SAVE TIME AND LABOUR

As well as your temper by getting rom 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 ½ 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, St. John and Halifax 5.00
No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville 8.30
No. 317 Suburban for Marysville 6.15
No. 321 Suburban for Marysville 11.15
No. 323 Subruban 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 notation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

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

CANADIAN P. R.

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 Vanceboro, 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.

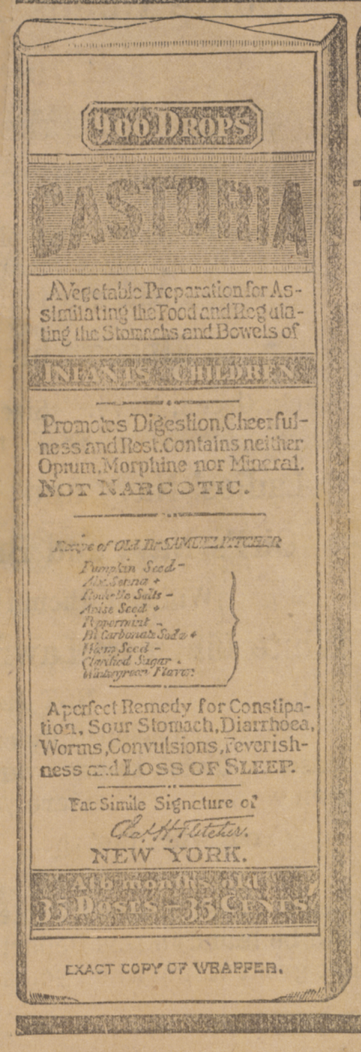
W. B. HOWARD,
District Passenger Agent,
St. John.

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



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(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.

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York Street Drug Store.

Wedding ... Cake Boxes AT The Herald Office.

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.)

"Come," said Godwin to Wulf in a strange, quiet voice. "We have seen enough. It is time to die. Look! yonder below us are the Mameluks, our old regiment, and amongst them Saladin, for I see his banner. Having had water, we and our horses are still fresh and strong. Now, let us make an end of which they will tell in Essex yonder. Charge for the flag of Saladin!"

Wulf nodded, and side by side they sped down the hill. Scimitars flashed at them, arrows struck upon their mail and the shields blazoned with the Death's-head D'Arcy crest. Through it all they went unscathed, and while the army of the Saracens stared, at the foot of the Horn of Hattin turned their horses' heads straight for the royal standard of Saladin. On they struggled, felling or riding down a foe at every stride. On, still on, although Flame and Smoke bled from a score of wounds.

They were among the Mameluks, there their line was thin; by Heaven! they were through them, and riding straight at the well-known figure of the Sultan, mounted on his white horse with his young son and his emir, the prince Hassan, at his side.

"Saladin for you, Hassan for me," shouted Wulf.

Then they met, and all the host of Islam cried out in dismay as they saw the Commander of the Faithful and his horse borne to the earth before the last despairing charge of those mad Christian knights. Another instant, and the Sultan was on his feet again, and a score of scimitars were striking at Godwin. His horse Flame sank down dying, but he sprang from the saddle, swinging the long sword. Now Saladin recognized the crest upon his buckler, and cried out:

"Yield you, Sir Godwin! You have done well—yield you!"

But Godwin, who would not yield, answered:

"When I am dead—not before."

Thereupon Saladin spoke a word, and while certain of his Mameluks engaged Godwin in front, keeping out of reach of that red and terrible sword, others crept up behind, and springing on him, seized his arms and dragged his to the ground, where they bound him fast.

Meanwhile Wulf had fared otherwise, for it was his horse Smoke, already stabbed to the vitals, that fell as he plunged on prince Hassan. Yet he also arose but little hurt, and cried out:

Thus, Hassan, old foe and friend, we meet at last in war. Come, I would pay the debt I owe you for that drugged wine, man to man and sword to sword."

"Indeed, it is due, Sir Wulf," answered the prince, laughing. "Guards, touch not this brave knighe who has dared so much to reach me. Sultan, I ask a boon. Between Sir Wulf and me there is an ancient quarrel that can only be washed away in blood. Let it be decided here and now, and let this be your decree—that if I fall in fair fight, none shall set upon my conqueror, and no vengeance shall be taken for my blood."

"Good," said Saladin. "Then Sir Wulf shall be my prisoner and no more, as his brother is already. I owe it to the men who saved my life when we were friends. Give the Frank to drink that the fight may be fair."

So they gave Wulf a cup of which he drank, and when he had done it was handed to Godwin. For even the Mameluks knew and loved these brethren who had been their officers, and praised the fierce charge that they had dared to make alone.

Hassan sprang to the ground, saying:

"Your horse is dead, Sir Wulf, so we must fight afoot."

"Generous as ever," laughed Wulf. "Even the poisoned wine was a gift!"

"If so, for the last time, I fear me," answered Hassan with a smile.

Then they faced each other, and oh! the scene was strange. Up on the slopes of Hattin the fight still raged. There amidst the smoke and fires of the burning grass little companies of soldiers stood back to back while the Saracens wheeled round them, thrusting and cutting at them till they fell. Here and there knights charged singly or in groups, and so came to death or capture. About the plain hundreds of foot soldiers were being slaughtered, while their officers were taken prisoners. Towards the camp of Saladin a company advanced with sounds of triumph, carrying aloft a black stump which was the holy Rood, while others drove or led mobs of prisoners, among them the king and nine hosen knights.

The wilderness was red with blood, the air was rent with shouts of victory and cries of agony or despair. And there, in the midst of it all, ringed round with grave, courteous Saracens, stood the emir, clad above his mail in his white robe and jeweled turban, facing the great Christian knight, with harness hacked and reddened, the light of battle shining in his fierce eyes and a smile upon his stained features.

For those who watched the battle was forgotten—or, rather, its interest was centred on this point.

"It will be a good fight," said one of them to Godwin, whom they had suffered to rise, "for though your brother is the younger and the heavier man, he is hurt and weary, whereas the emir is fresh and unwounded. Ah! they are at it!"

Hassan had struck first and the blow went home. Falling upon the point of Wulf's steel helm, the heavy razor-edged scimitar glanced from it and shore away the links from the flap which hung upon his shoulder,

Hassan sank dying to the ground.

causing the Frank to stagger. Again he struck, this time upon the shield and so heavily that Wulf came to his knees.

"Your brother is sped," said the Saracen captain to Godwin, but Godwin only answered:

"Wait."

As he spoke Wulf twisted his body out of reach of a third blow, and while Hassan staggered forward with the weight of the missed stroke, placed his hand upon the ground, and springing to his feet, ran backwards six or eight paces.

"He flies!" cried the Saracens; but again Godwin said, "Wait." Nor was there long to wait.

For now, throwing aside his buckler and grasping the great sword in both hands, with a shout of "A D'Arcy! A D'Arcy!" Wulf leapt at Hassan as a wounded lion leaps. The sword wheeled and fell, and lo! the shield of the Saracen was severed in two. Again it fell, and his turbaned helm was cloven. A third time, and the right arm and shoulder with the scimitar that grasped it seemed to spring from his body, and Hassan sank dying to the ground.

Wulf stood and looked at him, while a murmur of grief went up from those who watched, for they loved this emir. Hassan beckoned to the victor with his left hand, and throwing down his sword to show that he feared no treachery, Wulf came to him and knelt beside him.

"A good stroke," Hassan said faintly, "that could shear the double links of Damascus steel as though it were silk. Well, as I told you long ago, I knew that the hour of our meeting in war would be an ill hour for me, and my debt is paid. Farewell, brave knight. Would I could hope that we should meet in Paradise! Take that star-jewel, the badge of my House, from my turban and wear it in memory of me. Long, long and happy be your days."

Then, while Wulf held him in his arms, Saladin came up and spoke to him, till he fell back and was dead.

Thus died Hassan, and thus ended the battle of Hattin, which broke the power of the Christians in the East.

CHAPTER XIX.

When Hassan was dead, at a sign from Saladin a captain of the Mameluks named Abdullah unfastened the jewel from the emir's turban and handed it to Wulf. It was a glorious star-shaped thing, made of great emeralds set round with diamonds, and the captain Abdullah, who like all Easterns loved such ornaments, looked at it greedily, and muttered:

"Alas! that an unbeliever should wear the enchanted Star, the ancient Luck of the House of Hassan!" a saying that Wulf remembered.

He took the jewel, then turned to Saladin and said, pointing to the dead body of Hassan:

"Have I your peace, Sultan, after such a deed?"

"Did I not give you and your brother to drink?" asked Saladin with meaning. "Whoever dies, you are safe. There is but one sin which I will not pardon you—you know what it is," and he looked at them. "As for Hassan, he was my beloved friend and servant, but you slew him in fair fight, and his soul is now in Paradise. None in my army will raise a blood feud against you on that score."

Then dismissing the matter with a wave of his hand, he turned to receive a great body of Christian prisoners that, panting and stumbling like over-driven sheep, were being thrust on towards the camp with curses, blows and mockery by the victorious Saracens.

Among them the brethren rejoiced to see Egbert, the gentle and holy bishop of Nazareth, whom they had thought dead. Also, wounded in many places, his hacked harness hanging about him like a beggar's rags, there was the black-browed Master of the Templars, who even now could be fierce and insolent.

"So I was right," he mocked in a husky voice, "and here you are, safe with your friends the Saracens, Sir Knights of the Visions and the water-skins—"

"From which you were glad enough to drink just now," said Godwin. "Also," he added sadly, "all the vision is not done." And turning, he looked towards a blazoned tent which with the Sultan's great pavilion, and not far behind it, was being pitched by the Arab camp-setters. The Master saw and remembered Godwin's vision of the dead Templars.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Possibility.

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed little Mary looking out of the window at her first big snowstorm, "do you suppose the angels be cold after losing their feathers?"—Motherhood.

HUMOR

MARION WAS GOOD.

But Her Papa Did Not Come Up to Expectations.

Marion was about as noisy a little girl as ever filled a household with mingled joy and despair. But there were times when she simply had to be suppressed. One of these came when her father was suddenly stricken with pneumonia. Taking her to one side, Marion's mother carefully explained to her how very ill her father was and how necessary it was that he should not be disturbed by the least sound. Marion listened thoughtfully. What was passing through her small mind her mother could not imagine. At length the child asked:

"Is papa just as sick as you were, mamma?"

Forced to smile despite herself, the mother answered, "Yes, dearie."

"And will he, too, have a nurse?"

"Yes, dearie, yes."

Probably with a vivid remembrance of her mother's illness, Marion heaved a deep sigh and said: "Very well, mamma. I suppose I shall have to be good."

And she was good—so unnaturally good that her mother was almost led to believe that the child, too, was coming down with a severe illness. Day after day she went about with a serious air, and never once did she attempt to romp or frolic.

At length her father was so far recovered that Marion was permitted to go in and see him. Putting his arm about her as she stood by his bedside, the sick man said:

"My little daughter has been very considerate of her father during his illness, and I am very proud of her."

"Yes, papa," agreed Marion gravely. "I haven't heard her make a sound."

"No, papa."

"And mamma says that she has been a very good girl indeed."

"Yes, papa," again said Marion. "And now," she added eagerly, "won't you please let me see it?"

"See it!" repeated the astonished father. "See what, child?"

"Why, the new baby, papa."—New York Press.

Not So Excusable.

"Yes, my husband has made a great name for himself in literature."

"Does he not go on the lecture platform this spring?"

"Yes. I am just trying to have him lecture in the city where I spent my girlhood."

"So that you can show him off to your friends? An excusable ambition."

"No, indeed! So that I can show him off to my enemies!"—Houston Post.

The Dynamo.

A dynamo cannot explode. It can't even break apart the way a grindstone does occasionally.

A disordered stomach is the beginning of many evils. Keep it healthy and active with the timely use of

McGale's Butternut Pills

If your tongue is coated—if you have pains after eating, belching, bad breath, headaches, nausea—get a box of these mild, safe, purely-vegetable Pills. Made of concentrated Butternut Extract—one of Nature's finest remedies for stomach and liver troubles.

They will clean out the clogged intestines—and make you eat, sleep, feel, as you should.

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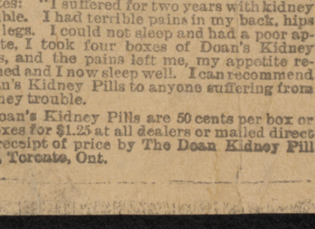

GOT A PAIN IN YOUR BACK?

You get a pain in your back, and you wonder what is the matter. You perhaps pay no attention to it. Backache is caused by imperfect action of the kidneys, in fact, is the first sign of kidney trouble to follow.

The kidneys, proper, are composed of a close network of fibrous tissue, interlaced with tiny elastic fibres. Their object is the excretion of the uric acid, and other poisonous matter composing the urine, from the blood.

They are continuously at work to preserve the general health of the body and most people are troubled with some form of kidney trouble, but do not suspect it.

Some of the symptoms are: A feeling of weakness in the small of the back, sharp pains in back, puffiness under the eyes, and swelling of the feet and ankles, urinary troubles such as supressed urination, excessive urination, cloudy, thick or highly colored urine, etc.

Mr. J. L. Whiting, Osnabruck Centre, Ont., writes: "I suffered for two years with kidney trouble. I had terrible pains in my back, hips and legs. I could not sleep and had a poor appetite. I took four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, and the pains left me, my appetite returned and I now sleep well. I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone suffering from 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.