once more of writing to consult George Gifford at his old, and then remembered, with a blush, it would almost be like asking him to advance the money. So with trembling fingers she drew the check, and with a sinking heart awaited the result.

And at this very time drove up to her old lodgings in Maddox Street the very man of whom she had thought and was still thinking so much. Sir Ralph Woodland had tired of a somewhat reckless life, abroad and had returned to England, and a strong feeling had come over him once again to see the dark-eyed girl whom he never forgot. He had begun also to ask himself had he not judged her too harshly, and on too slight evidence. At all events he would go to see her, and so he drove to Maddox Street, and was informed there by the maid that Miss Ingram had left some months since.

"Do you know where she is?" and she leave no address," inquired Ralph, with a cold, strange feeling of disappointment at his heart. The maid could not tell him, but at this moment the light lit the feet of Patty May were hurrying down the staircase. She had seen Sir Ralph's cab drive to the house door she had seen him alight, and she was not going to miss such an opportunity.

She was in the hall with outstretched hand before he turned away from the door.

"Sir Ralph!" she cried, with real pleasure lighting her pretty face. "We are still here, you see. Where have you been all this time? We thought you were lost."

"I have been abroad," said Sir Ralph. "Come in; I am so pleased you have come to see us," continued Patty, excitedly. And Sir Ralph found it impossible to tell the eager girl his real errand to the house.

He therefore followed Patty upstairs, and sat talking to her for a little while, and then, in a somewhat husky voice, inquired for Laura. "Is Miss Ingram still here?" he asked.

"Oh, no," answered Patty, putting on quite a shocked air; "she has been gone for months. There was a great scandal about her, you know—she went away with a young man."

Sir Ralph made no answer to Patty's mendacious words. He sat in silence also when she prattled on about the anonymous warning they had both received, and then rose and went away, in spite of Patty's entreaties, with a certain gray look on his face she had never seen there before.

And some days after this he saw standing beneath the fresh-leaved trees in the park, as he rode slowly along, a tall, slender, somewhat shabbily dressed figure whom he instantly recognized. It was Laura Ingram, and her dark eyes were fixed on his face, and a sudden flush rose to her cheeks, as she bowed and smiled.

But Sir Ralph did not smile. He touched his hat, bowed coldly, and passed on.

CHAPTER IX.

Laura walked no more in the park after this meeting. She turned and went back to her dreary home, with a bowed head and a stricken heart. For she never for a moment deceived herself. The man of whom she had thought so much, the man who at one time had liked her well enough to ask her to be his wife, had now plainly shown her that he did not wish to see her again.

"He has learned to care for some one else, I suppose," thought Laura, with a sigh; and the idea was inexpressibly painful and bitter to her. It made the daily increasing anxieties of her life more galling; it made the springtime dull, and her work a labor.

But still it must go on. The knowledge that she was nearly at the end of her resources was a spur she could not ignore. So she sat weaving stories of destinies bright or sad, while her own lay overshadowed with such heavy clouds. At last, about the middle of summer, her novel was published; and when Laura received six copies that the publisher sent her, hope once more rose in her saddened heart.

The book was fairly well got up, and to see her own name on the fresh pages, for the publisher had advised her to drop her nom de plume in the novel, no doubt sent a thrill of pride through her whole being. She packed up a copy and sent it to George Gifford at Suffolk, writing his name in it, "with kind regards."

In return for this gift she received a letter in which Mr. Gifford's congratulations were mingled with anxiety for the writer's position. George Gifford did not know the terms on which this book had been published, but the manager of the bank in Suffolk where Laura's small capital had been placed had given him a hint which had disquieted him exceedingly.

This manager had been dining at Red House on the very day when Laura's book had arrived there, and it was lying in state on the drawing-room table before dinner, and George Gifford pointed it out, not without some little pride, to his guest.

"Ah," said this Mr. Hay, taking one of the volumes up, "I am very glad to see this, for I was afraid, poor girl—"

And then he paused, and looked significantly at George Gifford.

"What is this young lady like?" asked Miss Lindsay, who was George Gifford's cousin, and lived now at Red House as housekeeper and companion to her uncle, old Mr. Gifford.

"She's a very handsome girl," replied Mr. Hay; "but the old major was an extravagant fellow, and left his affairs in a sad state and his daughter badly off, so it's very well if she can earn her livelihood by her pen, for she has little or nothing else."

George Gifford did not speak, but he listened, and wondered if Mr. Hay knew more than he did. Then, after dinner, when Miss Lindsay had retired, and old Mr. Gifford had subsided into a nap in an arm-chair, he once more turned the conversation to

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Badge of Honesty

Is on every wrapper of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery because a full list of the ingredients composing it is printed there in plain English. Forty years of experience has proved its superior worth as a blood purifier and invigorating tonic for the cure of stomach disorders and all liver ills. It builds up the run-down system as no other tonic can, in which alcohol is used. The active medicinal principles of native roots such as Golden Seal and Queen's root, Stone and Mandrake root, Bloodroot and Black Cherry bark are extracted and preserved by the use of chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce at Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet which quotes extracts from well-recognized medical authorities such as Drs. Bartholow, King, Scudder, Coe, Ellingwood and a host of others, showing that these roots can be depended upon for their curative action in all weak states of the stomach, accompanied by indigestion or dyspepsia, as well as in all bilious or liver complaints and in all wasting diseases where there is loss of flesh and gradual running down of the strength and system.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" makes rich, pure blood and so invigorates, regulates the stomach, liver and bowels, and, through them, the whole system. Thus all skin affections, blotches, pimples and eruptions as well as scrofulous swellings and old open running sores or ulcers are cured and healed. In treating old running sores, or ulcers, it is well to insure their healing by applying to them Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve. If your drug-store doesn't happen to have this Salve in stock, send fifty-four cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and a large box of the "All-Healing Salve" will reach you by return post.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

Landseer's Valet.

Sir Edwin Landseer, the famous animal painter, had an old servant—his butler, valet and faithful slave—named William, who was particularly assiduous in guarding the outer portal. No one could by any possibility gain direct access to Sir Edwin. The answer would invariably be, "Sir Edwin is not at home." The prince consort himself once received this answer when he called, amplified on that occasion by the assurance that "he had gone to a wedding," an entire fiction on William's part, as the prince found out, for on walking boldly in and around the garden he noticed Sir Edwin looking out of his studio window. This was the faithful attendant who, one day, when a lion had died at the zoo and his corpse came up in a four wheeled cab to be painted from, startled his master with the question, "Please, Sir Edwin, did you horder a lion?"

Eggs Were Rigid.

In his early days it was suggested to Mr. Meredith, the novelist, that he should take up his residence with Rossetti at Queen's House, Cheyne Walk. The novelist agreed to take a couple of rooms, and one morning, shortly after Rossetti had moved in, Mr. Meredith, who was living in Mayfair, drove over to Chelsea to inspect his new apartments. "It was past noon," relates Mr. Meredith; "Rossetti had not yet risen, though it was an exquisite day. On the breakfast table in a huge dish rested five thick slabs of bacon, upon which five rigid eggs had slowly bled to death! Presently Rossetti appeared in dressing gown, with slippers down at heel, and devoured the dainty repast like an ogre." This decided Mr. Meredith. He did not even trouble to look at his rooms, but sent in a quarter's rent that afternoon and remained in Mayfair.

Practice not your art and 'twill soon depart.—German Proverb.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Partridge Island Wharf, N. B." will be received at this office until 4.30 p.m. on Friday, November 20, 1908 for the construction of a wharf at Partridge Island, St. John Harbour, St. John 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., 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 Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for fourteen hundred dollars (\$1,400.00) must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the person tendering declines the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, 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,
NAP. TESSIER,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, October 20, 1908.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department, Oct. 23, 1908.