

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 tins 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, Chatham and Loggieville	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 rotation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC

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.
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.

R. St. John Bliss,

Notary Public, etc.

Secretary-Treasurer of York County

County Court House, Main Entrance,

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

Cast. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

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

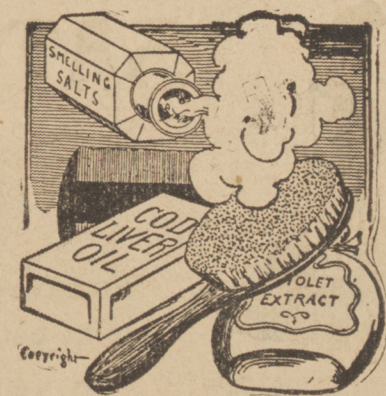
RESERVE FUND, \$5,250,000

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.

The Brethren

BY RIDER HAGGARD

Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She,"

"Cleopatra," "Allan Quartermain,"

"The World's Desire," Etc.

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(Continued.)

heavy words seemed like blood dripping from a death wound. Then she sank forward into the arms of Rosamund.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Many a day had gone by since the brethren bade farewell to Rosamund at Damascus. Now, one burning July night, they sat upon their horses, the moonlight gleaming on their mail. Still as statues they sat, looking out from a rocky mountain top across that grey and arid plain which stretches from near Nazareth to the lip of the hills at whose foot lies Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee. Beneath them, camped around the fountain of Serfurieh, were spread the hosts of the Franks to which they did sentinel; thirteen hundred knights, twenty thousand foot, and hordes of Turcopoles—that is, natives of the country, armed after the fashion of the Saracens.

Two miles away to the southeast glimmered the white houses of Nazareth, set in the lap of the mountains—Nazareth, the holy city where for thirty years lived and toiled the Saviour of the world. Doubtless, thought Godwin, His feet had often trod that mountain whereon they stood, and in the watered valleys below His hands had sped the plow or reaped the corn. Long, long had His voice been silent, yet to Godwin's ears it still seemed to speak in the murmur of the vast camp, and to echo from the slopes of the Galilean hills, and the words it said were: "I bring not peace, but a sword."

To-morrow they were to advance, so rumor said, across yonder desert plain and give battle to Saladin, who lay with all his power by Hattin, above Tiberias. Godwin and his brother thought that it was a madness; for they had seen the might of the Saracens and ridden across that thirsty plain beneath the summer sun. But who were they? Two wandering, untended knights, that they should dare to lift up their voices against those of the lords of the land, skilled from their birth in desert warfare? Yet Godwin's heart was troubled and fear took hold of him, not for himself, but for all the countless army that lay asleep yonder, and for the cause of Christendom, which staked its last throw upon this battle.

"I go to watch yonder; bide you here," he said to Wulf, and, turning the head of Flame, rode some sixty yards over a shoulder of the rock to the further edge of the mountain which looked towards the north. Here he could see neither the camp, nor Wulf, nor any living thing, but indeed was utterly alone. Dismounting, and bidding the horse stand, which it would do like a dog, he walked forward a few steps to where there was a rock, and, kneeling down, began to pray with all the strength of his pure, warrior heart.

"O Lord," he prayed, "Who once wast man and a dweller in these mountains, and knowest what is in man, hear me. I am afraid for all the thousands who sleep round Nazareth; not for myself, who care nothing for my life, but for all those, Thy servants and my brethren. Yes, and for the Cross upon which Thou didst hang, and for the faith itself throughout the East. Oh! give me light! Oh! let me hear and see, that I may warn them, unless my fears are vain!"

So he murmured to Heaven above and beat his hands against his brow, praying, ever praying, as he had never prayed before, that wisdom and vision might be given to his soul.

It seemed to Godwin that a sleep fell on him—at least his mind grew clouded and confused. Then it cleared again, slowly, as stirred water clears, till it was bright and still, yet another mind to that which was his servant day by day which never could see or hear those things he saw and heard in that strange hour. Lo! he heard the spirits pass, whispering as they went; whispering, and, as it seemed to him, weeping also for some great woe which was to be: weeping yonder over Nazareth. Then like curtains the veils were lifted from his eyes, and as they swung aside he saw further, and yet further.

He saw the king of the Franks in his tent beneath, and about him the council of his captains, among them the fierce-eyed master of the Templars, and a man whom he had seen in Jerusalem where they had been dwelling, and knew for Count Raymond of Tripoli, the lord of Tiberias. They were reasoning together, till, presently, in a rage, the Master of the Templars drew his sword and dashed it down upon the table.

Another veil was lifted, and lo! he saw the camp of Saladin, the mighty, endless camp with its ten thousand tents, amongst which the Saracens cried to Allah through all the watches of the night. He saw the royal pavilion, and in it the Sultan walked to and fro alone—none of his emirs, not even his son, were with him. He was lost in thought, and Godwin read his thought.

It was: "Behind me the Jordan and the Sea of Galilee, into which, if my flanks were turned, I should be driven, I and all my host. In front the territories of the Franks, where I have no friend; and by Nazareth their great army. Allah alone can help me. If they sit still and force me to advance across the desert and attack them before my army melts away, then I am lost. If they advance upon me round the Mountain Tabor and by the watered land, I may be lost. But if—oh! if Allah should make them mad, and they should strike straight across the desert—then, then they are lost, and the reign of the Cross in Syria is free."

ever at an end, I will wait here, I will wait here.

Look! near the pavilion of Saladin stood another tent, closely guarded, and in it on a cushioned bed lay two women. One was Rosamund, but she slept sound; and the other was Masouda, and she was waking, for her eyes met his in the darkness.

The last veil was withdrawn, and now Godwin saw a sight at which his soul shivered. A fire-blackened plain, and above it a frowning mountain, and the mountain thick, thick with dead, thousands and thousands and thousands of dead, among which the hyenas wandered and the night-birds screamed. He could see their faces, many of them he knew again as those of living men whom he had met in Jerusalem and elsewhere, or had noted with the army. He could hear also the moanings of the few who were yet alive.

About that field—yes, and in the camp of Saladin, where lay more dead—his body seemed to wander searching for something, he knew not what, till it came to him that it was the corpse of Wulf for which he sought and found it not—nay, nor his own either. Then once more he heard the spirits pass—a very great company, for to them were gathered all those dead—heard them pass away, wailing, ever more faintly wailing for the lost cause of Christ, wailing over Nazareth.

Godwin awoke from his dream trembling, mounted his horse, and rode back to Wulf. Beneath, as before, lay the sleeping camp, yonder stretched the brown desert, and there sat Wulf, watching both.

"Tell me," asked Godwin, "how long is it since I left you?"

"Some few minutes—ten perhaps," answered his brother.

A short while to have seen so much," replied Godwin. Then Wulf looked at him curiously and asked:

"What have you seen?"

"If I told you, Wulf, you would not believe."

"Tell me, and I will say."

So Godwin told him all, and at the end asked him, "What think you?"

Wulf considered awhile, and answered:

"Well, brother, you have touched no wine to-day, so you are not drunk, and you have done nothing foolish, so you are not mad. Therefore it would seem that the saints have been talking to you, or, at least, so I should think of any other man whom I knew to be as good as you are. Yet it is folk like you that see visions, and those visions are not always true, for sometimes, I believe, the devil is their showman. Our watch is ended, for I hear the horses of the knights who come to relieve us. Listen: this is my counsel. In the camp yonder is our friend with whom we traveled from Jerusalem, Egbert, the bishop of Nazareth, who marches with the host. Let us go to him and lay this matter before him, for he is a holy man and learned; no false, self-seeking priest."

Godwin nodded in assent, and presently, when the other knights were come and they had made their report to them, rode off together to the tent of Egbert, and, leaving their horses in charge of a servant, entered.

Egbert was an Englishman who had spent more than thirty years of his life in the East, whereof the suns had tanned his wrinkled face to the hue of bronze, that seemed the darker in contrast with his blue eyes and snow-white hair and beard. Entering the tent, they found him at his prayers before a little image of the Virgin, and stood with bowed heads until he had finished. Presently he rose, and greeting them with a blessing, asked them what they needed.

"Your counsel, holy father," answered Wulf. "Godwin, set out your tale."

So, having seen that the tent flap was closed and that none lingered near, Godwin told him his dream.

The old man listened patiently, nor did he seem surprised at this strange story, since in those days men saw, or thought they saw—many such visions, which were accepted by the Church as true.

When he had finished Godwin asked of him as he had asked of Wulf: "What think you, holy father? Is this a dream, or is it a message? And if so, from whom comes the message?"

"Godwin D'Arcy," he answered, "in my youth I knew your father. It was I who shrove him when he lay dying of his wounds, and a nobler soul never passed from earth to heaven. After you had left Damascus, when you were the guest of Saladin, we dwelt together in the same lodging in Jerusalem, and together we traveled here, during all which time I learned to know you also as the worthy son of a worthy sire—no dissolute knight, but a true servant of the Church. It well may be that to such a one as you foresight has been given, that through you those who rule us may be warned, and all Christendom saved from great sorrow and disgrace. Come, let us go to the king, and tell this story, for he still sits in council yonder."

So they went out together and rode to the royal tent. Here the bishop was admitted, leaving them without. Presently he turned and beckoned to them, and as they passed, the guards whispered to them:

"A strange council, sirs, and a fatal!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Chinese Women.

Chinese women under fifty years of age have been forbidden to worship in the temples at Tientsin.

Verdict for Dr. Pierce

AGAINST THE

Ladies' Home Journal.

Sending truth after a lie. It is an old maxim that "a lie will travel seven leagues while truth is getting its boots on," and no doubt hundreds of thousands of good people read the unwarranted and malicious attack upon Dr. R. V. Pierce and his "Favorite Prescription" published in the May (1904) number of the Ladies' Home Journal, with its great black display headings, who never saw the humble, groveling retraction, with its inconspicuous heading, published two months later. It was boldly charged in the slanderous and libelous article that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the cure of woman's weaknesses and ailments, contained alcohol and other harmful ingredients. Dr. Pierce promptly brought suit against the publishers of the Ladies' Home Journal, for \$200,000.00 damages.

Dr. Pierce alleged that Mr. Bok, the editor, maliciously published the article containing such false and defamatory matter with the intent of injuring his business; furthermore, that no alcohol or other poisonous, or habit-forming, drugs are, or ever were, contained in his "Favorite Prescription"; that said medicine is made from native medicinal roots and contains no harmful ingredients whatsoever; and that Mr. Bok's malicious statements were wholly and absolutely false.

In the retraction printed by said Journal, they were forced to acknowledge that they had obtained analyses of "Favorite Prescription" from eminent chemists, all of whom certified that it did not contain alcohol or any of the alleged harmful drugs. These facts were also proven in the trial of the action in the Supreme Court. But the business of Dr. Pierce was greatly injured by the publication of the libelous article with its great display headings, while hundreds of thousands who read the wicked defamatory article never saw the humble groveling retraction, set in small type, and made as inconspicuous as possible. The matter was, however, brought before a jury in the Supreme Court of New York State which promptly rendered a verdict in the Doctor's favor. Thus his traducers came to grief and their base slanders were refuted.

Ahead, Yet Behind.

The nervous foreigner got up and went back to the conductor of the street car.

"Pardone, m'sieur," said he, "but see car, he run so slow, and why, if you please? Ees it not so?"

"Yes," replied the conductor. "We can't help it, though. You see, the car ahead is behind."

The foreigner's eyes opened wider. "Would you mind saying him again?" he asked apologetically.

"I say," replied the conductor, louder than before, "that the car ahead is behind. See?"

The foreigner returned to his seat. "Zee car-r-r ahead, he ees behind?" said he to himself. "Most wonderful, most astonishing is zis country!"

Her First Birth.

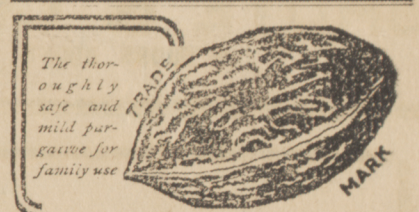
Black Sarah was busily employed about our northern kitchen, remarked about a prominent housekeeper, when I had occasion to go out there and by way of being pleasant said:

"You are from the south, are you not, Sarah?"

"Law, yes, miss!" was the answer.

"Born in the south?" I continued.

"Originally bawn in Richmond, miss," was the astonishing reply.



McGale's Butternut Pills

Cure biliousness, sick headaches, constipation—purify the blood—stimulate stomach, liver and bowels.

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.

THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LIMITED
20 MONTREAL, CAN.

IMPOSSIBLE TO STOOP OR BEND

SEVERAL DOCTORS COULD DO NO GOOD. PAIN IN BACK AND KIDNEYS.

People often say, "How are we to know when the kidneys are out of order?"

The location of the kidneys, close as it is to the small of the back, which is not affected materially by other organs, renders the detection of kidney trouble a simple matter.

The note of warning comes from the back. Backache is the signal sent out by the kidneys the minute they become overtaxed. Those who heed the warning when it first comes, usually have but little trouble. The danger lies in delay. A few doses of

Doan's Kidney Pills

taken in time, often saves years of suffering, and in many cases life itself.

They stimulate the action of the kidneys, enabling them to perform their duty perfectly.

Miss S. C. Pro, Room Secum, N.S., writes: "For the past three years I have been troubled with a very bad pain in my back and kidneys. It was so bad it was impossible for me to stoop or bend. I had several doctors attend me, but found no relief until I picked up one of your Egyptian Dream Books, and found out about your remarkable remedy, Doan's Kidney Pills. I procured two boxes and their action surprised me, for they completely cured me. I don't think they have an equal for kidney trouble." 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.