

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 a 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.

To 303 Mixed for Campbellton, Moncton, St. John and Halifax	5.00
To 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville	13.30
To 317 Suburban for Marysville	6.11
To 321 Suburban for Marysville	11.11
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.

Fire, Life, Health and Accident Insurance

JASPER A. WINSLOW,
Opp. Normal School,
Queen Street, - Fredericton.

F. St. John Bliss,

BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c

Secretary-Treasurer of York County.
County Court House, Main Entrance

MAILS CLOSING

In effect, October 1, 1906.

6 a.m.—For St. John, etc., St. Stephen and Charlotte Co., Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska Counties, and United States.

7.00 a.m.—Woodstock and Gibson Branch Stations, daily.

WAY MAILS—East Side St. John River.

7.00 a. m.—For Keswick Ridge, Southampton, etc., Mondays and Thursdays.

West Side St. John River.

7.00 a. m.—For Springhill, Kingsclear, Prince William, etc. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

6.30 a.m.—St. John River via Steamer—For Oromocto, Sheffield, Gagetown, etc.

9.15 a.m.—St. John, etc., C. P. Railway stations, East, Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.

10 a.m.—For St. Mary's Ferry, Gibson and Marysville.

WAY MAILS.

2 p.m.—For Nashwaakias and St. Mary's Ferry, daily, Nasonworth, New Maryland, Hanwell, Lower St. Marys and Royal Road. Wednesdays and Saturdays.

4.15 p.m.—For Gibson, Marysville, Boletown, Doaktown, Blackville, etc., Chatham, and I. C. Railway Stations, north and south.

4.45 p.m.—For St. Stephen, Woodstock, United States, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and North West West Provinces.

8.15 p. m.—For St. John, etc., Nova Scotia and P. E. Island

4.50 p.m.—British mails via New

York, Mondays and Thursdays.

MAILS RECEIVED.

9.30 a.m.—From St. John, etc., and Nova Scotia.
From Hamtown, Royal Road, etc.

11.00 a.m.—From Nasonworth and New Maryland, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

12.00 noon—From Montreal, Ottawa, Northwest Provinces, etc., and United States.

1.20 p. m.—From I. C. Railway Stations, North Shore and Quebec.
Scotia and P. E. Island.

St. John River via Steamer.

5 p.m.—From Oromocto, Sheffield, Gagetown, etc.

9.05 p.m.—From Woodstock and Gibson Branch Stations, daily.

8.20 p. m.—From Nova Scotia, P. E. Island and St. John.

WAY MAILS

7.00 p. m.—West Side River, St. John—From Meductic, and Way Offices, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

St. John—From Woodstock and Way Offices Tuesdays and Fridays.

In a few minutes an elderly woman came out the front door. Her hair worn as a coronet, was silvery white though she was only forty. Age had touched her face lightly, pressing in the wrinkles with loving fingers that left only sweetness in the expression.

Rumor told a romantic tale of Linda Pennington's life, and for once rumor was right. A girl's engagement with a young army officer who fell in his first battle, a few years as a nurse in the war, interrupted by a marriage with Lyall Pennington, early widowhood, and a subsequent life devoted to good work—these were among the incidents in her story. For many years all her plans had been for Mary, whom she had adopted long ago.

Mrs. Pennington had taken a great interest in Mary because she came from her own town, and the case of the child was particularly pitiful, for there were no near relatives to whom she could be sent.

Fresh from the sadness caused by the death of her husband, Linda found the child's companionship a great comfort. Mary had passed serenely through the stages of childhood and youth and now, at nineteen, under the training of private tutors, was prepared to enter

Several ladies sat in their club a few evenings ago discussing the virtues of their husbands.
"Mr. Bingleton," said one of them, referring to her life partner, "never drinks, and never swears—indeed, he has no bad habits."
"Does he ever smoke," someone asked.

"Yes; he likes a cigar just after he has eaten a good meal. But I suppose on an average he doesn't smoke more than once a month."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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.

Downtown. 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

MOUNT ALLISON LADIES' COLLEGE

54th YEAR COMMENCES SEPTEMBER 5, 1907

MASSEY TREBLE SCHOOL OF HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE

Normal Course certificate from Mount Allison accepted as qualification for teaching Household Science in New Brunswick Schools.

DEPARTMENT OF ORATORY affiliated with EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, Boston.

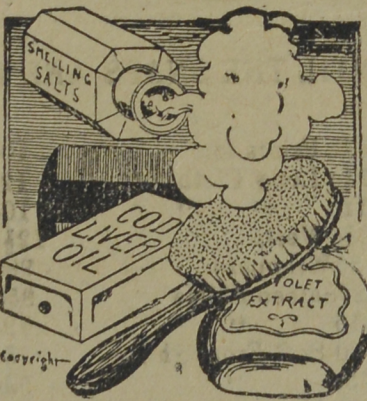
graduates of this Department of Mount Allison may enter the Senior Year at Emerson.

OWENS' MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS. In charge of an "R.C.A." and equipped with Pictures, Casts, &c. to the value of \$75,000. A complete course leading to the graduating certificate has been organized.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. With faculty of ten members and equipped with a Stienway Grand Piano, three Pipe Organs and 46 Pianos for concert and practice purposes.

Course leading to M.L.A. DEGREE. SCHOLARSHIPS for worthy students. Correspondence Solicited.

Address: Rev. B. C. BORDEN, D.D.
SACKVILLE, N. B.



Wedding

... Cake

Boxes

AT

Alonzo Staples, The Herald Office.

York Street Drug Store.

Heredity Triumphant

By Alice Lovett Carson

Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcells

A shrill whistle echoed along the sunny avenue. Mary Dexter jumped from her seat on the porch, scattering embroidery silks in all directions. She waved her handkerchief in response. Then she ran into the house calling: "Aunt Linda! Where are you? Here's Dave Green to see you!"

Without waiting for a reply she returned to the porch just in time to greet the young man who came up the steps. "Glad to see me, Mary?" he asked as with a hasty glance around she put up her face for a kiss. Then the two sat down on the top step in earnest, subdued conversation. Mary Dexter was a maid of nineteen with a fresh peachblow complexion. Today wearing a simple white frock, she looked her best—and knew it.

In a few minutes an elderly woman came out the front door. Her hair worn as a coronet, was silvery white though she was only forty. Age had touched her face lightly, pressing in the wrinkles with loving fingers that left only sweetness in the expression.

Rumor told a romantic tale of Linda Pennington's life, and for once rumor was right. A girl's engagement with a young army officer who fell in his first battle, a few years as a nurse in the war, interrupted by a marriage with Lyall Pennington, early widowhood, and a subsequent life devoted to good work—these were among the incidents in her story. For many years all her plans had been for Mary, whom she had adopted long ago.

Mrs. Pennington had taken a great interest in Mary because she came from her own town, and the case of the child was particularly pitiful, for there were no near relatives to whom she could be sent.

Fresh from the sadness caused by the death of her husband, Linda found the child's companionship a great comfort. Mary had passed serenely through the stages of childhood and youth and now, at nineteen, under the training of private tutors, was prepared to enter

The girl's storm of fury spent itself in floods of tears. "Aunt Linda, I can't. Don't ask me to," she sobbed.

David drew his sweetheart toward him. He had been a silent, troubled witness of the scene. Now he spoke quietly.

"It's like this, Mrs. Pennington, we love each other, and we don't see the use of waiting. If we wait four years by then we'll have grown apart perhaps, and it will be harder to give in to each other. We want to be married at once. I am making a good living; my people are pleased, and we only want your consent."

But she shook her head impatiently. "I have nothing against you, David, but—it is impossible."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Pennington!" he cried. "Think—think—when you were young and in love. Don't you remember how it was then?"

How old memories can rise again! A vision of a boyish soldier, with pleading eyes and tender smile. And that parting—could she ever forget the sound of his voice, low and thrilling?

She gave a shuddering sigh and opened tear dimmed eyes. "I was only seventeen and he was twenty—and I never saw him again. His body could not be found. Ah!" Steadying her voice, she went on: "You are right, David. It was foolish and wrong to try to control Mary's life. She must work it out for herself. My plans were far different from this, but I can give them up, as I have given up others."

"Dear Mrs. Pennington," said David, grasping her hand.

Then, when Mary ran off to set the supper table and David followed, with awkward attempts to help, Linda Pennington drew forth an old locket and gazed long at the portrait within.

"Once I thought that the shattering of my dreams would kill me," she murmured. "But I lived to thank God for other dreams and duties that came. So it will be now, I think."

"Supper is ready, Aunt Linda!" called Mary, and Mrs. Pennington turned from the sunset glow.

A Welsh Rip.

Every nation has a Rip Van Winkle of its own, but the Welsh story of Rip is unique. He is known as Taffy ap Sion. One morning Taffy heard a bird singing on a tree close by his path. Allured by the melody, he sat down until the music ceased. When he arose, what was his surprise at observing that the tree under which he had taken a seat had now become dead and withered! In the doorway of his home, which, to his amazement, he asked of a strange old man for his parents, whom he had left there, as he said, a few minutes before. Upon learning his name the old man said: "Alas, Taffy, I have often heard my grandfather, your father, speak of you, and it was said you were under the power of the fairies and would not be released until the last sap of that sycamore had dried up. Embrace me, my dear uncle—for you are my uncle—embrace your nephew."

Welshmen do not always perceive the humor of this somewhat novel situation of a youth—for Taffy was still merely a boy—being hailed as uncle by a gentleman perhaps forty years his senior.

Fun For Him.

Askum—Who was that man who stopped to talk to you? Dubley—That's my old barber. Askum—Does he usually stop you on the street. Dubley—No, but he knows I'm shaving myself now and he just wanted to look at my face and gloat over me.—Atlanta Constitution.

approval, read in her face grief, disappointment and refusal.

"Aren't you pleased?" went on the girl. "We've been engaged since Christmas. Before I visited Florrie Tucker, Dave asked me and I said, 'I'd see.' Then while I was away he kept writing to me—and I always did like him best of any of the boys—so I just had to say 'yes.' He's so obstinate, Dave is, he wouldn't take 'no.'"

"Of course I am very much surprised," Linda said when she could trust herself to speak. "I think you are both too young to talk of such things. Besides, you are going to college soon, Mary, and I do not approve of indefinite engagements."

"But there's nothing indefinite about our engagement," replied the girl airily, twisting the ring on her finger. "We are to be married in September."

"What?"

"Oh, yes, it's all settled," nodding her head. "I wrote this morning to Merton canceling my application. I'm tired of study—what is the use of it? I know more now than any other girl—or boy almost—in Dorsettown. Just think, after September I'll never have to study any more!"

Mrs. Pennington rose in wrath from her chair. "Mary," she cried sharply, "you don't know what you're saying! You are giving up carelessly what I would give years of my life to have had when I was a girl—what you will always regret giving up. I don't often exercise my authority as your guardian, but when you act like a silly child I must. I ask you—no, I order you—to break this engagement!"

Mary sprang up and stamped her foot angrily. "Well, I won't!" she cried. "And you can't make me; I'm nineteen years old."

Linda sank back in the chair with trembling lips. The mother who had eloped was speaking through her daughter. "Mary, if you love me," she pleaded, but she knew it would be no use. The girl's heredity was showing, and she must bow to the inevitable.

Mary never would understand what a blow this was to her guardian's ambitions for her. College, then advanced work, or, if the girl preferred, art study in Paris or music in Germany—these the plans she had made. And this mad whim must overturn them all!

The girl's storm of fury spent itself in floods of tears. "Aunt Linda, I can't. Don't ask me to," she sobbed.

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For Hubby's Birthday.

Give your husband and some of his near friends a bohemian supper on his birthday. Decorate your dining room with odd plates, pewter flagons and steins. If you can secure tiny stiff trees, use these for a hedge across the windows, alternating with candles across the mantel, or plants of any sort will do. Have a bare top to your table and a mass of scarlet flowers or a bowl of red and yellow fruit in the center. For a before supper entertainment have caricatures and cartoons hung about the walls. Find a variety of toasts with which to decorate name cards made from rough brown paper, or you can secure name cards with English scenes on them or picture postals. For supper serve rye bread, cheese and ham sandwiches, sliced raw onions, potato salad, pickles, coffee, celery and cheese. You need plan no further entertainment for the men. They will enjoy stories around the table.

How to Keep In a Fire.

If a fire is needed to be kept in a long time, the following method is recommended:

On the top of a glowing fire place some newspaper, damped and folded into tight balls. On the top of this place a layer of damped coal dust and then again a layer of newspaper balls, finishing with a layer of coal dust.

When the fire is required it will only be necessary to give a gentle stir and place a few small pieces at the top, and in a short space of time there will be a good fire. All kinders should be carefully sifted through a small meshed riddle. They can then be placed at the back of the fire or next to the wood for lighting, when a clear fire can soon be obtained.

SEPT.	SEPT.
19	30
20	OCT.
21	1
	2

Good for return until Oct. 7, 1907. Good for return until Oct. 17, 1907.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Will sell Round Trip Tickets from FREDERICTON TO MONTREAL \$11.70

Proportionately low fares from all stations Campbellton and east. Apply to nearest I. C. R. agent for further particulars.

Sep13d121

WESTERN EXCURSION

SEP. 19, 20, 21 Good for return until Oct. 7, '07

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Will sell round trip tickets from FREDERICTON, N. B. TO

Port Huron, Mich.	\$26.55
Detroit	\$26.70
Saginaw	\$28.85
Bay City	\$28.95
Grand Rapids	\$30.65
Chicago, Ill.	\$29.70
Minneapolis, Minn.	\$45.70
St. Paul	\$45.70
Cl. veland, Ohio (via Buffalo and Str.)	\$25.51

Proportionately low fares from all stations, Campbellton and east.

Apply to the nearest Intercolonial R'y Agent for further particulars.

Sep12d61

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

ANOTHER FARM LABORERS EXCURSION

FROM THE MARITIME PROVINCES

Sept. 17th

For further particulars watch this space, see your nearest agent, or write

W. B. HOWARD, D. P. A., C. P. R. St. John, N. B.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

Will sell round trip tickets from stations in NEW BRUNSWICK at

First Class One Way Fare Good going from Sept 13 to Sept. 20 inclusive.

From stations Loggieville and Gibson, inclusive. Good going Sept. 14 to Sept. 21, inclusive.

All tickets good for return Sept. 23rd. For special excursion fares see small bills.

SEPTEMBER 14th to 21st, 1907.

Sept. 2 d71.