

A. T. McMURRAY, D. M. D.

Office Hours 9 to 5.

Dentistry in all its modern branches. Special attention given to the care of children's teeth.

Patients living outside the city can make appointments by mail, and thus do away with an unnecessary delay.

By the use of our improved Electric Light, appointments can be made for any evening.

Lady in attendance. Phone 93

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, June 16th, 1907, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON.

To 303 Mixed for Campbellton, Moncton, St. John and Halifax	5.00
To 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville	18.30
To 317 Suburban for Marysville	6.18
To 321 Suburban for Marysville	11.18
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 RAILWAY

Passenger Train service from Fredericton Effective June 2nd, 1907 Atlantic Time.

DEPARTURES.

4.20 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.
4.30 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.
3.35 p. m. From St. John and East.
4.15 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, &c
Secretary-Treasurer of York County.

County Court House, Main Entrance

The editor of The Canadian Gazette was among the British journalists who recently visited Germany. In conversation with Prince von Buelow, he found that the German chancellor was well informed as to Canadian progress. He says: "By his questions the Chancellor showed his knowledge of the change that has come over Canadian conditions in recent years. He spoke of the German settlers of Ontario and the West. There was, he affirmed, never any doubt in Germany of their success or of their loyalty to Canada, their new home. But, all the same, as Germans were concerned above all with the welfare of their fatherland, the German people rejoice that, whereas 200,000 German emigrants formerly went to seek their fortunes in other lands, such as Canada, Germany now provided for all her people within her own boundaries, and emigration had ceased. He showed no hesitation in affirming his belief in Canada's future greatness, and nothing interested him more

than the growth of its contribution in men and money which the United States is making to the remarkable Canadian expansion of today."

Expansion of Commerce.

The customs revenue of the Dominion continues to grow at a marvelous rate, and illustrates the wonderful expansion of commerce which is taking place in Canada.

The receipts for the month of June were: 1907-8, \$5,321,444.83; 1906, \$4,093,421.37; increase, \$1,228,023.46. For the three months ended June 30 the increase was \$2,964,391.40, the figures being: 1906, \$12,153,791.03; 1907, \$15,123,092.43.

A World of Dangers.

"Spiritous beverages," says Mrs. Cunrox, "have wrecked many happy dispositions."

"Yes," answered her husband, "and so have salad, ice cream and coffee taken after 10 o'clock at night."—Washington Star.

MAILS CLOSING

In effect, October 1, 1906.

6 a.m.—For St. John, etc., St. Stephen and Charlotte Co., Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska Counties, and United States.

7.00 a.m.—Woodstock and Gibson Branch Stations, daily, John River.

WAY MAILS—East Side St. John River.

7.00 a. m.—For Keswick Ridge, Southampton, etc., Mondays and Thursdays.

West Side St. John River.

7.00 a. m.—For Springhill, Kingsclear, Prince William, etc., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

6.30 a.m.—St. John River via Steamer—For Oromocto, Sheffield, Gagetown, etc.

9.15 a.m.—St. John, etc., C. P. Railway stations, East, Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.

10 a. m.—For St. Mary's Ferry, Gibson and Marysville.

WAY MAILS.

2 p.m.—For Nashwaakias and St. Mary's Ferry, daily, Nashwaakias, New Maryland, Hanwell, Lower St. Marys and Royal Road. Wednesdays and Saturdays.

4.15 p.m.—For Gibson, Marysville, Boiestown, Doaktown, Blackville, etc., Chatham, and I. C. Railway Stations, north and south.

4.45 p.m.—For St. Stephen, Woodstock, United States, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and North West West Provinces.

MAILS RECEIVED.

7.30 a.m.—From St. John, etc., and Nova Scotia.

11.00 a.m.—From Nasonworth and New Maryland, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

12.00 noon—From Montreal, Ottawa, Northwest Provinces, etc., and United States.

1.20 p. m.—From I. C. Railway Stations, North Shore and Quebec.

5 p.m.—From Oromocto, Sheffield, Gagetown, etc.

9.05 p.m.—From Woodstock and Gibson Branch Stations, daily.

8.20 p. m.—From Nova Scotia, P. E. Island and St. John.

WAY MAILS

7.00 p. m.—West Side River, St. John.—From Meductic and Way Offices, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

St. John.—From Woodstock and Way Offices, Tuesdays and Fridays.

COME TO US.

Job printing set of type. Work in a day.

HERALD OFFICE**Up-to-date UNDERTAKER**

Coffins, Caskets and Funeral Furnishings, Hearses in Connection, Available at all hours. Pictures Framed and Mounted Promptly

Geo. W. Adams,

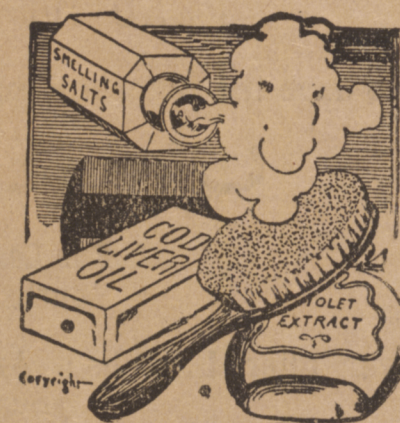
UP TOWN OPP BANK OF MONTREAL

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.

**Wedding****... Cake****Boxes**

AT

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 others 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,

Beverly of Graustark

By
**GEORGE BARR
M'GUTHCHIEON,**
Author of "Graustark"

Copyright, 1904, by Dodd, Mead and Company

(Continued.)

"Permit me to remind you that you are no longer alone. You have a ragged following, your highness, but it shall be a loyal one. Will you re-enter the coach? It is not far to the place I speak of, and I myself will drive you there. Come, it is getting late, and your retinue, at least, is hungry."

He flung open the coach door, and his hat swept the ground once more. The light of a lantern played fitfully upon his dark, gaunt face, with its gallant smile and ominous patch. She hesitated, fear entering her soul once more. He looked up quickly and saw the indecision in her eyes, the mute appeal.

"Trust me, your highness," he said gravely, and she allowed him to hand her into the coach.

A moment later he was upon the driver's box, reins in hand. Calling out to his companions in a language strange to Beverly, he cracked the whip, and once more they were lumbering over the wretched road. Beverly sank back into the seat with a deep sigh of resignation.

"Well, I'm in for it," she thought. "It doesn't matter whether they are thieves or angels, I reckon I'll have to take what comes. He doesn't look very much like an angel, but he looked at me just now as if he thought I were one. Dear me, I wish I were back in Washington!"

CHAPTER V.

TWO of the men walked close beside the door, one of them bearing a lantern. They conversed in low tones and in a language which Beverly could not understand. After awhile she found herself analyzing the garb and manner of the men. She was saying to herself that here were her first real specimens of Graustark peasantry, and they were to mark an ineffaceable spot in her memory. They were dark, strong faced men of medium height, with fierce black eyes and long black hair. As no two were dressed alike, it was impossible to recognize characteristic styles of attire. Some were in the rude, baggy costumes of the peasant as she had imagined him; others were dressed in the tight fitting but dilapidated uniforms of the soldiery, while several were in clothes partly European and partly oriental. There were hats and feathers and caps, some with feathers in the bands, others without. The man nearest the coach wore the dirty gray uniform of an army officer, full of holes and rents, while another strode along in a pair of baggy yellow trousers and a dusty London dinner jacket. All in all, it was the motliest band of vagabonds she had ever seen. There were at least ten or a dozen in the party. While a few carried swords, all lugged the long rifles and crooked daggers of the Tartars.

"Aunt Fanny," Beverly whispered, suddenly moving to the side of the subdued servant, "where is my revolver?" It had come to her like a flash that a subsequent emergency should not find her unprepared. Aunt Fanny's jaw dropped, and her eyes were like white rings in a black screen.

"Good Lawd, wha—what fo', Miss Bevl'y!"

"Sh! Don't call me Miss Bevl'y. Now, just you pay 'tention to me, and I'll tell you something queer. Get my revolver right away and don't let those men see what you are doing." While Aunt Fanny's trembling fingers went in search of the firearm, Beverly outlined the situation briefly, but explicitly. The old woman was not slow to understand. Her wits sharpened by fear, she grasped Beverly's instructions with astonishing avidity.

"Ve'y well, yo' highness," she said, with fine reverence, "Ah'll p'ouch de bottle o' peppermint fo' yo' if yo' jes' don't mine me pullin' an' haulin' 'mongst dese boxes. Mebbe yo' all 'druther hab de ginjeffer?" With this dubious subterfuge as a shield she dug slyly into one of the bags and pulled forth a revolver. Under ordinary circumstances she would have been mortally afraid to touch it, but not so in this emergency. Beverly shoved the weapon into the pocket of her gray traveling jacket.

"I feel much better now, Aunt Fanny," she said, and Aunt Fanny gave a vast chuckle.

"Y'as, ma'am, indeed—yo' highness," she agreed suavely.

The coach rolled along for half an hour and then stopped with a sudden jolt. An instant later the tall driver appeared at the window, his head uncovered. A man hard by held a lantern.

"Qua vandos ar deltanet, vos serent," said the leader, showing his white teeth in a triumphant smile. His exposed eye seemed to be glowing with pleasure and excitement.

"What?" murmured Beverly hopelessly. A puzzled expression came into his face; then his smile deepened and his eye took on a knowing gleam.

"Ah, I see," he said gayly, "your highness prefers not to speak the language of Graustark. Is it necessary for me to repeat in English?"

"I really wish you would," said Beverly, catching her breath. "Just to

how it sounds, you know."

"Your every wish shall be gratified. I beg to inform you that we have reached the Inn of the Hawk and Raven. This is where we dwell last night. Tomorrow we, too, abandon the place, so our fortunes may run together for some hours at least. There is but little to offer you in the way of nourishment, and there is none of the comforts of a palace. Yet princesses can no more be choosers than beggars when the fare's in one pot. Come, your highness, let me conduct you to the guest chamber of the Inn of the Hawk and Raven."

Beverly took his hand and stepped to the ground, looking about in wonder and perplexity.

"I see no inn," she murmured apprehensively.

"Look aloft, your highness. That great black canopy is the roof; we are standing upon the floor, and the dark shadows just beyond the circle of light are the walls of the Hawk and Raven. This is the largest tavern in all Graustark. Its dimensions are as wide as the world itself."

"You mean that there is no inn at all?" the girl cried in dismay.

"Alas, I must confess it. And yet there is shelter here. Come with me. Let your servant follow." He took her by the hand and led her away from the coach, a ragged lantern bearer preceding. Beverly's little right hand was rigidly clutching the revolver in her pocket. It was a capacious pocket, and the muzzle of the weapon bored defiantly into a timid powder rag that lay on the bottom. The little leather purse from which it escaped had its silver lips opened as if in a broad grin of derision, reveling in the plight of the chamels. The guide's hand was at once firm and gentle, his stride bold, yet easy. His rakish hat, with its aggressive red feather, towered a full head above Beverly's Parisian violets.

"Have you no home at all—no house in which to sleep?" Beverly asked.

"I live in a castle of air," said he, waving his hand gracefully. "I sleep in the house of my fathers."

"You poor fellow," cried Beverly pitifully. He laughed and absently patted the hilt of his sword.

She heard the men behind them turning the coach into the glen through which they walked carefully. Her feet fell upon a soft, grassy sward, and the clatter of stones was now no longer heard. They were among the shadowy trees, gaunt trunks of enormous size looming up in the light of the lanterns. Unconsciously her thoughts went over to the forest of Arden and the woodland home of Rosalind, as she had imagined it to be. Soon there came to her ears the swish of waters, as of some turbulent river hurrying by. Instinctively she drew back, and her eyes were set with alarm upon the black wall of night ahead. Yetive had spoken more than once of this wilderness. Many an unlucky traveler had been lost forever in its fastnesses.

"It is the river, your highness. There is no danger. I will not lead you into it," he said, a trifle roughly. "We are low in the valley, and there are marshes yonder when the river is in its natural bed. The floods have covered the low grounds, and there is a torrent coming down from the hills. Here we are, your highness. This is the Inn of the Hawk and Raven."

He bowed and pointed with his hat to the smoldering fire a short distance ahead. They had turned a bend in the overhanging cliff and were very close to the retreat before she saw the glow.

The fire was in the open air and directly in front of a deep cleft in the rocky background. Judging by the sound the river could not be more than 200 feet away. Men came up with lanterns and others piled brush upon the fire. In a very short time the glen was weirdly illuminated by the dancing flames. From her seat on the huge log Beverly was thus enabled to survey a portion of her surroundings. The overhanging ledge of rock formed a wide, deep canopy, underneath which was perfect shelter. The floor seemed to be rich, grassless loam, and here and there were pallets of long grass, evidently the couches of these homeless men. All about were huge trees, and in the direction of the river the grass grew higher and then gave place to reeds. The foliage above was so dense that the moon and stars were invisible. There was a deathly stillness in the air. The very loneliness was so appalling that Beverly's poor little heart was in a quiver of dread. Aunt Fanny, who sat near by, had not spoken since leaving the coach, but her eyes were expressively active.

The tall leader stood near the fire conversing with half a dozen of his followers. Miss Calloun's eyes finally rested upon this central figure in the strange picture. He was attired in a dark gray uniform that reminded her oddly of the dragon choruses in the comic operas at home. The garments, while torn and soiled, were well fitting. His shoulders were broad and square, his hips narrow, his legs long and straight. There was an air of impudent grace about him that went well with his life and profession.

By Order,
FRED. GELINAS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, September 18, 1907.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

Sept. 24 d81.

on Sale Daily until
OCTOBER 16TH, 1907

Good for Return thirty days from date of issue.

FROM FREDERICTON
TO BOSTON AND RETURN, **\$10.75**

EQUALLY LOW RATES FROM OTHER PORTS.

SPECIAL LOW RATES
one-way second class

To British Columbia and Pacific Coast Ports

NOW ON SALE.

HOMESKERS EXCURSIONS
OCTOBER 9TH AND 23RD.

For full particulars apply to
FRED B. EDGEcombe, Fredericton, N.B.

or write W. B. HOWARD, D. P. A.
C. P. R. St. John.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CRIME THAT IS NOT PUNISHABLE.

How many people reading this article have gone into a drug store and asked for some well known and highly tried medicine and some unscrupulous druggist has said, "Yes! we have that, but have you ever tried this remedy, it is just as good and costs less." Any druggist doing this has not the interest of your health at heart, but the interest of his pocket, as he can make more profit out of the cheap substitute.

For the protection and benefit of the public, we wish to say that Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY has been used in thousands of homes for the past sixty-two years and has never failed to give prompt relief and cure in all cases of Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Stomach Cramps, Summer Complaint, Sea Sickness, Cholera Infantum, Cholera Morbus and all Fluxes of the Bowels. When you buy Dr. FOWLER'S, you are not experimenting with a new and untried remedy, but are getting one that has stood the test of time.

Miss Lettie Reid, Vivian, Ont., writes: "Last year I suffered untold agony from cramps in the stomach and did not know what to do until a friend suggested I should try Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY and as I was glad to try anything I purchased a bottle.

"When I had taken four doses I found relief and since then I never fail to keep a bottle in the house."

Titled Lady as Gipsy.

Touring with a caravan is the method of spending a holiday chosen by Lady Arthur Grosvenor, of Broxton Old Hall, Chester, a relative of the Duke of Westminster.

It is explained that Lady Arthur Grosvenor finds travel by caravan without attracting the attention of the inquisitive and intrusive a very pleasant method of seeing the country.

Her ladyship's traveling equipage includes four horses, four dogs and two birds, and it is stated that she dresses in keeping with the role she has adopted.

Part of the holiday will probably be spent in the Dartmoor district.

Lady Arthur Grosvenor was one of the first subscribers to the Gypsy Lore Society.

She is the daughter of Sir Robert Sheffield, and was married in 1893. Her husband is aged 47, and he is an uncle of the present Duke of Westminster.

First Union Flag.

The first Union flag was unfurled on the 1st of January, 1776, over the camp at Cambridge. It had thirteen stripes of white and red and retained the English cross in one corner.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Alterations, &c., Military Stores Building, St. John, N. B." will be received at this office until Tuesday, October 8th, 1907, inclusively, for alterations and additions to the Military Stores Building at St. John, N. B., according to plans and specifications to be seen at the office of D. H. Waterbury, Esq., Custom House, St. John, N. B., and at the Department of Public Works.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted check on a chartered bank payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works equal to ten per cent. of the amount of the tender must accompany each tender. The check will be forfeited if the person tendering declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-appearance of tender.

The department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

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