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All this talk about Western wheat flour being 'pastry' flour, is just plain talk. Anyone who knows anything about wheat, knows that Western wheat does not make as good flour as 'Beaver' flour.

Western wheat has what the bakers call strength. It makes a big loaf of bread—but the bread is spongy and lacks flavor. Ordinary wheat, blended with spring wheat, makes the ideal bread and pastry flour.

The bakers of Toronto and London—the experts at the agricultural colleges—and thousands of homes in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces—have proved that 'Beaver' Flour is superior to any Western wheat flour, and is equally good for Bread and Pastry. Try it.

DEALERS—Write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals.

THE T. H. TAYLOR CO., LIMITED, CHATHAM, ONT.

Woman and Moses

BY LUCAS CLEEVE

(Continued)

"You seem to understand him very well," said Doreen, laughing a little maliciously. "I confess I don't. I am too disappointed."

A hansom was heard turning down the empty street.

"There he is I'm sure," said Avril hurriedly. "For heaven's sake think of some excuse for going out tonight. He will never forgive you if he knows you dined alone with Captain Lancaster. Where did you dine, was there anyone there who saw you?"

"No one," said Doreen mischievously. "I dined in my room."

"Doreen!"

Simultaneously with Avril's enunciation of her name came the sound of a cab pulling up at the door, and the rattle of Arthur's latchkey in the lock.

"You are a perfect fool," said Avril, in her trepidation, and somehow her agitation communicated itself to Doreen, and the unusual force of her language roused her at last to a sense of her danger, which the joint intoxication of champagne and honeyed words had hidden the depths of from her.

"What shall I do? What shall I say?" said Doreen nervously, while before her Arthur opened his letters in the hall.

"The Dempsters? You went to the Dempsters," said Avril in a whisper. "They are out of town," whispered back Doreen.

"Never mind, he will never know," said Avril, growing reckless from fright. She was sure Arthur would never investigate the matter. He trusted Doreen implicitly, and up to date not without justice, for somehow or other she had always pulled up within safe distance of the Rubicon.

She hated telling Arthur a lie, but her first duty was obviously to her own sex.

Lucky Trefusis had come in a less critical mood, full of the communications made to him by an irate Cabinet Minister, who from sheer anger had shown his hand so plainly that all censure was performed excused, and the hitherto imaginary cause for it confirmed. He was glad too to find Avril.

"How did you get here?"

"In a cab," said Avril. "I was bored to death at the Wexfords, and when you told me Doreen was ill I thought I would look in upon her."

"Oh, I'm all right now," said Doreen and the two women resolved if possible not to tell a lie. But when does the devil allow a chance for lying to go by?

"Where were you when I came back from the House?" asked Trefusis, though not sternly, for he had ceased to care.

Doreen hesitated almost to the limits of destruction, and Avril remembering the proverb, broke in before silence had had time to become ominous.

"Just as I told you, at the Dempsters."

"Where did you think I was?" asked Doreen, as she breathed again.

"How was I to know? Shall I see you home?" This was to Avril, who was putting on her cloak.

"Oh, no, many thanks," Doreen entreated him to remain with Avril.

"If your man can call me a cab."

Now finding a cab after midnight is sometimes rather a long process.

"I shall certainly send the footman with you," said Trefusis. Under the light in the hall, a strange idea came to him.

"I believe you rushed home to warn Doreen or something," he said, and he looked her in the eyes, but what he read there apparently was neither fear or duplicity, but something that made him say very ceremoniously:

"Good night, Miss Chichester," as he put her into the four-wheeler and made the footman get on the box.

It was characteristic of her sex that Doreen having just escaped as it were from the jaws of social and domestic death should make Trefusis a scene for having complained of her to Avril.

"Talk of me," said Doreen. "Why the way you flirt with that girl is too disgusting. I believe you adore her and that is why you are so unkind to me."

CHAPTER IV

What Avril hated herself for most that night was having betrayed herself by a look to Arthur Trefusis, for she knew she had. How disgusted he had looked, she thought, and how cold his tone had been. The next thing that seemed terrible to her, more horrible a great deal because of what she had betrayed, was that she had told him a lie. She was beginning to ask herself, why, after all, she had lied to him. Was it for his happiness to be continually duped with regard to Doreen's "goings on"? Was it for his happiness to be perpetually foiled in his endeavours to form a justification to himself for bringing about a separation, if not a

divorce? All said and done was she not just helping forward a whole morose of deceit and forging closer links in a chain which both felt irksome. After all was she not simply pandering to prejudice? To a fear of a scandal. A little bit to sentiment, to love of the child and dread of what it would suffer if separated from its mother. Certainly no good woman sees her friend go under without making an effort to save her. The question was, was Avril saving Doreen from wrong or only helping her to hoodwink her husband? She could not but be conscious that Doreen had grown much worse lately. She was bolder and more brazen in her actions. Her friendship with Captain Lancaster had more defiance in it than any other of her friendships had had. Everyone disapproved of him, and Arthur had begged her not to let him come to the house.

"If you knew one eighth as much about him as I do," he said, "you would see I was right."

"What has he done?" she would ask; but Arthur knew too well how her tongue ran away with her to trust her with the recital of Herbert Lancaster's dark doings.

"Surely if I tell you I don't want him about the house," he said, "that is enough."

"But you tell me that of everybody. I should never see anyone except girls from one year's end to another."

"A very good thing too," said Trefusis. "What does a married woman want with a lot of men hanging about?"

"I shouldn't want anyone if I had you," said Doreen, with an attempt at laying her head on his breast. But he moved away. These outbursts on the part of Doreen disgusted him. There was no doubt that her day was completely over and would never come again. There was some reason to pity Doreen.

"What nonsense you talk," said Arthur in response, for, "what nonsense" is an expression that has the power of covering many meanings.

But Doreen knew that it was not nonsense. There are so many stages in life. There is the stage when we are deceived by others. The stage when we deceive ourselves, and the stage when we do not mind being deceived, but there is the stage when truth stares us in the face and we refuse to assume any garb but its own white one, when in the sun it dazzles us, and at night we still discern its shimmering.

Doreen knew now quite for certain that Arthur was tired of her, and the realization that one's husband is tired of one is not a pleasant experience, nor one calculated to keep a woman of Doreen's temperament straight.

"I might do anything in the world now, he would never care a bit really. I think I shall drown myself," she often said to Avril.

"Anyhow, please leave me your gowns in your will," Avril would answer, laughing. "I would be too great a waste to think of Rosalie wearing them."

Then one day, Doreen made one of those reckless unthinking remarks with which people so often hit the mark.

"Do you know, I believe you would be just the woman Arthur would be happy with? Don't you think I had better elope with Captain Lancaster, and leave the field open to you?"

"I know you would be good to Mouche."

"You are too silly!" answered Avril, but a wild longing that had been there of late rose in her heart. She wondered whether Doreen suspected anything, or was beginning to get jealous. Yet there was nothing to make her suspect. Since that night when in the hall beneath the lamp Arthur had read her secret in her weary eyes, he had studiously avoided being alone with her. To Avril his manner was intolerable. She felt as if he despised her, as if he wished to show her that he at least did not reciprocate any feeling she might have for him. To add to her discomfort, during the last few days of the season, was the daily fear that possessed her lest Arthur should discover that the Dempsters had been away the night he missed Doreen. How he would despise her!

"Do you think Captain Lancaster would elope with you?" she went on. "My own opinion is that he and Sir Harry are playing into each other's hands, and that neither of them would elope with you."

"Oh, as to Sir Harry, he is over head and ears in love with you. He as good as told me so," said Doreen. "But Herbert Lancaster I would trust him even if I saw him kissing another woman." As she spoke she got up and placed the pretty drawing-room, and lit a cigarette, a habit which annoyed Arthur more than anything else.

"Avril," she began presently, "do you believe in a God?"

"Of course I do, who doesn't?"

"Oh, of course there must have been some primary cause and all that, a creator of the world, but I mean do you believe that there is a God who listens to prayers, who sees what we do? Who knows and cares what we feel?"

"Of course I do, I am convinced of



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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 \$3 per acre.

Duties: Must reside upon the homestead or pre-empted 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. COEY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N. P. - This horrid publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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

Offices: Leunbury Bldg., Newcastle

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, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45

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, 6.00, 6.30, 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, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 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.

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Managing Director

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Fares Newcastle to Boston \$11.65, to Portland \$10.55.

DIRECT SERVICE

Direct Route—Leaves St. John at 7.00 p. m. Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays for Boston direct.

Returning leaves Central Wharf, Boston, at 10.00 a. m. Sundays, Mondays and Thursdays for St. John direct.

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 5.00 p. m. for Lubec, Eastport and St. John.

MAINE STEAMSHIP LINE

Leave Franklin Wharf Mondays at 10.30 a. m. and Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6.30 p. m.

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Direct all the way by water between Boston and New York.

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A. E. Fleming, Agent,
St. John, N. B.

I. R. C. TIME TABLE

The I. R. C. summer 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. 260, 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

Milerton, dep., 9.25

De Ly Jet, dep., 9.50

Newcastle, arrive, 10.05

Newcastle, dep., 10.35

Milerton, dep., 17.10

De Ly Jet, dep., 16.50

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.

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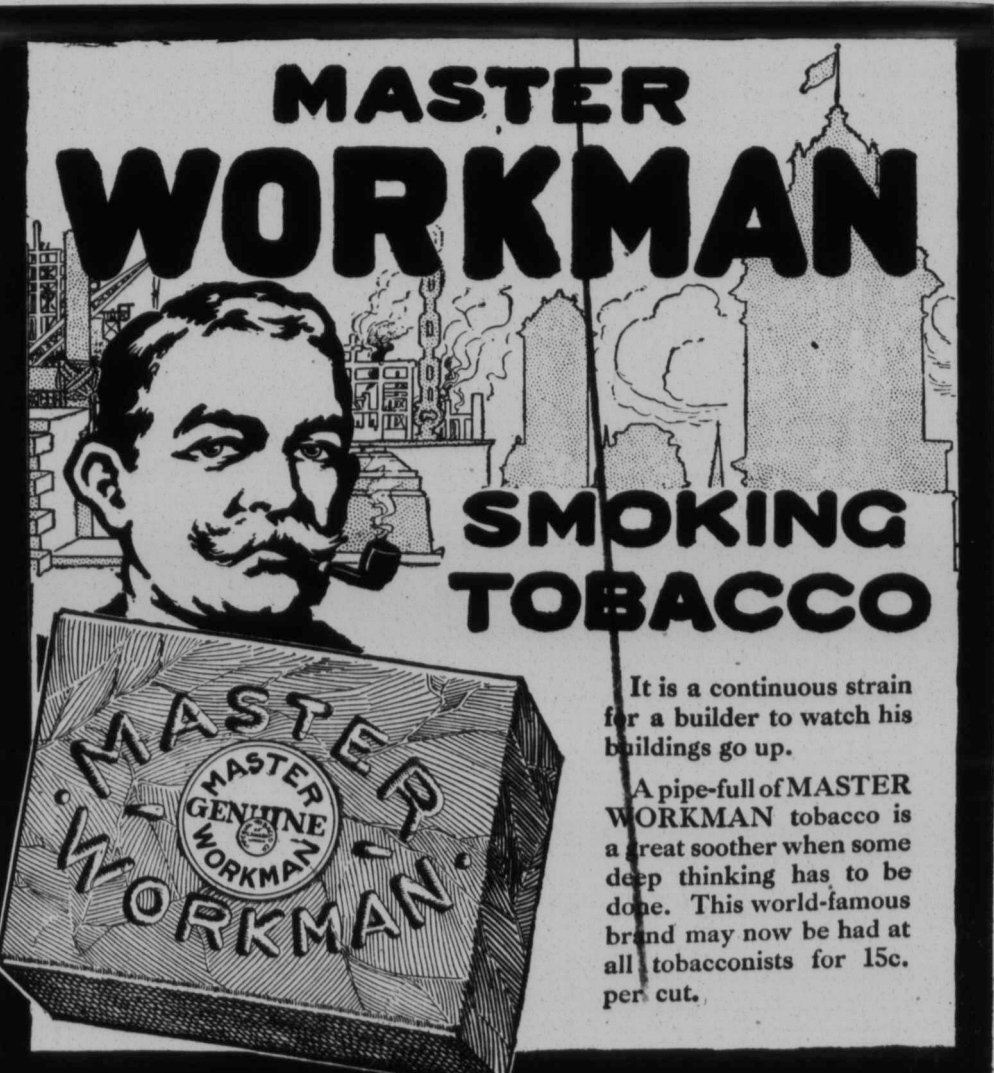
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A pipe-full of MASTER WORKMAN tobacco is a great soother when some deep thinking has to be done. This world-famous brand may now be had at all tobacconists for 15c. per cut.