

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.

Lady in attendance. Phone 93.

INTERCOLONY RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, October 19, 1908, trains will run daily (excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON.

No. 303 Mixed for Campbellton, St. John and Moncton, N. B.	5.00
No. 301 Express for Moncton, Chatham, Loggieville, etc.	18.30
No. 323 Suburban for Loggieville	16.20
No. 317 Suburban for Loggieville	6.15
No. 321 Suburban for Loggieville	11.15
No. 327 Suburban for Loggieville	18.50
No. 329 Suburban for Loggieville	21.20

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 318 Suburban from Loggieville	8.15
No. 304 Express from Moncton, Chatham, and Loggieville	12.05
No. 322 Suburban from Loggieville	13.25
No. 326 Suburban from Loggieville	18.20
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham, Loggieville, etc.	16.30
No. 330 Suburban from Loggieville	21.55

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Day-hour connection 24.00 o'clock is midnight. Moncton, N. B., Oct. 17th, 1908.

CANADIAN RAILWAY

Passenger Train from Fredericton, Effective Oct. 11, 1908. Atlantic Time only 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.
8.00 a. m., via Gibson Branch for Woodstock and north to Presque Isle 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.
6.50 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 Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc., St. Stephen and Woodstock.
8.00 p. m., for St. John and points East.

ARRIVALS.

9.20 a. m., from St. John and East.
11.45 a. m., from Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton.
8.10 p. m., from St. John and East.
9.10 p. m., from Woodstock and points north, via Gibson branch. Arrives St. Marys 8.35 p. m.
10.40 p. m., from Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton.

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**

I know a lovely chaperon for whom my love grows day by day. She has a soft and winning tone, and always look the other way.

Poor Adam! sighed Mr. Nupop. Why poor Adam? demanded Mrs. N.

He didn't have anybody to whom he could tell the bright things little Cain said.

100 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 PITCHEER

Pumpkin Seed -
Almonds -
Rochelle Salts -
Anise Seed -
Sage -
Bismuth Subnitrate -
Menthol -
Castor Oil -
Syrup -
Vanilla -

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Facsimile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

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**BUJU-****THE GENILE KIDNEY PILL**

The Kidney Pill that cures all Diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs.

A Scientific Vegetable Prescription cures Rheumatism too.

Bu-Ju strengthens the Kidneys and allows them to do their work properly and give you comfort and health.

Alonzo Staples

SOLE AGENT.

Bring your prescriptions to STAPLES' PHARMACY

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 ill. Young lady in attendance.

Cupid's Coal Truck.

By James Francis Dwyer.

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The car came to an abrupt stop, and the conductor stretched his neck in a reckless manner as he looked for the cause.

"Coal truck on the blink with a broken axle," he cried disgustedly, "and now I got to chase through the snow to phone the 'emergency van.' He walked through the car to acquaint the motorman of his heroic intention and, after buttoning his jacket, set off up the snow covered road in search of a telephone.

The motorman took the opportunity to stretch his legs by walking around the disabled vehicle. When he stepped from the car the two passengers sighed wearily and the man moved closer to his companion.

"Well, I'm glad that conductor has gone," he remarked. "He stared at us till my conscience suggested I had given him a bad coin."

The fur wrapped girl beside him laughed merrily.

"This a habit of conductors," she murmured. "I have noticed them before."

"I will pardon him," said the man. "He is but mortal, and I am pleased to find that his mercenary occupation has not destroyed his love of the beautiful."

The girl smiled indulgently, but remained silent. Meanwhile the motorman had entered into a discussion with the truck driver as to the best method of removing the damaged vehicle.

"Letty!" The man's voice interrupted a day dream and the girl started.

"Do you know I am desperately in love?"

The big blue eyes surveyed him critically.

"No; I do not," she said emphatically. "When a man is in love he can never disguise the fact."

"You are thinking of calf love," he remarked, "the kind that bubbles over and spoils its owner's appetite, but solid, healthy man's love?"

"It is all the same," she interrupted; "concealment is impossible. Now, Mr. Dorrington is in love, and a child can detect the symptoms."

"Dorrington!" The man's voice expressed his surprise. "Do you mean old Dorrington?"

The slightest puckering round the corners of the little mouth showed where a smile tried hard to establish a footing.

"When Mr. Dorrington called yesterday," continued the girl, "I watched him closely while he was speaking to mother."

"Pardon me!" The man's tone was masterful, and the girl stopped. "Is Dorrington-old Dorrington-in love with your mother?"

The smile made another valiant effort to disturb the serenity of the girl's face, but retired discomfited.

"I do not think so," she said quietly. "If he is, the feeling is not reciprocated, as mother always leaves me to entertain him when he calls."

The man winced.

"I am anxious about him," he tried to hide the effect produced by her thrust—"Dorry is not young, you know, and love, like measles, plays the mischief with elderly people."

The hovering smile flashed triumphantly across the girl's blushing face.

"Seriously, Letty," her companion continued, "Dorrington is old! I remember him twenty-five years ago, when he chased me away from a pond near your mother's house. God bless my heart, girl!—his tone changed to one expressing blank astonishment—"I am getting old too!"

The girl turned, and the blue eyes looked carefully over the man's brow, face, noting the length and depth of every wrinkle that marked it.

"You are getting old, Jack."

"I know it," he cried, "and here am I in a sidetracked car doing nothing, while time pursues me remorselessly."

Evidently thinking anything preferable to inaction, he started out to capture one of the little gloved hands of his companion, and after she had vainly tried to defeat his intentions he clasped it between his own two and seemed immensely pleased at the feat.

"Dear me," she sighed, "I wish that conductor would come back."

"He cannot shift us!" The man was defiant, and the girl blushed as she noticed his restlessness.

"No, but he can stare at you," she cried irritably, "and your actions since he departed prove that the stare was effective."

"But, Letty," he said, "what a terrible thing it is to look back on thirty-five wasted years, thirty-five autumns, thirty-five springs and the same number of winters and summers, all barren and useless." He shuddered and moved closer.

"Oh, Jack," she murmured, "do look and see if he is coming."

He stood up, still holding the little hand, and carefully scanned the white road. "He is not coming!" he cried gleefully. "He will have to walk a mile—a mile there and a mile back."

"You have no pity!" exclaimed the girl. She made an attempt to release the imprisoned hand as she spoke, but the man's grip tightened. "How would you like it, sir, if you had to walk two miles in the snow because a silly old coal truck collapsed on the track?"

"It is not a silly old coal truck," said the man, dropping back into his seat. "It is a wonderful, glorious, rain bow tinted instrument of—"

"Don't say 'Providence,'" she interrupted. "No; of Dan Cupid! Didn't I tell you, Letty, that I adore—"

"The coal truck," she interrupted again. "You certainly used enough adjectives to give one that impression."

"And I do!" he cried defiantly. "I adore the horses, the axle and every other part that helped toward the breaking down because—do you know why, Letty?"

"Because it made the poor conductor tramp two miles in the snow," she answered.

The man was annoyed.

"Confound the conductor!" he cried. "I wish he'd come back," she said. "If he does not return soon I will call upon the motorman. I suppose he is responsible for the safety of the passengers while his mate is away."

The mention of the motorman made her companion turn around to see where that person was stationed, and he was somewhat surprised to find that he had impressed two horses belonging to another truckman and, with the combined teams, was making a vigorous effort to pull the obstruction from the track. This strenuous proceeding alarmed the man, and he turned quickly to the girl.

"Letty, I want you to listen!" he cried. "This might be the only chance I will get to explain."

The noise outside increased.

"Go ahead!" screamed the driver, at the four horses strained and struggled. "Keep it up! Keep it up!"

"Letty!" The man seized both hands and tried to turn her face toward him. "I want to tell you—"

"Use the whip!" yelled the driver. His shrill shriek ripped through the car and drowned the man's voice.

The girl turned toward the window, and the fur box on her shoulders shook suspiciously. The man had a dim idea that she was laughing.

"Letty!" The man was desperate. "I—I love you."

A loud yell of triumph came from the driver, and a merry peal of laughter from the girl helped the echoes as they buzzed around the car. The noise was tremendous. The driver's yells were deafening, and the shouts of the motorman and the truckman told the man that the work of removing the obstruction was nearly finished. He took one hasty glance at the moving truck and, springing back, quickly seized the laughing girl in his arms.

"There!" he cried triumphantly as he kissed the blushing face. "And there! And there again!" And over the girl's muffled laughter and protests came a victorious cheer from the motorman and the two truck drivers, informing the two passengers that the truck was clear at last.

Three minutes afterward the conductor kicked the snow from his boots and gave the "Go ahead" signal to the elated motorman, and the car moved off. As they passed the disabled truck the man pointed to the name painted in red letters on its side, and the girl read, "John Love, Truckman."

"One of Dan Cupid's aliases," whispered her companion. And the blush on her face made the beauty loving conductor stare at her for the rest of the journey to the infinite delight of the man.

The Fife.

It is said by some that we owe the fife—"a piercing," as Shakespeare calls it—to the Swiss, and Sir James Turner, who busied himself in writing on military matters, names it the "Alpine whistle." In France it was employed at least as early as 1534, in which year it was ordered by Francis I. that each band of 1,000 men was to have four drums and two fifes.

A few years later in England we find "drommes and fiffes" included in the muster of London citizens. Shakespeare refers to the musician, not the instrument, when he speaks in "The Merchant of Venice" of "the vile squealing of the wry-necked fife." An old writer observes, indeed, that a "fife is a wry-necked musician, for he looks away from his instrument." About the reign of James II. the fife lost its popularity for a time, Sir James Turner observing, "With us any captain may keep a fife in his company and maintain him, too, for no pay is allowed him, perhaps just as much as he deserveth."—Chambers' Journal.

Wanted Brownie.

He was evidently a German, and his speech didn't belie the fact. He caught the attention of the librarian.

"Please, I want a book," he said.

"What book?" she asked.

"Boetry," he replied.

"Who is the author?"

He looked troubled.

"Please, I haf forgot it," he said, "but his name begins mit 'P.'"

"Poe?" asked the obliging girl.

"Not Poe," he answered.

"Fope?"

"Not Fope."

His face brightened up.

"He is der feller dot wroite 'In a Falcony,'" he said.

"Why, that was Browning."

"Sure, Browning," he repeated. "I couldn't remember, but I knew dot it commenced mit a 'P.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Cave Full of Bones.

In the Isle of Egg, one of the Hebrides, is a cave into which one can hardly creep on hands and knees. Inside it widens enormously and runs down to the terrific depth of 250 feet. To this day the bottom is strewn thick with human bones, the relics of the whole clan of Macdonalds, over 200 in number, who were miserably suffocated by the Macleods from the island of Skye. This tragedy is supposed to have occurred in the thirteenth century.

The Modesty of Women

Naturally makes them shrink from the delicate questions, the obnoxious examinations, and unpleasant local treatments, which some physicians consider essential in the treatment of diseases of women. Yet, if help can be had, it is better to submit to this ordeal than let the disease grow and spread. The trouble is that so often the woman undergoes all the annoyance and shame for nothing. Thousands of women who have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription write in appreciation of the cure which dispels the examinations and local treatments. There is no other medicine so sure and safe for delicate women as "Favorite Prescription." It cures debilitating drains, irregularity and female weakness. It always helps. It almost always cures. It is strictly non-alcoholic, non-narcotic, all its ingredients being printed on its bottle wrapper, contains no deleterious or habit-forming drugs, and every native medicinal root entering into its composition has the full endorsement of those eminent in the several schools of medical practice. Some of these numerous and strongest of professional endorsements of its efficacy, will be found in a pamphlet mailed around the bottle, also in a booklet mailed free on request, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. These professional endorsements should have far more weight than any amount of the ordinary lay, or non-professional testimonials.

The most intelligent women now-a-days insist on knowing what they take as medicine instead of opening their mouths like a lot of young birds and gulping down whatever is offered them. "Favorite Prescription" is of xxviii composition. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 31 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 50 stamps for cloth-bound. If sick consult the Doctor, free of charge by letter. All such communications are held sacredly confidential.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate and regulate stomach, liver and bowels.

ARMY CRISIS AT HAND.

Reduction of Forces By 30,000 May End in Disaster.

"Unless rumors in quarters usually to be credited are singularly misinformed," says the London Telegraph, "we are approaching one of the gravest crises in the history of the army. It is understood that a section of the Cabinet definitely contemplates another reduction of the army by no less than 30,000. This disastrous course is one to which Ministers are not yet finally committed, but there is a real danger that it will be taken by the Government unless the anger and condemnation of the country are expressed in such unmistakable terms as to compel a pause.

"The reductions in the professional forces, which should have been made last—if at all—were made first. It is estimated that when the measures taken in the last two years have produced their full effect the number of our regular troops will be smaller by no less than 38,000 compared with the strength we possessed when the present Government took office. Even if the Territorial army were at full strength this would represent a mistaken decision. As matters are, it has turned out to be a lamentable and deplorable policy. The whole process of throwing away trained strength had been regarded by the country with perplexity and misgiving.

"Already 36,000 men have gone. Another 30,000 are to go if the so-called economists have their way. That is the proposition, and it is the policy which will prevail unless the fact that is fighting for it in the Cabinet is beaten by public opinion. Strict military issues are not occupying the attention of Ministers. They are concerned with parliamentary manoeuvres.

"There are two very distinct factors in the Government. There are the seniors in a quandary. There are the young men in a hurry, who will stick at nothing to win their goal, and who desire to get there quick. Mr. Asquith is now confronted with the Nemesis of his notorious Budget. He committed the country to vast, to unlimited, to almost illimitable expenditure.

"The motto of the forward school in the Cabinet practically amounts to this: Let the Social programme prevail, though the Empire fall. It was at first thought that the navy might be successfully plundered. But the situation is serious enough in that respect to fill even our present Government with fright. Unless there is a large increase in the naval estimates next year, another power would be positively equal to us in strength in the narrow seas, and perhaps slightly superior by the beginning of 1912.

"For weeks, as is well known, the War Office has been under the knife. Mr. Churchill has been allowed to overhaul all its business. It is said that the Household Cavalry are to be cut down from three regiments to one—a change that would deprive our greatest State ceremonial of the military dignity which it is of high political importance to retain. We appeal to Mr. Asquith to support his War Minister, and resist all proposals calculated to bring into grave peril the safety and honor of our country."

Oldest Medical Recipe.

The oldest medical recipe is said by a French medical journal to be that of a hair tonic for an Egyptian queen. It is dated 400 B. C. and directs that dogs' paws and asses' hoofs be boiled with dates in oil.

Seed Pearls.

Calcined seed pearls are considered a medicine of great potency by the Chinese, and beautiful art work in mother of pearl has long been executed both in China and Japan.

Cook's Cotton 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. 2, 10 degrees stronger; No. 3, 20 degrees stronger. For special cases, \$2.00. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: "The Cook Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont. (Formerly Dr. Cook's).

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