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Alonzo Staples

York Street Drug Store

NOTES OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 36, 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 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 residence 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 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.



ATLANTIC DIVISION

ALL RAIL LINES THE SHORTEST LINE
To Boston, etc. To Montreal.

IMPERIAL LIMITED ROUTE
TO THE PACIFIC COAST

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS
In Effect Oct. 14th, 1906.

Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated.

DEPARTURE.
6.20 a. m.—Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North; Port Fairfield, Carleton Place, Presque Isle, Plaster Rock and Edmundston; Bangor, Portland and Boston. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jet. to Boston.

10.40 a. m.—Mixed, via Gibson Branch, for Woodstock and North; Presque Isle, Plaster Rock, Edmundston, etc. Leaves St. Mary's 8.30 a. m.

9.50 a. m.—Express for Fredericton Junction connecting with Atlantic Express for St. John and points East. Palace Sleeper, Fredericton Jet. to Halifax, N. S. Dining Car, Fredericton Jet. to Truro, N. S.

5.50 p. m.—Mixed for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Short Line Express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and with Western and Pacific Expresses from Montreal for the West, Northwest and Pacific Coast; also connects for Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc., St. Stephen, and Woodstock. Palace Sleeper, Fredericton Jet. to Montreal, C. P. & Dining Car, Fredericton Jet. to Mattawamkeag. Pullman Sleeper, Fredericton Jet. to Boston.

10.00 p. m.—Express for St. John and points East. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jet. to St. John.

ARRIVALS
10.30 a. m.—From St. John and East.

11.45 a. m.—From Montreal and West Boston, St. Stephen, Woodstock and Houlton.

3.10 p. m.—From St. John and East.

4.50 p. m.—From Woodstock and points North, via Gibson Branch. Arrives at St. Mary's at 5.15 p. m.

8.00 p. m.—From Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton.

W. B. HOWARD,
Act. District Passenger Agent,
St. John, N. B.
C. E. E. USHER,
General Passenger Agent,
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COFFINS, CASKETS AND FUNERAL FURNISHINGS, HEARSE IN CONNECTION, AVAILABLE AT ALL HOURS. PICTURES FRAMED AND MOUNTED PROMPTLY.
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UP TOWN, OFF. PEOPLES' BANK

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EDDY'S
SILENTS or HEADLIGHTS
Always ask your Grocer for one of these if you want an Odorless Match fit for parlor use.
Eddy's Fuse's will stand wind or rain. The Torch for Campers.
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Herald Office.



(Continued.)

They parted as they had met, without greeting, but had the Chevalier followed her he would have seen that the woman went in the direction of "The Cook with the Spurs of Gold." It was probably because he already knew this that he returned to the palace.

All this time Denise had sat crushed and sad, alone in the antechamber. Nor did she know that Andre had stood for some minutes in the doorway looking at her, had twice stepped forward to speak, had twice restrained himself, and finally had left her to her tears and her silence.

But the one person whom he did not desire to meet found him out by accident at this moment.

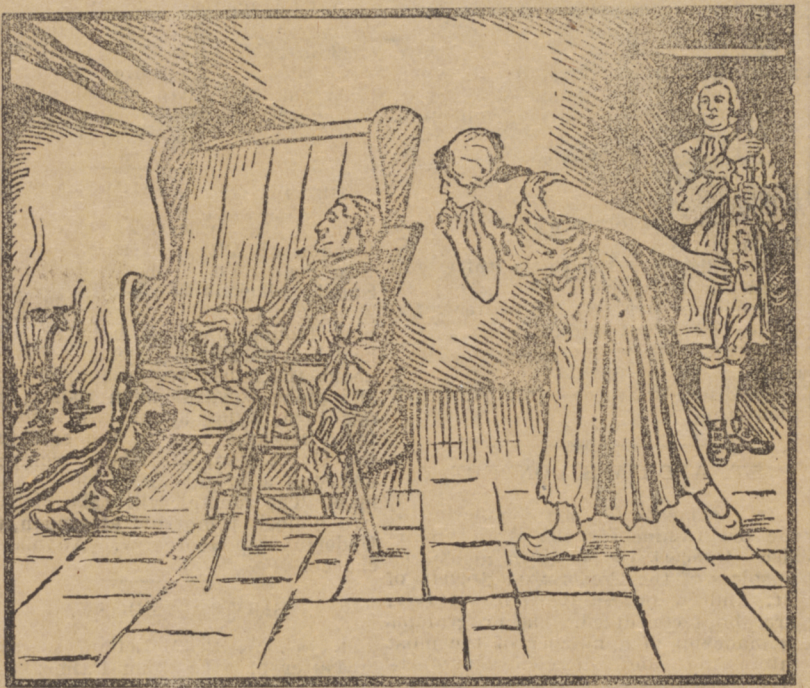
"Vicente," the Comtesse des Forges called softly, "will you do me a favor?" Andre smiled with skillful hypocrisy. The Comtesse was looking her best, and her heavy-lidded eyes were bright with admiration and an exquisite suggestion of self-surrender. "A favor," she repeated, "which is also a secret. You will promise not to betray me."

Andre took her hand to his lips for answer. The jewel on the lady's breast gently rose and fell, echoing tenderly the coy trembling of her fingers. It was not the first time these two had played with passion, heedless of the future, but Andre swiftly recognized that this evening it would not be play, pastime or pleasure.

"We have a petition to the King," the Comtesse said in her silkiest tones, "a petition from the Court praying His Majesty to dismiss that woman, and we want you to present it. His Majesty will listen to you more than to any other."

Andre still held her hand; the devotion in his face was intended to conceal his thoughts. For the crisis that he feared had come. This petition to the King from the Court was also an ultimatum to himself from his friends.

"It will be useless," he said, "if I do not have the King's signature."



Denise, with a finger to her lips, holding her petticoats off the floor, stole in, and behind her a stranger.

"The petition."

"No—no! You can succeed with the King—you! Andre," she pleaded with a thrill of genuine passion, "do it to please me. You know I can be grateful."

"I cannot," he replied, controlling himself, "not even to please you, Gabrielle."

"You will not desert your friends and me—me!" she asked, a menace creeping into her languorous voice. "Andre, it is impossible, surely impossible."

"I cannot present the petition," he answered. Jealousy, fear, anger, swept the passion out of her eyes. "You are afraid?" she demanded, with biting scorn.

"Yes, I am afraid," he assented, and if the Comtesse had not lost her self-control she must have detected the delicate irony in his grave bow.

"Ah!" she stepped back. "Ah! If Denise had asked you, you would have consented."

"No," he corrected with a freezing pride. "I would not permit the Marquise de Beau Sejour even to make the request."

The answer surprised and delighted her. Yet, woman though she was, the Comtesse failed to read what lay behind it, and in her determination to win she now made a stupid mistake.

"I would save you, Andre," she whispered, "because—" she laid a jeweled hand on his sleeve and dropped her eyes slowly. "They will ruin you unless you consent!"

Why break with the past, the present, and the future? Andre hesitated, but only for a moment.

"I cannot present the petition," he answered curtly.

"Very well," she shrugged her shoulders in disdainful wrath. "Very well, I shall not ask you a second time. You understand, so do I."

"Adieu!" he said, raising her fingers, but she snatched them back and swept him a cold curtsy.

"Soit!" Andre was saying to himself as his spurs rang in the empty corridor, "c'est la guerre! Soit!" The die was cast. Madame de Pompadour was his only friend now. Henceforward the Court, his friends, his class, the women whom he had loved, would be his bitterest foes. And it was to that one friend that he now turned. Yet, careful as he was, he was unaware that the

Comtesse had followed him stealthily, had marked his entry by the secret door, and returned to the Duke of Pontchartrain with the news.

Madame de Pompadour was alone. "You have something to say?" she questioned eagerly.

Andre related what had just passed and Madame laughed. "Ah, my friend," she remarked gaily, "it will need more than a petition to-day." She flung herself back into her chair, her wonderful eyes ablaze with a magnificently carnal consciousness of victorious beauty and power. "And the Comtesse de Nerae cannot go back now," she added with a sudden gravity. "The priests, the nobles, the officers might forgive you, but a woman, a comtesse, will neither forget nor forgive, never!"

"Yes, Madame," Andre said, "I am in your hands."

Madame de Pompadour moved swiftly towards him. "And I in yours," she whispered.

The perfect music of her voice, the grace of her figure, the flash in her eyes, were irresistible. Compared with this radiant, triumphant goddess of a royal love, even Gabrielle des Forges seemed a bloodless, heartless puppet.

"I have more to say," Andre proceeded, "I verily believe I am on the track of 'No. 101.' She turned sharply, her breath came quickly. "Yvonne," she added, "Yvonne is proving very useful. I have learned from her that the English have a spy, an agent in Paris, that he frequents 'The Cook with the Spurs of Gold,' that he has a paid servant at the palace. Before long I mean to have that spy in fetters, and then—" he laughed.

"Good—good!" Madame clapped her hands. "It is only what I suspected. And the wench, Yvonne, is she in it?"

"She is a simple girl, Madame, and I cannot say yet. But in another week I shall know more."

"Do not be in a hurry. It is pleasant cajoling the truth from a wench, n'est-ce pas? We must act with ex-

trema caution, it is a matter of life and death for you and me. I, too, have not been idle. Listen. The King's secret is mine."

Andre looked at her sorely puzzled. Madame invited him to sit beside her on the settee. "What is that secret?" she began. "Simply this: Behind the ministers' backs, contrary indeed to their despatches and their public statements, His Majesty is intriguing with the Jacobites and others too. More, His Majesty both in Paris and elsewhere spies on his own servants and frequently thwarts them. The Chevalier was his secretary and confidant. But there will be no more Chevalier. There will henceforth only be—" she sprung up with a dramatic gesture, "the Marquise de Pompadour."

"But why," asked Andre slowly, "why does His Majesty do it?"

"God knows. It is his foible, his passion. So long as he had secrets from me I was in constant peril. To-day I have learned all that there is."

"And now," she paused, "and now, please Heaven, the King will be in my hands alone."

Andre was beginning to understand. "The King, in fact," he commented, "says one thing to the English ministers who desire peace and another to the Jacobites; that may prove desperately dangerous if it is discovered."

"Exactly. And the master of his secret is master of His Majesty. Ah, my friend, my foes are learning that already, but it will need some sharper lessons before they submit. They shall have those lessons, I promise you. I have accepted the challenge of the Court and we shall see what we shall see."

"Yes, Madame," Andre said with sincere admiration, "you will be what you desire to be, the ruler of France."

Madame de Pompadour drifted into a silent reverie. The dreams could be read in her parted lips and faint smile as the soft light played on every supple curve which this woman's genius knew how to suggest with such subtle restraint.

"But one person can destroy me," she remarked presently; "No. 101."

Andre was startled by the gravity of her voice. "It is the truth," she was speaking now with nervous rapidity.

"If, which God forbid, the King's secret intrigues are betrayed by treachery, to save his honor and himself he will, must, find a victim. That victim will be I. Yes, yes, I know the game is

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In short "Golden Medical Discovery" regulates, purifies and invigorates the whole system and thus cures a very large range of diseases. The reason *Why* it cures such a varied list of diseases is made clear in a little booklet of extracts from the leading medical authorities, compiled by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., and which he will be pleased to send post-paid and entirely free to any who send him their names and addresses.

You can't afford to accept a substitute of unknown composition for this non-secret medicine of known composition.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Druggists sell them, and nothing is "just as good." They are the original Little Liver Pills first put up by old Dr. Pierce over 40 years ago. Much imitated, but never equalled. They are tiny sugar-coated granules—easy to take as candy.

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dangerous, but play it must because the King insists. Vicente, 'No. 101' must never, never succeed in securing any of the King's secrets as has happened in the past."

"Surely, Madame, you and I can prevent that."

"Can we? Can we? Vicente, I am not a coward nor a fool, but I feel in the poisonous air of this Court, surrounded by deadly enemies, my fate at the mercy of the King's caprice, that I am fighting not with flesh and blood but with a foe mysterious, superhuman, invincible. And I repeat, should the King's secret be betrayed by 'No. 101' to my enemies I am ruined."

"I am confident," Andre answered, "that not only can I baffle that traitor but that I can discover him."

Madame de Pompadour studied his calm, handsome face. Then the count seemed suddenly to swim in the glories of a golden dawn. "My friend," she cried, holding out both her hands impulsively, "I believe you. Did not Antony teach me you are a man?"

"And it taught me—" he began softly.

"Hush!" she whispered over into an adorable coquetry. "You are not the King yet, not yet, though—" it was the vivandiere of Fontenoy whose saucy eyes and curtsy finished the sentence.

"When you are victorious, Madame," Andre said, "I shall ask for one favor."

"But only one! Dare I grant it beforehand?"

"There was now the refined Marquise of a remorselessly critical Versailles. "You can take your revenge on the Court, Madame, as you please, but you must spare," she put down her fan and waited anxiously, "the Marquise de Beau Sejour."

There was silence for a minute. "A woman, a haughty, petted beauty," she murmured, "and my bitterest foe. Are you aware that Madame de Denise is the soul of the party that would destroy me, the close friend of the Chevalier de St. Amant, and no friend to you."

Madame de Pompadour came close to him. "She is not worthy of you," she said quietly, "she does not love you."

"Madame, I love her."

"And if I refuse to forego my just vengeance on her?" she awaited his answer with anxiety wreathed in tempting smiles.

"I will share her fate if she will permit it," he answered simply.

"Chivalrous fool!" she retorted, and she was not wholly jesting. "No woman is worth the sacrifice of such a man as you."

"Pardon, Madame. Every man who loves a woman perhaps is a fool, but the folly is a folly inspired by God and it leads to heaven."

The answer surprised her and for the moment she faltered between tears and laughter. "I will not ask again," Andre said in a low voice, "for I trust you, Marquise. Adieu!"

She hardly heeded his salute, and Andre was already in the dark on the secret stairs when he felt a sharp touch on his shoulder. "Be loyal to me, for!" she whispered pleadingly into his ear. "Give me the secret."

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and she laid it on her breast. In the dark, hush Andre could feel the fierce beating of that insurgent, ambitious heart.

"Swear," she whispered. "Swear with your hand there that you will be loyal also to me, to Antoinette de Pompadour."

"I swear." Two words, but two words between a man and a woman can sweep a soul into hell or lift it to heaven.

"The heart of the Pompadour," she murmured. "Can any man or woman read it? Can she read it herself? God knows. Take care, take care of yourself, my friend," she added with a sudden wistful pathos. "You alone I can trust. Adieu!"

"The heart of the Pompadour," Andre muttered as he stole back to the Queen's apartments. "The heart of the Pompadour." What, indeed, was there not written there of passion and ambition? Only a woman's heart. Yes, but one of the half-dozen women, in the history of the world, the beatings of whose heart have shaped the destinies of peoples and moulded the fate of kingdoms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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