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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, 2.45  
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. 139, 16.25

**INDIAN TOWN BRANCH**  
Blackville, dep., 8.30  
Renous, dep., 8.54  
Millerton, dep., 9.29  
Derby Jet, 9.50  
Newcastle, arrive, 10.05  
Newcastle, dep., 16.35  
Millerton, dep., 17.10  
Derby Jet, dep., 16.50  
Renous, dep., 18.01  
Blackville, arrive, 18.35

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

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**TIME TABLE STR. "DOROTHY N" 1913**

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

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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 9 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.

Str. 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.

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(Continued)

"Yet you cannot deny that you are fond of him, Avril."

"I have no wish to deny it. I think he is the most charming man I ever met. I only wish you thought so too; I can't help thinking that if you showed him a little more how much you cared for him, things might be better between you."

"This is all I get for having wasted all my time keeping the peace between you," she said evasively. But Doreen saw the strength of her position and took advantage of it as they sat side by side under the big copper beeches on the lawn.

Doreen thought of Farquharson's mission, and was silent. Avril's words brought up all the restlessness of the past days.

In these days Doreen was very tender with little Mouche. She surprised Avril by bursting into tears and saying:

"Avril, promise me, dear, that if anything ever happens to me, you will look after Mouche."

"Of course I will; but what on earth is going to happen to you? If you will only be quiet and sensible, things are sure to come right."

And in her heart she tried to hope that they would; but she did not know the episode of the "Groben" papers, nor of George Farquharson's journey to the Mediterranean.

Doreen had had a hurried line, telling her of his arrival at Speilza, and that he had not found Trefusis. "I will telegraph when I find him," he said, and at every bell Doreen started, every time a man or boy came up the avenue, she hoped, yet dreaded, to hear her fate.

"Doreen, what is the matter with you?" said Avril, at last, when she was in one of those softened, sympathizing moods, which made her so adorable, a mood in which she tried to chase away all disloyal thoughts, and to try and remember that Arthur belonged to Doreen, and that her mission in life was to try and bring them together.

"If you would only tell me, I might help you. Surely you know you can trust me. It is no good saying there is nothing the matter," as Doreen began to pretend, "I know there is."

"Well, I am nervous about what you told me the other day, about my being watched."

"Is there—is there anything they could ferret out?" asked Avril.

"Oh, don't ask!" Then quickly, "Of course, there is nothing really wrong, but, if these men want to earn money, there is no knowing what they may invent, is there?"

But Avril was sure that there was more than this, and at night, she would lay awake thinking it all over. What would be the end of it all? And to her it seemed a terrible alternative that her happiness and Arthur's should depend on the moral and social destruction of her friend, for she was very fond of Doreen.

"If only she would die," was the thought that arose in her mind once. A thought which made her recoil from herself, and creep out of bed, and throw herself on her knees and pray to God.

Then at last the telegram came.

"Seen him. Think it will be all right, cheer up."

There are some characters which joy and happiness make good, and when Doreen read the telegram she threw herself on her knees and rejoiced that if only it would be all right this time, never, never again would she do wrong.

But George Farquharson, although a good and straightforward man, was not intelligent. He had taken his chief pleasure in the life of the world, and he had no sense to that which it implied. Trefusis wasn't going to discuss his wife with his secretary, of whose action in coming straight to him he expressed his approval, but he would never, never forgive her. She had given him the opening he desired, and nothing on earth would make him close it. He did not tell Farquharson of the shooting of papers in his cabin, all he would say clearly that Doreen had been unfaithful to him. Had he done so, George Farquharson would have agreed with him. He only said: "We must see what can be done. It is very good of you to have come." And George Farquharson, who had expected a scene of wrath, took his passivity for a mute bowing to Kismet.

The same evening that Arthur Trefusis had seen George Farquharson, he wrote to Avril and to his lawyer. To the latter he gave instructions to institute divorce proceedings quickly, and with as little publicity as possible. To Avril he wrote—

"I suppose you have heard this outrageous story. I will not pretend that I am heartbroken. All I now want is the ordeal to be over as quickly as possible. All I beg of you is not to ask me to reconsider my decision. My mind is made up. Poor little Mouche, my heart bleeds for her."

The letter was signed, "Yours till death," so that Avril could not show it to Doreen and ask for an explanation. Thus it came about, that while Doreen regained her looks and spirits, and went about the house jubilant, Avril was enveloped in all the darkness of a terrible mystery, which she could not but be certain had Doreen for its heroine. It was therefore, perhaps, not surprising that she made no opposition when Doreen announced her departure.

"You have been so good to me, and I really must get back now to see to things."

Avril felt as if she were acting treacherously in not telling her of Arthur's letter, but she felt that it was impossible to show a letter signed as he had signed his, and of which the contents were so fraught with mystery. She had written to Arthur expressing her ignorance and asking for elucidation. The answer could not be expected for some days, even if he were still at the same place. Some instinct told Avril that he would not be long returning now.

Doreen's jubilation was short-lived. On her return home she found a letter from her husband's solicitors informing her that her husband was going to institute divorce proceedings, and mentioning points of evidence which she had thought no one knew but herself. Over the horror of her situation it is well to draw a veil. Paramount was her grief at the idea of parting with Mouche. Oh, it could not be, it could not be, that such untold horrors were coming upon her. What should she do with her life, she asked herself? She was only twenty-eight. She might live till seventy, forty-two years of solitude, of loneliness, of scorn, an outcast from society, childless and unloved. As she thought, she cried over her shattered life. She looked into the glass and could not help seeing that she was beautiful. "Beautiful, what for?" For whom? Even her lovers had deserted her. Oh, surely, surely, he would not be so cruel as to take Mouche away from her. Now that she was about to lose her, it seemed to her as if life without Mouche would be impossible. Of course, there are those who will say, "Why did she not think of this before?" Would there be any tragedies in life if its important acts were not actuated through impulse?

In these days, Doreen's letters to Avril were heart-rending, and in them she implored Avril to use her influence with Arthur, but Avril had received several letters from Trefusis and knew too well how useless it would be to try and turn Arthur from the decision. Every letter of his proved his only to clearly. It was characteristic of Avril, that now the crisis had come, she tried to put away all selfish thoughts and to do her best for her friend. She would not have been human if now and then there had not been a fitting across her, like the sudden bursting forth of the sun behind rain clouds, the realization of what it all might mean to her. She wanted to go to Doreen, but Mr. Chichester put his foot down.

"You've done all you can do for her my dear, and the house of a woman with a divorce case pending is not a fit place for you."

"Yet it seems rather a mean thing to do to leave her in the lurch just when she needs one most."

But Mr. Chichester was firm. "The gossip was getting about, and he and his wife were beginning to feel what they had often felt before, that if they were respectable, no one could call them far-seeing."

They each blamed the other a little bit for not having known more of Doreen before they allowed such an intimacy to spring up between her and Avril. They both regretted having had her to the house so recently, but they were both agreed that Avril was far too good for the friendship to have done her any harm.

One thing they had not forbidden Avril to do, and that was to write to her. In those days, Avril wrote very

kind letters to Doreen. There was something horrible to her in the idea that she was writing to comfort the wife of the man she longed to marry. Her letters sounded like an apology. "I feel such a brute," she wrote, "not being with you, when I know how lonely you must be and in such fearful trouble and anxiety. It must seem so cruel to you, but they have positively forbidden it. One thing, however, I promise you, I will do my best with Mr. Trefusis when he comes home, and what is more, if the worst comes to pass, oh, I do so trust it won't, I will always look after Mouche."

It was perhaps not quite true that she trusted the worst would not come to pass, but she tried to think so, and that was all that could be expected of her.

Of course the Chiches'ters were subject to a great deal of twitting on the part of their friends. Had they not had that Trefusis woman in their house quite lately? Was she not a great friend of Avril? How was it they had not heard of this and that? Why, all London knew it months ago. Everything that could be done to turn their acquaintance with Doreen into a burden was done. Then one evening, Avril, whose heart was too full, went to her mother's room and poured her heart out.

"There is one thing that I want you to promise me, mama, and that is, if anything happens, you will let us have Mouche, poor darling little Mouche, and kind, good-natured Mrs. Chichester said, "Yes, if only to comfort Avril."

"I can't help feeling as if I had come between them," said Avril, but Mrs. Chichester couldn't see that at all. If the silly woman could not keep straight with such a charming husband, and that delightful child, plenty of money, everything that a woman could wish for, what could be better or more suitable than that Avril should marry him.

"He has not asked me yet," laughed Avril, reassured a good deal by her mother's view of her position. For nothing on earth would she have shown his letter to her mother.

"But he will, dear, he will, and Mouche is so fond of you." Poor dear Mrs. Chichester, who had never dissected anything in her life, never anticipated, never regretted, never intrigued, never done anything but roll along with the present, saw nothing whatever abnormal in the fact of Avril's marrying a divorced man, or rather the husband of a divorced woman.

It was Avril who lay awake and wondered if it would be very wrong, and if she could ever get Doreen out of mind.

"I shall always feel as if I was in Doreen's place, as if I had ousted her."

"What has become of your pretty little friend?" asked Mr. Harding one day. He had admired Doreen a great deal while she was at Redlegh. She had seemed to him bright, and fresh, and innocent, and then Avril had told him the whole story. All except the position between herself and Arthur Trefusis. But Harding was no fool. He remembered the conversation they had had over Tom Jones' grave. Even then he had suspected something. Now he was positive. "I shall have to tell her the story," he said to himself.

"I suppose the husband'll marry again and the woman will go to the dogs," with a touch of irony.

"He has forgiven her so many times," Avril's voice was a little stern.

"No chance, I suppose, of the corespondent marrying her?"

"I believe he has gone to America. "Poor, wretched woman."

"You don't seem to think of the man," Avril spoke almost bitterly.

"Well, they float, don't they? It's the woman that goes to the bottom. There's a child too, isn't there? Poor little beggar."

Avril didn't feel quite comfortable as she thought of Mouche. She knew how devoted the child loved its mother. Something in Harding's voice and manner made her feel as if he were reproaching her. The next moment he proposed a ride. They had taken several together of late, much to the scandal of the neighbourhood, and "Poor, dear Mrs. Chichester" was pronounced worse than a fool, though what the exact epithet was that applied to her no one seemed to have pronounced or to be quite clear about, and Avril agreed joyously, for in those days she jumped at anything that diverted her thoughts from Doreen's letters and her longing for Trefusis.

CHAPTER XI

But on this particular morning, Harding had something particular to say to her. He was not a man who upheld many, or who disagreed with many. He felt strongly on very few subjects, and one was divorce, not in the least from principle, but simply because the pros and cons of the advisability of it had once been brought very forcibly before him. It seemed to him monstrous that a woman should be deprived of her children because she had ceased to care for her husband, or because, as is the case nine times out of ten, he

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**WOMAN AND MOSES**

really feels she belongs to the man while the other lives!"

Mr. Harding nodded.

"And with you it would be treachery towards the woman, because you have known her."

Avril was silent. Was he right? What God had joined could no man put asunder in soul and spirit, even if passion and love tried to throw its glamouring interweavings between them? Would she for ever see the face of Doreen—Doreen, lonely, desolate and ashamed, eating her heart out or going under completely, morally—rise between her and Arthur? Had they a right to drown a soul in order that they should float themselves peacefully down the river of life?

"And then to take a woman's child away. Is not the loneliness, the utter nakedness of the heart and spirit enough? Is it not to force a woman to sin from very thirst of forgetfulness when the one thing that might save her from utter destruction would be the presence of her child. Ah, how well I remember Muriel, when she saw a woman pressing a child to her bosom. She would turn upon me fiercely as if she would kill me."

"Give me my children; oh, bring me my children," she used to cry. I assure you I nearly went mad. Poor, poor Muriel," he added tenderly. "She never forgave me, and I have never forgiven myself."

It was a difficult conversation for a girl, yet Avril felt that she had outstripped childhood, that her very love for Arthur, her acquaintance with Doreen's life, had made her almost a matron, that the earnestness of their conversation did away with "squeamishness and reserve."

"Yet I suppose that if there was no such punishment for women who were—were unfaithful things would be worse than they are."

"Punishment, punishment, what has humanity to do with punishment? What right has it to punish humanity?"

"Yet I suppose no man would overlook a woman deserting him for another. No woman who really cared for a man could be unfaithful," pleaded Avril, speaking from the certainty of her own great love.

"Granted, granted, that things could never be the same again, they could live apart; perhaps; but what right has he to proclaim her shame to the world? Would he tell the world if she stole, if she broke the sabbath, if she committed murder, if she bore false-witness against her neighbour? Yet has God declared that the seventh commandment is a more important one than others? Is one to be met with more inflexible sternness than the others? All this is man's own argument. Oh, I went into the question thoroughly, I assure you, during these three years."

"Yet our Lord himself said men were to divorce their wives," pursued Avril, who could not let Arthur go without a struggle, albeit Harding's words had, as it were, torn away all self-assurance on the subject. Had she not read the verse night after night to try and reassure herself?

"I don't believe it," rejoined Harding, almost fiercely. "I can't believe it. I know the passage you mean. Heaven knows I read it often enough when I was with Muriel; but there are other verses too for those who believe in the Bible. There is St. Matthew, but there is also St. Luke, St. Mark, the Epistles, and twist it how you will, take the words of Christ in any sense you like, and I feel sure that they are meant in the widest sense; there is nothing anywhere that excuses either marrying again. Anyhow, it is not my business," he added abruptly, almost angrily, as they turned back. Manlike, he did not know to what extent he had wronged her heart.

"Would everyone think like him?" she asked herself. "Was he not known to be eccentric? Was it not because his personal experiences had been so exceptional that he dictated to the world from the pinnacle of his own sufferings?"

It was now that Avril realized what all the thinking world is beginning to realize, how utterly useless was the ritual of the Church or its ability to offer counsel or afford guidance. Yes, she was beginning to see now wherein lay the strength of the Roman Catholic Church, for it is only those who suffer who inquire into the wherefore of things. Hitherto, Avril's religion had been true and earnest, because untruffed and untried. Had anyone asked her if she believed in the Bible, or loved the Church of England, she would unhesitatingly have pronounced "Yes," adding, perhaps, a little surprise that anyone could think otherwise. But now she asked herself why there was no established law? The Romans had so clearly annulled all possibility of its mating with Christian principle. Yes, that is the pover of the Roman Church, that regardless of Truth it rides rough-shod over argument and inquiry, and where it scents doubt or want of understanding, plants a brazen serpent of its own upbuilding, that all who look on it may live, live by untrue dogma and human fleshed scepticism, rather than have an instant's time to search around for truth or to waver or mistrust. Yet in her perplexity anything seemed better to Avril than the free undefined unexplained tenets of a church that gropes with its congregations, seeking for a truth it has not grasped itself, still less dares impart. Slowly there

(To be Continued)