WHEN OUR BARGAINS AR EXHAUSTED

you will say with the others that you have seen some of the cheapes selling of

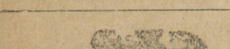
STANDARD MEDICINES, TOILE' ARTICLES, ETC.,

that you ever saw.

But really there is no "give out' to our bargains. Things sold toda are immediately replaced by other just as good and just as cheap. Lo prices perch upon great value at al times.

Alonzo Stables

York Street Drug Store



THOPSIS 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 Oct. 14th, 1906.

Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated

DEPARTURES.

5 25 a. m.—Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North; Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, Plaster Rock and Edmundston; Bangor Portland and Boston. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jct. to Boston.

.05 a. m.—Mixed, via Gibson Branch, for Woodstock and North; Presque Isle, Plaster Rock Edmundston, etc. Leaves St. Mary's 8.35 a. m.

9 50 a. m.—Express for Fredericton Junction connecting with Atlantic Express for St. John and points East Palace Sleeper, Fredericton Jct to Halifax, N. S. Dining Car, Fredericton Jct. 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 Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc., St. Stephen, and Woodstock. Palace Sleeper, Fredericton Jct. to Montreal. C. P. R. Dining Car, Fredericton Jct to Mattawamkeag. Pullman Sleeper. Fredericton Jct. to Boston.

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

ARRIVALS

.20 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. Marys at 8 18 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. USSHER,
General Passenger Agent,
Montreal.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
Alx. Senna +
Rochelle Salts -
Anise Seed +
Peppermint -
Bi Carbonate Soda +
Worm Seed -
Clarified Sugar -
Wintergreen Flavor.

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

Fac Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.
NEW YORK.

After [illegible] old
35 DOSES — 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

JOHN G. ADAMS,

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER. Prompt and careful attention to all orders. The only complete line of Funeral Furnishings in the City and the best Equipment.

Down Town, Next above Queen Hotel. 'Phone 26

Up-to-date UNDERTAKER

COFFINS, CASKETS AND FUNERAL FURNISHINGS, HEARSE IN CONNECTION, AVAILABLE AT ALL HOURS. PICTURES FRAMED AND MOUNTED PROMPTLY

Geo. W. Adams,

UP TOWN, - - - - OPP. PEOPLES' BANK

MATCHES.

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.

Schofield Bros.

Selling Agents, ST. JOHN, N. B.

...FOR...

JOB PRINTING

That will Suit You

come to the

Herald Office.

(Continued.)

details reserved to be the discovery of a noble a century hence, and to be read in a Republican France, a France that had done with kings, that made Versailles a public picture gallery, a France that had seen the victorious legions of Germany offer an imperial crown to the descendant of the parvenu Prussian ally of Louis in the Fontenoy campaign in yonder Galerie des Glaces of the Roi Soleil.

Andre shivered. He was thinking only of "No. 101." Could that girl of his own race, if ever woman was, really be the traitor? And if she was, by what temptation of the devil had she embarked on her awful career? To-night she would be a prisoner; she was doomed to die, but would they ever know her secret—the real secret of "No. 101"? Punish her they could, but the secret the real secret, was beyond their power. Andre clenched his hands. She would baffle them after all. It was the secret that fascinated him, and that was surely destined to perish with her in a felon's grave. "No 101" would be like the man in the iron mask—unknown and unknowable—a perpetual puzzle to the generations to come. Torturing thought.

A mouse squeaked across the floor, the boards creaked. Andre recalled with a curious thrill the grisly warning that all who had ever seen the face of "No. 101" had perished. He recalled the death of Captain Statham, of others. Was he, after all, to share the same fate? In this deathly quiet he felt his blood go cold, his courage ooze and ebb. A longing to crawl away began to master him.

Brave man though he was, he would have obeyed it, when a rustle on the public stairs brought him with a swift spring to his feet. For that was the rustle of a woman's skirt. The door was opening. The rustle again, and a gleam of light from a lamp. A woman, by God! the thief was a woman. The woman!

Yes. The girl at the inn surely, for this was a tall young woman who walked straight forward to the escritoire, a thief who knew no fear, calmly determined to do her business without flinching. Andre wavered as he had in the charcoal-burner's cabin. Should he arrest her there and then or wait? Yes, no? Yes, wait. She must be caught redhanded in the act that he might win his love.

Suddenly the lingering echo of a trumpet floated up into the darkness from the Cour des Princes. Andre started. Again that silvery note. The trumpets—the silver trumpets—of the Chevau-legers de la Garde! Was he dreaming? Was he at Fontenoy? No, no. The King's escort, ha! the King had returned. The great coup had succeeded. The game was his just as he had planned. Fortune, superbly beneficent, had given him all. And then he clutched at the curtain, sick, faint, gasping. For at the second trumpet note the woman had turned to listen, the light fell on her face—Denise! The thief was Denise!

CHAPTER XXVII.

Denise! yes, it was Denise!

The sweat dripped off Andre's face in the agony of that moment. His fingers, his brain, his body, had turned numb. Think, he could not. He was only conscious of one thought, that burned red-hot. Fortune, superby maleficent, had kept her most devilish revenge and punishment to the last. Denise must be ruined by the man who loved her, for Louis, persuaded to return by Madame de Pompadour at the instigation of the Vicomte de Nerac, would be in this room in a few minutes. This, and not the successful theft of the despatch, was the vengeance of "No. 101."

Fascinated by fear, Andre, tongue-tied, watched Denise go straight up to the escritoire, insert a key, open the drawer. And then love swept his horror away, unloosed the paralysis that held him a prisoner, and told him what to do. Denise could yet be saved by instant flight. True, his scheme had failed; the wrath of Madame de Pompadour and the King whom she had deceived would fall on him; Madame would herself probably be ruined. What did it matter, so that he rescued Denise from the awful peril, the wiles which "No. 101" had with such fiendish completeness laid for her? For that it was "No 101's" diabolical plan he had no doubt now. Yvonne had gulled and betrayed him, as from the first.

But just as he wrenched the curtain aside and sprang into the room with a cry of "Denise!" she had tottered back with a low exclamation of horror.

"Denise!"

The candle fell from her hand. In the darkness he heard her sob. "Gone," she muttered feebly. "Gone!"

"Quick, the King is coming! For God's sake, fly. There is the key—the secret staircase. I will—can—explain later."

He hurried her towards the doorway with a terrible yet tender energy of love.

"Andre," she cried, "Andre, it is gone."

"Oh, fly; fly, for God's sake!"

"But it is gone—the secret despatch; it is not there—stolen!" Her voice dropped to a whisper. She was sobbing on his shoulder with fear and horror.

The words acted like a galvanic shock. Gone—stolen already! This was more—much more—than he had dreamed of. The full meaning of the situation was revealed and it stunned him into action. In a second he had the candle alight, and, mastering the faintness that gripped him, dashed at the escritoire. It was perfectly empty. The secret despatch was not in it. Another thief had already secured it—"No. 101." He put the candle very slowly down on the table and turned to Denise, who was standing in the middle of the room white to the lips.

Andre laughed, as men will laugh when tears and passion are futile. That laugh at his own outwitting by a girl and her English accomplice rang through the room. The traitors had been before him. The secret despatch was already in the hands of the King's enemies, of Madame de Pompadour's enemies, of his. He and she were ruined. Nothing could save them now. In a few hours the English Government could publish the truth, the Court could proclaim Madame by the evidence of her own hand an intriguer against the King, and Denise and he would be found here in the darkness with an empty escritoire by Louis XV. and Madame de Pompadour, to whom its contents were a matter of life and death. Hopeless to struggle now. Love had inspired a plan, but fate was stronger than love. Madame de Pompadour must come, and hear what had happened, from his lips. He had ruined her, ruined himself, ruined Denise. Louis alone could lie. Louis by a lie alone would escape. Andre had matched himself, in his pride, against "No. 101," a girl, and this was the result.

"They told me," Denise began, "it was here. We threw with dice as to who should find it. We were determined to punish and destroy Madame de Pompadour. I took my chance, and ——"

"Yes, yes," he interrupted impatiently, for he had already divined Denise's motives.

"To save you before," Denise went on, "I let her escape and sinned against my conscience, for that woman polluted Versailles, your life and mine. I owed reparation; this was to be my reparation. You were ruined, Andre, dismissed, disgraced. I cared no longer for life—for anything. You I could not save, but her I could punish, for she had broken my heart and shattered your career in her selfishness. That is why I came—willingly, gladly. It was a duty to my cause—to myself."

Andre knew nothing of the scheme of Mont Rouge, of the loaded dice whereby the love of a wicked woman, the Comtesse des Forges, turned to hatred, and a defeated rival's vengeance, had foisted on Denise the task of braving alone the perils and the disgrace and of completing the plot of the Court; but what he did know showed him that the Court, too, like himself, had been the victims of the man and the woman he had spied on at the inn. But, unlike himself, the Court would gain its vengeance.

"I performed a duty," Denise was saying, "and instead, Andre, I have ruined you. Your enemies have stolen the despatch."

Voices at the foot of the stairs. No time for explanation now. But, thank God! Denise did not know the truth nor of Madame de Pompadour's and the King's return. One glance at the agony in her face, the agony of a woman who loved, and Andre was again inspired to a noble decision.

"You are mistaken," he said with perfect calmness. "I was here to watch, I confess, in the interests of His Majesty; we had hoped to catch quite another person, but it is you, Denise, whom my foes have lured into the trap—our trap. I ask you for my sake to leave me to explain all to Madame. Sweetheart"—he was pleading now as he had never pleaded to any woman before—"sweetheart, do not inflict on me the pain of giving you into the hands of Madame. You will not; you cannot do it."

The glorious lie, aided by the power of his love over her, prevailed. Denise took his key, and just in time Andre had drawn the curtain when Madame de Pompadour flung the door open. Face and figure were all aglow with the triumphant victory she had won. She had returned to place her heel on the necks of the defeated, to drink the cup of vengeance to the dregs.

"Mon cher," Madame cried, "I—no, you—have won. The King is mine. I shall never lose him now." Her eyes ran over the room—fell on the open escritoire. "Well, you have the traitor?"

"No, Madame."

"What? They did not dare?" She laughed. "No matter. The King is mine."

"The paper has been stolen," he said quietly, "and the thief has escaped."

Madame put her hand on her breast, tottered back a step or two. Her radiant eyes grew cold. Incredulity and fear made her an old woman. "Stolen? escaped? Do you mean——?"

"They fooled me. The hour was midnight, as I told you. I have been here three times waiting; the thief never came, but the paper is gone."

The meaning of his words trickled into her mind. With a cry of rage she sprang at the escritoire and turned it upside down. Then she hurled it into the centre of the room, and wheeled on Andre. "Ah, miserable, coquin, lache!" the hot, incoherent words tumbled over each other. "You have failed. It is me you have fooled, betrayed. Ah, traitor, you are my foe; gone, Seigneur Jesu, gone; Stolen; then I am ruined; ruined; after all I have done." She burst into tears, racked by rage, terror, despair.

"I am no traitor."

"Ban! I have done with you." She paced up and down. "Ah! that accursed 'No. 101,' accursed; what can I do? Ruined, ruined!" she sank into a chair with a low moan.

Andre watched the candle-light flicker on her hair and breast, on the shimmering folds of the beautiful dress she had so unerringly selected to aid in reconquering Louis. But a woman's beauty, genius, and passion, and ambition had fought in vain, for "No. 101" was stronger than all of these.

Suddenly she rose with an exclamation of vindictive and unholy exultation. She had picked a jewelled pendant from the floor. "Ha!" she cried, "here is proof of the thief you could not catch. Mademoiselle Denise has been here; that jewel is hers and it fell by the escritoire table; it is not 'No. 101' who has stolen the despatch, it is the Marquise de Beau Sejour."

Andre had turned deadly pale. He stared in impotent silence. Yes, the jewel was Denise's; on the back he knew was a fatal D. And it was a pendant that he himself, in a thrice happy hour, had given her.

"The King's honor," Madame said in her cruelly cold voice, "is at stake in that despatch. And he will not spare the thief even if she were of the blood-royal. Nor will I. This is proof enough for me; I promise you it will also be proof enough for His Majesty. I have here a lettre de cachet which the King gave me, already signed. But the name is not filled in. That was to be done to-night with the thief's name. And filled in I swear it shall be. For unless the secret despatch is in my hands by to-morrow morning at ten o'clock the Marquise de Beau Sejour shall go to the Bastile."

"Madame!"

"You cannot deceive me. You are shielding her. It is in your face. She is the thief. I repeat, to-morrow at ten—not one minute longer, and had it not been for our friendship I would have sent her there to-night."

Andre was still silent, striving to think, be calm. If Denise were questioned she was ruined. Denise could not tell a lie. Nor could she save her lover now by a lie. "You can settle it," "with Mademoiselle. I care not how or for what she gives way. Lovers' confessions can be sweet, they say. But my life, my honor, my future, my dreams, my all, are at stake. Think you I will allow a girl, a noble, a woman who has insulted me, conspired against me, a thief of state secrets, to defeat me—me! Then you do not know the woman Antoinette de Pompadour."

(To be continued.)

A LAZY LIVER

May be only a tired liver, or a starved liver. It would be a stupid as well as savage thing to beat a weary or starved man because he lagged in his work. So in treating the lagging, torpid liver it is a great mistake to lash it with strong drastic drugs. A torpid liver is but an indication of an ill-nourished, enfeebled body whose organs are weary with over-work. Start with the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition. Put them in working order and see how quickly your liver will become active. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has made many marvelous cures of "liver complaint," or torpid liver, by its wonderful control over the organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores the normal activity of the stomach, increases the secretions of the blood-making glands, cleanses the system of poisonous accumulations, and so relieves the liver of the burdens imposed upon it by the defection of other organs.

Symptoms. If you have bitter or bad taste in the morning, poor or variable appetite, coated tongue, foul breath, constipated or irregular bowels, feel weak, easily tired, despondent, frequent headaches, pain or distress in "small of back," gnawing or distressed feeling in stomach, perhaps nausea, bitter or sour "risings" in throat after eating, and kindred symptoms of weak stomach and torpid liver, or biliousness, no medicine will relieve you more promptly or cure you more permanently than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Perhaps only a part of the above symptoms will be present at one time and yet point to torpid liver, or biliousness and weak stomach. Avoid all hot bread and biscuits, griddle cakes and other indigestible food and take the "Golden Medical Discovery" regularly and *stick to its use* until you are vigorous and strong.

Of Golden Seal root, which is one of the prominent ingredients of "Golden Medical Discovery," Dr. Roberts Bartholow, of Jefferson Medical College, says: "Very useful as a stomachic (stomach) tonic and in atonic dyspepsia. Cures gastric (stomach) catarrh and headaches accompanying same."

Dr. Grover Coe, of New York, says: "Hydrastis (Golden Seal root) exercises an especial influence over mucous surfaces. Upon the liver it acts with equal certainty and efficacy. As a cholagogue (liver invigorator) it has few equals." Dr. Coe also advises it for affections of the spleen and other abdominal viscera generally, and for scrofulous and glandular diseases, cutaneous eruptions, indigestion, debility, chronic diarrhea, constipation, also in several affections peculiar to women, and in all chronic derangements of the liver, also for chronic inflammation of bladder, for which Dr. Coe says "it is one of the most reliable agents of cure."

Prof. John King, M. D., late of Cincinnati, author of the AMERICAN DISPENSATORY, gives it a prominent place among medicinal agents, reiterates all the foregoing writers have said about it, as does also Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati. Dr. Scudder says: "It stimulates the digestive processes and increases the assimilation of food. By these means *the blood is enriched.* * * * * the consequent improvement on the glandular and nervous systems are natural results." Dr. Scudder further says, "in relation to its general effect upon the system, *there is no medicine in use about which there is such general unanimity of opinion.* It is *universally* regarded as *the* tonic, useful in all debilitated states * * *."

Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Medical College, Chicago, says of Golden Seal root: "It is a most superior remedy in catarrhal gastritis (inflammation of the stomach), chronic constipation, general debility, in convalescence from protracted fevers, in prostrating night-sweats. *It is an important remedy in disorders of the womb.*" (This agent, Golden Seal root, is an important ingredient of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for woman's weaknesses, as well as of the "Golden Medical Discovery.") Dr. Ellingwood continues, "in *all* catarrhal conditions it is useful."

Much more, did space permit, could be quoted from prominent authorities as to the wonderful curative properties possessed by Golden Seal root.

We want to assure the reader that "Golden Medical Discovery" can be relied upon to do all that is claimed for Golden Seal root in the cure of all the various diseases as set forth in the above brief extracts, for its most prominent and important ingredient is Golden Seal root. This agent is, however, strongly reinforced, and its curative action greatly enhanced by the addition, in just the right proportion of Queen's root, Stone root, Black Cherrybark, Bloodroot, Mandrake root and chemically pure glycerine. All of these are happily and harmoniously blended into a most perfect pharmaceutical compound, now favorably known throughout most of the civilized countries of the world. Bear in mind that each and every ingredient entering into the "Discovery" has received the endorsement of the leading medical men of our land, who extol each article named above in the highest terms. What other medicine put up for sale through druggists can show any such *professional* endorsement? For dyspepsia, liver troubles, all chronic catarrhal affections of whatever name or nature, lingering coughs, bronchial, throat and lung affections, the "Discovery" can be relied upon as a sovereign remedy.

A little book of extracts treating of *all* the several ingredients entering into Dr. Pierce's medicines, being extracts from standard medical works, of the different schools of practice will be mailed *free* to any one asking (by postal card or letter), for the same, addressed to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and giving the writer's full post-office address *plainly* written.

Don't accept a substitute of unknown composition for this non-secret MEDICINE OF KNOWN COMPOSITION.

McGale's Butternut Pills

are safe to take in any season—in any climate. No calomel, no mercury—just the concentrated extracts, combined with other vegetable ingredients — very gentle in effect. They quickly

Cure Stomach, Liver and Kidney Disorders

—strengthening the organs to healthy action.

25c. a box—at drug stores or by mail.

Sole Proprietors,
THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., Ltd.
19 MONTREAL, Can.

STOP LIMPING, CURE THE CORN

Quickly done by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Acts in one day, causes no pain, removes every trace of soreness. Fifty years of success proves Purnam's is the best. Refuse substitutes.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, Oct. 14th, 1906 trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON.

No. 303 Mixed for Campbellton, Moncton, Chatham and Loggieville, ... 5.45
No. 317 Suburban for Marysville..... .... 6.15
No. 321 Suburban for Marysville..... ....11.15
No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville... ... ...17.00
No. 327 Suburban for Marysville 18.40
No. 329 Suburban for Marysville... ....21.00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 318 Suburban from Marysville..... .... 8.15
No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville... ....13.05
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville..... ....18.20
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggieville..... ....18.50
No. 328 Suburban from Marysville..... ....19.15

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

Moncton, N. B. Oct. 12th, 1906.

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Barristers-at-Law.
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