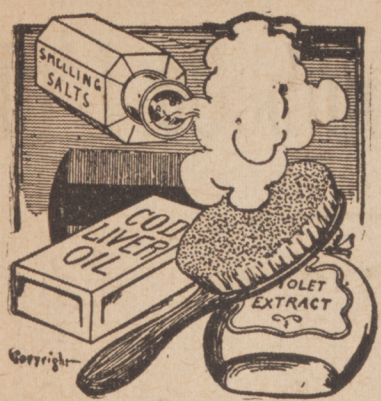




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What you ever saw. But really there is no "give out" to our bargains. Things sold today are immediately replaced by other just as good and just as cheap. Low prices perch upon great value at all times.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

ATLANTIC DIVISION

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

DAILY LIMITED ROUTE
ON THE PACIFIC COAST

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

Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated.

DEPARTURES.
6:35 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 Jct. to Boston.

6:55 a. m.—Mixed, via Gibson Branch, for Woodstock and North; Presque Isle, Plaster Rock, Edmundston, etc. Leaves St. Mary's 8:35 a. m.

9:05 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.

10:05 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. C. P. R. Dining Car, Fredericton Jct. to Matamoras, Fredericton Jct. to Boston.

11:05 p. m.—Express for St. John and points East. Pullman Parlor Car Fredericton Jct. to St. John.

ARRIVALS.
1 p. m.—From St. John and East.
5 a. m.—From Montreal and West, Boston, St. Stephen, Woodstock and Houlton.
9:30 p. m.—From St. John and East.

—From Woodstock and points East, via Gibson Branch. Arrives at St. Mary's at 8:35 p. m.
—From Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, Houlton.

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

NOTES OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 16, 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.

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 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 the 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 patent.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.
Mag. B—Bismarck.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Dr. J. C. Hyatt
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. J. C. HYATT, FITCHER
Pumpkin Seed—
Aloes—
Sassafras—
Ginger—
Peppermint—
St. John's Wort—
Warm Castor Oil—
Clarified Sugar—
Vanilla—
Flavor.

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Facsimile Signature of
Dr. J. C. Hyatt
NEW YORK.
At 6 months old
35 Doses—35 CENTS
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

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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!

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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

THE REFUGEES

By A. CONAN DOYLE,
Author of "The Return of Sherlock Holmes"

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(Continued.)

On the seventh day they rested at a point but a few miles from the mouth of the Richelieu river, where a large blockhouse, Fort Richelieu, had been built by M. de Saurel. Once past this, they had no great distance to go to reach the seignury of De Catnat's friend of the noblesse, who would help them upon their way. They had spent the night upon a little island in mid-stream, and at early dawn they were about to thrust the canoe out again from the sand lined cove in which she lay when Ephraim Savage growled in his throat and pointed out across the water.

A large canoe was coming up the river, flying along as quick as a dozen arms could drive it. In the stern sat a dark figure, which bent forward with every swing of the paddles as though consumed by eagerness to push onward. Even at that distance there was no mistaking it. It was the fanatical monk whom they had left behind them.

Concealed among the brushwood, they watched their pursuers fly past and vanish round a curve in a stream. "We'd have done better either to put him overboard or to take him as a hostage," said Ephraim.

"Well, we can't take the back track, anyhow," said Amos. "And yet how can we go on?" said De Catnat despondently. "This vindictive devil will give word at the fort and at every other point along the river."

"Let me cipher it out," Amos Green sat on a fallen maple with his head sunk upon his hands. "Well," said he presently, "it's no good going on and no good going back, there's only one way, and that is to go to one side. We can't go to the north, so it follows that we must go to the south."

"Leave the canoe?" "It's our only chance. We can cut through the woods and come out near this friendly house on the Richelieu. The friar will lose our trail then, and we'll have no more trouble with him if he stays on the St. Lawrence."

"There's nothing else for it," said Captain Ephraim ruefully. "It's not my way to go by land if I can get by water, so you must lay the course and keep her straight, Amos."

"It is not far, and it will not take us long. Let us get over to the south-

ern bank, and we shall make a start. If Madame tires, De Catnat, we shall take turns to carry her."

"Ah, monsieur, you cannot think what a good walker I am! In this splendid air one might go on forever."

"We will cross, then." In a very few minutes they were at the other side and had landed at the edge of the forest. There the guns and ammunition were allotted to each man, and his share of provisions and of the scanty baggage. Then, having paid the Indians and having instructed them to say nothing of their movements, they turned their backs upon the river and plunged into the silent woods.

CHAPTER XX.

LEAVING Fort St. Louis upon their side, the travelers pushed onward as swiftly as they could, for the sun was so low in the heavens that the bushes in the clearings threw shadows like trees.

Then suddenly as they peered in front of them between the trunks of the green of the sward turned to the blue of the water, and they saw a broad river running swiftly before them. Amos and De Catnat had both been upon the bosom of the Richelieu before, and their hearts bounded as they looked upon it, for they knew that this was the straight path which led them, the one to home and the other to peace and freedom.

Across the river was the terrible Iroquois country, and at two points they could see the smoke of fires curling up into the evening air. They followed the track which led down the eastern bank. As they pushed onward a stern military challenge suddenly brought them to a stand, and they saw the gleam of two musket barrels which covered them from a thicket overlooking the path.

"We are friends," cried De Catnat. "Whence come you, then?" asked an invisible sentinel.

"From Quebec."

"And whither are you going?"

"To visit M. Charles de la Noue, seigneur of Ste. Marie."

"Very good. It is quite safe, Du Lhut. They have a lady with them too. I greet you, madame, in the name of my father."

Two men had emerged from the bushes, one of whom might have passed as a full blooded Indian had it not been for these courteous words, which he uttered in excellent French. He was a tall, slight young man, very dark, with piercing black eyes and a grim, square, relentless mouth which could only have come with Indian descent.

The other was undoubtedly a pure Frenchman, elderly, dark and wiry, with a bristling black beard and a fierce, eager face. Leaping upon his long brown run, he stood watching the

party, while his advanced

"You will excuse our precautions," said he. "We never know what device these rascals may adopt to entrap us. I fear, madame, that you have had a long and very tiring journey. My mother will be very glad to welcome you and to see to every want. But you, sir, I have surely seen you before."

"And I you," cried the guardsman. "My name is Amory de Catnat, once of the regiment of Picardy. Surely you are Achille de la Noue de Ste. Marie."

"Yes, it is I," the young man answered, holding out his hand and smiling in a somewhat constrained fashion. "I do not wonder that you should hesitate, for when you saw me last I was in a very different dress from this. We have one life for the forest and one for the cities, though, indeed, my good father will not have it so and carries Versailles with him wherever he goes. But it is time for our relief, and so we may guide you home."

Two men in the rude dress of Canadian conscripts, or farmers, but carrying their muskets in a fashion which



"Yes, it is I," the young man answered.

told De Catnat's trained senses that they were disciplined soldiers, had suddenly appeared upon the scene. Young De la Noue gave them a few curt injunctions and then accompanied the refugees along the path.

"You may not know my friend here," said he, pointing to the other sentinel, "but I am quite sure that his name is not unfamiliar to you. This is Grey-solon du Lhut."

Both Amos and De Catnat looked with the deepest curiosity and interest at the famous leader of courages de Bois, a man whose whole life had been spent in pushing westward, ever westward, saying little, writing nothing, but always the first wherever there was danger to meet or difficulty to overcome.

"What do you think of those fires over yonder, Du Lhut?" asked young De la Noue.

The adventurer glanced over at the two little plumes of smoke which stood straight up against the red evening sky. "I don't like them," said he.

"They are Iroquois, then?"

"Yes."

"Well, at least it proves that they are on the other side of the river."

Du Lhut lit his pipe from a tinder paper. "The Iroquois are on this side," said he. "They crossed to the south."

"And you never told us! How do you know that they crossed, and why did you not tell us?"

"I did not know until I saw the fires over yonder."

"And how did they tell you?"

"Tut! An Indian papoose could have told," said Du Lhut impatiently. "Iroquois on the trail do nothing without an object. They have an object, then, in showing that smoke. If their war parties were over yonder there would be no object. Therefore their braves must have crossed the river. And they could not get over to the north without being seen from the fort."

"Then they may be in the woods round us. We may be in danger!" cried Madame de la Noue.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How Plants Travel.

The dandelion, with its parachute, has gone with Peary within the arctic circle and has also made its appearance in the southern hemisphere. The rose of Jericho curls up in a ball, with the seed pod inside and the wind rolls it over the deserts of Syria and Egypt. The seed pods of the furze and broom are like little guns. In August and September you may hear them crack, crack, as they burst, scattering the seeds like bullets.

The cranesbill, or wild geranium, has its seeds arranged so that five arms are thrown out like a sling, throwing the seeds with considerable force. The mangrove grows in salt water swamps and shallow sea water. The plants require to be rooted in the mud.

A BOLD STEP.

To overcome the well-grounded and reasonable objections of the more intelligent to the use of secret, medicinal compounds, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., some time ago, decided to make a bold departure from the usual course pursued by the makers of put-up medicines for domestic use, and so has published broadcast and openly to the whole world, a full and complete list of all the ingredients entering into the composition of his widely celebrated medicines. Thus he has taken his numerous patrons and patients into his full confidence. Thus too he has absolutely and completely removed his medicines from among secret nostrums of doubtful merits, and made them Remedies of Known Composition.

They are now in a class all by themselves—being absolutely and in every sense Non-secret.

By this bold step Dr. Pierce has shown that his formulas are of such excellence that he is not afraid to subject them to the fullest scrutiny.

So many false formulas and malicious statements concerning his medicines had been published through the connivance of jealous competitors and disgruntled doctors, that Dr. Pierce determined to completely disarm his assailants by a full and frank statement of their exact composition, verifying the same under oath as complete and correct. This he has done and to the complete discomfiture of those who had assailed his good name as well as the well-earned reputation of his world-famed medicines.

Not only does the wrapper of every bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the famous medicine for weak stomach, torpid liver or biliousness and all catarrhal diseases wherever located, have printed upon it, in plain English, a full and complete list of all the ingredients composing it, but a small book has been compiled from numerous standard medical works, of all the different schools of practice, containing very numerous and reliable references to the writings of leading practitioners of medicine, endorsing in the strongest possible terms, each and every ingredient contained in Dr. Pierce's medicines.

One of these little books will be mailed free to any as complete address on postal card or by letter, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and requesting the same. From this booklet it will be learned that Dr. Pierce's medicines contain no alcohol, narcotics, mineral agents or other poisonous or injurious agents and that they are made from native, medicinal roots of great value; also that some of the most valuable ingredients contained in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak, nervous, over-worked, "run-down," nervous and debilitated women, were employed, long years ago by the Indians for similar ailments affecting their squaws. In fact, one of the most valuable medicinal plants entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was known to the Indians as "Squaw-Weed." Our knowledge of the uses of not a few of our most valuable native, medicinal plants was gained from the Indians.

As made up by improved and exact processes, and with the use of specially designed chemical apparatus, the "Favorite Prescription" is a most efficient remedy for regulating all the womanly functions, correcting displacements, as prolapsus, anteversion and retroversion, overcoming painful periods, toning up the nerves and bringing about a perfect state of health.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very fine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of all lung affections.

Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs, you will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Mrs. H. A. Misenar, Port Williams, N.S., says: "My son had a dreadful cough. It started in the fall and lasted all through the winter."

At last we became very much alarmed about it and started to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and before he had used one bottle his cold was completely cured."

Price 25 cents per bottle. Put up in a yellow wrapper. Three pine trees the trade mark.

Refine substitutes. Dr. Wood's is the genuine.

They Cure Quickly

without creating a habit—mild, prompt, sure and thorough—the most delicate person can take

McGale's Butternut Pills

without unpleasant effects. Purely vegetable. Invaluable for sick headaches, bad breath, indigestion and other derangements of the stomach and bowels.

Box—by mail or at the dealers'—25c.

Sole Proprietors:
THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD.
MONTREAL, CAN.

Getting All the Good.

"Do you always leave your piano up so that the keys will show?" asked the visitor of the happy looking woman.

"Yes," returned she. "I make it a point to use everything in the house every day of my life, to hide away nothing, trying to keep it nice for company. It is I who am living here, not the company. I have enough of that sort of thing in my girlhood days. The company silver, the company linen, the polishing of the steel knives for company, the parlor with closed shutters, the sunshine never allowed to come in, dim, musty, unwholesome, the piano down, the keys turning yellow with disuse and the doors opened only upon the occasion of a family funeral or of company for dinner. It was hard to tell which was the most funereal," she finished, "the funeral or the dinner."—New York Press.

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