

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.

Ready 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 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. 328 Suburban from Marysville.....	18.20
No. 304 Mixed from Campbellton, Chatham and Loggieville.....	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, 1908.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

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.

9.50 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

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 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 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**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 Dentists. Facilities and experience in all branches of Dentistry. Special attention given to saving aching or abscessed teeth.

Young lady in attendance.

Jan. 25, d 3m.

Red Saunders

By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

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(Continued.)

"Turned it she said. Then a fury took hold of him. 'What the devil am I doing like this for?' he thought. He exhorted himself to go on and say what he had to say like a man, but the other Red Saunders refused to do anything of the sort. He took the cup of hot water most abjectly and fled from the house. He had to shave then, and in his hurry and indignation he turned the operation into a clinic. 'Oh, Jiminy, look at that!' he cried as the razor opened up another part of the subject. 'There's a slit an inch long! If I keep on at this gait I won't have face enough to say good morning, let alone what I want to do. What ails me? What ails me? Why should I be scared of the nicest woman God ever built? Now, by all the Mormon gods, I'll stop right into the house and say my little say as soon as these cuts stop bleeding!'

Cobwebs stopped the cuts, and other cobwebs stopped Red Saunders, late of the Chautauque ranch, 250 pounds of the very finest bone and muscle. And the cobwebs held him, foaming and boiling with rage and disgust, calling himself all the yaller pups he could think of, but staying strictly within the safe limits of the barn. It was a revelation to the big man, and not a pleasant one. How was he to know that the most salient point of his apparent cowardice was nothing less worthy than respect for the woman's security? That if he would stop swearing long enough to get at the springs of his action he would find that he hesitated because the new light on the matter made huge shadows of the slips in the career of a strong, lawless, untrained but sorely tempted man? He knew nothing of the sort, and the funniest of comedies took place in the barn. He would reach the sensible stage. 'Pah! All foolishness! Go! Of course he'd go, and this very minute, and have the thing done with, good or bad.' He was quite amused at his former conduct until he reached the door; then he'd skip nimbly back again, with a hot feeling that somebody was watching him, although a careful inspection through the crack of the door revealed to one.

"Having a good time, Mattie?" he asked, with a smile. "The best I ever had, Will!" she answered, smiling back unsteadily. Poor lady! The size of an occasion is so many standards, whether the standard be inches or feet or miles. Miss Mattie's events had been measured in hundreds of an inch, and it took a good many of them to cover so small an action as a successful picnic on a beautiful night. Her eyes were humid; her mouth smiled and drooped at the corners alternately. Red felt her happiness with a keen sympathy, and as he looked at her, suddenly she changed in his eyes. Just what the difference was he could not have told, nor whether it was in her or in him. A sudden access of feeling, undefinable, unplaceable, but strong, possessed him. There is a critical temperature in the life of a man, when no amount of pressure can ever make the more expansive emotions assume the calmer form of friendship. There was something in Miss Mattie's eye which had warned Red to that degree, but he didn't know it. He only knew that he wanted to sit rather unnecessarily close beside her, and that he would be sorry when it came time to go home. And he was very silent.

During the drive back to the house he spoke in monosyllables; he went straight to the barn with Lettis afterward, and made no attempt to take the usual frank and hearty good night kiss. "You're as glum as an oyster!" said Lettis, when they reached their quarters. "What's the matter, old man?" "I don't know, Let; I feel kind of quiet, somehow." "Sick? Or something go wrong?" "No; nothing of the kind. It's just sort of an attack of stillness, but I feel durn good." Lettis laughed. "If it wasn't you, Red, I'd say you were in love," he said. It was well the barn was dark, or he would have seen a change wonderful to behold come over the ex-puncher's face. "The lad has hit it," he said to himself in astonishment; aloud he grunted "huh" scornfully, and aroused himself for an unnecessary joke or two.

Miss Mattie had noticed the "attack of stillness" and immediately tried to fasten the blame upon herself. What had she done? She couldn't recall anything. She remembered she had said something about the way his hair looked with the moon shining on it. Perhaps he had taken offense at that. The remark was entirely complimentary, but sometimes people are touchy about such things. Still, that was not the least like Cousin Will. She must have said or done something, though. What could it be? Oh, what a pitiful memory that could not recollect an injury done to one's best friend! She tossed and wondered over it for a long time before at length she fell asleep.

Red also looked up at the roof and took account of stock. His face was radiant in the dark. "If I could only pull that off!" he thought. "I must seem an awful rough cuss to her, though. All right for a cousin, but it's different when you come to the other proposition. My Jiminy! I'll take a chance in the morning and find out, anyhow!" said he, and eased in mind by the decision of action, he too shook hands with Morpheus and was presently dreaming.

It had never occurred to Red Saunders that he was afraid of anybody. He even chuckled when he got Lettis out of the way with a plausible excuse the next morning. Then he strode briskly into the house, his question on his lips in a plump out and out form.

Miss Mattie looked at him with her slow smile. "What is it?" she asked. Red swallowed his question whole.

"I—I wanted a little hot water to shave with," said he. Then a fury took hold of him. "What the devil am I doing like this for?" he thought. He exhorted himself to go on and say what he had to say like a man, but the other Red Saunders refused to do anything of the sort. He took the cup of hot water most abjectly and fled from the house. He had to shave then, and in his hurry and indignation he turned the operation into a clinic. "Oh, Jiminy, look at that!" he cried as the razor opened up another part of the subject. "There's a slit an inch long! If I keep on at this gait I won't have face enough to say good morning, let alone what I want to do. What ails me? What ails me? Why should I be scared of the nicest woman God ever built? Now, by all the Mormon gods, I'll stop right into the house and say my little say as soon as these cuts stop bleeding!'

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Prophetic Dream.

The following prophetic dream was related by the president of a theological seminary: It had been the custom of one of the professors to invite all the students, with members of the faculty, to dinner at a hotel on the annual Thanksgiving day. On the morning of that day the wife of this professor suddenly fell dead in her dressing room at 8 o'clock. That morning at 7 o'clock one of the students woke up from a bad dream. He had dreamed that he sat down with the usual company at the Thanksgiving dinner and that immediately one of his fellow students rose in his place, saying that it was his painful duty to announce to the company that the wife of their host had suddenly died at 8 o'clock that morning. This dream, however, he had instantly banished from his mind as an uncanny probability and had thought no more about it. But on going to the dinner and taking his seat with the company he was unexpectably amazed to see the student seen in the dream rise and to hear him make the announcement made in the dream.

Making Steel Pens.

Briefly described, steel pens are made as follows: First the steel is rolled into big sheets and then cut into strips about three inches in width. The strips are heated to a bright red and are then allowed to cool gradually, which tempers them. They are next rolled to the necessary thickness and are cut into blank flat pens, and the pens while flat are usually stamped with the brand or the name of the manufacturer. To shape the pens is the next process. The rounding makes them hold the ink and distribute it more evenly than could be done if they were flat. To harden them they are heated to a cherry red and then suddenly cooled. This not only hardens them, but makes them elastic. The polishing, pointing and finishing come next, and then they are ready for use. The little holes in the pens at the end of the slits serve to make them more elastic and to facilitate the flow of the ink.

Poison Dogs.

A school for dogs has been established in Paris. The object is to teach them politeness. The animals are trained to welcome visitors by jumping up, wagging the tail and giving a low bark. When the visitor leaves the dog accompanies him to the door, constantly wagging his tail, and bows his farewell by bending his head to the floor. He is trained likewise to pick up a handkerchief, glove or fan that has been dropped and return it to the owner.

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 *Medicine*, 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, accompanied 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.

GENERAL WORTH.

His Monument in New York and Why It Is There.

"Everybody who lives in New York knows or ought to know by this time where the Worth monument is, but how many know what it's all about," said a New Yorker to a group of friends who were standing in front of the monument in Madison square.

"I should say," he went on, "that more persons pass by here every day than by any other spot in Manhattan, excepting Nassau and Frankfort streets, yet I'll wager that most of you do not know who Worth was."

"Pooh!" remarked the only non-New Yorker in the group, who had just come down from Albany and hadn't been in Madison square but once before in his life. "Worth was with Pope in the Army of the Potomac and was killed when he was with Sherman in the march through Georgia."

"Oh, you're way off there, John," interrupted another. "I can see near the base in big bronze letters:

"By the Corporation of the City of New York, 1857. Honor the Brave."

The year 1857 settled the Army of the Potomac and marching through Georgia gues.

One of the onlookers has been a guest of a nearby hotel for several years. He knew it all—at least he thought he did.

"That monument," he said, "was erected to the memory of General Worth, who won great fame with Scott during our war with Mexico. Am I right?"

"Right you are," said the onlooker who had started the talk, "but," he continued, "why did the city of New York take such a special interest in his memory as to build that monument in his honor?"

"That's easy," was the reply of the ancient guest of the nearby hotel. "It was because Worth was born in this city and the city was proud of him as one of her distinguished sons."

About this time along strolled a tall man who was apparently acquainted with the onlookers and had heard the last question and the answer. There was a broad grin on his face. He was a former inspector of militia.

He put in a question or two, and in answering not one of the group could tell whether Worth was killed in battle or where he was buried. But all agreed that he was born in New York city.

"Just come over to the monument and take a look at the north side slab and get posted," said the ex-inspector. And the group went with him. This is what they read on the slab, and they all afterward acknowledged that then and there they had read it for the first time in their lives:

Under this Monument Lies the Body of WILLIAM JENKINS WORTH, Born in Hudson, N. Y., March 1, 1794. Died at Texas May 7, 1849.

The fact is that not one person in ten thousand is crossing to or from Fifth avenue to Broadway takes the Twenty-fifth street crossing on the monument side, and therefore few persons other than tourists ever stop to read what is on the slab. It so happens, too, that the sunlight seldom touches that side of the monument. Moreover, as the slab and bronze letters on it are very dark, passersby seldom give it any notice.

"If out of a dozen New Yorkers who have lived nearly all their lives within a stone's throw of this monument only one knew that General Worth fought in the Mexican war and none knew that his body lies under the monument, how few of the millions who pass by it every year ever heard of the general's name?"

That was the remark the ex-inspector made to the group of New Yorkers after they had read the slab.