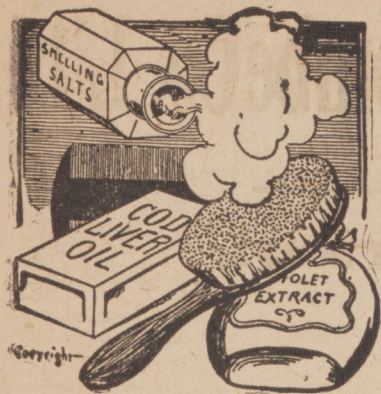




WHEN OUR BARGAINS ARE EXHAUSTED

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

STANDARD MEDICINES, TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.,

that you ever saw.

But really there is no "give out" of 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

Bank Street Drug Store

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

ATLANTIC DIVISION

ALL RAIL LINES THE SHORT LINE

To Boston, etc. To Montreal.

PAID LIMITED ROUTE

THE PACIFIC COAST

ANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect Oct. 14th, 1906.

Atlantic Line, Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated

DEPARTURES

5:30 a.m.—Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North; Fort Fairfield, Carleton Place, Presque Isle, Plaster Rock and Edmundston; Bangor, Portland, and Boston. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jet. to Boston.

6:55 a.m.—Mixed, via Gibson Branch, for Woodstock and North; Presque Isle, Plaster Rock and Edmundston, etc. Leaves St. John, N.S. at 8:35 a.m.

10:30 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.

10:40 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, and Woodstock. Palace Sleeper, Fredericton Jet. to Montreal, C.P.R. Dining Car, Fredericton Jet. to Mattawamkeuc, Pullman Sleeper, Fredericton Jet. to Boston.

11:40 p.m.—Express for St. John and points East. Pullman Parlor Car Fredericton Jet. to St. John.

ARRIVALS

1:30 a.m.—From St. John and East.

5:30 a.m.—From Montreal and West. Boston, St. Stephen, Woodstock and Houlton.

8:30 a.m.—From St. John and East.

11:40 p.m.—From Woodstock and points East, via Gibson Branch. Arrives at 11:40 a.m.

12:30 p.m.—From Boston, Portland, Bangor, Houlton, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton.

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

S. S. SHER, Passenger Agent, Montreal.

1907 IS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

OMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 30, 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 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 upon the said land.

(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 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 2-66666666.

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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 JENKINS COMPANY, 17 RUMFORD 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 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.)

Since they had been picked up he had lain amid the surly stricken soldiers, with hardly a sign of life save for his thin breathing and the twitching of his scraggy throat. Now, however, he opened his eyes and raised himself slowly and painfully upon his elbow.

"What is it, father? What can we do for you?" cried Adele. "We are in America, and here is Amory and here am I, your children."

But the old man shook his head. "The Lord has brought me to the promised land, but he has not willed that I should enter into it," said he. "But at least I should wish, like Moses, to gaze upon it if I cannot set foot upon it."

A minute later the old merchant was on deck, and the two young men had seated him upon a coil of rope with his back against the mast, where he should be away from the crush. The soldiers were already crowding down into the boats, and all were so busy over their own affairs that they paid no heed to the little group of refugees who had gathered round the stricken man. He turned his head painfully from side to side, and his lids fell slowly over his eyes, which had been looking away out past Point Levi at the rolling woods and the faroff mountains. Adele gave a quick cry of despair and threw her arms round the old man's neck.

"He is dying, Amory; he is dying!" she cried.

A stern Franciscan friar who had been telling his beads within a few paces of them heard the cry.

"He is indeed dying," he said as he gazed down at the ashen face. "Has the old man had the sacraments of the church?"

But the old Huguenot had opened his eyes, and with a last flicker of strength he pushed away the gray hooded figure which bent over him.

"I left all that I love rather than yield to you," he cried, "and think you that you can overcome me now?"

The Franciscan started back at the words, and his hard, suspicious eyes shot from De Catinat to the weeping girl.

"So!" said he. "You are Huguenots, then?"

"Hush! Do not wrangle before a man who is dying!" cried De Catinat in a voice as fierce as his own.

"Before a man who is dead," said Amos Green solemnly.

As he spoke the old man's face had relaxed, his thousand wrinkles had been smoothed suddenly out as though an invisible hand had passed over them, and his head fell back against the mast. Adele remained motionless, with her arms still clasped round his neck and her cheek pressed against his shoulder. She had fainted.

De Catinat raised his wife and bore her down to the cabin of one of the ladies who had already shown them some kindness. A brief order was given that the old merchant should be buried in the river that night, and then, save for a sailmaker who fastened the canvas round him, mankind had done its last for Theophile Catinat. With the survivors, however, it was different, and when the troops were all disembarked they were mustered in a little group upon the deck, and an officer of the governor's suit decided upon what should be done with them. He was a portly, good humored, ruddy cheeked man, but De Catinat saw with apprehension that the Franciscan friar walked by his side as he advanced along the deck and exchanged a few whispered remarks with him.

"It shall be seen to, good father; it shall be seen to," said the officer impatiently. "I am a zealous servant of the holy church."

"I trust that you are, M. de Bonneville. With so devout a governor as M. de Bonneville it might be an ill thing even in this world for the officers of his household to be lax."

The soldier glanced angrily at his companion.

"I would have you remember, father," said he, "that if faith is a virtue charity is no less so." Then, speaking in English, "Which is Captain Savage?"

"Ephraim Savage of Boston."

"And Master Amos Green?"

"Amos Green of New York."

"And Master Tomlinson?"

"John Tomlinson of Salem."

"And Master Mariners Hiram Jefferson, Joseph Cooper, Seek-Grace Spaulding and Paul Cushing, all of Massachusetts Bay?"

"We are here."

"It is the governor's orders that all whom I have named shall be conveyed at once to the trading brig Hope, which is yonder ship with the white paint line. She sails within the hour for the English provinces."

A buzz of joy broke from the cast-away mariners at the prospect of being so speedily restored to their homes, and they hurried away to gather together the few possessions which they had saved from the wreck. The officer put his list in his pocket and stepped across to where De Catinat leaned moodily against the bulwarks.

"What is to be done with us?" asked De Catinat.

"You are to be confined to the ship until she sails, which will be in a week at the furthest."

"And then?"

"You are to be carried home in her and handed over to the governor of Rochelle, to be sent back to Paris. Those are M. de Bonneville's orders."

De Bonneville left De Catinat with a few blunt words of sympathy, but the friar still paced the deck, with a furtive glance at him from time to time, and two soldiers who were stationed upon the poop passed and repassed within a few yards of him. They had orders evidently to watch his movements. As he stood gazing his attention was drawn away by the swish of oars, and a large boat full of men passed immediately underneath where he stood.

It held the New Englanders, who were being conveyed to the ship which was to take them home. There were the four seamen huddled together, and there in the sheets were Captain Ephraim Savage and Amos Green conversing together and pointing to the shipping. The grizzled face of the old Puritan and the bold features of the woodsman were turned more than once in his direction, but no word of farewell and no kindly wave of the hand came back to the lonely exile. He stooped his face to his arms and burst in an instant into a passion of sobs. Before he raised his eyes again the brig had hoisted her anchor and was tacking under full canvas out of the Quebec basin. De Catinat's bunk was next to a port-hole, and it was his custom to keep this open, as the caboose in which the cooking was done for the crew was close to him and the air was hot and heavy. That night he found it impossible to sleep, and he lay tossing under his blanket, thinking over every possible means by which they might be able to get away from this cursed ship. But even if they got away where could they go to then? All Canada was sealed to them. The woods to the south were full of ferocious Indians. The English settlements would, it was true, grant

them freedom to use their own religion, but what could his wife and he do without a friend, strangers among folk who spoke another tongue? Had Amos Green remained true to them, then indeed all would have been well. But he had deserted them.

But what was that? Above the gentle lapping of the river he had suddenly heard a sharp, clear "Hiss!" Perhaps it was some passing boatman or Indian. Then it came again—that eager, urgent summons. He sat up and stared about him. It certainly must have come from the open port-hole. Something fell upon his chest with a little tap and, rattling off, rattled along the boards. He sprang up, caught a lantern from a hook and dashed it upon the floor. There was the missile which had struck him—a little golden brooch. As he lifted it up and looked closer at it a thrill passed through him. It had been his own, and he had given it to Amos Green upon the second day that he had met him.

This was a signal, then, and Amos Green had not deserted them, after all. He dressed himself, all in a tremble



There was standing the grim figure of a Franciscan friar.

with excitement, and went upon deck. It was pitch dark, and he could see no one, but the sound of regular footfalls somewhere in the fore part of the ship showed that the sentinels were still there.

The guardsman walked over to the side and peered down into the darkness. He could see the loom of a boat.

"Who is there?" he whispered.

"Is that you, De Catinat?"

"Yes."

"We have come for you."

"God bless you, Amos!"

"Is your wife there?"

"No, but I can rouse her."

"Good! But first catch this cord. Now pull up the ladder!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Crete.

Crete was conquered by the Turks in 1669, but has been in rebellion practically ever since that date.

TOBOGGANING A JOY.

Is the Winter Pleasure of Canadian Outdoor Life.

In an article on the delights of the Canadian winter, in The Morning Post, Mr. E. B. Osborn says: "It is in tobogganing that the winter joyance of Canadian life finds its ultimate expression. There is no 'Cresta Run' in the Dominion; the pastime has not yet reached such a pitch of athletic artificiality as to exclude ladies from its delights. A voyage on a well-made, well-banked slide with a cleverly-arranged jump is really a momentary heaven. Yes, and marriages are made in that heaven, as is forthwith explained.

She's in front, I behind. We are off and away.

O'er the edge of the world in our tiny trim sleigh.

See that little red flag on the plain far below.

Like a clear flame of fire in the midst of the snow!

'Tis the goal of our flight on the perilous slide!

One in ten yards of fall and five hundred to glide.

Now we speed to a climax. The banks spin uphill.

From the dim gulf beneath blows a breeze silver-shrill.

The winding swift track whirls up out of the gloom.

The fir-trees fly upward like ghosts from the tomb.

Through silence all glist'ning we pass—like a star.

Down the sheer slope of Heaven that falleth afar.

Forty feet to the river! Our runners bite deep.

Then flash in mid-air as we take the great leap.

Earth reels like a drunkard, the depths of the sky

Turn swift as a whirlpool, the sun from on high

Is hurled to our feet, and the edge of the wind

Cuts keen—a sharp scimitar swung from behind.

Then backward she leans, and with sweet line apart,

Droops her head to my shoulder; and heart beats with heart.

(Like a rose in the dark is the heart of my sweet)

And the ice-bound deep river roars under our feet

Till we rock o'er snowdrift, and find a full stop.

PROMINENT MANUFACTURER SPEAKS.

In Vanleek Hill, Ont., no one is better known than Geo. S. Watson.

When he says "Catarrh is a real cure," depend on it being so. "My wife," he writes "was subject to bad attacks of throat irritation and bronchitis. Many remedies were tried but few proved at all useful. Catarrh was different. It seemed to get right at the sore spots and brought relief quickly. We have found Catarrh an absolute cure for bronchitis and catarrh." Nothing cures more quickly so get it today, two sizes, 25c. and \$1.00 at all dealers.

CONSTIPATION CLOGS THE BOWELS

NO other cause produces so much sickness as constipation, and therefore it is dangerous to allow the bowels to become clogged up. Bad blood, dyspepsia, headaches, biliousness, boils, pimples, and piles, are all caused by constipation.

Avoid all of these troubles by the use of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS,

nature's remedy for all diseases of the stomach, bowels and blood. It acts on the bowels and promotes their free and regular action, curing constipation and all troubles which arise from it. It has been on the market for over thirty years so you are not using a new and untried remedy. B.B.B. has cured thousands of others and will cure you. Mr. B. Woodcock, Nashua, Bridge, N.S., writes: "For over two years my wife was troubled with constipation. She tried several physicians but could get no relief, but after taking three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters she was completely cured and is to-day in good health. My wife and I cannot speak too highly of B.B.B."

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.

THREE FACTS

For Sick Women To Consider.

FIRST.—That almost every operation in our hospitals performed upon women becomes necessary through neglect of such symptoms as backache, irregular and painful periods, displacements of the female organs, pain in the side, burning sensation in the stomach, bearing-down pains, nervousness, dizziness and sleeplessness.

SECOND.—The medicine that holds the record for the largest number of absolute cures of female ills is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It regulates, strengthens and cures diseases of the female organism as nothing else can.

For thirty years it has been helping women to be strong, curing backache, nervousness, kidney troubles, inflammation of the female organs, weakness and displacements, regulating the periods perfectly and overcoming their pains. It has also proved itself invaluable in preparing for childbirth and the change of life.

THIRD.—The great volume of unsolicited and grateful testimonials on file at the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., many of which are from time to time published by permission, give absolute evidence of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women.—Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. From symptoms given, your trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised.—Mrs. Pinkham is daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years under her direction and since her decease she has been advising sick women free of charge. Out of the vast volume of experience in treating female ills Mrs. Pinkham probably has the very knowledge that will help your case. Surely, any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

ESKIMO CUSTOMS.

Suicide Not Considered Wrong But Very Rarely Resorted To.

Speaking before the members of the Royal Geographical Society recently Captain Amundsen dealt with his voyage in the Gjoa to the region round the earth's north magnetic pole.