



Briefs of Canadian Northwest Land regulations

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, 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 Subagency for district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, under certain conditions, by father, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Residence: Six months' residence 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 \$3 per acre. Duties: Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3 per acre. Duties: Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.

W. W. COLE, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. That authorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

ALL-THE-WAY-BY-WATER

Eastern Steamship Corporation

INTERNATIONAL LINE

Autumn Excursion

NEWCASTLE TO Boston and return \$14.60 Portland and return \$14.10 Commencing September 20th and continuing until October 17th, inclusive, Excursion Tickets will be sold at above rates. Good for 30 days from date of issue.

COASTWISE ROUTE

Leave St. John at 9:00 a. m., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston. Returning leave Central Wharf, Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 9:00 a. m., and Portland at 9:00 p. m., for Lubec, Eastport and St. John.

DIRECT SERVICE

Direct Route—Leaves St. John at 7:00 p. m., Tuesdays and Saturdays for Boston direct.

Returning leaves Central Wharf, Boston at 10:00 a. m., Mondays and Thursdays for St. John direct.

MAINE STEAMSHIP LINE

Leave Franklin Wharf Mondays at 10:30 a. m., and Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6:30 p. m.

Metropolitan Steamship Line direct to the way by water between Boston and New York.

Leaves India Wharf week days and Sundays at 5:00 p. m.

The Great White Steel Steamships, Massachusetts and Bunker Hill.

Through tickets at proportionately low rates, on sale at all railway stations, and baggage checked through to destination.

L. R. THOMPSON, T. F. & P. A. A. E. Fleming, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Newcastle Steam Ferry

TIME TABLE

(Every day except Sundays)

Leave Newcastle—A. M.—6.50, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00

P. M.—1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 10.00.

Leave Chatham Head—A. M.—7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45.

P. M.—12.15, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.15.

SUNDAY TIME TABLE

Leave Newcastle—A. M.—9.00, 9.40, 10.20, 11.20.

P. M.—12.30, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.20, 8.40, 9.25.

Leave Chatham Head—A. M.—9.20, 10.00, 10.40, 11.40.

P. M.—12.40, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 9.00, 9.45.

During the months of May, June, July, August and (unless previous notice of a change be given) September, and up to and including the 15th day of October.

After the 15th October the last boat will leave Newcastle at 8.45 unless otherwise advertised.

If more teams are waiting on wharf than boat can take in one trip, it will return for them immediately.

D. MORRISON, Managing Director

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 Syrups. 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 Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years

Something Original—that's the Cry of Every Buyer of Printing

If every print shop could or would work character into their product there wouldn't be such common place printing. We'll be glad of an opportunity to prove to you that when your printing is placed with us, there will be character to it. Our new type faces will do that alone, but there will be more than up-to-date type faces. There will be care taken in the arrangement of the type—good ink will be used—the proper paper for the work will be selected, and printed in the largest and most modern country printing office in the Maritime Provinces.

The Advocate Job Dept. Phone 23 Newcastle, N. B.

NEWCASTLE STEAMBOAT COMPANY, LTD.

I. R. C. TIME TABLE

The I. R. C. steamer change of date 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. 139, 16.25

INDIANTOWN BRANCH Blackville, dep., 8.30 Renous, dep., 8.54 Millerton, dep., 9.29 Newcastle, arrive, 10.05 Newcastle, dep., 16.35 Millerton, dep., 17.10 Derby Jct., dep., 18.50 Renous, 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.

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.

FREIGHT RATES 100 lbs., 15c. 200 lbs., 60c. 1-2 tons, \$1.00, one ton, \$3.50. Furniture and machinery charged by bulk.

FREIGHT AND PARCELS MUST BE PREPAID. THE NEWCASTLE STEAMBOAT CO., LTD. D. MORRISON, Manager.

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

"WOMAN AND MOSES"

(Continued)

George Farquharson looked very disturbed. She had set him an impossible task. He had the strictest orders from his chief not to show them to anyone. The Company was not yet formed, and the greatest secrecy was required to prevent some one buying up the mine, which Trefusis and a few friends had bought for next to nothing. The transaction was not yet complete, and the one object of their existence for the moment was to keep the matter dark till the transfer had been made.

"How came your friend to know about this mine?" asked George Farquharson presently. Doreen coloured violently.

"Oh, I don't know; he read about it somewhere, and asked me about it, and when I saw he knew all about it I told him that Arthur had got it."

"You said he had got it?" George Farquharson breathed again. "Yes, of course, hasn't he?"

George Farquharson did not answer. Some men tell no more truths than they can help.

"Why doesn't your friend ask your husband to show him the papers?" Doreen was beginning to dislike George Farquharson.

"Oh, he isn't a friend of Arthur's. Well, now are you going to help me?" she went on in one breath, in a voice that said pretty plainly, "if you don't you are no friend of mine."

"I cannot," he said, "besides what good would they be to you? No shares are issued, and if they were you couldn't sell them for a long time to make any profit."

"Anyhow, let me have the papers for an hour or two, I promise you to give them back to you before four o'clock."

"And if Mr. Trefusis asked me for them before, which is quite likely?" Oh, you could say you had mislaid them," Doreen was always quick at excuses.

George Farquharson smiled. "I'm afraid he wouldn't believe me." "How horrid you are." The tone was—

"I liked you very much till to-day," George Farquharson looked at her with his orange brown eyes that could hold no depth of expression in them by reason of their colour, but which nevertheless were full of a passionate adoration.

"Don't, don't ask me," he said. "You don't know how I hate to refuse you, but I cannot give you those papers."

A great wave of shame came over Doreen. He must despise her she felt sure. Something in his dogged loyalty to her husband struck her uncomfortably, and she tried to hide the impression it made by saying pettishly:

"Oh, very well. So much for your professions of friendship!" He rose too.

"Oh, don't talk like that," he said. "You can't know what it costs me to refuse you." The tone was full of passion. But some women only turn the knife round when they know it is up to the hilt.

"I hate people who won't run any risks for their friends," said Doreen, as a parting thrust, and swept out of the room.

George Farquharson took up his pen and tried to write, but it was impossible. His thoughts were thoroughly upset. He knew that Doreen would never forgive him. Yet he also knew that to give her the papers would be

a most dishonourable act, especially under the present circumstances, when the husband and wife had become complete strangers to each other. He was also jealously anxious for his chief's sake at the secret having transpired. He wondered whether it was his duty to let Trefusis know. He hoped that the matter would be completed early next week, and it was to be hoped that no harm would occur in the interval. But he was anxious, for he felt sure that the person who had asked Doreen to get at the papers wanted them for no such purpose as buying shares for Doreen, and he had a shrewd idea as to who the person was that required them. He hoped that Doreen wasn't going to get into fresh trouble with her husband.

As may be supposed, the house in South Audley Street was not of the happiest just now. Arthur had kept his word with Avril, and had returned to the house at dinner time, but he gave Doreen clearly to understand that he had only done so to keep faith with Avril, and for the child's sake, and in almost brutal fashion he had extracted from her a confession of where she had been. He had also insisted on her forbidding Captain Lancaster the house. All this had been succinctly explained to Doreen the night he returned, and she had cried and assured him that she adored him. She had even made the mistake of going close to him with the intention of throwing herself in his arms, while she cried:

"Oh, Arthur, if you were only kinder to me."

But he had made the position quite clear by stepping away and begging her to understand that everything was over between them.

Strange to say, now that the terrible danger of her situation was over, Doreen began to resent his attitude and to feel full insinuations which alone broke the stillness of the silence that reigned between them at meals, or on the few occasions when they met. Once she went so far as to say: "If you think me vile enough to treat me like this, why don't you get rid of me and have done with it?"

"Take care," he said, and his face was terrible to behold and between clenched teeth he almost hissed at her: "If you speak like that again I'll take you at your word."

Everyone who knew the Trefusises well was really sorry for Doreen in those days, for, at eight and twenty, to feel that the person who should be your best friend is your deadliest enemy is not pleasant, whether you have brought about the state of things yourself or not. Luckily they were going away soon. She was to take Mouche to the seaside, while he was detained in London by a late session, and then he intended to go abroad with a friend who had a yacht.

"The wider our paths lie the better," he had said to Avril. "Do you think it is right to leave her so much alone?" Avril had said but Trefusis had shrugged his shoulders.

"She's old enough to look after herself. She knows what to expect this time if she doesn't."

Avril's heart ached for both, but most of all for Avril. Avril still continued to come to the house, attracted there by two reasons, Doreen's prayer that she would not leave them alone together, and the certainty that her presence made the situation more bearable for him. Avril was no fool, but she would have been more than one if she had not detected that the manner of each was changed towards her. Doreen, not unnaturally, disliked the idea of owing her husband's return to another woman, but that woman ever so dear. A faint jealousy of Avril and her husband crept into their daily life, and Doreen was neither skilful nor generous enough to stifle it, often letting little innuendoes and caustic remarks that made Avril and Arthur wince. But it was perhaps Arthur's altered attitude towards her that was the hardest to bear, just because it was the most difficult to cope with.

Partly perhaps to revenge himself on Doreen, partly because he felt compelled to no restraint in her presence, he assumed towards Avril an attitude if a little less than lover-like a great deal more tender than that of a brother. As if to show how utterly Doreen had passed out of his life, he would address himself across the table to Avril or consult her about his affairs. It was in vain that Avril essayed to draw Doreen into the discussion, the conversation remained strained and stilted to such a degree, that Avril was fain to give herself up utterly to the subject Trefusis had in hand.

How A Clever Girl Helped Her Mother

(Continued)

"Don't talk like Arthur. Other women aren't relegated to the depths of the country while their husbands go off yachting."

"Oh, some are," Avril said with a little hesitation. It certainly seemed hard on Doreen.

"I begged him to let me go with him," Doreen had a choke in her voice, "and he asked me if I had gone mad. Oh, Avril, really I think I had much better run away and release him."

Avril did not know what to answer. There are moments when people are so obviously not required in the lives of others, moments when one shows both tact and unselfishness in disappearing from the scene.

"If you could only wrap yourself up more in Mouche. When she is older you will see things will be quite different." Avril's voice sounded rather hopeless. She felt as if she were telling some bed-ridden invalid that at the end of two years he might be able to sit up a little.

"She is seven," wailed Doreen. "At fourteen she will be in the schoolroom at twenty-one, married probably, and I shall be dead."

"How do you know that things will not be much happier for you? You know the Italian proverb, 'Fin alia morte non si sa la sorte.'"

"I don't know Italian," Doreen remarked desolately, and as Avril did not know the English equivalent, which, by-the-by, does not exist, he two made but slow progress along the road to brightness.

"I wish you would come and stay with me till he comes back, somehow I feel so good when you are there."

Avril realized that Redleigh without Orpheus would be rather a dreary sort of entertainment, but she was not going to desert Doreen.

"I promise I'll come down in a few weeks, as soon as you've settled down. So they parted, and seated in the train that afternoon Avril gave herself up to the luxury of thinking of Arthur, a luxury which she indulged in more every day. He had come to see them off at the station, and they had had a few women's talk.

"It's too awful to think of not seeing you again for months," he had whispered. Avril could not trust herself to answer.

"Say something nice to cheer me up," he went on. "Life won't be too cheery after you are gone." Then he blurted out, "How can I ever thank you for all you have done?"

Avril recovered herself. "Oh, I wish you wouldn't go away," she burst out, meaning that he should not leave Doreen. But he took it for himself, and the man at Smith's book stall against which they were standing also misunderstood her and winked to his companion.

"Do you really mean it?" He came a step closer.

"I don't think you ought to leave Doreen," stammered Avril.

"D—Doreen," was on his lips, and disappointment on his face.

"Oh!" he said instead. Then, as Mr. Chichester bustled towards them to buy the evening papers, he whispered:

"If you want me to stay I will." She said nothing, but her look was full of eloquence.

"All right, trust me," he whispered, as he pressed her hand, and as he helped her into the train he whispered:

"God bless you, Avril."

Surely there was enough for her to feed upon as the train rushed away, and one more season came quickly to an end for the Chichesters.

"I shall be glad to get amongst the dear old people again," panted Mrs. Chichester to no one in particular, while Mr. Chichester remarked that it was wonderful how green the country still looked. But Avril only knew that every instant carried her away from the man she worshipped more than God, and who, she now knew, loved her.

"Was it very wicked?" she asked herself.

How A Clever Girl Helped Her Mother

I must tell you about my mother. She thinks there is no other medicine, as good as GIN PILLS, for Backache. She tried a lot of other medicine for her back. Sometimes she would get a little better, and then be as bad as ever.

Then a friend advised me to get GIN PILLS. Mother tried them and has not been troubled with backache since.

Backache is the surest sign of Kidney Trouble—and GIN PILLS are the surest cure for weak, sick Kidneys. If you are troubled with backache, don't hesitate a moment but get GIN PILLS and you will get relief. If GIN PILLS do not do all that we say they will—let us know, and we will cheerfully refund you your money. See a box, 6 for \$2.50. If your dealer does not handle them, write us for free sample box.

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herself, as various texts in the Bible rose in her mind only to be dismissed with the comforting assurance given to herself that these texts were only meant for men.

CHAPTER VII Everyone was pleased to hear that the Chichesters were back, but one neighbour was more pleased than he knew himself, and this was Mr. Harding, the owner of a big red house about half a mile off them.

Mr. Harding was one of those men who succeed in establishing a reputation which is totally different from the character they possess. In consequence he was constantly creating surprises when he acted like anyone else, a thing, by-the-by, which he was constantly doing. He never went to church, although a gift of a hundred pounds to the church rendered it far more valuable than the two thousand Mr. Chichester gave to buy a new organ.

He had alternately been written down an atheist, a woman-hater, a misanthrope, a scientist. There were many stories of dark doings, of a wife that could not be received, of a lady that was not a wife at all. He had offended the neighbourhood by asking none of the people to dinner who expected to be asked. When he gave a dinner party he invariably took in the youngest and prettiest woman present with no regard to rank. He was supposed to be brutally cruel to his tenants and his dogs, and one of his intimates was a doctor whom no one would employ because he was supposed to drink, and, greatest crime of all in country society, he never called on anyone, and never went to tea anywhere; he was supposed to be grievously dull, yet no one remembered his ever having made anything but a witty remark. His fortune was reported as fabulous, and he was reputed a miser. He had never called on the Chichesters, till one day he had met Avril in the village, and she had summoned the courage to ask him to repair the roof of a protegee of hers, who lived on his land, and who was dying.

"When it rains the water pours straight in down on to her bed." She blushed at her own audacity in addressing him. She did not notice the twinkle in his eyes.

"Doesn't she like shower-baths? Mine cost a bit to put up."

"How cruel you are!" and Avril left him a little bit ruffled in mind.

Nevertheless, a few days later she found the roof mended, and for many weeks till the woman died fruit and game and nourishing things were sent from Mr. Harding. But Avril could never get to thank him. She even noticed that he avoided her when crossing the road when he saw her coming down the same side along which he walked.

Mrs. Pouncey was dead, and she longed to tell him what a comfort his gifts had been. At last one day they met face to face over their two dogs, who had their teeth firmly in each other's flesh. When the quarrel had subsided, as a result of Harding seizing his bull-terrier by the tail and swinging him in the air, Avril faltered:

"I have so wanted to thank you; poor Mrs. Pouncey was so grateful to you."

"Don't believe in people being grateful, do you?"

"Well, she was, and I'm sure she had reason to be."

"Rather late in the day, eh?" he said, and there was a touch of regret in his tone.

(To be Continued)

TORONTO WOMAN WELL AGAIN

Freed From Bearing Down Pains, Backache and Pain in Side by Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Toronto, Ont.—"Last October, I wrote to you for advice, and was completely cured, had bearing down pains, backache, and pain in the side. I also suffered terribly from gas. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am now entirely free from pain in back and bowels and am stronger in every way. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound highly to all expectant mothers."

Mrs. E. W. Spiby, 92 Logan Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

Consider Well This Advice. No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for nearly forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

T. W. BUTLER BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY AND CONVEYANCER

Offices: Leunsbury Bldg., Newcastle