

SAVE TIME AND LABOUR

As well as your temper by getting from us what you require in

ICE CREAM

Made from pure cream properly prepared. Our ice cream is wholesome and delicious.

We make all the popular flavors, and supply them in convenient bricks holding 1/2 pint, 1 pint, or 1 quart.

The price is very reasonable, 40c. per quart. A charge of 5c. extra is made for packing.

We procure all our milk from the country districts, taking every precaution to ensure its purity.

All orders for ice cream, milk, or cream receive prompt delivery.

DAIRY DEPOT, - King St.
C. J. BODKIN, Prop.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, June 10th, 1907, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON.

To. 303 Mixed for Campbellton, Moncton, St. John and Halifax	5.00
To. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggville	18.30
To. 317 Suburban for Marysville	6.15
To. 321 Suburban for Marysville	11.15
To. 323 Suburban for Marysville	16.15
To. 327 Suburban for Marysville	18.50
To. 329 Suburban for Marysville	21.30

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 318 Suburban from Marysville	8.15
No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggville	12.05
No. 322 Suburban from Marysville	13.25
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville	18.20
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggville	16.30
No. 328 Suburban from Marysville	19.25

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour rotation. 11.00 o'clock is midnight.

Moncton, N. B., June 12th, 1907

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Passenger Train service from Fredericton Effective June 2nd, 1907 Atlantic Time.

DEPARTURES.

6.20 a. m. Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points North; Edmundston, Riviere du Loup and Quebec; Bangor, Portland, Boston.
7.40 a. m. Mixed - Via Gibson Branch for Woodstock and North; Presque Isle, Edmundston, Riviere du Loup and Quebec. Leaves St. Marys at 8.20 a. m.
9.20 a. m. Express for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Atlantic Express for St. John and points East.
5.30 p. m. Mixed for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Short Line, express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and with Imperial Limited and Pacific Express from Montreal for the West. North-west and Pacific Coast; also connects for Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston etc., St. Stephen (St. Andrews after July 1st) and Woodstock.
9.00 p. m. Express for St. John and points East.

ARRIVALS.

9.00 a. m. From St. John and East.
11.20 a. m. From Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen (St. Andrews after July 1st) Woodstock and Houlton.
8.35 p. m. From St. John and East.
9.15 p. m. From Woodstock and points North, via Gibson Branch. Arrives at St. Marys, 8.40 p. m.
10.40 p. m. From Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton.

W. B. HOWARD,
District Passenger Agent,
St. John.

WM. STITT,
General Passenger Agent,
Montreal, P. Q.

Fire, Life, Health and Accident Insurance.

Jasper A. Winslow,
Opp. Normal School,

Queen Street, Fredericton.

F. St. John Bliss,

Barrister, Notary Public, etc.
Secretary-Treasurer of York County

County Court House, Main Entrance.

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 -
Alicia -
Rhubarb -
Sassafras -
Sage -
Peppermint -
Dandelion -
Pineapple -
Cinnamon -
Cloves -
Mastic -
Sulphur -
Castor Oil

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

Facsimile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DROPS - 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, Hearses in Connection, Available at all hours. Pictures Framed and Mounted Promptly

Geo. W. Adams, UP TOWN OPP BANK OF MONTREAL

BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

(INCORPORATED 1832.)

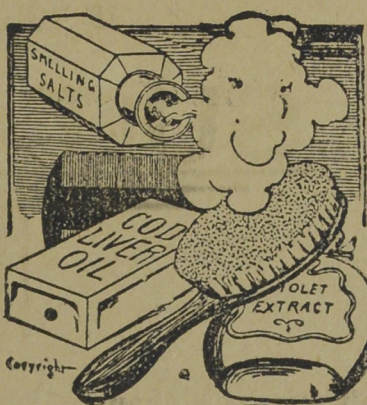
CAPITAL, - - \$3,000,000
RESERVE FUND, \$5,250,000

Unexcelled facilities for the transaction of all kinds of Banking Business.

Special attention given to the Savings Department and interest credited quarterly on Savings Accounts.

This is the only bank having its head office in Canada that submits its books and statements to independent audit.

Fredericton Branch. W. S. Benson, Manager
St. Marys Branch. W. H. Robinson, Manager



Wedding

... Cake

Boxes

AT

WHEN OUR BARGAINS ARE EXHAUSTED

you will say with the others that you have seen some of the cheapest selling of STANDARD MEDICINES, TOILET

ARTICLES, ETC.,

that you ever saw.

But really there is no "give out" to our bargains. Things sold today are immediately replaced by others just as good and just as cheap. Low prices perch upon great value at all times.

Alonzo Staples, The Herald Office.

York Street Drug Store.

The Hound of the Baskervilles

Another Adventure of Sherlock Holmes.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

Author of "The Green Flag" and "The Great Boer War"

Copyright (1902) by A. Conan Doyle.

(Continued.)

"About sending you, it's an ugly business, Watson, an ugly, dangerous business, and the more I see of it the less I like it. Yes, my dear fellow, you may laugh, but I give you my word that I shall be very glad to have you back safe and sound in Baker Street once more."

CHAPTER VI.

Sir Henry Baskerville and Dr. Mortimer were ready upon the appointed day, and we started as arranged for Devonshire. Mr. Sherlock Holmes drove with me to the station and gave me his last parting injunctions and advice.

"I will not bias your mind by suggesting theories or suspicions, Watson," said he; "I wish you simply to report facts in the fullest possible manner to me, and you can leave me to do the theorizing."

"What sort of facts?" I asked.

"Anything which may seem to have a bearing however indirect upon the case, and especially the relations between young Baskerville and his neighbors or any fresh particulars concerning the death of Sir Charles. I have made some inquiries myself in the last few days, but the results have, I fear, been negative. One thing only appears to be certain, and that is that Mr. James Desmond, who is the next heir, is an elderly gentleman of a very amiable disposition, so that this persecution does not arise from him. I really think that we may eliminate him entirely from our calculations. There remain the people who will actually surround Sir Henry Baskerville upon the moor."

"Would it not be well in the first place to get rid of this Barrymore couple?"

"By no means. You could not make a greater mistake. If they are innocent it would be a cruel injustice, and if they are guilty we should be giving up all chance of bringing it home to them. No, no, we will preserve them upon our list of suspects. Then there is a groom at the Hall, if I remember right. There are two moorland farmers. There is our friend Dr. Mortimer, whom I believe to be entirely honest, and there is his wife, of whom we know nothing. There is this naturalist Stapleton, and there is his sister, who is said to be a young lady of attractions. There is Mr. Frankland, of Laffer Hall, who is also an unknown factor, and there are one or two other neighbors. These are the folk who must be your very special study."

"I will do my best."

"You have arms, I suppose?"

"Yes, I thought it as well to take them."

"Most certainly. Keep your revolver near you night and day, and never relax your precautions."

Our friends had already secured a first-class carriage, and were waiting for us upon the platform.

"No, we have no news of any kind," said Dr. Mortimer, in answer to my friend's questions. "I can swear to one thing, and that is that we have not been shadowed during the last two days. We have never gone out without keeping a sharp watch, and no one could have escaped our notice."

"You have always kept together, I presume?"

"Except yesterday afternoon. I usually give up one day to pure amusement when I come to town, so I spent it at the Museum of the College of Surgeons."

"And I went to look at the folk in the park," said Baskerville. "But we had no trouble of any kind."

"It was imprudent, all the same," said Holmes, shaking his head and looking very grave. "I beg, Sir Henry, that you will not go about alone. Some great misfortune will befall you if you do. Did you get your other boot?"

"No, sir, it is gone for ever."

"Indeed. That is very interesting. Well, good-bye," he added, as the train began to glide down the platform. "Bear in mind, Sir Henry, one of the phrases in that queer old legend which Dr. Mortimer has read to us, and avoid the moor in those hours of darkness when the powers of evil are exalted."

I looked back at the platform when we had left it far behind, and saw the tall austere figure of Holmes standing motionless and gazing after us. The journey was a swift and pleasant one, and I spent it in making the more intimate acquaintance of my two companions and in playing with Dr. Mortimer's spaniel. In a very few hours the brown earth had become ruddy, the brick had changed to granite, and red cows grazed in well-hedged fields where the lush grasses and more luxuriant vegetation spoke of a richer, if a damper, climate. Young Baskerville stared eagerly out of the window, and cried aloud with delight as he recognized the familiar features of the Devon scenery.

"I've been over a good part of the world since I left it, Dr. Watson," said he; "but I have never seen a place to compare with it."

"I never saw a Devonshire man who did not swear by his county," I remarked.

"It depends upon the breed of men quite as much as on the county," said Dr. Mortimer. "A glance at our friend here reveals the rounded head of the Celt, which carries inside it the Celt-

ic enthusiasm and power of attachment. Poor Sir Charles's head was of a very rare type, half Gaelic, half Ivernian in its characteristics. But you were very young when you last saw Baskerville Hall, were you not?"

"I was a boy in my teens at the time of my father's death, and had never seen the Hall, for he lived in a villa-

ous house in the south coast. There was a great deal of talk about it, but I never saw it."

"Are you sure it is all new to me as it is to Dr. Watson, and I'm as keen as possible to see the moor?"

"Are you? Then your wish is easily granted, for there is your first sight of the moor," said Dr. Mortimer, pointing out of the carriage window.

Over the green squares of the fields and the low curve of a wood there rose in the distance a grey, melancholy hill, with a strange jagged summit, dim and vague in the distance, like some fantastic landscape in a dream. Baskerville sat for a long time, his eyes fixed upon it, and I read upon his eager face how much it meant to him, this first sight of that strange spot where the men of his blood had held sway so long and left their mark so deep. There he sat,

with his tweed suit and his American accent, in the corner of a prosaic railway-carriage, and yet as I looked at his dark and expressive face I felt more than ever how true a descendant he was of that long line of high-blooded, fiery, and masterful men.

There were pride, valour, and strength in his thick brows, his sensitive nostrils, and his large hazel eyes. If on that forbidding moor a difficult and dangerous quest should lie before us, this was at least a comrade for whom one might venture to take a risk with the certainty that he would bravely share it.

The train pulled up at a small wayside station and we all descended on the side, beyond the low, white fence, a wagonette with a pair of cobs was waiting. Our coming was evidently a great event, for stationmaster and porters clustered round us to carry out our luggage. It was a sweet, simple country spot, but I was surprised to observe that by the gate there stood two soldierly men in dark uniforms, who leaned upon their short rifles and glanced keenly at us as we passed.

The coachman, a hard-faced, snarling little fellow, saluted Sir Henry Baskerville, and in a few minutes we were flying swiftly down the broad, white road. Rolling pasture lands curved upwards on either side of us, and old gabled houses peeped out from amid the thick green foliage, but behind the peaceful and sunlit country-side there rose ever, dark against the evening sky, the long, gloomy curve of the moor, broken by the jagged and sinister hills.

The wagonette swung round into a side road, and we curved upwards through deep lanes worn by centuries of wheels, high banks on either side, heavy with dripping moss and fleshy hart-tongue ferns. Bronzing bracken and mottled bramble gleamed in the light of the sinking sun. Still steadily rising, we passed over a narrow granite bridge, and skirted a noisy stream which gushed swiftly down, foaming and roaring amid the grey boulders. Both road and stream wound up through a valley dense with scrub oak and fir. At every turning Baskerville gave an exclamation of delight, looking eagerly about him and asking countless questions. To his eyes all seemed beautiful, but to me a tinge of melancholy lay upon the countryside, which bore so clearly the mark of the waning year. Yellow leaves carpeted the lanes and fluttered down upon us as we passed. The rattle of our wheels died away as we drove through drifts of rotting vegetation—sad gifts, as it seemed to me, for Nature to throw before the carriage of the returning heir of the Baskervilles.

"Hallo!" cried Dr. Mortimer, "what is this?"

A steep curve of heath-clad land, an outlying spur of the moor, lay in front of us. On the summit, hard and clear like an equestrian statue upon its pedestal, was a mounted soldier, dark and stern, his rifle poised ready over his forearm. He was watching the road along which we traveled.

"What is this, Perkins?" asked Dr. Mortimer.

Our driver half turned in his seat.

"There's a convict escaped from Princetown, sir. He's been out three days now, and the warders watch every road and every station, but they've had no sight of him yet. The farmers about here don't like it, sir, and that's a fact."

"Well, I understand that they get five pounds if they can give information."



The driver pointed with his whip. "Baskerville on the South Coast. There was a great deal of talk about it, but I never saw it."

C.P.A.

THE OLD AND THE YOUNG THE STRONG and THE WEAK

During the Summer Months are Subject to Sudden Attacks of Bowel Disturbance Such as Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Pain in the Stomach and Summer Complaint, and the Children get Cholera Infantum and Cholera Morbus.

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

is a perfect specific for all bowel complaints. It has been in use in thousands of families for the past sixty-two years and we have yet to hear a complaint of it not giving perfect satisfaction.

Do not let an unscrupulous druggist talk you into buying a cheap substitute. Insist on getting DR. FOWLER'S. Price 35 cents. Manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. C. W. Brown, Grand Harbor, N.B., writes: "I consider DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY to be the best remedy for Summer Complaint, as it cured me of a very bad case. I can recommend it highly to any one."

Invalid Averts Eviction.

Exciting eviction scenes were witnessed near Dublin when the house of a widow named Maher was raided by bailiffs and twenty policemen.

Barricades placed in front of the house were broken down, and the police then effected an entrance by breaking the windows and the door. They removed the furniture, but afterward a doctor certified that one of the inmates of the house, a woman 95 years old, was an invalid, and that her life would be imperiled by the eviction.

The High Sheriff was appealed to, and he ordered the furniture to be taken back. This was done, and the barricades were again erected.

Life Depends on Healthy Blood

IN YOURS RICH AND PURE?

Blood is the soul of life. Check its formation, reduce its quality, lessen its red cells—you at once sap strength and vitality—you peril life itself.

When you strengthen the blood, make it richer in red cells, increase its solid constituents, you supply the materials that rebuild—you furnish that disease-resisting element we call strength.

When you are weak and ailing—when appetite is poor—when mental efforts seem impossible, sleep hard to get, be sure your blood has grown poor and your nervous system in consequence is impaired.

Nothing so quickly stimulates the formation of rich, red blood as Ferrozone.

Ferrozone's action upon the digestive power is immediate—everything you eat is converted into nourishment and building material.

Ferrozone fortifies the action of the kidneys, liver and stomach, increases circulation, and by these means throws into the blood a vast store of material to build up and to strengthen.

Ferrozone by making blood and stimulating vital action, transmits to the debilitated brain cells, exhausted by toil, by anxiety, or by sickness, the strength they need.

The beneficial action of Ferrozone on the brain is transmitted through the nervous system, and all powers of the body are enormously increased.

Ferrozone enables the body to perform all its functions in a normal and natural way, and with an absolute freedom from reaction, which is the most positive assurance that the body is strengthened—not stimulated.

Whether the weakness you suffer is profound or of long standing, whatever the conditions are—if the blood is impaired, if its redness is reduced, if its activity is lessened—Ferrozone is an absolute and rapid remedy.

For any condition of weakness, debility or ill-health in men, women and children, you can't find so nourishing and strengthening a tonic as Ferrozone; try it, sold everywhere in 50c. boxes.

A disordered stomach is the beginning of many evils. Keep it healthy and active with the timely use of

McGale's Butternut Pills

If your tongue is coated—if you have pains after eating, belching, bad breath, headaches, nausea—get a box of these mild, safe, purely-vegetable Pills. Made of concentrated Butternut Extract—one of Nature's finest remedies for stomach and liver troubles.

They will clean out the clogged intestines—make you eat, sleep, feel, as you should.

All dealers—or by mail—25c.

THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LIMITED
SOLE PROPRIETORS MONTREAL

