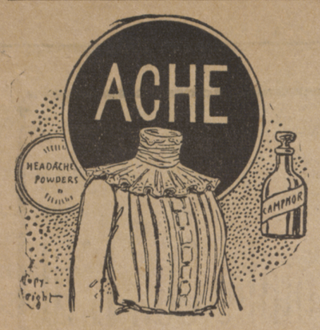


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to be as efficacious, if not superior to any preparation on the market. One powder will cure a very stubborn headache. Price —— per ——

**Alonzo Stables**

York Street Drug Store


## 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 160 acres, more or less.

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

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. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

May 8—d6md6mos.


CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

ATLANTIC DIVISION

ALL RAIL LINE To Boston, etc. | THE SHORT LINE To Montreal.

IMPERIAL LIMITED ROUTE

TO THE PACIFIC COAST

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect, May , 190 .

Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

6.25 a m—Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points north; Edmundston, Riviere du Loup and Quebec, Bangor, Portland and Boston. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jct. to Boston.

8.30 a. m—Mixed, via Gibson Branch, for Woodstock and north; Presque Isle, Edmundston, Riviere du Loup and Quebec. Leaves St. Mary's 8.15 a. m.

11 a. m.—Express for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Atlantic Express for St. John and points East. Atlantic Express will not stop between Fredericton Junction and Fairville. Palace Sleeper Fredericton Junction to Halifax Dining Car, Fredericton Junction to Truro.

4.15 p. m—Mixed for Fredericton Jct., connecting with Short Line Express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and with Imperial Limited and Pacific Express from Montreal for the West, Northwest and Pacific Coast. Also connects for Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc; St. Stephen, (St. Anrews after July 1st.) Houlton and Woodstock. Palace Sleeper Fredericton Jct. to Montreal. C.P.R. Dining Car Fredericton Junction to Mattawamkeag. Pullman Sleeper Fredericton Jct. to Boston.

9.00 p. m.—Express for St. John and East. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jct. to St. John.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON

8.35 a m—From Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, (St. Andrews after July 1st.); Woodstock and Houlton.

4.35 p. m.—From St. John and east.

7.45 p. m.—From Woodstock and all points north via Gibson Branch. Arrives at St Mary's 8.10 p. m.

Dist. Pass. Agent, St. John, N.B

C. E. E. USSHER, G. P. A., Montreal.



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

Fac Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.
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**Herald Office.**


# Love Is Enough

By O. R. PHELPS

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"Shut your eyes tight while I tell you a story," Alwyn commanded. "It begins as stories ought always to begin, 'Once upon a time'"—

"Dear me! I know I shan't like it. Those 'once upon a time' things have grown to be such a bore!" Lolita murmured plaintively, but without in the least checking the story teller.

He ran on, his eyes fixed high above her head, "A foolish fellow, foolisher than the common, set himself to hate wisdom, whose other name is woman"—

"He got his come-uppance, of course. They always do in stories, never out of them," Lolita interjected dispassionately.

This time Alwyn laughed. "Whose other name is woman—woman," he repeated with all the emphasis of capitals. "But you're dead wrong. He got no come-uppance. It was rather his ill luck to come down very hard—so hard he groveled in the dust when one particular woman looked him over without seeing him. That has happened, let me see, about three times a day for full six weeks. Result"—

"One hundred and twenty-six grovels, if your figures can be trusted. I doubt it. I doubt, indeed, if there is anything trustworthy about you," Lolita flashed at him, with a smile so coyly engaging it took all the sting from her speech. "Suppose you stop being tiresome," she went on. "I don't ask you to be sensible, I'm so far from sensible myself. But let's get away from the eternal me. There must be such lots of things better worth while."

"What will you have? Shall I discourse on 'ships and shoes and sealing wax and cabbages and kings?'" Alwyn asked, his voice submissive enough, but dancing rebellion in his eyes.

Lolita smiled demurely. "I think," she said, with an air of grave reflection, "if you don't mind, I had rather hear things about Gordon Fleming."

"There's nothing I can tell you—he's so openly, so offensively, so disgustingly rich—and so patiently in love with you," Alwyn burst out.

Lolita gave him a sidewise look. "Are you sure?" she murmured. "Don't you see it would be cruel to experiment with my credulity?"

"As cruel as your experiments with my affection?" Alwyn flung back at her, trying to speak tragically, but laughing in spite of himself. What a rogue she was to play with him so. She loved him almost as he loved her. It had been instantaneous—they had hardly more than looked at each other when eye spoke to eye, heart to heart. But she had flouted him daintily all along, thereby making him more than ever captive. And he in turn had teased and vexed her, now with exaggerated and open devotion, now with reproofs for wholly imaginary faults. Really he did not think she could own a fault—she seemed to him perfect and altogether lovely. But in spite of his overcoming, he had wit enough to see that tame and abject devotion would never suit her—he must show himself a man of spirit and temper else he would be no man for her.

It was ten days since they had come together at the Glenwold house party, ten blissful days of Lolita and love. Incidentally there had been walks, rides, drives, golfing and moonlit maunderings. Mrs. Arklow, Glenwood's chatelaine, had looked on in smiling approval. Lolita had but a scant fortune, and Alwyn, though not overrich, was clearly at the beginning of a great career. Were not the Flemings, father and son, behind him, the Flemings who had millions in hand and the potentiality of other millions in their mere approval? Gordon Fleming, the son, was well in the middle age; he had married very early—as had his father before him—but it had turned out very badly. In a year there had been a separation, later the threat of divorce, but fate stepped in to save the family pride. The wife sailed away on a ship that went down at sea. She had not been heard of in the fifteen years since, so it was safely assumed that she was among the lost. None of the few survivors had any knowledge of her; she was, moreover, so slight and frail she could hardly have lived through the terror.

Morally and legally her husband was free—to love, to woo, to marry, if he chose. So far he had not chosen. Indeed, until Lolita came in his way women had been to him as shadows—shadows which must be well and tenderly used, but given no further thought. Her freshness, her unspoiled fairness, her simple natural charm, had swept him off his feet as completely as they had bowled over Alwyn. At first he had seemed to see how the land lay between the pair and contented himself with standing aside to watch their delight in each other. But for three days past he had shown a disposition to enter the lists—a disposition which roused in Alwyn rather pity than apprehension. Lolita knew—that was his sure hope—knew what it was to love, to be loved. All Fleming's millions were no offset to the knowledge. Still, it did no harm to make believe he was in fear of them.

Lolita looked at him in silence for a minute, her face the while subtly changing. It smiled still, but with no mirth in the smile, and the dimples and curves somehow shaped themselves to firmer lines. At last she said abruptly:

"Don't you see I have to marry him? If I don't, I shall marry you, and that will be your ruin. Don't interrupt. I must say it all at once—I have not promised, but that's how it will end. Last night I had a letter, a home letter. You know we're desperately poor rich folk, which is much worse than being poor outright. Mother has heard how things are. That made her tell me things—things I had never guessed—of debts, privations, humiliations she has endured to make me what I am, something to retrieve our fortunes. Mr. Fleming has written asking her leave to court me. She gave it, of course, in her own dignified, diplomatic way. I am free to choose. If I choose to take him the choice will meet her approval. Oh, I know it all by heart"—

"I know by heart you are not going to do it. You can't," Alwyn broke in, his face gray and lined. Lolita looked away from him, shaking her head. But after a minute she sprang up, saying, with a laugh that was half a sob: "Come, I want one more walk—down past the dovecot. And while we walk we won't talk or think of things."

"Least of all Gordon Fleming," Alwyn said, taking her hand. But somehow it proved easier to say than to do it. By the time they came opposite the dovecot Fleming's name had been many times on their lips.

The dovecot was a detached cottage set thickly about with trees and flowering shrubs and so stoutly hedged passersby got but glimpses of the interior. The house was smothered in vines, and either upon the piazza or in a small sunny lawn space upon clear days there appeared a wheel chair with a helpless man in it and a woman, slight and frail, hovering about him. Today she was invisible, although the chair stood in its usual place. Sight of it, thus desolate, somehow hushed the pair who walked outside. A feeling of something imminent fell upon them. It was hardly a surprise to find the woman herself standing with the gate half open or to have her beckon them inside.

"I heard what you were saying—you two—I could not help it—there in the raspberry thicket," she said abruptly; then, her eyes fast on Lolita's face, "And I had to call you in—because—because I am Gordon Fleming's wife—and I couldn't see you, so young, so fresh, make a bitter mistake."

"His wife!" Alwyn echoed, with staring eyes. "Why, his wife has been at the bottom of the sea this long, long time."

"So he believes; so he must always believe," the woman said hushedly, with a backward glance at the sleeping occupant of the chair. "I should be there if I had gone on that ship, but I didn't sail; I was not strong enough. Listen. I married without love, and I did love somebody else, yet that was not what made the break. I never saw the man I loved until it was all over with my husband. Gordon is a good man, but we did not suit. He is unyielding. If you do not bend to him you must break. And I was impatient and quick spoken and young and unhappy. He could not understand my unhappiness when he had given me so much. He gave me everything but liberty to enjoy it in my own way. If I had not left him I should have killed myself. That might have been better, yet I can't be sorry when I look there."

As she spoke she waved her hand toward the sleeper. "He would have nothing, nobody, if I had died," she murmured, her voice breaking from its tense hardness. "I was going away to escape him. Then at the very last I heard that he had been so hurt he would never walk again. I went to him at once. I have been with him ever since. The ship went down. It seemed the only kindness, the best return I could make Gordon, to let him think I was among the lost. I should never have spoken to any one in any other case. Don't, don't," laying a light and withered hand timidly on Lolita's arm, "let anything make you go against your heart. There are women made to be bartered. You are not of them. Believe me, I am happier here—nurse, drudge, sole stay of a human wreck—than was or would be the mistress of millions with a dead heart in my breast."

Alwyn bared his head. Lolita drew the wasted face to her breast and held it there while her tears rained down upon it. "How can I thank you for saving me?" she whispered at last.

The woman gently loosed herself from the girl's clasp and pointed toward the gate. "Go and forget that you came in and all things save one," she said. "But remember love is enough and only love!"

### The Gray Parrot.

The home of the gray parrot, an interesting but sadly ill used creature, is in sunny central Africa, from the Kongo and Guinea coast to the east of Lake Nyassa. Here the "pretty Pollies" fly in flocks, as rooks and pigeons do in England, for they are very friendly birds. The birds when caught are huddled together and carried to the coast. Such as are still alive on reaching it are packed, generally without mercy or pity, in the holds of ships or are stowed away in any corner on board where space can be found, to suffer torments from want of air, want of light, want of proper food and space to spread their wings, and, worst of all, lack of water, which they dearly love. The wings of many wretched, suffering birds brought to this country are tied so as to prevent them from fluttering and spoiling their beauty. Choking, gasping, stifling from heat or shivering with damp and cold, hundreds upon hundreds die on their way to this country. It has been said by a famous bird fancier that hardly one in a thousand survives the terrible sufferings which gray parrots undergo on their way from their own land to the cage in England.—Our Animal Brothers.

# HUMOR

## BY THE LITTLE ONES.

### Some Clever Sayings Taken From Mouths of Babes.

Mamma—You have been very naughty today, Tommy.

Tommy—Shucks! I could have been twice as naughty if I had wanted to.

One day small Elmer was given a portion of tripe for lunch prepared according to the Spanish method.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed after tasting it. "Ain't we got nothin' to eat but this old sour bath towel, mamma?"

Little Elsie—Mamma, how much do people pay a pound for babies?

Mamma—Babies are not sold by the pound, my dear.

Little Elsie—Then why do they always weigh them as soon as they are born?

Teacher (junior grammar class)—Johnny, what gender is "phonograph?"

Johnny—Feminine gender.

Teacher—No, no; it's neuter.

Johnny—Well, it ought to be feminine, 'cause it repeats everything it hears.—Chicago News.

### His Sharp Retort.

One day as Pat halted at the top of the river bank a man famous for his inquisitiveness stopped and asked, "How long have you hauled water for the village, my good man?" "Tin years, sor." "Ah, how many loads do you take in a day?" "From tin to fifteen, sor." "Ah, yes; now I have the problem for you. How much water at this rate have you hauled in all, sir?" The driver of the watering cart jerked his thumb backward toward the river and replied, "All the water you don't see there now, sor."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Not a Loafer.

"Mr. Schirk," said his wife's mother sternly, "Mary tells me that you won't help her at all; that you won't even hold the baby."

"That ain't so," replied Schirk. "Why, I held it for her quite a long while last evening."

"Indeed? How long?"

"Why long enough for her to go down cellar an' git a scuttle o' coal."—Philadelphia Press.

### Knowledge and Judgment.

"A woman should regard her husband as a man of superior knowledge and sound judgment," remarked the earnest and sincere woman.

"Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins, "but it's hard to do it when the races are in town."—Washington Star.

### Too Much For Her.

Miss Gabbie—Miss Passay is getting better, I'm told.

Miss Knox—Yes, I really believe she was scared back to life. She probably realized if she died her exact age would be published in the papers.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Nothin' Doin'.

Jack—I proposed to Miss Straightlace the other evening, and she insisted on my giving up drinking, smoking and automobiling on Sundays.

Tom—Well?

Jack—So I gave up the idea of marrying her.—Chicago News.

### The Ship's Concert.

The Captain (of the Hilaria)—This is my five hundredth trip across the Atlantic.

The Theatrical Manager (absently)—Dot's a pretty fair run. Vot are you going to gif away free for soufenirs?—Puck.

### His Vacation.

Wiggles—When do you take your vacation this year?

Waggles—I don't know exactly. My wife hasn't decided yet just when she will go away.—Somerville Journal.

### Posted.

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "can you tell me the most difficult thing to acquire in autoing?"

"The auto!" came a chorus of yells.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

### A Still Country.

"These moonshiners are very quiet while they are giving the alarm about the approach of the revenue officers."

"Sort of a still alarm, eh?"—Chicago News.

### Funny Girl.

She—Norah is as puzzle.

He—Yes. I know three men who have given her up.—Chips.

### Should Get One.

Blobbs—I am all run down.

Slobbs—Why don't you get an automobile yourself?—Philadelphia Record.

### The Simple Bride.

Bride (after the return from the bridal tour)—I see by this medical work that a man requires eight hours' sleep and a woman ten. Bridegroom—Yes, I've read that somewhere myself. Bride—How nice! You can get up every morning and have the fire made and the breakfast ready before it is time for me to get up.—London Tit-Bits.

### Not the Real Thing.

"Did you enjoy your last honeymoon?" asked the inquisitive friend.

"Honeymoon, fiddlesticks!" rejoined the ex-widow. "Why, it was a regular glucose and wax affair."—Chicago News.

### A Financial Answer.

"Where's a good place to go for a summer outing?"

"Oh, I guess you'll be out about the same wherever you go!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## MAILS CLOSING

6 a.m.—For St. John, etc., St. Stephen and Charlotte Co., Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska Counties, and United States.

7.00 a.m.—Woodstock and Gibson Branch Stations, daily.

WAY MAILS—East Side St. John River.

7.00 a.m.—For Keswick Ridge, Southampton, etc., Mondays and Thursdays.

West Side St. John River.

7.00 a.m.—For Springhill, Kingsclear, Prince William, etc., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

7.30 a.m.—St. John River via Steamer.—For Oromocto, Sheffield, Gagetown, etc.

8.45 a.m.—St. John, etc. C. P. Railway Stations, East Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.

10 a.m.—For St. Marys Ferry, Gibson and Marysville.

WAY MAILS.

2 p.m.—For Nashwaaksis and St. Marys Ferry, daily. Nasonworth, New Maryland, Hanwell, Lower St. Marys and Royal Road. Wednesdays and Saturdays.

3.30 p.m.—For Gibson, Marysville, Boiestown, Doaktown, Blackville, etc., Chatham and I. C. Railway Stations north and south.

4.30 p. m.—For St. Stephen, Woodstock, United States, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and North West Provinces.

8.15 p.m.—For St. John, etc., Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.

4 p. m.—British Mails via New York, Mondays and Thursdays.

## MAILS RECEIVED.

9.00 a.m.—From St. John, etc., and Nova Scotia. From Hamtown, Royal Road, etc.

11.00 a.m.—From Nasonworth and New Maryland. Wednesdays and Saturdays.

11.30 a.m.—From Montreal, Ottawa, North West Provinces, etc., and United States.

1.05 a.m.—From I. C. Railway Stations, North Shore and Quebec.
St. John River via Steamer,—

5 p.m.—From Oromocto, Sheffield, Gagetown, etc.

9.05 p.m.—From Woodstock and Gibson Branch Stations, Daily.

8.45 p.m.—From Nova Scotia, P. E Island and St. John.

WAY MAILS.

7.00 p.m.—West Side River St. John.—From Meductic and Way Offices. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
St. John.—From Woodstock and Way Offices, Tuesdays and Fridays.


**McGale's Butternut Pills**

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