

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 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	6.18
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 RY.

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

DEPARTURES.

8.20 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.	
6.30 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.

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,



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Hutchins

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

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 -
Licorice -
Rhubarb -
Sassafras -
Sage -
Peppermint -
Dandelion -
Milk -
Castor Oil -
Glycerin -
Water -

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

Facsimile Signature of
Dr. J. C. Hutchins
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

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 BANK OF MONTREAL

BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

(INCORPORATED 1832.)

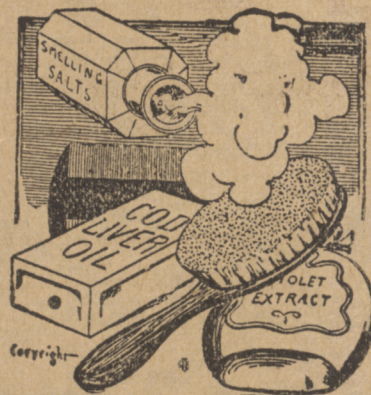
CAPITAL, - - \$3,000,000
RESERVE FUND, \$5,250,000

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



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 other 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,

Wedding ... Cake

Boxes

AT

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.)

"They had gone a mile or two when they passed one of the night shepherds upon the moorlands, and they cried to him to know if he had seen the hound. And the man, as the story goes, was so crazed with fear that he could scarce speak, but at last he said that he had indeed seen the unhappy maiden, with the hounds upon her track. 'But I have seen more than that,' said he, 'for Hugo Baskerville passed me upon his black mare, and there ran mute behind him such a hound of hell as God forbid should ever be at my heels.' So the drunken squire cursed the shepherd and rode onwards. But soon their skins turned cold, for there came a galloping across the moor, and the black mare, dabbled with white froth, went past with trailing bridle and empty saddle. Then the revellers rode close together, for a great fear was on them, but they still followed over the moor, though each, had he been alone, would have been right glad to have turned his horse's head. Riding slowly in this fashion they came at last upon the hounds. These, though known for their valor and their breed, were whimpering in a cluster at the head of a deep dip or gully, as we call it, upon the moor, some slinking away and some, with starting hackles and staring eyes, gazing down the narrow valley before them.

"The company had come to a halt, more sober men, as you may guess, than when they started. The most of them would by no means advance, but three of them, the boldest, or it may be the most drunken, rode forward down the royal Now, it opened into a broad space in which stood two of those great stones, still to be seen there, which were set by certain forgotten peoples in the days of old. The moon was shining bright upon the clearing, and there in the centre lay the unhappy maid where she had fallen, dead of fear and of fatigue. But it was not the sight of her body, nor yet was it that of the body of Hugo Baskerville lying near her, which raised the hair upon the heads of these three daredevil roysters, but it was that, standing over Hugo, and plucking at his throat, there stood a foul thing, a great, black beast, shaped like a hound, yet larger than any hound that ever mortal eye has rested upon. And even as they looked the thing tore the throat out of Hugo Baskerville, on which, as it turned its blazing eyes and dripping jaws upon them, the three shrieked with fear and rode for dear life, still screaming, across the moor. One, it is said, died that very night of what he had seen, and the other two were but broken men for the rest of their days.

"Such is the tale, my sons, of the coming of the hound which is said to have plagued the family so sorely ever since. If I have set it down it is because that which is clearly known hath less terror than that which is but hinted at and guessed. Nor can it be denied that many of the family have been unhappy in their deaths, which have been sudden, bloody, and mysterious. Yet may we shelter ourselves in the infinite goodness of Providence, which would not forever punish the innocent beyond that third or fourth generation which is threatened in Holy Writ. To that Providence, my sons, I hereby commend you, and I counsel you by way of caution to forbear from crossing the moor in those dark hours when the powers of evil are exalted.

"(This from Hugo Baskerville to his sons Roger and John, with instructions that they say nothing thereof to their sister Elizabeth.)

When Dr. Mortimer had finished reading this singular narrative he pushed his spectacles up on his forehead and stared at them at Mr. Sherlock Holmes. The latter yawned and tossed the end of his cigarette into the fire.

"Well?" said he.

"Do you not find it interesting?"

"To a collector of fairy tales."

Dr. Mortimer drew a folded newspaper out of his pocket.

"Now, Mr. Holmes, we will give you something a little more recent. This is the Devon County Chronicle of May 14th of this year. It is a short account of the facts elicited at the death of Sir Charles Baskerville which occurred a few days before that date."

My friend leaned a little forward and his expression became intent. Our visitor readjusted his glasses and began:

"The recent sudden death of Sir Charles Baskerville, whose name has been mentioned as the probable Liberal candidate for Mid-Devon at the next election, has cast a gloom over the county. Though Sir Charles had resided at Baskerville Hall for a comparatively short period his amiability of character and extreme generosity of heart had won him the affection and respect of all who had been brought into contact with him. In these days of nouveaux riches it is refreshing to find a case where the scion of an old county family which has fallen upon evil days is able to make his own fortune and to bring it back with him to restore the fallen grandeur of his line. Sir Charles, as is well known, made large sums of money in South African speculation. More wise than those who go on until the wheel turns against them, the realized his gains and returned to England with them. It is only two years since he took up his residence at Baskerville Hall, and it is common talk how large were those schemes of reconstruction and improvement which have been interrupted by his death. Being himself childless, it was his openly expressed desire that the whole countryside should, within his own lifetime, profit by his good fortune, and many will have personal reasons for bemoaning his untimely end. His generous donations to local and coun-

ty charities have been frequently chronicled in these columns.

"The circumstances connected with the death of Sir Charles cannot be said to have been entirely cleared up by the inquest, but at least enough has been done to dispose of those rumors to which local superstition has given rise. There is no reason whatever to suspect foul play, or to imagine that death could be from any but natural causes. Sir Charles was a widower, and a man who may be said to have been in some ways of an eccentric habit of mind. In spite of his considerable wealth he was simple in his personal tastes, and his indoor servants at Baskerville Hall consisted of a married couple named Barrymore, the husband acting as butler and the wife as housekeeper. Their evidence, corroborated by that of several friends, tends to show that Sir Charles's health has for some time been impaired, and points especially to some affection of the heart, manifesting itself in changes of color, breathlessness, and acute attacks of nervous depression. Dr. James Mortimer, the friend and medical attendant of the deceased, has given evidence to the same effect.

"The facts of the case are simple. Sir Charles Baskerville was in the habit every night before going to bed of walking down the famous Yew Alley of Baskerville Hall. The evidence of the Barrymores shows that this had been his custom. On the 4th of May Sir Charles had declared his intention of starting next day for London, and had ordered Barrymore to prepare his luggage. That night he went out as usual for his nocturnal walk, in the course of which he was in the habit of smoking a cigar. He never returned. At twelve o'clock Barrymore, finding the hall door still open, became alarmed, and, lighting a lantern, went in search of his master. The day had been wet, and Sir Charles's footmarks were easily traced down the Alley. Half-way down this walk there is a gate which leads out to the moor. There were indications that Sir Charles had stood for some little time here. He then proceeded down the Alley, and it was at the far end of it that his body was discovered. One fact which has not been explained is the statement of Barrymore that his master's footprints altered their character from the time that he passed the moor-gate, and that he appeared from thence onwards to have been walking upon his toes. One Murphy, a gipsy horse-dealer, was on the moor at no great distance at the time, but he appears by his own confession to have been the worse for drink. He declares that he heard cries, but is unable to state from what direction they came. No signs of violence were to be discovered upon Sir Charles's person, and though the doctor's evidence pointed to an almost incredible facial distortion—so great that Dr. Mortimer refused at first to believe that it was indeed his friend and patient who lay before him—it was explained that that is a symptom which is not unusual in cases of dyspnoea and death from cardiac exhaustion. This explanation was borne out by the post-mortem examination, which showed long-standing organic disease, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence. It is well that this is so, for it is obviously of the utmost importance that Sir Charles's heir should settle at the Hall and continue the good work which has been so sadly interrupted. Had the prosaic finding of the coroner not finally put an end to the romantic stories which have been whispered in connection with the affair, it might have been difficult to find a tenant for Baskerville Hall. It is understood that the next-of-kin is Mr. Henry Baskerville, if he be still alive, the son of Sir Charles Baskerville's younger brother. The young man when last heard of was in America, and inquiries are being instituted with a view to informing him of his good fortune."

Dr. Mortimer refolded his paper and replaced it in his pocket.

"Those are the public facts, Mr. Holmes, in connection with the death of Sir Charles Baskerville."

"I must thank you," said Sherlock Holmes, "for calling my attention to a case which certainly presents some features of interest. I had observed some newspaper comment at the time, but I was exceedingly preoccupied by that little affair of the Vatican cameos, and in my anxiety to oblige the Pope I lost touch with several interesting English cases. This article, you say, contains all the public facts?"

"It does."

"Then let me have the private ones." He leaned back, put his fingertips together, and assumed his most impassive and judicial expression.

"In doing so," said Dr. Mortimer, who had begun to show signs of some strong emotion, "I am telling that which I have not confided to anyone. My motive for withholding it from the coroner's inquiry is that a man of science shrinks from placing himself in the public position of seeming to endorse a popular superstition. I had the further motive that Baskerville Hall, as the paper says, would certainly remain untenanted if anything were done to increase its already rather grim reputation. For both these reasons I thought that I was justified in telling rather less than I knew, since no practical good could result from it, but with you there is no reason why I should not be more frank."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Query.

Is there a man in this broad land Who never to a friend has said, 'Old man, I have a remedy That'll cure that cold in your head?'

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."

Edible Serpents.

About the year B. C. 220 edible serpents were sold at a penny each in the Egyptian markets. They were shipped to Rome. Italian vipers were cheaper, costing about a halfpenny each.

Don't Know Rain.

The region between the first and second cataracts of the Nile is the hottest on the globe. It never rains there, and the natives do not believe foreigners who tell them that water can descend from the sky.

Queer Names For Streets.

In Hull, England, there is a street called Land of Green Ginger, and in Leicester there is another called Holy Bones. These are said to be the queerest street names in the world.

Boston Roast Pig.

Roast pig is a favored Boston holiday dish. Families that never think of it at any other time will give it a try on a holiday, and the market men cater to the notion. Stalls that never have them on sale generally will have them just before the holiday.

The Weight of \$1,000,000.

One million dollars in gold weighs 3,685.8 pounds. If the money is silver the million dollars will weigh 58,929.9 pounds.

The Crofter.

The word "crofter" is derived from "crutnick," or wheat eater. Crofters are the small farmers of the north of Scotland, the Orkneys and Shetlands. Those who have no land are called "hacks."

If Women Couldn't Read.

"Then you don't believe in higher education for women?"

"Certainly not. I think it's a shame to even teach 'em how to read. If a woman couldn't read the bargain advertisements, she wouldn't be so unhappy over the lots of things she can't afford to buy."

Her Advantage.

"Your daughter has an angelic disposition."

"Yes; we always let her have her own way about everything."

Nipped In the Bud.

Judge—Which is proper to say, "Lend me \$10," or "Loan me \$10?"

Wickwire—It won't do you any good to say either.

PITY THE BUSY OFFICE MAN.

He feels half dead, a sense of nausea, headache and nerve strain. He is on the verge of breakdown through overwork and lack of exercise. These difficulties are best overcome by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which make the bowels active, stimulate kidneys and liver and thereby free the system of impurities.

To revitalize and stimulate your whole being, to shake off lethargy and tiredness, nothing compares with Dr. Hamilton's Pills which do make good looks, good spirits, good health. Sold everywhere in 25c. 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—and make you eat, sleep, feel, as you should.

All dealers—or by mail—25c. THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LIMITED SOLE PROPRIETORS MONTREAL