



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

To St. John, etc. To Montreal.

TRIAL LIMITED ROUTE

THE PACIFIC COAST

ANGEMENT OF TRAINS

in effect Oct. 14th, 1906.

Atlantic Time, Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated.

DEPARTURES.

2:30 a.m.—Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points North; Fort Fairfield, Carleton Place, Fredericton, etc. to Halifax, N. S. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton, etc. to Boston.

4:45 a.m.—Mixed, via Gibson Branch, for Woodstock and North; Presque Isle, Plaster Rock, Edmundston, etc. Leaves St. Mary's 8:35 a.m.

6:40 a.m.—Express for Fredericton Junction connecting with Atlantic Express for St. John and points East; Palace Sleeper, Fredericton, etc. to Halifax, N. S. Dining Car, Fredericton, etc. to Truro, N. S.

8:30 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, etc. to Montreal, N. S. Dining Car, Fredericton, etc. to Truro, N. S.

10:30 p.m.—Express for St. John and points East; Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton, etc. to St. John.

ARRIVALS.

12:30 p.m.—From St. John and East.

3:30 p.m.—From Montreal and West Boston, St. Stephen, Woodstock and Houlton.

6:30 p.m.—From St. John and East.

10:30 p.m.—From Woodstock and points North; via Gibson Branch. Arrives at St. Mary's at 8:15 p.m.

12:30 p.m.—From Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton.

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

J. C. USHER, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.

PROCESSES OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

OMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 16, 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.

Entry 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 plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and 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 residence 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.

Man B—Hemadomes.

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.

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, 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 Manager Of the B. & A.

By VAUGHAN KESTER

Copyright, 1901, by Harper & Brothers

(Continued.)

"No, not very. I wonder if they are coming?"

"You might go look," said her mother. And Constance hurried into the parlor. She was just in time to see her father enter the gate. He was alone. Constance flew to the front door and threw it open.

"He wouldn't come?" she cried breathlessly.

"He's gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes, a train was made up early this morning, and he has returned to Buckhorn—Why, what's the matter, Constance?"

For Constance, with a little gasp of dismay, had slipped down into a chair, with her hands before her face.

"What is it, dear?" he questioned anxiously. But she gave him no answer. She was crying softly, unheeding, it was all over. Oakley was gone, and with him went her only hope of happiness. Yet more keen than her sense of pain and personal loss was her regret that he would never understand that she respected and admired him as he deserved.

"I am sorry, Constance, but I didn't know that you especially wanted to see him," said the doctor awkwardly, but with a dawning comprehension of what it all meant. She made no answer.

"What is it, dear?" he repeated.

"Oh, nothing. I wanted to tell him about something, that is all. It doesn't matter now." She glanced up into his face with a sudden doubt. "You didn't see him; you are quite sure he went away without your seeing him; you are not deceiving me?"

"Why, of course, Constance, but he'll come back."

"No, he won't, papa," shaking her head sadly. "He's gone, and he will never come back. I know him better than you do."

And then she fled promptly upstairs to her own room.

This was the nearest Constance came to betraying her love for Oakley. She was not much given to confidences, and the ideals that had sustained her in her pride now seemed so childish and unworthy that she had no wish to dwell upon them, but whenever Dan's name was mentioned in her presence she looked frightened and guilty and avoided meeting her father's glance.

It seemed, indeed, that Oakley had taken final leave of Antioch. A new manager appeared and took formal charge of the destinies of the road. Under his direction work was resumed in the shops, for the strike had died a natural death. None of the hands was disposed to question the 10 per cent cut, and before the winter was over the scale of wages that had been in force before the strike was inaugurated was voluntarily restored. The town had no criticisms to make of Johnson, the new manager, a quiet, competent official; the most any one said was that he was not Oakley. That was enough. For Dan had come into his own.

Early in October there was a flutter of excitement when Turner Joyce and his wife left for the east to be Oakley's guests. When they returned some weeks later they had a good deal to say about him that Antioch was frankly curious to hear.

He had taken his father to Burton, where his mother was buried. Afterward he had joined General Cornish in New York.

While abroad the financier had effected a combination of interests which grouped a number of roads under one management, and Dan had been made general superintendent of the consolidated lines, with his headquarters in New York city. The Joyces were but vaguely informed as to where these lines were, but they did full justice to their magnitude, as well as to the importance of Oakley's new connection.

The dull monotony of those fall days in Antioch was never forgotten by Constance Emory. She was listless and restless by turns. She had hoped that she might hear from Oakley. She even thought the Joyces might bring her some message, but none had come. Dan had taken her at her word.

She had made no friends, and, with Ryder dead and Oakley gone, she saw no one and finally settled down into an apathy that alarmed the doctor. He, after some deliberation, suddenly announced his intention of going east to attend a medical convention.

"Shall you see Mr. Oakley?" Constance asked, with quick interest.

"Probably, if he's in New York when I get there."

Constance gave him a scared look and dropped her eyes. But when the time drew near for his departure she followed him about as if there were something on her mind which she wished to tell him.

The day he started she found courage to ask:

"Won't you take me with you, papa?"

"Not this time, dear," he answered. She was quiet for a moment and then said:

"Papa, you are not going to tell him?"

"Tell who, Constance. What?"

"Mr. Oakley."

"What about Oakley, dear?"

She looked at him from under her long lashes, while the color slowly mounted to her cheeks.

"You are not going to tell him what you think you know?"

The doctor smiled.

"I wish you would grant me the possession of ordinary sense, Constance. I am not quite a fool."

"You are a precious," she said, kissing him.

"Thank you. What message shall I give Oakley from you?"

"None."

"None?"

"He won't want to hear from me"—she said.

"Why not?"

"Because he just won't, papa. Besides, I expect he has forgotten that such a person ever lived."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BIG CHANCES FOR MAIDS

MAKERS OF COBALT THOUSANDS LIVE LONELY LIVES.

Rich Bachelors of New Liskeard—Fortunes in a Few Years—Murdoch Macleod, the Prospector-Capitalist—The Making of a Syrian Financier, and Some Other True Stories and Romances of Cobalt Camp.

Humbly domiciled in a lonely bachelor's shack on the outskirts of New Liskeard town is Murdoch Macleod, prospector and capitalist. There are capitalists and capitalists who have become prospectors; but seldom does one man possess the financial strength of the moneyed promoter as well as the physical essentials of the pioneer in the mining reserve wilds. Still less frequently does one meet with one man who is active as a capitalist as well as a prospector.

A Prospector-Capitalist.

Such a man is "Murdie" Macleod, of New Liskeard. Four years ago he was merely a prospector. He had tried his luck in many mineral fields, but it always failed him. It is said that he arrived in the Cobalt region with scarcely a copper to "spin for direction." He knew good-looking indications when he saw them, and he spotted a couple of claims east of the Cobalt Lake, just about as close to the Nipissing mine as he could get them. They turned out to be good. His luck had taken a twist. To-day he counts his wealth in the hundreds of thousands. Some folks say he is worth a million, but he modestly disclaims the title of millionaire. A stranger passing his shack would scarcely look therein for a moneyed man, unless he had previous knowledge of the occupant.

Prefers the North Country.

However, that is where Murdoch Macleod lives when he is at home. Sometimes he is down at the King Edward Hotel, in Toronto, talking in thousands and millions about the companies and the mining properties in which he is interested. It is quite likely that these short business trips to Toronto, with his mining outfit and the slightest derangement of this important organ is extremely dangerous. To strengthen the weak heart it is necessary to use a remedy that will act upon the heart tissue, restore and revitalize it and at the same time tone up and invigorate the nervous system, we have such a combination in

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Mrs. Ella Dingman, Morganston, Ont., writes of her experience with them: "It is with the greatest of pleasure that I recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I was troubled for a long time with my heart; I had weak and dizzy spells, could not rest at night, and I would have to sit up in bed the greater part of some nights, and it was absolutely impossible for me to lie on my left side. At last I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and they did me so much good I got another box and they effected a complete cure. I have not been troubled with my heart since."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Wealthy Ritchies.

Down in what is known in Liskeard as the East Road is an unpretentious farm house, the abode of S. S. Ritchie and family, nearly every member of which is wealthy in his or her own right, as the result of the Cobalt boom. They all "got in on the ground floor" in the Temiskaming and Hudson Bay Co., the mining venture which has made about a score of Liskearders comparatively wealthy. The eight thousand shares of this company were sold originally at \$1 each.

At various periods, during the infancy of Cobalt, when things looked rather blue, many of the New Liskeard holders of T. and H. B. would have been glad to unload at 50 per cent. discount. The Ritchies were among those who held on, probably because they couldn't sell out. They have now had the pleasure of seeing the stock advance from a 40-cent market valuation to \$135 a share. Part of their property was recently sold to the Cobalt Silver Queen people for \$315,000. Did any company ever pay such dividends? The last received by the T. and H. B. shareholders was at the rate of 1,500 per cent. There had been several previously on the thousand per cent. basis in which the Ritchies

ones shared to a large extent. S. S. Ritchie, the head of the house, is credited with saying, on one occasion, "Millions may come and millions may go out of this house, but you'll still find me working at the farm."

The T. and H. B. still possesses over 800 acres of central property in the mining region. The paid-up capitalization of the concern remains at \$8,000, and the miners are producing good paying ore.

The Syrian's Luck.

One of New Liskeard's most prominent and wealthy citizens is K. Farah, proprietor of the Canada Hotel and chief stockholder in the New Liskeard Electric Light Co. Mr. Farah is a gentleman of Syria, and started business life in New Liskeard as a merchant. He also stumbled over a couple of good claims north of Cobalt Lake, and one day he opened up his stock and found himself wealthy.

He sold one share for \$100,000, still holds another, and is now busy fighting law suits—a privilege that smacks of a fortune of which somebody is envious. Mr. Farah holds the respect of the community in which he resides, and when he was down in the "well-fixed" class of the nobles with the biggest financiers of old Ontario. From an itinerant merchant to wealthy capitalist—such has been the career of K. Farah, in less than half a dozen short years.

Many Men "Well-Fixed."

In a recent issue discussing the citizens of New Liskeard who were in the "well-fixed" class of the progressive little "Herald," of which Mr. A. W. Roebuck is editor, estimates that nine men of the town were worth over \$20,000, and at least eleven over \$10,000. Much of this was the result of the mining boom.

A Chance For the Girls.

The fact that most of the well-to-do men of New Liskeard are bachelors caused the bachelor editor of The New Liskeard Herald recently to dilate on the matrimonial opportunities for young women. No such fish ever swam in the sea of celibacy, wrote the editor, as awaited the bait of the ladies of Liskeard, or others who might cast a hook into the town bachelor's preserve. In towns of three thousand inhabitants, said Mr. Roebuck, no such opportunities existed in the world.

A Lucky Escape.

During the Spanish war, while the battleships were on blockade at Santiago, it was customary to have the six pounder guns every evening to protect against possible torpedo boat attack. While the triggers were being eased down one of the guns on the Massachusetts was accidentally discharged, the shot passing over the quarter deck of the Texas, which was lying next in the blockading line. All the officers of the Texas were on deck smoking and talking when the shot passed a few feet above their heads. Almost before it struck the water a signal was started on the Texas from its commanding officer, Captain Jack Phillips, to the commanding officer of the Massachusetts. The signal was, "Good line, but a trifle high."

MAKING SHOES.

An Industry That Illustrates the Spirit of Specialization.

No other industry displays so forcibly the modern spirit of specialization and organization as the shoe business. The last sixty years have witnessed a casting loose from former methods, with the evolution of marvelous labor saving machinery and the perfection of thoroughly organized business systems.

Thus the reader may experience a shock of surprise in learning that that crude and primitive article, the shoe peg, is still in use. Peg mills are scattered throughout the hardwood belt of the northeastern United States. Three small mills in northern New Hampshire annually convert some 3,500 cords of birch wood into 170,000 bushels of pegs.

The white and yellow birch, the only species used, is delivered at the mills in cord wood form. The sticks are peeled of their bark and then sawed transversely into sections of a thickness equal to the length of the pegs to be. From the saws these disks are carried by endless chains to a workman who operates a swiftly revolving bar that gouges out the small knots and other imperfections of the wood. Then the pieces pass between a pair of heavy roller presses, which score the wood in closely parallel lines. Another pair scores at right angles to the first. The tiny interstices between the checked lines will be the points of the pegs.

The splitting machine has the next turn. The essential features of this device are a striated cylinder, which catches in the scorings and thus feeds the disks into the machine, and a long horizontal knife which flips up and down with lightninglike rapidity, hitting the scored lines with unerring accuracy as the disks are shoved along beneath it. It requires two such machines to complete the work, the first splitting the wood into narrow ribbons and the second cutting in the other direction into the single pegs.

The continuous stream of pegs which issue from the machine passes under the sharp scrutiny of women, who deftly cull out the dark colored heart wood and turn the good pegs aside upon an endless chain to carry them through the finishing processes.

HEART TROUBLE CURED

In the rush, hurry and worry of modern times, we overwork the heart. It is any wonder then that there comes a breakdown of this wonderful little engine, when such a continued strain is placed upon it day after day. There are many forms of heart trouble and the slightest derangement of this important organ is extremely dangerous. To strengthen the weak heart it is necessary to use a remedy that will act upon the heart tissue, restore and revitalize it and at the same time tone up and invigorate the nervous system, we have such a combination in

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Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, 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. each box. At dealers' or by mail.

Sole Proprietors, The Wright Chemical Co., Ltd., Montreal, Can.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, Oct. 14th, 1906 trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON.

No. 303 Mixed for Campbellton, Moncton, Chatham and Loggieville. 8.45

No. 317 Suburban for Marysville. 6.15

No. 321 Suburban for Marysville. 11.15

No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville. 17.00

No. 327 Suburban for Marysville. 18.40

No. 329 Suburban for Marysville. 21.00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 318 Suburban from Marysville. 8.15

No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville. 13.05

No. 326 Suburban from Marysville. 18.20

No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggieville. 18.50

No. 328 Suburban from Marysville. 19.15

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

Moncton, N. B. Oct. 12th, 1906.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

Sold by Grocers and Storekeeper in 1-lb. and 1/2-lb. Tins.

"Weeping Willows."

"If there were more tears, there would be more marriages," said a matchmaker. "Whatever men may say, they like a woman who has not lost the ability to weep in true feminine fashion. In spite of their alleged strength, men always want some one in whom they can confide. What sympathy can they expect from a woman who knows not how to weep and regards tears as undignified? No man really likes to see a woman cry, but all