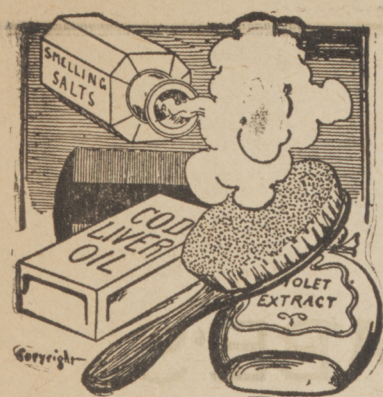




WHEN OUR BARGAINS ARE EXHAUSTED

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

York Street Drug Store

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

ATLANTIC DIVISION

ALL RAIL LINES TO THE SHORT LINE TO BOSTON, ETC.

TRAIL LIMITED ROUTE

ANGEMENTS OF TRAINS

in Effect Oct. 14th, 1906.

Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated

DEPARTURES.

9:35 a. m.—Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North; Port Fairfield, Carleton Place, Presque Isle, Plaster Rock and Edmundston; Bangor, Portland and Boston. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jet, to Boston.

9:55 a. m.—Mixed, via Gibson Branch, for Woodstock and North; Presque Isle, Plaster Rock, Edmundston, etc. Leaves St. Mary's 8:35 a. m.

10 a. m.—Express for Fredericton Junction connecting with Atlantic Express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and with Western and Pacific Expresses from Montreal for the West, Northwest and Pacific Coast; also connects for Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. St. Stephen, Woodstock, Plaster Rock, Carleton Place, Fredericton Jet, to Montreal. C. P. R. Dining Car, Fredericton Jet, to Matamoras; Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jet, to Boston.

10:15 a. m.—Express for St. John and points East. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jet, to St. John.

ARRIVALS.

11 a. m.—From St. John and East.

6:30 a. m.—From Montreal and West, Boston, St. Stephen, Woodstock and Houlton.

7:15 a. m.—From St. John and East.

11:30 a. m.—From Woodstock and points East, via Gibson Branch. Arrives at St. Mary's at 8:35 p. m.

11:45 a. m.—From Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton.

W. B. HOWARD, Act. District Passenger Agent.

USHER, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.

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CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, 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.

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Up-to-date UNDERTAKER

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UP TOWN, OFF. PEOPLES' BANK

A QUIET BLAZE!

Just a quiet, Bright Light, without any odor.

Can be used instantly.

The "SILENT" Parlor Matches

SCHOFIELD PAPER CO., Ltd

Selling Agents, ST. JOHN, N. B.

In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy Gently turns to thoughts of

YOU KNOW WHAT

Get Your WEDDING INVITATIONS Printed at

THE HERALD OFFICE

THE REFUGEES

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

Author of "The Return of Sherlock Holmes"

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(Continued.)

One rose from the couch, feeling that she had aged ten years in an hour. There was much to be done and little time in which to do it. She had cast down her jewels when the king had spoken as though they would atone for the loss of his love. But now that the love was gone there was no reason why the jewels should be lost too. If she had ceased to be the most powerful, she might still be the richest woman in France. There was her pension, of course. That would be a magnificent one, for Louis was always generous. And then there was all the spoil which she had collected during these long years, the jewels, the pearls, the gold, the vases, the pictures, the crucifixes, the watches, the trinkets—together they represented many millions of lives. With her own hands she packed away the most precious and portable of them, while she arranged with her brother for the safe keeping of the others. By evening all was ready, and she had arranged that her property should be sent after her to Petit Bourg, to which castle she intended to retire.

It wanted half an hour of the time fixed for her departure when a young cavalier whose face was strange to her was ushered into her room.

He came with a message from her brother.

"M. de Vivonne regrets, madame, that the rumor of your departure has got abroad among the court."

"What do I care for that, monsieur?" she retorted.

"He says, madame, that the courtiers may assemble at the west gate to see you go; that Mme. de Neuilly will be there, and the Duchesse de Chambord and—"

The lady shrank with horror at the thought of such a ordeal. To drive away from the palace where she had been more than queen under the scornful eyes and bitter gibes of personal enemies!

"Tell my brother, monsieur, that I should be obliged if he would make fresh arrangements."

"He bade me say that he had done so, madame."

"Ah! At what hour, then?"

"Now. As soon as possible."

"I am ready. At the west gate, then?"

"No. At the east. The carriage waits."

"And where is my brother?"

"We are to pick him up at the park gate. He is watched, and were he seen beside the carriage all would be known."

"Very good. Then, monsieur, if you will take my cloak and this casket we may start at once."

They made their way by a circuitous route through the less used corridors, she hurrying on like a guilty creature, a hood drawn over her face and her heart in a flutter at every step.

But fortune stood her friend. She met no one and soon found herself at the eastern postern gate. A couple of phlegmatic Swiss guardsmen leaned upon their muskets upon either side, and the lamp above shone upon the carriage which awaited her. The door was open, and a tall cavalier swathed in a black cloak handed her into it. He then took the seat opposite to her, slammed the door, and the canche rattled away down the main drive.

It had not surprised her that this man should join her inside the coach, for it was usual to have a guard there, and he was doubtless taking the place which her brother would afterward occupy. That was all natural enough. But when ten minutes passed by and he had neither moved nor spoken she peered at him through the gloom with some curiosity. At last the silence impressed her with a vague uneasiness. It was time to bring it to an end.

A thrill ran through her nerves. Who or what could he be, this silent man? Then suddenly it struck her that he might be dumb.

"Perhaps monsieur is afflicted," she said. "Perhaps monsieur cannot speak. If that be the cause of your silence, will you raise your hand, and I shall understand." He sat rigid and silent.

Then a sudden mad fear came upon her, shut up in the dark with this dreadful, voiceless thing. She screamed in her terror and strove to pull down the window and open the door. But a grip of steel closed suddenly round her wrist and forced her back into her seat. They were already on the country roads far beyond Versailles. It was darker than before, heavy clouds had banked over the heavens, and the rumbling of thunder was heard low down on the horizon.

The lady lay back panting upon the leather cushions of the carriage. She was a brave woman, and yet this sudden, strange horror coming upon her at the moment when she was weakest had shaken her to the soul. She crouched in the corner, staring across with eyes which were dilated with terror at the figure of the other side. If he would but say something. Any revelation, any menace, was better than this silence.

"Sir," said she, "there is some mistake here. I do not know by what right you prevent me from pulling down the window and giving my directions to the coachman."

He said nothing. "I repeat, sir, that there is some mistake. This is the carriage of my brother, M. de Vivonne, and he is not a man who will allow his sister to be treated uncourtously."

A few heavy drops of rain splashed against one window. The clouds were lower and denser. She had quite lost sight of that motionless figure, but it was all the more terrible to her now that it was unseen. She screamed with sheer terror.

"Sir," she cried, clutching forward with her hands and grasping his sleeve, "you frighten me. You terrify me. I have never harmed you. Why should you wish to hurt an unfortunate woman? Oh, speak to me, for God's sake, speak!"

Still the patter of rain upon the window and no other sound save her own sharp breathing.

"Perhaps you do not know who I am?" she continued, endeavoring to assume her usual tone of command, and talking now to an absolute and impenetrable darkness. "You may learn when it is too late that you have chosen the wrong person for this pious antry. I am the Marquise de Montespan, and I am not one who forgets a slight. If you know anything of the court you must know that my word has some weight with the king. If you would—O Jesus! Have mercy!"

A vivid flash of lightning had burst from the heart of the cloud and for an instant the whole countryside and the interior of the canche were as light as day. The man's face was within a hand breadth of her own, his mouth wide open, his eyes mere shining slits, convulsed with silent merriment. Every detail flashed out clear in that vivid light—his red quivering tongue, the lighter pink beneath it, the broad white teeth, the short brown beard cut into a peak and bristling forward.

But it was not the sudden flash; it was not the laughing, cruel face, which

shot an ice cold shudder through Françoise de Montespan. It was that, of all men upon earth, this was he whom she most dreaded and whom she had least thought to see.

"Maurice!" she screamed. "Maurice! It is you?"

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Steel Dinner Knives.
Steel dinner knives should be cleaned every time they are used. Otherwise they will look black and dull. Bristol brick with soap is the best thing to use. Let the blade of the knife rest flat upon a board and rub the steel with a bit of soaped cloth dipped in the brick reduced to a powder. Some housekeepers use a small potato for cleaning knives instead of a cloth. If the blades have become rusted cover them with olive oil and quicklime. Put away for two or three days, then rub with brick.

To Grill on Closed Range.
If the bars of a grate are too small or too near together for grilling remove the boiling ring and lift up the hot plate over the fire. Then place the gridiron in a horizontal position over the coals instead of attempting to grill in front of the fire, and the effect is just as good. Great care must be taken that the fire is bright, clear and quite free from smoke before the gridiron is placed over it, otherwise the operation cannot be successful.

Balky Bureau Drawers.
What is more tiresome than a bureau drawer that balks and sticks and goes in sideways or refuses to go in altogether? But rub the edges lightly with sandpaper and see how bright the world looks, or rub laundry soap all around the top of the drawer and on the little wooden shelf it runs on. Simple "homemade" remedies, both of them, but worth trying.

Brass Pans.
Brass pans that have stood for some time should be rubbed with vinegar and salt to remove verdigris. Clean with polishing paste or with bath brick dust and water. Then rinse out well with hot water and polish with soft cloths. Treated like this your brass pans will be perfectly safe for any kind of cookery.

For Reddish Hair.
A shampoo that should give a blond cast to reddish hair is made of one-half ounce of honey, half an ounce of rhubarb stalks and three ounces of white wine. Let the three stand together for twenty-four hours, then drain. Wet the hair evenly with the liquid, rub and let it dry. Then wash off in clear water.

The French Seam.
The French seam is always used on fine underwear. To make it the cloth is seamed on the right side, taking a very narrow seam, and then trimmed off as closely as possible. It is then turned and stitched on the wrong side, the first seam being entirely inclosed.

You can make menthol ice by melting two parts of spermaceti with the same quantity of white vaseline in a porcelain dish set in a pan of hot water. Ten parts of powdered menthol are added while the mixture is cooling.

NO WOMAN CAN BE STRONG AND HEALTHY UNLESS THE KIDNEYS ARE WELL

When the kidneys are ill, the whole body is ill, for the poisons which the kidneys ought to filter out of the blood are left in the system. Then how important it must be to see to it that this system of sewerage be not clogged up. Those who have never been troubled with kidney trouble know not the misery and suffering which those afflicted undergo.

Doan's Kidney Pills

are a specific for all kidney troubles. They begin by healing the delicate membrane of the kidneys and thus make their action regular and natural.

They help the kidneys to flush off the acid and poisonous impurities which have collected, thus clearing out the kidneys, bladder and all the urinary passages.

Doan's Kidney Pills are entirely vegetable, and may be safely taken by young and old. Let Doan's Kidney Pills do for you what they have done for thousands of others, that is, cure you. Mrs. John Young, Harwood, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with my kidneys for some time and my back was so lame I could scarcely get around. After using two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, I am completely cured. I find there is nothing like them for the cure of all kidney troubles."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

The Sallow Skin

is Nature's signal of distress in the liver, stomach or bowels—of blood clogged with poison. It means sudden illness sooner or later. Don't delay—right your blood with

McGale's Butternut Pills

Prompt and sure. No gripping pains or unpleasant results from their use. Nothing like them for curing jaundice, foul stomach, headaches, etc.

25c.