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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-emption six months in each of six years from date of homesteaded entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

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W. W. COEY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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A CRUEL DECEPTION

OR WHY DID SHE SHUN HIM? BY EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS

(Continued)

Mr. Trevelyan laughed as he unfolded a newspaper.

"Of course, I don't think him a thief. A man may be unsatisfactory without being a modern Jack Sheppard, you know, little woman!"

"But—Lady Augusta was quite depressed. She had taken such a fancy to this young man; but her husband's views and opinions of life and people were to her inflexible. Blunt and simple as he seemed, she had many reasons for knowing his judgment was absolutely sound and reliable.

She had hoped he had taken a liking for the organist of the old church, and experienced quite a little shock when he rose from his chair and added firmly, and without any sort of hesitation:

"And that is what this handsome young hunter is to me, Gus—eminently unsatisfactory in every sense of the word. No, don't ask me to be explicit; you know that in one of my fallings, little woman. I am no good as an orator, and I can't put into words exactly what I feel concerning this young man. I only know I don't trust him one inch farther than I can see him, and there's the end of the matter."

And, with a nod of his head, Mr. Trevelyan put his newspaper under his arm and went off to the smoking room.

CHAPTER VI

Rain was falling heavily. London was a sea of mud, in spite of it, the streets were full of traffic. Looking down from a window of the great hotel in which Mrs. Brabante and Alwynne could see nothing but a rushing to and fro of umbrellas, a ceaseless flow of hansom cabs, with closed windows and dripping, mackintosh drivers; the omnibus roofs were deserted except for the desolate-looking coachmen.

It rained so persistently, so heavily. It had rained ever since they had come to London. Alwynne's sensitive nerves were always affected largely by climatic influences, and this wet, warm weather depressed her most terribly.

She felt she hated London, hated the dull, dark hotel, with its stuffy atmosphere and obsequious waiters. She was weary of this gray, sodden sky, weary of the mud and the umbrellas that looked like an army of mushrooms marching to and fro.

Her book lay open on her knee—she was quite alone. She had not exchanged a dozen words with her mother since that evening on board the Neutonic. They sat together at the Neutonic, and drove out together in the car which Paul had immediately engaged, but they never spoke.

Oh Alwynne's part this silence did not come from sullessness, nor from any ill temper. It was simply that she did not know how to address her mother, or what subject to introduce. There had never been with them any of those pretty, intimate, tender confidences which exist sometimes between mother and child.

Alwynne had been prepared, as has been shown, to lavish the whole wealth of her young heart and love on her mother, had she been permitted or encouraged to do so; but when the beautiful blossom of her filial affection had been blighted in the chill wind of her mother's absolutely unsympathetic worldly nature, there had sprung up in Alwynne's breast a sort of constraint when she and Mrs. Brabante were alone.

There was no subject in common they could discuss. Clever woman as she was, Louise Brabante's cleverness was essentially superficial. She read and studied, not for the pleasure or interest she gave herself, but for the knowledge she would be able to give to other people. She knew art, as a fashionable accomplishment; she could discuss pictures, books, poetry, music, with the greatest in the world but the real meaning of all these things did not even come into the limited area of her comprehension. She could not understand and certainly did not sympathize with the tears that would fill Alwynne's beautiful eyes as she listened to the voice of some great singer, or sat with her face grown pale and quivering while an orchestra gave forth the marvelous harmonies and shadings of the great modern master of music.

Mrs. Brabante made a point of going to a Wagnerian concert or opera on every good occasion, but it was with difficulty she could stifle her yawns or, sit through the long hours. It is not necessary to follow to its bitter understanding the lack of sympathy that existed between mother and daughter. It will be sufficient to remember the extraordinary difference in their nature; and, remembering this, it will be no difficult matter to realize the miserable condition of things during the days following on Alwynne's refusal of Lord Taunton's offer, and her mother's overwhelming disappointment at such an event.

Alwynne knew nothing of these immediate plans. She lived alone in her room, except when she joined her mother in her apartment, and sat through the long luncheon or dinner in a silence which was almost unbearable.

The girl felt that it would be impossible to continue such a life long.

She had many disagreeable moments with her mother, but none so disagreeable as this. There had been two days, a few months back, when Mrs. Brabante had expressed the same sort of displeasure when she discovered that Alwynne had laughingly dismissed a certain boyish admirer they had met traveling in America, and had deliberately turned her back on the heir to an old baronetcy and an immense fortune.

Mrs. Brabante had been dismayed and angry then; but Alwynne, beyond a pang of compunction in thinking of the young fellow's disappointment, had felt that the storm of her mother's displeasure would not last very long, and this had been the case.

Now, however, all was very different. There was not only the question of her mother; to be considered; there was the question of herself—of her own feelings, of her sufferings, and of the probable sufferings of that other whose dark face, eloquent with emotion, whose marvelous eyes seemed graven forever on her sight to meet her gaze whenever she might turn or look.

She sighed wearily as she sat by the rain-splashed window. She was grown pale and thin in these last few days. The torture at her heart, the regret mingling with the hopelessness that came over her while she scanned the future that lay before her, had left its trace already upon her lovely young face. The exquisite freshness seemed gone for the moment. Alwynne looked more than a sorrow laden woman should look than a bright girl in the early summer of her life.

She roused herself, and a flush came into her fair cheeks as the door opened and her mother entered.

Mrs. Brabante was buttoning her gloves.

"I am going to Paquin's about your dresses. Will you come, Alwynne?" she said coldly.

The girl shut her book nervously and rose at once. A sort of hope rushed through her mind that this was the beginning of something pleasanter.

"If you wish it, mamma!" she said hurriedly.

Mrs. Brabante laughed, not very pleasantly.

"You are wonderfully dutiful today," she observed. Then coldly: "Yes, I do wish it; and I desire, moreover, that you will take some slight interest in your clothes this afternoon. It is neither grateful nor good form to be so ridiculously indifferent to everything as you seem to be disinterested of appearing lately."

"Clothes are apt to get a little tedious after a time," the girl answered, biting her lip first, and then speaking with almost a touch of her mother's manner. Her heart was beating painfully.

Mrs. Brabante laughed again.

"You really amuse me sometimes, Alwynne with your extraordinary manners. Do you think it actually impresses me or any one else, this assumption of disgust on your part with the world, the flesh, and the devil? I remark, that for a person, who desires to live an anchorite's life, you take very kindly to French dresses and French cooking!"

"Mother!" Alwynne turned around swiftly. She had put on her hat, and was pinning the veil over her face. There was a sudden ring of anguish in her voice. She paused a moment, and then said very quietly: "Mother, why will you try to set up a barrier between us? Why will you treat me like this?"

"I consider I treat you far too well, far too generously! I stint you in nothing!"

"There are other things besides French dresses and French cooking," the girl said, in a low voice.

"You pine for sympathy, for the affinity of soul to soul!" Mrs. Brabante said languidly, going to the window and surveying the rain through her glasses. "Good heavens! What a deluge! What a climate!"

"I have never been a sentimentalist, as you know. It is impossible for me to gratify the vague yearnings of a romantic girl's romantic heart. You were very unwise to refuse Lord Taunton's offer! He would have made you a charming companion, I am sure—he is so sympathetic!"

Alwynne said nothing, only went to her wardrobe and wrapped a cloak about her.

Mrs. Brabante looked at her for a second carefully.

"You will need rouge if you continue in your present frame of mind much longer!" was her criticism. "Sir Henry said to me only yesterday that nothing ruined a debutante's chance so much as a bad temper!"

"Sir Henry Gramam's remarks do not affect me!" Alwynne said, and this time her voice was frigid. "I do not like Sir Henry Gramam, mother!"

Mrs. Brabante set her lips.

"It is an unfortunate thing that we have so few mutual friends. Of course, it is not possible for me to control your likes or dislikes, Alwynne, but I at least have the right to ask you not to show your antipathy so clearly as you do sometimes."

"I object to Sir Henry Gramam!" the girl said, in reply to this, almost joggly.

There was a moment's silence between them, and then the girl raised her beautiful eyes to her mother's face.

"I shall neither desire nor permit this man to dictate to me, mother, or to attempt to have any influence on my actions!"

Mrs. Brabante's nostrils dilated a little. It was the only visible sign of anger she permitted herself.

"You adopt a strange tone in speaking to me, Alwynne!" she said, and her voice was not quite clear.

"I am not what I was, mother!" Alwynne answered quietly. She was drawing on her gloves, but her hands trembled a little. "We change as we grow older; and I am no longer a child now!"

"What am I to understand by this speech?" Mrs. Brabante queried, speaking in the same voice—a voice that had a sound of concentrated fury in it.

Alwynne paused.

"I mean, mother, that I no longer wish to be treated as a child! I—I wish to know the truth—the whole truth!"

Mrs. Brabante was walking across the room; at the door she turned.

"The truth!" she repeated. "The truth about what, pray?"

Alwynne paused a moment; her lovely face had grown white and drawn.

"Mother," she said, almost in a whisper, "mother, I have thought over it so often. What are we? What is our right place? What—what is this old man to me? Why should he dictate to me? Why should he come into our life, no matter where we may be? Why should he control our actions? Why—?" She broke off hurriedly, and turned away.

Mrs. Brabante had grown very pale. There was a strange expression around her lips and in her eyes. She was silent for a moment. When she spoke her voice was clear, and cold as steel.

"I am at a loss to comprehend you entirely, Alwynne! You have known Sir Henry Gramam intimately all your life. You can remember him in your babyhood. Why should you choose this moment to start a series of extraordinary questions about such an old and valued friend? I confess puzzles me considerably!" The older woman breathed a little heavily, and then laughed. "You have chosen an awkward moment, too; for I have made an appointment at three with Paquin about your presentation dress, and we have only just five minutes in which to get there. The carriage is waiting. Are you quite ready?"

Alwynne turned suddenly.

"No, mother, I am not ready," she said coldly, but firmly. "I will drive with you if you desire it, but I refuse to have anything to do with the question of a presentation dress. Court society is no place for me!"

The girl's breast was heaving, the long folds of her cloak were flung back, and her figure was drawn to its full and graceful height. "I will be under no obligation to Sir Henry Gramam, mother. I will accept no patronage from him, or from any woman of society whom he has induced to act as my chaperon in this matter."

"You refuse to be presented?" Mrs. Brabante said, her voice full of incredulity and fierce anger.

There was a pause and a curious silence between them.

Alwynne met her mother's eyes full. She did not falter.

"I refuse!" she repeated, in the same low voice. "I refuse absolutely!"

"Are you mad?" Her mother left the door, and came across, gripping her arm in a hold that was painful.

"What are you?" the angry woman questioned roughly. "How dare you speak to me like this, how dare you!"

She released her hold suddenly, and the girl almost staggered from her.

"Listen to me, Alwynne, and do not think I am speaking for your amusement or my own. I am your mother. You owe everything in the world to me, and yet what is my reward? What do you give me in return? Ingratitude and rebellion! It is useless to appeal to your sense of honor or right. There is nothing left but to command. I have worked for years past to get where we are, and now the chance has come. Tomorrow the Duchess of Westchester will call upon me to discuss the arrangements for the drawing room. In another week we shall be recognized in the world of society, shall be admired, and hold our court. I do not intend to have the ball dashed from my foot at such a moment—through the idiotic caprice of an ungrateful, spoiled child! I command you to do as I desire, or—the mother gave a short laugh—"or take yourself out of my life altogether! The choice is in your hands. Weigh it well in your mind before you decide, for I swear that I will not go from my word. Either you live with me in the life I have made for you, or you go from me altogether, to starve and die in the gutter, for all the help you may expect from me!"

The girl and the woman faced one another. There was a look in her mother's eyes that Alwynne had never seen there before. A cold, horrible sensation came over her. It was indescribable. It had a sorrow

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By Taking "Fruit-a-lives" Says Capt. Swan

Life is very miserable to those who suffer with Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach and Biliousness. This letter from Captain Swan (one of the best known skippers on the Great Lakes) tells how to get quick relief from Stomach Trouble.

PORT BURWELL, ONT., May 8th, 1913.

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H. SWAN

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temper which tempted you to forget yourself is a thing of the past, and you are now as eager to dismiss the painful scene from your mind as I am eager that it should so be dismissed. Your affectionate mother,

LOUISE BRABANTE.

Alwynne read this letter through quietly twice, then she laid it on the table and sat gazing at it. Her young face was clouded with an expression that seemed full of every sad emotion—her young heart beat sorrowfully in her breast. Alwynne could read her mother's iron determination beneath the specious affection of this note. No matter what her child's feelings might be, she would carry out her own desires, and live according to her own pleasure.

As she sat there in the luxurious hotel room, surrounded on every side by the outside evidences of all that is supposed to make life livable, yet bearing in her young heart the burden of unutterable desolation and misery, that was about her, hurt her today in a vague yet a sufficiently definite manner. She said passionately to herself she would rather be starving in some garret with a mother whom she could love and reverence—a mother who loved and revered her—than spend the rest of her life in the luxury that had always been her dainty lot.

She sat there in the twilight, for the gloomy afternoon darkened quickly as she pictured the future before her in this great London world.

She could see the future so clearly—experience had given her a sense of prescience that was remarkable. All the old maneuvers, the old tricks, the old ways that had embittered her young existence—the social difficulties, the well-bred coldness that would be vouchsafed to two unknown women, the jealousy that would follow on the admiration she, Alwynne, would receive, the transparent ruses to which her mother would resort. The old stories of scenes and anger, when the proposal so eagerly desired had been quietly dismissed—yes, the old story a little more painful to scan when there would be the possibility of meeting him at every turn. But for him, Alwynne might have struggled on a little longer, have borne with the burden of her life, have submitted to be misunderstood, to have her best and purest feelings jarred and wounded at every turn; but for him, things might have been just the same.

But Alwynne, though no coward, was not strong or brave enough to support even the thought of meeting Lord Taunton at every turn. She dreaded it for more than one reason. She knew that he had accepted her answer with no sense of permitting it to assume a hopeless aspect to him. When she had given him her answer coldly—absolutely, he had merely bent his head, and turned away without even touching her hand; but he had looked into her eyes as he went, and that look had spoken more than any words could have done.

(To be continued)

greater than words in it—a sorrow mingled with pain, and a contempt that came unconsciously. She lived a living mental death in that moment, yet there was a sense of relief that rose paramount to all.

"You—you wish me to choose—now?" she said, in a low, tense, stifled voice.

"There is no time like the present!" Mrs. Brabante was recovering herself. Her face was pale, but her head was reared proudly. She was a magnificent picture of mature beauty at this moment.

"My choice is made," Alwynne said slowly; and, as she spoke, there was a dull, curious ache in her head and side.

Her mother looked at her silently.

"You—choose—poverty and starvation?"

"I choose—freedom and hard work!" Alwynne answered; and then a rush of tears blinded her.

She did not see her mother move to the door. She scarcely heard her mother's voice as she said coolly and unconcernedly that the door of freedom and hard work was open to her as soon as possible.

She only realized that a great crisis had come in her life, that she had cut herself adrift from the only being whom she had possessed in the world—that henceforth she was utterly and indeed alone!

Alwynne was standing exactly where her mother had left her, when the door opened and Marie came in, bearing a note in her hand.

"From madame," she said, putting it on the table and eying the girl carefully and tenderly.

Alwynne turned slowly.

"Has my mother gone out?" she asked, and her voice sounded hollow and faint. It seemed to her only a moment that she had been left there standing, bewildered, yet acutely conscious.

Marie answered that madame had just gone. She went about the room putting away one or two things, apparently quite unobservant of Alwynne's white face and silence, yet seeing and hearing everything only too clearly.

The girl stood on, not touching the letter. Her eyes went over the park that stretched before the hotel. The rain was still falling, the budding trees seemed to glisten with the wet, the pavements reflected the passers-by, the mud ran in rivulets beside the curb. It was a cheerless scene and the depression in it made Alwynne shiver.

She looked around suddenly as the rustle of silk broke on her ear. Marie had opened a wardrobe and had taken down an exquisite gown.

"Madame desired me to alter the plait at the back, before mademoiselle wore it tonight!" Marie explained, in answer to the girl's inquiring eyes. She spoke in French, as usual.

Alwynne nodded her head, and Marie went away, bearing the dress delicately in her large brown hands.

Left alone again, Alwynne gave a sigh. She threw off her cloak and hat, sat down by the table, and took up her mother's letter. "An almost unconscious sneer curled her lip for the moment. She knew the contents of this note so well without troubling to open it. It was not a common occurrence for Mrs. Brabante to communicate with her daughter in this way, but the discussion of a snort while before had been the first of its kind between them, and the girl understood the woman more thoroughly than, under ordinary circumstances, she would have done.

Alwynne opened the envelope, and unfolded the paper slowly.

"Mamma was not in earnest," she said to herself. "She meant nothing she said. I am in real earnest—that is the difference between us."

Mrs. Brabante wrote a magnificent hand—large, bold, characteristic.

"My dear Alwynne," her note said, "quarrels are at all times regrettable, under certain circumstances they are unseemly. The discussion of this afternoon has brought me pain, surprise, and some indignation. Were you anything other than the child you are I should feel compelled to adopt drastic and unpleasant methods of dealing with you; but it is always a useless and foolish task to grow angry with a child, and so I dismiss all my extraordinary remarks, and shall endeavor to forget them as quickly as possible. Our good and kind friend, Sir Henry Gramam, will honor us with his company at dinner this evening, and by escorting us, later to the theatre. I do not think it will be necessary for me to require that my daughter will conduct herself toward this gentleman in a manner which her dignity and her gratitude demands.

"As for the folly about your refusal to be presented, I have dismissed that also, and I shall, this afternoon, make arrangements with Paquin for you to be fitted for your frock for the first time tomorrow. I would advise you to recline a little, now, and try to soothe your nerves. Do not read while lying down; it is most injurious to the eyes in every way. Let Marie dress your hair in a simple fashion, and try, my dear Alwynne, to control your disagreeable temper as much as possible. This is a duty you owe to yourself and to me; for, though you do not often trouble yourself with remembering it, the fact remains that I am your mother, after all, and I do not think I have ever acted toward you save in the best and most thoughtful way.

"I do not see how I merit such conduct as I received from you today, but do not doubt the childish ebullition of

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