

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...

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.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years



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...

NEWCASTLE STEAMBOAT COMPANY, LTD.

TIME TABLE STR. "DOROTHY N."

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



Chas. Sargeant First Class Livery

Hack in connection with Hotel Miramichi meets all trains and boats.

Horses for Sale at all times.

Public Wharf. Phone 61

FREDERICTON The Business College

OUR SEPTEMBER CLASSES are the largest since the school was established. Classes will be formed during the first week in October...

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Full staff of skilled and experienced teachers. Up-to-date courses of study. Light, airy, cheerful rooms.

W. J. OSBORNE, Principal. Fredericton, N. B.

(Continued)

filtered into Avril's heart, the wonder of what God had meant by the Church? Had he meant a sea of nodding bonnets, a few, very few, sprawling, yawning men, shifting about un-

He was not a man of words, but of deeds. He was not a man of words, but of deeds. He was not a man of words, but of deeds.

The day wore on, and the suspense became so intolerable that after tea Avril slipped out into the garden to be alone with her thoughts.

She tore open the envelope, but twice she essayed to unfold the pink paper within and could not. She walked back towards the house, and when at last she opened the telegram the words:

"Free—Trefusis," seemed to swim and dance before her eyes.

It was characteristic of Avril that now that her own joy was so imminent, her whole heart went out to the woman who had lost Arthur.

"Arthur, I can call him that now," she said tenderly to herself, pausing with all the lingering of love on his name.

And she wrote a letter full of tenderness and pity to Doreen.

"Mother wants you to send Mouché here at once," she said, and you know how I shall care for her. I will talk to her of you often, and she shall learn to love you, I promise you."

CHAPTER XIII The six months were over, and the Decree absolute had been pronounced.

Even Mouché asked more rarely why Mummy stayed away so long. She had become a permanent visitor at the "Chichesters."

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WOMAN AND MOSES

If she was frivolous she also had some excuse, in that Trefusis had ceased to love her. There were a few points in her favour. Points her counsel pronounced on persistently, only to be told that this was beside the question, for what are extenuating circumstances as compared to precedent, or intention and result as compared with visible fact?

The judge remarked that no respectable married woman would go to a man's rooms alone, and the decree nisi was pronounced, albeit the date of Doreen's visit to Lancaster's rooms, which weighed the balance against her, was the one on which she had gone to fetch the papers, and not the one on which she had had supper with him. Such is the way of fate.

All the day Avril had been in a state of feverish restlessness, unable to eat or settle to anything. To her it seemed terrible that she should be waiting with intense suspense to hear the pronouncement of her friend's disgrace. Would he win the news, or would she have to wait to read it when the papers arrived in the morning? Poor Doreen, how terrible must be her feelings to-day! Avril wished she could have been with her, and Mouché, poor little Mouché, what would become of her? Then she smiled softly to herself. Mouché would become her child. She would at least bring the comforting assurance to Doreen's heart that the child would be well looked after.

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that, after all, for Mouché's sake, it would be the wisest and simplest thing to do.

What he did not know was that George Farquharson had gone to Doreen, and with what would seem to the world a touch of quixotic chivalry, implored her to marry him.

Per on instant she hesitated. It was very pleasant to think that there was one faithful heart she could call hers, even if it was enveloped in the pod of a horse-chestnut. It was nice to think that peace and quiet awaited her somewhere, if she cared to seize hold of it. She felt so grateful that she burst into tears.

"I really mean it," said the youth. "I know I could make you happy."

Doreen smiled through her tears. "Why, I'm old enough to be your mother."

It had never struck him that she was older than he was, so childish and young was her expression.

"No, no!" she said, suddenly getting up from the sofa on which he had found her at the tiny hotel in which she had taken refuge. "You don't think I'm going to ruin your life, do you?"

This was not perhaps quite her reason for refusing George Farquharson. What she fully realized was that she did not care for him, and that if she had found it difficult to get on with a husband she did care for, it would be ten times more difficult for things to run smoothly with a man she did not. But the fact that he had asked her to marry him did a good deal towards restraining her in her own eyes.

Perhaps, who knows?—somewhere some good days awaited her, yet without Mouché it seemed to her as if life could never be bright again.

These were sad days for Avril. It seemed to her as if now that she had come up to the very threshold of happiness she was to be turned away unsatisfied. Sometimes it seemed to her as if he had ceased to care for her, and regretted Doreen. How can anyone in this world understand the vagaries or the tortuous involutions of the human heart?

What she did not realize was that every time God's decree is disobeyed or commandment broken the soul he has created chafes and makes us suffer, if not outwardly, then from a hidden bitterness that is worse than death.

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She always keeps GIN PILLS in the House



GLENELLA, MAN. "I think GIN PILLS are the finest things for the kidneys. When first I came to Canada, I suffered with dreadful Pains in my back, that made me quite ill. A friend gave me six of your GIN PILLS and after I had taken one dose, I felt less pain. I then got myself a box and before long it was gone. I had lost all the backache. It did seem a treat to be rid of the pain.

If any one tells me, what a pain they have in their back, I say "You should try GIN PILLS." MRS. J. PICKRELL.

Take Mrs. Pickrell's advice and take GIN PILLS. They will cure you of every trace of Backache, Kidney Trouble or Rheumatism. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50—sent on receipt of price if your dealer does not handle them. Money back if GIN PILLS do not give prompt relief. Sample free if you mention this paper, National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

Mango-Tone Blood and Nerve Tonic Correct Female Troubles and make pure, rich blood. 50c. a box. 206

would be the very worst thing for him. There is no knowing what bad ways he might fall into, and that dear little girl and all that."

"Well, I know that my husband thinks very strongly on the subject. It says so very clearly in the Bible that people are not to marry divorced people. Why, it's committing adultery, you know." Mrs. Montgomery lowered her voice and smiled sweetly, as if she had placed herself under the protection of heaven while she used the naughty word.

Mrs. Chichester looked horrified. "I really must read up my prayer-book. It's so long since I read the marriage service."

"It is in the Bible, dear Mrs. Chichester, that you'll see all about it. Matthew, I think it is, and she looked away from Mrs. Chichester over her ample shoulder, as if that attitude helped thought.

"It's somewhere in the 1st or 6th Chapter of St. Matthew, I really believe it's part of the Sermon on the Mount. Oh, what would the Vicar say to my ignorance? but really it has quite escaped me for the moment."

And she sailed out, content with her morning's work.

"It really does say very clearly that divorced people shouldn't marry, John." Mrs. Chichester was sitting up in bed with a Bible in her hand, which she held close to the candle by her side. "Here's the very verse," and she read it aloud to her husband, who was undressing in the next room.

"You seem to overlook the saving clause," said Mr. Chichester, coming to her bedside and taking up the book. "Why, it has nothing to do with it. On the contrary our Lord Himself says, that under certain circumstances it is permissible. And as to marrying the woman, why, it's what everyone expects the conscientious to do. Now don't you bother your head about it. It's a very good marriage, and they are devoted to each other, and it's the very best thing for that poor little girl. What a funny little thing it is to be sure! If you say any more I shall begin to think you don't want to be a grandmother. Not that you'll ever be taken for one, my dear."

So Mrs. Chichester fell asleep, feeling perfectly certain that if John thought it was all right it must be so, and no Vicars or Mrs. Vicars, or even Bibles and Prayer-books mattered the least in the world. And after that evening she would say to the persistent intermeddlers:

"I am so worried about dear Avril."

"I don't wonder," Mrs. Montgomery could afford to be sympathetic, on the verge as she was of discovery.

"People seem to make such a fuss about it all. Why, when I was a girl people didn't interfere like this. Surely if the Church allows it it is nobody's business. Besides, everyone knows that his wife was in the wrong."

"Oh, the world's very different now," Mrs. Montgomery smiled in proportion to the blows she inflicted. When she had actually blasted a person's last hope she generally laughed or giggled. "People think more seriously. There is no doubt at all in my mind that divorced marriages should not be allowed. They are quite contrary to the Bible."

"Well, you must know," said Mrs. Chichester meaningly, to herself she said the Bible to a clergyman's wife must be like buns to a baker's boy, more than a joy and likely a surfeit. "What does the Vicar say?"

"He won't marry them, I know," Mrs. Montgomery smiled sweetly. It was delightful to be able to hurl anathemas at Mrs. Chichester as she sat, entirely enveloping the small teacup she had chosen to sit upon.

"Dear, dear! Is it as bad as that?" Mrs. Chichester felt quite upset. "I suppose one is very ignorant and all that, but really I don't see when a man is divorced what it can matter," went on Mrs. Chichester. "Surely no one could expect him to live alone for the rest of his life. Why, it

Brusquely she resolved that her wedding should be quite quiet, and that there should be no bridesmaids nor wedding breakfasts. Yet the fact of having come to this decision showed her that there was something abnormal, if not uncanny, in her marriage.

(To be continued)

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