



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 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 Boston, etc. To Montreal.

TRIAL LIMITED ROUTE

TO THE PACIFIC COAST

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

in effect Oct. 14th, 1906.

Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated.

DEPARTURES.

6:25 a.m.—Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North; Port Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, Plaster Rock and Edmundston; Bangor, Portland and Boston. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jct. to Boston.

6:50 a.m.—Mixed, via Gibson Branch, for Woodstock and North; Presque Isle, Plaster Rock, Edmundston, etc. Leaves St. Mary's 8:35 a.m.

7:00 a.m.—Express for Fredericton Junction connecting with Atlantic Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North; Port Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, Plaster Rock and Edmundston; Bangor, Portland and Boston. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jct. to Boston.

7:10 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. Pullman Sleeper, Fredericton Jct. to Montreal. C.P.R. Dining Car, Fredericton Jct. to Matamoras. Pullman Sleeper, Fredericton Jct. to Boston.

7:15 p.m.—Express for St. John and points East. Pullman Parlor Car Fredericton Jct. to St. John.

ARRIVALS.

7:15 a.m.—From St. John and East.

8:15 a.m.—From Montreal and West, Boston, St. Stephen, Woodstock and Houlton.

9:15 a.m.—From St. John and East.

10:15 a.m.—From Woodstock and points North, via Gibson Branch. Arrives at Mary's at 8:18 p.m.

11:15 a.m.—From Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton.

W.B. HOWARD, Asst. District Passenger Agent.

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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.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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 26

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

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

Get Y V EDDING INVITATIONS

Printed at

THE HERALD OFFICE

THE REFUGEES

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

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(Continued.)

"Who are you, and what do you want?" shouted Ephraim Savage in a voice that might have been heard from the bank.

"We come in the king's name, and we want a party of Huguenots from Paris who came on board of your vessel at Rouen."

"Brace back the foreyard and lay her to!" shouted the captain. "Drop a ladder over the side there and look smart. So! Now we are ready for them."

The yard was swung round, and the vessel lay quietly rising and falling on the waves. The boat dashed alongside, her brass cannon trained upon the brigantine, and her squad of marines with their fingers upon their triggers ready to open fire. They grinned and shrugged their shoulders when they saw that their sole opponents were three unarmed men upon the poop. The officer was on deck in an instant, with his drawn sword in his hand.

"Come up, two of you," he cried. "You stand here at the head of the ladder, sergeant. Throw up a rope, and you can fix it to this stanchion. Keep awake down there and be all ready to fire. You come with me, Corporal Le-moine. Who is captain of this ship?"

"I am, sir," said Ephraim Savage submissively.

"You have three Huguenots aboard?"

"Tut, tut, Huguenots, are they? I thought they were very anxious to get away, but as long as they paid their passage it was no business of mine. An old man, his young daughter and a young fellow about your age in some sort of livery."

"In uniform, sir—the uniform of the king's guard. Those are the folk I have come for."

"And you wish to take them back?"

"Most certainly."

"The old man is in his bunk asleep, the maid is in a cabin below, and the other is sleeping down the hold."

"Sleeping, you say? We had best surprise him."

"But think you that you dare do it alone? He has no arms, it is true, but he is a well grown young fellow. Will you not have twenty men up from the boat?"

Some such thought had passed through the officer's head, but the captain's remark put him upon his mettle. "Come with me, corporal," said he.

"Down this ladder, you say?"

"Yes, down the ladder and straight on. He lies between those two cloth bales," Ephraim Savage looked up with a smile playing about the corners of his grim mouth. The wind was whistling now in the rigging, and the staves of the masts were humming like two harp strings. Amos Green lounged beside the French sergeant who guarded the end of the rope ladder, while Tomlinson, the mate, stood with a bucket of water in his hand exchanging remarks in very bad French with the crew of the boat beneath him.

The officer made his way slowly down the ladder which led into the hold. The corporal followed him, and had his chest level with the deck when the other had reached the bottom. It may have been something in Ephraim Savage's face or it may have been the gloom around him which startled the young Frenchman.

"Up again, corporal!" he shouted. "I think that you are best down below, my friend," said the Puritan, who gathered the officer's meaning from his gesture. Putting the sole of his boot against the man's chest, he gave a shove which sent both him and the ladder crashing down on to the officer beneath him. As he did so he blew his whistle, and in a moment the hatch was back in its place and clamped down on each side with iron bars.

The sergeant had swung round at the sound of the crash, but Amos Green, who had waited for the movement, threw his arms round him and hurled him overboard into the sea. At the same instant the connecting rope was severed, the foreyard creaked back into position once more and the bucketful of salt water poured down over the gunner and his gun, putting out his linstock and wetting his priming. A shower of balls from the marines piped through the air or rapped up against the planks, but the boat was tossing and jerking in the short, choppy waves, and to aim was impossible. In vain the men tugged and strained at their oars, while the gunner worked like a maniac to relight his linstock and to replace his priming. The boat had lost its weight, while the brigantine was flying along now with every sail bulging and swelling by bursting point. Crack! went the cannon at last, and five little salts in the mainsail showed that her charge of grape had done high. Half an hour afterward a little dark dot upon the horizon with a golden speck at one end of it was all that could be seen of the Honfleur guard boat. The smoke of Havre lay like a little cloud upon the northern horizon, and Captain Ephraim Savage paced his deck with his face as grim as ever, but with a dancing light in his gray eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"AUNT SALLY."

A Game for Boys With Plenty of Fun For the Players.

If you are a boy and have never met "Aunt Sally," you will be glad to be introduced to her now, as she allows you to have lots of fun at her expense.

"Aunt Sally" is a game that can be played by any number of persons. She herself is a block of wood made in the shape of an old colored woman's head and painted black. She is placed on the top of a pole set in the ground, and her head is decorated with a frilled cap. You can also dress her with a cape and a ruff, as the picture shows, and do not



forget "Aunt Sally's" pipe. In fact, you may stick several pipes in her mouth and also in her ears, if you wish, for that is part of the game.

The players stand off about twenty feet and throw sticks from twenty inches to two feet in length, trying to break the pipes. Each player throws in turn, and each side pipe broken scores one point, each front pipe two points.

You can form two sides, making it a match game, determining beforehand how many points shall win. A referee may be appointed, who may be one of the players, and the score is easily kept by calling aloud, as when you play tennis.

When you start to play this game you will be likely to have an attack of "Aunt Sally" fever, as it is such good pastime that you will not want to stop. If breaking clay pipes is too expensive, you can substitute imitation pipes, which you can make of wood or cardboard.

Be honest with yourself, whatever the temptations. Say nothing to others that you do not think and play no tricks with your own mind. Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour of the world insincerity is the most dangerous. —J. A. Froude.

STOMACH TROUBLES

To wrong action of the stomach and impaired digestion a host of diseases owe their origin.

When the food is imperfectly digested the full benefit is not derived from it by the body, and then stomach troubles start to appear.

Thus you become thin, weak, nervous and debilitated, energy is lacking, brightness, snap and vigor are lost and in their place come dullness, dizziness, loss of appetite, depression and languor. The great point is to get the stomach back into good shape again so it can properly digest the food, and the easiest, quickest and best way to do it is by the use of

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Miss Lizzie Furlotte, Jacquet River, N.B., writes: "I was very much troubled with my stomach and did not know what to do. I consulted several doctors, got medicine from them, but all to no purpose, and was constantly growing worse. One day I had the good luck to meet with a friend who had been troubled in the same way as myself. My friend told me of the wonderful cure Burdock Blood Bitters had made with her and advised me to try a bottle. I did so, and what a happy change the first bottle made. I took two more and am completely cured, and I shall ever sing the praises of B.B.B." Price \$1.00 per bottle or 6 bottles for \$5.00.

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 Wingate Chemical Co., Ltd., Montreal, Can.

Nervous Women

Their Sufferings Are Usually Due to Female Disorders Perhaps Unsuspected.

A MEDICINE THAT CURES



Can we dispute the well-known fact that Canadian women are nervous?

How often do we hear the expression, "I am so nervous, it seems as if I should fly;" or, "Don't speak to me!" Little things annoy you, and make you irritable; you can't sleep, you are unable to quietly and calmly perform your daily tasks or care for your children.

The relation of the nerves and generative organs in women is so close that nine-tenths of the nervous prostration, nervous debility, the blues, sleeplessness and nervous irritability arise from some derangement of the organism which makes her a woman. Fits of depression or restlessness and irritability. Spirits easily affected, so that one minute she laughs, the next minute weeps. Pain in the abdominal region and between the shoulders; loss of voice; nervous dyspepsia; a tendency to cry at the least provocation—all this points to nervous prostration.

Nothing will relieve this distressing condition and prevent months of prostration and suffering so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Miss Leah Stowell, of 177 Wellington St., Kingston, Ont., writes:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—Your Medicine is indeed a Godsend to suffering women, and I only wish that they all knew what it can do for them and there would be no need of their dragging out miserable lives in agony. I suffered for years with bearing-down pains, extreme nervousness and excruciating headaches, but a few bottles of your Vegetable Compound made life look new and promising to me. I am light and happy and I do not know what sickness is, and I have enjoyed the best of health now for over four years. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has sent sunshine into thousands of homes and hearts."

Will not the volumes of letters from women made strong by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound convince all women of its virtues? Surely you cannot wish to remain sick and weak and discouraged, exhausted each day, when you can be as easily cured as other women.

A Wondrous Fish Story.

Not many persons have the luck of a fisherman on the Arrow Lakes, British Columbia, last summer. At the same time he captured a 200-pound deer and a ten-pound trout.

The fisherman was trolling for trout, when several deer swam past his boat. The man managed to catch hold of an old buck as he was going by, and, having no gun, attempted to kill the animal with a clasp knife.

Struggling violently, the deer got away, and as it swam off it carried the fisherman's line upon its horns and the evil spirits abroad at this hour of the world insincerity is the most dangerous. —J. A. Froude.

Most amazing, however, was the fact that then developed. The fishing was still fastened about the deer's horns, and hanging on the hook was a fine ten-pound trout, that had seized the bait as the deer dragged it through the water. The fisherman bore home in triumph both fish and animal.

Only One Earth.

By the treaty of 1817, Great Britain and the United States bound themselves not to keep more than one war vessel apiece upon Lake Ontario.

Delays Are Dangerous.

"But this is so sudden! You had better give me a week to think it over!" "Very well, dear. And, perhaps, it would be as well if I thought it over myself at the same time!"

Breaking In.

Mother—Dear me, the baby has swallowed a piece of worsted. Father—That's nothing to the yarns she'll have to swallow if she lives to grow up.

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..... 5.40
No. 317 Suburban for Marysville..... 6.10
No. 321 Suburban for Marysville..... 11.10
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..... 8.10
No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville..... 13.00
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville..... 13.20
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggieville..... 18.00
No. 328 Suburban from Marysville..... 19.10

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