

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.

Cady in attendance. Phone 97.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, June 28th, 1903, 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, Loggville.....	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 AT FREDERICTON.

No. 318 Suburban from Marysville.....	8.15
No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggville.....	13.05
No. 322 Suburban from Marysville.....	13.45
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville.....	13.45
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham, Moncton, Chatham and Loggville.....	16.30
No. 328 Suburban from Marysville.....	19.30

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour operation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight Moncton, N. B., June 25th, 1903.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Passenger Train Service From Fredericton, Atlantic Time—Effective June 14, 1903.

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.

9.40 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 Vancouber, 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

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

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 **DR. J. C. SIMMONS**

Dr. J. C. Simmons

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

Fac-Simile Signature of *Dr. J. C. Simmons*

NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DROPS - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

of *Dr. J. C. Simmons*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE GENTLE 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

HAVE A CIGAR

and let all your troubles end in smoke.

We have just received a large consignment of S. Davis & Sons' cigars which for Quality and Flavor cannot be surpassed.

For a leader we have the Corona Diplomat, a fifteen center, 2 for a Quarter. It is the real goods.

In ten cent varieties we have the El Padre, and the old reliable Panetelas, nothing like them in this climate.

If you want to burn out a good five cent cigar, try a Cable or an Upright, we have them both.

A full line of Drugs and Medicines.

Alonzo Staples,

YORK STREET.

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 abscessed teeth.

WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD ALWAYS TAKE

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

It is famous for its cures and one of the best remedies for a cold to resort to in any case.

IT IS SAFE AND SURE.

Price 25c. Large size 50 cents.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 24, 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 situated. 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" 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. 23, d 6m.

Red Saunders

By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

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(Continued.)

Red discovered another thing that afternoon, which was that the more nervous you are the more nervous you get. He groaned in perfect misery: "Ohohoh! That I should have seen the day when I was afraid to ask anybody anything! What's come over me anyhow? It's this darn country, I believe. 'Tain't me." Then he stopped short. "What you saying, Red?" he queried. "Why don't you own up like a man?" The fact that it had a funny side struck him, and he laughed half forlornly and half in thorough enjoyment. He suddenly sobered down. "She's worth it anyway," said he. "She's the best there is, and I ought to feel kind of leery of the outcome. Well, now I guess I won't say anything till there's a downright good chance. I see I didn't savvy this kind of business like I thought I did. 'Twouldn't be no kind of manners to step up to a lady and shout, 'I'd like to have you marry me if you feel you've got the time.' That don't go no more than a Chinaman on roller skates. Your work is good, Red, but it's a little lumpy in spots. Them two left feet bother you. You're good in your place, but you'd better build a fence around the place, d-n the luck! Smothering! I think she likes me, all right, but when it comes to more'n that—oh, blast it, I'll just have to wait for a real good chance! Now come, old man, get four feet on the ground and don't roll your eyes. Take it easy till the chance comes."

Little he knew the chance was coming up the street at that moment. He only saw Miss Mattie step out into the bed of flowers, her face looking unusually pretty and youthful under the big straw hat, and start to reduce the weeds to order. She glanced around as though in search of some one, and Red felt intuitively that the one was himself.

"Here's where I ought to act as if I wore long pants," said he. "Now, what's to hinder me from going out there and get a talking?" And then he sat down hastily, more disgusted than ever, and snote the air with his fist. "You'd think the nicest, quietest woman that ever lived was a wild beast the way I act; yes, sir, you would!"

Meantime the chance drew nearer. It was not a pleasant looking opportunity. Its eyes, full of dread and dreadful, peeped out from beneath a

try to smile as she obeyed him to the letter, and without a sound. "Oh, brave girl!" he thought and threw the ground behind him desperately.

At twenty feet distance he dove like a base runner, and his hands closed around the dog's neck. Over they went with the shock of the onset, and before they were still the hands had finished their work. A clutch, and a snap, and it was done.

The dog lay quivering. Red rose to his knees, wondering at the humming in his head. His wits came back to him sharply.

"Did he bite you, Mattie?" he cried. But she had already caught his hands and was looking at them with a savage eagerness one would not have believed to be in her.

"There is no mark," she said, suddenly weak. "He didn't touch you?"

"Answer me when I speak to you!" shouted Red, beside himself. "Did he bite you?"

She answered him, with a sob, "No." And then his question asked itself, and answered itself, although, again, he did not know it. He gathered her up in his arms, kissed her like one raised from the dead and swore and prayed and thanked God all in the same breath.

His old imperious nature came back with the relief. "Here!" said he, putting her away for a moment. "Take off that dress—that slime on there's enough to kill a hundred men—take it right off."

Miss Mattie started blindly to obey, then stopped. "Not here, Will—I'll go in the house," she said.

"You'll take it off right here and now," said Red, "and I'll burn it up on the spot. I'd rather have forty rat-snakes around than that stuff. Off with it! This is no child's play, and I don't care a d-n what the old lady next door thinks."

Miss Mattie slipped off her outer skirt and stood a second, confused and dainty. She took flight to the house, running as lightly as a greyhound.

"By jingo!" said Red in admiration. "Let's see you bring another woman that can run like that!"

He gathered some hay and piled it on the dress, firing the heap.

Then he turned to his antagonist. "Poor old boy! Hard luck, eh? But I had to do it," he said and gave him decent interment at the end of the garden, washed his hands carefully and went into the house on pleasant duties.

"I'll ask her now, by the great horn spoon!" said he valiantly.

Miss Mattie was in a curious state of mind. There was an after effect from the fright which made her tremble, and a remembrance of Cousin Will's actions which made her tremble more yet. When she heard him coming she started to fly, although now clothed beyond reproach, but her knees deserted her, and she was forced to sink back in her chair. Red came in whistling blithely, vainglorious man!

He had his suspicions, generated by the peculiar fervor Miss Mattie had shown in regard to his hands.

"Mattie," quoth he, "I'm tired of living out there in the barn. I want a respectable house of my own."

"Yes, Will," replied Miss Mattie, astonished that he should choose such a subject at such a time.

"Yes," he continued, "and I want a wife too. You often said you'd like to do something for me, Mattie. Suppose you take the job?"

How much of glancing at a thing in one's mind as a beautiful improbability will ever make such a cold fact less astonishing? Miss Mattie eyed him with eyes that saw not. Speech was stricken from her.

Red caught sight of her spring forward and took her hand. "Couldn't you do it, Mattie?" said he. There was a world of pleading in the tone. Miss Mattie looked up, her own honest self. All the little feminine shrinkings left her immediately.

"Ah, but I could, Will!" she said.

Let's come up on the stoop unheeded. He stopped, then gingerly turned and made his way back on tiptoe, holding his arms like wings.

"Well, by George!" he murmured. "I'll come back in a little while, when I'll be more welcome."

He spoke to Red in strong reproach that night in the barn. "You never told me a word, you old sinner!" said he.

"Tell you the honest truth, Let," replied Red earnestly, looking up from drawing off a boot, "I didn't know it myself till you told me about it."

"They talked it all over a long time before blowing out the light, but then the little window shut its bright eye, and the only life the midnight stars saw in Fairfeld was Miss Mattie, her elbow on the casement, looking far, far out into the tranquil night and thinking mistily.

THE END.

Bad Penmanship.

Mr. Youngwood—This dessert is—pardon me—perfectly dreadful. Mrs. Youngwood—I'm sorry, dear, but the fact is the recipe was given me by a friend, and her handwriting is simply atrocious.

DOCTORS' MISTAKES

Are said often to be buried six feet under ground. But many times women call on their family physicians, suffering as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they present alike to themselves and their easy-going or over-busy doctor, separate diseases for which he, assuming them to be such, prescribes his pills and potions. In reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some uterine disease. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, keeps up his treatment until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better in consequence of wrong treatment, but probably worse. A proper medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and insinuating comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that "a disease known is half cured."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate system. It is made of native American medicinal roots and is perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the female system.

As a powerful invigorating tonic "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," run-down, debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nerve tonic, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, St. Vitus's dance, and all distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the uterus. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription invigorates the stomach, liver and bowels. One to three a dose. Easy to take as candy.

MUTINY AT SPITHEAD.

Cruiser Sends Marines to Secure Order on Russian Ship.

On board a Russian sailing vessel, recently lying at Spithead Roads, Eng., there had been a mutiny of so serious a character that the aid of British marines had been invoked to preserve order and to secure the safety of the officers of the ship.

The vessel is the Truro, an English-built bark, now belonging to Russian owners. She was on her way from London to the West Indies, sailing light, to bring back a cargo of logwood.

In the voyage round the coast she grounded off Worthing, and this appears to have made the crew nervous for their own safety and dissatisfied with the conditions prevailing aboard. On arriving at Spithead they found that the vessel was not to be taken into dock for survey to ascertain the nature of the damage arising from the mishap.

They then flatly refused to perform further work, and threats, it is stated, were levelled at the captain. The crew is composed of Russians and Swedes, and numbers fourteen in all, and all but the captain, the mate, and the steward adopted a policy of masterly inactivity, and refused to assist in navigating the ship.

The captain, fearful that the situation might become more serious, signalled to the captain of H.M.S. Berkeley, a cruiser lying at Spithead, and asked for assistance. In response to this appeal a guard of Royal Marines from the ship, consisting of a lieutenant, corporal, lance-corporal, and nine privates, went aboard, and the insubordination on the part of the men ceased.

But they continued to be resentful, and refused duty. Two ringleaders were removed from the Truro, and with their departure the remainder of the crew resumed work. The British marines then returned to their ship. The matter has been placed in the hands of the Russian vice-consul at Portsmouth.

FOUGHT WITH THEIR FISTS.

Titled Men Adopt Old Method of Settling Dispute.

Sporting judges are always advocating the settling of disputes in "the good old way," with fistcuffs, and apparently our public men are taking them at their word. Following close upon an angry scene in the law courts, when two well known K.C.'s nearly came to blows, we have news of an exciting scene at a meeting of the governors of Newcastle infirmary, when Sir Walter Runciman, father of the Financial Secretary of the Treasury, and a nonconformist, was observed to be in a heated altercation with Sir Walter Plummer, Conservative churchman, and late member for Newcastle.

The altercation culminated in Sir W. Runciman squaring up to Sir Walter Plummer, but the combatants were dragged apart by the spectators before blows actually took place.

Sir Walter comes of a race of seafaring north countrymen. Both his grandfathers fought as midshipmen at Trafalgar, and the medals they won under Nelson's flag are heirlooms of the family still. He himself went to sea when he was 12 years old, and eventually founded a steamship line—the Moor line—which, with twenty-nine freighters, more than 6,000 tons, carries his flag 30-day all over the world, and has made for him a fortune.

An amusing trick was played upon him ten or eleven years ago, when he sailed to Gravesend in his yacht to help his son, the present Financial Secretary to the Treasury, in an unsuccessful attempt to capture the seat at a by-election. He dropped anchor in the Thames just opposite the town one evening and came ashore. The next morning, to his horror, he discovered that some wicked tory had plastered his yacht from stem to stern with Conservative posters.

Flight of Bullets.

A bullet which was fired by a charge sufficient to give it an initial velocity of 1,700 feet a second in dry weather would travel at no more than 1,300 feet through moist air.