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Office Hours 9 to 5.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, October 11th, 1902, 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. 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. 322 Suburban from Marysville	12.45
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville	18.20
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham, Moncton, St. John and Halifax	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 station 24.00 o'clock is midnight. Moncton, N. B., Oct. 7th, 1902.

CANADIAN RAILWAY

Passenger Train service from Fredericton, Effective Oct. 11, 1902. Atlantic Time—Daily except Sunday.

DEPARTURES.

4.25 a. m., for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and north to Presque Isle and Edmundston; also for Bangor, Portland and Boston.
4.00 a. m., via Gibson Branch for Woodstock and north to Presque Isle and Edmundston. Leaves St. Marys 8.30 a. m.
6.00 a. m., for Fredericton Jct. connecting with Atlantic Express for St. John and points.
6.00 p. m., for Fredericton 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.
6.00 p. m., for St. John and points East.

ARRIVALS.

4.25 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.
8.00 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. B. HOWARD, D. P. A., C. P. Ry., St. John, N. B.

W. J. IRVINE, D. D. S.

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Local and General applied and administered for Painless Dentistry

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The Great Uterine Tonic, and the most effective Monthly Purifier. It cures all the troubles of the female system, such as irregularity, pain, etc. It is sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: The Book Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont. (Formerly W. J. Irvine)

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.

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SANITOL

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The greatest of all tooth powders. If you want white lustrous teeth use it

Sanitol keeps the teeth white, sterilizes the mouth and keeps the tissues healthy

It is made from the finest ingredients and in the most sanitary manner.

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Surgeon Dentist,
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President and Prize Man Boston Dental College Class 1891. Registered by Mass. State Board of Legislation. Facilitate and experience in all branches of Dentistry. Special attention given to saving aching or aching lady in attendance.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion 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, 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, or 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 preceding 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. 23, d. 2m.

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It is famous for its cures and its safety. It is safe for all ages. It is safe for all seasons. It is safe for all climates. It is safe for all conditions. It is safe for all people. It is safe for all times. It is safe for all places. It is safe for all things. It is safe for all men. It is safe for all women. It is safe for all children. It is safe for all animals. It is safe for all plants. It is safe for all minerals. It is safe for all elements. It is safe for all worlds. It is safe for all universes. It is safe for all eternity.

IT IS SAFE AND SURE.

Price 25c. Large size 50c.

HIS WILL AND HERS

BY DORA RUSSELL

Author of

"The Broken Seal," "The Last Signal," "Footprints in the Snow," "On Golden Hinges," Etc.

(Continued.)

"Ah, Sir Ralph," he said, rising, as Sir Ralph was ushered into the room; "exceedingly glad to see you. I hope you have brought me another story from that handsome young woman in whom you were so interested. By the by, where is she now?"

Sir Ralph fixed his keen dark eyes on the pink smiling face before him as Mr. Ross said this, but Mr. Ross' blue eyes never flickered. "That is a question I was about to ask you," answered Sir Ralph. "May?"

"Yes. Has she during the last few weeks offered you any of her work?" "Certainly she has not; for if she had I should have taken it. That story we published of hers was above the average; yes, decidedly above the average."

"And you have had no further communication with her?" "Not for months and months. By the by, she called here one day and thanked me for paying her so promptly."

"And Mr. Ross laughed and showed his white teeth. "She told me about that; what made you tell her?" said Sir Ralph, grimly.

"My dear fellow, I did not tell her," replied Mr. Ross, with another laugh. "I only advised her always to be paid through Sir Ralph Woodland; and very good advice too. She told me you had given her five pounds; what she really should have was three pounds ten. Will you have it now?"

"There is no hurry about it," said Sir Ralph, yet more grimly; and then he rose and began walking slowly up and down the editor's office. "And you have never heard from her since?" he presently asked.

"Yes; she sent me one other story, but I was full up at that time; and besides, her first story had not then been published, so I declined the second one; but if you have brought it now—"

"I wish I had. An extraordinary thing has happened, Ross. The young lady you knew as Miss Ingram married—"

"Married!" said Mr. Ross, raising his light eyebrows. "Yes, and she has now left her husband; and she is keeping where she lives a secret from her friends. This is why I came to you. I came to inquire if she had brought any work to you, for she must intend, I believe, to live by her pen."

"Ah," said Mr. Ross, and a thoughtful expression passed over his fair face. "I thought it not unlikely that she would come to you—and she may. Ross, if she does will you do me a favor? Will you give me her address?"

"Mr. Ross looked yet more thoughtful. "What if she binds me to secrecy?" he asked.

"Even if she binds me to secrecy," urged Sir Ralph. "Look, Ross, I will give anything to find out her address. You may name your own price."

"You think every man has his price, then?" smiled Mr. Ross. "It is a matter of life and death to me to know where she is," continued Sir Ralph, vehemently. "She has left her home—partly through me. I feel myself to blame; so if she comes here, Ross—"

"Well," Sir Ralph, we are old friends."

"If you can find out where she is living I will give you a thousand pounds, and no one need be the wiser," continued Sir Ralph; and Mr. Ross' pink face grew a little pinker, that was all.

"A thousand pounds?" he repeated thoughtfully. "Yes, a thousand pounds; please try to earn it, Ross, and my gratitude as well."

"Well, your gratitude is a tempting bribe; so if this fair lady comes here—"

"Let me know at once. Do not alarm her. If she asks you to keep her name and address a secret stretch a point with your conscience for once. Tell me no one but me, but tell me without delay."

"All right, I'm your man. But what if she does not come near?" "It's a chance of course; but she may come."

"So she may, Woodland, my dear fellow, just by chance I am a trifle hard up this morning; do you think you could lend me a hundred pounds?"

"Certainly," replied Sir Ralph, with a hard smile. "I have not my check-book with me, but I will send a hundred on this afternoon; or would you rather have two hundred?"

"I should rather have two hundred," smiled Mr. Valentine Ross.

"All right. Telegraph at once if this lady calls. And now good-morning, Ross."

Mr. Ross got his two hundred pounds, but weeks passed away and he had no chance of earning the thousand pounds and Sir Ralph Woodland's gratitude. Sir Ralph called at the office more than once, but Mr. Ross had no news. Laura had disappeared, seemingly, amid the vast multitudes of the great city, or hidden herself away somewhere else, for no one could find her.

Sir Ralph had begun almost to give up hope. He grew gloomy, and bitterly self-reproachful, when one evening, three months after Laura's disappearance from Red House, a telegram was handed in to him from Mr. Valentine Ross, which was as follows:

"The fair lady was at the office this afternoon. Know her present address. Will call in an hour."

"ROSS."

Sir Ralph's excitement when he received this telegram was unbounded. His dark face flushed, his strong arms trembled, and he kept walking restlessly up and down the room until Mr. Ross was announced. The smart little man entered smilingly, and put one of his well-gloved hands into the trembling one offered for his acceptance.

"Well, Woodland," he said, well pleased, "I've found her!" "Where?" asked Sir Ralph.

"My dear fellow, give me time to breathe! After all the amazing amount of false swearing I've gone through I really deserve some consideration."

"Do not talk such folly!" said Sir Ralph, impatiently. "Where is she?"

Mr. Ross sank down on the nearest chair, and affected to be half-overcome. "Where is she?" he repeated. "Well, at this moment I should say probably crossing the bridge in a bus on her way to the ancient but not very charming suburb of Putney."

"Of Putney?" asked Sir Ralph, eagerly.

"So she informed me. Well, let me tell you the whole story. I was busy, but one of the clerks came in to inform me that a lady wished to see me. I asked her name; message came back should rather not give her name, but had written for me before. My thoughts flew to you, I said, 'Show the lady in.' The lady was shown in, and, lo and behold, it was Miss Ingram and no other."

"Yes, go on."

"I'm going on, my dear fellow, as fast as I can. I rose, bowed, held out my hand, which the lady did not seem to see. Then she said, 'I once wrote a story for you, Mr. Ross.' 'I perfectly remember,' I replied. 'You were introduced by Sir Ralph Woodland.' 'Upon this she sighed deeply. 'And,' I continued, 'I hope you have brought me another story.' 'On one condition,' she answered, 'which is that you tell no one my name or address.' 'No one,' I said, with an agreeable smile. 'No one,' she repeated. 'I have been married since I saw you; I have left my husband, and changed my name, and I wish no one to know where I am.' 'Your wishes are law to me,' I replied, mendaciously. 'Then she produced her story, and talked a little, though in a reserved fashion. I asked her address, and after a moment's hesitation she gave it. 'It is at Putney, just after you have crossed the bridge, over a little linen-draper's shop.' She said, 'I am poor now,' or something to that effect. Then, after a little more hesitation, and with a sudden blush, she asked after you."

"Have you seen Sir Ralph Woodland lately?" she said. "Not for an age," I answered; and I hope I may be forgiven. Then I wrote down her address, and here it is, after which she rose and departed; but before she left she again said. 'I can depend on you, may I not, to tell no one my address?' 'You may certainly depend on me,' I said, and I reflected it was cruel to deceive so charming a woman; but then I also reflected it was no doubt for her good.' And Mr. Valentine Ross laughed.

But Sir Ralph did not laugh. He wrote down the address, and then he looked at Mr. Ross.

"You shall have the check to-morrow," he said, "if I find her to-night."

"To-night! Why, you are certainly not going to Putney to-night," exclaimed Mr. Ross, aghast, who had intended to dine with Sir Ralph. "I certainly am. I am going at once. Thank you, Ross; you have earned my gratitude."

"And the—"

"The check? It will be all right if your information is correct. Excuse me, Ross, but I am going now."

"Stop, stop, my dear fellow!" cried Mr. Ross, rising excitedly. "Why, you have not even asked the name of the fair lady goes by at Putney."

"I am off my head, I think," answered Sir Ralph, grimly. "Well, what is it?"

"Miss Boyd. Here it is written down."

"Thanks, Good-evening, Ross." And in another moment Sir Ralph was gone.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was dark when Sir Ralph reached Putney, and the lamps were lit in the narrow streets. He had been directed by Mr. Ross that the house where Laura lodged was close to the bridge, and he easily found it. The street was steep and crowded, but the small linen-draper's shop for which he was seeking was not full, and as he entered it a depressed-looking shopman hurried forward with the object of serving him.

"Does Miss Boyd lodge here?" inquired Sir Ralph; and the shopkeeper's face fell when he found Sir Ralph was not a customer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JEWESSES IN ENGLAND.

Are Foremost in Every Intellectual and Artistic Pursuit.

It is interesting to note that Jewish women in England have been among the foremost in every intellectual and artistic pursuit, while in domestic life they have always been recognized as pre-eminent. Many great London hostesses, many talented wives of English statesmen, are Jewesses, and in philanthropy their work is very valuable. "The Jewess of stage and literature and life," says a writer in *The Lady's Realm*, "has always commanded honor, esteem, admiration. Intellect she has, and spirit, and as for chic, says Zangwill, your Yiddish girl does as it in a degree which among Christians is the birthright of a few actresses and music hall artists—themselves probably of Semitic origin. And more than probably in the case of Madame Rachel, who began by selling oranges and singing at cafes, and ended by being fêted right royally even at the Imperial Palace of St. Petersburg; and also in the case of Sarah Bernhardt, for her stage brilliancy is probably due to the half that is Hebrew. Turning to Jewesses in our midst, the public does not often number among its favorites such a group of relatives as Miss Julia Neilson, Miss Hilda Hanbury (sister of the late Lily Hanbury), Eileen Kerin and Nora Kerin, the last named, who studied at Paris and Queen's College, Harley Street, declaring to the writer that they were all stage-struck whilst still in the nursery, where they acted their own tiny plays. Not to mention Miss Marie Dainton and Ada Reeve, Mrs. Lewis Waller and Mrs. Clement Scott, sisters, are Jewesses. Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Violet Vanbrugh admit a Jewish strain, though far off; Mrs. Brown-Potter is the granddaughter of a Spanish Jewess. And here one may say a word of the Jewess of the stage that her influence on it is wholly good, for, like Caesar's wife, a Jewess must be above reproach.

"But if one were asked to name the virtue pre-eminently which Jew and Jewess exercise in their relation toward the world, it would be philanthropy or benevolence. Montefiore and Mocatta have been and are names almost synonymous with those words, and we know what the late Mrs. Sam Lewis did with her millions, remembering even the telegraph boys, newspaper lads, and policemen at the dangerous crossing. Happily, Mrs. B. Schaffhausen, la grande dame of philanthropy, is still with us, though her husband, who has given an excellent street ambulance system, did not long survive their golden wedding, which they celebrated by the distribution of £10,000 to Gentile and Jewish charities."

PRINCE EDWARD IN CANADA.

King Edward's Grandfather Visited America in 1793.

Prince Edward, afterwards Duke of Kent, and the father of Queen Victoria, passed through Burlington, Vermont, in February, 1793. He came from Quebec, where he had had command of a regiment. His trip through the country was accomplished in carry-alls and sleighs; a courier had been sent on to Burlington to prepare for his accommodation. There were only seven frame houses in the whole village, and but one, that of Phineas Loomis, large enough to receive so numerous a party.

The Prince arrived in the afternoon with thirteen carry-alls and sleighs, and left the third day before noon. He had with him two aides and two bodyguards, a lady and a cook. The lady was to go to New York, and the Prince provided the sleigh which was to convey her with an abundance of furs robes, and placed a large dog at her feet.

A little incident occurred on the passing of the Prince and the lady from the house to the sleigh which illustrated the character and physical strength of the Prince. An awkward but stout young man was standing in the path, not making room readily for the party to advance. Prince Edward advanced and, taking him up bodily, set him on one side in the snow. At this place the Prince dismissed the teamsters who had brought him from Canada, and engaged five farmers to take him on to Boston. It was said by these men that he was a jolly companion, enjoying the pork and beans, nut cakes and cheese.

Among the early settlers of the town was Colonel Stephen Keyes, a gentleman of the old school, who wore a cocked hat and kept a hotel on Water street. He proposed to pay his respects to Prince Edward, and several young men of the village may be called in the evening. Colonel Keyes introduced himself to the Prince, and then stated that he had brought with him some young gentlemen of legal mind and mercantile pursuits who wished to pay their respects to him. They were severally presented, and the Prince respectively bowed to each. This was apparently the commencement of a pleasant evening's entertainment. But what was their dismay when the Prince and his aides very informally and abruptly retired to their own apartments. The colonel could not brook this; in unmeasured terms he vented his indignation, and asserted that the Prince was "no gentleman."

Flattered Him.
"You ought to have been more tactful. You should have flattered him."
"I did flatter him."
"Flattered him? Why, you told him he was half a fool!"
"Well, wasn't that flattering him?"

Wood's Phosphorine
The Great English Remedy
Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins, cures nervous debility, mental and brain worry, despondency, sexual weakness, emissions, spermatorrhea, and all the diseases of the system. Price 1 per box, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *Wood's Medicine Co. (Formerly Windsor) Toronto, Ont.*