SAVE TIME AND LABOUR

As well as your temper by getting rom 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 ½ 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 S.
C. J. BODKIN, Prop.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, June 16th, 1907, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON.

No. 303 Mixed for Campbellton, Moncton, St. John and Halifax 5.00
No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville 18.30
No. 317 Suburban for Marysville 6.15
No. 321 Suburban for Marysville 11.15
No. 323 Suburban for Marysville 16.15
No. 327 Suburban for Marysville 18.50
No. 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 Loggieville 12.05
No. 322 Suburban from Marysville 13.25
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville 18.20
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggieville 16.30
No. 328 Suburban from Marysville 19.25

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

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

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.

3.30 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, Northwest and Pacific Coast; also connects for Vanceboro, 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.

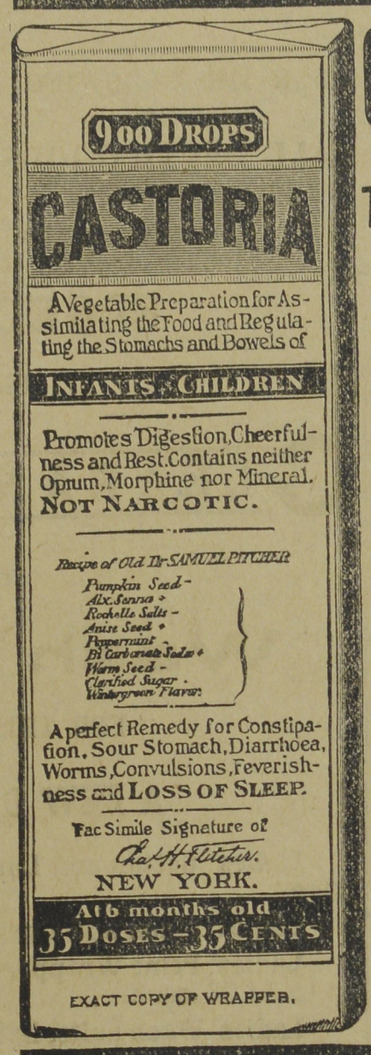
W. B. HOWARD,
District Passenger Agent,
St. John.

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.



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Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher
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THE LEADING UNDERTAKER.
Prompt and careful attention to all orders. The only complete line of Funeral Furnishings in the City and the best Equipment.
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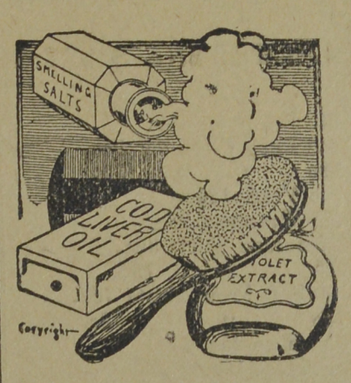
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA
(INCORPORATED 1832.)
CAPITAL, - - $3,000,000
RESERVE FUND, $5,250,000
Unexcelled facilities for the transaction of all kinds of Banking Business.
Special attention given to the Savings Department and interest credited quarterly on Savings Accounts.
This is the only bank having its 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



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

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that you ever saw.

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

Alonzo Staples,
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Wedding ... Cake Boxes AT The Herald Office.

The Hound of the Baskervilles

Another Adventure of Sherlock Holmes.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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

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(Continued.)

I wished to go in that direction and to search the tor, but it was some distance away. The baronet's nerves were still quivering from that cry, which recalled the dark story of his family, and he was not in the mood for fresh adventures. He had not seen this lonely man upon the tor and could not feel the thrill which his strange presence and his commanding attitude had given to me. "A warder, no doubt," said he. "The moor has been thick with them since this fellow escaped." Well, perhaps his explanation may be the right one, but I should like to have some further proof of it. To-day we mean to communicate to the Princetown people where they should look for their missing man, but it is hard lines that we have not actually had the triumph of bringing him back as our own prisoner. Such are the adventures of last night, and you must acknowledge, my dear Holmes, that I have done you very well in the matter of a report. Much of what I tell you is no doubt quite irrelevant, but still I feel that it is best that I should let you have all the facts and leave you to select for yourself those which will be of some service to you in helping you to your conclusions. We are certainly making some progress. So far as the Barrymores go we have found the motive of their actions, and that has cleared up the situation very much. But the moor with its mysteries and its strange inhabitants remains as inscrutable as ever. Perhaps in my next I may be able to throw some light upon this also. Best of all would it be if you could come down to us. In any case you will hear from me again in the course of the next few days.

CHAPTER X.

So far I have been able to quote from the reports which I have forwarded during these early days to Sherlock Holmes. Now, however, I have arrived at a point in my narrative where I am compelled to abandon this method and to trust once more to my recollections, aided by the diary which I kept at the time. A few extracts from the latter will carry me on to those scenes which are indelibly fixed in every detail upon my memory. I proceed, then, from the morning which followed our abortive chase of the convict and our other strange experiences upon the moor.

October 16th.—A dull and foggy day with a drizzle of rain. The house is banked in with rolling clouds, which rise now and then to show the dreary curves of the moor, with thin, silver veins upon the sides of the hills, and the distant boulders gleaming where the light strikes upon their wet faces. It is melancholy outside and in. The baronet is in a black reaction after the excitements of the night. I am conscious myself of a weight at my heart and a feeling of impending danger—ever present danger, which is the more terrible because I am unable to define it.

And have I not cause for such a feeling? Consider the long sequence of incidents which have all pointed to some sinister influence which is at work around us. There is the death of the last occupant of the Hall fulfilling so exactly the conditions of the family legend, and there are the repeated reports from peasants of the appearance of a strange creature upon the moor. Twice I have with my own ears heards the sound which resembled the distant baying of a hound. It is incredible, impossible, that it should really be outside the ordinary laws of nature. A spectral hound which leaves material footmarks and fills the air with its howling is surely not to be thought of. Stapleton may fall in with such a superstition, and Mortimer also; but if I have one quality upon earth it is common-sense, and nothing will persuade me to believe in such a thing. To do so would be to descend to the level of these poor peasants, who are not content with a mere fiend dog, but must needs describe him with hell-fire shooting from his mouth and eyes. Holmes would not listen to such fancies, and I am his agent. But facts are facts, and I have twice heard this crying upon the moor. Suppose that there were really some huge hound loose upon it; that would go far to explain everything. But where could such a hound lie concealed, where did it get its food, where did it come from, how was it that no one saw it by day? It must be confessed that the natural explanation offers almost as many difficulties as the other. And always, apart from the hound, there is the fact of the human agency in London, the man in the cab, and the letter which warned Sir Henry against the moor. This at least was real, but it might have been the work of a protecting friend as easily as of an enemy. Where is that friend or enemy now? Has he remained in London, or has he followed us down here? Could he—be the stranger whom I saw upon the Tor?

It is true that I have had only the one glance at him, and yet there are some things to which I am ready to swear. He is no one whom I have seen down here, and I have now met all the neighbors. The figure was far taller than that of Stapleton, far thinner than that of Frankland. Barrymore it might possibly have been, but we had left him behind us, and I am certain that he could not have followed us. A stranger then is still dogging us, just as a stranger dogged us in London. We have never shaken him off. If I could lay my hands upon that man, then at last we might find ourselves at the end of all our difficulties. To this one purpose I must now devote all my energies.

My first impulse was to tell Sir Henry all my plans. My second and wisest one is to play my own game and speak as little as possible to anyone. He is silent and distrait. His nerves have been strangely shaken by that sound upon the moor. I will say nothing to add to his anxieties, but I will take my own steps to attain my own end.

We had a small scene this morning after breakfast. Barrymore asked leave to speak with Sir Henry, and they were closeted in his study some little time. Sitting in the billiard-room I more than once heard the sound of voices raised, and I had a pretty good idea what the point was which was under discussion. After a time the baronet opened his door and called for me.

"Barrymore considers that he has a grievance," he said. "He thinks that it was unfair on our part to hunt his brother-in-law down when he, of his own free will, had told us the secret."

The butler was standing very pale but very collected before us.

"I may have spoken too warmly, sir," said he, "and if I have I am sure that I beg your pardon. At the same time, I was very much surprised when I heard you two gentlemen come back this morning and learned that you had been chasing Selden. The poor fellow has enough to fight against without my putting more upon his track."

"If you had told us of your own free will it would have been a different thing," said the baronet, "you only told us, or rather your wife only told us, when it was forced from you and you could not help yourself."

"I didn't think you would have taken advantage of it, Sir Henry—indeed I didn't."

"The man is a public danger. There are lonely houses scattered over the moor, and he is a fellow who would stick at nothing. You only want to get a glimpse of his face to see that. Look at Mr. Stapleton's house, for example, with no one but himself to defend it. There's no safety for anyone until he is under lock and key."

"He'll break into no house, sir. I give you my solemn word upon that. But he will never trouble anyone in this country again. I assure you, Sir Henry, that in a very few days the necessary arrangements will have been made and he will be on his way to South America. For God's sake, sir, I beg of you not to let the police know that he is still on the moor. They have given up the chase there, and he can lie quiet until the ship is ready for him. You can't tell on him without getting my wife and me into trouble. I beg you, sir, to say nothing to the police."

"What do you say, Watson?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "If he were safely out of the country it would relieve the tax-payer of a burden."

"But how about the chance of his holding someone up before he goes?"

"He would not do anything so mad, sir. We have provided him with all that he can want. To commit a crime would be to show where he was hiding."

"That is true," said Sir Henry. "Well, Barrymore——"

"God bless you, sir, and thank you from my heart! It would have killed my poor wife had he been taken again."

"I guess we are aiding and abetting a felony, Watson? But, after what we have heard, I don't feel as if I could give the man up, so there is an end of it. All right, Barrymore, you can go."

With a few broken words of gratitude the man turned, but he hesitated and then came back.

"You've been so kind to us, sir, that I should like to do the best I can for you in return. I know something, Sir Henry, and perhaps I should have said it before, but it was long after the inquest that I found it out. I've never breathed a word about it yet to mortal man. It's about poor Sir Charles's death."

The baronet and I were both upon our feet. "Do you know how he died?"

"No, sir, I don't know that."

"What then?"

"I know why he was at the gate at that hour. It was to meet a woman."

"To meet a woman! He?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the woman's name?"

"I can't give you the name, sir, but I can give you the initials. Her initials were L. L."

"How do you know this, Barrymore?"

"Well, Sir Henry, your uncle had a letter that morning. He had usually a great many letters, for he was a public man and well known for his kind heart, so that everyone who was in trouble was glad to turn to him. But that morning, as it chanced, there was only this one letter, so I took the more [illegible] was from Coombe Tracey, and it was addressed in a woman's hand."

"Well?"

"Well, sir, I thought no more of the matter, and never would have done had it not been for my wife. Only a few weeks ago she was cleaning out Sir Charles's study—it had never been touched since his death—and she found the ashes of a burned letter in the back of the grate. The greater part of it was charred to pieces, but one little slip, the end of a page, hung together, and the writing could still be read, though it was grey on a black ground. It seemed to us to be a postscript at the end of the letter, and it said: 'Please, please, as you are a gentleman, burn this letter, and be at the gate by ten o'clock.' Beneath it were signed the initials L. L."

"Have you got that slip?"

"No, sir, it crumbled all to bits after we moved it."

"Had Sir Charles received any other letters in the same writing?"

"Well, sir, I took no particular notice of his letters. I should not have noticed this one only it happened to [illegible]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CRIME THAT IS NOT PUNISHABLE.

How many people reading this article have gone into a drug store and asked for some well known and highly tried medicine and some unscrupulous druggist has said, "Yes! we have that, but have you ever tried this remedy, it is just as good and costs less." Any druggist doing this has not the interest of your health at heart, but the interest of his pocket, as he can make more profit out of the cheap substitute.

For the protection and benefit of the public, we wish to say that DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY has been used in thousands of homes for the past sixty-two years and has never failed to give prompt relief and cure in all cases of Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Stomach Cramps, Summer Complaint, Sea Sickness, Cholera Infantum, Cholera Morbus and all Fluxes of the Bowels. When you buy DR. FOWLER'S, you are not experimenting with a new and untried remedy, but are getting one that has stood the test of time.

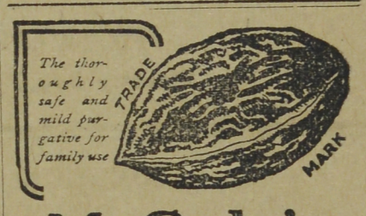
Miss Lettie Reid, Vivian, Ont., writes: "Last year I suffered untold agony from cramps in the stomach and did not know what to do until a friend suggested I should try DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY and as I was glad to try anything I purchased a bottle.

"When I had taken four doses I found relief and since then I never fail to keep a bottle in the house."

Do not indulge in too many cooling drinks until you note the effect upon the system. Some people can, for instance, take any amount of iced tea, while others cannot touch

LET THE STOMACH ALONE.

You can't cure catarrh by dosing the stomach. The disease is in the throat, nose and bronchial tubes. Inhale Catarrhozone to the spot where the disease really is,—it clears away foul secretions, stops discharges at once, purifies and heals the passages, literally annihilates every trace of catarrh. Nothing else is o direct and certain as "Catarrhozone." Results guaranteed. Two sizes, 15c. and $1.00 at all dealers.



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Purely vegetable—do not gripe or distress—a scientific compound of concentrated Extract of Butternut and other potent vegetable principles.

Reliable in any climate—any time—for children, adults and the aged. Get a box—25c.—at the dealers', or by mail.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

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EXCURSION FARES FROM FREDERICTON

$21.25 Going August 22, 24, 26 27 28 29, 31, and Sept, 3 4, and 5.

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ALL TICKETS good for return leaving Toronto up to and including Sept. 11th, 1907.

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FIRST CLASS ONE WAY FARE.

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