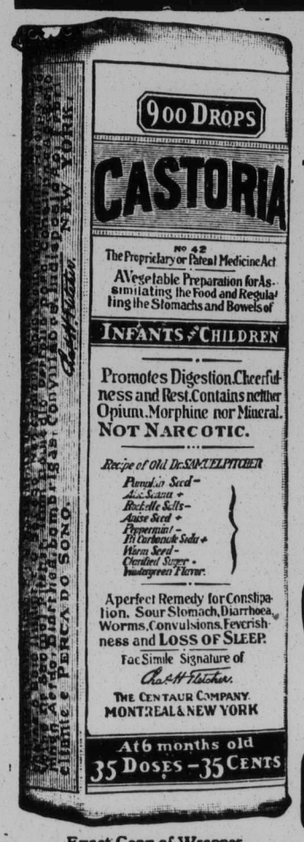

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DEPARTURES—EAST

Night Freight, No. 40,	2.50
Local Express, No. 36,	10.45
Maritime Express, No 34,	5.10
Ocean Limited, No. 200,	13.22

DEPARTURES—WEST

Night Freight, No. 39,	3.20
Local Express, No. 35,	14.10
Maritime Express, No. 33,	24.10
Ocean Limited, No. 199,	16.25

INDIANTOWN BRANCH

Blackville, dep.	8.30
Renous, dep.	8.54
Millerton, dep.	9.29
Derby Jct.,	9.50
Newcastle, arrive,	10.05
Newcastle, dep.	16.35
Millerton, dep.	17.10
Derby Jct., dep.	16.50
Renous, dep.	18.01
Blackville, arrive,	18.37

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Leave Newcastle for Redbank at 5.30 a. m., every Monday and will leave Redbank for Newcastle at 7.45 a. m., daily.

Leave Newcastle for Redbank every day at 2 p. m. except Saturdays when she will leave at 1.30 p. m., returning will leave Redbank for Millerton at 3. 30 p. m.

Tuesdays will be excursions days from Redbank and intermediate points to Newcastle, return fare 35 cents.

Excursion tickets good for date of issue only.

Freight on Saturdays will be held over until early Monday morning trip.

Str. will be open for engagements or excursion parties every day, except Saturdays, from 10 a. m., until 2 p. m., and any evenings from 7 p. m.

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Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties: Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead, Price $3 per acre

Duties: Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3 per acre. Duties: Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.

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Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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"Have something to do and do it." That is the secret of good health and happiness which long life has revealed to Lord Frederick Fitzroy, who recently, at Balcombe, Sussex, G. B., celebrated the 60th anniversary of his wedding with Lady Frederick Fitzroy.

WOMAN AND MOSES

(Continued)

"Surely, surely, the sins I have committed are wiped out by this agony," she would murmur to herself. All she hoped was that Mouche would not cry at parting. If she did it would kill her. And then once more Doreen went to bed in her little lodging and lay awake sobbing for the child that had grown dearer to her than life. The child she missed tenfold more since she had seen her again.

In those days the longing for work, for some absorbing interest was changed to a fierce necessity to drown her grief.

"I shall go mad, I shall go mad!" she would say, as she took up some childish plaything or discarded garment of Mouche's, and pressed it to her lips and cried out:

"My baby! My baby!" Till it seemed as if Heaven had indeed forgotten to be just or merciful because it did not send her death.

CHAPTER XVII

Nelson Street, Strand, looked like the entrance to a disturbed hive, swarming with buzzing humanity. The Mirror Theatre was packed. It was the first night of A Human Being, a new play in which Doreen was to make her debut. She had begged hard to be allowed to act under a pseudonym, but the manager was obdurate. If he gave her a hundred pounds a week, he said it was for her name more than her talent. "Your personal appearance and the scandal attached to your name is what will attract," he said, brutally, and Doreen had been obliged to give in. Paragraphs had appeared for the last six weeks announcing that the divorced Mrs. Trefusis would appear in A Human Being, Gordon Powis's new play, and now she stood for one moment alone in her dressing-room, while the audience clamoured for the curtain to goup. She looked radiantly lovely, but she trembled so that she could not move. She felt, to use a racing expression, as if "she was not meant." It could not be that she, Doreen, was to appear before the British public as an ordinary actress. She knew her part well. She had been told that she had talent. Yet, somehow, she felt out of her element. Rosalie was in the seventh heaven of bliss.

"Si Madame savait, comme elle est bien," she said, for to her the life of a grande dame, demi mondaine, or an actress, was all one, so long as there was "beaucoup de mouvement," and now that Doreen was going on the stage she anticipated "mouvement" with a vengeance. Something seemed to hold back Doreen from this first step, the step that so emphazed the chasm between the world she had entered and the world she had to play to, and which had been hers. She knew her part well, but she was terribly nervous. Would it pass off, she wondered, or would she be paralyzed when she found herself face to face with the audience? The spectators were stamping again. Frantic messages were being brought to her from the manager.

"Courage, madame, courage. Vous allez les eblouir." Rosalie felt that if she failed the pleasant prospect of stage life would be overclouded.

"Si c'etait moi," she said to herself.

Then came a violent knock at the door.

"I'm ready, Mr. Brandon," Doreen's voice sounded faint. She must go. Rosalie opened the door.

"Monsieur Farquharson."

George Farquharson, very agitated, hat in hand, he demanded admittance.

"I can't stop. The manager will be furious. How good of you to come. How do I look?" Doreen picked up her skirt.

"Stop, stop Dor—Mrs. Tre—stop. You musn't go on the stage. I have come to tell you. Lancaster is dead and has left you an enormous fortune. Look." He handed her a telegram.

"But the people, they are waiting. I must play this once. I have signed a contract. Listen, they are shouting for me—Mr. Brandon!"

"Doreen!" George Farquharson laid his arm on hers. "Doreen, for my sake, for the child's, don't go. Let it never be said that you were once on the stage."

Even at this moment all the bitterness of her life rolled from her heart to her lips.

"What can it matter to anyone what I do?" she said.

"It matters to me," the young man answered, passionately, while an infuriated vision of a maddened manager stood in the doorway, swearing he would never engage a society lady again.

"This lady cannot go on the stage, she has heard of a death," said George Farquharson.

"What the devil did you bring the news here for now? Madam, you are ruining me. I beg of you. Please, we are a quarter of an hour late already; I must insist; I'm very sorry, but I must insist."

"This lady is not to appear tonight," said George Farquharson, with a decision that surprised himself as much as it did Doreen. He made a movement towards the door.

"Never mind this once," she whispered. But George Farquharson was firm, all the firmer, perhaps, that her beauty seemed to dazzle him, to tinkle as it were in his face.

"You are not to go, Doreen." The manager imagined that he was her husband.

"I have the lady's contract," he urged despairingly.

"How much will you take to cancel it?"

"Cancel it? Cancel it?" Mr. Brandon went nearly mad. "Cancel it with the house waiting?"

"Return them their money," said George Farquharson. Then he added, as Mr. Brandon looked as if he was about to tear him to pieces, "Any loss you shall incur shall be paid you tomorrow morning," and he handed his card to the manager, who was striding up and down Doreen's dressing-room, shaking his head from sheer inability to express what he felt.

A few minutes later Doreen was in a cab with George Farquharson, and the manager was informing the public that Mrs. Trefusis had received bad news and was unable to appear.

"I should never have got over it if I had been too late," was George Farquharson's first remark. And now Doreen composed herself in a corner of the hansom to listen to the story of how Captain Lancaster had died in America, and, during a few hours' death-bed repentance, had left her the whole of the "Groben Mine."

"The Groben Mine!" Doreen's eyes were round with horror as they paused close to a gas lamp. "The Groben Mine, and you have made me cancel my engagement. Oh, George, how could you? Mr. Farquharson, what have you done?"

How could she take the money of the Groben Mine? How could he have been so intensely dull as to think that she could keep the money? Into her heart there leaped a great gladness. It would be something to be able to give them back. Yes, it was kind of Herbert Lancaster to have left them to her, albeit they were not his to leave.

"I am glad anyhow I have done my training. I shall be able to get another engagement, or I must try to make it up with Mr. Brandon. How could you think that the Groben Mine would make any difference to me?" She spoke almost angrily, and George Farquharson flushed with regret at his own impulsivness. Yet he felt sure that Arthur Trefusis would not accept the money.

"I believe it is something like a million," he went on triumphantly.

"A million!" Doreen did not wonder to herself now that Trefusis should have been angry at the loss of the papers. A million! A million! A million!

She took a little persuading, but she yielded to George Farquharson's request that she should go to a quiet little place he knew of and have supper.

"After all, it doesn't matter what I do now," she said to herself, and for the rest of the drive she was silent, wondering what Arthur Trefusis would say when he heard of his good fortune.

"What a lucky woman Avril is," she thought. "Everything seems to prosper with her." Yet it was with mixed pleasure that Avril heard the news.

"By George!" The exclamation was uttered in a tone that might mean anything. Then he read her his solicitors' letter.

"What a pity you divorced her!" Avril meant to be funny, but Arthur did not rise to the joke. He knew full well that the dying man had intended to avenge her, that it was because she had been divorced that he had left her the money. He was not angry. It seemed just to him that what should have been his was hers now that he had divorced her.

"It will make a great difference to her life," he said, without noticing what she said.

"Mouche will be a great heiress," was all Avril remarked. But when the next day another letter came from his solicitors, informing him that his former wife was about to make over the money to him, he did not show it at once to Avril, but shut himself up in his study and wondered what he should do. He could not, of course, take the money. Yet he was touched at Doreen's wish to make amends. Why was she for ever cropping up again in his thoughts, he wondered. It was as if she had cried out to him for forgiveness by this offer of the money. But forgiveness was impossible now, except in his heart. Had he been a free man, it seemed to him that they might have been reconciled by this act of hers, at all events outwardly. But his marriage had made this impossible. For the first time in his life he regretted his marriage. It seemed to him for one instant as if Avril had rather insisted upon it. How cold the letter seemed in which he refused her gift. He wrote two or three, then tore them up. He longed to say something kind, to tell her how touched he was, and how glad that some good thing had befallen her, but he knew how absurd it would look.

Doreen, too, had feared that he would refuse it, yet the emptiness of his last letter, forwarded to her by his solicitors, struck her with a cold chill. To her it seemed as if there was loathing in his refusal.

"What good is the money to me?" she asked herself. The day was over when silken gowns and rich fans and laces, delicate as gossamer, had satisfied her soul's cravings.

"Oh, if instead of the money I could feel his arms around me for one moment, only one moment," she moaned.

And Avril understood. For sheer love of him she understood. For to those who watch closely, it is the negative attitude rather than the positive that has meaning. His very silence over the money told her that the Groben Mine had brought Doreen before him again. Faintly it was beginning to dawn upon her that he must have loved Doreen very dearly once. Was it possible that love was sacred and must endure through eternity like the spirit of God that cannot die, no matter how the human frame that encases it may torture and distort it?

She did not for one moment think that the idea of the money attracted him. They were both rich enough, albeit the man doesn't live nor ever has who could despise the possible possession of a million pounds sterling. No, that was a minimum consideration with Trefusis she knew, though perhaps it had a little weight, for Arthur Trefusis was not without ambition, but they were well off enough for that not to be a strong factor in Arthur's consideration. What she realized was that Doreen still belonged to his life, however vaguely, however distantly, that while Doreen lived there was a corner of his heart she could never nestle close into. As she stood at the window of her bed-room and looked out into the dark night and saw afar off the dim twinklings of the lights from the village glimmering through the foliage of the park trees she sighed.

"How can the poor envy us? If they only knew." She was delicate and nervous in those days, and slight worries grew to gigantic proportions. It seemed to her as if Arthur cared no longer for her, and that Doreen was always in his thoughts.

"I the Lord God am a jealous God." Those words seemed to haunt her in church and out of it. Yet Arthur Trefusis was very tender to her in those days. Then one day he said:

"Hadn't Mouche better go to—to her mother for a little while?"

"Why?" almost rose to Avril's lips, but she checked it. She remembered her promise to Doreen. Somehow now Doreen seemed less to be pitied.

Naturally a thousand stories had got about London, built up on the account of how she had cancelled her engagement with the Mirror. A former lover had come and carried her off bodily. Trefusis had paid her to keep off the stage on account of the child. Her lover had died, and she had been too upset to appear. Then, gradually, as the true story, or the nearest to it transpired, people wondered whether Trefusis wasn't sorry he divorced her.

It was very hard on the new Mrs. Trefusis, they said, to be done out of her husband's money by Doreen's lover, and the women who had been jealous of Doreen's beauty were glad that Doreen had been divorced before the money had come.

"What good can it do her now?" they said, and shrugged their shoulders. How could they tell of the peace of soul that was coming to Doreen, of the heavenly whispers she heard in the silence that had grown around her, when her friends had ceased to speak to her.

In those days Doreen and Avril rarely wrote to each other. Once only Doreen had written to Avril about the money.

"I wish you could persuade him to take it," she wrote, and towards the end of the letter:

"Of course, all the children must share it with Mouche when we are dead and gone."

"Dead and gone!" Avril repeated the words to herself and wondered which would die first, and whether, if she died, Arthur would marry Doreen again. "In the Resurrection whose wife shall she be?" she repeated to herself, and she was glad to think that in heaven there was neither marriage nor giving in marriage. But once she had been fearful, lest in heaven Arthur Trefusis should not recognize her.

What astonished Arthur Trefusis more than anything was, how it was that he had not discovered what a noble character Doreen's was. Yet may be, had he not been separated from her, this nobility would never have been developed.

"If I die, will you go back to Doreen?" Avril had asked him the night before her child was born.

"I don't think so." Arthur had answered absently, looking dreamily into the fire; then he had remembered and added hastily:

"What nonsense, you are not going to die. You are as fit as a fiddle." And he had taken her thin white hand and kissed it, but Avril had drawn it away and turned her face to the wall that he might not see the great tears that welled to her eyes and sparkled in the fierce fire-light.

CHAPTER XVIII

Doreen was very disturbed as she laid down the morning paper and sent Rosalie for a telegraph form. The paper recorded the failure of a bank the solidity of which had been looked upon as only second to that of the Bank of England. She knew that the failure meant the complete ruin of George Farquharson's father. She saw a great deal of him in those days and knew all about his affairs.

"I don't believe they've a penny left," she said to herself as she wrote:

"Seen news, come and see me at once."

Rosalie was amazed at the rapidity with which she made her toilet, with the visible excitement and joy depicted in her mistress's face.

"Ce que c'est que l'argent tout de meme," she philosophized, as she carressed a pair of silk stockings and lovingly prepared the toes for Doreen's pretty feet. It was delightful to finger that soft pliant footgear after the "lisle thread" Doreen had been obliged to have recourse to during the spell of poverty which, in Rosalie's estimation, belonged exclusively to Estbon, and were to be thrust like that place into the gruesome reminiscences of the past.

"How thankful I am that I am rich: what a mercy Arthur wouldn't take the money."

An hour later she was in her pretty boudoir throwing a shawl over the cages of brilliant birds that she might speak more clearly to George Farquharson.

"It's too unkind of you. I would never have thought you would have behaved so disgracefully to me." Her voice was loud and there was a suspicion of sobs in it.

"How can I accept? Surely you must see that it is out of the question."

"I don't see it at all. I think it is most unkind of you. The first thing I have really asked you to do for me. Talk of affection—"

George Farquharson came close to her.

"If you put it that way, well, I accept—only on one condition" (as Doreen looked up radiant).

"Well?"

"Surely you know what that is?"

"Oh, not that, not that, don't tempt me."

She buried her face in her hands. "Was it for his sake only that she must refuse him?" she asked herself. Quickly there flashed through her brain a picture, a picture of peace, conpanionship after the long, long loneliness, of self-respect restored, for she knew that under the circumstances George Farquharson's people would take her up and be kind to her, and the world would forget

But without an absolutely usual presentment in her mind she felt that the world held an image to which she belonged, that while it lived she could never be wholly George Farquharson's, and that as far as George Farquharson was concerned she cared for him too much to spoil his life.

"It is cruel to put it like that," she said presently.

"It is the only way." Once more she wondered how it was that George Farquharson had grown so firm in his ways. He seemed to her so different in the old days.

Naturally enough, when George told his father of her offer, the old man replied:

"I suppose she thinks she'll hook you by that."

George flushed up.

"Considering that I've proposed to her three times and she's refused me," he blurted out.

The old man looked alarmed.

"I do hope, George, that you won't be such a fool. I shouldn't like it to be said that we mended our fortunes by your marrying a divorced woman for her money." Then with a touch of the chivalrous old fashioned gentlemanlike spirit that George had inherited, he added:

"If you had married her, I would rather it had been before the smash, and before the money, don't you know."

George was delighted with his father.

"If you only knew how good she is," he put it deferentially.

"It is very kind, very kind indeed of her," said the old banker with a sigh. It seemed hard indeed that the senior partner of Farquharson's, Medley and Longmore should have come to looking to a rich marriage to save the situation.

"If only you had married Avril Chichester," said his mother, who had set her mind on that union for her son for years.

"She wouldn't look at me, nor will Mrs. Trefusis, they don't like me somehow." Mrs. Farquharson gazed at him with a look that meant.

"No one could help loving you." Then, after some deliberation, and a good deal of discussion accompanied by many repetitions, as there generally are in large families, it was decided that Mrs. Farquharson should write and thank Doreen for her offer.

"If, after all, she has done no harm, as George says, perhaps, who knows?" said Mrs. Farquharson to her husband.

"It really is wonderful what a million can do. To think that I should feel elated by a letter from Georg's mother," said Doreen, with a laugh that was a little hysterical. "The first respectable woman, except Avril, who has written to me for over a year."

But the sun never shines for long, and a little trial was awaiting Doreen. It had been decided that George should go to South Africa, where his father possessed a mine, which would now have to be put to some use.

"Anyhow, I shan't starve, you see," he said gaily enough, "and if I could pull them all through it would be as well, woudn't it?"

"How I shall miss you!"

"Why do you let me go?" The voice had a tinge of bitterness in it.

"Is the climate good?" Doreen's voice was certainly anxious.

"Oh yes, that's all right." He wasn't going to appeal to her through sentiment. "I'll come back all right, nothink kills me." His words sounded rather desperate she thought. As he stood up to say good-bye she wondered how they could part.

"I'm afraid I must go."

"Must you?"

She slid a little parcel into his hand.

"You mustn't open it till you are on board, promise me."

"May I?" He had caught her to him.

"His hair is much darker than it was," she said to herself. It was nice she thought to be kissed again, especially in that manly way, yet she pushed him away.

"I can't scold you, for I am too miserable." She began to cry, and he left the house, and as she pulled aside the curtains to watch him cross the road, there came back the remembrance of that day when Arthur had kissed her for the last time.

"Oh, no, I cannot," she murmured, and a resolution she had made was changed.

That afternoon Mouche arrived, and it was many hours before Doreen thought again of George Farquharson. When she did it was with a pang.

"Who would ever have thought that the chestnut could be so impressive," she said to herself. There are some people in whom we never expect to surprise passion.

"After all, life is becoming a little brighter," Doreen thought to herself, as she read over the telegrams George had sent, one from Dover and one from Ostend.

"Has he seen it yet, I wonder?" she said almost aloud, as she thought of the thousand pound note she had slipped into a pretty pocket book.

After all, it would be absurd if an old friend like herself couldn't give him a present of money. She had wrapped a pretty little note round it, telling him that she did not know what to choose as a farewell gift.

Doreen did not attempt to disguise her pleasure, when Mrs. Farquharson, a little nervous lest any one should see her horses standing at Doreen's door, came to call upon her.

"I thought you would like to hear the latest news," and she pulled out a letter from George.

Doreen did not tell her that she had already had two, and that they were twice as long.

"He tells me that you have been so generous to him." Mrs. Farquharson laid her fat hand for an instant on Doreen's; while she did so she looked round the room, taking in its magnificence, which brought back to her mind the approaching sale of "Killieclochie." She was beginning almost to wish that, after all, George had married Doreen.

"I don't think I could do enough for him. He has always been so good to me, even before—before—all my troubles."

(To be continued)

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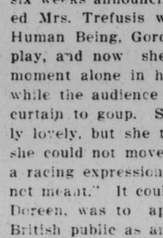

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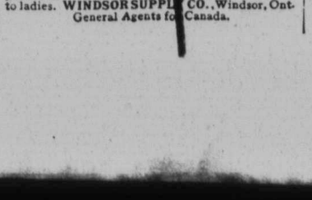

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