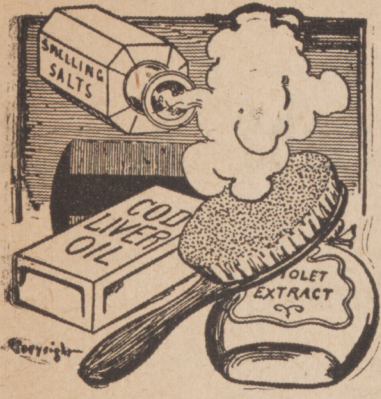




WHEN OUR BARGAINS ARE EXHAUSTED

you will say with the others that you have seen some of the cheapest selling of

STANDARD MEDICINES, TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.,

What 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 RAILWAY
ATLANTIC DIVISION

ALL RAIL LINES THE SHORT LINE
to Quebec, etc. to Montreal.

REAL LIMITED ROUTES
(THE PACIFIC COAST)

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS
in Effect Oct. 14th, 1906.

Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated.

DEPARTURES:
2.35 a.m.—Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and Pointe St. Pierre, Port Fairfield, Carleton Place, Prescott, and Ottawa.

6.2 a.m.—Mixed, via Gibson Branch, for Woodstock and North; Prescott, Carleton Place, and Ottawa.

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

10 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. Dining Car, Fredericton Jct. to Mattawamkeag. Pullman Sleeper, Fredericton Jct. to Boston.

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

ARRIVALS:
11 a.m.—From St. John and East.

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

3 p.m.—From St. John and East.

4 p.m.—From Woodstock and points West, via Gibson Branch. Arrives at St. Marys at 5.15 p.m.

5 p.m.—From Boston, 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 36, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 21 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 for a 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.—domestic.

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.

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

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.)

"And now you want to go back. Do you know what it means if you are arrested? Have you thought of that?"

Roger Oakley waved the query aside as though it concerned him not at all.

"I want to be with you," he said wistfully.

"You may not get through alive, and I want to be with you. You'll need me. There's no one you can trust as you can me, for I won't fail you no matter what the danger is."

And there's the girl, Dannie. Have you thought of her?"

Dan set his lips. "My God, I can't think of anything else."

"There was a moment's silence."

"Here," said Dan, thrusting his hands into his pockets. "I am going to give you what money I have. It isn't much."

"What for, Dannie?"

"You are sure to be seen and recognized if you stay about here. Your description has been telegraphed all over the state. For that reason I'll take you with me part way. Then I'll stop, and you can hide again. It's your only chance. I am sorry I can't do more for you. I wish I could. But perhaps we can arrange to meet afterward."

His father smiled with the unconscious superiority of the man who firmly believes he is controlled by an intelligence infinitely wise and beyond all human conception. No amount of argument could have convinced him that Providence was not burning millions of feet of standing timber and an occasional town solely for his guidance.

In his simple seriousness he saw nothing absurd or preposterous in the idea. He said:

"I've wanted to escape, Dannie, for your sake, not for mine. But when I see you tonight I know the Lord intended we should keep together. He didn't bring us here for nothing. That isn't his way. There's no one to go along with you but me, and you can't go alone."

"I can't—I will!" And Dan swore under his breath. He realized that no word of his could move his father. He would carry his point, just as he always had.

Durks came running along the platform from the depot.

"It's no use," shaking his head. "The wire's down. Say, you want to keep your eyes open for the freight. It may be on the siding at Parker's Run, and it may be on the main track."

Dan made a last appeal to his father.

"Won't you listen to what I say?" sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper.

"They'll hang you—do you hear? If ever they lay hands on you they will show no mercy!" It did not occur to him that his father would be returning under circumstances so exceptional that public sentiment might well undergo a radical change in his favor.

Roger Oakley merely smiled as he answered, with gentle composure: "I don't think we need to worry about that. We are in his hands, Dannie."

And he raised his face to the heavens. Dan groaned.

"Come, then," he said aloud.

"I'll throw the switch for you!" And the operator ran down the track. He was quite positive he should never see Oakley again, and he felt something akin to enthusiasm at the willing sacrifice of his life which he conceived him to be making.

Father and son stepped to the engine. The old convict mounted heavily to his post, and Dan sprang after him, his hand groping for the throttle lever. There was the hiss of steam, and Joe cried from the darkness:

"All right, come ahead!" And the engine, with its tender and two cars, began its hazardous journey.

As they slipped past him the operator yelled his goodby and Dan pushed open the cab window and waved his hand.

Roger Oakley on the narrow iron shelf between the engine and the tender was already throwing coal into the furnace. His face wore a satisfied expression. Apparently he was utterly unmoved by the excitement of the moment, for he bent to his work as if it were the most usual of tasks and the occasion the most commonplace. He had taken off his coat and vest and had tossed them up on the tender out of his way. Dan, looking over the boiler's end, could see his broad shoulders and the top of his head. He leaned back, with his hand on the throttle.

"Father!" he called.

"Yes, Dannie."

"You are going with me? You are determined?"

"I thought we settled that, Dannie, before we started," he said pleasantly, but there was a gleam, kindly drop to the corners of his mouth, for he appreciated his victory.

"I want to know, because if I am to slow up for you I'll have to do it soon or I'll be leaving you in worse shape than I found you."

To this his father made no direct reply. Instead he asked, "Do you think we'll reach Antioch in time to do them any good?" Dan faced about.

They slid into a straight stretch of road beyond the Junction, and the track shone yellow far ahead, where the engine looked down upon it with

its single eye. Each minute their speed increased. A steady jarring and pounding had begun that grew into a dull and ponderous roar as the engine rushed forward. Dan kept a sharp watch for the freight.

As Durks had said, it might be on the siding at Parker's Run, and it might not. In the latter event his and his father's troubles would soon be at an end.

He rose from his seat and went to the door of the cab.

"We'll take it easy for the first ten miles or so, then we'll be in the fire, and that will be our time to hit her up."

Roger Oakley nodded his acquiescence. In what he conceived to be worldly matters he was quite willing to abide by Dan's judgment, for which he had profound respect.

"How fast are we going?" he asked. Dan steadied himself and listened, with a finger on his pulse, until he caught the rhythmic swing of the engine as it jarred from one rail to another. Then he said:

"Twenty-five miles an hour."

"It isn't very fast, is it, Dannie?" He was evidently disappointed.

"We'll do twice that presently."

The old convict looked relieved. They were running now with a strip of forest on one side of the track and cultivated fields on the other, but with each rod they covered they were edging in nearer the flames. At Parker's Run the road crossed a little stream which doubled back in the direction of Buckhorn Junction. There was nothing after that to stay the progress of the fire, and the rest of their way lay through the blazing pine woods.

Just before they reached the ten mile fill they came to the strip of burned timber that had sent Baker back to Buckhorn earlier in the day. Here and there a tree was still blazing, but for the most part the fire had spent its strength.

As they swung past Parker's Run a little farther on Dan saw the freight, or rather, what was left of it, on the siding. It had been cutting out four flat cars loaded with ties, and he understood the difficulty at a glance. On the main track a brick and stone culvert spanned the run, but the siding crossed it on a flimsy wooden bridge. This bridge had probably been burning as the freight backed in for the flat cars, and when it attempted to pull out the weakened structure had collapsed and the engine had gone through into the cut. It rested on its forward end, jammed between the steep banks, with its big drivers in the air. Of the cars there remained only the trucks and ironwork. Near by a tool shed had formerly stood, but that was gone too. The wheels and gearing of a hand car in the midst of a heap of ashes marked the spot.

Dan turned to his father. "Are you all right, uncle?" he asked.

"Yes, Dannie."

"Mind your footing. It will be pretty shaky back there."

They were still in the burned district, where a change in the wind that afternoon had driven the fire back on itself. It had made a clean sweep of everything inflammable. Luckily the road had been freshly ballasted, and the track was in fair condition to resist the flames. But an occasional tie smoldered, and from these the rushing train thrashed showers of sparks.

Dan kept his eyes fastened on the rails, which showed plainly in the jerky glare of the headlights. It was well to be careful while care was possible. By and by he would have to throw aside all caution and trust to chance. Now he increased his speed, and the insistent thud of the wheels drowned every other sound, even the far-off roar of the flames. At his back at intervals

a ruddy glow shot upward into the night when Roger Oakley threw open the furnace door to pass in coal. Save for this it was still quite dark in the cab, where Dan sat with his hand on the throttle lever and watched the yellow streak that ran along the rails in advance of the engine. Suddenly the wall of light ahead brightened visibly, and its glare filled the cab. They were nearing the fire.

Dan jammed the little window at his elbow open and put out his head. A hot blast roared past him, and the heat of the fire was in his face. He drew the window shut. It was light as day in the cab now.

He leaned across the boiler's end and, with a hand to his lips, called to his father, "Are you all right?"

The old man drew himself erect and crept nearer.

"What's that you say, Dannie?" he asked. His face was black with coal dust and grime.

"Are you all right? Can you bear the heat?"

"I am doing very nicely, but this ain't a patch on what it's going to be."

"Yes, it will be much worse, though this is bad enough."

"But we can stand it. We must think of those poor people at Antioch."

"We'll stick to the engine as long as the engine sticks to the rails," said Dan grimly. "Hadden't you better come into the cab with me? You'll be frightened when we get into the

(To be continued.)

HUMOR

IT MADE A DIFFERENCE.

How the Colonel Came to Make a Speech at Cut Rates.

"Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you today?" queried the colonel as he entered his office after a brief absence and found three farmer looking men in possession.

"We are a committee from the county fair," explained one, "and we want to see about the address. You make 'em, don't you?"

"Oh, certainly!"

"What's your figger?"

"I delivered two county fair addresses last fall and received \$50 each."

"Um! Too high."

"There was no fault found with my prices last year. It takes time to prepare one, you know, and then I must journey down and deliver it. The figure I named is a very reasonable one."

"Look here, colonel," said the chairman of the committee after considering a bit, "have you got one of your old addresses on hand?"

"Believe so."

"And can't you put 'er in for twenty-five?"

"But some one might get on to it."

"We'll take all the chances of that. All the people who will listen to you will be old Mrs. Cosely, who is as deaf as a post, and old Jim Shaw, who will take it for a Fourth of July oration anyhow, and you won't run the slightest risk. Won't this make a difference in your figgers?"

The colonel blushed and stammered and said he thought it would, and when the committee left they had his receipt for \$30, and he agreed to be on time.—Chicago News.

Her Offense.

The despondent damsel had been apprehended in the very act of drinking carbolic. The speedy work of skilled physicians saved her life. The physicians afterward admitted that they had saved it. An officious constable arrested her on the ground of attempted suicide. Then a wise man present interferred and said:

"I object to this high handed procedure. If this person is to be seized on any charge it should be as a violator of the pure food law."

"How so?" exclaimed everyone in unison.

"Because she was putting acid inside 'er."

Whereupon the crowd released the woman and with one accord hanged the author of the pun.—Judge.

No Inducement.

"Why don't you devote more time to study?" said the serious person.

"What for?" asked the nonchalant.

A WOMAN'S BACK WAS NOT MADE TO ACHE

Thousands of Women suffer Untold Misery Every Day with Aching Backs That Really have no Business to Ache.

Under ordinary conditions it ought to be strong and ready to bear the burdens of life. It is hard to do housework with an aching back. Backache comes from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause.

But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it is not to be wondered that they get out of order.

Backache is simply a warning from the kidneys and should be attended to immediately so as to avoid years of terrible suffering from kidney trouble.

Doan's Kidney Pills

will cure you in the same way as they have cured thousands of others.

Mrs. Theo. Craig, Almonte, Ont., writes:

"I was suffering for six months for kidney trouble and my back was so lame I had to lie in bed. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills. I did so and in one week I was able to walk with very little pain, and in five months my back was as strong as ever."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

McGale's Butternut Pills

are safe to take in any season—in any climate. No calomel, no mercury—just the concentrated extracts, combined with other vegetable ingredients—very gentle in effect. They quickly

Cure Stomach, Liver and Kidney Disorders—strengthening the organs to healthy action. 25c. a box—at drug stores or by mail.

Sole Proprietors,
THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., Ltd.
MONTREAL, Can.

Saleswomen's Peril

GRAVE DISEASES, DUE TO STANDING

Facts About Miss Merkley's Dangerous Illness and Complete Cure.

Have you ever thought why so many women or girls rather walk an hour than stand still for ten minutes?



Miss Margaret Merkley

It is because most women suffer from some derangement of their delicate organism, the discomfort of which is less trying when they are in motion than when standing.

In some states laws compel employers to provide resting places for their female employees.

But no amount of law can regulate the hard tasks of these women. They must get the strength which this work demands or run the risk of serious diseases and the surgeon's knife.

Read about the experience of Miss Margaret Merkley, 275 3d Street, Milwaukee, Wis.—

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"Gradual loss of strength, nervousness, bearing-down pains and extreme irritation compelled me to seek medical advice. The doctor said I had diseased organs and ulceration, and advised an operation if I wanted to get well. I objected to this and decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. I soon found that all the good things said about this great medicine were true. The ulceration soon healed, backache, headache and nervousness disappeared, and in a short time I was strong, vigorous and perfectly well. I wish every working girl who suffers would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a vegetable tonic which invigorates and strengthens the entire female organism, and will produce the same beneficial results in the cases of other sick women as with Miss Merkley.

NIGHT ROBES.

They Were Once Very Gorgeous and Worn In the Daytime.

In the middle ages night robes, as a general thing, were unknown luxuries.

Under the Tudors royalty and nobility had them made of silk or velvet, and, as the old books say, "hence no washing was necessary."

A night robe of black satin bound with black taffeta and edged with velvet of the same color was daintily fashioned for Anne Boleyn.

More luxurious still was one owned by Queen Bess. It was of black velvet, fur lined, and greatly offset by flowing borders of silk lace. And in 1608 her majesty gave orders that George Brodgrave should deliver "threescore and six best assay skynnes, to furnish us a night gown."

Four years later her highness orders the delivery of "twelve yards of purple velvet, friezed on the back syde, with white and russet silke," for a night gown for herself and also orders the delivery of fourteen yards of murrey damask for the "makynge of a night gowne" for some one else.

Night gowns for ladies of a later period were called "nyght vails." In Queen Anne's time it was the fashion to wear them over the customary dress in the streets in the daytime, when out on a pleasure walk.

And, as was fitting, ladies who indulged in night-caps had them also made of silk or velvet, with "much pretty garnishing of lace and glittering cords," and the fair ones made presentation of costly caps to each other as tokens of respect or affection.

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

TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON.

No. 308 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