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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. 303 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. 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 ... 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.

8.25 a. m., for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and north to Presque Isle and Edmundston; also for Bangor, Portland and Boston.
4.00 a. m., via Gibson Branch for Woodstock and north to Presque Isle and Edmunston. Leaves St. Marys 8.30 a. m.
8.50 a. m., for Fredericton Jct. connecting with Atlantic Express for St. John and points
4.50 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 Vanreboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc., St. Stephen and Woodstock.
6.40 p. m., for St. John and points East.

ARRIVALS.

2.20 a. m., from St. John and East.
11.45 a. m., from Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton.
3.10 p. m., from St. John and East.
8.10 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.

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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.

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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 ab[illegible]

Young lady in attendance.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMEST AD 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 of 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 8m.

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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.)

He could not see through the muslin curtains; only a hazy light from the lamp within. He could not see a woman kneeling there in agony—a woman whose soul he had tortured until she could bear no more.

* * * * * * *

He was up betimes the next morning, for he had much to do. He meant to take Laura immediately abroad, and remain there until they were married. He had thus his affairs to see after, his bills to pay. He had also the thousand pounds to pay to Mr. Valentine Ross. He felt grateful to the little man, and considered whether he should give him more than his due; but on second thoughts he reflected that Mr. Valentine Ross had done very well. He therefore called early at the office, with his check-book in his pocket, after telegraphing to Laura that he would be with her at four o'clock in the afternoon.

Mr. Ross was charmed to see him.

"You have good news on your face," he said, with outstretched hand.

"Yes," smiled Sir Ralph.

"And you found her?"

"Yes," again replied Sir Ralph, nodding his head.

"And it is all right?" inquired Mr. Ross, with a smile.

"It is all right," answered Sir Ralph, but a flush rose to his face, and he felt a faint inclination to knock Mr. Ross down.

But he suppressed this. He sat down and produced his check-book, and drew a check in the name of Mr. Valentine Ross for a thousand pounds.

"There is your check," he said, somewhat grimly, "with many thanks."

"No, my dear fellow—" began Mr. Ross, and then he hesitated, though he took the slip of paper in his hand.

"Well?" inquired Sir Ralph, wondering if there was anything wrong with the check.

"Well, you see," continued Mr. Ross, as though unwillingly, "there was the two hundred pounds you so kindly advanced. You ought to take that off."

"Never mind," answered Sir Ralph, with a somewhat hard laugh; "you can take that as a part of your price."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Ross, delightedly. "What a funny fellow you are, Woodland! Part of my price, indeed; we have all our price, though yours may be a pair of dark eyes. Ha, ha, ha!"

He was overjoyed. He loved nothing so well as money, and to have made twelve hundred pounds by giving a woman's address was a piece of good fortune he had never hoped for. He would have talked of Laura to Sir Ralph, but Sir Ralph gave him no encouragement. He had simply paid him and that was all. After this Sir Ralph went to his banker's and took out letters of credit for a large sum. Then he wrote to his agent in Yorkshire and to his steward at Harewood. He was going abroad for several months, he informed them; and having settled all this he returned to his hotel, intending to make some further arrangements before he drove over to Putney at four o'clock.

When the time came he started, carrying with him a ring, which he meant for Laura's slender hand. He felt a little nervous during the long drive, but this passed off as he approached Putney, and he sprang lightly from the cab when it drew up at the small linen-draper's shop, and inquired for Miss Boyd.

The melancholy-looking shopkeeper looked more melancholy still.

"You have not heard then, sir?" he said, sadly.

"Heard what?" asked Sir Ralph, quickly.

"Miss Boyd's gone, sir—she left this morning; and my wife's in a sad way about losing her, for she was a good lodger, and a nice lady, and times are bad." And he sighed.

"Gone!" echoed Sir Ralph, blankly.

At this moment, however, the landlady, the wife of the shopkeeper, who had been listening at the back parlor door to the foregoing conversation, advanced into the shop and addressed Sir Ralph.

"Oh, sir, you're the gentleman, aren't you, who came to see Miss Boyd last night. And I fear you brought her ill news. She was up nearly all night after you were gone, for I heard her a-walking up and down the room, and groaning like anything. And this morning she said to me she must go."

"And she is gone?" asked Sir Ralph, whose face had grown very pale.

"Clean away, sir. She paid for a week's notice, as agreed, and did everything that's handsome, for she is quite the lady; but she looked just awful, sir. If you're a friend of hers, I think you should see after her, for she had a look on her face I did not like to see. I once saw a poor figure drawn out of the river who had tried to take her life, and her eyes had the same fixed gaze as this poor lady's this morning. Excuse the liberty of me saying this, sir, but I feel that upset and put out, and I wish no harm may come to her."

Sir Ralph did not speak. He grasped the back of a chair which was standing near and leaned heavily on it, and his breath came hard.

"Excuse me, sir, for speaking of it, but I thought perhaps you might be a friend or relation, as the poor lady had no other visitors until you came last night," went on the landlady, looking curiously at the gray pallor which had spread over Sir Ralph's face. Her husband also drew near and looked at the "gentleman" curiously. They both thought something had happened; that somehow or other Sir Ralph was connected with their lodger's departure.

"Can I see her room?" at last Sir Ralph said, slowly and painfully.

"To be sure, sir," answered the landlady. "It's just as she left it, for I've been so upset I've not had time to clear up yet. She took all her books and papers away with her, and when I asked her if there was any hope of her coming back she only shook her head. I fear it's a bad business," added the landlady, with a sigh. "But come along, sir."

Then Sir Ralph followed the landlady up the narrow staircase, as he had done the previous evening, and she showed him into the empty room. He noticed all the signs of a hasty departure. The grate was full of half-burnt torn paper; there were fragments here and there. He looked blankly round, and a strange desolation fell on his heart. Again she had fled from him, and once more all his hopes were dashed low.

"And she left no address?" he forced his pale lips to ask.

"Not a word, sir. She just said 'Good-bye, Mrs. Hare,' that was all. But she forgot no one; not even Jane, the girl, though she's a poor worker, and not much at anything. Still, Miss Boyd put as much as half a crown into her hand, and then she went away; and I'm afraid, somehow, none of us will see her any more."

Sir Ralph asked no further questions. He put a couple of sovereigns into Mrs. Hare's lean hand, and then he also went away. He felt completely cast down and defeated; he had been so sure, and this was the bitter end.

He drove back to his hotel, and found a letter from Laura awaiting him there, and he read it with a shamed heart and an intense feeling of disappointment and pain.

"I entreat you, for God's sake," it began, "not to seek me out any more. I can not bear the pain that I went through last night; I can not bear the struggle with my own heart. I can not, I will not go with you as you wish; and I ask you, as a gentleman, as a man, to leave me alone. To see you utterly unnerves me, and would drive me mad if it went on. I scarcely know what I am writing as I write this, but I ask you again to see me no more. L."

That was all. In these brief ill-written lines Sir Ralph felt Laura had written her last words to him. After this he could not pursue her any more; it would be cowardly to do so. He sat with her letter in his hand staring blankly before him. He had loved her truly; and a great desolation fell over his soul. It seemed to change everything to him. His interest in life was gone.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Sir Ralph went abroad the next day after receiving Laura's letter. He went a moody and disappointed man, and at Suffold George Gifford heard that he had gone alone. Of Laura George heard nothing.

"I sometimes think she is dead," he one day said, gloomily, to Anna Lindsay.

Anna Lindsay only shook her head; she wished Laura was dead with all her heart, but she did not believe it. She believed Sir Ralph Woodland had gone abroad to join her; that he had waited three months before doing so for appearance' sake, but that he was with her now.

But when George Gifford again heard of Sir Ralph's movements he was still alone. He had been traveling from city to city, and then, finally, had started for India. And months and months passed away—six months, nine—and no news was heard at Suffold either of Sir Ralph or Laura Gifford. Then a rumor spread in the little town, a rumor started by the steward at Harewood. Sir Ralph was about to return; the steward had heard from him, and he had written that the house had to be in readiness for him by a certain date.

George Gifford heard this news, and Anna Lindsay heard it, and they both pondered over it in their hearts. George did not speak of it at Red House, but at last Anna Lindsay plucked up her courage and did.

"Have you heard that Sir Ralph Woodland is coming back to Harewood, George?" she said one evening to her cousin.

"Yes, I have heard," he answered; and that was all, and Anna Lindsay dare say no more.

But George, though he was so reticent about it, had made up his mind how he would act. He had determined to seek an interview with Sir Ralph, and try and learn if he knew anything of Laura's fate. And the very day after he heard of Sir Ralph's arrival at Harewood he carried this resolution into effect.

He rode over in the morning to the Hall, and as he entered the avenue he saw Sir Ralph leaning listlessly on one of the park gates smoking a cigarette. Sir Ralph heard the sound of his horse's hoofs, and looked up, and when he saw George a dusky red spread over his sallow face. But he raised his cap, and turned round at once to meet his visitor.

"I wish to speak to you, Sir Ralph," said George, gravely, also touching his hat.

(To be continued.)

THE "DOCTOR."

An Important Functionary on Merchant Vessels Is the Cook.

There is one functionary on merchant vessels of all kinds who has very much more to do with the "peace and dignity" of the floating commonwealth than shore folks usually imagine. I refer to the cook, who is sometimes called the "doctor." Why he is given this cognomen is not altogether plain, for his handiwork seldom has any therapeutic value and in the past, at least, has had much to do with sending poor sailormen to a doctor, if not to Davy Jones' locker. In fact, there was a time in nautical history when the presiding genius of the galley was in such bad repute that to call a man a "son of a sea cook" was a most opprobrious epithet and one that would be emphatically resented. In those days (and to some extent today) the cook was covertly despised by the occupants both of the forecastle and the cabin, though the men "forrard" outwardly professed affection for him and apparently were never so happy as when they could wash his clothes or do him various other favors, with the hope of getting sundry "leavin's" from the cabin table or being granted such privileges as "hanging out" in the galley when rough weather at night made the watch on deck grateful for such shelter. In other ways it was found highly salutary to keep in good graces of his culinary majesty, who frequently was a more powerful person in some respects than the "old man" himself. It is almost needless to add that the more skilled as a cook the cook was the more profound was his influence both fore and aft. But he wasn't often much in the way of skill, all the same.—Shipping Illustrated.

BOUGHT OFF THE BURGLAR.

An Old Banker's Bargain With His Unwelcome Visitor.

"William Winslow Sherman, the old banker, had the coolest nerve of any man I know," said a man who knew him. "Some years ago, when Sherman was an old man and partially crippled by reason of a fall from a horse, he entered his bedroom late at night to find a masked burglar ransacking it.

"The thief had a big gun trained on Sherman in a minute. The banker just waved it aside with a tired hand. 'Put that away,' he said irritably. 'Let us discuss this matter like gentlemen.' The burglar was so surprised he laughed. 'Now, you could hurt me if you wanted to and might get away with some little knick-knacks,' said Sherman. 'But you might be caught, and there's a slight probability that you could dispose of my toilet articles profitably. What would you consider a fair cash proposition to go away?' They talked it over in all peace.

"The burglar thought he ought to have $10, but Sherman, after inquiring into the man's habits, said $8 was enough. 'You see,' he said, 'you're a known thief. If this were your first offense, I'd pay your price, but now the police have your picture you ought to be glad to accept any fair compromise and run no risk.'

"The burglar finally agreed to take $8. Sherman pulled out a ten dollar bill. 'Give me $2 change,' said he. And he got it before he paid."

American Humor.

American humor exists, it distinguishes the national character, it permeates all our affairs. It is not of aboriginal descent. It was not brought from England or Holland by the fathers. Its saving grace was lacking under Puritan rule. The humor of Diedrich Knickerbocker is all the more taking because of the absence of all sense of humor in the subjects of his chronicle. If our humor came over from Erin in the first rush of immigration it was quickly adapted to its new environment. It was modified and changed by new circumstances and conditions, geographical, ethnological, atmospheric. Wherever it came from it is a boon which saves us from a lot of needless trouble and worry.

Why We're Ahead.

A curious explanation of the reason why "Canada has but about 7,000,000 people against America's 80,000,000" is given in a review of the world's production of coal and iron. Canada produces but 9,000,000 tons of coal against 370,000,000 tons produced by the United States, and that is why, as long as the coal age lasts, "Canada is not likely to grow to anything like the dimensions of her southern neighbor." This is an English view, and it is not open to the charge of bias.—Boston Globe.

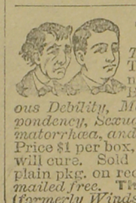
A Doubtful Future.

"Biggins has developed a habit of saying rude and sarcastic things."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "I am waiting to see whether he is going to be recognized as a great bore or a social lion."

Not Modesty.

Blox—Bimberly is exceedingly modest, isn't he? Knox—I hadn't noticed it. Blox—Well, he never talks about himself. Knox—Oh, that isn't modesty. It's discretion.



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