A. T. McMURRAY
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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. 803 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. 818 Suburban from Marysville 8.15
No. 802 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville 13.05
No. 322 Suburban from Marysville 13.45
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville 18.20
No. 804 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.
3.00 a. m., via Gibson Branch for Woodstock and north to Presque Isle and Edmunston. Leaves St. Marys 8.30 a. m.
4.30 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.
11.00 p. m., for St. John and points East.

ARRIVALS.

2.30 a. m., from St. John and East.
11.45 a. m., from Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton.
7.20 p. m., from St. John and East.
4.20 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 BUILDING

Cook's [illegible] Root Compound.



[illegible] Ovarine Tonic, and [illegible] effectual Monthly [illegible] which women can [illegible] three degrees [illegible] 1, $1; No. 2 [illegible] per, $3; No. 3, [illegible] cases, $5 per box. [illegible] all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: The Cook Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont. (formerly Windsor)

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher 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 Diarrhœa 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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The Kind You Have Always Bought
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THE LEADING UNDERTAKER.

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Down Town. Next above Queen Hotel. 'Phone 26

COAL

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

P. FARRELL

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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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YORK STREET

Dr. F. W. BALBOUR
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 of [illegible] 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.

THE WITCH'S CURSE.

A Bucksport Legend of Colonial Days in Maine.

Close by the road on the outskirts of the old seaport town of Bucksport, on the Penobscot river, is a small family cemetery. Within its inclosure sleep the Bucks, the blue blooded folk who first settled the town and bequeathed it their name and a legend.

The largest and most conspicuous monument in the cemetery is a tall granite shaft, which is in plain sight of the highway. On one side is the inscription: "Col. John Buck, the Founder of Bucksport. A. D. 1762. Born in Haverhill, Mass., 1718. Died March 18, 1795."

On the other side is the single word "Buck," and also something not wrought by the marble worker. On the smooth surface of the pedestal is a curious outline, which can be easily imagined to be a foot of normal size. The people who say that it is a foot believe in the legend which has oft been told in Bucksport.

The story is that Colonel Jonathan Buck was a very harsh man and the leading spirit in his day and generation. He was the highest in civil authority, and his word was law in the community in which he resided. He was an out and out Puritan, and to him witchcraft was the incarnation of blasphemy. Thus, so the story goes, when a certain woman was accused of witchcraft, at the first clamorings of the populace Colonel Buck ordered that she be imprisoned, and later she was sentenced to be executed as a witch.

The execution day came, and the woman went to the gallows, cursing her judge with such terrible words that the people shuddered, but the magistrate stood unmoved. All was ready, and the hangman was about to perform his duty, when the woman turned to Colonel Buck, and, raising one hand toward heaven, she said:

"Jonathan Buck, listen to these words, the last my tongue shall utter. It is the spirit of the only living God which bids me speak to you. You will soon die, and over your grave they will erect a stone, that all may know the spot where your bones lie and crumble to dust.

"Upon that stone the imprint of my foot shall appear, and for all time, after your accursed race has vanished from the face of the earth, will the people from far and near know that you murdered a woman."

She then turned to her executioners, and another act transpired to make a part of American colonial history. The "witch curse" had been almost forgotten until the monument was erected to the founder of Bucksport.

It had been in position hardly a month when a faint outline was discovered on it. It grew more and more distinct, until some person made the discovery that it was the outline of a foot. The old legend was revived.

They said that the "witch's curse" had been fulfilled. An attempt was made to remove the stain, but every effort only tended to make it plainer.

The imprint of the foot is there today as plain as ever. Amateur photographers have taken pictures of it, and a visit to the Buck cemetery to see the "witch's foot" is one of the pastimes of every summer visitor to the pretty little town.—New York World.

Encouraging the Boy.

"Son," remarked Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "I done heard you talin' 'bout bein' a great hunter."

"Dat's what I said," answered pickaninny Jim. "I's gwinter hunt lions."

"An' you mentioned bein' er ahtic explorer."

"Yassir."

"Well, jes' by way of practice befo' you tackles any lions lemme see if you kin get de cow out'n pasture wifout bein' hooked, an' den as de winter comes along you kin train foh de north pole by wadin' out in de snow to de wood pile twice a day. An' don' lemme hyah no mo' 'bout not incouragin' yoh youthful ambitions."—Washington Star.

The Way to His Vote.

Lord Beaconsfield's skill in picking up stray votes was well known. An illustration of it is given in a book by Henry W. Lucy.

At the time that the imperial titles bill was pending there was a certain pompous little Irishman, Dr. O'Leary, who seemed manageable and was desirable. One evening in the lobby Disraeli laid a hand familiarly on his shoulder.

"Dear Dr. O'Leary, the resemblance is most striking," he said. "I really thought I saw again my old friend Tom Moore."

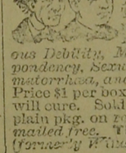
The vain little gentleman was captured.

He Hits Back.

There had been a domestic spat at breakfast.

"You monster!" snapped the matron, who was always scolding. "You are not like my two former husbands. They were tender men."

"I never doubted that they were tender, Maria," ventured the meek man, "when you kept them in hot water all the time." And he just cleared the front porch two yards ahead of the rolling pin. — Chicago News.



Wood's Phosphodine
The Great English Remedy
Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in Old Veins. Cures Nervousness, 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. Toronto, Ont. (formerly Windsor)

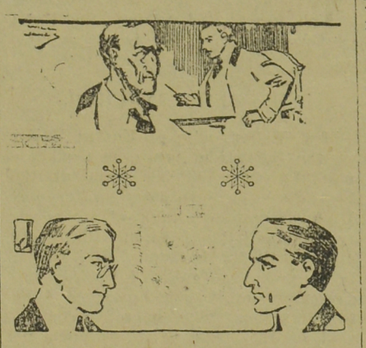
Jane Cable

... By ...

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON,
Author of "Beverly of Graustark," Etc.

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(Continued.)



CHAPTER XIX.

BANSEMER was not losing his courage; it was only the dread of having Graydon find out. He stuck close to his office, seeing but few people. However, he did saunter into Rigby's office for a friendly chat, but learned nothing from the manner of that astute young man. With a boldness that astonished himself—and he was at no time timid—he asked if Harbert intended to remain in Chicago for any length of time. After he had gone away Rigby rubbed his forehead in a bewildered sort of way and marveled at the nerve of the man.

The day passed slowly, but late in the afternoon the suspense became so keen that he found it difficult to keep himself from making inquiries of the proper officials as to whether affidavits had been filed by Harbert or any other person. His hand did not shake now, but there was a steady pain at the back of his head.

"Droom, I think I'll go home. If I don't appear in the morning you'll know I'm at some police station. Good day!"

"Goodby!" said Elias, with correcting emphasis. Bansemer laughed heartily.

"I believe you'd like to see me jugged."

"Not unless you could be convicted. I'll have to remain in your employ until then, I suppose."

"I've often wondered why you don't quit of your own accord—it seems so distasteful to you."

"I'm working for you from force of habit."

"You'll turn state's evidence if I'm arrested, no doubt."

"If my word counted for anything," and he raised his hand, "I'd say, 'So help me—I shan't.'"

"I've never been able to understand you."

"I guess you've always understood my feelings toward you."

"You hate me?"

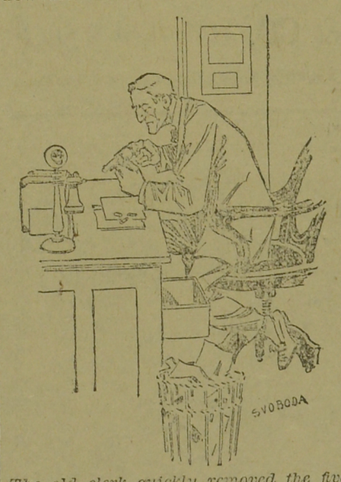
"I'm no exception to the rule."

"But hang you, you're faithful."

"Oh, I'll pay for it, never fear. You won't hesitate to sacrifice me if it will help you in any way. But let me tell you something. Elias Droom has been smart enough to cover every one of his tracks, even if he hasn't been able to cover yours. I can't perform miracles. You don't seem as keen to bring about the family explosion as you were, I observe."

"By heavens, I can't bear the thought of that boy—oh, well, close up the office as soon as you like."

After he was safely out of the office Elias Droom glided into the private office, drew forth his bunch of keys and opened his employer's desk. A big revolver lay in the top drawer. The old clerk quickly removed the five cartridges and as deftly substituted a new set of them in their stead. The



The old clerk quickly removed the five cartridges.

new ones were minus the explosive power. He grinned as he replaced the weapon and closed the desk. Dropping the cartridges into his coat pocket, he returned to his own desk, chuckling as he set to work on his papers.

"I won't betray him to the law, but I've fixed it so that he can't escape it in that way."

Bansemer's man informed him upon his arrival home that Mr. Graydon would not be in for dinner. He had left word that Mrs. Cable was very much improved and that he and Miss Cable were going out for a long drive—in a hansom. It was his intention to visit with Mr. and Miss Cable very informally.

Bansemer sat in surly silence for a long time trying to read. A fierce new jealousy was growing in his heart. It was gradually dawning upon him that the Cables had alienated his son's affections to no small degree. The fear grew upon him that Graydon ultimately would go over to them, forgetting his father in the love for the girl. Resentment, strong and savage, flooded his heart. He could eat no dinner. He was full of curses for the fate which forced him to dine alone while his son was off rejoicing with people whom he was beginning to hate with a fervor that pained him. Jealousy, envy, malice, fired his blood.

He went out and bought the evening papers. The thought came to him that Graydon had heard the stories and was deliberately staying away from him. Perhaps the Cables had been talking to him.

"By heaven," he grated as he paused in front of his home, "if she's turned him against me I'll turn this city into anything but a paradise for her. What a fool I've been to wait so long! I've given her the chance to tell her side of the case first. She's made the first impression. What could I have been thinking of? Droom was right. I should have demanded less of her. A man is never too old to be a fool about women. Oh, if she's turned that boy against me I'll"—

He did not finish the threat, but started off swiftly through the night toward the Cable home. He had no especial object in view; it was simply impossible for him to conquer the impulse to be near his son. Like a thief he lurked about the street in the vicinity of Cable's house, standing in the shadows, crossing and recrossing the street many times, always watching the lighted windows with hateful eyes. It was after 8 o'clock, and the night was damp with the first breath of spring. There was a slight chill in the air, but he did not feel it, although he was without an overcoat.

The lights on the second floor, he knew, were in Mrs. Cable's room. In his mind's eye he could see Graydon there with the others listening to the story as it fell from prejudiced, condemning lips—the pathetic, persuasive lips of a sick woman. He knew the effect on the chivalrous nature of his son; he could feel the coldness that took root in his boy's heart.

A light mist began to blow in his face as he paced back and forth along the short block in which the Cables lived. He was working his imagination up to a state bordering on frenzy. In his fancy he could hear Graydon cursing him in the presence of his accusers. At the end of the street he could see the break in the sea wall where Cable and his wife had met, and he could not help wishing that Droom had not pulled her from the water. Then he found himself wondering if they had told Jane the story of her origin. The hope that she was still undeceived flashed through him; it would give him a chance for sweet revenge.

He confessed to himself that he was reckless. The transactions of the past few days had left him at the edge of the abyss. He recognized his peril, but could not see beyond his own impulses.

"I believe I'll do it," he was muttering to himself as he paused across the street from their door. "Graydon ought to hear both sides of the story."

He crossed the street with hesitating steps. His thin coat collar was buttoned close about his neck; his gloveless hands were wet and cold from the mist. As he stopped at the foot of the stone steps a man came hurrying along, glancing at the house numbers as he approached.

"Do you know whether this is David Cable's house?" he asked.

Bansemer saw that he was a young man and an eager one.

"I think it is."

The other bounded up the steps and rang the bell. When the servant opened the door Bansemer heard the new arrival ask for Cable, adding that he was from one of the newspapers and that he must see him at once.

Bansemer stood stark and dumb at the foot of the steps. The whole situation had rushed upon him like an avalanche. Harbert had filed his charges, and the hasty visit of the reporter proved that David Cable was an instrument in them. The blood surged to his head. He staggered under the shock of increased rage.

"Graydon is against me! They've won him over! Open the door! I want my son!" He shouted the demand in the face of the startled servant as he pushed rudely past him.

"You stay here, young fellow, and you'll hear a story that will fill a whole paper. I am James Bansemer. Where is Cable? You!" to the servant.

"Sh!" cried the frightened servant, recognizing him. "Mrs. Cable is resting, sir."

"What are you doing here?" Bansemer demanded of the reporter, exerting all his crafty resourcefulness in the effort to calm himself.