

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 save away with an unnecessary delay.

By the use of our improved Electric Light, appointments can be made for any evening.

Lady 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	5.00
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	6.15
No. 321 Suburban for Marysville	11.15
No. 327 Suburban for Marysville	18.50
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	12.05
No. 322 Suburban from Marysville	13.25
No. 322 Suburban from Marysville	13.45
No. 320 Suburban from Marysville	18.20
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham, Moncton, Chatham and Loggieville	16.30
No. 328 Suburban from Marysville	19.30

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight. Moncton, N. B., June 25th, 1908.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Passenger Train Service From Fredericton, Atlantic Time—Effective June 14, 1908.

DEPARTURES.

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.

4.40 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.

8.20 a. m. EXPRESS for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Atlantic express for St. John and points east.

5.00 p. m. MIXED for Fredericton Junction, connecting with short line express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and with Imperial Limited and Pacific express 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:

NUTT'S BUILDING

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

*Charles H. Fletcher***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.

Downtown. Next above Queen Hotel. Phone 26

COAL

Now in Stock a Large Supply of Hard and Soft Coal, price reasonable.

P. FAPRELL**SPONGES!****SPONGES!****SPONGES!**

We are running a big line of Sponges this week.

We have Sponges for bath, Sponges for baby, and garri-ages. All best quality and at lowest prices

Our Florida Special for Carriages is the limit

Staples Pharmacy

YORK STREET.

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.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Jan. 25, d 6m.

The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

Copyright, 1905, by Rex E. Beach.

(Continued.)

"I had an ancestor who buccannered among the Indies a long time ago, so I'm told. Sometimes I think I have his disposition. He comes and while pers things to me in the night. Oh, he was a devil, and I've got his blood in me—untamed and hot—I can hear him saying something now—something about the spoils of war. Ha, ha! Maybe he's right. I fought for her tonight, Dex—the way he used to fight for his sweethearts along the Mexico. She's too beautiful to be good, and there's never a law of God or man runs north of fifty-three."

They moved on, his vibrant, cynical laughter stabbing the girl till she leaned against the yawl for support.

She held herself together while the blood beat thickly in her ears, then ded to the cabin, hurling herself into her berth, where she writhed silently, beating the pillow with hands into which her nails had bitten, staring the while into the darkness with dry and aching eyes.

CHAPTER II.

SHE awoke to the throb of the engines and, gazing cautiously through the stateroom window, saw a glassy, level sea, with the sun brightly agleam on it.

So this was Bering? She had clothed it always with the mystery of her school days, thinking of it as a weeping, fog bound stretch of gray waters. Instead she saw a flat, sunlit main, with occasional sea parrots flapping their fat bodies out of the ship's course. A glistening head popped up from the waters abreast, and she heard the cry of "Seal!"

Dressing, the girl noted minutely the personal articles scattered about the cabin, striving to derive therefrom some fresh hint of the characteristics of the owners. First, there was an elaborate copper backed toilet set, all richly ornamented and leather bound. The metal was magnificently hand-

marked and bore Glenister's initial. It spoke of elegant extravagance and seemed oddly out of place in an arctic mine's equipment, as did also a small set of De Mupassant.

Next she picked up Kipling's "Seven Seas," marked liberally, and felt that she had struck a scent. The roughness and brutality of the poems had always chilled her, though she had felt vaguely their splendid pulse and swing. This was the girl's first venture from a sheltered life. She had not rubbed elbows with the world enough to find that truth may be rough, unshaven and garbed in homespun. The book confirmed her analysis of the junior partner.

Pendent from a hook was a worn and blackened holster from which peeped the butt of a large Colt's revolver, showing evidence of many years' service. It spoke mutely of the white haired Dextery, who, before her inspection was over, knocked at the door, and, when she admitted him, addressed her cautiously:

"The boy's down forward, tensin' grub out of a bunk. He'll be up in a minute. How'd he sleep?"

"Very well, thank you," she lied, "but I've been thinking that I ought to explain myself to you."

"Now, see here," the old man interjected, "there ain't no explanations needed till you feel like givin' them up. You was in trouble—that's natural. No questions asked—that's Alaska."

"Yes, but I know you must think"—"What bothers me," the other continued irrelevantly, "is how in blazes we're goin' to keep you hid. The steward's got to make up this room, and somebody's bound to see us packin' grub in."

"I don't care who knows if they won't send me back. They wouldn't do that, would they?" She hung anxiously on his words.

"Send you back? Why, don't you savvy that this boat is bound for Nome? There ain't no turnin' back on gold stampedes, and this is the wildest rush the world ever saw. The captain wouldn't turn back. He couldn't. His cargo's too precious, and the company pays \$5,000 a day for this ship. No, we ain't puttin' back to unload no stowaways at five thousand per. Besides, we passengers wouldn't let him—time's too precious."

They were interrupted by the rattle of dishes outside, and Dextery was about to open the door when his hand wavered uncertainly above the knob, for he heard the hearty greeting of the ship's captain.

"Well, well, Glenister, where's all the breakfast going?"

"Oo," whispered the old man, "that's Cap' Stephens."

"Dextery isn't feeling quite up to form this morning," replied Glenister easily.

"Don't wonder! Why weren't you aboard sooner last night? I saw you. Most got left, eh? Served you right if you had." Then his voice dropped to the confidential: "I'd advise you to cut out those women. Don't misunderstand me, boy, but they're a bad lot on this boat. I saw you come aboard. Take my word for it, they're a bad lot. Cut 'em out. Guess I'll step inside and see what's up with Dextery."

The girl sank into her corner, gazing apprehensively at the other listener.

"Well—er—he isn't up yet," they heard Glenister stammer. "Better come around later."

"Nonsense! It's time he was dressed." The master's voice was gruffly good natured. "Hello, Dextery! Hey! Open up for inspection." He rattled the door.

There was nothing to be done. The old miner darted an inquiring glance at his companion, then, at her nod, slipped the bolt, and the captain's blue bulk filled the room.

His grizzled close bearded face was genially wrinkled till he spied the erect gray figure in the corner, when his cap came off involuntarily. There his courtesy ended, however, and the smile died coldly from his face. His eyes narrowed, and the good fellowship fell away, leaving him the stiff and formal officer.

"Ah," he said, "not feeling well, eh? I thought I had met all of our lady passengers. Introduce me, Dextery."

Dextery squirmed under his eyecut. "Well—I—ah—didn't catch the name myself."

"What?"

"Oh, there ain't much to say. This is the lady we brought aboard last night—that's all."

"Who gave you permission?"

"Nobody. There wasn't time."

"There wasn't time, eh? Which one of you conceived the novel scheme of stowing away ladies in your cabin? Whose is she? Quick! Answer me."

Indignation was vibrant in his voice. "Oh!" the girl cried, her eyes widening darkly. She stood slim and pale and slightly trembling.

His words had cut her bitterly, though through it all he had scrupulously avoided addressing her.

The captain turned to Glenister, who had entered and closed the door.

"Is this your work? Is she yours?"

"No," he answered quietly, while Dextery chimed in:

"Better hear details, captain, before you make breaks like that. We helped the lady side step some sailors last night, and we most got left doing it. It was up to her to make a quick getaway, so we helped her aboard."

"A poor story! What was she running away from?" He still addressed the men, ignoring her completely till, with hoarse voice, she broke in:

"You mustn't talk about me that way. I can answer your questions. It's true—I ran away. I had to. The sailors came after me and fought with these men. I had to get away quick, and your friends helped me on here from gentlemanly kindness, because they saw me unprotected. They are still protecting me. I can't explain how important it is for me to reach Nome on the first boat, because it isn't my secret. It was important enough to make me leave my uncle at Seattle at an hour's notice when we found there was no one else who could go. That's all I can say. I took my maid with me, but the sailors caught her just as she was following me down the ship's ladder. She had my bag of clothes when they seized her. I cast off the rope and roved ashore as fast as I could, but they lowered another boat and followed me."

The captain eyed her sharply, and his grim lines softened a bit, for she was clean cut and womanly and utterly out of place. He took her in shrewdly, detail by detail, then spoke directly to her:

"My dear young lady, the other ships will get there just as quickly as ours, maybe more quickly. Tomorrow we strike the ice pack, and then it is all a matter of luck."

"Yes, but the ship I left won't get there."

At this the commander started and, darting a great, thick fingered hand at her, spoke savagely:

"What's that? What ship? Which one did you come from? Answer me."

"The Ohio," she replied, with the effect of a hand grenade. The master glared at her.

"The Ohio! Good God! You dare to stand there and tell me that?" He turned and poured his rage upon the others.

"She says the Ohio, d'ye hear? You've ruined me! I'll put you in irons—all of you. The Ohio!"

"What's the mean? What's the mean?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Miss Stated.

To kiss, alas, and then to part. Brings sadness to the loving heart.

Long years perhaps may intervene, And tempests dark dark folds between.

While mists of darkness ply their art.

At such farewells salt tears will start. And naught allays the bitter smart.

We do not know what it may mean—To kiss, alas!

A maiden said, "You have the cart Before the horse," in tones quite tart.

Reflecting she was sweet sixteen, And most events come unforeseen.

I bent at touch of Cupid's dart

To kiss a lass!

COMMON SENSE

Leads most intelligent people to use only medicines of known composition. Therefore it is that Dr. Pierce's medicines, the makers of which print every ingredient entering into them upon the bottle wrapper and attest its correctness under oath, are daily growing in favor. The composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines is open to everybody, Dr. Pierce being desirous of having the searchlight of investigation turned fully upon his formulae, being confident that the better the composition of these medicines is known the more will their cure all those catarrhs, indigestion, being wholly made of the active medicinal principles extracted from native forest roots, by exact processes original with Dr. Pierce, and without the use of a drop of alcohol, triple-refined and chemically pure glycerine being used instead in extracting and preserving the curative virtues residing in the roots employed, these medicines are entirely free from the objection of doing harm by creating an appetite for either alcoholic beverages or habit-forming drugs. Examine the formula on their bottle wrappers—the same as sworn to by Dr. Pierce, and you will find that his "Golden Medical Discovery," the great blood-purifier, stomach tonic and bowel regulator—the medicine which, while not recommended to cure consumption in its advanced stages (no medicine will do that) yet does cure all those catarrhal conditions of head and throat, weak stomach, torpid liver and bronchial troubles, weak lungs and hang-on-coughs, which, if neglected or badly treated lead up to and finally terminate in consumption.

Take the "Golden Medical Discovery" in time and it is not likely to disappoint you if only you give it a thorough and fair trial. Don't expect miracles. It won't do supernatural things. You must exercise your patience and persevere in its use for a reasonable length of time to get its full benefits. The ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's medicines are composed have the unqualified endorsement of scores of medical leaders—better than any amount of lay, or non-professional, testimonials. They are not given away to be experimented with but are sold by all dealers in medicines at reasonable prices.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY**WANTED****30,000 FARM****LABORERS****In Western Canada**

Watch for Further Announcements

"GET READY"

W. B. HOWARD, D.P.A., C.P.R.

ST. JOHN, N.B.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Dixon's Wharf Repairs, North Head, N. B.," will be received at this office until 4.30 p. m. on Friday, August 14, 1908, for repairs to Dixon's wharf at North Head, Grand Manan, Charlotte County, N. B., according to plans and specification to be seen at the offices of E. T. P. Sheehan, Esq., Resident Engineer, St. John, N. B., Geoffrey Stodd, Esq., Resident Engineer, Chatham, N. B., on application to the Postmaster at North Head, N. B., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenders.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for seven hundred and fifty dollars (\$750.00), must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract or fails 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, R. C. DESROCHERS, Asst. Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, July 13, 1908.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

July 22—432.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Supplying Coal for the Dominion Buildings," will be received at this office until 4.30 p. m. on Monday, August 24, 1908, for the supply of Coal for the Public Buildings throughout the Dominion. A form of tender can be obtained on application at this office.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p. c.) of the amount of the tender which will be forfeited if the contractor when called upon to do so or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, R. C. DESROCHERS, Asst. Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, July 13, 1908.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

A July 20.—431.