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A Pleasant Preparation for Stimulating the Food and Regularizing the Stomach and Bowels of
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The Advocate Job Dept.
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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, 13.32

DEPARTURES—WEST
Night Freight, No. 39, 3.20
Local Express, No. 35, 14.10
Maritime Express, No. 33, 24.10
Ocean Limited, No. 199, 16.25

INDIAN TOWN BRANCH
Blackville, dep., 8.30
Renouf, dep., 8.54
Millerton, dep., 9.29
Daly Jct., dep., 9.56
Newcastle, arrive, 10.05
Newcastle, dep., 16.35
Millerton, dep., 17.10
Daly Jct., dep., 16.50
Renouf, dep., 18.01
Blackville, arrive, 18.35

The way 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" 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 a. 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 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.

A boy coasting down a sidewalk in Kingston, Ont., the other day ran into Chas. Rush of Michigan, taking the legs from under him, causing him to fracture his skull. He died as a result of the fall.

"WOMAN AND MOSES"

(Continued)

"You did it as soon as you knew," Avril wished to be comforting. "Ought to have known sooner, I suppose." Then, after a moment's pause, rather awkwardly: "She didn't die because—I mean it wasn't the shower-bath killed her?"

Avril was beginning to understand his character. "Oh, no, she had some 'internal' complaint. She couldn't have lived." "Shower-bath may have hurried it up," with an awkward laugh.

Avril laughed too. "Who knows? Perhaps it was as well," she remarked. She was a fearful trial to old Pouncey.

After that Avril and Herbert Harding became quite friends, often stopping to chat in the village together and he was even induced to come over and shoot.

The county shook its virtuous, but rather brainless, head, and wondered how the Chichesters could encourage that godless man, who never went to church, and had orgies in his house when doors were bolted and shutters barred.

It may seem odd, but it was a little bit of comfort to Avril to think she would see him again.

He might often have seen her in London, but he had a way of doing London all his own, and would have hated the idea of going to a dinner party or meeting a crowd of people.

He, too, felt quite cheery and bright the morning after the Chichesters' arrival, and he considered it a pleasant coincidence that he should be one of the first to meet Avril.

She was not without strength of mind, and the first morning after their arrival, when her eyes opened on the familiar objects in her bedroom that had been hers since childhood she tried to make the wise resolution to throw herself into country pursuits and to try and forget Arthur Trefusis.

Luxury and solid comfort play a more prominent part in our lives than we are aware of, both by their presence and their absence. And the sun shining into a rosebud beehived bedroom and falling on a hundred pretty reminiscence-enhanced gigmols, with the addition of a cup of tea in a dainty china cup, and a big brown retriever wagging its faithful tail at the long desired sight of his mistress, went some way towards reconciling Avril to the situation.

There was no sign of the aching heart in the sweet, frank smile with which she saluted Mr. Harding a few hours later.

"They're all dead," he said, waving his hand towards the village. "The only one flourishing is the undertaker. He'll become Mayor if he goes on at that rate."

Avril laughed. "I heard old Pouncey had died." "I really think he was better when the air came in at the top."

"You are too bad," and so they walked along together between the hedgerows that seemed to bid them welcome.

"I suppose you had no end of a time, balls and plays and all that?" The question brought back Arthur's image. The temporary cloud on her face did not escape him.

"Oh, I don't know, it all seems such a foolish rush and hurry, doesn't it?" "Yet I suppose you'd shut up shop altogether, join old Pouncey I mean, if you couldn't go to London."

"Oh, I don't think so," laughed Avril. "Something wrong," thought Harding.

They were crossing the churchyard now.

"Have you ever noticed that tomb?" It was characteristic of Harding that he knew every inch of his neighbourhood, its history and traditions.

"I have often wondered what the epitaph meant." "Here lies Tom Jones, a lonely man. For from his side his wife she ran. Trusting to find a husband better. 'Twas God in heaven wouldn't let her."

"Well, I used to puzzle over it when I was a boy, and a few months ago when I was looking through some old papers of my father's, I came across the whole history."

"Tom Jones was a shepherd, it appears, and his wife ran away with him."

NEARLY DIED OF STONE IN THE BLADDER

GIN PILLS SAVED HIM
513 JAMES ST., HAMILTON, ONT.
"Five years ago, I was taken down with what the doctors called inflammation of the bladder—intense pains in back and joints, and difficulty in urinating, and the attacks, which became more frequent, amounted to unbearable agony. I became so weak that I could not walk across the floor. When I am healthy and able to work, I cannot express myself strongly enough when I speak of what GIN PILLS have done for me."

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In six weeks, the stone in the bladder came away. When I recall how I suffered and how now I am healthy and able to work, I cannot express myself strongly enough when I speak of what GIN PILLS have done for me."

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Well Known Ontario Merchant Has Faith Because "Fruit-a-tives" Cured Him



MR. JAMES DORSON

BROOKLYN, N.Y., March 1st, 1912. "Fruit-a-tives has made a complete cure in my case of Rheumatism, that had at least five years standing before I commenced the treatment. The trouble was principally in my right hip and shoulder, the pain from it was almost unendurable. Not being able to sleep on that side, I had to chance to turn on my right side while asleep, the pain would immediately awaken me. This kept up until I started taking 'Fruit-a-tives.' I started by taking one or two tablets with a large glass of water, in the morning before breakfast and experienced pronounced relief very shortly. After a continued treatment for about six months, I was cured and am now in first-class health. This, I attribute to my persistent use of 'Fruit-a-tives' and I heartily recommend your remedy to any Rheumatic sufferers."

JAMES DORSON.

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One expects to act, as others not concerned imagine they would have acted, and anyhow, the letter seemed to soothe the languishments of Avril's heart, to reanimate her self respect, for more than once she had asked herself, "Does he despise me? Does he after all care for me so much as I imagine?"

At least she had not the dreadful sensation of having given her heart to one who wished not for its keeping. He cared for her, and the surging delirium of that joy held aloft for a moment the sadness of thinking of his departure. How well she understood him! Without wishing she had made it almost impossible for him to stay with Doreen. Poor foolish Doreen! She thought of Doreen. Could she, she wondered, have made things better for them? If she passed out of their lives would they grow more together again? Had she been disloyal to her friend? Avril felt a little uneasy.

"Our thoughts we cannot control," she said to herself; "it is our acts alone that we are responsible for, and I must never, never again, by word or deed come between them. He has given me the example I must follow."

And she kissed the letter fervently as she ran upstairs.

"We must be very, very brave," she repeated to herself, little knowing that it was the certainty that he cared for her that made it so easy to be brave.

CHAPTER VIII
"It never rains but it pours," is a proverb, which, while often failing to be supported by the weather, is nevertheless often illustrated by the advent of a rapid succession of events. The Trefusis family were not destined to break away from its interlarding with Avril's life, and a few weeks later its veracity was finally brought before Avril again in a manner, which, while it shocked her, she strove not to rejoice over.

Arthur Trefusis had started on his yachting trip as soon as he could get away from the House. If he did not go soon, he would never go; from sheer want of companionship he would be forced to fall at least into a sort of passive acquiescence in Doreen's propinquity, and this his pride forbade him to allow, for he could never, never forgive her, he told himself. Yet to remain from month to month under the same roof with a person without speaking, is a difficult thing to do.

The morning of his departure, Doreen felt as if she were going to be hung. How could she part with him whom she loved so much, although she had so often asked herself, "What if something should happen to him? How could she spend those long, lonely months without him? If she clung to him and begged him, would he stay? No, something told her that all was over between them. Whether she had sinned or not, how much she knew, those were not the reasons that had led to this. He had ceased to care for her, and when a woman can say this to herself without a shadow of doubting in the saying of it, she may as well lay down in her coffin and bid the undertaker nail it down, for Earth holds no more for her. The very reason of her existence has vanished.

His cab was at the door, his luggage was upon it. She stood alone in the drawing-room. Was he going to leave her without saying good-bye? She stood at the open window, and great tears welled to her eyes and dropped on her pretty lace blouse.

While downstairs, answering absently the many questions of Mouché, Arthur Trefusis was asking himself whether he should say good-bye or not. He was trying to steel himself without a word to show her by this

very act that she was dead to him. Yet she was his wife, they might never meet again. Perhaps his coldness would drive her to—as the thought rose in his mind, another thought so vile, that he brushed it from him as if it had poisoned his love by its brief sojourn, came and stood alongside of it.

"Don't forget to go, and say good-bye to Mummy," said Mouché, with such certainty in the result of his act that he felt she must be obeyed.

"No, I'll go now," he said, while the child ran into the hall to follow the servants with the rugs.

Doreen's heart beat so as she heard his step on the stairs, that she felt as if she must faint.

"Good-bye, Doreen," he said, coming only just inside the door and leaving it open.

"Arthur!" She made a step to wards him. He must kiss her before he left, or she would die. But he made no sign.

"Write to Farquharson if you want anything. I've told Counts to let you have any money you want if you are in a bother. Good-bye, I shall be late for my train." He turned to go.

"Arthur!" The cry was that of a wounded animal. Both hands were lifted to her head, as if she would go mad. "You cannot leave me like that. You will kill me."

"Was he wrong after all? Did she love him? Had he been too hard?" "Good-bye, little woman," was on his lips. "Good-bye, Doreen," was what he said, while her arms wound round him and sought to clasp his neck. She drew close, so close as if she would keep him back. For one instant their lips met. Then he was gone.

The cab rattled off. Doreen flew to the window, if only she could see him once again, but he was gone and Doreen cried for hours on the sofa. Till Mouché came to fetch her for luncheon, but she told Mouché she could not go down.

"Are you crying because dad has gone?" asked the child. Then with infantine brutality:

"He nearly forgot to come and say good-bye to you till I told him. Wasn't that naughty?"

Then, after a few days, a letter came for Avril from George Farquharson. It had been a very difficult letter to write. One can hardly imagine a task more intricate than for a rather bashful young man to have to pen an epistle to a girl he loves and respects, about a woman he adores passionately. Moreover, he was not quite certain that it was exactly the sort of letter he ought to write to a young girl, but who else on earth could he write to?

"Dear Miss Chichester—I hope you won't think it very cool if I write and ask you whether I may run down and spend the day with you this week. I really must see you as soon as possible about Mrs. Trefusis. I am very anxious about something I have heard."

It was not a difficult matter in the easy-going household of the Chichesters to get George Farquharson asked down to Redleigh for a couple of nights.

"Let 'em all come," said Mr. Chichester, who, as the servants said, "would have his joke," and George Farquharson's ugly square face and reddish head made their appearance at Redleigh.

"He looks like a horse chestnut under an autumn leaf," said Avril to herself. She had elected to fetch him from the station in her own pony-trap, which brought upon her the chaffing remark from her father:

"So gone as all that?" "Indeed, not gone at all, father, but I know that he wants to talk to me about Doreen." Redleigh was one of those happy houses where subtleties were rarely resorted to, and still more rarely required.

"What has happened?" she asked anxiously, an anxiety which left no illusions as to her feeling for him.

"Nothing yet," was the cheery reply. "What I want is to prevent any thing happening."

"She really is too silly," said Avril, while her heart beat wildly, as he told his tale.

"He should not have left her," George Farquharson remarked sternly. "He must be mad."

Avril looked at her companion. The earnestness of his voice struck her. "I suppose you are in love with her like everybody else?" she said mischievously.

"I would do anything in the world to see her happy."

The story was this. George Farquharson had arranged with Trefusis to continue to go to Bruton Street for a few weeks in order to finish some work Trefusis had on hand before he left for his holiday, and two days ago the butler, who, to describe him in George Farquharson's words:

"Always treats me as he would a footman who can't clean plate, but is cut above his place, came to me as he generally does about everything, and told me that he had reason to believe the house was being watched."

"Watched?" I said. "Who on earth would watch it, and what for?" "I haven't said a word to nobody, but in my opinion, it's Mr. Trefusis watching his lady."

"Of course I pooh-poohed the notion, but Saunderson went on to know what those people are when they are wound up—'Well, sir, it's not my place to speak, but I thought as how if there was to be any unpleasantness, a word from you to Mrs.



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Trefusis might save us a lot of trouble."

George Farquharson didn't tell Avril the look of significance with which this remark had been accompanied.

"But why on earth should this house be watched?" I asked, since Mrs. Trefusis is in the country." And now, went on George Farquharson, lowering his voice lest the groom behind should hear, "I know I can trust you as my greatest friend." His look was an entreaty to her not to divulge the secret he was about to tell her.

"Now comes the part that upsets me so, Saunderson told me that she comes to the house when I am gone, and that brute Lancaster comes to see her."

Avril was silent, silent while she fought a battle with herself.

Why should she go on shielding a woman who so voluntarily rushed towards her own destruction? Was it right to Arthur to continue to help hoodwink him, to check a freedom which seemed so rightly his?

Her voice was hard and unlike hers as she answered:

"What can I do, Mr. Farquharson?" She herself wondered what had prompted Arthur to take this step. Was it, could it be—? No, she pushed the thought from her. Yet she was right in her surmising. Arthur had done this thing, justifying himself by the thought that if, indeed, Doreen was running straight, she had nothing to fear; nay, more, that if he found he had been mistaken, he would go back to her; however tired he had grown of her, for Mouché's sake he would try and begin all over again.

What he would not confess to himself was, that he dreaded to find himself mistaken; that he would not allow himself to dwell on was the alternative if after all he was right. It is when we are away from people, that we understand one's real feelings for them, and with Avril's photograph on the table of his cabin, he began to weave the dreams which the Bible tells us are tantamount to acts.

"I thought you could warn her," George Farquharson's voice was almost piteous, and Avril softened.

"Why didn't you tell her yourself?" It was so obvious that he could do so, that he did not answer for a moment.

"It would come so much better from you."

"You don't know all I have done," said Avril wearily. "She is simply bent on going to the bad."

"I don't wonder at it," remarked George Farquharson, a little testily. He was disappointed in Avril's resemblance to her sex, when he had thought her so far above its prejudices.

"It would come so much better from one woman to another," he said, as they drove up to the door of Redleigh.

Never had Avril felt so disturbed. With the remembrance of the letter he had written, a letter which she read over to herself at least once in twenty-four hours, it seemed like treachery to him to uphold Doreen any longer. "She is bent on being divorced," she said to herself. "Why should I interfere?" Something seemed to harden in her heart, yet all the while the words rang in her ears:

"Whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder."

In the evening she had a chance again of speaking to George Farquharson alone. He did not begin the subject, although she knew he longed to.

(To be continued)