

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 94.

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 Hallifax	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. 325 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 Suburban from Marysville	19:15
No. 330 Suburban from Marysville	21:55

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC

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

DEPARTURES.

6.25 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.
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 Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc., St. Stephen and Woodstock.
9.00 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 8.38 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

BRIDGEWORK

Executed in Gold and Porcelain after latest and best methods

Anesthetics

Local and General applied and administered for Painless Dentistry

HESTNUT'S BUILDING

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

The great Uterine Tonic, and only safe effective Monthly Regulator in which women can depend. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, 2, 3. No. 2 is the strongest. No. 3 is for special cases. 25¢ per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: The Cook Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont. (Formerly Windsor).

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

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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

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

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 ailing Young lady in attendance.

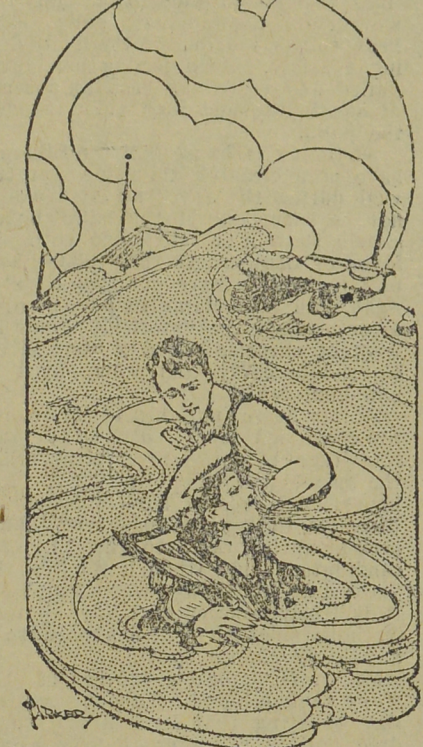
Canning's Cruise

By CLARENCE ODELL

Canning, running down the beach, looked about for the familiar blue and white turban. Somehow he had come to expect the sight of the odd little bathing cap, and it was with a gesture of impatience that he searched the beach and the little knot of bathers clinging to the life ropes.

Ever since the girl had first appeared on the beach Canning had been interested. She was a splendid swimmer, vastly different from the girls who clung to the ropes and gave little shrieks every time a wave rolled in. She headed straight for the raft with strong, steady strokes and kept away from the flirtatious group in the shallows.

Canning admired her for it, and he was frequently found on the raft



HE PADDED WITH ONE HAND TOWARD THE RAFT.

watching the little head bobbing through the surf to the same goal. He never had a chance to speak. She was not the kind of girl a man spoke to without excuse, but of late there had been a sort of friendliness in her glance as she had climbed to the raft. More than once Canning had wished that she might have a cramp—just a tiny little one—so that he might go to her rescue and thus break the conventional ice.

She was nowhere in sight today. The water was unusually rough, and the life guards were pacing the beach restlessly instead of occupying their usual perches, but rough water could not prevent her from taking her daily dip, and Canning wondered what the matter was.

Then suddenly he caught sight of a blue and white dot out on the water, and he strode into the surf. It was reckless for the girl to try to make the raft in this sea. He wondered that the guards had not called her back.

Once in the water, he advanced with powerful strokes, following the girl ahead. It was no easy matter for him to make headway at first, and he wondered how she was faring farther out.

She must have been making slow progress, for he could see that he was gaining on her. She was not more than a hundred feet from the raft now, and he was some fifty feet behind her, when suddenly she threw up her arms, with a cry, and disappeared under the water.

He fought his way desperately toward the spot where she had disappeared and came up to her just as she rose for the second time.

"Turn on your back," he commanded. "I will get you to the float. Don't be afraid."

He caught her just in time, and slowly he paddled with one hand toward the raft. It was a difficult matter to get her on the raft unaided, but the realization that he would have to work quickly gave him new strength. She had lost consciousness, and his first care was to administer first aid. It was several minutes before her eyelids fluttered and he knew that he had won that battle. When at last he was assured that she was all right he sank down on the boards beside her to rest before even trying to signal the life guards.

"You seem to be more exhausted than I am," she said after a moment. "It must have been hard work getting me on to the raft."

"The swell made it difficult," he explained. "Once or twice I thought I had lost you, but I held on."

"I suppose we can get them to send out a boat for us," she commented. "It would not be easy to swim back."

"It would be out of the question," he declared.

"It looks longer than ever before," she said, with a little shudder as she glanced out over the heaving water. "The hotels seem so much smaller."

Canning glanced up for a moment, then sprang to his feet, with a cry. Presently he turned to her with a grave face. "Do not be alarmed," he said quietly, "but I am afraid the raft is loose."

"But it was moored at four corners," she exclaimed. "How could it get loose?"

"The logs rot in the water. I suppose I raised the edge out of water as I climbed on, and the swell took it

loose. At any rate, we are in for a cruise unless we can signal the shore."

"They stood up together and waved frantically, but apparently the little tragedy had passed unnoticed on shore, and there was no answering signal that they could perceive. At last, tired by their exertions, they sank down on the raft and faced the situation."

"The coastwise steamers come close in to shore here," he said reassuringly. "There will be a good chance of being taken off before night. Perhaps at the turn of the tide we may drift back."

"I hope something happens," she shivered. "It seems so dreadful to be carried out to sea."

"We at least have a raft," he comforted. "Suppose you had to keep swimming?"

"I should have given up long ago," she said. "As it was I should be dead now had it not been for you."

"I was afraid you would have some trouble," he said, "when I saw what you had undertaken to do."

"Did you follow me out on purpose?" she asked wonderingly. "I didn't know any one had seen me. The guards warned me against trying, but I wanted to see if I couldn't, and I did—almost."

"That was the only reason that brought me out," he said. "I saw your bathing cap, and I knew it was you."

"And I am the reason for your being out here?" she asked wonderingly. "I am responsible for your danger too?"

"Not at all," he protested warmly. "I am only too glad that I was in time to be of service."

"I thought it was because you wanted to come," she explained. "I have noticed that you were such a good swimmer."

"I have wished hundreds of times that I knew you," he admitted. "I have admired your swimming ever since you came."

"My name is Rose Wilcox." "I am Harry Canning," he responded formally. "I'm glad to meet you, Miss Wilcox."

Their hands met in hearty clasp. She colored when she perceived that he was still holding it, and for a moment she moved away. Then she drew closer to him again, and they sat there and chatted while their eyes searched the horizon for the sign of sail or steamer.

They soon found that they knew common friends, and this swept away Rose's last barrier of reserve, and she gossiped on as if they had known each other for years.

So engrossed did they become that they forgot the peril of the situation, forgot everything save the fact that they found each other wonderfully congenial.

It was with a start that they heard a panting behind them and turned to see a steam yacht drawing alongside. In a few minutes they had been taken off and, with the raft towing behind the yacht, turned back to shore.

"I like this style of cruising better," laughed Rose as they sat on the deck wrapped in blankets. "And just to think that we were in sight of the yacht for half an hour and never thought of turning around."

"It never occurred to me that they would have to telephone the inlet for a boat," he explained, "though I might have known."

"I'm a little sorry the cruise stopped so suddenly," she confessed shyly. "I had even forgotten that it was getting near luncheon."

"Let's make the next cruise in a yacht," he suggested.

"We could get up a party," she assented.

"I don't want a party," he declared. "A party would be de trop on a honeymoon."

"Yes," she admitted shyly, her color deepening.

But later he managed to obtain a less vague acquiescence to his proposal.

Eucharistic Congress.

Following the Pan-Anglican, another great congress is to assemble in London this summer. This is the Eucharistic Congress, which was first held at Avignon in 1882. It will be the greatest gathering of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics ever seen in England. The Duke of Norfolk is president of the reception committee, which is making preparations to provide suitable accommodations for the large number of clergy who will attend. There will be present several cardinals from the United States, Rome, Spain, Germany, France, Belgium and other countries. The special preacher at Westminster Cathedral will be Cardinal Gibbons.

A Profitable Business.

"I hear Miss Curlylocks made \$10,000 in letters?"

"So she did."

"Why, I never heard before she was anything of a literary personage."

"Neither is she. They were the letters in her breach of promise suit."—Baltimore American.

Distressing.

"Ah, yes," related the foreign nobleman as he rubbed his hands. "When ze beautiful girl found that her father had selected me as her future husband she was a picture."

"What a picture of distress?" asked the sensible American girl.—Chicago News.

Her Husband's Grouch.

"A wife can do much to make a home happy," said the visitor.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Torkins, "but it is a pity she can't exert an influence that will enable the home ball club to win all the games."—Washington Star.

Only Then.

"Little boy, do you ever swear?"

"No, ma'am, 'ceptin' when it's necessary and I gotta do it."

"When is it necessary to swear?"

"When de empire calls ye out on two strikes an' a ball."—Chicago Tribune.

A Woman's Back

Has many aches and pains caused by weakness and falling, or other displacement, of the pelvic organs. Other symptoms of female weakness are frequent headache, dizziness, imaginary specks or dark spots floating before the eyes, gnawing sensation in stomach, dragging or bearing down in lower abdominal or pelvic region, disagreeable drains from pelvic organs, faint spells with general weakness.

If any considerable number of the above symptoms are present there is no remedy that will give quicker relief or a more permanent cure than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has a record of over forty years of cures. It is the most powerful invigorating tonic and strengthening agent known to medical science. It is made of the glyceric extracts of native medicinal roots found in our forests and contains not a drop of alcohol or harmful or habit-forming drugs. Its ingredients are all printed on the bottle-wrapper and attested under oath as correct.

Every ingredient entering into "Favorite Prescription" has the written endorsement of the most eminent medical writers of all the several schools of practice—more valuable than any amount of non-professional testimonials—though the latter are not lacking, having been contributed voluntarily by grateful patients in numbers to exceed the endorsements given to any other medicine extant for the cure of woman's ills.

You cannot afford to accept any medicine of unknown composition as a substitute for this well proven remedy or known composition, even though the dealer may make a little more profit thereby. Your interest in regaining health is paramount to any selfish interest of his and it is an insult to your intelligence for him to try to palm off upon you a substitute. You know what you want and it is his business to supply the article called for. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original "Little Liver Pills" first put up by old Dr. Pierce over forty years ago, much imitated but never equalled. Little sugar-coated granules—easy to take as candy.

Two Sides.

She—If a man loves his wife as much as she loves him he will stop wasting his money on cigars if she asks him.

He—Yes, but if his wife loves him as much as she ought to love a man who loves her enough to stop it if she asks him she won't ask him—Puck.

Love Is Blind, but Not Deaf.

She smiles—my darling smiles and all the world is filled with light. She laughs—'tis like the bird's sweet call. In meadows fair and bright. She weeps—the world is cold and gray. Rain clouds shut out the view. She sings—I softly steal away. And wait till she gets through.

—Boston Transcript.

Saw Her Twice.

Tom—It was a case of love at first sight with me.

Jack—Then why didn't you marry her?

Tom—Oh, I saw her again on several occasions.—Chicago News.

Unreceptive.

Little words of sage advice. Always sound most awful nice. When it's up to you to utter them, but when it's yours to hear something of the kind, oh, dear, how you mutter!

—Indianapolis News.

Knew His Business.

Charley Loveday—Um—ah—er! He, he!

Jeweler (to his assistant)—Bring that tray of engagement rings here, Henry. —Spare Moments.

Favoritism.

Why may frail blossoms, to delight the eye.

Borrow rich colors from the sun on high. While all accorded to superior man? Is sunburn, freckles or unsightly tan?

—Atlanta Constitution.



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 sent 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 decline 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.