



Heartbreaking Expression.

NEUDORF, N. W. T. CAN.
My daughter enjoyed very good health until about two years ago, when she showed symptoms of dependency. After some time she expressed a heart-breaking pain and then had severe convulsions. Many so-called remedies were tried during one year, but of no avail. After she had taken the first spoonful of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic the attacks disappeared, and she has had no more since.

Testified to by Rev. L. Streich. Jos. Orr, DUBLIN, IRE.
My wife has taken six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. She has had no return of the fits, and I think this remedy has had the desired effect. I cheerfully recommend it to anyone suffering from that dreadful malady, "Epilepsy," and may God aid you in your good work.

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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 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith 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) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. COEY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior,
H. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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"Fretty"

By Nancy Hazlitt
Copyright, 1906, by W. R. Caldwell

Alfaretta ran about the garden singing shrilly:

"Dear, dear, what can the matter be? Dear, dear, what can the matter be? Dear, dear, what can the matter be? Johnny so long at the fair? He promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbon. He promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbon. He promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbon. To tie up my bonny brown hair."

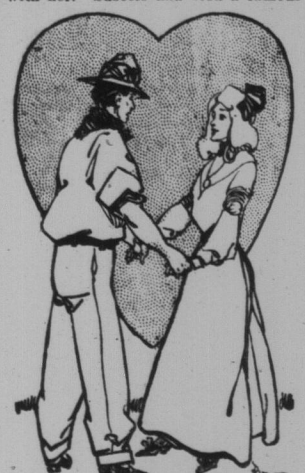
"Fretty, I really wouldn't call him out of his name—you know it isn't Johnny," Cousin Langley said provokingly from the leafy depths of the grape arbor. "Besides, your hair isn't brown, not in the least. Instead, it's pure carrot color, also mighty pretty. If I were a painter person I might call it something else, but being what I am, a stickler for truth—"

"Would you know the truth if you met it in the road?" Alfaretta sung at him. "I don't believe so," she went on shrilly, shaking her glowing waves at him.

She was bareheaded, and the sun struck out high lights from the Titian mass above her white forehead, then fell down to waken green gleams in her long lashed eyes. Slim as became seventeen, tallish, light on little arched feet, with a long neck upbearing her face, she was distractingly pretty, especially to eyes jaded with artifice and sick of fashion—more specifically, Langley Madden's eyes.

Langley was only a third cousin, but assumed that the tie of blood entitled him to take an attitude so critical it was more than brotherly in its candor. He had come to Alderbrook farm for six blessed, idle weeks after the stress of a long fight and the triumph of a big legal victory. He had not been there in years, although the place belonged to him. Its present occupants, the Lanes, had lived in it to oblige him. Therefore he had had but a faint memory of Alfaretta as a solemn young person who had disdained to be friends with him, choosing rather to make companions of the dogs, the kittens and her pony, Snap.

He recalled that she had barely tolerated Susette Barlow, who, in spite of being bigger, came sometimes to play with her. Susette had been a famous



"I REGARDED IT AS MY DUTY TO MARRY YOU."

comrade. He had kissed her often, called her his little sweetheart and actually gone the length of sending down to her from the city after he was back there a birthday ring. Notwithstanding, he had found her married and happy, with a baby as round, rosy and dimpled as he remembered her. Ten years, he had reflected, made big changes every way. Still he was not quite prepared for the change they had wrought in Fretty.

The name was of his own coinage; in all other mouths the girl was Alf. He had been quite taken aback to find that she did not resent his version of the baptismal mouthful. Indeed, she had said, with a little hovering smile, "The one comfort about my name is, no matter what people call me, they can't possibly make it worse than it is."

The saying had in a way startled him; he had not thought to find philosophy at seventeen in the rural regions. But as time went on he discovered that the philosophy was the least of Fretty's surprises. Young as she was, unformed and inexperienced, she had a way with her, also a poise quite wonderful to see. He did not wonder that she had taken captive his artist friend Vernon; it was Vernon's habit to fall fitfully in love with every girl who was in the least out of the common. Fretty had not a single usual fiber in her. In proof, take the fact that Vernon's adoration had not in the slightest degree turned her head.

"What have we to say to the painter, person, Fretty?" Cousin Langley asked, coming out and laying hold of her hands. "Are we going to tell him to go about his business or are we going to say, 'Yes, and thank you, sir,' when he asks?"

"He won't ask," Fretty said, not trying to take away her hands. "You see, I told him at the very first I regarded it as my duty to marry you. Otherwise you would waste all your money—besides, it was the only way to keep Alderbrook in the family. He agreed with me, although I think he was sorry; it must have seemed a shame to him to miss such an opportunity. He admitted that musing was a necessity to him. That is why, I think, he is away just now."

"Indeed?" Langley said, his tone an interrogation. Fretty nodded, echoing: "Indeed! Yes; Mrs. Wortham—your divinity—has opened Grasmere—came herself the day before yesterday. So Mr. Vernon couldn't stay away longer."

"Who says she is my divinity? And how do you like it, seeing you have appropriated me?" Langley asked, coloring in spite of himself. He felt all at once young and raw and ridiculous and was in a temper over it. He wanted to shake Fretty—shake her hard. She was jesting, of course, but how beautifully she had turned the tables on him. Quite unaccountably he found himself trembling, his hands moist, his face, he knew, high colored, and all without any reason.

It could not be that the bare suggestion of Fretty—the child, the plaything, the creature he loved to tease—as his wife, the mistress of his home and heart, had thus overcome him. For five years at least he had thought of Georgina Wortham in that position. She fitted it so beautifully and was quite evidently ready to accept it.

"I always answer mother's letters for her. Remember you wrote her about Georgina two years back at least," Fretty said, smiling sweetly, with the faintest touch of malice. "As to my liking her, what does that matter? I have nothing to do with her, only with you."

"You are quite resolved—to take me, I mean?" Langley asked, his eyes downcast.

Fretty looked pensive. "It seems—some must do one's duty, however disagreeable," she said, with a little sigh.

Langley erected himself. "In that case, suppose you kiss your crown of martyrdom," he said, putting his face close to her lips.

Fretty sprang back as far as their clasped hands permitted and said, with dancing eyes: "Next year will be quite time enough for that. You see, I am going away in the fall to be finished at the Winslow school. Mother insists upon it, and I myself think it best. I shall come back a fine lady—fine enough, I hope, to do the family credit. May I trust you not to marry Georgina in all that time?"

"Certainly not," Langley said promptly. "You will have to take me now or risk losing me altogether. And I hate finishing schools and all their works. If you go through the mill I won't have you—that's flat!"

Fretty snatched away her hands, laughing heartily. "What an actor was lost in you, Cousin Langley!" she said. "You had such a ring in your voice! I wish Tommy Hartwell had been with me in hearing."

"So! You want the heathen to rage, you minx!" Langley said, again imprisoning her hands, then the ring coming back to his voice stronger than ever: "Fretty, I know you were in fun, but, please, dear, let's make it earnest. I want you—nobody else. I have been wanting you ever since I came, without having sense enough to know it."

"How about Georgina?" Fretty murmured, turning away her head so Langley might not see the mounting color in her cheeks.

Langley laughed triumphantly. "May I be vain enough to speak the frozen truth?" he asked, his lips very close to Fretty's ear. She turned a little more away from him, saying very low:

"No! I can guess it. Georgina won't have you; therefore you want me to save your broken heart."

"Of course. But how did you guess it?" Langley asked, his heart thrilling at thought of her care to save another woman from slurring. He had meant to tell her what he knew for truth—that while Georgina would have accepted him for his position and potentialities and given him comradely help throughout their joint career her heart was by no means engaged, she being of the equable temperament that spends its wildest devotion upon itself. Moreover, there was Vernon. All along he had suspected some kindness, even more, between the pair. They might have each other and welcome. Fretty, sweet, slim, red haired Fretty, was the one wife in the world for him.

Impulsively he caught her to him and said between kisses: "I see it all now. You're a witch. You saw how I needed comforting and proposed to me right off the reel. Henceforth I shall live to keep you from being sorry for it."

"And I'll make you sorry for it as long as you live if ever you dare say that again," Fretty interrupted.

Again Langley laughed. He could afford to. Fretty, in spite of her brave words, was nestling to him like a happy child.

What Teacher Said.

Last Sunday Benny made his debut as a Sunday school scholar. When he came home his relatives and friends were anxious to hear a report of his experiences.

"Well, Benny," said his mother, "did you say the text?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And did you remember the story of the lesson?"

"Yes, ma'am. I said it all off by heart."

"And did you put your penny in the basket?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Benny's mother grabbed him up and hugged him ecstatically.

"Oh, you little precious!" she said.

"Your teacher must have been proud of you. I know she just loved you."

She said something to you, didn't she?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I knew it," said the fond parent.

"Come, Benny, darling, tell mother what the teacher said to mother's little man."

"She said," was the startling reply,

"for me to bring 2 cents next Sunday."

—New York Post.

WHEN ABOUT TO MARRY.

Don't impoverish your family by insisting on an extravagant wedding. The show lasts but a short time; the poverty sometimes consequent upon it remains. Don't invite everybody you ever heard of in order to get presents. Every present is a mortgage on your future income. Down to the third generation you will have to pay present for present. Unless you are to go much in society, choose your gown for its usefulness. It is hinted that the latest cry is for brides in church weddings to dress for church and not for a ball.

WAIT TILL THEY SPEAK.

She was a very beautiful woman and she was very beautifully dressed. She entered a Randolph street theatre at last Saturday's matinee with a woman friend and handed her seat checks to an usher, says the Chicago Record Herald. As she wished and frowned down the aisle she appeared a personification of all that is exquisite. The usher, the beauty and the friend arrived at the fourth row from the footlights. The usher turned down the seats and bowed low as he handed back the checks. The beauty spoke: "Is there seats ours?" she demanded shrilly.

The usher did not wince. He bowed thrice as low as before.

"Them seats is yours," said he.

A CLEVER TRICK.

Many striking illustrations of the shrewdness of Irishmen are getting publicity at the sitting of the commission in Dublin on agriculture and industries. Rev. Patrick Dowling the other day, told of an Irishman who started a factory for the making of leather for boot uppers. He was told he would lose money. But the man, knowing the idiosyncrasies of the buyers, went ahead and began manufacturing. He did not make his stuff as of Irish manufacture, but instead stamped each article with "Jamaica Paris," which translated means "Never in Paris." People fell over each other to get his goods, he had to enlarge his factory, and is not, even now able to fill all his orders.

POPULATION INCREASES.

Notwithstanding the exceptionally heavy emigration this year, from Ireland, an increase would appear to have taken place in the population of Ireland during the September quarter.

The excess of births over deaths was 9,668, and the emigrants numbered 8,469, so that the increase was nearly 1,200. It is a small balance to build hopes upon, but these quarters with the balance on the right side are beginning to be not unusual. They afford some indication that the bottom is being reached in the depletion of Ireland's population, and that a time is coming when the changes will be once again on the up grade.

A GOOD OBJECT.

Catholic Citizen, Milwaukee.

Milwaukee Council, Knights of Columbus, put some of its surplus funds to good use last week by donating \$500 to the Catholic institute and students' chapel, that Father Hengell is about to build for the two hundred and fifty Catholic students attending Wisconsin University. This is putting money where it will pay large dividends in making the future leaders of the various Catholic communities of Wisconsin, not only university trained in the sciences and letters, but also in their religion; and, so doubly efficient as exponents of Catholic life and thought.

There are thirty councils of the Knights of Columbus in Wisconsin. Why should not all of them place their names on this roll of honor?