

# "BEAVER" FLOUR Makes the True Home-Made Bread Your Mother Used to Make

"Beaver" Flour is a blended flour—really two flours in one. It contains the quality, nutrient and flavor of Ontario fall wheat and the strength of Western wheat.

"Beaver" Flour is a perfectly balanced flour. It makes baking easy because it is always the same in strength, quality and flavor. Your grocer has it. Try it.

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

THE T. H. TAYLOR CO., LIMITED,  
CHATHAM, ONT. 140



## ALL-THE-WAY-BY-WATER

### Eastern Steamship Corporation

#### INTERNATIONAL LINE

Fares Newcastle to Boston \$11.05,  
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.

Metropolitan Steamship Line  
Direct all the way by water between Boston and New York.  
Leaves India Wharf week days and Sundays at 5:00 p. m.

The great White Star 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. P. & P. A.  
A. E. Fleming, Agent,  
St. John, N. B.

### 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..... 12:22

DEPARTURES—WEST  
Night Freight, No. 39..... 2:20  
Local Express, No. 35..... 14:10  
Maritime Express, No. 23..... 24:19  
Ocean Limited, No. 129..... 16:25

INDIAN TOWN BRANCH  
Blackville, dep..... 8:30  
Rousou, dep..... 8:54  
Lilberton, dep..... 9:29  
Derby Jet, dep..... 9:50  
Newcastle, arrive..... 10:05  
Newcastle, dep..... 16:25  
Mil'erton, dep..... 17:10  
Derby Jet, dep..... 16:50  
Rousou, 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.



### 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

BY LUCAS CLEEVE

(Continued)

"Why shouldn't I go to the dogs?" she would say to her friend reced as-ly. "Arthur wouldn't care. Indeed I think he would be glad to get rid of me. He would have Mouché and he would be quite happy.

"And what would Mouché do?" asked Avril, appealing to the softest corner of Doreen's heart.

"Do you think Mouché would mind much? Don't you think she'd forget?"

"What nonsense you talk!" said Avril, almost impatiently. "But you know you would never be so utterly idiotic as to spoil your own life and the life of others by mentioning Arthur. It was so difficult to do so genuinely. So difficult to be loyal to either, or to sympathize with either thoroughly, seeing as she'd where the shoe pinched with both. Indeed she was equally sorry for them both, for their natures would never assimilate. But even Avril, possessing as she did nearly all Doreen's confidence did not know the extent of the middle in which Doreen was enveloping herself, the web of intricacies she was weaving around herself, but unfortunately Doreen was apt to commit under impulse irrevocable acts.

Fascinated as Sir Harry Crauford was by her beauty, and especially by the funny, reckless things she said, he yet had no intention of having a scandal for her dear sake. In vulgar parlance he had "other fish to fry," and he was wise enough to see that Doreen was not the kind of woman to carry on an intrigue for the mere pleasure of lasting forbidden fruit. To her credit he said that, to her the only excuse for an intrigue would be a "grande passion," or what she imagined for the moment to be one, and hitherto at the first signal of danger she had remembered Arthur and Mouché. In fits of despair, after a more than usually bitter war of words with Trefusis, she would say that she would run away with the first man that asked her, but had such an one appeared on the scene, Doreen would probably have sent him about his business, as a matter of fact she cared for no one so much as Trefusis, and had he been fond enough of her to try and reform her, his task would have been easy enough. Her great difficulty in life was the difficulty of being serious.

"Trefusis will never need me," she would say sadly to Avril. "Think of the long, long years we shall spend together perhaps, both utterly useless to one another, like two statues on each side of a niche, and then when one of us dies the other will break his heart with remorse. Doesn't it seem hopeless and foolish at the same time? If only he would take me to the Sandspit Islands, or somewhere where nobody else was, do you think we should get to depend on one another?"

"I wish to goodness he would," Avril had replied, and she even went so far on one of the many occasions when Arthur unburdened his soul to her to say:

"Why don't you travel with her for a year, take her right away from London, and show her what you want her to be. She says other people are always coming between you." But the idea of a year alone in Doreen's company did not fascinate Trefusis.

"I should have to pair for the year, let the place and all the rest of it, and who would we cart Mouché about?"

So Doreen remained in the hotbed of temptation, growing daily more cautious to Arthur's scenes of jealousy and abuse of what he called her bad form.

Then one day Sir Harry brought to the house a certain Captain Lancaster. A man whom he had instructed to relieve him of Doreen so that he might be able to devote himself to the frying of the fish we have already mentioned, a process destined to be fraught with more difficulty than he anticipated, for there are some fish that won't fry, fry one never so wisely, and the fish that Sir Harry Crauford was going to try and fry was Avril. (Let us not for one moment be suspected of a pun.) He had met her at Doreen's house, and, as may be suspected, it was not difficult to follow the acquaintance up by obtaining the entree to the "Maison Chichester."

"Perhaps she felt better and went round to the Dempsters," she suggested absentmindedly. But as she spoke she wondered how Doreen could play fast and loose with such a man as Arthur Trefusis.

"I don't think so," said Trefusis. Then in an angry tone which he raised a little, he went on:

"Upon my word I shall leave her, things can't go on like this."

"Sh—," said Avril, as they entered the dining-room, and all the time she wondered where Doreen could be. Innocence is not ignorance, and pure, simple and even religious as Avril was she yet had no illusions about life. What she feared was what she as a girl was supposed not to know, namely, the worst.

"You are agitating yourself uselessly," she said; "ten to one she is with the Dempsters." Then as Trefusis handed her a glass of champagne it seemed to her as if a devil stood be-

side her and whispered, "Your hour has come." But she would not be tempted. She looked guiltily at Trefusis as if he must have read her thoughts, and with a quick revulsion of ideas she made a resolve. As if in answer to her thoughts Trefusis whispered:

"I'm going back now to see if she has returned."

"Please don't," was on Avril's lips but she restrained herself. It would be the most condemning thing she could say. For an instant she felt bewildered by the immensity of Doreen's danger, by the immensity of the importance of the moment to herself.

"Let him go home, what business is it of yours?" But she brushed the suggestion aside. Nobility was always the primary factor in her actions, and someone came to the rescue in the shape of the one Cabinet Minister Trefusis wanted to have a word with that night. In a discussion on the vote of censure Trefusis forgot for a moment the torts of his wife, and Avril was able to carry out her plan.

"What, going already?" asked George Farquharson, who met her in the hall. "Where is Mrs. Chichester. Let me call your carriage."

"No, no!" For an instant Avril wondered if she could trust him. Yes he was so ugly he could be trusted—"Mr. Farquharson, please don't call the carriage, but tell mother I felt tired and have gone home. Don't let her think I'm ill."

"Let me call you a cab, then," and the two pushed their way past the file of footmen and carriage grooms till they came to the end of the long line of carriages.

Just the last thing she wanted was that George Farquharson should know that she was going to the Trefusis's house. But the unsuspecting young man gave the address of the Chichesters' house, and Avril was obliged to push her pretty golden head out of the window and change the order.

"All right, missy," said the cabman, with the air of one who knows the game but never loses. On the doorstep Avril met Doreen and Captain Lancaster.

As she kissed Doreen she whispered something in her ear.

"You had better go now. I'm all right," said Doreen to Captain Lancaster, as the servant then open the door. Captain Lancaster had been told to go so often and under so many different circumstances, all however tending to the same result if he didn't that he walked off like a lamb.

As the two women entered the pretty drawing-room, in which the lamps though turned down were still burning, they both felt conscious of a certain irritation towards each other. Avril was disgusted with her friend. Angry for Arthur's sake, and harsh as youth is on folly, Doreen was conscious that Avril despised her, and had found her in company she disappeared of at any time, but most particularly at twelve o'clock at night. She was also conscious that Avril had whispered to her that Arthur would join them directly. As Doreen did not speak, Avril burst out:

"What are you going to say to your husband when he comes?" She remembered him Arthur except to herself.

"Tell him; why should I tell him anything? He goes his way, I go mine."

"Unfortunately the law does not look upon things in the same light," Avril said. She knew that her voice was harsh and unsympathetic as she spoke, but her heart ached for Trefusis, and not being built that way herself, she could not understand Doreen's insatiable hungering after the society of men. To her it seemed revolting.

"Oh, if you are going to quote the law to me!" said Doreen, with an attempt at laughter and a pretence of fidgeting with a lamp, that, turn it up how you would, would not burn, because it had no more oil in it.

"But you are exposing yourself to the dangers of the law Doreen. Mr. Trefusis is getting very suspicious, any you must say not without reason. How are you going to explain this evening to him?"

"Explain, why what is there to explain? I shall tell him the truth. I had supper with Captain Lancaster. What business is that of Arthur's? I don't ask him where he has supper. He probably takes an actress or a doubtful lady with gold'n hair to supper somewhere every night of his life."

"Oh, Doreen, how can you?" Avril was really angry.

"Oh, you needn't think he is so immaculate as all that!" went on Doreen. "Sometimes I even think he is in love with you." Avril turned a shade whiter than the dress she had on, but luckily the shaded lamps did not betray her. Yet swiftly there went through her mind the thought:

"Am I any better than Doreen? Have I any right to dictate to her? At least she leaves married men alone. She does not come between husbands and wives." The recollection of her own weakness brought at once a softening of her heart.

She threw herself on her knees beside Doreen, who had thrown herself on a sofa and was unwinding a soft piece of lace from her throat.



## WILSON'S FLY PAD PCISON

Use them outside, in or near the garbage barrel, as well as in the house or store.

All Druggists, Grocers and General Storekeepers sell Wilson's Fly Pads.

Cultivating sponges.  
The cultivation of sponges upon the bottom of the ocean is accomplished by means of cement triangles or discs, to which the "seed" sponges are attached with a piece of lead-coated copper wire. After the seed sponges, which are obtained by cutting one large sponge into several pieces, have been fastened to the cement discs, these are let down with a strand of wire, or dropped down if the water is shallow, to rest on the bottom. Here they are permitted to remain for a year or two, until satisfactory growth has been attained, when they are hooked up from the bottom by men in a boat. If the water happens to be very deep, a number of divers are employed for putting new cuttings on the discs as they take the full-grown sponges off. It is claimed that cultivated sponges have at least one important advantage over those taken from their natural growing places, in that the former can be removed from the cement discs or triangles without damaging the texture and working qualities of the sponges—a result that is impossible to obtain when they are detached from their rocky or coral foundations.

### Statesmen as a Deity.

According to a home journal the important city of Luchoufoo was the home of Li Hung Chang, the great Chinese statesman. Within its walls is a fine school to which is attached a great hospital, both built with funds left by him for the purpose. By the side of the two establishments stands a new and splendid temple, one of the finest ever erected in China. It has been built in accordance with the universal custom of ancestor worship, but further, in order to afford opportunity for the adoration of the spirit of the great statesman, Li Hung Chang has been proclaimed a deity, and thus one more has been added to the countless gods in the Chinese pantheon. The temple is 400 feet long and seventy-five feet wide. The cost has been \$200,000. Li Hung Chang is buried five miles away from the city, but close by the sepulchre is another fine ancestral temple.

### The Basque Language.

It is said that, though the Basque language, which is spoken in the Pyrenees, is one of the most difficult of all languages to acquire, the youngest child, conscious of his own thought, can express himself perfectly in it. It is averred that in vigor and word painting this is the richest of all languages. This may be partly due to the fact that nouns, pronouns and adjectives change into verbs at will and verbs may be transformed into nouns and adjectives. Every part of speech and even the letters of the alphabet can be declined like nouns, and adjectives are conjugated like verbs.

### Radium and Gems.

It is possible to change the color of precious and semiprecious stones by exposing them to the action of radium. A German who has devoted himself to this study has obtained remarkable results. He has sapphires of different kinds and put them in a box with a small quantity of radium. At the end of a month the transformations were as follows: White sapphires had become a yellow blue green, violet blue, wine-colored stone red and dark blue violet.

### Found in a Quiet French Town.

In a certain corner of Limooges, France, that quaint city of jostling roofs, there is still segregated, much as if in a Ghetto, a Saracen population, probably a remnant of the wave of Saracens that swept over Europe hundreds of years ago. Here they live in their crooked, narrow streets, following old customs handed down from generation to generation. There are many butcher shops in the quarter and outside of each teems a great pot of soup over a glowing brazier. In each pot stands a ladle as ancient as the pot. When a customer comes with a penny in gross the ladle and comes up full of savory broth and chunks of meat, odds and ends that the butcher has had left over. And what comes up the customer is obliged to take.

### About the Ice Family.

Whenever a polar expedition is in progress we hear of ice floes, pack ice, sailing ice and other such things. An "ice field" is an area of frozen snow or water so large that the limits are invisible and unknown. On the other hand, a "floe" is a mass of ice, perhaps very large, but whose boundaries are seen by the explorer. When such floes become broken and the pieces are wedged together by the wind and the currents they form "pack ice," the terror of the Arctic voyager. When a ship is stuck in a mass of pack ice there it remains fast until contrary winds or currents break up the pack, and then we have "sailing ice."

### Verkoysansk.

Where the rivers freeze to the bottom and small trees snap off from the biting force of the cold stands the coldest inhabited city in the world—Verkoysansk, in northeastern Siberia. It is a place of some size, stands 150 feet above the sea level and in winter boasts of a temperature 85 degrees below zero. Its annual temperature is 3 degrees above zero.

### The Paris Fortifications.

Paris plans to spend \$85,000,000 in dismantling its fortifications, pulling down walls, filling up moats and laying out the land in broad tree lined avenues bordered by sites that will be sold for building purposes. The resale of land is to produce \$65,000,000 and taxation is to make up the remaining \$20,000,000.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

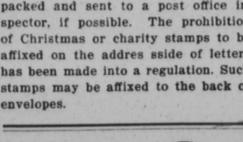
### NEW P. O. REGULATION'S

A number of new regulations have been promulgated by the Post Office Department. To begin with, the department is vigorously suppressing lotteries and prohibiting the use of the mails. Money orders payable to the mails, also are not to be issued. Instructions have been issued to postal clerks to forward to the dead letter office all matter originating in such sources.

Circulars regarding the fortune telling business and racing sweepstakes circulars are also ordered to be treated as unreliable and are placed in the same class as illegal lottery literature.

Other new regulations prohibit the circulation in the mails save to the trade only, of samples of patent or proprietary medicines, preclude from the mails raw hides, pelts or any articles with a noxious odor and prescribe that inflammable or explosive articles when discovered, shall be packed and sent to a post office inspector, if possible. The prohibition of Christmas or charity stamps to be affixed on the address side of letters has been made into a regulation. Such stamps may be affixed to the back of envelopes.

### Remington UMC



## METALLIC CARTRIDGES

Whether your arm is a Remington or any other standard make, whatever its calibre and the load you need, you want Remington-Union metallics—not because they are necessarily stamped with the same name as your firearm, but because they give more accurate results.

This company has been making ammunition for fifty years. We produce metallics for every standard make of arm—and every Remington-Union cartridge is tested in the arm for which it is made.

May we send you a booklet explaining simple many of the technical points of ammunition manufacture. You will find it a most interesting and valuable book. It will be sent you on a post card will send it by return mail.

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Windsor, Ontario

## Painting, Paper Hanging, and Kalsomining

Done in first-class style  
All work guaranteed

All orders given prompt attention.

JOHN DUPUIS,  
ROYAL HOTEL,  
Newcastle

## Ayer's Pills

Good health depends at least one movement of the bowels each day. Just one Ayer's Pill at bedtime. Sold for 60 years. Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.