



WHEN OUR BARGAINS ARE EXHAUSTED

you will say with the others that you have seen some of the cheap 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 perch upon great value at all times.

**Alonzo Staples**  
York Street Drug Store

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**

ATLANTIC DIVISION

ALL RAIL LINES THE SHORT LINE  
To Vancouver, etc. To Montreal.

GENERAL LIMITED ROUTE  
THE PACIFIC COAST

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

Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated.

DEPARTURES.  
2.55 a.m.—Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North; Port Fairfield, Carleton Place, etc. Leaves St. Mary's 8.35 a.m.

4.55 a.m.—Mixed, via Gibson Branch, for Woodstock and North; Presque Isle, Easter Brook, etc. Leaves St. Mary's 8.35 a.m.

6.50 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.

4.40 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, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton.

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

ARRIVALS.  
4 a.m.—From St. John and East.

6 a.m.—From Montreal and West, Boston, St. Stephen, Woodstock and Houlton.

8 p.m.—From St. John and East.

10 p.m.—From Woodstock and points North, via Gibson Branch. Arrives at St. Mary's at 8.18 p.m.

11 p.m.—From Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton.

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

E. USHER,  
General Passenger Agent,  
Montreal.

PROSPECTS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

ONESTED 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 18 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 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

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

May 2—domestics.

# 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,**

OF 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

I'll ask till I get them,  
I'll burn them to dust.  
They're THE only matches  
And burn them I must.

Thus says the poet about

## Eddy's 'SILENT' Parlor Match

**SCHOFIELD PAPER Co., Ltd**

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

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(Continued.)

He was on the smooth, round top of a hillside. At his back were woods and fields, while down in the hollow below him, beyond a middle space that was neither town nor country, he saw the lights of Antioch twinkling among the trees. Dannie was there somewhere, wondering why he did not return. Nearer at hand, across a narrow lane, where the ragged and jimson and pokeberry flourished rankly, was the cemetery.

The night was profoundly still, until suddenly the town bell rang the alarm. The old convict's face blanched at the sound, and he came slowly to his feet. The bell rang on. The lights among the trees grew in number, dogs barked, there was the murmur of voices. He clapped his hands to his ears and plunged into the woods.

He had no clear idea of where he was going, but all night long he plodded steadily forward, his one thought to be as far from Antioch as possible by morning. When at last morning came, with its song of half awakened birds and its level streaks of light piercing the gray dawn, he remembered that he was hungry and that he had eaten nothing since noon the day before. He stopped at the first farmhouse he came to for breakfast, and at his request the farmer's wife put up a lunch for him to carry away.

It was night again when he reached Barrow's Sawmills. He ventured boldly into the one general store and made a number of purchases. The storekeeper was frankly curious to learn what he was doing and where he was going, but the old convict met his questions with surly reserve.

When he left the store he took the one road out of the place, and half a mile farther on forsook the road for the woods.

It was nearly midnight when he went into camp. He built a fire and toasted some thin strips of bacon. He made his supper of these and a few crackers. He realized that he must harbor his slender stock of provisions.

He had told himself over and over that he was not fit to live among men. He would have to dwell alone like a dangerous animal, shunning his fellows. The solitude and the loneliness suited him. He would make a permanent camp somewhere close to the lakes, in the wildest spot he could find, and end his days there.

He carried in his pocket a small railroad map of the state, and in the morning, after a careful study of it, marked out his course. That day, and for several days following, he plodded on and on in a tireless, patient fashion, and with but the briefest stops at noon for his meager lunch. Each morning he was up on his way with the first glimmer of light, and he kept his even pace until the glow faded from the sky in the west.

Beyond Barrow's Sawmills the pine woods stretched away to the north in one unbroken wilderness. At long intervals he passed loggers' camps and more rarely a farm in the forest, but he avoided these. Instinct told him that the news of Ryder's murder had traveled far and wide. In all that range of country there was no inhabited spot where he dare show his face.

Now that he had evolved a definite purpose he was quite cheerful and happy save for occasional spells of depression and bitter self accusation, but the excitement of his flight buoyed him up amazingly.

He had distanced and outwitted pursuit, and his old pride in his physical strength and superiority returned. The woods never ceased to interest him. There was a mighty freedom about them, a freedom he shared and joyed in. He felt he could tramp on forever, with the scent of the pine filling his nostrils and the sweep of the wind in his ears. His muscles seemed of iron. There was cunning and craft, too, in the life he was living.

The days were sultry August days. No rain had fallen in weeks, and the earth was a dead, dry brown. A hot haze quivered under the great trees. Off in the north, against which his face was set, a long, low, black cloud lay on the horizon. Sometimes the wind lifted it higher, and it sifted down dark threads of color against the softer blue of the summer sky. Presently the wind brought the odor of smoke. At first it was almost imperceptible—a suggestion merely—but by and by it was in every breath he drew. The forest was on fire ahead of him. He judged that the tide of devastation was rolling nearer, and he veered to the west. Then one evening he saw what he had not seen before—a dull red light that shone sullenly above the pines. The next day the smoke was thick in the woods. The wind, blowing strongly from the north, floated little wisps and wreaths of it down upon him. It rested like a heavy mist above the cool surface of the lake, on the shores of which he had made his camp the night previous, while some thickly grown depressions he crossed were sour with the stale, rancid odor that clung to his clothes and rendered breathing difficult. There was a powdering of fine white ashes everywhere. At first it resembled a hard frost and

By 5 o'clock he gained the summit of a low ridge. From its top he was able to secure an extended view of the fire. A red line—as red as the reddest sunset—stretched away to the north as far as the eye could see. He was profoundly impressed by the spectacle. The conflagration was on a scale so gigantic that it fairly staggered him. He knew millions of feet of timber must be burning.

He decided to remain on the ridge and study the course of the fire, so he lay down to rest. Sleep came over him, for the day had been a fatiguing one, but at midnight he awoke. A dull, roaring sound was surging through the forest, and the air was stifling. The fire had burned closer while he slept. It had reached the ridge opposite, which was nearly parallel to the one he was on, and was burning along its northern base. The ridge flattened perceptibly to the west, and already at this point a single lone line of fire had surmounted the blunt crest and was creeping down into the valley which intervened. Presently tongues of fire shot upward. The dark, nearer side of the ridge showed clearly in the fierce light, and soon the fire rolled over its entire length, a long, ruddy cataract of flame. As it gained the summit it seemed to fall forward and catch fresh timber, then it raced down the slope toward the valley, forming a great red avalanche that roared and hissed and crackled and sent up vast clouds of smoke into the night.

Clearly any attempt to go farther north would be but a waste of time and strength. The fire shut him off completely in that quarter. He must retrace his steps until he was well to the south again. Then he could go either to the east or west and perhaps work around into the burned district. The risk he ran of capture did not worry him. Indeed, he scarcely considered it. He felt certain the pursuit, if pursuit there were, had been abandoned days before. He had a shrewd idea that the fire would give people something else to think of. His only fear was that his provisions would be exhausted. When they went he knew the chances were that he would starve, but he put this fear resolutely aside whenever it intruded itself. With care his supplies could be made to last many days.

He did not sleep any more that night, but watched the fire eat its way across the valley. When it reached the slope at his feet he shouldered his pack and started south. It was noon when he made his first halt. He rested for two hours and then resumed his march. He was now well beyond the immediate range of the conflagration. There was only an occasional faint odor of smoke in the woods. He had crossed several small streams, and he knew

they would be an obstacle in the path of the fire unless the wind, which was from the north, should freshen.

Night fell. He lighted a campfire and scraped together his bed of pine needles and lay down to sleep with the comforting thought that he had put a sufficient distance between himself and the burning forest. He would turn to the west when morning came. He trusted to a long day's journey to carry him out of the menaced territory. It would be easier traveling, too, for the ridges which cut the face of the country ran east and west. The sun was in the boughs of the hemlocks when he awoke. There had been a light rain during the night, and the forest world had taken on new beauty. But it grew hot and oppressive as the hours passed. The smoke thickened once more. At first he tried to believe it was only his fancy. Then the wind shifted into the east and the woods became noticeably clearer. He pushed ahead with renewed hope. This change in the wind was a good sign. If it ever got into the south it would drive the fire back on itself.

He tramped for half the night and threw himself down and slept heavily—the sleep of utter exhaustion and weariness. It was broad day when he opened his eyes. The first sound he heard was the dull roar of the flames. He turned with a hunted, fugitive look toward the west. A bright light shone through the trees. The fire was creeping around and already encircled him on two sides. His feeling was one of bitter disappointment; fear, too, mingled with it. In the south were Ryder's friends—Dannie's enemies and his. Of the east he had a horror which the study of his map did not tend to allay; there were towns there and settlements, thickly scattered. Finally he concluded he would go forward and examine the line of fire. There might be some means by which he could make his way through it.

A journey of two miles brought him to a small water course. The fire was burning along the opposite bank. It blazed among the scrub and underbrush and leaped from tree to tree, first to shrivel their foliage to a dead, dry brown and then envelop them in sheets of flame. The crackling was like the report of musketry.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To wait and be patient soothes many a pang.—Dutch Proverb.

## Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum For Coughs and Colds.

A College in Bokhara.

There lay behind the great arch and the domes and the minarets a retired precinct of ancient trees and shaded walks, a grove in the midst of a city, colonnaded in quadrangle by the pointed arches of the students' cells. Under the trees was a sort of summer house or pavilion. Two or three young men were walking in an avenue against the farther colonnade, and on the stone steps of a wide, shaded pool sat several mollahs on their praying rugs. We visited a number of the students in their cells—monastic little brick walled rooms where they live the year around (there are no vacations in Mussulman colleges) and for years on end. It is not unusual for a student after passing the primary school to spend as much as fifteen or twenty years at his higher studies, though usually in such a long course he will go through several different colleges in the order of advancement. Quiet men, these students, mild eyed, patient, often middle aged.

Girl Slaves in China.

A native writer in a Chinese publication remarks: "When a girl is sold in China she becomes the slave of her owner and a part of his property. She no longer retains her freeborn rights, but surrenders them all to the will of those who own her. She receives no compensation for her labor, but is obliged to accept such raiment and food as her owners may be pleased to give her. In cases of tyranny or gross cruelty she cannot appeal for redress. She may be resold, given away or cast off in the streets at the arbitrary will of her master. All freedom is denied her, and she remains a tool and chattel in the hands of her owner until she is sold again or until death releases her from her unwilling fate."

Effects of Deafness.

An ear specialist insists that deafness affects all the senses. He says the reason for this is that the ear is only one servant of the sensory service of the human system. Loss of hearing is really a partial paralysis of the brain, but owing to the sympathetic connection of the various sensory nerve centers of the brain the others indirectly concerned have to combat for their very life the demoralizing influence of the affected center.

MUSIC AS A CAREER.

Opinion of Mme. Schumann-Heink, the Prima Donna.

"I have been asked if music is a fitting career for a woman," says Mme. Schumann-Heink. "I most decidedly say that it is. Women have won distinction in every branch of the art. They have won renown as singers, pianists, violinists, cellists as well as composers, and I know of one instance as a manager, I have sung with clubs where the director of the organization was a woman and have also been invited to sing during this season with an orchestra composed entirely of women, including the tympani player. The same opportunities are open to a woman as to a man. They must all begin alike. Take myself for an example. I recall as though it were a dream the years of study, first under one teacher and then another, some celebrated, some not, before I discovered that I might dare to hope for even a small success. It was at a musical festival in Berlin where I had my first chance. But when it came I was prepared for it, though I was very shabby and even hungry at that time and, I must add, very thin. It was two great men who led the applause that evening, Brahms and Joachim, and when they both kissed my hand I knew that brighter days were coming and the lifetime of innumerable hardships was passing.

"The prospects for the success of the American girl singers are unlimited. The young women of this country are endowed with the gift of extraordinary vocal organs, and among them one must look for our great voices. But they are too impatient to win at a leap the highest prizes. They select a teacher (the most important of decisions) almost flippantly. A good teacher is a genius. There are perhaps a few left in this big world of ours. I do not say whether their headquarters are in America or Europe. But to the student I say emphatically, seek with prayer and fasting until this rare avis is discovered. Downright hard work, with patience and perseverance added, is the only thing which will make one succeed not only in music, but in any profession."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The truly proud man knows neither superiors nor inferiors.—Hazlitt.

Banks and His Horse.

Animal trainers of the old days led adventurous lives. In 1600 all London was talking of a man named Banker, servant to the Earl of Essex, who had taught his horse to count and perform a number of feats, including mounting to the top of St. Paul's cathedral, while "a number of asses," as the historian puts it, "brayed below." Sir Walter Raleigh in his history says of Banks that he "would have shamed all the enchanters of the world, for whatsover was most famous among them could never master or instruct any beast as he did his horse." When Banks took his horse to Rome both were burned for witchcraft.

A Possible Exception.

A high school teacher was examining the physiology class.  
"How many ribs have you, Charles?" asked.  
"Why—er—I don't know," said Charles.  
"Didn't the text books state?" he then queried somewhat sharply.  
"Yes—oh, yes—of course, but, you see, I'm long waisted."

## 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.                               | 8.15  |
| No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville. | 13.05 |
| No. 326 Suburban from Marysville.                               | 18.20 |
| No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggieville.   | 18.50 |
| No. 328 Suburban from Marysville.                               | 19.15 |

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight. Moncton, N. B. Oct. 12th, 1906.

## 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.