MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

SANTA CLAUS IS BREAKING ALL EXISTING RECORDS AT OUR STORES.

EVERYBODY'S HEADQUARTERS.

The crowds continue to fill our stores and make them their shopping headquarters. Commencing Wednesday night we will continue to assist Santa Claus right up to 10 o'clock.

Solid Comfort Garments for Father, Brother, et al.

Tasty House Coats, $2 up.
Good Smoking Jackets, $2 up.
Dressing Gowns, $6 up.
Lounging Coats, $6 up.
Fine Bath Robes, $5 up.
New Fancy Vests, $2 to $4.

(CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.)

A Home Helpmate.

Carpet Sweepers.

Bissel's "Crystal" Sweeper, $4.50.
Bissel's "Parlor Queen" Sweeper, $4.50.
Bissel's "Premier" Sweeper, $3.50.
Bissel's "Grand Rapids" Sweeper, $3.00.
Bissel's "Standard" Sweeper, $2.50.
Bissel's "Champion" Sweeper, $2.
Children's "Little Helper" Sweepers, also.

(Carpet Rooms.)

Ladies' Fine Gift Gloves.

Most Reliable Makes.

FOR $1.00—French Kid Gloves, with two-dome fasteners. Black, Tans, White and Browns.
FOR $1.25—The "Iris" Gloves, with two-dome fasteners, in Black, White, Slate, Tans, Browns.
FOR $1.35—The "Faure" Glove in Black, White and all the popular shades.
FOR $1.35—Reynier's Famous French Gloves, the best made. All the leading hues and tints.
FOR $1.50—Reynier's Famous French Gloves, extra good quality, in the prevailing colors.
$1.00 TO $1.45—Dent's Renowned English Gloves in medium weights. The kind Americans like.
$1.30 TO $2.50—Evening Gloves with from 12 to 16 buttons. Very dainty.
75c. TO $1.10—Misses' Kid Gloves in the very best make. The most modish colors in assortment.
75c. TO $1.00—Boys' Calf Gloves, good and stout, but yet dressy, Tans, etc.
$1.65—Ladies' Knitted Silk Gloves in Black and White. Mittens in the quality from $1.15 to $2.00.

(FRONT STORE.)

Just What Baby Needs For Christmas.

WOOLLEN BONNETS & BOOTEES.
MUSLIN and SILK BIBS.
STOCKING CAPS and COATS.
BEARSKIN WRAPS, etc.
WOOL OVERALLS, GAITERS.
GO-CARTS, BABY SLEIGHS.
MUSLIN and LAWN DRESSES.
ROCKING HORSES, etc.
KNITTED JACKETS.

Dainty Handkerchiefs of Every Kind.

Lawn and Linen, 5c. to 35c. each.
Embroidered, 10c. up.
Initialed, 75c. to $1.35 half dozen.
Lace, very rich, from 75c. up.

FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.
(Front Store.)

FITTED BAGS FOR LADIES NOW IN.
GIFT GOODS FOR EVERYBODY

AT M. R. A's. LTD.

JOYS OF MATERNITY

A WOMAN'S BEST HOPES REALIZED

Mrs. Potts Tells How Women Shoul Prepare for Motherhood

The darkest days of husband and wife are when they come to look forward to childless and lonely old age.

Many a wife has found herself incapable of motherhood owing to a displacement of the womb or lack of strength in the generative organs.

Mrs. Anna Potts

Frequent backache and distressing pains, accompanied by offensive discharges and generally by irregular and scanty menstruation indicate a displacement or nerve degeneration of the womb and surrounding organs.

The question that troubles women is how can a woman who has some female trouble bear healthy children?

Mrs. Anna Potts, of 510 Park Avenue, Hot Springs, Ark., writes:

My Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"During the early part of my married life I was delicate in health; both my husband and I were very anxious for a child to bless our home, but I had two miscarriages, and could not carry a child to maturity. A neighbor who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advised me to try it. I did so and soon felt that I was growing stronger, my headaches and backaches left me, I had no more bearing-down pains, and felt like a new woman. Within a year I became the mother of a strong, healthy child, the joy of our home. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is certainly a splendid remedy, and I wish every woman who wants to become a mother would try it."

Actual sterility in woman is very rare. If any woman thinks she is sterile, let her try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free to expectant or would-be mothers.

THE CORINTHIAN AT HALIFAX

Halifax, N. S., Dec. 18.—(Special)—The Allan liner Corinthian, Capt. Thomas Pickering, arrived at 2.45 o'clock this afternoon from Liverpool with weekly mails and thirteen saloon, fifty-three second cabin and 382 steerage passengers. The steamer sailed from Liverpool on Dec. 7 and from Moville on Dec. 8, and met with a succession of head gales and high seas the first five days of the passage.

On Monday last a perfect hurricane raged and the ship was able to make only 125 miles. The decks were continually swept by heavy seas, but fortunately no damage was sustained.

The steamer had 450 tons of cargo for Halifax and 1,300 tons to be landed at St. John. She brought one of the largest mails of the season, having more than 1,000 packages. Her daily runs after leaving Moville were: 120, 200, 125, 240, 223, 321, 271, 216, 250.

REV. DR. WARDEN'S WILL

Toronto, Dec. 18—(Special)—The will of the late Rev. Robert Warden, general agent of the Presbyterian church, was entered for probate today. The estate amounts to $105,776, of which $92,128 is in stocks and life insurance, and $1,300 in real estate. Debts of $30,180 reduce the revenue of the estimate to $75,668. The estate, except $3,500 for the Presbyterian church of Canada, is divided among the family.

BOILS ALL OVER HIS FACE AND NECK

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS DID FOR HIM WHAT FOUR DOCTORS FAILED TO DO

KEEWATIN, ONT., July 28th. 1903.

MESSRS. THE T. MILBURN CO., LTD., TORONTO, ONT.,

DEAR SIRS:—I am writing to let you know what Burdock Blood Bitters has done for me. I am a young man, twenty years old, and a year ago last March I began to feel dull and sick, and was greatly troubled with boils coming out on my face and neck, mostly on the latter. I would no sooner get rid of one than I would have, perhaps, two or three more appear.

I had four doctors trying to cure me but they had very little success. They would stop them for a month or six weeks and then they would be as bad as ever again.

Almost every patent medicine, advertised to cure boils, I could get hold of, I tried, but still without success. At last one day, last spring, someone happened to say: "why not try Dixing Burdock Blood Bitters for the blood?" I was willing to try anything and immediately sent for a bottle, but at the time was doubtful if it would be of any use. However, I used that bottle and while I was taking it I began to feel better, although I still kept having a few boils but not nearly such bad ones. I did not miss any work, while otherwise, I used to miss, sometimes, a week out of every month. I kept on taking the medicine until I had taken six bottles, and needless to say, I was not sorry I did so when I tell you I have not had a boil appear for the past three months. Everybody was surprised when they heard that Burdock Blood Bitters had done for me what four doctors failed to do. If any sufferers are afflicted with boils, I would strongly advise them to use B.B.B. It makes you feel like a new man. I always keep a bottle in the house, now, as I think it is a medicine that should be in every household.

Yours truly,
HENRY A. SMITH.

There is nothing so good for you these days, to keep Stomach right and Liver active, as

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

Of course, you know that. This is just to remind you if you are not feeling "up to the mark."

25C AND 60C A BOTTLE AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Barlasch of the Guard

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN

CHAPTER XVI.

The First of the Ebb.

Tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

The days were short and November was drawing to its end when Barlasch returned to Dantzig. Already the frost, holding its own against a sun that seemed to linger in the north that year, exercised its sway almost to midday and drew a mist from the level plains.

The autumn had been one of unprecedented splendour, making the imaginative whisper that Napoleon, like a second Joshua, could exact obedience even from the sun. A month earlier, soon after the retreat was ordered, the nights had begun to be cold, but the days remained brilliant. Now the rivers were shrouded in white mist and still water was frozen.

Barlasch seemed to take it for granted that a billet holds good throughout a whole campaign. But the door of No. 36 Frauengasse was locked when he turned its iron handle. He knocked, and waited on the step.

It was Desiree who opened the door at length—Desiree, grown older, with something new in her eyes. Barlasch, sure of his entree, had already removed his boots, which he carried in his hand; this added to a certain surreptitiousness in his attitude. A handkerchief was bound over his left eye. He wore his shako still, but the rest of his uniform verged on the fantastic. Under a light-blue Bavarian cavalry cape he wore a peasant's homespun shirt, and he carried no arms.

He pushed past Desiree rather unceremoniously, glad to get within doors. He was very lame, and of his blue knitted stockings only the legs remained; he was bare-foot.

He limped toward the kitchen, glancing over his shoulder to make sure that Desiree shut the door. The chair he had made his own stood just within the open door of the kitchen. It was nine o'clock in the morning, and Lisa had gone to market. Barlasch sat down.

"Voila," he said, and that was all. But by a gesture he described the end of the world. Then he scowled at her with his available eye with suspicion, and she turned away suddenly, as one may who has not a clear conscience.

"What is the matter with your eye?" she asked, in order to break the silence. He laid aside his hat, and his ragged hair, quite white, fell to his shoulders. By way of answer, he unknotted the blood-stained dusky handkerchief and looked up at her. The hidden eye was uninjured and as bright as the other.

"Nothing," he answered, and he confirmed the statement by a low-born wink. More than once he glanced, with a glaring light in his eye, toward the cupboard where Lisa kept the bread, and quite suddenly Desiree knew that he was starving. She ran to the cupboard, and hurriedly set down on the table before him what was there. It was not much—a piece of cold meat and a whole loaf.

He had taken off his haversack, and was fumbling in it with unsteady hands. At last he found that which he sought. It was wrapped in a silk scarf that must have come from Cashmere to Moscow, and from Moscow in his haversack with pieces of horse-flesh and muddy roots, to Dantzig. With that awkwardness in giving and taking which belongs to his class, he held out to Desiree a little square "ikon" no bigger than a playing card. It was of gold, set with diamonds, and the faces of the Virgin and Child were painted with exquisite delicacy.

"It is a thing to say your prayers to," he said, gruffly.

By an effort he kept his eyes averted from the food on the table.

"I met a baker on the bridge," he said, "and offered it to him for a loaf, but he refused."

And there was a whole history of human suffering and temptation—of the human fall—in his curt laugh. While Desiree was looking at the treasure in speechless admiration, he turned suddenly and took the bread and meat in his grimy hands. His crooked fingers closed over the loaf, making the crust crack, and for a second the expression of his face was not human. Then he hurried to the room that had been his, like a dog that seeks to hide its greed in its kennel.

In a surprisingly short time he came back, the greyness all gone from his face, though his eyes still glittered with the dry hard light of starvation. He went back to the chair near the door and sat down.

"Seven hundred miles," he said, looking down at his feet, with a shake of the head, "seven hundred miles in six weeks."

Then he glanced at her, and out through the open door to make sure none could overhear.

"Because I was afraid," he added, in a whisper. "I am easily frightened. I am not brave."

Desiree shook her head and laughed. Women have, from all time, accepted the theory that a uniform makes a man courageous.

"They had to abandon the guns," he went on, "soon after quitting Moscow. The horses were starving. There was a steep hill and the guns were left at the bottom. Then I began to be afraid. There was some marching with candelabra on their backs and nothing in their carnassieres. They carried a million francs on their shoulders and death in their faces. I was afraid. I bought salt—salt—and nothing else. Then one day I saw the Emperor's face. That was enough. The same night I crept away while the others slept round the fire. They looked like a masquerade. Some of them wore ermine. Oh! I was afraid, I tell you. I only had the salt and some horse. There was plenty of that on the road. And that toy. I found it in Moscow. I stood in a cellar, as big as this room, full of such things. But one thinks of one's life. I only carried salt, and that picture for you—to say your prayers to. The good God will hear you perhaps; He has no time to listen to us others."

And he used the last words as a French peasant, which is a survival of serfdom that has come down through the furnace of the Revolution.

"But I cannot take it," said Desiree. "It is worth a million francs."

He looked at her fiercely.

"You think that I look for something in return?"

"Oh, no!" she answered. "I have nothing to give you in return. I am as poor as you."

"Then we can be friends," he said. He was eyeing, surreptitiously, a mug of beer, which Desiree had set before him on the table. Some instinct, or the teaching of the last two months, made it repugnant to him to eat or drink beneath his neighbor's eye. He was a sorry-looking figure, not far removed from the animals, and in his downward journey he had picked up, perhaps, the instinct which none can explain, telling an animal to take its food in secret.

Desiree went to the window, turning her back to him, and looked out into the yard. She heard him drink and set the mug down again with a gulp.

"You were in Moscow?" she said, at length, half-turning toward him so that he could see her profile and her short upper lip, which was parted as if to ask a question which she did not put into words. He looked her slowly up and down beneath his heavy eyebrows, his little, cunning eyes alight with suspicion. He watched her parted lips, which were tilted at the corners, showing humor, and a nature quick to laugh or suffer. Then he jerked his head upward, as if he saw the unasked question quivering there, and bore her some malice for her silence.

"Yes! I was in Moscow," he said, watching the color fade from her face. "And I saw him—your husband—there. I was on guard outside his door the night we entered the city. It was I who carried to the post the letter he wrote you. He was very anxious that it should reach you. You received it—that love-letter?"

"Yes," answered Desiree, gravely, in no wise responding to a sudden forced gaiety in Papa Barlasch, which was only an evidence of the shyness with which rough men all the world over approach the subject of love, lacking the refinement with which half-educated women in these days strip it bare and pick it to pieces on the housetops, so that there shall be no glamour left in it.

"I never saw him again," went on Barlasch, "for the 'general' sounded, and I went out into the streets, to find the city on fire. In a great army, as in a large country, one may easily lose one's own brother. But he will return—have no fear. He has good fortune—the fine gentleman."

He stopped and scratched his head, looking at her sideways with a grimace of bewilderment.

"It is good news I bring you," he muttered. "He was alive and well when we began the retreat. He was on the staff, and the staff had horses and carriages. They had bread to eat, I am told."

"And you—what had you?" asked Desiree, over her shoulder.

"No matter," he answered, gruffly, "since I am here."

"And yet you believe in that man still," flashed out Desiree, turning to face him.

Barlasch held up a warning finger, as if bidding her to be silent on a subject on which she was not capable of forming a judgment. He wagged his head from side to side and heaved a sigh.

"I tell you," he said, "I saw his face after Malo-Jaroslavetz; we lost ten thousand that day. And I was afraid. For I saw in it that he was going to leave us as he did in Egypt. I am not afraid when he is there—not afraid of the Devil—or the bon Dieu, but when Napoleon is not there ——" He broke off, with a gesture describing abject terror.

"They say in Dantzig," said Desiree, "that he will never get back across the Beresina, for the Russians are bringing two armies to stop him there. They say that the Prussians will turn against him."

"Ah—they say that already?"

"Yes."

He looked at her with a sudden light of anger in his eyes.

"Who has taught you to hate Napoleon?" he asked, bluntly.

And again Desiree turned away from his glance as if she could not meet it.

"No one," she answered.

"It is not the patron," said Barlasch, muttering his thoughts, as he hobbled to the door of his little room and began unloading his belongings with a view to ablution; for he was a self-contained traveller, carrying with him all he required. "It is not the patron. Because such a hatred as his cannot be spoken of. It is not your husband, because Napoleon is his god."

He broke off, with one of his violent jerks of the head, almost threatening to dislocate his neck, and looked at her fixedly.

"It is because you have grown into a woman since I went away." And out came his accusing finger, though Desiree had her back turned toward him, and there was none other to see.

"Ah!" he said, with deadly contempt, "I see! I see!"

"Did you expect me to grow up into a man?" asked Desiree, over her shoulder.

Barlasch stood in the doorway, his lips and jaw moving as if he were masticating winged words. At length, having failed to find a tremendous answer, he softly closed the door.

This was not the only wise old veteran of the Grand Army to see which way the wind blew; for many another, after the battle of Malo-Jaroslavetz, packed upon his back such spoil as he could carry and set off on foot for France. For the cold had come at length, and not a horse in the French army was roughed for the snowy roads, nor, indeed, had provision been made to rough them. This was a sign not lost upon those who had horses to care for. The Emperor, who forgot nothing, had forgotten this. He who foresaw everything, omitted to foresee the winter. He had ordered a retreat from Moscow, in the middle of October, of an army in summer clothing, without provision for the road. The only hope was to retreat through a new line of country, not despoiled of every grain of corn, every blade of grass, by the enormous army in its advance. But this hope was frustrated by the Russians, who, hemming them in, forced them to keep the road along which they made so triumphant a march on Moscow.

Already, in the ranks, it was whispered that by the light of the burning city some had perceived dark forms moving on the distant plains—a Russian army passing westward in front of them to await and cut them off at the passage of some river. The Russians had fought well at Borodino: they fought desperately at Malo-Jaroslavetz, which town was taken and re-taken eleven times, and fell in cinders.

(To be continued.)

A Rise in Corn

Always follows the use of Putnam's Corn Extractor, which cures all kinds of Corns in 24 hours, without pain. Putnam's gives the best results. Use it.

At the meeting of the city laborers' union last night, Oliver McAfee was elected vice-president, and Daniel Bonner, recording secretary. The rest of the officers of the union were, by a unanimous vote of the meeting, continued until May.

Dr. Thos. Walker left for Montreal last night.

HOLIDAY DINNER SETS.

Opening This week,

3 NEW PATTERNS.

Special Prices:

$5.75, $7.25 and $11.50.

W. H. HAYWARD CO., Ltd., 85, 87, 89, 91, 93 Princess Street.

COAL.

Steamer "Restigouche" Has Arrived from Sydney with a Cargo of Fresh Mined

Old Mine Sydney Coal.

The Gold Seal Mine Certificate of the quality of the celebrated Coal can be seen at our office.

Special discount on lots of two chaldrons or more.

GIBBON & CO., SMYTHE STREET and 6 1-2 Charlotte Street.

Hamilton Ell Scotch Soft Coal Landing.

Scotch & American Anthracite

GEORGE DICK, 48 Britain St. Foot of Germain St. Telephone 1116

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT SAMUEL ROMANOFF, doing business in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, dry goods merchant, made an assignment to the undersigned, JOHN A. SINCLAIR, of the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, barrister-at-law, on the seventh day of December instant, of all the estate, property and effects and credits of the said Samuel Romanoff, for the benefit of his creditors, without preference, under the provisions of Chapter 141, of the Consolidated Statutes of New Brunswick, 1903; and a meeting of the creditors of the said Samuel Romanoff will be held at the offices of MACRAE & SINCLAIR, the Pugsley Building, Princess street, in said City of Saint John, on Wednesday the twentieth day of December, A. D. 1905, at three o'clock in the afternoon, for the appointment of inspectors, and the giving directions with reference to disposal of said estate, and for the transaction of such other business as shall properly come before such meeting.

And further, take notice, that all creditors are required to file their claims, duly proven, with the undersigned assignee within three months from the date of this notice, unless further time be allowed by a Judge of the Supreme or County Court, and that all claims not filed within the time limited or such further time, if any, as may be allowed by any such judge, shall be wholly barred of any right to share in the proceeds of the estate, and the assignee shall be at liberty to distribute the proceeds of the estate as if no such claim existed, but without prejudice to the liabilities of the debtors therefor.

Dated at St. John, this ninth day of December, A. D. 1905.

JOHN A. SINCLAIR
Assignee.

FOR HOLIDAY TRADE.

We offer a choice selection of Ales, Wines, Spirits, etc.:—
Champagnes, Clarets, Sauternes, Burgundies, Ports, Sherries, Madeiras, Tarragonas.
Scotch, Irish, Rye and Bourbon Whiskies; Brandies, Rums, Gins, etc., etc.
English Ales, Irish Stouts.
Mail and telephone orders attended to promptly. Prices Low.

M. A. FINN, 110 and 112 Prince William St.

You Can Be Cured ---of--- Dyspepsia

IF YOU TAKE HERNER'S DYSPEPSIA CURE.

Some of the best doctors have endorsed it. Price 35c. and $1.00.

At ALL DRUGGISTS.

Telephone Subscribers.

Please add to your directories:

450 Central Fish Store, Sydney street.
1568 Crown Life Insur. Co., Robertson & Burleigh, managers, Prince Wm.
1579B Cosman, Miss J. E., residence, Peter street.
1141b Dewitt Bros., produce dealers, Fairville.
1425 Ketchum, Miss A., residence, King street, East.
1404 Lake, J. O., grocer, cor. Elliott Row and Pitt street.
1674 Mowry Bailey Nut Co., office Prince Wm. St.
1057 McKechnie Jas., residence, High street.
1151 Warrburv[illegible] Rising, office and wha[illegible] King street.

McMACKIN, Local Manager.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

From Liverpool. From St. John, N.B.

Dec. 5 .. LAKE ERIE.....Jan. 23
Dec. 19 .. LAKE MANITOBA.....Jan. 6
Jan. 2 .. LAKE CHAMPLAIN.....Jan. 20
Jan. 16 .. LAKE ERIE.....Feb. 3
Jan. 30 .. LAKE MANITOBA.....Feb. 17
Feb. 13 .. LAKE CHAMPLAIN.....Mar. 3
Feb. 27 .. LAKE ERIE.....Mar. 17
Mar. 13 .. LAKE MANITOBA.....Mar. 31
Mar. 27 .. LAKE CHAMPLAIN.....Apr. 14
Apr. 10 .. LAKE ERIE.....Apr. 28

FIRST CABIN—To Liverpool, $47.50 and $50 and upwards, according to steamer.
Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
SECOND CABIN—To Liverpool, $40; London, $42.50.
THIRD CLASS. — To Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Belfast, Londonderry, and Queenstown, $28.50 From Liverpool, London or Londonderry to St. John, $27.50. To and from all other points at equally low rates.

ST. JOHN TO LONDON.
S. S. Mount Temple, Dec. 19. Third Cabin only.
S. S. Lake Michigan, Jan. 16. Third Cabin only.
Rates same as via Liverpool.

For tickets and further information apply to W. H. C. MacKay, St. John, N. B., or write F. R. PERRY, D. P. A., St. John, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS!

Lowest One-Way First-Class Fare FOR ROUND TRIP

Going Dec. 22, 1905, to Jan. 1, 1906, inclusive, good to return until Jan. 3, 1906.
Between all Stations on Atlantic Division, and Eastern Division to and including Montreal.
Also, from and to Stations on D. A. R. and I. C. R.

To Stations West of Montreal.

LOWEST ONE-WAY FIRST-CLASS FARE.

Dec. 23, 24, 25, 1905, inclusive; good for return until Dec. 26, 1905. Also on Dec. 30 and 31, 1905, and Jan. 1, 1906, good for return until Jan. 2, 1906.
LOWEST ONE-WAY FIRST-CLASS FARE TO MONTREAL, ADDED TO LOWEST ONE-WAY FIRST-CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD FROM MONTREAL.
Dec. 22, 23, 24 and 25; also Dec. 29, 30 and 31, 1905, and Jan. 1, 1906, good for return until Jan. 3, 1906.
Full particulars on
Application to W. H. C. MacKay, St. John, N. B.
or F. R. PERRY, D. P. A., C. P. R., ST. JOHN, N. B.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, OCT. 15th, 1905, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

No. 2—Express for Halifax, Sydney and Campbellton 7.00
No. 6—Mixed train to Moncton 7.35
No. 26—Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou 12.25
No. 8—Express for Sussex 17.10
No. 134—Express for Quebec and Montreal 19.00
No. 10—Express for Moncton, Sydney and Halifax 23.25

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

No. 9—From Halifax and Sydney 6.30
No. 7—Express from Sussex 9.00
No. 133—Express from Montreal and Quebec 12.45
No. 5—Mixed from Moncton 16.00
No. 25—Express from Halifax, Pictou, Pt. du Chene and Campbellton 17.40
No. 1—Express from Moncton 21.20
No. 11—Mixed from Moncton (daily) .. 4.00

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time. 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.
Moncton, N. B., Oct. 12, 1905.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, 3 King street, St. John, N. B., Telephone 271.
GEORGE CARVILL, C. T. A.

MAH-PU MINERAL WATER

Pure because it comes from a depth of 268 feet.

It cures RHEUMATISM, GOUT, KIDNEY and Intestinal Disorders.

Mah-pu Mineral Water Is sold by all druggists.

See that the bottle has our label and capsule.

The Mah-pu Mineral Springs Co., (LIMITED.)

FRANK P. VAUGHAN, ELECTRICAL ENGINEER AND CONTRACTOR.
5 Mill St., St. John, N. B.
Telephone No. 319.
Crocker & Wheeler Dynamos and Motors, Telephones, Annunciators, and Bells. Wireing in all its branches.