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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 unnecessary delay.

Lady in Attendance

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 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. 801 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville, etc.	18.30
No. 327 Suburban for Marysville	18.40
No. 329 Suburban for Marysville	21.20

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 315 Suburban from Marysville	8.15
No. 802 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville, etc.	13.05
No. 322 Suburban from Marysville	12.45
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville	18.20
No. 804 Mixed from Chatham, Moncton, Chatham and Loggieville, etc.	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, 1908.

CANADIAN RAILWAY

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

DEPARTURES.

2.25 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.	
4.50 a. m., for Fredericton Jct. connecting with Atlantic Express for St. John and points.	
5.50 p. m., for Fredericton connecting with Express Areal, Ottawa, Toronto, and with Imperial Limited and Pacific Express from Montreal for the West, Northwest and Pacific Coast; also connects for Vanboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc., St. Stephen and Woodstock.	
5.50 p. m., for St. John and points East.	

ARRIVALS.

2.45 a. m., from St. John and East.	
11.45 a. m., from Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton.	
7.10 p. m., from St. John and East.	
7.40 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

HESTNUT'S BUILDING**Cook's Cation Root Compound.**

The great Uterine Tonic, and a safe efficient Monthly Purifier. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, 2, 3. No. 2, 30 degrees stronger; No. 3, for special cases, 45 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: The Cook Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont. (Formerly W. H. Hudson)

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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.

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

P. FAPRELL**That Hacking Cough**

Should not be neglected, otherwise it may develop into something of a more serious nature.

Try a bottle of Staples' Cough Cure.

We carry a full line of apothecary's supplies and our prices are the lowest.

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DENTAL SURGEON

President and Prizeman Boston Dental College, Class 1891. Registered by the Mass. State Board of Dental Examiners. Facilities and Experience for all requisite branches of profession. Special attention to saving aching or abscessed teeth. Young 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 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. 6m.

WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD ALWAYS TAKE

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

It is famous for its cures and its safety. It is a remedy of a kind to be used in pneumonia. IT IS SAFE AND SURE. Price 25c. Large Size 50c.

Converting Gwendolyn.

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

At twenty Gwendolyn Rand was undeniably a personality to be reckoned with.

"I don't see where you get such ways, Gwendolyn," complained her mother. "Why, at your age!"

"Yes, indeed," corroborated Mr. Rand, "at your age, Gwendolyn, your mother had settled down—she wasn't running around after all the young men in the neighborhood."

"Oh, daddy," remonstrated Gwendolyn. "I think you might be a little more gallant."

"Well, well, the young men weren't all running after her, then," amended Mr. Rand, softening at the hurt look in Gwendolyn's big brown eyes. "But it doesn't look well either way. I can't understand where!"

"Mother was brought up in a convent, you remember. I'm the product of coeducation," ventured Gwendolyn in explanation.

"H'm," reflected Mr. Rand. "That may be the reason, but the remedy is your Aunt Abiatha."

Gwendolyn gave a little gasp of apprehension.

"Yes, my dear," continued Mr. Rand, "your mother and I have decided to send you down to Florida to spend the winter with your Aunt Abiatha."

"She will teach you the things a girl of your age ought to know, daughter," added Gwendolyn's mother dolefully, "things which I have somehow failed to make you take an interest in."

"In other words, I'm to be sent to a convent," exclaimed Gwendolyn as she swished out of the room, her head high in air, but her eyes glistening with unshed tears.

Aunt Abiatha's spacious, old fashioned house merited kinder verdict than Gwendolyn bestowed upon it at first glance. Once up in her cozy bedroom, however, with its chintz covered four poster and French windows opening out on to a little rose covered porch, the girl's heart melted in spite of herself, and she threw both arms around Aunt Abiatha, completely submissive for the time being.

But after the novelty of dusting, sewing and cooking began to resolve itself into routine Gwendolyn suddenly balked.

"Now I know how to do all these prosaic things, Aunt Abiatha," she argued, "what's the use of doing them day after day? There are so many real live things to do in the world. Let's give a garden party or something, Aunt Abiatha. Are there any male inhabitants in Centerville that we could hire to come, do you think?"

"Gwendolyn, my dear, how you talk! Of course there are," Aunt Abiatha was startled into admitting. "There's young Jack Hayward for one."

"What's he like?"

"Very thoughtful and polite," replied Aunt Abiatha loyally. "He comes of one of our best families."

"Poor thing!" muttered Gwendolyn. "What did you say, dear?"

"I asked what he does for a living?" prevaricated Gwendolyn unblushingly.

"Why, he manages his father's estate, of course. He's a country gentleman."

"Oh," commented Gwendolyn indifferently, "he must be a very provincial kind of person! I don't think I should like him."

"Well, of all things, Gwendolyn!" bristled Aunt Abiatha. "Of course you'd like him. Every one does. I'll ask him to call."

An afternoon or two later as Gwendolyn was reclining in the hammock on her little porch engrossed in a novel she became suddenly conscious that the front doorbell had been ringing for some time. On the veranda below she could hear Aunt Abiatha rocking to and fro.

The front doorbell's ringing, Aunt Abiatha, she called, jumping up. "If it's that 'polite and thoughtful young country gentleman,' please don't disturb me. I'm in the midst of an awfully exciting love story."

A hearty masculine laugh followed Gwendolyn's declaration.

It aroused her curiosity, but also her indignation, and she re-established herself in the hammock, determined not to display the slightest interest, whatever happened.

But the next thing she heard startled her into a sitting posture.

"Now, Aunt Abiatha, will you introduce us?"

Gwendolyn, walking to the rail of the porch, could hardly believe her eyes. There, on the roof of the veranda, not ten feet away from her, sat an extremely good looking young man. And there on the lawn stood Aunt Abiatha, the picture of dismay and disapproval.

"Gwendolyn," she called up, "this is Mr. Heyward. Jack, my niece, Miss Rand. I never saw such goings on in my life. Go right into your room, Gwendolyn!"

Gwendolyn did not budge. She only laughed and laughed, until Aunt Abiatha finally joined in.

But such a triangular situation was not ever encouraging, especially since Aunt Abiatha refused to leave her angle of observation, so eventually they all adjourned to the downstairs veranda for afternoon tea.

"So you're a climber, Mr. Heyward?" Gwendolyn observed archly, taking advantage of Aunt Abiatha's absence in the kitchen.

"Extra sufficient incentive—yes," Jack answered lightly. "I couldn't stand down there below, you know, and let a fellow in a book get ahead of me."

"Get ahead of you?"

"Well, absorb your interest to the exclusion of a real human being," explained Jack.

"You took an awful risk," laughed Gwendolyn.

"Oh, that was nothing," Jack boasted. "I'm used to all sorts of athletic stunts, you know."

"That isn't the kind of risk I meant exactly," Gwendolyn enlightened him.

"Well, how did you like him?" beamed Aunt Abiatha after the caller's departure.

"Not very well," said Gwendolyn, shaking her head dubiously. "He's so bold and conceited."

"But, my dear," hastily interposed Aunt Abiatha. "You mustn't judge him from first appearances. Jack was a little queer today. I don't know what was the matter with him. But we'll have him in often, and you must be polite to him, Gwendolyn."

And that was how a most audacious courtship came to be carried on right under Aunt Abiatha's eyes.

"Gwendolyn," asked Jack dreamily one sunny morning as they sat together in the fragrant rose garden, "how did you ever happen to come down to this quiet little spot anyhow? I should imagine you'd love all the gay things of life—dances, theaters, dinners and all that, you know. Don't you?"

"No, you're all wrong," answered Gwendolyn slowly, hiding her face in the flowers she had gathered. "I love something quite different."

For a few minutes the birds in the garden had it all to themselves, so suddenly still were the two people who sat there.

"Gwendolyn," Jack finally found himself asking in a husky voice quite unlike his own, "do you really love it down here—the quiet, lazy life we lead?"

Gwendolyn nodded, but did not lift her face.

"Love it enough to stay with me, dearest?"

Gwendolyn nodded again.

"Look up at me, you fraud," Jack commanded, taking her joyfully into his arms.

"I can't," Gwendolyn protested, blinking. "There's something in my eye."

"Oh, let me get it out, sweetheart," implored Jack sympathetically. "What is it, darling?"

"A tear, I think," confessed the mischievous Gwendolyn.

Half an hour later Jack sat talking with Aunt Abiatha on the porch. Gwendolyn was scribbling her daily line to her mother.

"Read that, Aunt Abiatha," the girl called suddenly, holding out a sheet of note paper. "It has something about you in it."

And this is what the astonished Aunt Abiatha read:

Dearest Mother and Dad—I want you to come down here just as quickly as you can. I am to be married at Aunt Abiatha's two weeks from today. The wedding will be very quiet. Aunt Abiatha fully approves of my engagement—in fact, she has done everything in her power to bring it about. Please bring my trousseau along with you. Your loving

Gwendolyn.

P. S.—His name is Jack Montgomery Heyward, and he's just as nice as his name. I can cook and sew and dust. G.

He Liked the Sound.

Mr. Goff has a humor peculiarly his own. He looks at the world in a half amused, half indulgent manner sometimes very annoying to his friends.

One day when in town he dropped into a restaurant for lunch. It was a tidy although not a pretentious establishment. After a good meal he called to the waitress and inquired what kind of pie could be had.

"Apple pie, mince pie, blueberry pie, custard pie, cranberry pie, strawberry shortcake," the young woman repeated glibly.

"Will you please say that again?" he asked, leaning a trifle forward.

The girl went through the list at lightning rate. "And strawberry shortcake," she concluded, with emphasis.

"Would you mind doing it once more?" he said.

The waitress looked her disgust and started in a third time, pronouncing the words in a defiantly clear tone.

"Thank you," he remarked when she had finished. "For the life of me I can't see how you do it. But I like to hear it. It's very interesting, very. Give me apple pie, please, and thank you very much."—Youth's Companion.

A Noiseless City in Friesland.

Fancy a city of 35,000 inhabitants, guileless of street cars and omnibuses, the steam tram line from Franeker halts discreetly without the town, easily encompassed in an hour, for its singlet, its old moat which it has not yet greatly overstepped, is not three miles in extent; a city without great noise or confusion, save upon market days, and clean, quiet streets, lined by low houses with shining windows, peopled by rosy cheeked serving women, capped with gold and lace, and demurely dressed, grave faced citizens. Send red sailed boats to its very heart until masts are jumbled with electric light poles and church towers; plant densely foliaged trees beside its quays and a few iron railed flower beds in its open squares; give it a water girle thronged with hundreds of boats, crossed by a few bridges and many little hand ferries—and you will see Leeuwarden.—Scribner's Magazine.

He Knew Them.

"Things have gone completely to the dogs with me."

"Cheer up. They might have been worse."

"Don't you believe it."

"Why?"

"Because then they would have been."

FUGITIVE SPAR BUOYS

Rescuing These Stray "Sticks" Is Perilous Work.

SIGNBOARDS OF CHANNELS.

How These Mariners' Guides Are Anchored and How They Sometimes Break Away and Are Hunted Down by the Lighthouse Service Tenders.

When the winter gales begin to blow, the tenders of the lighthouse service turn their stems toward northern seas to hunt stray spar buoys. Of all the work of the coast patrol this, perhaps, is the most exposed to danger. Pulling these "signboards" out of the sea or putting them over side is like "yanking" spiles with a ton derrick on a heaving platform.

Although passengers in the boats that ply the waters of New York harbor, Long Island sound and other waterways along the coast see many spar buoys, they give them little thought. With the man at the wheel it is different. Color, shape and size give him volumes of information, and he looks upon the spar buoy as an invaluable guide.

In the government inventories they are listed as "sticks," although they are sometimes sixty feet long. They are anchored in the bed of a river or harbor channel, their "up ends" painted in such a way as to indicate to the observer the formation of the bottom. On the margin of government charts explanatory notes tell one that vessels approaching a harbor from the sea should leave red buoys with even numbers on the right and black, with odd numbers on the left side of channels. Black and white striped buoys, the stripes running perpendicularly, mean an obstruction in the channel, with room to get by on either side. If balls or cages ornament the "up ends" it means a turning point, the color and number indicating the course.

These sticks are put down with heavy iron anchors and sometimes great stone weights. One would suppose that so fixed they never could get away, but they do, and it is a job to find them. Ice does break their cables and sometimes crush the sticks; storms pull them loose, and ships in the fog or darkness foul them and tear them from their hold on the bottom. Not infrequently ships use them as moorings, although this is forbidden.

There are instances where the anchors of a spar buoy have been secure enough to hold against ice pressure and in a narrow channel cause a dangerous jam. But such cases are few, for when this happens the weight of the ice usually becomes so great as to force the buoy under, and the pack slides on.

If the ice pack gets under the buoy so as to lift it there is only one result—the parting of the cable. Then off starts the spar upon a journey maybe of thousands of miles, perhaps of only one or two. It may fetch up on the nearest shore, and it may drift to the coast of Europe or into the southern seas. On the Irish coast today is one which traveled there in six weeks from New York harbor. It was presented to the British government by the United States and now floats off the coast on which it stopped after its long Atlantic journey.

If it is a long chase to find the stray buoys it is even a more difficult task to recover the anchors left behind by the fugitive spars. Tenders that sail out of the harbor have a derrick and tackle rigged in front of the pilot house, with a donkey engine to lift and pull. The location of every buoy is marked on the charts to a degree, so it is not difficult to find the desired position. The serious business is dragging for the anchor and after grappling with it to hoist it aboard ship. Here the donkey engine comes into play. Another hazard is to pull a spar buoy aboard. If a sea happens to be running the captain of the tender has to use extreme care. Should a big roller get under him and suddenly tighten the lifting chains either they would give way or the weight would come up too fast, the crew in either case being placed in jeopardy of their lives.

But the risk these men run is all in the day's work. To them a job in a seaway on a lee shore is regarded as no more monotonous task than repainting a row of buoys on land.

The Gravity of Ballarat.

It was in Ballarat that Mark Twain found the local language so puzzling at first, the good people of the place deeming life too short to dawdle in their talk.

The mayor called on the American humorist and laconically said "K'm." Then when Mark Twain gave him a cigar he simply said "Q."

Subsequent inquiry revealed that these terms were Ballaratese for "welcome" and "thank you."—London Chronicle.

Hailed.

"Does that young woman hail from Boston?"

"Yes," answered the western youth thoughtfully, "that expresses the idea precisely." She hails from Boston. I was never before overtaken by such a heavy downfall of intellectual ice."

Wood's Great Peppermint Cure.

The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system. Cures colds, coughs, asthma, whooping cough, croup, and all the ailments of the throat and lungs. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. The Wood Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont.