

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Sargeant

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

Exact Copy of Wrapper.



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. 35.....	10.45
Maritime Express, No. 34.....	5.10
Ocean Limited, No. 100.....	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. 129.....	16.25

INDIAN TOWN BRANCH

Blackville, dep.....	8.30
Enos, dep.....	8.54
Millerton, dep.....	9.29
Derby Jct., dep.....	9.50
Newcastle, arrive.....	10.05
Millerton, dep.....	16.35
Derby Jct., dep.....	17.10
Enos, dep.....	18.51
Blackville, arrive.....	18.07

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

THERE IS AN INCREASE OF SIXTY PER CENT in the attendance at

FREDERICKTON COLLEGE
The Business College
W. W. OSBORNE, Principal
for the Fall Term of this year as compared with last year.
Our NEXT TERM opens on Monday, January Fifth.
Send for free catalogue.
W. W. OSBORNE, Principal
Frederickton, N. B.

Monday, Jan. 5th
is the Beginning of Our New Term.

A very generous and greatly appreciated patronage has made our year our best year.
We trust that a continuance of the same patronage will make 1914 the best of all.
S. KERR, Principal

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ALL THE WAY—BY—WATER
Eastern Steamship Corporation

INTERNATIONAL LINE

Winter Fares

NEWCASTLE TO BOSTON

First Class.....	\$9.55
Second Class.....	7.90
State Room.....	1.00

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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

Direct service between Portland and New York.
Leave Franklin Wharf Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6:00 p. m.
Fare \$3.00 each way.

Through tickets at proportionately low rates, on sale at all railway stations, and baggage checked through to destination.

L. R. THOMPSON, T. F. & P. A.
A. E. Fleming, Agent.
St. John, N. B.

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 of 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 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. COYE,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N. P. - A horizontal publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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Two tones of gray wall paper make an excellent background for the living room.

A FATAL ELOPEMENT

(Continued)

Permit me to introduce myself. I am Lord Waldorf Churchill, stopping for a few weeks at Elm Villa. I was travelling in this country for pleasure, and by the merest chance met Lord Overton yesterday, and allowed my father's least friend to urge me into accepting his hospitality, especially as I heard he was anxious to find amusement for the two young ladies he was expecting, and whose story he confided to me. Believe me," he added, with a rich, musical laugh, "I can be very amusing when I try;" and his hazel brown eyes twinkled merrily.

Orella, the dark eyed beauty, and sweet Lillas, the fair haired girl, looked into the handsome, laughing face of the young man, and from that moment life was never the same to them. Both girls blushed deeply and bowed, looked first at each other, and then at the handsome stranger.

CHAPTER VIII

Orella was the first to speak. "You did startle us a little at first," she said, still smiling and blushing deeply. "Your introduction to us was certainly unique. We ought to be very glad of your presence at Elm Villa. It looked at first as though we were to be quite lonely here."

He looked eagerly at the fair haired girl by her side. Lillas had nothing to say. The timid blue eyes dropped shyly beneath his gaze, she seemed quite embarrassed.

"I shall like sweet Lillas the better of the two," thought the handsome young lord.

They walked through the grounds, laughing and chatting. The sun was just setting when they started toward the house.

Each of the young girls had a suite of rooms of her own. Lillas went to hers, but Orella remained on the porch. There Miss Forrester found her when she went to look for her.

"I have been looking everywhere for you, Orella," she said. "You have barely time to dress for dinner."

But the girl did not seem to even hear her. She was watching the sunset with wistful, dreamy eyes.

"I see you have met Lord Churchill," pursued Miss Forrester, adding: "I consider that the greatest luck that could have happened for him is one of the wealthiest noblemen in all England. My dream would be realized if—if he were to fall in love with you, my darling, and ask you to be his wife."

Orella's face paled to the hue of death. The red rose which Waldorf Churchill had gathered and placed in her hands fell suddenly from her grasp to the floor. Even her lips were ashen white. She thanked Heaven that Miss Forrester's back was turned to her at that moment, and could not see her emotion.

"I would have known him at once no matter where I had met him," pursued Miss Forrester. He has all the dark, handsome beauty of the Churchills, and inherits all their characteristics—high-bred, proud, generous, impulsive, impatient of control, frank and independent. I should judge that, with those hazel-brown eyes, he is poetical and imaginative. What opinion have you formed of him, Orella?"

The girls startled face flushed and paled; she leaned heavily against the marble pillar of the porch a moment ere she answered; then she said, slowly: "I have never met any one like him before. He is the grandest, noblest young man that I have ever seen."

Miss Forrester was well pleased with the answer she received.

"Waldorf Churchill is the first young man whom she has brought in contact with," she thought, "and it is a case of love at first sight. He could not help but be fascinated by Orella's brilliant beauty. A girl like Lillas could never attract him."

Miss Forrester remained at Elm Villa as chaperon to the two girls. This was hardly a wise choice, as the servants whispered among themselves, for they could see how she favored Orella; but of course that was natural.

In their hearts every one in the house, save Miss Forrester, soon learned to love sweet Lillas. Orella was an enigma to them.

The two young girls were inseparable companions, and Miss Forrester was pleased to note that Waldorf Churchill was always with them.

Lord Overton was always watching the trio anxiously when he thought he was not observed. Miss Forrester would have given much to have had the key to his thoughts.

Lord Overton did everything in his power to make the two young girls happy. Neither of them knew how to ride horseback. Lord Overton said that was an accomplishment which every woman who expects to live in England should possess, and suitable horses were provided for them at once.

Orella's dark eyes danced with delight as she saw the beautiful habit of blue cloth, the velvet cap, with its waving plume, the gloves, the pearl and gold mounted riding whip. Everything was as perfect as it could be. She was anxious to take her first lesson in riding, especially

since Waldorf Churchill had announced that no one but himself must teach them to ride, but Lillas hung back in fright.

"I am afraid I should spoil your pleasure. I am such a coward. I am afraid of a horse," she declared.

But young Lord Churchill declared they would not go without her. Orella was silent. At length Lillas allowed herself to be persuaded into attempting it; but just as they were getting ready to mount, Lord Overton, who was also to accompany them, was Orella's dark face flushed with keen disappointment.

"How provoking that he couldn't have kept up until we had started!" she remarked vexedly; and looking into the beautiful, blooming face, the thought occurred to him that she was as heartless as she was beautiful. His musing was cut short by the sudden remark of Lillas:

"You can go with Lord Churchill, Orella, and I will remain to look after Lord Overton. It—it would spoil the pleasure of my ride to—to think he might be suffering."

"We will all remain," said Waldorf Churchill, quickly. "There are other days."

CHAPTER IX

When they reached Elm Villa they found Lillas reading to Lord Overton on the western porch. She laid down her book and looked up with a smile as they approached.

Waldorf Churchill crossed over to Lord Overton.

"How are you feeling now, sir?" he asked, anxiously.

Lord Overton could not help but notice Orella's want of interest in the subject, and he sighed deeply wishing with all his soul that she had been more like sweet Lillas.

"It was only a momentary faintness," he explained; adding: "Thanks to this dear little girl, Lillas, I recovered rapidly. I have been under her special charge since, and she has talked to me so brightly, so sympathetically and sweetly, and beguiled me so completely that I have quite forgotten I am an old man full of aches and ills."

Lillas smiled and blushed. During the weeks which followed there was no end of gaiety at Elm Villa. No day passed without some amusement. Grand parties were given, to which the elite of the county were invited. Archaic meetings, croquet parties were held in the grounds. Riding parties were formed to visit the sights of the adjoining country places. Picnics were arranged.

Mr. Overton looked on, still regarding the two young girls with intense earnestness. One day Miss Forrester made a remark which troubled him sorely. They had been watching the two girls strolling over the lawn with Waldorf Churchill in silence for some time, when Mr. Overton said, thoughtfully:

"I have never seen two young creatures so thoroughly happy. It is a great delight to me; is it not a pleasure to you to watch them in their frolics?"

"Yes—and no," returned Miss Forrester, in a low, hesitating voice.

"Your answer surprises me," said the old gentleman. His curiosity seemed to get the better of him, for he added: "Why should you look with reluctant eyes upon their happiness?"

"May I speak just what I think, sir?" asked Miss Forrester.

"Certainly," he responded. "I expect you to be frank with me."

Thus assured, the lady said slowly: "Seeing so much of life, its gayeties its pleasures, is all very well for the young girl when you will make your heiress; but Heaven help the girl, whichever one of them it may be, who is doomed to go back to poverty, after having seen so much of wealth and luxury! Her whole future life will be embittered by the remembrance of the past, and by brooding over what she has lost—what might have been. Ah, Lord Overton, I am sure you never thought of that when you placed these two young girls side by side."

He started violently. Such an idea as she had expressed had never occurred to him, the matter had never appeared to him in that light.

He pondered long and earnestly over it, after Miss Forrester had left him, then he came to a conclusion. He would give to Nancy Seymour's daughter a comfortable competency for life. Surely she should be contented with that, considering the fact that she had no possible claim upon him, and she should be thankful too for the insight into high life which he had afforded her.

Miss Forrester had gone to her room with a thoughtful face.

"If I could but find out which of the two he favors, I would then know the result," she mused. "But he treats Orella and Lillas so exactly alike in everything that I am puzzled."

Miss Forrester could not tell which of the two girls Waldorf Churchill liked the best. He laughed and talked with Orella, appeared to enjoy her ready wit and brilliant conversation, but there was a different look in his eyes when they rested upon fair, sweet Lillas.

"If it is possible that Orella is in love with young Lord Churchill, and he should not return her affection, her disappointment will be great. I must warn her about letting her heart go out to him until he shows a preference for her society."

With every day that dawned, with every sun that rose and set, with every moon that waxed and waned Orella's love deepened. The whole world held nothing for her but him. She became absorbed in this one great passion, never asking herself how it would end. She never asked herself whether her great love would be returned.

One afternoon Miss Forrester surprised her by stepping out suddenly upon the balcony upon which she stood, with the dreamy look upon her face which was so often there of late.

"Who did you think it was?" asked Miss Forrester, noting the disappointed look.

"I thought—possibly—it might be—Lord Churchill," answered Orella. "He often joins me in this favorite nook."

Miss Forrester moved nearer, and laid a detaining hand on the girl's arm, looking wistfully in her face as she said:

"I should like you to answer me a question, Orella, looking upon me as one who has your interest at heart in asking it, and that is: do you care for Lord Churchill?"

Orella's beautiful face grew deathly pale. She had told herself over and over again that she was guarding her sweet, bewildering, wonderful secret well. How could Miss Forrester have possibly guessed it?

"Yes," replied Orella. "To know him is to like him, surely."

"I do not mean 'like' Orella. I ought to have put my question in stronger words. Do you love him, Orella?"

The flush that rose to the girl's beautiful face answered her better than any admission could have done. She drew herself up proudly.

"Why should I not confess the truth?" she answered, looking straight into Miss Forrester's face. "Yes, I love him!"

"You should have waited until he asked for your love ere you allowed your heart to go out to him, child," said Miss Forrester, huskily. "To give one's love unasked is not right. Many a young girl has rue'd it."

"Orella," she murmured, "listen to me: I warn you not to learn to love Waldorf Churchill, for, if I am not mistaken, he cares for you as a friend, a pleasant companion—nothing more."

CHAPTER X

On the evening before it was to take place, Orella and Waldorf Churchill were in the dining room discussing some minor detail of the affair, when she turned suddenly with a bewitching smile on her face.

"I found on my plate at luncheon today an almond that had two kernels in it. I did not eat it. I saved it."

"May I ask why you saved it?" "Yes, to eat a philopena with you," she declared.

There was no resisting the bewitching smile.

"I am a novice at that little game," he declared. Perhaps you will explain to me what part I take in it?"

"Certainly," she replied. "You are to eat one of the kernels of the almond, I am to eat the other. You can make the forfeit to suit yourself, or request and promise. By that I mean, after you have eaten the almond, if in five minutes after I should hand you a piece of sheet music, and you should take it from my hand, and I would say 'Philopena!' you would be obliged then to buy me a present."

"Oh, that obligation could be very easily met," he answered, lightly. "I don't know what little trifles girls like, never having had a sister, but I suppose you could give me a hint, could you not?"

"The alternative is called 'request' and promise," went on Orella—that is, she went on quietly. "If I should make a request of you at any time within a fortnight, you would be in honor bound to comply with it within that space of time."

"Certainly," he responded. "That would be a pleasure. If the favor should determine that you are the losing party, the same penalty holds good?"

"Yes," she answered, and thus the compact was made.

The two kernels were eaten rapidly and with much travesty.

The conversation drifted to the all absorbing lawn party on the morrow. "A young lady in the neighbourhood helped us to make out the list, but Lillas wrote down the names of a few young gentlemen whom she wished to be invited."

"May I see them?" he asked, with all interest.

"Ah! I have found something to awaken his curiosity at last," thought Orella.

He took the paper from her eagerly, all unmindful of the compact that was existing, until he was reminded forcibly of its existence by Orella remarking quietly: "Philopena!"

He laughed heartily at the clever ruse, which he was obliged to admit.

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"That means a present, I suppose?"

"I choose to have the other version of it," she declared. "I will make a request, and you must promise what I ask."

"If it be within my power, it shall be granted," he declared.

For a time she made no reply, but the dazzling smile that flitted over her face startled him for a moment.

"What shall it be?" he asked, laughing.

The laugh died away when he heard what it was.

"I should like you to be my escort at the lawn party, and dance with me, and no one else, the whole day, taking me to luncheon, and playing the part of devotee in general."

The look on his face startled her. She could not tell whether it was perplexity or annoyance. It was certainly not pleasure. He was puzzled to know how to answer her.

She had ardently believed that he would be delighted with the proposition, for it would mean that all her enjoyment would depend upon him. She had said to herself: "This will be a test whether or not he cares for me. I will soon know."

His next words confirmed Orella's gravest doubts.

"I ought to be very grateful to you for making the proposition," he said; but, to speak plainly, I have made another engagement for that time, which explains the embarrassing position in which I am placed."

Orella turned deathly pale.

"You were in a great hurry to secure a partner," she said, in a chilling voice. "May I ask the name of the young lady?"

"It would hardly be right to mention it in advance," he said, with a little flush on his face. "It came about in such a casual way, he went on. 'The young lady had never been to a lawn party, and she intimated that she would stay away from this because she had no partner.'

"Allow me to be your partner," I said.

"She consented. Her words and my reply were both uttered in jest; still, I hold myself to it, as I presume she will."

Orella drew a sigh of relief.

"Oh, if that is all, I assure you that the promise is not binding. She will not expect you to keep your word, I assure you."

"Would you not expect it, had you been in the other girl's place?" he asked, eagerly.

"Certainly not," she declared. "I would treat it only as a jest, as she no doubt does. She might feel hurt if you actually took her at her word."

"Do you really think so?" he asked musingly.

"I am sure of it," responded Orella. He looked thoughtful for a moment.

"If you feel sure about this matter, then I need have no hesitancy in giving you my promise," he said gravely. And so the matter was settled.

Long after Orella had left him, Waldorf Churchill stood looking thoughtfully out of the window, wondering if he had done right in promising Orella until he had first asked Lillas.

But of course he knew Lillas must have been in jest. The matter troubled him.

When Orella left Waldorf Churchill she went directly to Lillas' room. She would find out for herself if her suspicions were true—that Lillas was the girl whom he had selected for his partner.

Not that she would give him up—never! Lillas was sewing some black ribbons on her black mull dress in anticipation of the coming party.

"Dear me! you are late in fixing your dress," she said. "I had my costume all ready over a week ago."

"Yes, I know," said Lillas. "To tell you the truth, I spent the money which Mr. Overton gave me to have this black mull dress made. A poor widow woman was to have been put out of her cottage because she could not pay her rent. The amount I had was just the sum she needed, so I gave it to her. I will barely get the dress done, yet I feel happy in the thought that the money did more good than it would have done in the original manner in which it was intended to be used."

"Have you a partner for the lawn party?" asked Orella, trying to speak calmly.

The girl hung her beautiful head in childish bashfulness.

"Is it some one that I know who is going to take you?"

Lillas' fair sweet face flushed scarlet. How could she tell Orella, after all the conversation they had about Waldorf Churchill, that it was he who had asked her to go to the lawn party?

(Continued on page 3)