

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 Diarrhea. 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



The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years



Chas. Sargeant

First Class Livery
Horses for Sale at all times.

Public Wharf. Phone 61

Do you try to buy high-grade printed matter the same as you would pig iron and coal at so much per. It can't be done. Why? Because printed matter to be RIGHT must be sixty per cent. brains mixed with forty per cent. of material and mechanical execution.

Printed matter turned out of The Advocate Job Dept. is RIGHT.

TRILBY SHOE CREAM



SELF OPENING
HINGED COVER TIN
No broken finger nails.
No knife or lever needed in opening this box.

PINCH IT TO OPEN
PINCH IT TO CLOSE
THAT'S ALL

ONLY 10c EVERYWHERE

Everett Barron Co.
Amherst, N. S.

HOTEL MIRAMICHI

J. A. WHELAN, Manager.

Most Luxurious and Up-To-
Date Hotel in Northern
New Brunswick
NEWCASTLE, Miramichi, N. B.

FEATURES OF

HOTEL MIRAMICHI

Telephone Connection in every room.
Artistically Furnished Rooms with Private Baths.
Building is of Brick with Adequate Fire Protection.
Situations—The Heart of the Sportsman's Paradise.
Best Fishing Privileges on the North Shore Provided.
Imported Chefs.
Fine Sample Rooms.
Livery Stable in Connection.
Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 a Day

TAX NOTICES—Poor and County Rates and Road Tax Notices can be had at The Advocate Job Dept. very latest styles at The Advocate Job Dept.

A CRUEL DECEPTION

OR WHY DID SHE SHUN HIM? BY EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS

(Continued)

Dimly she was glad to see the golden glory, for the night had seemed as though it would never end. Thoughts—horrible thoughts—had beaten and clashed and buzzed incessantly in her brain through the weary hours, and she longed vaguely for morning as for something fresh and pure and beautiful—something that would bring a relief to the scene, if not to her actual sorrow.

She felt very ill. She had been weary and faint and sick at heart ever since that moment when Hugo had bowed obedience to her cold words, and with one quiet gaze into her eyes had gone from her side. The anguish of love seemed to burst upon her in the realization of what she had done, the disappointment she had inflicted upon him, the loss to which she had vainly tried to become resigned.

The furious scene with her mother had dulled the exquisite torture of her pain. The little she had fallen into a short, heavy sleep somewhere about three o'clock, and had been forced to throw herself on her bed to stretch her chilled, weary limbs. When she awoke, it was an awakening to all. Her heart leaped to her throat and then dropped in a dull way that made her turn sick for the moment.

What an "all" it was for a girl to contemplate! What a burden for a pure, proud soul—a mind that eagerly for honor, and for the higher and more sublime influence of human life!

Alwynne shivered and closed her eyes from the gradually growing glory of the rising sun. The brightness and freshness she had craved, only a moment before, hurt her now. They seemed only to point out more clearly the hideous truth, to throw a full light on the situation, and to drag forth in prominence the story of her mother's shame and sin.

She lay crouched and shivering, faint and cold at one moment, burning as with a consuming fever the next. Her throat was parched. She lifted herself on her elbow, and struggled slowly to her feet. How her head reeled, and how pitilessly the cold, golden sunrays fell upon her disheveled hair! She moved with leaden feet to the table.

Marie always placed some fruit near her dear one, as she called the girl in her own heart, and there was a bunch of glorious blue grapes resting daintily and beautifully on a dish before her.

Alwynne put out her hand, and then drew it back with a shudder. As by a lightning flash she remembered the cost of this fruit, and her hand fell to her side. She poured out some water instead, and drank with difficulty. The sight of the grapes kept her not away from the spot. It brought a sudden fresh train of thought. If she could not eat this fruit, why, then, she could not sleep again in this luxurious room or wear such a gown as was then upon her. She looked around her in a calm, slow way, as though appraising everything. It was the ordinary hotel room such as she had experienced a hundred times before, but its hard corners were rubbed away, softened as it were by the dozens of luxurious appointments that Marie's picturesque hand had scattered about.

The toilet table, with its ivory ornaments, each one bearing her initial in raised gold, the glistening scent bottles, the rugs and skins hung on floor and couch, the silken dressing gown, the rows of small slippers and shoes, the glimpse of lace and other silks caught through a half-open door of the wardrobe—all seemed sudden and horrible to the girl's overwrought and miserable mind.

Vaguely she wondered how she had accepted them all so long, how it was these dumb witnesses to her degradation had not cried out to her in instinct, and warned her against their origin. She shrank from it all now, and she seemed to be tarnished and shamed in that she had not shrunk from it all long before.

The thought came deliberately, relentlessly. She had accepted them so far in ignorance. Now she was no longer ignorant, she would accept them no longer.

She sat down quietly on a chair, and, resting her elbow on the table, supported her weary, aching head while she thought on and on. She must act now!

Alwynne had not known until this moment how strong a spice of her mother's firm, determined spirit had fallen to her lot. It spoke within her now. She felt it would not fail her in the future.

She saw no path clear, she had no way made open to her, but she set her teeth firmly together, and said to herself that she had a task to perform and she would perform it.

She had the impetuosity and courage of her youth to support her will. She had the unclouded strength of her honorable soul to reflect a glory on all she did. She was her mother's child. That must ever remain a truth but mother or no mother, Alwynne determined her present state of life should end once and for all. She was not so ignorant of the world as to know nothing of the world's privation and poverty. She had never shut her eyes to suffering. It had been her joy many and many a time,

in her three years' sojourn with her mother, to have been able to relieve some sorrow that money could almost heal. The sum that Mrs. Lavante had given her quarterly for all her own individual expense had gone, as Marie could well testify, in nearly every direction save to enrich the girl's possessions.

She rose from her chair, and tried to walk to and fro while she thought. Her feet were so chilled, her limbs so cramped, she could barely move at first, but youth is very strong, and fair and fragile as Alwynne's beauty was her health and constitution were perfect. She grew stronger each moment, and her thoughts became less hysterical and confused.

The sun was high above the trees now, and the traffic had commenced in the wide street below. Alwynne stood at the window and looked out. There were many passers to and fro even at this hour, some of them girls, young like herself, shabby in garments, hurrying to some daily toil. Alwynne's heart gave a leap as she stood there. Inspiration came to her all at once.

"I will work," she said to herself, and there was an added touch of comfort in this thought. Work—honest, honorable labor! What a vista was opened out to her suddenly! Her very pulses thrilled again at the thought. It was the solution to the horrible problem.

She turned away from the window almost invigorated. Her bath was ready for her. Marie knew the girl would rise sometimes almost with the dawn, and the water stood always waiting. With a sort of eagerness to be strengthened for the fray, Alwynne threw off her things and plunged into the cold water. When she felt almost being. Every sort of thing crowded her mind, but it was thought of a more healthy tone—thought that was not overwhelming in its horror, as it had been the night before. As she bound her hair about her shapely head, she made her plans.

She was strung up, like a David of old, to go forth and fight against night Goliath that had threatened last night to overwhelm her and to crush the very light of life out of her. She stood for one moment motionless in the middle of the room, her heart beating heavily, quickly. She moved forward, then paused and going hurriedly to her bed, knelt down beside it.

"God show me the right way, and give me strength to follow it," she prayed silently.

The simple little prayer strengthened and calmed her; she was perfectly self-possessed, and her pulses were still as she went slowly out of the room and walked to that one where her mother slept.

CHAPTER X

To Lady Augusta Trevelyan's disappointment, her brother did not immediately follow the arrival of his telegram. He sent a second one, saying he must go straight through to London on important business, but would present himself without fail at Torre Abbey within two or three days at the very latest.

Lady Augusta almost wept. "And I have not seen him for so long!" she cried disappointedly, petulantly.

"Dear child, it is only a question of a few hours," her husband said cheerily.

Lady Augusta snapped her head off at this. "So like a man!" she declared. "As if hours did not count at all! I want Hugo now—this very moment!"

"On a blue plate," finished Mr. Trevelyan quietly; then his eyes twinkled. "Sent your letter to Miss Glenzie yet?" he inquired in the most casual tone.

Lady Augusta's face cleared as if by magic.

"Much better than that; I sent a telegram to Belgrave Square to know if they were in town. I expect the answer every moment."

And, indeed, the answer arrived there and then. Her ladyship and Miss Glenzie were in town. Lady Augusta gave a little jump of delight.

"I will write to Blanche at once—at once, Jack," she declared, and forthwith sat down at her dainty escritoire, and was busy for a few seconds during which time her husband watched her with mingled tenderness and amusement. She was so graceful with her little birdlike movements, he was never tired of looking at her. By and by she glanced over her shoulder, her eyes sparkling, and her face all abeam.

"After all, it is for the best. Hugo shall travel down with her from London. Isn't it a splendid notion, eh?"

"Yes, if she can come."

"Jack, you are always a wet blanket! Of course Blanche will come! She must, when I want her so badly!"

"Ah! You see, because you're so roughed over me, you expect all the world to bow down to you in the same humble fashion!" Mr. Trevelyan stopped on his passage out of the room to pat the quivering face, and steal a kiss from the pouting lips.

"You must write another letter, while you are about it," he added, his voice serious now. "A letter of condolence to Lena Graham. Her mother's death has been her joy many and many a time,

shocked. "Really, oh! How sad! Poor Lady Graham—and poor Lena! It must have been very sudden." When Lena wrote to me last, she said her mother was better. Oh, I am sorry!" Lady Augusta-rose, and slipping her hand through her husband's arm, strolled with him into the hall. "I should think Sir Henry would feel sorry for all the trouble he gave her, poor thing!" she said. "Dear me! he led her a lively dance, the wretch!" Mr. Trevelyan did not answer all at once.

"How strange it is that a bad man always receives such a wealth of devotion and never-failing affection! That poor creature adored Graham always, despite his neglect and shameful treatment of her." Lady Augusta smoothed her husband's coat, standing before him small and critical, surveying his general appearance with an air of keen appreciation, ill-disguised. "It shows what a bad man you must be," she said, nodding her small brown head, "for I am nothing but your slave!"

Mr. Trevelyan stole another kiss and ruffled the pretty brown hair. "Saint Augusta, the martyr!" he laughed; and then, as he took up his gloves and riding crop; "you will not forget to write to Lena?"

"Of course not, dear. I will ask the poor thing to come down and stay with us as soon as she is able to do so. Hugo will be certain to have the reins of household government whittled."

—And Lady Augusta's face wore a portentous air—"until Blanche takes them," was what she meant by that, but she did not speak the words. Instead, she continued the subject of Lady Graham and her sad death. "I never rightly understood what the trouble was between the Grays," she said half questioningly.

"All I know is that Lena will not mention Sir Henry's name if she can help it. Is he such an awful bad lot, as you men call him?"

"In a public sense, no, little wife," Mr. Trevelyan explained. "We can't afford to lose such a politician as Graham, but in private life I have no hesitation in calling him a blackguard. The man who wantonly sets himself the task of breaking a good woman's heart gets very few soft words from me, and Graham has just sent that poor woman to her grave through grief at his absolute neglect and indifference to her. And, after all, he would have been nothing, or at least no half so great as he is if he had not married her and her money."

Lady Augusta's pretty little brows were drawn.

"I suppose, Jack," she said ruminatingly, "it was a case of other women?"

"Another woman I believe, some well-known singer or dancer—I forget which. Graham has been devoted to her for years, has followed her about all over the globe, and I make no doubt now that she will become Lady Graham as soon as possible."

Mr. Trevelyan's wife uttered a sharp exclamation.

"No wonder poor Lena will not speak of him, Jack. This woman cannot be very young, can she?"

"I don't know anything about her, except that she calls herself a woman," Mr. Trevelyan said. Then he pressed his hat down on his close-cropped curls, and swung himself lightly to the saddle. "Pity you won't come for a canter!" he called out. "I am going to see Stewart. Shall ride home by the old church. Hadn't I better call and inquire if your beautiful young man is at home?"

Lady Augusta rolled up her gardening gloves into a ball and flung them at her husband, missing him of course but making his cob shy violently and start off in a terrible hurry.

"Take care of yourself, darling," she cried, after the retreating form. "And Jack—Jack—mind you are home to lunch, without fail! Dear old thing," she said to herself tenderly, as she went back to her writing table. "The best and dearest in the world, except Hugo. I wonder—Lady Augusta mused on—"I wonder what important business it is that has taken Hugo up to London before coming here? I should be quite vexed with him by rights, but if it brings him in immediate contact with Blanche I shan't mind as much as I should have done!"

For once, as Lady Augusta declared—not quite truthfully, by the way—everything happened just as she desired it should happen. The little lady was in the habit of considering disappointed individual, whereas, as her husband never failed to assure her, she was one of the luckiest. However, "for once," as she insisted upon it, things shaped themselves delightfully.

Lady Rose Glenzie was only too pleased that her handsome daughter should pay a visit to Torre Abbey, particularly when she knew that Lord Taunton was actually home again and would probably be Blanche's constant companion, and Lord Taunton's business was completed just in time to offer his escort to Miss Glenzie from London to Westchester, thence to the Abbey.

"I think my fairy godmother must have been on in this scene!" Lady Augusta declared to her husband, four days after that on which she had expressed such disappointment. "I don't think I have ever been so

lucky before!" Her ladyship perched herself on Mr. Trevelyan's knee. "I expect, when I met you, darling, of course," she added softly. "I refuse to be regarded in the light of an afterthought," quoth Mr. Trevelyan sternly, and then he had to listen to a long lesson.

How he must never—no, never—interrupt a conversation between Hugo and Blanche. How—if he came in suddenly, in the dusk, for instance—and saw them sitting together, he must withdraw immediately and silently. How he must not attempt to take Hugo off for long rides or sojourns about the estate. How, in fact, he must maneuver, and help his wife to maneuver in every possible way, to bring about a state of affairs absurdly matrimonial in character between Lord Taunton Torre and Miss Blanche Glenzie.

Mr. Trevelyan took his lesson meekly.

"Of course, I will try and remember all this, Gus," he said tubulously "but I won't promise I shall succeed. Hugo is certain to want to go over the land; and then, remember, there will be a few more hunting days yet, and you cannot expect the poor chap to do his share of cross-country riding after his long absence."

"Blanche shall hunt, too!" Lady Augusta settled promptly. "Don't let that upset you. Now, you leave everything to me, Jack, and only just content yourself with following my lead, and you will be as right as a piece of paper."

Mr. Trevelyan laughed consent, but when his wife had flitted away, he looked rather grave.

"Women are strange creatures. Talk about courtship! Why, some women seem to regard men as fair game, and open fire upon them from the very start! I suppose my little bird honestly thinks this alliance would be a good thing for Taunton, yet, after such an experience as his, I doubt whether he will view the matter in the same light. Dear old chap, I shall be glad to shake him by the hand once more. It will be like a glimpse of old times to have him here among us, and it will be something to see the shadow brought by his absence chased away from my darling's bright face."

"Well, I will forgive her all her matrimonial schemes. They please her, and they will not be likely to harm Hugo much. He can take care of himself; and, after all," Mr. Trevelyan mused, "it is only right that some day or another he should think of another marriage. The old title has descended in direct line from father to son for so many generations. It would be a pity to break that line now. Besides," Jack Trevelyan said to himself heartily, "because Hugo has had one bad experience, is that any reason why he should have a second? There are, thank Heaven, too many good women in the world to fear such sorrow coming twice in his lifetime to one man!"

"So Lady Augusta, after all, would not count upon her husband's aid in vain—in her schemes for her brother's future. It hardly seemed to her possible that it was really her brother whom she was to welcome home at last. She had so despaired of seeing him. The mere thought of his arrival was strange. She could eat no luncheon, nor had she fared much better at breakfast, and her pretty eyes were blind with tears, and her pretty face pale with excitement and emotion, as she stood in the big entrance and watched the touring-car roll up the avenue from the station.

Blanche—marriage—schemes! All were forgotten as she felt Hugo's arms about her, Hugo's lips touch hers, and heard Hugo's voice murmuring a tender greeting in her ear.

There was no happier little mortal in the world than Lady Augusta as she led the travelers into one of the smaller reception rooms made cozy by all her belongings, and doubly so now, with a bright fire blazing and tea standing ready in its dainty equipage.

"Now confess, Hugo, confess!" she cried, as she busied herself in rearranging Miss Glenzie's traveling jacket and hat, "there is no place like home after all!"

Lord Taunton smiled at her; it was so good to look on her again. "It is a very easy confession, Gus, dear!" he said quietly. "There is indeed no place so sweet as home, little sister mine."

Lady Augusta planted Miss Glenzie in a cozy chair, and fluttered about the tea tray.

"I am going to wait on you all myself, Hugo!" she said looking at him every now and then, her eyes still eloquent with emotion. "I dispensed with Brown's services much to his amazement. I am sure he considers this a most ill-regulated household. As a rule," Lady Augusta continued, chatting on to give vent to her excitement and to the joy that beat in her heart, at the near presence of her beloved Hugo at last. "As a rule," she declared, "giving Miss Glenzie her cup of tea, 'I am absolutely browbeaten by Brown. You ask Jack if I am not frightened to death sometimes by his cold superiority; but today—today—I could defy a dozen Browns, with their astonished 'Yes, my lady,' and their disgusted 'No my lady's at everything I say.' You are not a bit changed Gus."

Lord Taunton said, as she stood beside him, his arm about her waist. "Not a day, not an hour older and just as much spoiled as ever!"

"Spoiled! Blanche did you hear that? Me—I, whichever is the proper

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE

LIVER PILLS are

responsible for the

only give relief—

they personally

cure Constipation.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature

Carter

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine and bear Signature