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 any evening.

Lady in attendance. 'Phone 97.

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 Subruban 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 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. 322 Suburban from Marysville..... ....13.45

No. 326 Suburban from Marysville... ... ... 18.20

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.

Moncton, N. B., June 25th, 1908.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY

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

DEPARTURES.

8.25 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 6.30 a. m.

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

5.30 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 Vanceboro, 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 Practioner'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

Anestheties

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 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.

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 Diarrhœa 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 CENTAUR 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

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 nefit 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 forey 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 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.

FREDERICTON

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Provides complete courses of instruction upon modern progressive educational principles.

"THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC-EDUCATION"

Violin Department in charge of

MISS HAZEL PALMER

DIRECTORS

Frank Harrison
F. Isherwood Plummer, A. R. C. M.

Telebhone 91-2

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMEST AD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dom. 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 6m.

Red Saunders

...By...

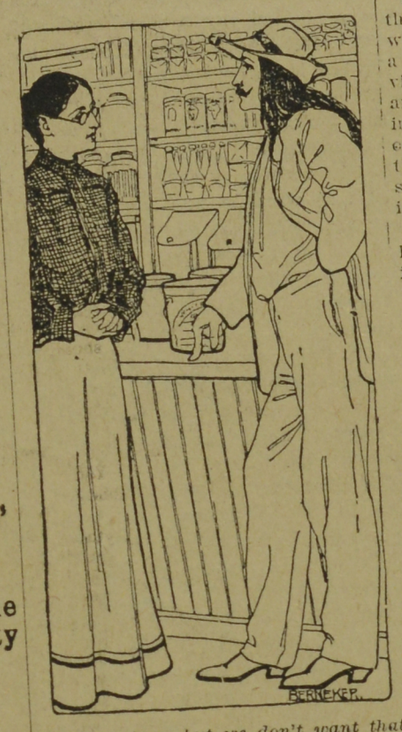
HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY McCLURE, PHILLIPS & COMPANY

(Continued.)

The time seemed like enchantment to Miss Mattie. As a bringer of the tidings and a stockholder in the company she had risen to be a person of importance, with the result that she was even more modestly shy than before, although in her heart she liked it; but more delightful yet was the spirit of holiday activity which inspired and pervaded the place.

Red had insisted on operating on the lines that are laid down with railroad spikes in the western communities—to patronize home industries as much as possible. Therefore the ma-



"Yes, ma'am, but we don't want that paint."

chinery orders went through Mr. Farrel, the blacksmith, initiating that worthy man into the mysteries of making money without doing anything for it, which seemed little less than a miracle to him. Everything that could be bought through local people was obtained in that way. It cost a trifle more, but it brought more money into the place and enabled the villagers to partake of the enlivenment without the feeling that it was a Barmecide feast. The postmistress furnished the paint, and it is painful to add that she tried to furnish a No. 3 paint for a No. 1 price, arguing that she was a poor, lone woman struggling through an uncharitable world and that the increased profit would do her considerable good, a view which Red did not share. He would willingly have made her a present of the difference, but he did not in the least intend to be choused out of it by man or woman. They had a very funny debate in private, wherein the feminine tried to dominate the masculine principle by sheer volubility and found to its disgust that the method didn't work. Red listened most respectfully and always replied: "Yes, ma'am, but we don't want that paint. Get us some good paint—bully old paint with stick'um in it. This stuff is like whitewash, only feebler. We're going to put on a swell front up at the mill, and we've got to have the right thing." And at last the postmistress said that she would, her respect for the ex-cow puncher having risen noticeably in the meantime.

succumbed to the inevitable and only "jumped around a little," as Red put it, on being mounted. It was pretty lively "jumping around," but perhaps Mr. Saunders found some satisfaction in sitting perfectly at his ease, smoking his cigarette, while Buck jumped and Fairfield admired. And, at any rate, Buck had legs of iron and the wind of a locomotive, carrying Red all day and willing to kick at anything which bothered him when night came. He was a splendid beast through and through, from forelock to tail tip, but he had learned who was his master and obeyed him accordingly.

It was a five mile ride, mostly under the shade of fine old trees. The road wound around the hills; here and there a break in the arboreal border showed views of rolling country, well shaped and pleasing, winding up grassy slopes in groves of verdure. Of course most of the freshness of leaf was past, yet the modest gray green gave a silvery sheen to the landscape that brought it into unity.

One member of the party felt that his heart was very full as he looked at it. That was Lettis. "Blast the old office!" he kept saying to himself. "Blast its six dingy windows and the clock at the end! Doesn't this look good, and doesn't it smell good, dust and all?" and then he'd howl at the horses in sheer exuberance of good feeling, making the mild old brutes put a better foot of it to the front.

Red cantered up beside his wagon. "Well, Lettis," he said, "here we go for the opening overture with the full strength of the company—we're great people this day, ain't we?" And the big man smiled like a pleased big boy.

"Oh, what a bully old fellow you are!" thought Lettis as he looked at him. Lettis was thinking of other qualities than flesh, but the physical Red Saunders on horseback was deserving of a glance from anybody; the massive figure so well poised; the clear cut, proud profile; the shapely head with its crown of red gold hair; the easy grace of him by virtue of his strength—it would be a remarkable crowd in which Chanta Seechee Red couldn't pass for a man. He was every inch of that from the ground up.

Lettis had come to bow down to him in adoration, with all an affectionate boy's worship. To those eyes Red was just right in every particular; likewise to Miss Mattie, who even now was filling her eyes with him from behind the vantage of a broad brimmed straw hat.

At last the whole party disembarked at the flat before the mill and made ready for the official starting of the machinery. The big doors were thrown open, so that the company could see within while resting outside in the shade, and under the cooling influence of what breeze there was. The mill was officially started. Red climbed the bank to the flume and raised the gate. The crowd cheered as the imprisoned waters leaped to freedom with a hollow roar, raising in pitch as the penstock filled and the wheels began to go round. Speech was called for, and the vigorously protesting Red was forced to the front by his former friends, Demilt and Lettis. Thus betrayed by those he trusted, Red made the best of it.

"Ladies and gentlemen, fellow citizens," said he, "the mill is now open to all comers. We hope to make this thing a success. We hope to see every horny handed, hump backed farmer in the country rosin the soles of his moccasins and shove his plow through twice as much ground as he ever did before, and if he comes here with his plunder we'll give him a square shake. We'll pay him as much as we dast and not let him in on the ground floor, so he can crawl out through the coal hole, as is sometimes done. Now, everybody run away and have a good time, for I don't like to talk this yappi any more than you like to hear it. Kola geus! By-by!"

It was a very successful picnic. They spent the afternoon in wandering around in the usual picnic fashion, developing appetites, until it occurred to Red to liven the performance by showing them the art of roping as practiced upon an old cow found in the woods. As a spectacle it was a failure. The combined efforts of all the hooting small boys could not make that cow run. She even stretched her neck toward Red, as though saying: "Hurry up with your foolishness. I have a cud to chew and can't stand here idle all day." So Red galloped by and threw the noose over her head as an exhibition of how the thing was done rather than how it ought to be done. Nevertheless picnic parties are not hypercritical in the matter of amusement, and the feat received three encores. The last time he missed his cast through overconfidence, whereat the old cow tossed her head and tail in the air and tore off at an elephantine gallop, with a bawl that sounded to Red mightily like derision.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE work on the mill was pushed, and in spite of the usual amount of unforeseen delays it was ready for business by the latter part of September. The official opening was set for the 27th, Miss Mattie's birthday, and the village of Fairfield was invited to a picnic to be held at the mill in honor of the occasion. It is needless to say that the Fairfield Strawboard Manufacturing company did the thing up in shape. Wagons loaded with straw and drawn by four horse teams went the rounds of the village collecting the guests. It is doubtful if Fairfield was ever more surprised than at the realization of how much there was of her, using the pronoun out of respect to the majority, "when she was bunched," as Red said. You would not have believed that struggling, lonesome looking place held so many people. As Red could discover no means in the town's resources to provide a meal for 300 people, it was necessarily a basket party, which struck Mr. Saunders as being grievously like a Swede treat. He made up for it in a measure by having barrels of lemonade and cider on tap at the grounds, stronger beverages being barred, and by hiring a quartet of strings "clear from town."

At half past 2 on a resplendent but hot September afternoon the caravan started for the mill grounds, the women dressed in the most unpienicky costumes imaginable, and the men ostentatiously at ease in their store clothes. Every one was in the best of spirits, keen for the excitement and pleasure that was sure to mark the occasion.

Red rode old Buckskin, who had

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In Nineteen Something Else.

"The dead man found on the fifty-five story building is believed to have fallen from a neighboring roof. He was terribly crushed."

The Story of a Medicine.

Its name—"Golden Medical Discovery"—was suggested by one of its most important and valuable ingredients—Golden Seal root.

Nearly forty years ago, Dr. Pierce discovered that he could, by the use of pure, triple-refined glycerine, aided by a certain degree of constantly maintained heat and with the aid of apparatus and appliances designed for that purpose, extract from our most valuable native medicinal roots their curative properties much better than by the use of alcohol, so generally employed. So the now world-famed "Golden Medical Discovery," for the cure of weak stomach, indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, or biliousness and kindred derangements was first made, as it ever since has been, without a particle of alcohol in its make-up.

A glance at the full list of its ingredients, printed on every bottle-wrapper, will show that it is made from the most valuable medicinal roots found growing in our American forests. All these ingredients have received the strongest endorsement from the leading medical experts, teachers and writers on Materia Medica who recommend them as the very best remedies for the diseases for which "Golden Medical Discovery" is advised.

A little book of these endorsements has been compiled by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., and will be mailed *free* to any one asking same by postal card, or letter addressed to the Doctor as above. From these endorsements, copied from standard medical books of all the different schools of practice, it will be found that the ingredients composing the "Golden Medical Discovery" are advised not only for the cure of the above mentioned diseases, but also for the cure of all catarrhal, bronchial and throat affections, accompained with catarrhal discharges, hoarseness, sore throat, lingering, or hang-on-coughs, and all those wasting affections which, if not promptly and properly treated are liable to terminate in consumption. Take Dr. Pierce's Discovery in time and persevere in its use until you give it a fair trial and it is not likely to disappoint. Too much must not be expected of it. It will not perform miracles. It will not cure consumption in its advanced stages. No medicine will. It *will* cure the affections that lead up to consumption, *if taken in time.*

BIDED HIS TIME.

Patience and Persistence of the East Indian Trader.

The patience of certain Indian traders is almost beyond belief. However, as a virtue is seldom a simple and single hearted affair, but usually consists of a mixture of several motives, it is safe to conclude that greed mingled with a good share of obstinacy goes to make up the measure of these peddlers' patience. It thus becomes only a passive form of the persistence which belongs to the skillful trader everywhere. A. D. McCormick in "An Artist In the Himalayas" gives an account of a transaction in which he had a part.

He was camping in the mountain region, and merchants were continually coming to his tent in the hope of disposing of their wares. They did not seem to mind if their goods were not bought.

"Only just look at this beautiful worrik, sahib," said one.

"I am too busy," replied Mr. McCormick.

"Oh, I don't mind. I'll wait."

At the end of the day there was the trader.

"I want to show sahib this beautiful ring."

"I don't want any ring," insisted "sahib." "Go!"

"But, sahib, I sell this ring very cheap."

"I tell you I don't want it!"

"I wait, hazor (highness). If sahib only see the ring he will buy."

The next morning he was seated about 100 yards from the tent, gazing into space. Two hours later he was in the same position. At nightfall he was still there. Mr. McCormick could stand it no longer. "Show me the ring!" he called. "What do you want for it?"

"Oh, hazor, it is a beautiful ring! I made it myself!"

"Here, you old scandal, this isn't a stone—it's a piece of glass!"

"Oh, sahib, e-stone is good e-stone. Gil-lass, no!"

"Well, what do you want for it, you swindle?"

"Fifty rupees."

"Make tracks quick! I wouldn't give more than ten!"

The next day the merchant reappeared, offering the ring for 45 rupees; the day after he came down to twenty; the third his price was ten.

"Sahib said he would give ten!" he insisted.

Mr. McCormick finally in desperation handed out 10 rupees, and the trader went away smiling, having fairly bored his way to success.

Potter Wasps at Work.

The family eumenidae, or solitary wasps, contain some curious workers. Some are miners and dig tiny tunnels in the earth; some are carpenters and cut channels in wood and then divide the space into chambers by partitions of mud; some build oval or globelike mud nests on branches or twigs. This nome may be partitioned into several tiny rooms, into which are put various small insects captured by the mother wasp and upon which the young wasps feed.—St. Nicholas.

A Doggerel.

She called her little doggie Birch
Whene'er she called him in.
You see, she called him Birch because
His bark was very thin.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Inference.

"Have a cigarette?"

"No, sir. The cigarette is the original fool killer."

"So you're afraid of 'em, eh?"—Detroit Free Press.

The Apology.

He kissed her, and she made him go,
But straightway called him back
And said he might apologize,
So he took another little smack.
—Chicago News.