Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

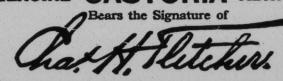
Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy.

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old, may homestead a quarter section toba. Saskatchewan or Alberta. Sub-agency for district. Entry by Do you try to buy highgrade printed matter the same as you would pig iron and coal at so much mother, son, daughter, brother or It can't be done apon and cultivation of the land in Why? Because printed

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out of The Advocate Job

no each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

"You look pale and tired! You must go to bed, Alwynne."

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cand obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in a containing the state of t



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Saturdays at 7.00 P. M. direct for her voice was full of trouble. "Very

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Was a state of the state of the state of

A CRUEL DECEPTION

OR WHY DID SHE SHUN HIM? BY EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS

aid to herself, and the old conten

"Taunton and Torre! So he is go ing home at last. What a chance! What a position! By this time he have done so, or why should he be going back?"

She looked at Alwynne critically while she ate her chicken, and there was a rush of satisfaction through

ful. Her graceful head was made for coronet, her slender throat for his There were few men who could stand the witchery of such a face as Alwynne's, particularly under some circumstances, and Mrs. sea voyage was included in these cir-

her daughter in her slow, measured artificial manner. She was an exas a shadowy likeness between Alwynne and herself. It lay in the delicately cut features, in the height and form-perhaps, in her youth, the mother had had the same exquisite skin; but the great dreamy eyes, the ever-varying color and expression in them, the soft, tender look that crept about the beautiful lips, these were

He is most attentive, quite a charm ing young man! He tells me we shall I may, perhaps, venture on deck for an hour or so.

Alwynne said nothing. She wa shawl, twisting it around her slender fingers. Finally, after a moment of this sudden convalescence meant.

proxy may be made at any agency, She was full of pleasurable intenby father tions. She was more than satisfied with the prospect her imagination an hour, so-" raised up before her; but now, as she looked at Alwynne, she frowned. to her cabin and flung hereslf down Of late she had noticed this cold, con- ou her berth. There were tears in temptuous expression on the lovely young face; of late, once or twice, an her cheeks. Her heart was aching; unces solely owned and ocupied by ineath the girl's languid indifference had forced itself most disagreeably use to struggle or to hope upon her. Her lips drew themselves change in her surroundings? had forced itself most disagreeably use to struggle or to hope for a in good standing may pre-empt a into a thin line. She had no intention so true a great deal of what her quarter section alongside his home. of conceding one iota of her will to mother had said—she had so much. Duties: Must reside upon the any living soul without some insuper-components of pre-emption six months able powers compelled her to io so, side?

"You look pale and tired! You

"Then you must be ill," Mrs. Bra-

neath this tone.

am not a baby!"

Mrs. Brabante examined her shapefingers, with their burden of jewel-

"That is precisely what you are. Alynne," she said pleasantly. "A baby, mere child, who does not know what is good for herself. Marie, go in my jewel casket."

Alwynne bit her lip; at that moment the resemblance between mother and daughter was stronger.

"I can put myself to bed thank you mamma!" she said coldly and proudskin intends to turn brown or black, me. I am perfectly indifferent about

She had never spoken to her mother like this before.

Mrs. Brabante looked at her in

amazement, and much inward dismay "I do not think that is quite the

"I am sorry, mother," she said, an 1 Boston. Returning, Leaves Central sorry!" she added. Then she turned. "Don't you see how it is with me? I John. Leaves Boston Fridays 9.00 A. ations. I am tired of thinking of noththan this. There must be some way of spending one's days more profit- full of gratitude in every note.

> She stopped. She could not speak the burning words that rushed I thank you! I—"
> through her mind. They were bad "Never mind tha equately express her contempt and abhorrence for the sort of life she was compelled to live.

answer; she was waiting

air character toinight, Alwynne, I must confess, my dear, I have been somewhat perturbed by your very religion. I see now I have wronged

"Yes, mother," Alwynne said, with hide the tears that would spring to her eyes. "Yes, mother, you have wronged me; and—and"with a slight You know what is in my heart, but you will not understand!"

Mrs. Brabante laughed good-hi edly enough.

"I should have enough to do if tried to fathom and piece out the workings of a hysterical girl's romanlike the child who cries for the moon Because you have no real cause for You have everything you want. What girl has more than you? Your life is one of luxury and perpetual comfort. Your clothes are the best to be had, your education has been superb, your health is satisfactory, your appear you"-Mrs. Brabante laughed-"you are miserable, and you have yearn quite know what! All this is strange to you, but exceedingly natural to me It is a form of illness which attacks be gone through just as one goes through the measles or the whooping cough, but it leaves no trace behind wynne, and you will have forgotten

all about these morbid religious de ings to join the Salvation Army or playing absently with the fringe of a some such organization, and you will all, more becoming than the hallelusilence, she looked up and smiled at jah bonnet! Now to more munda e her mother. She knew exactly what things! Have you had some dinner? No? Ah, I thought not! Marie, see to Her mother lifted her eyes to the this, please, and be sure mam'selle regirl. She had enjoyed her dinner, tires at once. I would make you sleep here tonight, Alwynne, but the doctor is coming in to chat for half

And so Alwynne escaped. She went uneasy suspicion of what lay be she felt sick and tired. What use to

Why, there was no comparison, and yet he was richer than she, for he had that priceless treasure—the kn.w. they should sit and chat together in a bright, laughing voice. ledge of a true sister's love and truer easily. sympathy to hug to his breast, and give him comfort and strength.

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.

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

Then you must be ill," Mrs. Brabantes aid, conveying her wine to her mouth in a most graceful fashion. "It is not natural for girls of your young age to be so pale."

Alwynne flushed. She fretted beneath this tone. never seemed more lonely than she she told her mother.

utterly. N. P. — Inau'horised publication of this advertisment will not be paid laugh that was meant to be light, "I brown eyes were very tender. She her affection for the girl. She chat-tered volubly as she brushed Alwynne's beautiful hair. She knew there was something wrong; but she asked no questions. She spoke of her own affairs, and she brought a and undress mam'selle, and kindly bathe her face with the water I carry bathe her face with the water I carry hold of her and questioned most eagerly for Alwynne's health. And with little anecdotes and broken sentences, which always amused Alwynne,

Marie undressed her for the night. The Frenchwoman was never tired ly," and you know I object to use any charge; there was always some new beauty, some fresh charm, to her, and tonight she just gathered the slender it shall do so with no hindrance from form in her strong arms, and kissed she had said. the sofe curls tenderly.

"My angel!" she said, as she whisked away with an authoritative: "Sleep well now!"

Alwynne lay staring about her cabin. She had got used to the mo tion, and tonight the sea was calmer, was early yet, and the moon had traveled all over the globe; she was were voices just beyond the wall of keen and caustic wit. her room. She could hear them talk-

> It was the boy's voice she heard, "Good night, my lord!" he was saying. "How good you are! How can

"Never mind thanks, my lad!" the and gentle lovelness. enough to think—they were worse to other voice answered, "or, if you speak. It was not possible, indeed, to must be grateful, thank your pretty frame the thoughts into words to adway, did you ask, is she ill?"

Alwynne's heart beat a little quick

other to speak again. "That is good! I am glad! was almost too rough for her yester day. You are going, really? This is

Alwynne closed her eyes. firm, vigorous, good salutation soun.led like a pleasant note of music. She heard a chair scrape the deck, and knew Lord Taunton was sitting back

through the open porthole. The pacers up and down had gone away. It seemed to Alwynne as though he and way she seemed to derive pleasure from this thought, and by soft de grees the cabin with its swaying movement passed from her eyes. and she had forgotten her trouble in deep and dreamless sleep.

Five days of the voyage had gone The weather had grown steadily betgiven a decided touch of warmth along with its brilliancy at noontide. atmosphere was delicious, spring beaming on every breeze, whispering of the golden summer that was not

The deck was crowded. It looked like an impromptu hospital, with its rows of long chairs, each bearing a bemuffied and berugged figure.

With the fine weather had back health and strength, and laugh ter was the order of the day.

Every one was more or less a quainted with the personal appear auce of every one on board.

Lord Taunton was a never-failing source of interest, though he was votwas noted that he kept exclusively to his party, to the distinguished woman sat enthroned with her sables about ly, Mrs. Brabante." her and the fur rugs surrounding her. as though she were indeed a queen, ful, but whose face was always sbrouded in an extra thick veil, and whose chief occupation when not reading, was talking and walking further declared was not of this party, but was traveling alone

Mrs. Brabante was exceedingly well pleased that it should be generally imagined that the Earl of Taunton was of the same party as herself. She upon her. Her lips drew themselves change in her surroundings? It was had managed to make his acquaintance quite easily. Her quick brain had seen immediately she came on any living soul without some insuper- Compare her life with the boy out deck that the young man whom she knew well by sight was desirous of about, somehow quite naturally, that

> Alwynne leaned back in her chair, intense satisfaction. that bright, sunny da.y She had some She had letters to write, and her head ached, "and it is she who has done it. Her

Mrs. Brabante shrugged her shouldshe was quite prepared for the girl's to be true!"

Alwynne turned a little pale behind to, walk. She acknowledged the introduction to Lord Taunton with the merest and

her into conversation. She and Lord questions.

tics," she said laughingly.

Alwynne eaned back in her chair. of extolling the loveliness of her She had declined Lord Taunton's offers to wrap her rug about her very courteously, but coldly.

"I shall go for a walk presently," She tried to center her thoughts or

her book, but her ears would wait for of pour permission added to hers?" his voice, and she found her ears fol-

clever woman. There was no subject friends, Lord Taunton! of conversation she could not take read everything; she followed every tramping of feet up and down, for it public matter of interest; she had brought up some stragglers. There a splendid linguist, and she had a bante. I must ask your pardon."

ai of birth and breeding that defined unknown girl? the women of his world. He was

tween Mrs. Brabante and himself was They seemed to have known one an- to his will was the principal of all. other all their lives. Taunton had was compelled to live.

er. There was something pleasant to rarely responded to a friendship so but her veil was too thick to let him see, and smiled. There was more of voice. She scarcely heard the boy's He was full of admiration for this proud contrition touched her deeply.

he day following they would land. me compliment," Mrs. Brabante said, echoing his laugh: "but, some

ng water; the sun was beginning to set. He was growing more interested and puzzled each day. Of course, it conversation into any groove that might, perhaps, enlighten him as to the status and position of his more every now and then Mrs. Brabante let fall some word that only tended to increase his perplexity.

England's greatest politicians, and it was more than evident that there had herself and this man. On the other hand, she seemed to have few friends among the fashionable women of her long absence from England.

"Miss Brabante will be presented this season, I suppose?" he said, now changing the subject, as he perceived Alwynne's figure moving to and fro is the distance, with that subtle grace which seemed to touch him at

"Well, I am undecided," she said slowly. "I know it is a strange thing say, Lord Taunton, but, do you know, I shirk a London season for my child. I suppose I cannot hope to teep her always to myself," she addkeep her always to myself," she added, with a sort of wistful note in the her; but up to this moment Alwysne her, but up to this moment Alwysne her always a second voice, which was most effective. "But cannot help being a little selfish, the fierce rush that life is in a great city. Perhaps you understand a little what I mean, Lord Taunton?"

"I think," the young man answered. in a low voice, "I understand entire-

His eyes were on Alwynne's face now. She was coming toward them; and the tall, slender, graceful girl, she was laughing and talking to Basil whom some one declared was beauti- Canning. How fair and young and innocent she looked! His heart throbbed and contracted as he gazed at her. Oh, the mother was right! Such a flower must not be flung into with a delicate, flaxen-haired boy, the furnace of fashion to be scorched rever seen him. She longed for land, whom the ubiquitous somebody had and singed-burned, perhaps. Who

He rose to his feet, with a word of excusè to Mrs. Brabante, and went to ward the girl. He felt a thrill almost of jealousy for the fair, delicate bo who seemed to win all her smiles Why was she cold and silent and stiff she should make such a difference between him and Basil? He could ly interested in relief work, visited scarcely believe she was the same the North Railroad station, and was becoming acquainted; and it came girl who had clung to his arm in the shocked by the sights she saw among wind and rain, and had answered him the Belgian refugees.

Mrs. Brabante watched him go with

"It works well," she said to herself. very sullenness and coldness are powerful magnet. She could not have ers and said nothing. She knew that done better if she were the cleverest self and her mother so completely, so twenty four hours' confinement was woman in the world! Taunton and sible for them to carry a gun. Everymore than Alwynne could stand, and Torre! The dream is almost too good where was filth and utter desolation

her veil as she heard her mother gesture from Mrs. Brabante, went to laughing and talking to some one. fulfill some errand, and they were

coldest bend of her head, and then and then stood, as they had done that post. He was gagged and being tor second morning of their acquaintance Her mother made an effort to draw leaning against the rails at the bow. Taunton waited for her to speak, Taunton were deep on some political but she seemed dumb-cold. proud. and dumb, like some beautiful statue. suddenly seize those little hands, and force her eyes to look into his. She had not met his gaze once of late.

"Your mother has given me permission to count myself as one of her friends, and 'call upon her in "May I also consider I have the honor

"I have no permission to give," Alwynne said coldly, and with an im-Mrs. Brabante was a remarkably perceptible pause. "I have no

His face flushed. "I think I under stand," he said, with grave courtesy. "You consider me presumptuous-too hasty. You do not permit yourself to Was it he who spoke thus-he,

Taunton was interested, attracted, Taunton and Torre?—the man who ations. I am tired of thinking of nothing but my face and my appearance. tion; but all at once she seemed to There must be some other life better wake from her hazy dream.

be. He found himself dwelling perture—his proud, impenetrable, haughsistently on these two beautiful works that the men, who bore so unmistakely the large transfer of thinking of nothing men, who bore so unmistakely the large transfer of thinking of nothing men, who bore so unmistakely the large transfer of thinking of nothing men to the found himself dwelling perture—his proud, impenious nature—his proud, impenio

A faint thrill of surprise communidrawn out of his sombre thoughts by cated itself to him, but—but it was you will know there are not going to their influence, by the mother's bril- not the feeling paramount in his liant individuality, the girl's silent mind. It would have been difficult, days for you. Tonoline tabs fresben indeed, to have analyzed the exact nayou and make you feel life is Three days had gone by, and be- ture of his heart at this moment, although perhaps a sort of dogged deestablished the most cordial relations. termination to force this girl to ben'd 50 days' treatment. At druggists

She felt she was wronging ed all warm in

Taunton moved with her. Her coldwas drawn cut of himself. He forgot the past, forget his shame and sorrow, forgot even his pride in the pasthat this girl's silent indfference

"What has changed you?" he aske ! almost fiercely, beneath his breath as they walked down the deck in the fast growing twilight

fight with him when every nerve in her body, every pulse within her. every breath she drew, seemed to be regulated by him. She had had many painful moments of late in he life, but they had been theoretical. They had been moments of uncom fortable thought, of unconscious con tempt, of sorrow, for the chasm that tween her mother and herself; but now the pain and the trouble was go ing to be very different-something she had imagined, would be possible. Against the bard thoughts her contempt had raised up for him were the softer ones that would come sensa

She had seen the change in his man's heart read the meaning in his eyes. She did not need her mother's bad credited him bitterly with all the trete a man

"I have a pretty face. He is dull, Perhaps he is poor, as so many of these old known families are, and he because I do not speak. Perhapsperhaps, mamma has hinted, as she alone can do, that I am sentimental He imagines already I love him!"

So her thoughts had run wildly in couraged them. She wanted to think and the day that would separate him from her sight.

(To be continued)

GERMAN ATROCITIES HORRIBLE TO EXTREME

Harjes, wife of the Paris banker, who with other Americans, has been deep

"presented the aspect of a shamble It was the saddest sight I ever saw. It is impossible to believe the tortures and cruelties the poor unfortunates had undergone.

"I saw many boys with both their The helpless little babies, lying on the slient appearance beside her chair the Alwynne flushed, and then paled, cold, wet cement floor, and crying for

said: 'What is to become of us? It seems impossible to suffer more. I They walked up and down in silence saw my husband bound to a lamp tured by havonets. When I tried to intercede in his behalf I was knocked

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Minard's Liniment Relieves Neu.

Sir Francis Powell, the painter, was arried quietly before a sheriff in lasgow, in June. Sir Francis is 81 ars of age, and his bride, who is , was a servant in his household,