A. T. McMURRAY, M. D. D.

Office Hours 9 to 5.

Dentistry in all its modern branches. Special attention given to the ills of children's teeth.

Patients living outside the city can make appointments by mail, and thus do away with an unnecessary delay.

of our improved Electric made for

Lady in att

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. 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 13.45
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville... ... ... 18.20
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggieville 18.50
No. 328 Surburban from Marysville 19.15
No. 330 Surburban from Marysville 21.55

All trains are run by Atlantic standard time. Twenty-four hour notation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight.
Moncton, N. B., Oct. 7th, 1908.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

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

DEPARTURES.

No. 23 a. m., for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and north to Presque Isle and Edmundston; also for Bangor, Portland and Boston.
No. 80 a. m., via Gibson Branch for Woodstock and north to Presque Isle and Edmunston. Leaves St. Marys 8.30 a. m.
No. 50 a. m., for Fredericton Jct. connecting with Atlantic Express for St. John and points
No. 50 p. m., for Frederic ... necting with Express ... treal, Ottawa, Toronto, and with Imperial Limited and Pacific Express from Montreal for the West, Northwest and Pacific Coast; also connects for Vanreboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc., St. Stephen and Woodstock.
No. 50 p. m., for St. John and points East.

ARRIVALS.

No. a. m., from St. John and East.
No. 11.45 a. m., from Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton.
No. 20 p. m., from St. John and East.
No. 3.10 p. m., from Woodstock and points north, via Gibson branch. Arrives St. Marys 8,38 p. m.
No. 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

Special Practioner'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

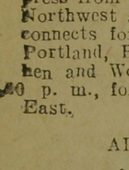
Anestheties

Local and General applied and administered for Painless Dentistry

OFFICE:

CHESTNUT'S BUILDING

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.



The great Uterine Tonic, and only safe effectual Monthly ... tor on which women can ... Sold in three degrees ... th—No. 1, $1; No. 2 ... degrees stronger, $3; No. 3, for special cases, $5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor)

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

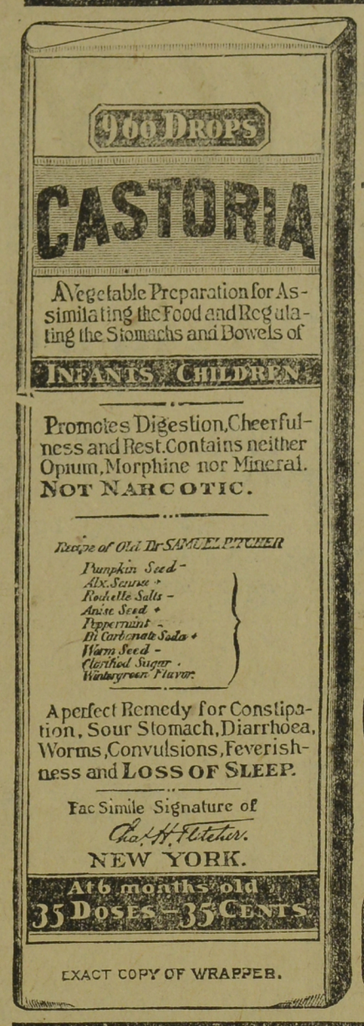
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR 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. FARRELL

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.

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 ab... 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 situate. 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" in the two preceeding 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. 25. d 6m.

WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD ALWAYS TAKE Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

It is famous for its cures and can always be depended upon. It ... counteracts any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia.

IT IS SAFE AND SURE

Price 25c. Large size 50 cents.

Jane Cable

... By ...

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON,

Author of "Beverly of Graustark," Etc.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

(Continued.)

"It looks to me as though this is going to be a rather ticklish affair," Droom resumed after the boy had closed the outer door behind him. Bansemer's mind was on Mrs. Cable's note. A queer smile hung on his lips.

"I'm rather touched by her astuteness," he said. "She's cleverer than I thought. Oh," suddenly remembering that it was not Mrs. Cable's letter they were discussing, "you always see the dreary side of things, Elias."

"I haven't forgotten New York," said the clerk dryly.

"Ah, but Chicago isn't New York, you know."

"Well, I was just reminding you. This man is going to fight back, that is plain."

"That's what Mrs. Norwood promised to do also, Elias. But she was like a lamb in the end."

"I wouldn't be very proud of that affair if I were you."

"See here, Droom, you're getting a trifle too familiar of late. I don't like it," said Bansemer sharply.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bansemer," said Droom, scraping his foot across the floor and looking straight past his master's head. "It's for the good of the cause, that's all. It wouldn't do on Graydon's account for you to be driven from Chicago at this time. You see, he thinks you are beyond reproach."

"Curse your impudence, Droom! I won't be spoken to in that way," exclaimed Bansemer, white with sudden rage and loathing.

"Am I to expect my discharge, sir?" asked Droom, rubbing his hands abjectly, but looking squarely into Bansemer's eyes for the first time in their acquaintance. Bansemer glared back for an instant and then shrugged his shoulders, with a nervous laugh.

"We shan't quarrel, Elias," he said. "Speaking of Graydon, he is to be married before long."

"I trust he is to do well, sir. Graydon is a fine boy."

"He is to marry David Cable's daughter."

"Indeed! I did not know that David Cable had a daughter."

"You know whom I mean—Jane Cable." He turned rather restlessly, conscious that Droom's eyes were following him to the window. He glanced again at Mrs. Cable's note and waited.

"I suppose you are pleased," said Droom after a long pause.

"Certainly! Jane is a splendid girl. She's beautiful, accomplished and—well, she's thoroughbred," said Bansemer steadily, turning to face the old man.

"It is not necessary to remind you that her parents are unknown," said Droom.

"Still," said Bansemer, and he sat down and leaned forward eagerly, "she has good blood from both sides."

"Yes—the so called best."

"You speak as if you know the truth."

"I think—yes, I'm sure I know. I have known for twenty years, Mr. Bansemer. I had the same means as you of finding out whose child she was."

"That's more than Mrs. Cable knows."

"She did not take the trouble to investigate. It's too late now."

"I don't believe you really know the names of her father and mother," said Bansemer shrewdly. "You are trying to trick me into telling you what I do know."

"There are portraits of her ancestors hanging in Fifth avenue," said Droom promptly. "Here," and he picked up a pencil, "I'll write the initials of her parents. You do the same, and we'll see that they tally." He quickly scratched four letters on a pad of paper. Bansemer hesitated and then slowly wrote the initials on the back of an envelope. Without a word they exchanged the papers. After a moment they both smiled in relief. Neither had been tricked. The initials were identical.

"I imagine the ancestors hanging in Fifth avenue would be amazed if they knew the story of Jane," said Droom, with a chuckle.

"I doubt it, Droom. Ancestors have stories, too, and they hide them."

"By the way, now that your son is to marry her, I'd like to know just what your game is."

Bansemer turned on him like a tiger, his steely eyes blazing.

"Game? There is no game. Listen to me, Droom. We'll settle this now. I'm a bad man, but I've tried to be a good father. People have called me heartless. So be it. But I love that boy of mine. What little heart I have belongs to him. There can be no game where he is concerned. Some day perhaps he'll find out the kind of a man I've been to others, but can always remember that I was fair and honest with him. He'll despise my methods, and he'll spurn my money, but he'll have to love me. Jane Cable is not the girl I would have chosen for him, but she is good and true, and he loves her."

For the first time in his life Elias Droom shrank beneath the eyes of his master. He hated James Bansemer from the bottom of his wretched soul, but he could not but feel at this moment a touch of admiration.

Through all the years of their association Elias Droom had hated Bansemer because he was qualified to be the master, because he was successful and forceful, because he had loved and been loved, because they had been classmates, but not equals. In the bitterness of his heart he had lain awake on countless nights praying—but not to his God—that the time would come when he could stand ascendant over this steely master. Only his unswerving loyalty to a duty once assumed kept him from crushing Bansemer with exposure years before. But Droom was not a traitor. He remained standing, lifting his eyes after a brief, shifting study of his bony hands.

"You have nothing to fear from me," he said. "Your boy is the only being in the world that I care for. He hates me. Everybody hates me. But it doesn't matter. I asked what your game was because we know Jane's father and mother. That's all. Mrs. David Cable, I presume, can be preyed upon with safety."

"Mrs. Cable has much to lose," significantly.

"And how much to pay?" with a meaning look.

"That is her affair, Droom."

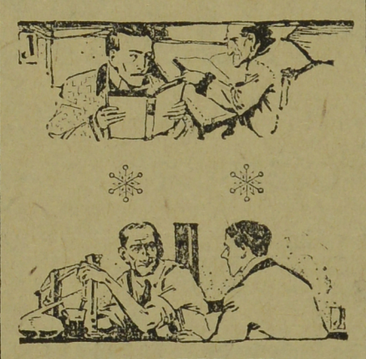
"I wouldn't press her too hard," cautioned Droom. "She's a woman."

"Never fear. I'm going there for dinner tonight. It's a family affair. By the way, here's a letter from a distinguished political leader. He suggests that I act on the city central committee for the coming year."

They heard some one at the outer door at that moment, and Droom glided forth from the inner room to greet the visitor. It was Eddie Deever.

"Say, Mr. Droom, do you suppose Mr. Bansemer would object if I sat down for a few minutes to look over his books on 'Famous Crimes In History'? Old Smith hasn't got 'em."

"Go ahead," said Droom, taking his seat at the desk.



CHAPTER XI.

SEVERAL weeks later Eddie Deever announced quite breathlessly to Rigby that he was going to visit Droom in his Wells street rooms. The two had found a joint affinity in Napoleon, although it became necessary for the law student to sit up late at night, neglecting other literature, in order to

established anything like an adequate acquaintance with the lamented Corsican.

Rigby was now morally certain that James Bansemer was all that Harbert had painted. To his surprise, however, the man was not openly suspected by other members of the bar. He had been accepted as a man of power and ability. Certainly he was too clever to expose himself and too wary to leave peepholes for others engaged in that business. Rigby was debating the wisdom of going to Bansemer with his accusations and the secret advice to leave the city before anything happened that might throw shame upon Graydon. The courage to do the thing alone was lacking.

Graydon was full of his happiness. He had asked Rigby to act as his "best man" in September, and Bobby had promised. On occasions when the two young men discussed the coming event with Jane and Miss Clegg, Rigby's preoccupied air was strangely in contrast with the animation of the others. Graydon accused his liver and advised him to go to French Lick. Far from that, the old quarterback was gradually preparing himself to go to James Bansemer. To himself he was saying as he put off the disagreeable task from day to day: "He'll kick me out of the office, and that's all the reward I'll get for my pains. Graydon will hate me in the end."

James Bansemer had proposed a trip to Europe as a wedding journey, a present from himself, but Graydon declined. He would not take an extensive leave of absence from the office of Clegg, Groll & Davidson at this stage of his career.

The morning after his visit to the abode of Elias Droom, Eddie Deever strolled into the office of Bobby Rigby. He looked as though he had spent a sleepless night. Mr. Rigby was out, but Miss Keating was "at home." She was scathingly polite to her delinquent admirer. Eddie's visits of late to the office had not been of a social character. He devoted much of his time to low toned conversations with Rigby. Few were the occasions when he lounged affably upon her typewriting desk as of yore.

(To be continued.)

PATTED CAINE ON THE HEAD.

Grand Old Man Almost Altered Novelist's Career.

Readers of Hall Caine's novels, who are also familiar with Gladstone's literary tastes, may be surprised to learn that the great statesman once patted the novelist on the head. It happened, however, before the Manxman became a story-writer. He was a small boy of fifteen, a surveyor, and the head-patting lead to an offer that would have interfered with his literary career, a result which the Grand Old Man might not have regretted. But it was not to be. Mr. Caine writes in Appleton's Magazine for October:

I saw Gladstone again a little later, when he was spending a few days on his property at Seaforth, which my master had been required to survey. The surveyor-in-chief had not appeared one morning, and I, the smallest of boys of fifteen, acting as his deputy, was ordering about two or three big hulking indolent chainmen, when the statesman, now Prime Minister, and paler and graver than ever, came out of the vicarage to look on. I could see that he was more amused than I was, and then he came up to me and asked to see my maps and the figures in my survey book, and I remember that I gave him a large explanation of the peculiarities of his estate with its hedges that ought to be straightened and its byroads that were bad. He listened quite attentively for a considerable time, and then, not having made any other remark, he patted me on the top of my head—it was easy to do so—and said I would do something some day.

I did not expect him to remember me, but I think he must have done so, for quite two years afterward, without any intervening incident or other point of touch, I had a letter from the office in Union Court saying that his brother wished to make me the steward of the Gladstone estates in Lancashire. I was sorely tempted to accept the offer, for Gladstone was still my demigod, and I suppose if I had done so the whole current of my life might have been different; but my friends advised me to decline, having by this time conceived an idea that I had the makings of an architect, and that business, the inevitable adjunct of politics, would break my career.

Their expectations were, however, in no way of being fulfilled, for, already, books had called off the devotion that ought to have been given to the drawing-board and T-square, and I was consuming every kind of literature that came my way. The Free Library at Liverpool was my great hunting-ground in those days, and surely no young reader ever ran so wild in a wilderness of books. I read everything without guidance of any kind — poetry, history, drama, romance, metaphysics, theology—galloping through all at equal pace, a fresh book about every other day, until I had more miscellaneous literature on the top of my head than any boy I have ever known or ever wish to know.

Preferred the Money.

"Yes," said D'Auber, the artist, patronizingly. "I'm selling my canvases now at my own prices."

"My," exclaimed the young art student, "you don't say so?"

"Yes; I suppose you'd give a great deal to be a great artist too?"

"No, indeed. I'd rather be you."—Pittsburg Post.

The Unlucky Brother.

"I don't see why he took out another accident policy, he's so unlucky."

"Why, that's the very reason, ain't it?"

"But I mean he's unlucky in this way—he hain't had a leg cut off or even a arm broke in ten years!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Knew From Experience.

"Pa'"

"Well, what is it now?"

"Pa, when I grow up, how will I keep from marrying the wrong woman?"

"You won't."—New York Life.

A Rotary Rudder.

There is on view at the Lepine toy exhibition in Paris the invention of a French engineer which will, its inventor contends, revolutionize marine and aerial navigation. The invention consists of a rotary rudder, said to be capable of turning a vessel in its own length or at any desired angle. All existing steering contrivances are limited in their action to a deflection of 90 degrees to right or left. It is claimed that by the adoption of the new invention sea collision will be prevented and warships will be able to turn in their own length. An aeroplane fitted with the new rudder would be able to leave the ground instantly.

Artificial Black Diamonds.

Carbon in an amorphous fused condition—real black diamond—is produced in a simple manner by a process lately patented in France by M. Bonnet. A vessel of bronze or other metal contains two carbon electrodes, between which is a rod of carbon over a small vessel of carbon bisulphide, and as the first current is passed the liquid is vaporized, generating a high pressure. Under this pressure and the temperature of a high tension current the carbon rod is changed in a few moments to black diamond, the material so prized for drills and as an abrasive.

Wood's Phosphodine

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, Spermatorrhœa, and Effects of Abuse or Excesses.* 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. *New pamphlet mailed free.* The Wood Medicine Co. (Formerly Windsor) Toronto, Ont.