

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 91.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, June 28th, 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. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville.	18.30
No. 323 Suburban for Marysville.	16.20
No. 323 Suburban for Marysville.	16.20
No. 317 Suburban for Marysville.	5.15
No. 321 Suburban for Marysville.	11.15
No. 327 Suburban for Marysville.	18.40
No. 329 Suburban for Marysville.	21.30

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE FREDERICTON.

No. 318 Suburban from Marysville.	8.15
No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville.	13.05
No. 323 Suburban from Marysville.	13.15
No. 323 Suburban from Marysville.	13.43
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville.	18.30
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggieville.	16.30
No. 328 Suburban from Marysville.	19.30

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

First run of Ocean Liners from Montreal July 5th, from Halifax July 6.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Passenger Train Service From Fredericton, Atlantic Time-Effective June 14, 1908.

DEPARTURES.

7.25 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.

7.40 a. m. MIXED, via Gibson branch, for Woodstock and north; Presque Isle, Plaster Rock, Edmundston and leave St. Mary's at 8.30 a. m.

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

2.00 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, (St. Andrews after July 1) and Woodstock.

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

ARRIVALS.

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

11.20 a. m. From Montreal and west. Boston, St. Stephen, Woodstock and Houlton. (St. Andrews after July 1).

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

9.05 p. m. From Woodstock and points north, via Gibson branch.

10.50 p. m. From Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton.

W. 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 CASTORIA 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 28.

THE LAST OF THE SEASON

Now Discharging from Schooner H. H. Chamberlain 390 tons best Le-high Hard Coal shall be delivered from vessel very low for cash.

P. FAPRELL**Get Cooled Off**

It would be very nice indeed if we could pull up stakes and go to Labrador or Greenland for the next few weeks. As conditions will not permit of your doing that, however, you can do the next best thing—go to the Palace Drug Store and have a glass of sparkling, ice cold soda water. We have the best in the city and it is the real thing this sultry hot weather.

THE PALACE DRUG STORE

is headquarters for drugs, medicines, cigars, pipes, tobaccos, etc. Nearly forty years of experience compounding prescriptions.

Alonzo Staples,

Druggist and Apothecary.

Special attention given to the compounding of Prescriptions.

DR. F. W. BARBOUR,

SURGEON DENTIST,

President and Prize-man 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.

Jan. 25, d 6m.

Red Saunders

By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

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(Continued.)

"Say, who's your crack fence builder around here?" asked Red—"the man that can make two pickets grow where only one grew before and do it so easy that it's a pleasure to sit and look at him?"

"Hey?" inquired the smith, not precisely getting the meaning of the address.

"Why, I've got a fence to build," exclaimed Red, "and now I want some help—want it so bad I'll produce to the extent of three a day and call it a day from now till 6 o'clock. Any takers here? Make your bets while the little ball rolls."

The loungers understood the general drift of this and picked up their ears, as did the blacksmith. "Guess one of the boys will help you," said the latter.

"Well, who's it?" asked Red, glancing at the circle of faces. Three dollars a day was enormous wages in that part of the country. Nobody knew just what to say.

"Oh, well," cried Red, "let's everybody run! I reckon I can find something to do for the five of you. Are you with me?"

"Yes, sir," they said promptly. "Can I borrow a hammer or so off you, old man?" questioned Red of the smith.

"Certainly, sir," returned the latter heartily. "Take what you want."

"Much obliged. And the gate hinges are out of whack. Miss Saunders' place, you know. Come over and take a squint at 'em in the near by and by, will you? May as well fix it up all at once. Come on, boys."

It was thus that the greatest enterprise that Fairfield had seen in many a day was undertaken. Miss Mattie was simply astounded as the army bore down upon the house.

"Whatever in the world is Cousin Will doing?" said she, but resting strong in the faith that it was necessarily all right she was content to wait for dinner and an explanation.

Not so the postmistress. The agonies of unrequited curiosity the worthy woman suffered that morning until she at last summoned up her resolution and asked the smith plump out and out what it all meant would have to be experienced to be appreciated.

And the smith kept her hanging for awhile, too, saying to himself in justification that it wasn't right the way that old gal had to get into everybody's business. The smith was like some of the rest of us—he could see through a beam if it was in his own eye.

CHAPTER VI.

THERE was a great din of whacking and hammering that morning. Red worked like a horse now, that he had company. A sudden thought struck him, and he went into the house.

"Mattie," said he.

"Well, Will?"

"I see a use for the rest of that nice big roast of beef I smell in the oven—let's have all these fellows stay to dinner and give 'em one good feed. What do you say?"

"Why, I'd like to, Will, but I don't know—where'll I set them?"

"Couple of boards outside for a table—let them sit on boxes or something. Got plates and things enough?"

"My, yes! Plenty of such things, Will."

"Then if it ain't too much trouble for you we'll let it go."

"No trouble at all, Will—it will be a regular picnic."

"Boys, you'll eat with me this day," said Red.

They spread the board table beneath an old apple tree and cleaned up for the repast in the kitchen shed with an apologetic "Sorry to trouble you, Miss Saunders," or such a matter as each went in.

Just as Miss Mattie was withdrawing the meat from the oven there came a knock at the door.

"Goodness, gracious!" she exclaimed. "Who can that be now? Will, will you see who that is? I can't go."

"Sure!" said Red and went to the door. There stood two women of that indefinite period between forty and sixty, very decently dressed and with some agitation visible in the way they fussedly adjusted various parts of their attire.

They started at the sudden spectacle of the huge man who said pleasantly, "How der do, ladies?"

"Why, how do you do?" replied the taller instantly and in a voice she had never heard before. "I hope you're well, sir," a remark which filled her with surprise.

"Thanks, I'm able to assume the perpendicular, as you can see," responded Red, with a handsome smile of welcome. "How do you find yourself?"

"I'm pretty well," said the flustered lady. "How do you do?"

"Durned if we ain't right back where we started from," mourned Red to himself. "If it's one of the customs of this country saying 'how der do' an hour at a stretch, I pass it up." Aloud he said: "Coming along fine. How's your father?"

"Cuss me if I don't shift the cut a little anyhow," he added mentally.

"Why, he's very well indeed!" exclaimed the lady.

claimed the lady, with fervor. "How?" She got no further on the query, for the other woman interrupted in a tone of scandal. "Mary Ann Demilt, how can you talk like that? Your father's been dead this five year last August!"

The horror of the moment was broken by the appearance of Miss Mattie, crying hospitably on seeing the visitors. "Why, Mary and Pauline, how do you do?"

The shorter one, Pauline, looked up and said sharply, "We're well enough, Mattie." She was weary of the form.

"Come right in," said Miss Mattie. "You're just in time for dinner."

There was a great protest at this. They "hadn't a moment to spare"; they were "just going down to the corner and had stopped to say," etc.

"You've got to help me," said Miss Mattie. "Will here has invited the boys who are working for him to stay to dinner, and it won't be any more than Christian for you to help me out."

"Ladies," said Red, "if you don't want to starve a man who's deserving of a better fate take off your fixings and come out to dinner. No," he continued to their protests, which he observed were growing weaker, "it's no trouble at all. There's plenty for everybody. Come one, come all, this house shall fly clean off its base as soon as I! Now, for heaven's sake, ladies, it's all settled—come on!"

Whereat they laughed nervously and took off their hats.

It was a jolly dinner party. The young fellows Red had picked up in the blacksmith's shop were not the ordinary quality of loungers. They were boys of good country parentage, with a common school education, who unfortunately could find nothing to do but the occasional odd job. Of course it would not take long to transform them into common n'ers do, but now they were merely thoughtless boys.

The whole affair had an air of a favor which stopped convention. The two women visitors pitched in and had as good a time as anybody.

In the middle of the festivities a young man walked past the front fence—a stranger evidently, for his clothes were the cut of a city, and a cosmopolitan, up to date city at that. He stopped and looked at the house, hesitated a moment and then walked in, back to where the folk were eating.

"Excuse me," said he as they looked up at him, "but isn't this Mr. Demilt's house?"

A momentary silence followed, as it was not clear whose turn it was to answer. Miss Mattie glanced around and, finding Red's eye on her, replied:

"No, sir. Mr. Demilt's house is about a mile farther up the road."

"Dear me!" said the young man ruefully. He was a spick and span, intelligent looking man, with less of the dandy about him than the air of a man who had never worn anything but clothes of the proper trim and become quite used to it. Nevertheless the sweat stood out in drops on his forehead, for Fairfield's front "street" savored of a less moral region than it really was on a broiling summer day.

The young man sighed frankly and wiped his head. "Well, that's too bad," he said. "I'm a stranger here—would you kindly tell me where I could get some dinner?"

"What's the matter with that?" inquired Red, pointing to the roast, which still preserved an air of fallen greatness. He had liked the look of the other instantly.

The stranger looked first at Red and then at the roast. "The only thing I can see the matter with that," he answered, "is that it is a slice too thick."

"Keno!" cried Red. "You get it, Mattie, another plate and weapons to fit. Sit down, sir, and rest your fevered feet. If you don't like walking any better than I do, you've probably strewn fragments of one of the commandments all the way from where the stage dropped you to this apple tree."

"It seems to me that I did make some remarks that I never learned at my mother's knee," returned the other, laughing. "And I'm exceedingly obliged for the invitation, as there doesn't seem to be a hotel here, and I am but a degree south of starvation."

"Red or black?" asked the host, with a quick glance at his guest.

The other caught the allusion. "I haven't followed the deal," he replied, "but I'll chance it on the red."

Somehow he felt instantly at home and at ease; it was a quality that Red Saunders dispersed wherever he went.

"There you are, sir," said Red, forwarding a plate full of juicy meat. "The ladies will supply the decorations."

"Do you like rice as a vegetable, sir?" inquired Miss Mattie.

"No, he doesn't," interrupted Red. "He likes it as an animal. Never saw any one who looked less like a vegetable than our friend." The young man's laugh rang out above the other.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Bold Step.

To overcome the well-grounded and reasonable objections of the more intelligent to the use of secret, medicinal compounds, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., some time ago, decided to make a bold departure from the usual course pursued by the makers of put-up medicines for domestic use, and so has published broad-cast and openly to the whole world, a full and complete list of all the ingredients entering into the composition of his widely celebrated medicines. Thus he has taken his numerous patrons and patients into his full confidence. Thus too he has removed his medicines from among secret nostrums of doubtful merits, and made them Remedies of Known Composition.

By this bold step Dr. Pierce has shown that his formulae are such excellent ones that he is not afraid to subject them to the fullest scrutiny.

Not only does the wrapper of every bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the famous medicine for weak stomach, torpid liver or biliousness and all catarrhal diseases wherever located, have printed upon it, in plain English, a full and complete list of the ingredients composing it, but a small book has been compiled from numerous standard medical works, of all the different schools of practice, containing very numerous extracts from the writings of leading practitioners of medicine, endorsing in the strongest possible terms, each and every ingredient contained in Dr. Pierce's medicines. One of these little books will be sent free to any one sending address on postal card or by letter, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and requesting the same. From this little book it will be learned that Dr. Pierce's medicines contain no alcohol, narcotics, minerals or other poisonous or injurious agents, and that they are made from native, medicinal roots of great value; also that some of the most valuable ingredients contained in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak, nervous, over-worked, run-down, nervous and debilitated women, were employed, long years ago, by the Indians for similar ailments affecting their squaws. In fact one of the most valuable medicinal plants entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was known to the Indians as "Squaw-Weed." Our knowledge of the use of not a few of our most valuable native medicinal plants was gained from the Indians. As made up by improved and exact processes, the "Favorite Prescription" is a more efficient remedy for regulating all the womanly functions, correcting displacements, as prolapsus, anteversion and retroversion, overcoming painful periods, toning up the nerves and bringing about a perfect state of health. Sold by all dealers in medicines.

SHEFFIELD PLATE.

History of This Now Very Rare and Valuable Ware.

Sheffield plate differs from all other plated ware in that the plating was done on the sheet metal before the article was shaped. Before and since then plating of various sorts has been applied only to the finished piece, as in our electroplating process. Moreover, the plating was done on copper, while modern base metal is usually composed of an amalgam of copper, nickel and zinc.

Furthermore, it is possible for the collector to secure examples of early Georgian and so called Queen Anne work in Sheffield plate, while the rarity and high money value of silverware of that period make its acquisition extremely difficult. Sheffield plate historically and artistically is as worthy of a place beside old china and old mahogany as is old silverware.

In 1742 one Thomas Bolsover of Sheffield, England, described in the histories as an "ingenious mechanic," accidentally fused some silver and copper while repairing a knife. He began experimenting, seeking for a method of plating copper with silver for the manufacture of small articles. In 1743, together with Joseph Wilson, he set up a factory for the manufacture of buckles, snuffboxes and knife handles.

Joseph Hancock soon got hold of the secret and, perfecting it, demonstrated that it was possible to imitate the finest and most richly embossed silverware. Settling in Sheffield, he started the manufacture of all sorts of domestic pieces. Beginning modestly with horsepower, he later added water power for the rolling process. Other manufacturers followed his example, and Sheffield plate soon began to replace pewter on the tables of the English middle classes. Altogether we know of twenty-three important manufacturers of this ware.

The industry flourished until the middle of the nineteenth century, and so few pieces of copper rolled plate were made after that time that they need not concern the collector. Electroplating was discovered or invented by a medical student of Rotherham, near Sheffield, and the new process was patented on March 25, 1840. By 1850 the new ware was on the market everywhere, and the industry had been revolutionized.—Country Life in America.

The Mayflower.

Never did a ship sail with such momentous results as the little west country clipper schooner the Mayflower, but few people have bothered to ask what was her fate after she had landed the heroic band of Englishmen on Plymouth rock. As a matter of fact, she drifted into the cotton trade and sank after many years of service for the East India company at Masulipatam, on the coast of India.—London Standard.

A Third Need.

"You need," said the expert to the sufferer, "two pairs of glasses, one for reading and one for long distance."

"Can't you make it three pairs?" asked the man who had made a study of his own case. "I'd like some short sighted ones to use on bill collectors."

Agreed With Him.

Father (calling from head of stairs at 11:30 p. m.)—Jennie, don't you think it's about time to go to bed? Jennie—Yes, papa dear. What on earth keeps you up so late?—Pathfinder.

Not Unusual.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "I catches mysef lambastin' a mule fob doin' purty much de same as I would do if I was in de mule's place!"

Nature creates merit; fortune brings it into play.—Rochefoucauld.