

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

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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. 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. 159, 16.25

INDIAN TOWN BRANCH

Blackville, dep., 8.30
Renouf, dep., 8.54
Millerton, dep., 9.29
Daly Jet, dep., 9.50
Newcastle, arrive, 10.05
Newcastle, dep., 16.35
Millerton, dep., 17.10
Derby Jet, dep., 16.50
Renouf, dep., 18.01
Blackville, arrive, 18.33

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



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



OUR SEPTEMBER CLASSES are the largest since the school was established.

Classes will be formed during the first week in October and the first week in November for those who were not able to enter at the beginning of the term.

Send for free catalogue. W. J. OSBORNE, Principal, Fredericton, N. B.

Now is the Time to Enter

Full staff of skilled and experienced teachers. Up-to-date courses of study. Light, airy, cheerful rooms. Complete equipment. Over 40 years experience of the need of the public, and of success in meeting those needs.

Catalogue mailed to any address. W. W. COVEY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.



NEWCASTLE STEAMBOAT COMPANY, LTD.

TIME TABLE STR. "DOROTHY N."

1913

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 25 cents.

Excursion tickets good for date of issue only.

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

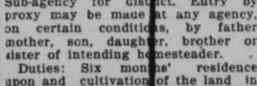
Str. will be open for engagements for excursion parties every day, except Saturdays, from 10 a. m. until 2 p. m., and any evenings from 7 p. m.

FREIGHT RATES: 100 lbs., 15c.; 500 lbs., 60c.; 1-2 tons, \$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.



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 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 \$2 per acre.

(Continued)

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No, buried in the grave of her ruined life, lay the old, the foolish Doreen, the Doreen who had always thought all would go well with her, that Arthur would always forgive. The Doreen that rose from the ashes of that life was a bitter cold woman, disillusioned, disgusted, yet far more intelligent, with all her wits sharpened by the sharp blow of experience and tragedy. She could see now why her husband had been so eager to divorce her. He was in love with Avril, and Avril was in love with him. How clearly she saw it all now! Yet she could not accuse Avril of treachery. She even waived away with a magnanimity that was deserving of better things, the suggestion of her lawyer that she should drag Avril's name into the case. No, the new Doreen had no paltry spite. It was over. The blow had fallen. Fallen in all its entirety, the co-responder absent, so that Doreen's defence was feeble and unsupported, and consequently unconvincing. Trefusis knew well what the absence of the co-responder meant, yet to speak of the robbery of the papers would have been to besmirch Doreen still more thickly with mire. He had, perhaps, never felt such pity for Doreen as at the moment he was about to see her face for the last time. It seemed indeed a hard fate for one so young and so beautiful. Up to the last he had felt certain that Lancaster would come forward and marry her. Now, when the decree nisi was pronounced, and Doreen stood there pale and unflinching, yet quivering within at the

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WOMAN AND MOSES

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"Mouche goes to you to-morrow. It is very good of Mrs. Chichester to take her. You have everything now, Arthur and Mouche. I only hope he will be kinder to you than he was to me." Not a word now of regret, of heart-breaking, of dread of the terrible position of the ruined loveless life, and the agony of parting with the child. Only a postscript at the end: "Please let her have a light or some one with her till she goes to sleep, she is horribly afraid of the dark."

No, buried in the grave of her ruined life, lay the old, the foolish Doreen, the Doreen who had always thought all would go well with her, that Arthur would always forgive. The Doreen that rose from the ashes of that life was a bitter cold woman, disillusioned, disgusted, yet far more intelligent, with all her wits sharpened by the sharp blow of experience and tragedy. She could see now why her husband had been so eager to divorce her. He was in love with Avril, and Avril was in love with him. How clearly she saw it all now! Yet she could not accuse Avril of treachery. She even waived away with a magnanimity that was deserving of better things, the suggestion of her lawyer that she should drag Avril's name into the case. No, the new Doreen had no paltry spite. It was over. The blow had fallen. Fallen in all its entirety, the co-responder absent, so that Doreen's defence was feeble and unsupported, and consequently unconvincing. Trefusis knew well what the absence of the co-responder meant, yet to speak of the robbery of the papers would have been to besmirch Doreen still more thickly with mire. He had, perhaps, never felt such pity for Doreen as at the moment he was about to see her face for the last time. It seemed indeed a hard fate for one so young and so beautiful. Up to the last he had felt certain that Lancaster would come forward and marry her. Now, when the decree nisi was pronounced, and Doreen stood there pale and unflinching, yet quivering within at the

gaze of so many people riveted upon her, a sudden tinge of remorse assailed him. What was going to become of her? What share had he had in this casting her from the sacred precincts of home and health and society? He thought of Mouche, Mouche who loved her mother so much, and whom Doreen adored. Would the child's heart break, he wondered, and for the child's sake ought he to have remained silent? But it was too late now. The decree nisi was pronounced, and Doreen cast one swift look at Arthur Trefusis, but he did not see it. Cold, cruel even, as he had been to Doreen, he yet had a heart. He could not bear to see how she heard the judge's pronouncement. What he was wondering was whether he could do anything for her. If she lived a moral life he would let her see the child sometimes. He remembered her so well on her wedding-day. How lovingly she had nestled in his arms. How innocent she had seemed. How had the rift first come? Of Avril he thought not at all, and it was many days before he wrote to her. He had taken Mouche down to the 'Chichesters', and spoken a few words to Avril, expressing his hope that when the six months were over she would marry him. Meanwhile, he intended, he said, to go abroad again. But he looked pale and distressed, and Avril realized that he felt the whole thing more than he would own.

A few minutes before starting for town again he sought out Avril, and he found her in the big nursery swinging Mouche.

"I feel sure that I need not ask you," he said, "never to allow Doreen, your mother, to be spoken ill of in the child's presence; she was very fond of the child, and it would hardly be fair."

He looked very pale and worried, Avril thought, and for the first time she realized that the image of Doreen would always stand between them.

"You may be sure of that," she said softly, and he seemed to thank her with a grateful smile. Was it her fancy, or was the smile colder and less loving than usual? By a sort of tact; consent neither had spoken of the future, yet she was disappointed when she realized that he had come and gone without even