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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.
S. J. BODKIN, Prop.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, June 10th, 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	6.18
No. 321 Suburban for Marysville	11.18
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 rotation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight. Moncton, N. B., June 12th, 1907

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

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.	
9.30 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 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.

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Opp. Normal School,

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F. St. John Bliss

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

County Court House, Main Entrance.

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Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

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

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL LITCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
Aloes -
Rhubarb -
Sassafras -
Ginger -
Peppermint -
El Carbonado Soda -
Marsh Seed -
Castor Oil -
Vicksburg Flavour.

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

Fac-Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Hutchins
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DROPS - 35 CENTS

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

of

Chas. H. Hutchins

In Use

For Over

Thirty Years

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THE LEADING UNDERTAKER.

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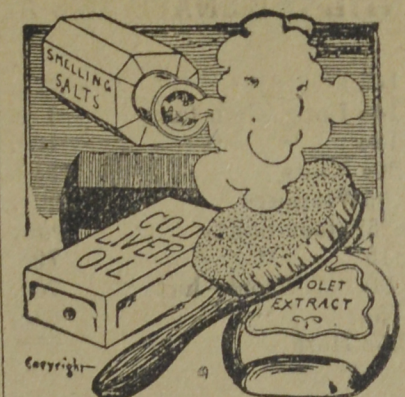
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The Hound of the Baskervilles

Another Adventure of Sherlock Holmes.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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

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(Continued.)

A lad who works for him and brings him all he needs. I daresay he goes to Coombe Tracey for what he wants. "Very good, Barrymore. We may talk further of this some other time." When the butler had gone I walked over to the black window, and I looked through a blurred pane at the driving clouds and at the tossing outline of the wind-swept trees. It is a wild night indoors, and what must it be in a stone hut upon the moor. What passion of hatred can it be which leads a man to lurk in such a place at such a time! And what deep and earnest purpose can he have which calls for such a trial! There, in that hut upon the moor, seems to lie the very centre of that problem which has vexed me so sorely. I swear that another day shall not have passed before I have done all that man can do to reach the heart of the mystery.

CHAPTER XI.

The extract from my private diary which forms the last chapter has brought my narrative up to the 13th of October, a time when these strange events began to move swiftly towards their terrible conclusion. The incidents of the next few days are indelibly graven upon my recollection, and I can tell them without reference to the notes made at the time. I start then from the day which succeeded that upon which I had established two facts of great importance, the one that Mrs. Laura Lyons of Coombe Tracey had written to Sir Charles Baskerville and made an appointment with him at the very place and hour that he met his death, the other that the lurking man upon the moor was to be found among the stone huts upon the hill-side. With these two facts in my possession I felt that either my intelligence or my courage must be deficient if I could not throw some further light upon these dark places.

I had no opportunity to tell the baronet what I had learned about Mrs. Lyons upon the evening before, for Dr. Mortimer remained with him at cards until it was very late. At breakfast, however, I informed him about my discovery, and asked him whether he would care to accompany me to Coombe Tracey. At first he was very eager to come, but on second thoughts it seemed to both of us that if I went alone the results might be better. The more formal we made the visit, the less information we might obtain. I left Sir Henry behind, therefore, not without some prickings of conscience, and drove off upon my new quest.

When I reached Coombe Tracey I told Perkins to put up the horses, and I made inquiries for the lady whom I had come to interrogate. I had no difficulty in finding her rooms, which were central and well appointed. A maid showed me in without ceremony, and as I entered the sitting-room a lady, who was sitting before a Remington typewriter, sprang up with a pleasant smile of welcome. Her face fell, however, when she saw that I was a stranger, and she sat down again and asked me the object of my visit.

The first impression left by Mrs. Lyons was one of extreme beauty. Her eyes and hair were of the same rich hazel color, and her cheeks, though considerably freckled, were flushed with the exquisite bloom of the brunette, the dainty pink which looks at the heart of the sulphur rose. Admiration was, I repeat, the first impression. But the second was criticism. There was something subtly wrong with the face, some coarseness of expression, some hardness, perhaps, of eye, some looseness of lip which marred its perfect beauty. But these, of course, are after-thoughts. At the moment I was simply conscious that I was in the presence of a very handsome woman, and that she was asking me the reasons for my visit. I had not quite understood until that instant how delicate my mission was.

"I have the pleasure," said I, "of knowing your father."

It was a clumsy introduction, and the lady made me feel it. "There is nothing in common between my father and me," she said. "I owe him nothing, and his friends are not mine. If it were not for the late Sir Charles Baskerville and some other kind hearts I might have starved for all that my father cared."

"It was about the late Sir Charles Baskerville that I have come here to see you."

The freckles started out on the lady's face. "What can I tell you about him?" she asked, and her fingers played nervously over the stops of her typewriter.

"You knew him, did you not?"

"I have already said that I owe a great deal to his kindness. If I am able to support myself it is largely due to the interest which he took in my unhappy situation."

"Did you correspond with him?"

The lady looked quickly up with an angry gleam in her hazel eyes.

"What is the object of these questions?" she asked, sharply.

"The object is to avoid a public scandal. It is better that I should ask them here than that the matter should pass outside our control."

She was silent and her face was still very pale. At last she looked up with something reckless and defiant in her manner.

"Well I'll answer," she said. "What are your questions?"

"Did you correspond with Sir Charles?"

"I certainly wrote to him once or twice to acknowledge his delicacy and his generosity."

"Have you the dates of those letters?"

"No."

"Have you ever met him?"

"Yes, once or twice, when he came into Coombe Tracey. He was a very retiring man, and he preferred to do good by stealth."

"But if you saw him so seldom and wrote so seldom, how did he know enough about your affairs to be able to help you, as you say that he has done?"

She met my difficulty with the utmost readiness. "There were several gentlemen who knew my sad history and united to help me. One was Mr. Stapleton, a neighbor and intimate friend of Sir Charles's. He was exceedingly kind, and it was through him that Sir Charles learned about my affairs."

I knew that Sir Charles Baskerville had made Stapleton his almoner upon several occasions, so the lady's statement bore the impress of truth upon it.

"Did you ever write to Sir Charles asking him to meet you?" I continued.

Mrs. Lyons flushed with anger again.

"Really, sir, this is a very extraordinary question."

"I am sorry, Madame, but I must repeat it."

"Then I answer, certainly not."

"Not on the very day of Sir Charles's death?"

The flush faded in an instant, and a deathly face was before me. Her dry lips could not speak the "No" which I saw rather than heard.

"Surely your memory deceives you," said I. "I could even quote a passage



"It is a great day for me, sir."

of your letter. It ran 'Please, please, as you are a gentleman, burn this letter, and be at the gate by ten o'clock.'

I thought that she had fainted, but she recovered herself by a supreme effort.

"Is there no such thing as a gentleman?" she gasped.

"You do Sir Charles an injustice. He did burn the letter. But sometimes a letter may be legible even when burned. You acknowledge now that you wrote it."

"Yes, I did write it," she cried, pouring out her soul in a torrent of words. "I did write it. Why should I deny it? I have no reason to be ashamed of it. I wished him to help me. I believed that if I had an interview I could gain his help, so I asked him to meet me."

"But why at such an hour?"

"Because I had only just learned that he was going to London next day and might be away for months. There were reasons why I could not get there earlier."

"But why a rendezvous in the garden instead of a visit to the house?"

"Do you think a woman could go alone at that hour to a bachelor's house?"

"Well, what happened when you did get there?"

"I never went."

"Mrs. Lyons!"

"No, I swear it to you on all I hold sacred. I never went. Something intervened to prevent my going."

"What was that?"

"That is a private matter. I cannot tell it."

"You acknowledge then that you made an appointment with Sir Charles at the very hour and place at which he met his death, but you deny that you kept the appointment."

"That is the truth."

Again and again I cross-questioned her, but I could never get past that point.

"Mrs. Lyons," said I, as I rose from this long and inconclusive interview, "you are taking a very great responsibility and putting yourself in a very false position by not making an absolutely clean breast of all that you know. If I have to call in the aid of the police you will find how seriously you are compromised. If your position is innocent, why did you in the first instance deny having written to Sir Charles upon that date?"

"Because I feared that some false conclusion might be drawn from it, and that I might find myself involved in a scandal."

"And why were you so pressing that Sir Charles should destroy your letter?"

"If you have read the letter you will know."

"I did not say that I had read all the letter."

"You quoted some of it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RHEUMATISM ALMOST KILLED HER.

For years Mrs. S. Stahlschmidt of Humberstone, Ont., was a martyr to rheumatism. "I was so stiff and lame I could scarcely walk," she writes. "An attack striking my limbs made walking impossible. Friends and doctors gave prescriptions but I only got relief from Ferrozone. I took twelve boxes and gained from the first. Today I am well, feel stronger, weigh heavier and look the picture of health. Whether muscular or inflammatory, chronic or otherwise, Ferrozone does cure rheumatism and sciatica, 50c. per box at all dealers."

JAPANESE CORNER TORPEDO MARKET.

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New York, Aug. 27.—The Herald today says: While the United States has been secretly negotiating with the Whitehead Torpedo Company of England, for the purchase of fifty of the newest and approved English torpedoes, Japan has stepped in and bought 1,000 of the torpedoes at an expense of \$5,000,000. The torpedoes were purchased by the Japanese at \$5,000 each immediately after the first negotiations of the United States government. This information comes from England and has caused much surprise. It is believed the enormous purchase by the Japanese practically rakes the Whitehead torpedoes from the market and that in case the United States government wishes to lay in an additional supply it will have to wait some time for the torpedoes to be delivered. The new Whiteheads are declared the most approved torpedoes now manufactured for naval warfare. They are guaranteed to go four thousand yards while the best torpedoes in the United States navy can only cover 3,500 yards.

Naval officers in Washington would not comment yesterday on the purchases of torpedoes. It was admitted however, that fifty Whiteheads had been bought for the government by Lieutenant Wells.

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

\$15.80 Going on August 23rd and 30th only.

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Return tickets from all stations, Campbellton, and East, including the Prince Edward Island Railway.

FIRST CLASS ONE WAY FARE. August 22, 24, 26, 27, 28, 29 and 31—Sept. 3, 4 and 5.

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