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CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, gives healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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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 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 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 \$30 per acre. Duties: Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$200.

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

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A FATAL ELOPEMENT

(Continued)

"Then the old lord changed his tactics. He said no more to his son Karl but a few nights after at a very late hour, the old lord's coach stopped in front of the humble barrister's door. The barrister received his distinguished visitor in wonder not unmingled with embarrassment. His amazement was great when he learned the nature of his visit. It was certainly news to him that his fair, timid daughter even knew the old lord's handsome son and heir.

"When the old lord left, the barrister was richer by some thousands of pounds, but the understanding was, that he should take Cicily far away ere the day dawned, and never return to England again, or, at least, not till handsome Karl had forgotten his boyish romance, and was safely married to some one in his own station of life. So they settled the matter, quite forgetting the old proverb, 'Man proposes, but God disposes.'

CHAPTER V

"Lord Rupert Overton's money had made the humble, struggling barrister a wealthy man. No wonder he had given his solemn promise that he would take his young daughter away at once, and that she should never have the opportunity of seeing the old lord's son again. Certainly he meant what he promised, but he should have remembered that 'there is a destiny which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may.'

"Whether handsome Karl guessed his father's intentions or learned of them from some other source, no one knew; but when the barrister went to his daughter's room to bid her arise and accompany him on a sudden journey, he found the room empty—the bird had flown. An open letter lying on the table where his eye could not fail to rest upon, told the story. Sweet Cicily and handsome young Karl had been married that noon. She had gone away with her husband. Some day they would return, until then she bid her father a most affectionate adieu, begging him in the postscript not to be angry with her for not letting him know about it before, as she had but complied with her Karl's earnest wish.

"He took the money back to Lord Overton, but the late old nobleman would not see him—he spared the acid that had lain in the barrister's palms—he would not receive it back. He was surprised to find that the barrister's surmise was equal to his own. He had left the packages of bank notes, still unopened, upon the library table, and walked out of the grand old castle, leaving behind what was to him a fortune. The old nobleman could not help but admire the barrister for this show of spirit. As for handsome Karl and his bride, all that could be learned of them was that they had left England. One of the servants of Lord Overton's household, Nancy Seymour, had accompanied them as sweet Cicily's maid.

"Now comes the part of the narrative which concerns you, Orella. Follow me closely, my dear. Do not interrupt me with questions, even though they are of great interest.

"After traveling about for nearly a year, Karl, his young wife, and Nancy, returned to England as suddenly as they had left it. Karl's great desire being that the heir he was expecting should be born as near his father's estate as possible. It seemed to bring new life to the delicate young wife to see the old familiar scenes once more. Even Nancy was delighted, and when she asked permission to go and visit her old parents for a few weeks, although her services were greatly needed, Cicily could not refuse her request, especially as she had faithfully promised that she would return any time she was sent for, as her parents lived but a few hours' ride distant.

"But Nancy Seymour did not go to her old parents, her heart was too bitter for that, instead she went to a farm house in which an old doctor lived—a doctor too old to follow his profession. He owned the little farm and had retired thither to end his days.

"Who shall say that the ways of fate are not most wonderful and strangely cruel to some lives. 'One evening at dusk as Doctor Heath sat smoking on his porch, he witnessed on the main road, a few rods distant, a frightful runaway. The carriage contained but two persons, a lady and a gentleman; both were thrown out ere he could reach them. The accident had caused instant death to the gentleman. Then he bent quickly over the prostrate form of the lady. She was alive, but unconscious. He lifted the slight form with a cry of intense pity, and bore her as quickly as possible to the house.

"Nancy Seymour had seen it all from the window and came rushing toward him, trembling with terror. 'It is my lady!' she cried, hysterically, wringing her hands. 'She will die, and the shock of it all will kill me, too!'

"Are you this lady's maid?" exclaimed the old doctor sternly, and in great amazement. 'Then you speak falsely when you told me you were the wife of a respectable architect, who had sent you to me for a few weeks.'

"Oh, sir, do not reproach me now!" moaned the girl. "It is too late—too late! In Heaven's name, show me compassion.

"Dusk soon settled into the darkness of night, and ere the stars in the blue dome overhead were visible for an hour, two little ones had opened their infantile eyes upon a world which was to hold so much we for them. It would have been better for the babes had they died then and there.

"The aged doctor had been put to his wits' end at this unexpected occurrence, which he was called upon to face all by himself, every member of his family having gone to attend an affair of some importance at the adjacent village, leaving him alone with the boarder, who was there awaiting his services.

"The condition of his patient's being so critical the doctor was obliged to place them both in one room, and the two babes were laid side by side. When Nancy Seymour called for her little one, the good old doctor was sorely puzzled.

"Heaven help me!" he ejaculated. 'Were it to save my life, I could not tell one from the other! Both girls! Good Lord, this is indeed a terrible state of affairs!'

"The woman did not again ask for her child. She turned her face to the wall, muttering some words he could not understand.

"The other fair haired young mother's lips were dumb. Never more in this world would those blue eyes open again. She had silently passed away, leaving her babe as a pitiful legacy behind her.

"As soon as he could safely leave the room, the old doctor rode hurriedly to the nearest farm for assistance. He also sent a dispatch to Lord Overton to come in all haste to Willow Farm.

"When he returned home he found, to his great astonishment, the woman Nancy Seymour missing. Immediate search led to the finding of footprints which were traced down to the old well, and stopped there.

"If she is down there," muttered the doctor, "it is useless to make further search. The old well is bottomless."

"No footprints could be traced in the long grass which grew beyond the old well.

"Lord Overton answered the summons by coming in all haste. Then and there the pride of a lifetime broke down. He mourned, and refused to be comforted.

"When his grief had partially subsided, he called for his son's child and when the trembling old doctor told of the two babes, and that he did not know which one was the old lord's heiress, Lord Overton's anger like a veritable madman, heaping the bitterness of curses upon the bowed head of the sorrowful old doctor.

"The recent death of Miss Raye has made it necessary for the old lord to decide at last the momentous question of the two young girls' lives, especially as you are both almost eighteen.

"Lord Overton is coming to America himself to decide which of you two is his heiress. Heaven grant that his choice may fall upon you, Orella. You are so beautiful, so spirited, so thoroughly the aristocrat in every action and look, that deep down in my heart I feel sure you must be the rightful heir.

"You and Lillias Raye are to live under the same roof with the old lord until he has the opportunity of judging you both carefully at his leisure. We are to start for New York at once, and from thence to his villa up the Hudson. He will be there to welcome us. Why, Orella, child! you are as white as death! Are you ill?"

CHAPTER VI
Orella listened to every word Miss Forrester uttered, like one in some horrible dream. A great, blinding mist came before her eyes, shutting out the pale white moonlight, the shimmering stars, and the green trees, a roar as of rushing waters filled her ears, her face grew white and cold as the face of the dead. She would have fallen, but for the desperate hold with which she clung to the woodwork of the window.

"I do not wonder that you are startled," continued Miss Forrester; "the prospect before you, of winning or losing so much would make any one faint from apprehension."

"Should she tell Miss Forrester all that had happened? Her next words settled that question forever.

"There is another thing I must warn you about," she added earnestly, as she laid her hand caressingly on the dark, curly head. "Be careful not to fall in love with any one unless it is some one of whom Lord Overton approves. You are inclined to be a little willful and defiant, my darling, but never forget for a moment what one wrong step in that direction would cost you dear, for in his blind rage he would declare that to the best of his knowledge and belief you were not his rightful heiress, and then and there every farthing of his possessions would be made over to Lillias Raye, and you would be turned away from his magnificent home—a beggar. Do you understand—do you realize the importance of what I am saying to you?"

"Yes," answered Orella, hoarsely, and the voice in which she uttered the word sounded like nothing human.

Miss Forrester's words had decided her. She would never tell any human being the story of her marriage—the marriage that was so hateful to her now, because of the accident that would render Bernard Yorke the most pitiful and helpless of cripples should he live through the amputation. If Bernard Yorke recovered he would have to go his way, she would go hers. She would never be wife to him, she would die first. So she settled the matter, and what came of it is the story we have to tell.

It was toward the close of the following afternoon. In a spacious apartment of a handsome villa on the banks of the Hudson were two persons—a handsome old gentleman, slightly bent by the weight of years, scrupulously elegant in regard to dress, and his servant, who had just paced a tray of refreshments before him.

"You may as well take them away again, Peters," said the old gentleman, rising from his chair and leaving restlessly to and fro the length of the apartment. "I cannot touch a single thing."

"I might make so bold, I should like to urge you to at least a glass of wine, my lord," said the man, earnestly, with the freedom of an old tutor. "You have much to go through. It would give you a little strength."

"You forget my instructions, Peters," exclaimed the old gentleman, tersely. "I am to be known here simply as Mr. Overton, a retired capitalist, not Lord Overton, of Devonshire, England."

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"I am sure it will not be long now, my lord—sir, I mean," stammered Peters.

"You must guard your tongue better than that, Peters," remarked the old gentleman. "I am not Lord Overton here—plain Mr. Overton."

CHAPTER VII
As the sound of carriage wheels for which he had listened so long—ah, so long!—greeted his ear, a victim trembling seized him. He had tried to keep up his grand old dignity by appearing calm and collected, but in that instant it had ignominiously left him. The soul within him was stirred to its very depth. He sunk back breathlessly in his chair and watched the door.

Would the young girl for whom he watched and waited with such intense suspense have his darling son's handsome, laughing, fun loving face, dark dancing eyes, and winning smile?

The moments he waited seemed the length of eternity. At last he heard Peter's voice saying: "This way if you please, ladies. You will find Mr. Overton in here."

He heard light footsteps on the staircase, a swish of skirts in the corridor without; they Peters opened the door, and with a low, obsequious bow, bid the ladies enter.

For an instant the darkness of night seemed to fall like a dense cloud before the old gentleman's vision. When it cleared away he saw standing before him three persons, one of them a large, portly woman, and to the right of her two slim young girls.

Lord Overton tried to rise from his seat, but his limbs failed him, he tried to speak, but no sound came from his lips.

Miss Forrester saw his agitation and came nearer to him. He did not hear the first part of her sentence, he heard only the last words.

"These are the two young ladies, Lord Overton. The one to the right is Orella; the young girl beside her is Lillias Raye."

Lord Overton raised his eyes, and with his whole soul concentrated in his gaze, looked at the two maidens confronting him. At the first glance his eyes rested upon the dark, glowing face of Orella. No wonder he started. He had seen many beautiful women, but never had he beheld a young girl so wondrously, dazzlingly beautiful.

Miss Forrester noted his rapt gaze, and a flush of delight and satisfaction swept over her face. Then she saw him turn and look at Lillias Raye, and the gaze was so penetrating, and lasted so long, that she felt uneasy.

"Lord Overton," she said, at length breaking the oppressive silence, "you have now seen both of these young girls, may I dare hope you have reached a conclusion?"

Lord Overton turned sharply upon her. "I have got over making hasty decisions," he said. "Such an error has cost me already the sorrow of a lifetime, madam. I shall take time and closer observation to justify my opinion."

The great coughing fit which seized him brought Peters quickly to his side.

Miss Forrester rose to her feet. "The excitement through which you have just passed has disturbed you a trifle, I see, my lord. I will retire for the present, and when you wish to see me, I will be glad to come to you to tell you all about Orella," she said.

Miss Forrester bowed and quitted the apartment.

Left to themselves, the old lord turned eagerly to the old servant, who had been his right hand, as it were, for over a quarter of a century, and pointed out toward the lawn: "You have Peter, then, and—you have made up your mind which is—is—?"

"The words died away in an unintelligible whisper, but his eager eyes looked the question.

"Yes, my Lord—Mr. Overton, I mean," assented Peters, adding: "But I would rather die, sir, than divulge my belief; for I might be wrong, sir, in my choice. You know I might be wrong. I dare not voice my sentiments."

Meanwhile, the two young girls were busily engaged in inspecting the magnificent grounds that skirted spacious Elm Villa, walking arm in arm together.

"What a grand old place!" cried Orella, delightedly. "It will be something like life living here. I shall be happy as the day is long. Won't you Lillias? It is like a bewildering dream."

"It is indeed very grand," assented fair, sweet Lillias; "but for my part I was happier with dear old Aunt Raye, as I called her, in our cottage home; for I had some one to love me."

Orella shrugged her white shoulders. "It is plain to see that of the two of us, I am the real lady," she thought. I have always had a longing for wealth and grandeur which was almost a mania—she is satisfied with humble surroundings."

Chas. Sargeant

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