A. T. McMURRAY
(M. D. 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 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. 803 Mixed for Campbellton, Moncton, St. John and Halifax ... 5.45
No. 817 Suburban for Marysville ... 6.15
No. 821 Suburban for Marysville ... 11.15
No 323 Suburban for Marysville ... 16.20
No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville ... 18.30
No. 827 Suburban for Marysville ... 18.40
No. 829 Suburban for Marysville ... 21.20

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 818 Suburban from Marysville ... 8.15
No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville ... 13.05
No. 322 Suburban from Marysville ... 13.45
No. 826 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.

8.25 a. m., for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and north to Presque Isle and Edmundston; also for Bangor, Portland and Boston.
8.00 a. m., via Gibson Branch for Woodstock and north to Presque Isle and Edmunston. Leaves St. Marys 8.30 a. m.
2.50 a. m., for Fredericton Jct. connecting with Atlantic Express for St. John and points
4.50 p. m., for Fredericton Jct. 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 Vanreboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc., St. Stephen and Woodstock.
4.50 p. m., for St. John and points East.

ARRIVALS.

8.20 a. m., from St. John and East.
11.45 a. m., from Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton.
2.10 p. m., from St. John and East.
6.10 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

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

Anesthetics
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 Regulator on which women can rely. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, $1; No. 2 10 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)

9 00 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER
Pumpkin Seed -
Alx. Senna +
Rochelle Salts -
Anise Seed +
Peppermint -
Bi Carbonate Soda +
Worm Seed -
Clarified Sugar -
Wintergreen Flavor.

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DOSES—35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

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

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 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 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.

rage could reach him his adversary was safely pinned to the floor. A moment later the torches in the hands of his friends were burning brightly above the figure of his captive—a slender boy who choked with terror and rage.

"Who are you, my young friend?" asked Bansemer, holding the boy at arm's length.

There was no answer from the tightly closed lips, and Bansemer shook him a little roughly. Then for the first time he perceived that he was not a Filipino. His skin was dark, but not the skin of the natives. The handsome, boyish face had regular features European in character.

"Spaniard?" inquired Bansemer a trifle more gently, and again the boy flashed a look of hatred into his captor's eyes.

"Look here, my young spalpeen," said Connell gruffly, "Filipino or Spaniard, if you want to save your hide you'd better answer questions—and no lies, do you hear?"

At this threat a deep groan was heard to come from somewhere back in the recesses of the chancel. The men were startled. Involuntarily the boy cast a furtive glance in that direction. Connell noticed it and, leaving the boy with Bansemer, hurried away and soon was looking down into the face of a prostrate man, young, but aged with emaciation.

"You must not touch him! Don't you see that he is dying?" cried the boy piteously in broken English. "He cannot fight you; he's dying," and then in a perfect frenzy of rage to Bansemer, "Let me go—pig!"

Not until afterward did Bansemer recall that in the general excitement it was the boy who dragged him along to the spot. And in spite of the solemnity of the scene there was something in his manner of delivering the insult that amused rather than angered the American.

"Plucky little devil!" he said half aloud.

Again the sick man groaned, tried to rise from the blankets and speak, but only to fall back moaning. Connell cautioned him against exertion and promised that no harm should come to either of them. While he reported the discovery to Captain Groce, he had the man carried to another part of the church and there made comfortable. For the first time now Bansemer began to notice the pain in his arm. Somewhat angrily he turned to the boy:

"Come! Give an account of yourself! How came you here?"

"Prisoners," was the sullen answer.

"Of the Filipinos?" Bansemer asked in surprise.

"Yes."

"Then why did you try to kill me?"

"I hate you both! We Spaniards, have we not as much to fear from you? What difference does color make in brutes?"

"By the holy apostles! You're a gritty young 'un!" growled the returning sergeant. "Who's the other chap?"

"My brother—he's dying," said the boy, his voice softening. "Holy Virgin, save him! For weeks we've been in the hands of Aguinaldo's men. He's been so ill all the time. Have you a doctor?"

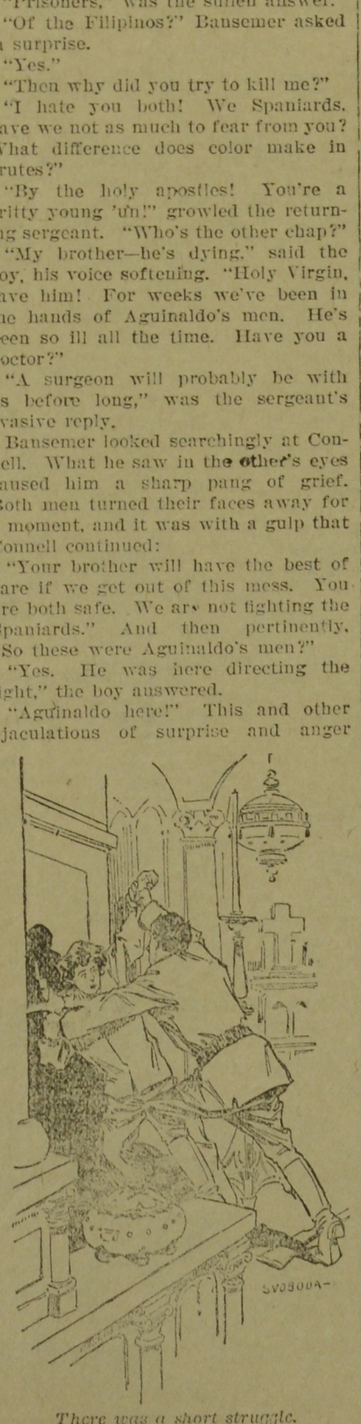
"A surgeon will probably be with us before long," was the sergeant's evasive reply.

Bansemer looked searchingly at Connell. What he saw in the other's eyes caused him a sharp pang of grief. Both men turned their faces away for a moment, and it was with a gulp that Connell continued:

"Your brother will have the best of care if we get out of this mess. You are both safe. We are not fighting the Spaniards." And then pertinently, "So these were Aguinaldo's men?"

"Yes. He was here directing the fight," the boy answered.

"Aguinaldo here!" This and other ejaculations of surprise and anger



There was a short struggle.

burst in chorus from every throat. But as suddenly they were followed by expressions of chagrin, for by contrasting the present situation with that which they had anticipated, this information had succeeded in intensifying their mortification.

But notwithstanding his share of the universal disappointment, a hasty reflection of preceding events convinced Graydon that personally he had little ground for complaint against the late occupants of the convent, for unintentional as undoubtedly had been the act through which at the very point of death his existence had been preserved, there was no evidence to refute the hypothesis that the shot which had killed his assailant in the plaza had been fired by one of the insurgents under cover.

"Great Scott!" was the exclamation to which he gave utterance. "Once more, I suppose, I owe my life to the blundering marksmanship of a Filipino!"

This half hearted acknowledgment of his strange indebtedness educed from his companions no recognition other than a puzzled stare from the sergeant and an enigmatical smile on the face of the young Spaniard. Connell proceeded with his examination:

"Why did they leave you here?"

"They had no time to take us with them when you broke in," was the boy's answer. "Aguinaldo was on his way to some village where his family is in hiding. The scouts told him of your presence. Then he determined not to wait for Pilar, but to surprise you. We never rested day or night. My poor brother—how he suffered!"

"Yes, yes, but why are they carrying you on a march like this?"

"My brother is the only man who knows where the Spanish gold was hidden when our war was ended—I mean the gold that came up with guns and ammunition. Aguinaldo is looking for the hiding place. My father, a high officer in the Spanish army, died of the fever last winter. We were stolen from our house in Manila by Aguinaldo's men and have been going from place to place ever since. We have not told of the hiding place. The Americans do not need gold, no?" The boy laughed sarcastically.

"How many men has Aguinaldo?"

"Three hundred or more. I would advise you to look out for Pilar. He, too, may come at any moment."

Scarcely had the words left his mouth when a storm of yells came from outside the convent, and immediately the boy rushed to his brother's side.

"Great Ceasar, there's a thousand of them!" cried Rogers.

Instantly every man made for the position assigned to him. The gun was in readiness. Outside the Mausers rattled, bullets coming from all quarters and thumping sharply against the opposite walls with a patter that warned the Americans against standing erect.

Occasionally a scout would peep from a window and take a shot into the darkness, but these ventures were few. All lights were extinguished. The men fired at the spots from which burst the flames of rifles, then dropped suddenly. After awhile the firing of the Filipinos dwindled into a shot now and then.

"Keep low! They don't dare risk a charge! Be ready to defend the door!" Captain Groce commanded.

The night wore on, and with the cessation of hostilities confidence increased. Re-enforcements were not far off, and it did not seem possible that the sounds of battle could not be heard. The men, worn out by the exciting events of the day, were generally silent. Sergeant Connell, however, was an exception.

"Get us! Not a bit of it," he was saying, "the dirty little cowards! Major March will be here in the shake of a dead lamb's tail."

An hour later Bansemer, his rifle in hand, sitting near one of the windows, suddenly felt some one tugging at his arm. Turning, he saw the Spanish boy.

"Won't you come and help me to carry my brother behind the stone wall?" he was saying. "He is exposed to the bullets and cannot move himself."

"Willingly!" and Graydon followed his lead. As if he was a child, he picked up the gaunt Spaniard and carefully bore him to the place of shelter, but despite all that he could do to hide his suffering the pain in his arm, which the removal of the man had increased, was such for a moment that he felt faint and staggered. The boy was quick to notice it and quickly asked:

"What is the matter? Wounded?"

"It's nothing; merely a scratch."

"Oh, I know. Why, it's your arm, and I"— The boy's face crimsoned with shame and contrition. Through the semidarkness the blush escaped Graydon's notice, but not so the truly feminine little shriek of dismay as he touched and felt the wet sleeve.

"It was I who did it! Oh, how can you ever forgive me?"

Graydon, dumfounded, stared in wonder.

"What?" he exclaimed; "you're a [illegible]"

(To be continued.)

A TURNER MASTERPIECE.

Origin of the Painter's Famous "Rain, Steam and Speed."

Of all pictures by the great English color poet, Turner, none is more popular than that which now graces the London National gallery under the name of "Rain, Steam and Speed," which was first exhibited in 1844. It is impossible to reproduce this adequately.

Concerning the origin of this picture Ruskin furnishes an interesting tale. The story was told to him by a friend, Lady Simon. It seems that she was traveling one night in the early days of the Great Western railway from Exeter to London. "When I had taken off my coat and smoothed my ruffled plumes and generally settled myself," she tells, "I looked up to see the most wonderful eyes I ever saw, steadily, luminously, clairvoyantly, kindly, paternally looking at me. The hat was over the forehead, the mouth and chin buried in the brown velvet coat collar of the brown greatcoat. Well, we went on, and the storm went on more and more until we reached Bristol, where we waited ten minutes. My old gentleman rubbed the side window with his coat cuff, in vain. He attacked the center window, again in vain, so blurred and blotted was it with the torrents of rain. A moment's hesitation and then, 'Young lady, would you mind my putting down this window?'

"'Oh, no not at all.'

"'You may be drenched, you know.'

"'Never mind, sir.'

"Immediately down went the window and out went the old gentleman's head and shoulders, and I said, 'Oh, please let me look.'

"'Now, you will be drenched,' he remonstrated. But he half opened the window for me to see. Such a night! Such a chaos of elemental and artificial lights and noises I never saw nor heard. He drew up the window as we moved on. I leaned back for some minutes with closed eyes, then opened them and said, 'Well, I have been drenched, but it was well worth it.'

"He nodded and smiled and again took to his steady but inoffensive perusing of my face. The next year, I think it was, going to the academy, I turned at once, as I always did, to see what Turners there were. Imagine my feelings! There stood written 'Rain, Steam and Speed, Great Western, June, 1843.' I had found out whom the seeing eyes belonged to. As I stood looking at the picture I heard a mawkish voice behind me say:

"'There, now, just look at that! Ain't it just like Turner? Who ever saw such a ridiculous conglomeration?' I turned very quietly round and said: 'I did. I was in the train that night, and it is perfectly and wonderfully true.' After that I walked quietly away."—Helen Zimmern in Metropolitan Magazine.

Kongo Natives and Their Dead.

"In the matter of preserving bodies for burial Kongos, after the usual binding in cloth, keep them for two or three months in their houses, where a fire is kept burning, but in Zombo they are suspended on two forked sticks in a dugout vault in the ground, which is covered over with palm branches and earth," says a missionary. "Sometimes the body is placed under a specially built grass roof in the open. This is not considered a burial, and some years ago they brought out for a big funeral feast and dance the body of an important chief that had thus been preserved for over twenty years. In other districts the dead are thrown away into a river or into the bush to be devoured by jackals and vultures."

Zoology and Flags.

Zoology figures very largely on the flags of different nations. On the British royal standard is the lion. It was Richard Coeur de Lion, by the way, who altered the device from leopards to lions on the king's standard. The eagle appears on the standards of both Russia and Germany and both the lion and the eagle on that of Spain. Bulgaria has a lion, China a dragon and Mexico a bird quarreling with a snake. Taken together with the animals that appear on nations' arms, the royal unicorn and Australian emu and kangaroo, a fairly comprehensive collection could be made from national emblems.

Going Too Far.

At a school exhibition a juvenile elocutionist got up to recite the first piece of his life. He was ambitious. He wished to make a great success of his piece, and he had been told by his teacher that the secret of elocution was the gesture—for every phrase its fitting gesture. The opening line of the boy's selection was, "The comet lifts its tail of fire." The overzealous boy, to fit its proper gesture to this line, lifted up the tail of his coat and held it out in a horizontal position.

Inconsistent.

Brown—It's curious about people's beliefs. They will give entire credence to the most absurd things and put no faith whatever in the most obvious truths. Black—Yes, I've noticed it. There's Greene, now. He hasn't the least confidence in hash, but he'll eat all the croquettes and mince pie you can set before him.—Exchange.

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, Impotency, 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