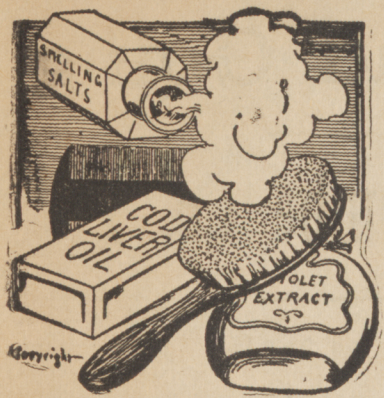




WHEN OUR BARGAINS ARE EXHAUSTED

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 THE SHORT LINE

So Jersey, etc. so Montreal.

CAPITAL LIMITED ROUTE

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

in effect Oct. 14th, 1906.

Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated.

DEPARTURES.

25.1. m.—Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and Port au Port, Fort Fairfield, Carleton Place, Presque Isle, Plaster Rock and Edmundston; Bangor, Portland and Boston. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton, Jct. to Boston.

25.2. m.—Mixed, via Gibson Branch, for Woodstock and North; Presque Isle, Plaster Rock, Edmundston, etc. Leaves St. Mary's 8.55 a. m.

25.3. m.—Express for Fredericton Junction connecting with Atlantic Express for St. John and points East. Palace Sleeper, Fredericton Jct. to Halifax, N. S. Pulling Car, Fredericton Jct. to Truro, N. S.

40 p. m.—Mixed for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Short Line 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, and Woodstock. Palace Sleeper, Fredericton Jct. to Montreal. C. P. R. Dining Car, Fredericton Jct. to Mattawamkeag. Pullman Sleeper, Fredericton Jct. to Boston.

40.1. m.—Express for St. John and points East. Pullman Parlor Car Fredericton Jct. to St. John.

ARRIVALS.

1. m.—From St. John and East.

2. m.—From Montreal and West, Boston, St. Stephen, Woodstock and Houlton.

3. m.—From St. John and East.

4. m.—From Woodstock and points St. John, via Gibson Branch. Arrives at 8.15 p. m.

5. m.—From Fredericton, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton.

W. B. HOWARD, Act District Passenger Agent, St. John, N. S.

W. B. USHER, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

OMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 10, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of 160 acres, more or less.

Priority must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following means:

(1) At least six months' residence upon cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

May 11—Herald.

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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 its 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, 77 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.

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,

OF TOWN, . . . OFF. PEOPLES' BANK

Because "Everybody Else" Uses Them.

Is no reason why you should, but just try them—you will use them for a better reason than that.

EDDY'S

"SILENT" Parlor Matches

All Grocers sell them

SCHOFIELD PAPER Co.,

Selling Agents, ST. JOHN, N. B.

...FOR.

JOB PRINTING

That will Suit You

come to the

Herald Office.

THE REFUGEES

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

Author of "The Return of Sherlock Holmes"

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CHAPTER I.

It was the sort of window which was common in Paris about the end of the seventeenth century. Inside the window was furnished with a broad banal of brown stamped Spanish leather, where the family might recline and have an eye from behind the curtains on all that was going forward in the busy world beneath them. Two of them sat there now, a man and a woman, but their backs were turned to the spectacle and their faces to the large and richly furnished room. From time to time they stole a glance at each other, and their eyes told that they needed no other

sign to make them happy. Nor was it to be wondered at, for they were a well favored pair. She was very young, twenty at the most, with a face which was pale, indeed, and yet of a brilliant pallor, which was so clear and fresh and carried with it such a suggestion of purity and innocence that one would not wish its maiden grace to be marred by an intrusion of color. In her whole expression there was something quiet and subdued, which was accentuated by her simple dress of black taffeta. Such was Adele Catinat, the only daughter of the famous Huguenot cloth merchant.

But if her dress was somber it was atoned for by the magnificence of her companion. He was a man who might have been ten years her senior, with a keen soldier face, small well marked features, a carefully trimmed black mustache and a dark hazel eye which might harden to command a man or soften to supplicate a woman and he successful at either. Any Frenchman would have recognized his uniform as being that of an officer in the famous Blue Guard of Louis XIV. A trim, dashing soldier he looked, with his curling black hair and well poised head. Such he had proved himself before now in the field, too, until the name of Amory de Catinat had become conspicuous among the thousands of the valiant lesser noblesse who had flocked into the service of the king.

They were first cousins, these two, and there was just sufficient resemblance in the clear cut features to recall the relationship. De Catinat was sprung from a noble Huguenot family, but, having lost his parents early, he had joined the army and had worked his way without influence and against all odds to his present position. His father's younger brother, however, finding every path to fortune barred to him through the persecution to which men of his faith were already subjected, had dropped the "de" which implied his noble descent and had taken to trade in the city of Paris, with such success that he was now one of the richest and most prominent citizens of the town.

"Tell me, Adele," said he, "why do you look troubled?"

"You leave me this evening."

"But only to return tomorrow."

"And must you really, really go to-night?"

"It would be as much as my commission is to be absent. Why, I am on duty tomorrow morning outside the king's bedroom! After chapel time Major de Brissac will take my place, and then I am free once more. But still that line upon your brow, dear—"

"I was wishing that father would return."

"And why? Are you so lonely, then?"

Her pale face lit up with a quick smile. "I shall not be lonely until to-night. But I am always uneasy when he is away. One hears so much now of the persecution of our poor brethren."

"Tut, my uncle can defy them."

"He has gone to the provost of the Mercer guild about this notice of the quartering of the dragons."

"Ah, you have not told me of that."

"Here it is." She rose and took up a slip of blue paper with a red seal dangling from it which lay upon the table.

His strong black brows knitted together as he glanced at it.

"Take notice," it ran, "that you, Theophile Catinat, cloth merchant of the Rue St. Martin, are hereby required to give shelter and rations to twenty men of the Langue-doc Blue dragons, under Captain Dalbert, until such time as you receive a further notice. [Signed] De Beupre, commissioner of the king."

De Catinat knew well how this method of annoying Huguenots had been practiced all over France, but he had flattered himself that his own position at court would have insured his kinship from such an outrage. He threw the paper down with an exclamation of anger.

"When do they come?"

"Father said tonight."

"Then they shall not be here long. Tomorrow I shall have an order to remove them. But the sun has sunk behind St. Martin's church, and I should already be upon my way."

"No, no; you must not go yet."

"I would that I could give you into your father's charge first, for I fear to leave you alone when these troopers may come. And yet no excuse will avail me if I am not at Versailles. But see; a horseman has stopped before the door. He is not in uniform. Perhaps he is a messenger."

The girl ran eagerly to the window and peered out.

"Ah!" she cried. "I had forgotten. It is the man from America. Father said that he would come today."

"The man from America!" repeated the soldier in a tone of surprise, and they both craned their necks from the window.

The horseman, a sturdy, broad shouldered young man, clean shaven and crop haired, turned his long, swarthy face and his bold features in their direction as he ran his eye over the front of the house. He had a soft brimmed gray hat of a shape which was strange to Parisian eyes, but his somber clothes and high boots were such as any citizen might have worn. Yet his general appearance was so unusual that a group of townsfolk had already assembled round him, staring with open mouth at his horse and himself. A battered gun with an extremely long

barrel was fastened by the stock to his stirrup, while the muzzle stuck up into the air behind him. The rider, having satisfied himself as to the house, sprang lightly on to his saddle and, disengaging his gun, pushed his way unconcerned through the gaping crowd and knocked loudly at the door.

"Who is he, then?" asked De Catinat.

"A Canadian? I am almost one myself. I had as many friends on one side of the sea as on the other."

"Nay, he is from the English provinces, Amory. But he speaks our tongue. His mother was of our blood."

"And his name?"

"Is Amos—Amos—ah, those names! Yes, Green, that was it, Amos Green. His father and mine have done much trade together, and now his son, who, as I understand, has lived ever in the woods, is sent here to see something of men and cities."

The stranger entered and, having bowed to Adele, said to her companion, "Do I speak with my father's friend, M. Catinat?"

"No, monsieur," said the guardsman from the staircase, "my uncle is out, but I am Captain de Catinat, at your service, and here is Mlle. Catinat, who is your hostess."

"I am sorry my father is not here to welcome you, monsieur," she said; "but I do so very heartily in his place. Your room is above. Pierre will show it to you, if you wish."

"My room? For what?"

"Why, monsieur, to sleep in."

"And must I sleep in a room?"

De Catinat laughed at the gloomy face of the American. "You shall not sleep there if you do not wish," said he.

The other brightened at once, and stepped across to the farther window, which looked down upon the courtyard.

"Ah!" he cried. There is a beech tree there, mademoiselle, and if I might take my blanket out yonder I should like it better than any room."

"You are not from a town, then?" said De Catinat.

"My father lives in New York, two doors from the house of Peter Stuyvesant, of whom you must have heard. He is a very hardy man and he can do it, but I—very few days of Albany or Schenectady are enough for me. My life has been in the woods."

"I am sure that my father would wish you to sleep where you like and to do what you like."

"I thank you, mademoiselle. Then I shall take my things out there, and I shall groom my horse."

"I will come with you," said De Catinat, "for I would have a word with you. Until tomorrow, then, Adele, farewell!"

The two young men passed downstairs together, and the guardsman followed the American out into the yard.

"You have had a long journey," he said. "Are you tired?"

"No; I am seldom tired."

"Remain with the lady, then, until her father comes back. I have to go, and she might need a protector."

His strong black brows knitted together as he glanced at it.

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An Absolute Cure for Rheumatism

If the skin or bowels are unhealthy, they won't throw off enough urea. This urea is changed into uric acid—carried by the blood to the nerves—and causes Rheumatism.

Fruit-a-lives surely cure Rheumatism and Sciatica

because they act directly on bowels, kidneys and skin—and so strengthen and invigorate these organs that there is no urea and uric acid retained in the system to irritate the nerves and bring Rheumatism, Sciatica and Neuralgia.

"Fruit-a-lives" are intensified fruit juices with tonics and intestinal antiseptics added.

50c. box—6 for \$2.50.

Fruit-a-lives
ON FRUIT LIVER TABLETS.

Speed of Sound.

"Judge David Torrence of Derby, Conn.," said a New Haven man, "uttered many an epigram from the bench. In a case concerning a noise nuisance a scientist was once testifying before him about the speed of sound."

"Sound," said the man, "travels at the rate of 400 yards a second."

"All sound?" asked Judge Torrence.

"All," replied the scientist.

"The judge smiled."

"I'm sure you're wrong," he said. "I have noticed a great difference between the speed of certain kinds of sound. Thus, slander travels at the rate of quite 1,000 yards a second; flattery, 500 yards, while truth makes only a few feet a second, and, slow as its progress is, truth often fails to reach the goal, no matter how short the distance."

The Persians.

Socially I found the Persian people a great improvement on the other orientals of the farther east whom I had met. They are of a happy disposition and bright imagination, doubtless produced by the dry, clear air of their high table lands, which relieves from dullness and depression. They enjoy a joke and laugh heartily, and they are able to see that most things have their amusing side. I was struck with much among all classes which showed that their manners and ways had been favorably touched and turned by a softening civilization of ancient date.—General Gordon's "A Varied Life."

The Woman of Poise.

It is the creed of the up to date woman never to give herself away. A cup of coffee may be spilled over her delicate silk gown; she simply holds the breadths together and goes on with her flow of feminine talk. "Enfant terrible" makes agonizing remarks, a rival gives some cruel stab; all is met with the same absolute immobility of countenance.—London Lady.

The Rehearsal.

Bobby—Sister will be down in a few minutes, Mr. Softly. She's upstairs rehearsing. Mr. Softly (who has come prepared)—What is she rehearsing, Bobby? Bobby—I don't know, but she's standing in front of the mirror and blushing and saying, "Oh, Mr. Softly—er—this is so sudden."

Makes a Difference.

"George told me today he loved me more than his very life."

"Nonsense. All the young men say that."

"That may be true. But they all don't say it to me."

He removes the greatest ornament of friendship who takes away from it respect.—Cleero.

Considerate.

Mr. Zounghub—Did you bake this bread, darling? Mrs. Zounghub—Yes, dear. Mr. Zounghub—Well, please don't do anything like that again. You are entirely too light for such heavy work.

He was Right.

"See here," feebly complained the victim after the accident, "I thought you said it was perfectly safe to go up in that old elevator?"

"Well," replied the elevator man, "so it was safe to go up. You see, the dangerous part of it was comin' down."

Adam and Eve.

Adam was making his avowal to Eve.

"No power shall ever take