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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 may stand in 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 \$2 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.

N. T. —Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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

Offices: Leinster 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, 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, 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, 10.0, 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, 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 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

THE ADVOCATE is always on sale at FOLLANSBEE & CO'S Book Store

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ALL-THU-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.

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

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The Great White Steel Steamships, Massachusetts, and Ranker Hill.

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

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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.....12.22

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
Millerton, dep.....9.29
Derry Jct., dep.....9.54

Newcastle, arrive.....10.05
Newcastle, dep.....16.35
Millerton, dep.....17.10
Derry Jct., 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.

Agents Wanted

For private Christmas Cards, Ladies or Gents. Samples book free. Large profits. Chipchase, "Cardex," Darlington, England.

THE ADVOCATE is always on sale at FOLLANSBEE & CO'S Book Store

Henry Street, Opp. the Square.

Women and Moses

BY LUCAS CLEEVE

(Continued)

Mr. and Mrs. Chichester sailed gloriously, silently, and with dignity along life, like two placid full moons on a cloudless night. They had no ambitions, and therefore no disillusion, and their life was free from all exaggerations except perhaps in the matter of double chins, and that portion of the body, which, while the French maintain it to be the road to the heart, is unnamed on the public maps of human geography.

Little wonder then, that Avril, in that hothouse of content, should grow up loving, and straightforward, and full of good impulses and with the horror of wrong-doing and duplicity which is the characteristic of happy youth. She had had three London seasons, and learnt a great deal, but it had not spoiled her, only perhaps left a vague wondering, why the world is at it, a little sceptical, as to everyone's intentions being equally honest. For one of the most charming qualities of Mrs. Chichester was that she believed in everyone from a bishop to a muckrake. The most intriguing women, the veriest ruses among men, all were treated alike by the dear woman, enfolded as it were in one great embrace, that encompassed rich and poor, evil and good, knave and fool. No wonder people spoke of her as that poor dear Mrs. Chichester! And to the recitals of the duping of her, there was no end.

"Dear me! how could I know?" she said hopelessly when Lady Grace Lewisham chose the shooting box in Scotland from which to elope with a young Guardsman, "such a pretty little woman and such an innocent face! I'm sure anyone would have been taken in." And so it came about that Avril's friendship was not interfered with "with that pretty little Mrs. Trefusis," although her reputation was none of the best, for no apparent reason, except presumably to illustrate the adage, "one may steal the horse," which would lead one to believe that there is a talented or scientific way of doing wrong, and that Doreen Trefusis was but an amateur.

"She is not at all a woman's woman," some one had said to her, and what ensued rather justified the "told you so" of the London world. That great world which will meet unflinchingly a herd of bulls, but when it sees two geese walking alone together, opens its windows and hisses till terrified they fall into the ditch from sheer despair.

In the days to come, Avril was always glad that she had seen so much that was good in Doreen Trefusis, and as she stands three years after, a woman of past thirty, and looks back on the "years that the locusts have eaten," she even wonders whether there is much difference between her own heart and that of Doreen. But this is to anticipate.

Between the then and now lies an enchantment of tragedy linked by two London seasons, a score of county balls and three grouse seasons, without arousing the gentle passion in the breast of what is called the sterner sex, principally one "would imagine because of the stiffness of its collar, but so far no one had left a passing sentiment or remembrance in the heart of Avril.

"She means to marry well," said London, while the unenlightened told tales of country curates, both, as is usual, were wrong. Avril, strange to say, intended to care for her husband, and, if across her path there stepped the one man in all the world she ought not to have married, it can only be assumed that the simple-minded and the true are the sport of gods or of demons. For across this pure young life there shot a shaft so black, so deep, so strong, that it was like a seam of coal slashing the pure white slicing of a slab of marble.

It was at a country ball that Avril first met Arthur Trefusis. She had not caught his name, had she done so it would have conveyed nothing. All that she realized was, that he was a perfect dancer, a charming man, and that she felt at ease with him, as if she had known him for years. All she was conscious of was a slight shiver of disappointment when he introduced her to his wife, and the next stage was to throw herself into such a friendship with his wife that any thought of him must vanish. And so to her it seemed as if it had. She had been brought up in one of those simple beliefs in religion which no church teaches, a religion born of no dogma or creed, that led her to look upon God as her father,

and Sin with horror. No one will ever know how earnestly Avril prayed in those days that the image of Arthur Trefusis might depart from her heart, and when presently the fierce longing for him turned to adult ache that was almost a pleasure, she fancied that the battle had been won. She could talk to him and laugh with him, and kiss his child, without any shadow of disloyalty to Doreen. She had even grown to love Doreen very dearly. But the tussle that had gone on had aged her in heart and mind and the girlish days of Avril were over. Over without anyone noticing the extra slimmness of her waist and the deepened look of eyes that had had to make room for the love-light that had flickered there.

And now the season was coming to a close, and Avril alternated between a longing to get away from London and a dread of leaving it.

"I shall forget him when I get away," she said to herself, yet every parched blade of grass in the parks, every street and house-corner were beloved because the town contained him.

It is quite possible for a man to be in love with two women. It is the prerogative of women only to be able to love one man at a time. It is much less complicated. This possibility had demonstrated itself by the fact that George Farquharson was in love with Avril and with Doreen Trefusis at the same time. Had Avril requited his passion it might probably have diminished his affection for Doreen. As it was he saw very little of Avril, and a great deal of Doreen, for he was, as the papers described him, "Private Secretary to the Hon. Arthur Trefusis, M. P." The only son of a wealthy Scotchman, he had accepted the post with its accompaniment of vague possibilities with regard to entering political life, and it was probably the nearest approach to political life he would ever rise to.

To be sure he had never told Doreen of his affection, loyalty to his chief would, he hoped, prevent his doing that, however provoking she was. If he could no longer control an outburst, he could go, but there was something singularly pleasant in the knowledge that the day was not likely to pass without his spending a few pleasurable moments in her society. It might be that she only rushed in to ask him for a bill or a receipt, or brought him a letter to answer, or came to ask him if Trefusis was dining at home, but the day rarely passed without the rustle of her petticoats, the jingling of her chains, and the whole daintily scented from the frou of her personality fluttering round his table.

Sometimes, too, it was Doreen herself who sought him out to tell him of her troubles, for she was not a prudent woman. Servants, friends, acquaintances, to all alike she blurted out the fact that Arthur had been so unkind, or was so jealous, or so unreasonably.

"What am I to do with him," Mr. Farquharson? she would say, seating herself in a large armchair near the writing table. Had George Farquharson been older and sterner, he would perhaps have replied—

"Really, Mrs. Trefusis, you must not tell me these things." But in real life people rarely do the right thing. When they do they are odious, and the whole life is hinged on the things we don't do, or do wrongly, if not intentionally, then by accident, and George Farquharson, between the turning up of speeches in the blue books and the checking of his chief's accounts, would look sadly at the wonderful vision seated by his side and say,

"I am sorry for you." But then, of course, he didn't know anything about Sir Harry Crauford, nor of some one else—a tall, dark demon, who stood across the pathway of her life and threw his shadow across the whole of it. Had he known, from sheer jealousy he would have acted differently. His vision of her was a slender, pretty woman, generally holding her child by the hand, and standing before him with tears in her eyes, the very personification of injured innocence and long-suffering martyrdom.

What George Farquharson hoped devoutly was that Trefusis would never find out that she complained to him. It would, however, have mattered very little to Trefusis had he known, for he knew that she complained of him to everybody.

The fact of the matter was, the very essence of the difficulty lay in the fact that Doreen, with all her charm, her beauty and her seductive nature, was not quite a lady. The daughter of a retired Irish colonel who had married, late in life, a delicate woman who had died six years after their marriage, Doreen had been dragged about from betting place to betting place, from casino to casino, till at fourteen she had been placed in a second-rate school in the suburbs of London. When Trefusis met her she was at a ball given by an old relation of her mother's (who had been well connected, and who, after her father's death, had taken her in to her house, more in the capacity of a companion, than a member of the

family. Doreen's beauty however had saved her from being a drudge, and Lady Kenworthy found herself obliged by her friends to present Doreen and bring her out. Indeed, she could not but realize that Doreen's lively presence added a good deal of lustre to her rather dreary "at-homes."

Trefusis fell in love with her at once. She had one of those faces, that take one by storm before one has had time to become acquainted with the personality that lies beneath. Before Trefusis became acquainted with the personality he had married the face.

What irritated Trefusis was her want of discrimination in choosing her new friends.

It was very disagreeable for him to have to receive men whom he had studiously avoided all his life, or whom he would never have met or known of in his life without Doreen.

"If you must have men hanging about, for goodness' sake have the right sort," he had said. Therefore it was with a certain triumph that she one day produced Sir Harry Crauford, fondly imagining (for she would never be a woman of the world) that because he had a handle to his name he belonged to her husband's set.

"You won't find fault with him, I suppose," she remarked to Trefusis.

"Crauford?" Trefusis gave a short laugh, in which irony and amusement were skilfully blended. "Why, he's one of the biggest scoundrels in London! He ran away with Charlie Dawson's wife, and then ill-treated her shamefully. She died in the workhouse I believe, and they say he killed his eldest brother, besides, he's swindled everybody, of course, nothing could be proved."

Needless to say that Doreen, without repeating her husband's words, gave Sir Harry to understand that he was not a favorite of her husband's, and that his visits had better be timed to meet hours when Trefusis was at the House.

Sir Harry was too accustomed to expressions of his character from respectable men to resent the remarks that had been made of him openly, but he registered a vow, a repetition of a vow he always made and generally succeeded in keeping (perhaps because it was the only one he intended to keep), that he would do Trefusis a bad turn if it ever came his way, and the devil generally places the fate of good men in the hands of blackguards.

Someone had truly said of Doreen that on an Irish pony on an Irish moor, she would have come to no harm. Her instincts were healthy and she had no wish to do evil, and luckily in her girlhood she had not come across unscrupulous men, but unfortunately, she did not hit it off with Trefusis and imagined herself heartbroken; and woe betide a very pretty woman, who knows her husband has ceased to care for her if she finds herself let loose in London Society, especially if she has no intellectual resources, no religion, and weak principles. Who is it that said "Women should cultivate religion from policy if not from fervour?"

But all this backwater of Doreen's life was hidden from George Farquharson's eyes, hidden probably by the reeds of imagination he had himself planted over it. It made his blood boil to hear the way his chief spoke of her, for Trefusis was quick-tempered, and Doreen had got to irritate him to such an extent that he had grown unjust towards her.

The only thing that had pleased Trefusis this season with regard to Doreen, had been the friendship she had struck with Avril Chichester. The Chichesters lived in their own country, and their wealth and respectability made them useful neighbors, while the girl herself was charming, good-friend, and thoroughly good. What surprised him a little that Doreen should attract Avril. Their natures were so different. What he failed to see was what Avril saw. That Doreen was warm-hearted and intensely fascinating, and that she possessed a good many qualities which less frivolous women did not possess. What Avril also saw was that Avril adored Arthur Trefusis, and that it was his coldness and her inability to enter into her life that was sending her on to the rocks of perdition.

Once when Trefusis had discussed Doreen with her, she had even ventured to give him a little advice in the shape of an entreaty—

"Don't you think you misunderstand her?" she had once said, but Arthur Trefusis was so certain that he understood her better than anybody else in the world that this form of argument was wasted, so she tried another.

"And she is devoted to you," she went on. But at this Trefusis burst out laughing.

"She isn't fond of anybody but her own self, and perhaps, yes, I am sure she is fond of Mouchie. She is a good mother, I must say that."

"A good mother!" exclaimed Avril. "Why, she adores Mouchie. Think of the women who never see their children. Why, Doreen would throw up any amusement in the world if she thought Mouchie had hurt her little finger."

Yet one wonders that for the



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Every ten cent packet will kill more flies than \$8.00 worth of any sticky fly killer. Refuse substitutes, which are most unsatisfactory.

entirely," was all Trefusis remarked coldly, and Avril could not but perceive that Arthur and Doreen would never be real friends, and her heart ached for him as much as for her friend, for he did seem so distinctly cut out for a happy domestic life.

CHAPTER III

Circumstances rarely go on long in the same groove, and emotions once planted in the heart or brain, wherever the receptacle of emotions exists, take root, develop and bear fruit, as surely as the corn sown by the sower. So it was that neither George Farquharson's passion, Avril's infatuation, Sir Henry Crauford's vindictiveness Doreen's frivolity nor Trefusis's indifference stood still. To be sure, Avril imagined that she would be able to forget Trefusis, and Farquharson was determined that nothing should make him disloyal to his chief, and Doreen had gone no further outwardly than getting herself talked about with Sir Harry, but there was in her voice and manner, in her way of going on, a slight touch of hardening which no one detected but Avril.

(To be Continued)

CHEAP FARES TO
TORONTO EXHIBITION

In connection with the Canadian national exhibition at Toronto, which will be held this year from August 23rd until September 8th, the Intercolonial Railway will give very low excursion rates which will give the opportunity to many to visit the Queen City on the occasion of the great annual fair.

The Toronto fair is the largest and most attractive of annual exhibitions in America, and this year new permanent buildings have been constructed and its extensive boundaries enlarged by new boulevards. Aside from the attractions of the exhibition a visit to Toronto at this season is sure to be enjoyable especially in view of the very low rates prevailing. From Newcastle the round trip will be \$22.20 good going August 21, 23, 25, 26, and 27 and Sept. 3 and 4. A special rate of \$16.45 will prevail on August 22 and 28 and on September 2. All tickets are good to return September 10. Maritime Province travellers will have their choice of two through vestibuled trains, the Ocean Limited and the Maritime Express, both of which connect at Bonaventure union station, Montreal, with the through Grand Trunk trains for Toronto. It will be well for intending travellers to apply early for reservations.

Miss Pearl Tibbits sixteen years old who made her home with her uncle and aunt Mr. and Mrs. John Tibbits, Little River, Sunbury County, was fatally burned this week. She was alone in the house at the time of the accident and just how it occurred or what happened, will never be known as the girl was unable to give a coherent account owing to her serious condition. It is believed that she was working about the stove when her clothes caught fire. The accident occurred in the early evening and Dr. W. C. Crockett was summoned from Fredericton and made the trip to Little River by auto. He found that two-thirds of the girl's body had been burned and did what could be done to alleviate the pain which she suffered. The young woman died the next afternoon.

Some spinsters advance step by step until they become stepmothers.

The Union Advocate, \$1 a year.

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REPEATING RIFLE

Slide Action

HIGH POWER

Solid Breech Hammerless-Safe

SPORTSMEN

Just the right weight and balance for the woods. The action is completely protected by the Remington-UMC solid breech construction—the protruding hammer eliminated.

We will be glad to send you a booklet explaining simply why these features are of vital importance to you in your choice of an arm.

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

PRICE OF WHEAT AND RECIPROCITY

What Good Would American Markets Have Been to Canada This Past Year?

Winnipeg wheat prices have been as much as ten cents a bushel above the Minneapolis quotations for the same grade of grain. Either there is a glut of wheat on the United States market, and, therefore, no market for Canadian wheat there, or Minneapolis cannot hold a candle to Winnipeg as a transfer market to the ultimate European consumer. In truth, there is an admixture of both conditions. There is assuredly no market for Canadian wheat for consumption in the United States. The country exports too much of its own wheat to permit of that. And, with absolute equality at the European port of entry, there is a big advantage in favor of Canada as the point of exit. Reciprocity would not have mended our market, but marred it.

During 1911-12 a revival of United States exports of wheat and wheat as flour took place, which has continued into the year just closing. A year ago these amounted to 79,691,404 bushels, and for the ten months to date this crop year they have totalled 121,000,000 bushels. Assuming that the last two months of this year will witness proportional exports, the total for the year will be about 145,000,000 bushels. This is considerably heavier than any year since 1907-08. The trade has yet to learn what 1913-14 will bring, and it promises to break all records and to make the United States less than ever a market for Canadian wheat.

Commenting upon the proposal in the United States Senate to free-list Canadian wheat, The St. Paul Pioneer Press of May 28th said: "The American millers do not want the duty on wheat. The American farmer does not need it. Despite the efforts made by some politicians to convince him that they are doing him a favor by insisting on protection, the farmer will not worry about competition with wheat that was selling in Winnipeg yesterday at 97½¢ while the high point in Minneapolis yesterday was 91½¢." For a year past, Western Canadian wheat prices have generally ruled higher than Western American wheat prices, and this year the United States is going to have an avalanche of wheat for export.

APPEAL TO FARMERS

Toronto Globe Points Out Great Opening for Them in Canadian Market

Under the heading "A Challenge to the Farmers," the Toronto Globe says editorially:

"New Zealand now supplies butter to the Canadian market. According to a despatch from the Canadian Trade Commissioner in New Zealand, 71,062 boxes of butter were shipped to Vancouver from Auckland during the fiscal year 1912-13. Cold-storage companies from several points in Canada, it is said, are endeavoring to get in touch with New Zealand shippers, so the imports of this commodity will go on increasing until Canadian farmers in the West wake up to the possibilities of the home market. With a rapidly increasing population and constantly extending industries, it seems extraordinary that, in a land so richly endowed by nature with the means of supplying food to the consumer, Canadians should have to go so far afield as New Zealand for dairy products. Canada should be able to supply all the butter and other produce required for the sale put to its natural use and the principle of mixed farming more generally adopted. Ontario alone is capable of supplying all the wants of Canada in this department were farming conducted on strict business principles, not only in regard to production, but also to marketing. Mixed farming, co-operation, and improved transport facilities would go a long way to hold the Canadian market for the farmer. . . . The mining of the prairie lands by wheat-growers to the practical exclusion of mixed farming, and the importation of food-stuffs into a country so rich in soil and climate, are unhealthy symptoms which all concerned in the welfare of their country must deplore. The agricultural and manufacturing industries are complementary the one to the other in any well-balanced scheme of national economy, and each has its place to fill in supplying the needs of the people and in contributing to their moral and material welfare."

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