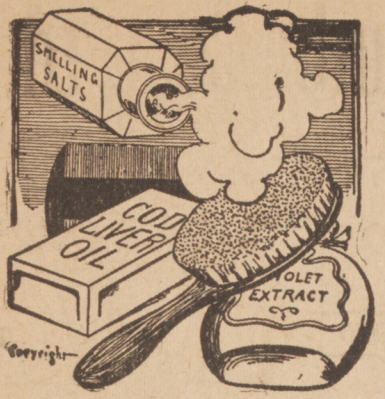




WHEN OUR BARGAINS ARE EXHAUSTED

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 upon great value at all times.

Alonzo Staples

York Street Drug Store



ATLANTIC DIVISION

ALL RAIL LINES TO BOSTON, ETC.

Special Limited Route to the Pacific Coast

Arrangement of Trains in Effect Oct. 14th, 1906.

Atlantic Time, Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated

DEPARTURES.

9:25 a. m.—Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North; Fort Fairfield, Carleton Place, Presque Isle, Plaster Rock, and Edmundston; Bangor, Portland and Boston, Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jet, to Boston.

9:05 a. m.—Mixed, via Gibson Branch, for Woodstock and North; Presque Isle, Plaster Rock, Edmundston, etc. Leaves St. Mary's 8:35 a. m.

9:50 a. m.—Express for Fredericton Junction connecting with Atlantic Express for St. John and points East; Palace Sleeper, Fredericton Jet, to Halifax, N. S.; Dining Car, Fredericton Jet, to Truro, N. S.

5:50 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 Jet, to Montreal, C. P. Dining Car, Fredericton Jet, to Mattawamkeag, Pullman Sleeper, Fredericton Jet, to Boston.

9:00 p. m.—Express for St. John and points East; Pullman Parlor Car Fredericton Jet, to St. John.

ARRIVALS.

9:20 a. m.—From St. John and East.

10:45 a. m.—From Montreal and West, Boston, St. Stephen, Woodstock and Houlton.

8:10 p. m.—From St. John and East.

8:50 p. m.—From Woodstock and points North, via Gibson Branch. Arrives at St. Mary's at 8:35 p. m.

10:40 p. m.—From Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton.

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

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

OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

ONESTAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 96, 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 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 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.

Mag. B.—démémor.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* 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.

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

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 28

A QUIET BLAZE!

Just a quiet, Bright Light, without any odor.

Can be used instantly.

The "SILENT" Parlor Matches

SCHOFIELD PAPER Co., Ltd

Selling Agents, ST. JOHN, N. B.

In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy Gently turns to thoughts of

YOU KNOW WHAT

Got Your WEDDING INVITATIONS Printed at

THE HERALD OFFICE

Jane's Financial Embarrassment

By HELENA SMITH-DAYTON

"Violets!" sniffed Jane, opening the lavender box with none of the enthusiasm she usually displayed on such occasions. "Of course it never would have occurred to the extravagant unknown admirer to send 50 cents' worth of postage stamps instead!"

Jane glanced toward her desk, where a neat pile of brown envelopes stared her reproachfully in the face. "An entire week's work held up because the brilliant young writer, Jane Gaylord, lacks the necessary postage!" she groaned. "As it's all timely stuff, and special orders—I may as well destroy it unless it goes today. I may as well give up looking for that check and do something desperate." Jane paced up and down the apartment trying to think of a method to obtain the trifling sum at once.

"Ask your mother for 50 cents to see the elephant jump the fence," she repeated for the hundredth time. The silly jingle refused to be dislodged from her head. "There I go again. If it were only \$50 I could hustle around and get it—but 50 cents!" It seemed as if a mocking voice echoed, "To see the elephant jump the fence!"

"Of course," she went on sarcastically, "I might waylay little children and steal the pennies from their moist palms, or I could make these violet stamps into small bunches and sell them on the street corner—flower girl in a tailor suit and Paris hat would be a novelty! There must be some way of raising 50 cents without selling my possessions. I never approved of getting the pawnshop habit—it's hard to shake, once acquired. I don't like to let a little fifty-cent-to-see-the-elephant get the best of me."

"Why, I won't need another penny until my check comes. My board is paid in advance, and before anything is due there'll be lots of checks. But I must have 50 cents to see."

Jane stopped impatiently, and, as if the narrow confines of her own room were stifling her, she opened the door and stepped into the hall. She paused as voices from the upper landing floated down to her. She always paused when she heard Peter Gleason's deep tones.

"Here's a dollar," he was saying. "Run over to Carter's and buy me three or four magazines. Haven't seen one for a month, so anything you get will be new to me. And you may keep the change, John."

"Thank you, Mr. Gleason," came John's squeaky answer. "I'll be back with 'em in a jiffy." He came down the stairs two at a time.

"John!" called Miss Gaylord softly.

"I'm on an errand for Mr. Gleason, but when I get back—"

"Yes, yes! It's about that," she interrupted. "I want you to do me a particular favor, John. It's all right, but rather unusual. I have some new magazines—the very ones Mr. Gleason would like. I've more than I can read. It would save you a trip out in the storm—the magazines are really just as new as you could buy at the store. Would you—buy them from me?"

It was out at last. Jane never had felt so shy of any one in her life as she did of the astonished little hall boy.

"Sure, Miss Gaylord," he said without hesitation. "I'd do anything for you. It's on the level, ain't it?"

"Yes, John, strictly on the level," she answered, with a little laugh that suggested tears.

"Have 'em ready when I come back," he whispered.

"You are a dear boy," cried Jane.

She fled back to her room in a panic of nervousness at what she had done. She selected several magazines of recent issue and was back at the door long before the return of the boy.

"If I was back with the books too soon he'd get on to it," was his naive explanation.

"And, John," she pleaded in a voice that shook, "please give him this box of violets. Don't tell him who sent them. But he has been so ill, poor man! You see, it will give good measure for the 50 cents."

John nodded wisely and took his way upward.

"Good boy, John," she heard Gleason say a moment later. "Couldn't have made a better selection myself. Violets too? No name given? You won't tell? Very well if you promised not to, of course."

Back in his study Gleason tossed the violets carelessly on a table already loaded with flowers and took up a magazine eagerly.

"I hope my little Jane has a story in this month," he said, scanning the table of contents. He passed his own name, but Jane's was not there. He took up another, and again was he disappointed, but in the third magazine Jane's name headed the list. He was turning to her story when a sheet of paper fluttered out. On the closely written page his own name caught his eye. Naturally he read every word, though it was obviously part of a letter.

"You remember," it ran, "how I used to rave about Peter Gleason and his work? Strange that he should come to board at Mrs. Stuart's and be taken so ill almost immediately after—and that I should have the privilege of assisting his trained nurse when he was unconscious. Yes, he is all I imagined him—and more. If you must know the worst, I—no, I can't write it to even you, Mollie. But put romantic ideas out of your head, just as your silly old Jane must, for Peter Gleason

KIDNEY TROUBLES

Increasing Among Women, But Sufferers Need Not Despair

THE BEST ADVICE IS FREE

Of all the diseases known, with which the female organism is afflicted, kidney disease is the most fatal, and statistics show that this disease is on the increase among women.



Unless early and correct treatment is applied the patient seldom survives when once the disease is fastened upon her. We believe Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most efficient treatment for chronic kidney troubles of women, and is the only medicine especially prepared for this purpose.

When a woman is troubled with pain or weight in loins, backache, frequent, painful or scalding urination, swelling of limbs or feet, swelling under the eyes, an uneasy, tired feeling in the region of the kidneys or notices a sediment in the urine, she should lose no time in commencing treatment with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it may be the means of saving her life.

For proof, read what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Sawyer.

"I cannot express the terrible suffering I had to endure. A disengagement of the female organs developed serious prostration and a serious kidney trouble. The doctor attended me for a year, but I kept getting worse, until I was unable to do anything, and I made up my mind I could not live. I finally decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a last resort, and I am today a well woman. I cannot praise it too highly, and tell every suffering woman about my case." Mrs. Emma Sawyer, Conyers, Ga.

Mrs. Pinkham gives free advice to women; address in confidence, Lynn, Mass.

is indifferent, and I'm very busy, as usual. But—"

"Bless her!" whispered Peter over and over. "And I thought her too wrapped up in her work to give me a thought. Helped to nurse me, did she? My little Jane! And she must have sent these magazines—and the violets! And John, the scamp, never told me! But, on the other hand, John is such an honest little chap he wouldn't have kept that 50 cents. If he really bought them, how came that letter between the pages of a magazine from Carter's?"

Then in spite of himself a doubt flashed into his mind. Was it a clever design? Was the letter placed there by design? Peter was not cynical, but there had been so many traps laid for him! Slowly he placed the paper on the coals in the grate and watched it burn.

"If she didn't intend me to see that, it would break her heart if she knew. And when I tell her I love her she might think it was only pity because I had discovered her secret. I won't believe it was a plot, little Jane!"

Two days later a timid tap came at the door of Gleason's study.

"Ja—Miss Gaylord!" he cried enthusiastically. "Why haven't you been up to see an invalid before this? Such rank neglect!" He took her hand and refused to let it go for some moments.

"Aren't you sorry?"

"Here's your 50 cents," she began desperately. "My check just came and—"

Looking up suddenly, she met his questioning eyes. Recklessly she explained the humiliating details of the transaction. "I would so gladly have given them to you," she ended up, with a scarlet face. "And I shall be very unhappy unless you take the 50 cents."

Peter was radiant. Unconsciously Jane had vindicated herself from suspicion regarding the letter.

"But you sent violets," he reminded.

"I sent the violets along to take the curse off," she admitted, "but some one—I know not who—sent them to me first."

"Merely to take the curse off?" he queried. "Not because you had a little sentiment for the invalid? Then you deserve to be punished with the truth! I sent those violets to you!"

"Oh!" cried Jane, hiding her face. "Oh!"

"But hereafter," he said sternly, "I want the right to furnish your blessed postage stamps!"

"Oh!" murmured Jane.

The Parrot Tongue.

A little girl had been in the habit for a long time of saying a prayer every morning in which were the two lines:

All through the day, I humbly pray, Be thou my guard and guide.

One day when she had finished she electrified her aunt by saying:

"Aunt Emma, that is the most foolish prayer I ever heard. What do I want with a garden guide?"

Estelle's Astronomy.

Our little Estelle was perplexed when she found that this wonderful world that we live on is round.

How 'tis held in its place, In its orbit so true, Was a puzzle to her, With no answer in view.

"It must be," said Estelle.

"Like a ball in the air, That is hung by a string, But the string isn't there!"

—Chicago News.

COCHINEAL.

The Way the Tiny Insects Live and How They Are Gathered.

Merry millions of little buglets support the vast cochineal industries. Where the tiny cochineal insect comes from is something of a mystery, but he does come wherever the nopal plant grows and for a long time was thought to be a seed or a flower of the plant. The living female insect is twice as large as the male, weighs one-tenth of an ounce, and loses much weight in drying, so that 70,000 are needed to make one pound. During the rainy season many millions of the creatures are drowned or washed off the plants, so that when the long dry summer comes there are but a few survivors on each plant. But these multiply so rapidly that before long the plants are covered. The last act of the female's life is to deposit a large number of eggs, on which her dead body rests, protecting them from the burning rays of the sun until the little ones emerge. In about six weeks after the beginning of the dry season comes the first harvest. The plantation laborers make the round of the nopal and with a brush go over the entire plant, sweeping the creatures into a bag. They then are killed by immersion in hot water, by exposure to steam or by drying in hot ovens. The hot water or steam makes them a dark reddish brown or black cochineal. The hot ovens make them a red gray hue or silver cochineal. The males outnumber the females by at least 200 to 1, a fortunate fact for the enterpriser, since the males are of no use whatever.

THE CABS OF NEW YORK.

They Are Not an Integral Part of the Life of the City.

The cab is no integral part of New York life. Venice without the gondola were as unthinkable as a woman without hair. No little of London's compelling charm is in its swift rolling hansoms. These things we know. But one can't think of New York in terms of cabs. Once upon a time I was in exile. Only in memory did the great city rise before me, and what I saw was this: Huge canyons of stone and steel, filled with noise and darkness, through which great yellow worms crawled, one after the other, in mid-air. That is the picture of New York that haunts the exile, even as the out-laid Venetian is obsessed by slim black gondolas cutting across lanes of moonlight. Your true New Yorker is a steam projected, electrically carted person. Only in exceptional moments of gloom or gaiety does he ride "in a carriage and pair."

He is carriage ridden to a funeral. He cabs it in winny moments, when the fear of God is not in him. There are only 2,000 licensed cabs and hacks on the island of Manhattan. Others there are, of course, plying practically in the dark quarters, but even with these thrown in the reckoning is small. No; the New Yorker is not a cabby person.—Vance Thompson in Outing Magazine.

His Opposite.

Jenkins—I am told that the happiest marriages are between people who are exactly opposite in every respect to each other, so I am looking for a young lady of that sort, don't you know. Miss Pert—Then you have come to the right place. Come to the other side of the room, and I'll introduce you to a bright, intelligent, well educated girl.

Deceived.

"I want to get a divorce from my wife."

"On what ground?"

"Well, I don't know the legal term for it, but she didn't tell me before I married her that she was an elocutionist."

The Cause.

Theater Goer—The love scene in your play isn't half so natural as it used to be last season. The same people do it too. Manager—Yes, but the lovers were married a few months ago.

Hard to Understand.

Bibbs—Some people get everything they go after. Gibbs—Yes, and others don't seem to get what's coming to them.—Smart Set.

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. G. Pye, Esq. Esq. Esq. 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 remarkable remedies, 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 \$1.50 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., 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 Wingo Chemical Co., Ltd., Montreal, Can.

WHEN Your Stomach TROUBLES YOU

and you are afraid to eat because of the suffering you know must follow when you are plagued with wind, headache, pains in the stomach or back, biliousness or Constipation.

TAKE MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Price 60 cents per bottle, sold every where A. J. WHITE & CO., MONTREAL

A Desperate Wager.

Driven to desperation by their heavy losses, gamblers have often sought by some coup either to repair their shattered fortunes or to bring down utter ruin upon themselves. One of the most curious instances of this kind comes from England. In the eighteenth century a notorious gambler had been losing steadily in a game for high stakes with Lord Lorne. Exasperated by his continued ill fortune, he suddenly sprang up from the card table, seized a large and costly punch bowl and, balancing it above his head, called out to his opponent:

"For once I'll have a bet where I have an equal chance of winning! Odd or even, for 15,000 guineas!"

"Odd!" replied the peer placidly, and the gambler hurled the magnificent bowl against the wall.

When they counted the pieces Lord Lorne had won.

Warned by Their Perfume.

According to the results of experiments by Dr. Jean Chalon, aromatic plants charged with essential oils which exhale a perfume that spreads like an atmosphere about them when touched by the rays of the sun are to a slight degree warmed by the presence of this agreeable atmosphere. It acts in retaining the solar heat like the glass covers of a hothouse, although of course far less effectively. Professor Spring has shown that the relatively high temperatures of large cities is probably due, at least in part, to the carbonic anhydride in the air above them acting as a retaining screen for heat rays.

Spots on Leather.

Oxalic acid in weak solutions is the best thing to use when removing spots from leather. Two or three crystals of oxalic dissolved in warm water, then applied with a bit of cloth to the spots, will do the work. Watch closely, and when the spots begin to disappear apply clear water to overcome the acid, which is a powerful bleach. Dry the leather with a clean cloth. For bright leather make the solution weaker.

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 5.45

No. 317 Suburban for Marysville 6.15

No. 321 Suburban for Marysville 11.15

No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville 17