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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. 33, 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. 32, 24.10
Ocean Limited, No. 199, 16.25

INDIAN CROWN BRANCH

Blackville, dep., 8.30
Renous, dep., 8.54
Millerton, dep., 9.29
Le Jct., 9.50
Newcastle, arrive, 10.05
Newcastle, dep., 16.35
Le Jct., 17.10
Le Jct., dep., 16.50
Renous, dep., 18.01
Blackville, arrive, 18.35

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TIME TABLE "DOROTHY N"
1912

Commencing on April 25th, the Str. "Dorothy N." will run on the Red Bank route, daily (Sunday excepted) calling at all intermediate points, as follows:—

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 3 p. m., except Saturdays when she will leave at 1.30 p. m., returning will leave Redbank for Millerton at 3.30 p. m.

Leave Millerton for Newcastle at 7 p. m., calling at all intermediate points. Returning leave Newcastle for Millerton at 10 p. m., returning to Newcastle same night.

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

Saturdays will be excursion days from Newcastle and intermediate points to Redbank and Millerton, return fare 35 cents.

Excursion tickets good for date of issue only.

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

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

Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land regulations

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section 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 five 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 \$500.

W. W. COFFY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N. P. Unpublished publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

(Continued)

Kind and affectionate as Trefusis was to her, yet it seemed to her as if he did not display enough tenderness to smooth away the doubts and difficulties with which she was beset. She longed to ask him if she thought it was wrong that they should marry, yet feared to hear his answer, for if he thought it wrong, nothing on earth would make her marry him. To go against her own conscience would be nothing as compared with allowing him to go against his. How odd it seemed, she thought, that now that Doreen had disappeared nothing seemed clearer or easier, and Avril longed for the days gone by, when she had only been able to dream of him as a far-off possible joy, and that dreaming had sufficed. When they were together they never mentioned Doreen, yet the very avoidance of her name created a something between them that, if it was not reserve, was at least a dividing element. It seemed to both that if they married without a perfect understanding they would be miserable afterwards, yet neither dared ask the question for fear the answer should dash the cup of happiness from their lips. In these days Mr. Hardin came very rarely to the house. Things had never been the same between them since they had taken that ride together. Avril felt that he disapproved of her and that he was right. Yes, as she thought more and more, as she read more and more, she felt certain that it was contrary to the law of Christ.

"Moses because of the hardness of your hearts suffered you to put away your wives, but from the beginning it was not so."

And there was another text that troubled her:

"For what knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband? Or how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?"

Could it be that God had intended Arthur Trefusis to suffer for his wife's infidelity and to try and rescue her from the position in which she had placed herself, from the temptations that surrounded her, instead of invoking the services of the law in order to push her further down into the mire. "For better or for worse." Did these words mean only the uncertain fluctuations of the money market, or did it mean the standing by each other in the day of temptation, of trial, of sin, even realizing that the "worse" drew them ever closer together in that eternal binding of heart and soul which God had decreed. Yes, something told her that there could be no happiness in the building of one's happiness on the bleeding battlefield of another's life, a battlefield that had seen defeat and where a disillusioned heart lay bleeding. She made up her mind to give up Arthur, something told her that this was what she ought to do, and somehow it seemed to Arthur Trefusis as if he had always expected her to do this. To her amazement, he did not do as she had expected, and insist on her keeping her promise.

"The same thought has come to me," he said. "It would be cruel, would it not, to Doreen, to marry immediately?"

Doreen, Doreen, was that name always to come between her and Arthur? To her it seemed as if Doreen hovered, wiped out, annihilated, yet a more powerful barrier between her and Trefusis than she had done as his wife. A dull anger rose in her heart, which made it easier to say:

"It is not a question of immediately. I feel sure it is better to part altogether. It could not be right for us to marry at all while Doreen lived."

Her voice was cold. She had been ready to defy the world's opinion for him, why had he not raised himself to equal heights of sacrifice? He looked at her astonished.

"Do you think that?" he asked. She did not think it. She only knew that it was all the world thought or pretended to think, and that from the very unpleasantness of the step she was taking it must be a right one. It was wonderful how the thought of losing Avril roused Trefusis.

"Wrong or right," he went on, "I must marry you, I can't do without you."

She was thankful for his words. They were alone in the billiard-room at Redleigh. The household had gone to bed, and good creature Mrs. Chichester had left Avril to finish a game of billiards.

"Oh, I am glad you said that. I was beginning to think that you no longer cared for me."

What did Doreen, divorce, or anything else matter while Trefusis had his arms round her? While he realized that he had been made for domestic life and could not let Avril go. He also realized that Avril was hurt by his want of impulsiveness. He had been wrong to expect her to wait. It was mere hedonism with his conscience that made him demand delay. If it were wrong, what difference would six months, a year, two years, make? Was it, could it be that they wanted Doreen to die? The thought

WOMAN AND MOSES

made him shiver. It was as if he had turned a dog from his door and not satisfied, but wished to see it run over in the street. And when she was dead, when the two without that shadow between them would be alone together with their love, could her disappearance destroy the thoughts that had been in her lifetime, the marriage of their souls and thoughts that had been consummated before Doreen was even divorced. Without knowing it, what Trefusis shrank most from was the marriage service, he dreaded the repetition of the words that had been said over Doreen, while Doreen still lived. She had broken her vow, but did that exonerate him? Because a wife steals, is a husband innocent because he steals too? Because a wife murders, can a husband stab the first comer and be guiltless? In those days Trefusis studied the Bible, and sought the society of serious Oxford men whose company he had not frequented for years and thrashed out the question, reserving for himself the power of acting according to the standard of his own world. There was only one person who understood the position between them, and that was George Hardin. He came sometimes to the house. He had the keen perception of the unerring discrimination of those who live quiet lives. He was one of the watchers of the world. He had grown to know and like Trefusis, who was constantly at the Chichesters' in the double capacity of father to Mouché and the fiancé of Avril. He saw clearly enough that an act of heroism on the part of Avril was all that was required. What that act would cost Avril he didn't know. He felt that if she did not complete that act she would not be what he thought her. But she never mentioned her engagement to Hardin, so he had no opportunity of speaking his thoughts. He smiled to himself as he thought of what the country would say if they knew that he longed to lecture Avril on moral and religious right.

As for Avril, she was simply passing from the period of girlish dreaming into the period of realistic facts. What all pass from the one period to the other, but the process is not pleasant. She realized that the happiest time of her life had been before Doreen's divorce, when all the uncertainty of the future gave scope to a hope that yet had a dream in it. Now the situation resolved itself into this. Was she doing a wrong act in marrying Arthur? Was Arthur in love with her or anxious to break off the marriage? There was something in his hesitancy that she could not understand, but it was not that his love was waning. What she could not grasp was that God only makes Himself manifest through mere perceptions of the brain and heart. It is the only way He speaks to us.

By common accord, or what both assumed to be so, they agreed to put off the wedding for another six months and London bet heavily that it would never take place.

CHAPTER XIV

What Doreen realised a few weeks after her divorce was how entirely moral England is. So moral, that it drives to despair all those that have been found out, especially if they belong to what is termed the upper classes. There are plenty of homes, kind friends and enthusiastic helpers for "fallen women," but none for "fallen ladies." For them, indeed, there is nothing really suitable but death, and if he refused the task of their purification, they are cursed of destiny. Doreen had rejected all offers of financial help from Trefusis, and had driven away with her boxes and Rosalie, without the faintest idea of where she was going to. She had very little money, but she had jewels, and on these she felt she could depend for some months till—till what. "I wonder," she said to herself, as she woke from a restless sleep in the little lodgings at Eastbourne, which she had chosen as her first landing place on the new and desolate road that stretched before her.

"I was a fool to refuse George Farquharson," she said to herself, regretting for the moment her noble act, rather than the ignoble ones. "How can I go on like this? Alone, quite alone."

Doreen, the pretty careless Doreen, friendless and alone. She thought of herself as a little child, remembered her father and cried. "How funny it was. In her letter to Avril, for Avril still kept up a correspondence with her, in order to keep her in news of Mouché, she had almost signed herself "Trefusis." Could it be possible that she was no longer Mrs. Arthur Trefusis? How vividly everything came back to her. Her girlhood, her marriage, the birth of Mouché. What was everyone saying, she wondered? And underneath everything was the fierce longing for Mouché that was a most like madness. Why, why had she been such a fool? As yet, she was more angry than penitent. She knew so many women who were worse. Why had she been sought out by the fates for this ending?

Rosalie didn't like Eastbourne, nor could she understand how a lady so beautiful and now absolutely free should waste her time in weeping at Eastbourne. She suggested lovely haunts abroad—

"Où madame pourrait s'amuser." How could Doreen explain that she had no wish "de s'amuser," that England held Mouché and Arthur, and that the Channel between them would be to her like the irrevocable downstream of the Styx? Hoy could she define the feeling strong upon her, that England had a healthy, clean smelling atmosphere, that seemed to safeguard her, that to go abroad and float aimlessly about from watering place to watering place, seemed to her to define too clearly the dark horizon that encompassed her new state, an horizon towards which, as yet, she did not dare life her eyes? She seemed like one listening, listening, to some call that would come sooner or later; she felt sure that it could not be in this big world there was no one, no one who thought of poor Doreen.

The season had begun, but she could not bear to read the papers, with the accounts of the small doings of the world, whereix she could no longer enter. Every morning she walked by the sea and wondered, wondered what would be the end of it all, for it could not go on like this. She would go mad, or kill herself. She knew not which was wariest, to go out from her little lodgings for the dreary walk, or to return to the loneliness of them. Could it be, she asked herself, that humanity had the right to punish its fellow-men like that? She read unmoved the announcement of Trefusis's engagement to Avril.

"It seems absurd," she wrote to Avril, with that touch of flippancy and recklessness that made the world judge her heartless and unthinking. "It seems absurd to congratulate you on your engagement to my husband, yet I am really glad, dear, for your sake, his, and Mouché's." Then she put down her pen and laughed, hysterically till she cried. It was so funny.

The only bright thing that happened to her in those days was a letter from George Farquharson, addressed to Mrs. Trefusis, and which nearly got returned to the postman, only luckily Doreen was in the hall.

"That is for me, she said, stretching out her hand.

The landlady gave it her with that voluminous probing look peculiar to lodging-house keepers, a look to which the Röntgen Rays are but the smile of an infant. But she did not care for the look of her landlady. She carried the letter out to the esplanade and read it twice, contained each time of how little it contained and of how boyish it was. Why, she wondered, did she suddenly feel so old?

"I must write you one line," he said, and it is only to ask you how you are, and to say I do so hope you are not very down on your luck. But I suppose you have lots of friends at Eastbourne?" (Doreen smiled to herself. How little men realized what was the fate of a divorcee!) "I suppose you know that I have given up working for your bus—my chief. I feel I really couldn't go on after you left. I was very surprised to hear of his engagement to Miss Chichester." ("I wasn't," said Doreen to herself, "rather mean I call it.") Then, after a page devoted to trivial news, he ended by the words:

"If ever you change your mind, you know I shan't change mine, and you would make me so happy."

Had he been honest with himself, he could not have felt that his words were quite true. Indeed, he was rather glad she had refused him, for the name of a family which would indeed have been thought of such an alliance, but while he wrote to her, he had worked himself up to an almost lachrymose state of sympathy over her wrongs, as he persisted in calling the troubles that she had brought upon herself, and while he wrote in the pure flush of boyish chivalry, he meant every word he said.

It was nice after all to feel that she had one friend; but how long would it last? she asked herself. Would he not soon be taken from her by scheming mothers and seductive husband-seeking maidens?

What, however, she realized very clearly, was that she must set about some means of earning her living. Here again the vigorous virtue of England smacked her face, so to speak. Who would employ a divorcee? The advantage of a good record struck her with a force it took her some time to grasp. How could she go and teach without diplomas, without a reference? How infinitely inferior she felt to that world of frumpy best-dressed women she saw often smilingly gazed at as she saw them splashing through the mud in their short skirts and thick boots, racing from house to house with their parcels of books under their arms. To be sure, she had in her possession a letter from Arthur's solicitor, saying that at any time she required financial assistance, she had only to write to them.

"I suppose I shall have to do that when it comes to starting," she said to herself, with a bitter laugh, but for the moment the idea was revolting. "What was there that she could do?" she asked herself; absolutely nothing was the somewhat desolate and uncompromising answer. Nothing, she was not even well-educated enough to teach anything but music, and she had sense enough to know that her story would follow her wherever she tried to introduce herself, even if she ever succeeded in

obtaining employment. It was not likely that even a shop would take her without a reference, and even in that capacity, how ignorant she was. She began to realize that knowledge of technique is a greater power than talent.

"I don't suppose I should even be able to turn a barrel organ properly at first."

Things were not so pleasant now. The money was ebbing out. Rosalie had already made a mysterious visit to London with a diamond ring, which returned not, and Doreen realized that Madame Jaqueline would see no more for gowns.

"I always thought there were compensations in all existences," she said to herself, "but mine has none," and when at last she was assailed by influenza and had to take to her bed, it seemed indeed as if there was nothing to live for, for Rosalie, although devoted, was getting intensely bored with the life at "Esther," and as the dim futurity of moneyless service which loomed in the distance. In these days she realized the full bitterness of her situation, and one cannot blame her if the dark thought of suicide crossed her brain now and then. Would she ever have the courage, she wondered, to take her own life? What she could not understand was how people could call it a cowardly act.

"Why, I don't believe I would ever have the pluck to do it," she wrote to George Farquharson, who was her chief, if not the only, correspondent in those days.

This letter terrified George Farquharson and brought him to Eastbourne, laden with fruit and flowers, bon-bons and cigarettes. Doreen's eyes filled with tears. These things filled her with emotions. It was like the old days. She held the lovely flowers to her face, almost kissing them as she inhaled their fragrance, long enough to hide her feelings, but they were very glistening eyes that turned to George Farquharson.

"How can I thank you?" she said, and the change in her voice, more than anything else, told George of the wave of trouble that had come over her and of the impress it had left.

"I shall not know this dreadful hole," she said, "with all this wealth of flowers. Oh, you don't know what good you have done me, and yet—"

Her voice broke. Involuntarily George looked round the poor little sitting room, and he thought of the turquoise boudoir in South Audley Street.

"Life was pretty down on women," he said, and a fierce feeling of resentment against Trefusis rose in his mind. It did him good to tell Doreen that Arthur's wedding was put off, and Doreen could not have been quite human if she had not felt a little glad.

"Why should they have it all their own way?" she asked herself. But it was unsatisfactory of George Farquharson not to be able to tell her why it was put off.

"No one quite knows," he said. "You know they haven't come to London this season?" (Doreen felt glad of this for Mouché's sake.) "I believe all the parsons have been at her and told her it's wrong. Their own vicar wouldn't do the service or something, and some people say he isn't so keen on it as he was; anyhow, she looks bad enough, quite thin and much older. I ran down there the other day."

"Oh, did you see Mouché, tell me. Tears were very near the surface again."

"Of course I did, looking as fit as a fly, and—"

"He hesitated, perhaps she would not like to know it."

"Yes, and what? Tell me everything." The voice was anxious. Was the child unhappy, she wondered?

"Well, I was going to say that she seems awfully fond of Miss Chichester. They are very good to her."

"She too has forgotten," she said to herself, and it seemed as if a great dark wave pushed the past right back, engulfed it completely.

"What are you going to do?" It seemed an obvious question. Doreen sitting for ever in the little room which seemed made of horse-hair, seemed an impossibility.

"I wish you would tell me?"

"Why don't you go abroad?"

"That is what Rosalie wants me to do," she said, laughing. "Apparently, broken hearts are in the same category as diseased lungs. A winter abroad is supposed to mend both."

George Farquharson was helpless face to face with her evident bitterness. All he could do was to repeat: "It does seem a beastly shame, upon my word it is!"

When he had gone, Doreen realized that he had left her a little gleam of joy from the outer world. On the table lay a bundle of magazines and books. She lighted one of his cigarettes. "What a dear, thoughtful boy it is." She felt very glad that evening that she had had the courage not to blight his life, yet with it came a tingling of her heart-strings lest she should lose him.

"It was a very noble act of mine," she said to herself as she cut at the leaves of one of the novels he had

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(To be continued)