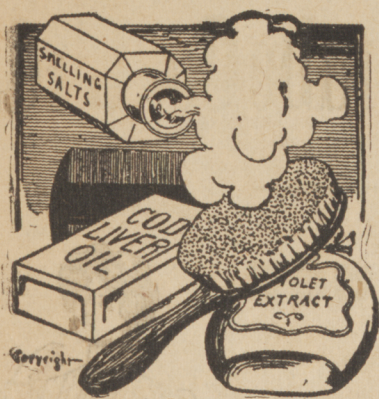




WHEN OUR BARGAINS ARE EXHAUSTED

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 Stables
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CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
ATLANTIC DIVISION

ALL RAIL LINES THE SHORTEST LINE
To Boston, etc. To Montreal.

MAIL LIMITED ROUTE
ON THE PACIFIC COAST
ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS
in Effect Oct. 14th, 1906.

Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated.

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

35 a. m.—Mixed, via Gibson Branch, for Woodstock and North; Presque Isle, Plaster Rock, Edmundston, etc. Leaves St. Mary's 8.35 a. m.

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.

60 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. R. Dining Car, Fredericton Jet, to Mattawamkeag. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jet, to Boston.

6 p. m.—Express for St. John and points East. Pullman Parlor Car Fredericton Jet, to St. John.

ARRIVALS.
3 a. m.—From St. John and East.
5 a. m.—From Montreal and West, Boston; St. Stephen, Woodstock and Houlton.
11 a. m.—From St. John and East.

—From Woodstock and points North, via Gibson Branch Arrives at 8.15 p. m.
—From Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, Houlton.

W. B. HOWARD,
Act. Div. Traffic Manager, St. John, N. S.
S. D. BERT,
Passenger Agent, Montreal.

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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.

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

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THE LEADING UNDERTAKER. Prompt and careful attention to all orders. The only complete line of Funeral Furnishings in the City and the best Equipment.

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A QUIET BLAZE!

Just a quiet, Bright Light, without any odor.

Can be used instantly.

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Selling Agents, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

YOU KNOW WHAT

Get Your WEDDING INVITATIONS

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THE HERALD OFFICE

THE REFUGEES

By A. CONAN DOYLE,

Author of "The Return of Sherlock Holmes"

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(Continued.)

The evil face of the Bastard grew livid as he listened to the scornful words which were hissed at him by the captive. He strode across to her, and, taking her hand, he thrust the forefinger into the burning bowl of his pipe. She made no effort to remove it, but sat with a perfectly set face for a minute or more, looking out through the open door at the evening sunlight and the little groups of chattering Indians. He watched her keenly in the hope of hearing a cry or seeing some spasm of agony upon her face, but at last, with a curse, he dashed down her hand and strode from the hut. She thrust her charred finger into her bosom and laughed. "He is a good for naught!" she cried. "He does not even know how to torture. Now, I could have got a cry out of him. I am sure of it. But you, monsieur, you are very white!"

"It was the sight of such a hellish deed. Ah, if we were but set face to face, I with my sword, he with that weapon he chose, he should pay for it with his heart's blood!"

The Indian woman seemed surprised. "It is strange to me," she said, "that you should think of what befalls me when you are yourself under the same shadow. But our fate will be as I said. You are to die at the stake. She is to be given to the dog who has left us."

"Adelle! Adelle! What shall I do?"

He tore his hair in his helplessness and distraction.

"No, no, fear not, Amory, for my heart will not fail me. What is the pang of death if it binds us together?"

"The younger child pleaded for you, saying that the Mitche Manitou had stricken you with madness, as could be seen by your swimming to their canoe, and that a blight would fall upon the nation if you were led to the stake. But the Bastard said that love came often like madness among the palefaces and that it was that alone which had driven you. Then it was agreed that you should die and that she should go to his wigwam, since he had led the war party. As for me, their hearts were bitter against me, and I also am to die by the pine splinters."

"When is it to be?" asked De Catinat.

"Now; at once. They have gone to make all ready. But you have time yet, for I am to go first."

"Amory, Amory, could we not die together now?" cried Adelle, throwing her arms round her husband. "If it be sin, it is surely a sin which will be forgiven us. Let us go, dear. Let us leave these dreadful people and this cruel world and turn where we shall find peace."

The Indian woman's eyes flashed with satisfaction. "You have spoken well, White Lily," said she. "Why should you wait until it is their pleasure to pluck you? See! Already the glare of their fire beats upon the tree trunks, and you can hear the howlings of those who thirst for your blood. You have said rightly, White Lily. There lies the only path for you."

Onega glanced keenly at the two warriors who stood as sentinels at the door of the hut. They had turned away, absorbed in the horrible preparations which were going on. Then she rummaged deeply within the folds of her loose gown and pulled out a small pistol with two brass barrels and double triggers in the form of winged dragons. It was only a toy to look at, all carved and scrolled and graven with the choicest work of the Paris gunsmith. For its beauty the seigneur had bought it at his last visit to Quebec, and yet it might be useful, too, and it was loaded in both barrels.

"I meant to use it on myself," said she as she slipped it into the hand of De Catinat. "But now I am minded to show them that I can die as an Onondaga should die and that I am worthy to have the blood of their chiefs in my veins. Take it, for I swear that I will not use it myself unless it be to fire both bullets into that Bastard's heart."

A flush of joy shot over De Catinat as his fingers closed round the pistol. Here was indeed a key to unlock her cheek against his shoulder and laughed with pleasure.

"You will forgive me, dear?" he whispered.

"Forgive you! I bless you and love you with my whole heart and soul."

They had sunk on their knees together when three warriors entered the hut and said a few abrupt words to their country woman. She rose with a smile.

"They are waiting for me," said she. "You shall see, White Lily, you also, monsieur, how well I know what is due to my position. Farewell, and remember Onega!"

"Now, Amory," whispered Adelle, closing her eyes and nestling still closer to him.

He raised the pistol, and then, with a quick sudden intaking of the breath, he dropped it and knelt with glaring eyes, looking up at a tree which faced the open door of the hut.

It was a beech tree, exceedingly old and gnarled, with its hollow trunk

down in strips and its whole trunk spotted with moss and mold. Some ten feet above the ground the main trunk divided into two, and in the fork thus formed a hand had suddenly appeared, a large reddish hand, which shook frantically from side to side in passionate dissuasion. The next instant as the two captives still stared in amazement the hand disappeared behind the trunk again, and a face appeared in its place, which still shook from side to side as resolutely as its forerunner. It was Captain Ephraim Savage of Boston.

And even as they stared and wondered a sudden shrill whistle burst out from the depths of the forest, and in a moment every bush and thicket and patch of brushwood was sprouting fire and smoke, while the snarl of the musketry ran round the whole glade, and the storm of bullets whizzed and pelted among the yelling savages. The Troquois sentinels had been drawn in



He fired both barrels.

by their bloodthirsty craving to see the prisoners die, and now the Canadians were upon them, and they were hemmed in by a ring of fire. First one way and then another they rushed, to be met always by the same blast of death, until, finding at last some gap in the attack, they streamed off like sheep through a broken fence and rushed madly away into the forest.

But there was one savage who had found work to do before he fled. The Flemish Bastard had preferred his vengeance to his safety. Rushing at her, he buried his tomahawk in her brain, and then, yelling his war cry, he waved the blood stained weapon above his head and rushed into the hut where the prisoners still knelt. De Catinat saw him coming, and a mad joy glinted in his eyes. He rose to meet him, and as he rushed in he fired both barrels of his pistol into the Bastard's face.

An instant later a swarm of Canadians had rushed over the writhing body, the captives felt warm friendly hands which grasped their own, and, looking upon the smiling well known faces of Amos Green, Savage and Du Lhut, they knew that peace had come to them at last.

And so the refugees came to the end of the toils of their journey, for that winter was spent by them in peace at Ste. Marie, and in the spring, the Troquois having carried the war to the upper St. Lawrence, the travelers were able to descend into the English provinces and so to make their way down the Hudson to New York, where a warm welcome awaited them from the family of Amos Green. The friendship between the two men was now so cemented together by common memories and common dangers that they soon became partners in fur trading, and the name of the Frenchman came at last to be as familiar in the mountains of Maine and on the slopes of the Alleghenies as it had once been in the salons and corridors of Versailles.

As to Captain Ephraim Savage, he returned safely to his beloved Boston, where he fulfilled his ambition by building himself a fair brick house upon the rising ground in the northern part of the city, whence he could look down both upon the shipping in the river and the bay.

The manor house of La Ste. Marie was soon restored to its former prosperity, but its seigneur was from the day that he had lost his wife and son a changed man. He grew leaner, fiercer, less human, forever heading parties which made their way into the Troquois woods and which outrivaled the savages themselves in the terrible nature of their deeds. A day came at last when he sallied out upon one of these expeditions from which neither he nor any of his men ever returned.

THE END.

Adam's Foresightedness. Though Adam blamed Eve for tempting him to eat apples, it isn't on record that he gave her due credit for making those first clothes.—Florida Times-Union.

FAIR PLAY.

The American People are Noted for Their Love of Fair Play. So True is This, That It May Be Said To Be a National Trait of Character.

The man who strikes another a foul blow, or maliciously tries to injure him in his business, or in his social standing is detested and abhorred. The American people are not generally slow to manifest their disapproval of such unfair treatment, when an opportunity is afforded.

Illustrative of this disposition is the fact that although base, false and malicious attacks upon Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, and his widely celebrated Family Medicine have sometimes injured the sale of these meritorious remedies for a time, yet when such unjust assaults have been met and their falsehoods completely refuted, a natural reaction has followed and their sale has been fully restored again.

In the case of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia, which, in 1904, published a most malicious, false, slanderous and libelous article, attacking Dr. Pierce and his "Favorite Prescription"—the well-known cure for woman's peculiar weaknesses and distressing ailments—Dr. Pierce brought suit in the Supreme Court of the State of New York against the publishers of that paper, and a verdict was given by the Court, the judgment being for a substantial amount (\$15,000.00) yet not for enough to properly recompense Dr. Pierce for the great injury and injustice done him. While he and his "Favorite Prescription" were completely vindicated and the latter remedy was proven, in open court, to contain no alcohol and none of the dangerous and injurious drugs which the above mentioned paper had alleged it contained, yet Dr. Pierce has, through his attorneys, received a substantial sum of money, which he may finally be accorded a more just and adequate compensation for the great damage which he was made to suffer by reason of the base falsehoods published concerning him and his business.

There are hundreds of thousands of people all over this blessed country of ours who have been cured of obstinate, chronic diseases through the use of Dr. Pierce's Medicines and it is only natural that such people should rise up and speak their sentiments, justly when Dr. Pierce and his medicines are so unjustly attacked.

These grateful patients of Dr. Pierce are to be found in almost every hamlet and country village, and in the farm-houses and mechanics' cottages in every nook and corner of this great country. Common gratitude prompts such people to stand up and defend Dr. Pierce and his medicines against unjust and malicious attacks.

Dr. Pierce's Medicines have been on sale in drug stores all over this country and in many foreign lands for more than forty years and yet their sale continues to grow in a substantial and most gratifying way. This could not be the case if they were not remedies of more than ordinary merit.

WHAT DO THEY CURE?

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not advertised as a "Cure All," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a superior and most positive remedy for one class of diseases only—those easily recognized weaknesses, derangements, irregularities and painful disorders peculiar to women. It is a powerful, yet gently acting, invigorating, tonic and strengthening medicine. For weak, worn-out, over-worked women—no matter what has caused the break-down—whether it be from too frequent bearing of children, or from much worry, care, or over exertion of any kind, "Favorite Prescription" will be found most efficient in building up the strength, regulating all the womanly functions, banishing pain and bringing about a regular and healthy, vigorous condition of the whole female system. Thus it corrects prolapsus or falling of womb, retroversion, anteversion and other displacements of the female pelvic organs, due to weakness or over exertion, lifting or fatiguing over-work. In short, it makes weak women strong and sick women well.

As to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery it has a very large range of application, yet it is by no means overrated, as a "Cure-All." It possesses marvelous alternative, or blood cleansing, properties and is at the same time a most invigorating tonic, or strength giver. It exerts a specific, cleansing, soothing and healing effect upon all the lining mucous membranes of the system, and is of great curative value in all catarrhal affections, no matter where located.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is from its tonic and specific curative control over mucous surfaces, especially efficacious in curing indigestion, dyspepsia, weak stomach and "Liver Complaint," or biliousness. Even ulceration of the stomach and bowels has in thousands of cases been cured by it; also obstinate chronic diarrhea.

In addition to all the foregoing, not the least valuable of the many most efficacious properties possessed by the "Discovery" is the unequalled regulating and strengthening effect exerted by it over the heart's action. It has made some wonderful cures of very pronounced valvular and other affections of that organ.

The reason why "Golden Medical Discovery" cures so wide a range of diseases is made plain in a booklet sent free on request mailed to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. If interested, send for it.

The powerful alternative or blood purifying properties possessed by the "Discovery" will naturally suggest its use for the cure of blotches, pimples, eruptions, eczema, salt-rheum, and other skin affections in all of which it has made remarkable cures; also in scrofulous sores and old, open ulcers, or eating sores. To heal the latter, use Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve as a local application, while taking the "Golden Medical Discovery" to cleanse the blood and cleanse the system. A box will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifty-four cents in stamps. If your druggist don't have it in stock, address Dr. Pierce, as above.

ODDITIES IN GRAVES.

A Woman Who, Born, Living and Dying Cross, Was Buried Cross.

There is a curious old gravestone in Prestbury churchyard which records the fact that one woman at least in England died a bachelor.

England died a bachelor. Her name was Sarah Pickford, and the stone gravely informs the reader she was shrewdly termed "August ye 17, Anno Dom. 1703, and died a Bachelor in the 48th year of her age."

A stone in Westminster abbey records the interment there of George Graham, who was the only workman that received the honor of being buried in Westminster abbey. He was a scientific instrument maker, who in 1700 invented the deadbeat escapement in clocks. His funeral was attended by the Royal society in a body.

In East Ham churchyard there is a tombstone placed crossways. The woman interred is said to have been born cross, lived cross, married a Mr. Cross and died cross. Her dying request was to be buried cross, and this was carried out.

As to more ancient graves, that of Noah is reported to be in the small town of Nakhichevan, near the foot of Mount Ararat, and is sixty feet in length. Another tradition says that the grave is merely a niche in the wall of an abandoned fortress.—London Chronicle.

Get Rid of

the Poison

In your system—and the resulting biliousness, constipation, indigestion and other disorders—by using

McGale's Butternut Pills

—which quickly, but gently, cleanse the blood and restore the body to sound health.

25c. a box, by mail or at your dealer's.

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

KITCHEN HELPS.

When finely chopped nuts are needed for salads or sandwiches run the nuts through the meat chopper.

Plenty of shelves and drawers or a patent kitchen cabinet are great helps to the woman whose time is spent in cooking.

Select a dozen or so of the smoothest and largest split from the new broom and lay them away to use in testing cake when it is baking.

Every kitchen outfit should have a measuring glass that is marked to measure teaspoonfuls, tablespoonfuls and gills as well as halves, thirds and quarters.

A heavy chalk mark laid a finger's distance from the sugar box and all around (there must be no space not covered) will surely prevent ants from troubling.

Bind with table oilcloth the pieces of carpet used on the kitchen floor. The oilcloth will wear three times as long as binding. Cut in one and one-half inch strips, stitch on the machine with longest stitch, turn over and stitch again.

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 17.00
No. 327 Suburban for Marysville 18.40
No. 329 Suburban for Marysville 21.00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 318 Suburban from Marysville 3.15
No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville 13.05
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville 13.20
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggieville 18.50
No. 328 Suburban from Marysville 19.15