

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* 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 Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years



NEWCASTLE STEAMBOAT COMPANY LTD.

I. R. C. TIME TABLE

The I. R. C. summer change of time which went into effect on Sunday, June 2, 1912 is as follows:

DEPARTURES—EAST

Night Freight, No. 40, 2.50
Local Express, No. 36, 10.45
Maritime Express, No. 34, 21.10
Ocean Limited, No. 100, 13.22

DEPARTURES—WEST

Night Freight, No. 39, 3.20
Local Express, No. 35, 14.10
Maritime Express, No. 33, 21.10
Ocean Limited, No. 109, 16.25

INDIAN TOWN BRANCH

Blackville, dep., 8.30
Renouf, dep., 8.54
Millerton, dep., 9.29
DeLy Jct., 9.56
Newcastle, arrive, 10.05
Newcastle, dep., 16.35
Millerton, dep., 17.10
DeLy Jct., dep., 16.50
Renouf, dep., 18.01
Blackville, arrive, 18.35

The way freight carries passengers and runs daily between Moncton and Campbellton, but has no stated time for arriving and departing at the different stations.

FREIGHT RATES

100 lbs., 15c. 500 lbs., 60c. 1-2 ton \$1.00, one ton, \$1.50.

Furniture and machinery charged by bulk.

FREIGHT AND PARCELS MUST BE PREPAID.

THE NEWCASTLE STEAMBOAT CO. LTD.
D. MORRISON, Manager.



Chas. Sargeant

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Hack in connection with Hotel
Miramichi meets all trains and boats.
Horses for Sale at all times.

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WOMAN AND MOSES

(Continued)
But it was the Groben Mine that decided him, far more than Mrs. Chichester's words or Avril's. The Groben Mine brought back all Doreen's misdeeds, opened once more all the forgotten cupboards of his mind and revealed in all their grotesque misshapeness the reckless acts of Doreen.

A letter from the American lawyer Trefusis had employed, stated that Lancaster had possessed himself of the mine, and was beginning to reap a golden harvest. "You have no redress," said the lawyer, "unless you prosecute him for stealing your papers, and then, of course, you would have to bring in the former Mrs. Trefusis as accomplice. I fancy that he would probably claim that she gave him the papers, and that he did not know they were stolen. Besides, the point of the whole thing is not that he stole them, the stealing of them has nothing to do with his becoming possessed of the mine; as it was not yet assigned to anyone, he was as free as anyone else to buy it. That he became cognisant of its existence and of all details concerning it through the papers is beyond dispute, but there was no clause of any sort to prevent his purchase of the mine, to prove that he acted in any way fraudulently except from a moral point of view, in taking advantage of the knowledge imparted from the papers."

Arthur Trefusis groaned. It would seem apparently that Lancaster had done enough wrong to Trefusis in robbing him of his wife without taking his mine also. At that moment, Trefusis did not quite know what angered him the most, or which loss he regretted least. He ground his teeth that he had lost a fortune through "that woman," the epithet he now applied to Doreen. Why should he have any scruples with regard to a woman, who, not content with being unfaithful, robbed him of a fortune in order to give it to her lover? Rapidly, sore with the thought of the Groben Mine, he wrote to Mrs. Chichester and Avril. To the former:

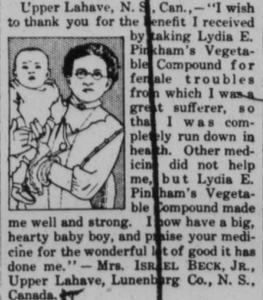
"I was waiting Avril's pleasure. I did not want her to marry until she had sinned every scrap."
"Darling, surely you cannot mean what you say? I am only waiting your commands. I think you must know that I cannot consent to part with you. You must marry me. If there are arguments, there is yet no law against my marrying you. Are you ready to brave a little of the world's opinion in order to make me happy?"
After he had written he became set and obstinate, and drove Doreen's image from his mind. Luckily, Avril did not know that it was the Groben Mine that had really settled the matter for her. There are not many men who would forgive being done out of a fortune of several hundred thousand pounds, and when Arthur Trefusis remembered that it was his wife's lover who had robbed him, it seemed obvious that it was absurd to regret her. He could not help realizing, however, that it was hard on Doreen not to be asked to share the spoil, it seemed like a just retribution, and just retributions are not particular as to the bitterness of their impositions.

"After all he had had a chance of breaking off, Avril said to herself, and had not taken it. After all he cared for her," the wedding was fixed for an early day in May, and Avril felt that her excuse was lame, for vouching can't be classed with "urgent private affairs." Something in his face made her add defiantly:

"We are to be married in May."
"You won't be happy," he said fiercely. It made him angry to think of the unnatural groove her happiness was taking, for she was a woman whose life should have been consecrated.
"Thank you."
"Where's the other woman?"
It was horrid the way he put it.
"She is glad that I should be with the child."
"Poor wretch!" The tone was disgusted, and implied that Doreen was thankful for small mercies. She was glad that the dance was over. He had so right to speak to her like that. It made her feel uneasy. Why was Trefusis so long absent? Why was he not with her to smooth her uncertainties with the blissful comfort of his presence?
"I must make up my mind that marriage with a divorced man must be different from an ordinary marriage," she said to herself.
And Trefusis stayed away, for no reason except that London had been breaking off, Avril said to herself, and had not taken it. After all he cared for her," the wedding was fixed for an early day in May, and Avril felt that her excuse was lame, for vouching can't be classed with "urgent private affairs." Something in his face made her add defiantly:

BIG, HEARTY BABY BOY

Mrs. Beck's Fondest Hopes Realized—Health, Happiness and Baby.



Upper Lahave, N. S., Can.,—"I wish to thank you for the benefit I received by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female troubles from which I was a great sufferer, so that I was completely run down in health. Other medicines did not help me, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong. I now have a big, hearty baby boy, and praise your medicine for the wonderful lot of good it has done me."—Mrs. ISABEL BECK, J. S., Upper Lahave, Lunenburg Co., N. S., Canada.

right thing to a person in my position. You forget that I am divorced. There are no depths too deep. There is no mud too foul for me now."
"Don't, don't talk like that. Look here, surely I could help you. I don't want half my allowance." His face was flushed with the ardour of his sacrifice and fear of insulting her.
Doreen's voice trembled.
"You are too, too good to me, but I couldn't. No, really, I believe it will be a good thing for me. It will give me an interest in life. One has to work very hard."
"I can't bear to think of it."
"Oh, you will get accustomed to the idea. I never thought I could wear a ready-made gown at three guineas, yet look at this." She struck a rough blue serge as she spoke.
"You look awfully nice."
"So the shrimps and mussels tell me, for no one else has seen the dress yet; but they are very lenient and after all they are the only creatures I need please now."
"What about me?" The young man's accent was passionate.
"You—" For one moment their eyes met, and she trembled at the thought of what life might yet contain.
"You are a dear, good boy, to whom I am very grateful. You have a splendid career before you. You will marry some nice girl and be happy ever after, like all good boys in the fairy tales. I shall want to continue to be your friend and shall not be allowed to."
"Don't talk like that."
"Well, one day you shall marry Mouché."
"I wish you wouldn't, Mrs. Trefusis."
"Miss Maclaren, Doreen Maclaren, your honour." Doreen loved to relapse into a brogue.
"Doreen." George Farquharson pronounced her name absently.
"Isn't it extraordinary to think how when one is little one never imagines how tragic one's future may be? Do you know that when I was a little child I had a Roman Catholic nurse, and I had made up my mind to become a nun. A nun, and now I am divorced. Do you see how intensely funny it is?"

George Farquharson left very heartily, and for the first time wondered what life meant by its eccentricities.
CHAPTER XVI
The winter which had seemed long and dreary by anticipation seemed to have merged abruptly into spring, and to have, as it were, pulled up sharp on the eve of Avril's wedding day. The wedding was to be in London, and a clergyman with broader views of orthodoxy had been found to perform the ceremony on the strength of the veracity of his Bishop's counsel.
"My dear fellow, I can't advise you. I don't know what to say. You must do as your conscience dictates. I can't command you to perform the service, nor can I forbid you to do so. The man of God groaned and wished things were clearer, which others have done before him, and came to the conclusion that he might be saying them from worse things than marriage.
All concerned had decided to have a very, very quiet wedding. Avril could not but confess to herself that it was not quite the realization of her girlish dreams, but to be married without the trappings of festival, and she felt that there would be less comment if there was less "reclame."
The evening before the wedding Avril felt it incumbent upon her to make snatches at misfortune. To probe to the very root of the uncertainty that troubled them, in order to secure her position more fully the next day.
"Arthur, are you sure, quite sure that you feel we are doing right, that you don't regret what you are doing?"
Arthur had to endure the remembrance of the "Groben Mine" to add poignancy to his answer. To charge it, as it were, with truth filtered from reminiscence of bitterness.
"I know that I intend marrying you whether it is right or wrong, and that we should both be fools to destroy our own and each other's happiness for an idea." Then as she remained silent, not quite satisfied, he went on: "Do you regret it?"
Her look was sufficient answer, then diffidently she put the question: "In the years to come do you think you will feel differently?"
"I shall always be grateful to you for having cared for me, for Mouché's sake I hope you will not draw back if not for mine."
In the conversation of both there was an avoidance of a direct answer, which is often the presage of trouble to come.
Both looked pale during the service, and the few present noticed the hurry there was in Trefusis's manner, as if he longed for the ceremony to be over. It seemed to him as if the words of the clergyman had a different meaning to him to what they had when he married Doreen. Perhaps he had not listened to them. "To love and to cherish until death us do part," the image of Doreen, pretty, careless, childlike Doreen, rose up in his mind.

When God hath joined, let no man put asunder." A quiver passed over Avril's face. Had she come between Doreen and Arthur? But now it was all over. To the sound of the swelling organ retreats, doubts, uncertainties, must be put aside. She did not know it, but her love for Arthur did not suffice her at that moment. She felt as if she had given a great price for something she regretted having possessed herself of. She was glad that they had resolved to leave England that night. Why was it that while she nestled close to Arthur there came up now and then the remembrance that perhaps she had mocked God? She realized now that she had not followed the service in any way as connected with herself. She had only been wondering all the time whether she had done wrong, whether Arthur would one day reproach her.
Mouché had been very anxious to go to the service, but some instinct had made Avril prevent this, and in order to prevent it more effectually she had persuaded Arthur to take Mouché to Doreen till they came back. It was a little salving of her conscience to think that if she had taken the husband she had at least been the means of restoring the child if only for a time.
It was the letter Doreen wrote expressing her delight at having Mouché that first brought her vividly before them. Avril hesitated before showing it him, but an intense anxiety seized him to know what Doreen felt at the child's visit.
"Oh, Avril, what can I say? I can only tell you that I bless you every minute of the day, and him too for allowing it. He will not grudge me this brief joy when he is so happy with you. She talks so much of you. How like him she grows! Oh, Avril, how she brings back all the old days. Yet I must not repine since I have her. Dearest, I can honestly say that I wish you all happiness, and you will have it too, for you will suit him so much better than I did, and he too will be happy now."

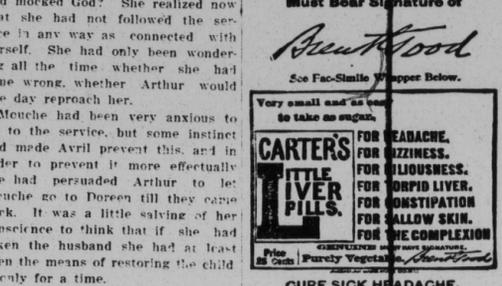
Arthur Trefusis made no comment as he handed back the letter. Avril wished he had. It would be always thus she knew. A great silence full of meaning always between them when Doreen's name cropped up, a feeling almost of jealousy rose in her bosom. He regretted her she felt sure. Why should he regret her who had been unfaithful when she adored him so?
They spent all the summer abroad for the house in South Audley Street was to be sold, and till it was sold they did not wish to have another on their hands.
Presently the position became less strained. Trefusis was an ideal husband, and with enough to make life pleasant to her, and who can regret anything during a summer in Italy? The perfection of the scenery, the complete harmony of nature and the architecture, and human presentment seemed to chase away the cobwebs of the mind, together with the incongruities of other surroundings. It was the first time Avril had been abroad, and her delight and ignorance gave Trefusis employment. He was an ideal citizen.
"After all I have more, a great deal more than other women," she often said to herself, but it is when we try to persuade ourselves that we are happy that our hearts are breaking. At every turn Avril realized that there was one approach to his heart she would never enter. Then just as she was becoming accustomed to being called Mrs. Trefusis, just when Doreen's image seemed to be leaving a shadowy recollection like a vivid dream only, there came a letter from Trefusis's solicitors containing an extraordinary piece of news. Captain Lancaster was dead.

Arthur wondered whether Doreen would be sorry.
"I merely tell you this in case you should now think it worth while to take some steps towards recovering the mine."
Once more the fact of Doreen's existence crossed the path of both.
"What do you intend to do?"
"If it is to be had cheap I will buy it," said Arthur.
"But you won't—you won't bring an action." Avril's voice was almost an appeal. An action would mean Doreen's name being brought up in the papers. It would be reminding the world that he had two wives. Somehow Avril could not get rid of the feeling that Arthur had two wives. She wished she had never known Doreen or Mouché. It would never have obtruded itself so forcibly upon her.
"Certainly not if you do not wish it." To himself he wondered why she should object, then he remembered Doreen's share in the transaction, and wondered whether it was out of kindness to her.
"Yet it would be a grand thing to get hold of it again." There are very few people who think they have enough.
Avril detected wistfulness in his remark.
"Of course if you think it is necessary."

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FOR HEADACHE, FOR BRUISES, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR PALE SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Avril felt sick that she could feel so much better if they could once talk over the whole position, yet she knew that from very love of her Arthur would not tell her all he felt. Once in his sleep she heard him murmur "Doreen." That night she lay awake till morning, wondering if he still cared for Doreen. She was glad when his constituents grew dissatisfied at his long absence and clamoured for his return.
She wanted occupation, yet she dreaded going to their country place. How would she be received? She had yet to learn the philosophy with which England meets the inevitable, especially if it is accompanied by a big balance at the bank.
While she as still unmarried respectable England protested, but it was not going to have the doors of Chatts Park closed upon it because it cried over spilled milk. The living was in Arthur Trefusis's gift, and it would be most unbecoming of the man to whom he had given it to show the cold shoulder to his patron. So, after all, the county received her very amicably, and the dear English country pursuits brought brightness if not perfect peace.

Naturally the question of Mouché's return was opened out. Her father wanted to see her. His relations cried out at his leaving his child with Doreen. It was monstrous. Cruel to the child, unheard of, yet, as if by tacit consent, neither pressed on the other point of Mouché's return.
"Of course, if she went on the stage, the child must come away." That Arthur Trefusis had decided upon, but while Mouché was with her mother it had been easy to send her remittances under the guise of providing for the child, and Doreen was not absolutely obliged to seek work. She too, realized that while the child was with her she must not think of the stage. While it was with her, how long, how long, would it last, this bliss? Every morning she dreaded to receive the letter that with one fell blow would end the short space of happiness. How happy those two were together! Doreen wondered how she could ever have wanted any other society than her child's, it was now so dear to her after her divorce that her repentance began. That all the happiness which she had not sought, but which had been hers, floated before her, pointing, as it were, at her with mocking fingers. The child slept in her room, and after Doreen would light her candle and watch its sleeping and wonder if it would ever be taken away again. How merciful, how ungodlike, how unnatural, was the law. The one possible means of redemption wrenched from the woman who had sinned. The one tiny ray of comfort, the one reason for good living, for repentance, for remorse, carried out of sight for ever. How could men be so merciful, so cruel?
Captain Lancaster's death not only left her unmoved by grief, but filled her with joy. It was as if with the templer her sin was buried. How she hated him, the man who had been her ruin and then scoffed at her.

Then, one day the letter she had so dreaded came. Trefusis's solicitors begged her to make arrangements for the child's return to Chatts Park. For one instant it seemed to Doreen as if she must die. As if she must carry the child off to some distant country. Defend it as the tigress her young. She could not, would not, let it go. And then there came to her a fearful courage that was almost sublime. It was better for the child. Perhaps if she let Mouché go back they would give her back to her some day. It was pathetic in those days to see Doreen trying to look bright, even to fill the child's imagination with tempting tales of the joys awaiting her at her father's home, when inwardly her heart was like a piece of lead.
(To be Continued)

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