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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* 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, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

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1913

Commencing on April 25th, the Str. "Dorothy N." will run on the Red Bank route, daily (Sunday excepted) calling at all intermediate points, as follows:—

Leave Newcastle for Redbank at 5.30 a. m. every Monday and will leave Redbank for Newcastle at 7.45 a. m. daily.

Leave Newcastle for Redbank every day at 2 p. m. except Saturdays when she will leave at 1.30 p. m., returning will leave Redbank for Newcastle at 3.30 p. m.

Tuesdays will be excursion days from Redbank and intermediate points to Newcastle, return fare 35 cents.

Excursion tickets good for date of issue only.

Freight on Saturdays will be held over until early Monday morning trip.

Str. will be open for engagements for excursion parties every day, except Saturdays, from 10 a. m. until 2 p. m., and any evenings from 7 p. m.

FREIGHT RATES

100 lbs., 15c. 500 lbs., 60c. 1-2 ton \$1.00, one ton, \$1.50.

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THE NEWCASTLE STEAMBOAT CO., LTD.

D. MORRISON, Manager.

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 purchased 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. COLE, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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A FATAL ELOPEMENT

(By Laura Jean Libbey.)

It was a glorious day in June. The sun shone bright and warm on the green fields and winding, dusty country roads, over long stretches of waving corn and clover-meadows lying beyond. The sun ripened the apples and peaches in orchards, and the great red roses, tossing purple lilacs and wistaria blooms in the old-fashioned gardens. But the most beautiful object on which its golden rays fell was a young girl leaning on a wicket-gate, anxiously watching the winding road that led over the hills to the village beyond.

Orella Forrester should have reigned queen of the great world of fashion instead of being only the belle of Woodhaven.

She had scores of admirers, but few were brave enough to face the dragon of an aunt who stood guard sentinel over her, to ask if they might be permitted to pay their addresses to the beautiful young niece, after one of their number, Bernard Yorke, who had gone to Beech Cottage on just such an errand, had been summarily ejected.

Bernard was fair, handsome, a college graduate, and very gentlemanly. His father ran the only newspaper of which the village boasted, but somehow the paper did not flourish. The editor took in more poultry, butter and eggs from the farmers in exchange for his newsy little sheet than he did money.

The first thing handsome Bernard did when he returned to his native village to take his place in his father's office, was to fall desperately in love with the beautiful Orella Forrester. He commenced his wooing with passionate earnestness, but he made the mistake of his life by being straight-forward and manly enough to first ask the aunt if he might call on Orella, with the hope of some day winning the gloriously beautiful girl for his wife. The visit of the handsome young stranger and his audacious request amazed her, though she had known his family for years.

"Certainly not," she replied with asperity.

The answer nearly took his breath away for an instant, but he did not lose his head.

"I know you might select many a wealthier suitor," he said, "but I hope to win wealth in time. I would start with love and ambition."

Miss Forrester cut him short with a contemptuous sneer.

"Love and ambition!" she echoed. "A man should have much more than that nowadays before he asks a young girl to tie herself to him and face a hard, uphill future."

"If every man waited until he had a competency, there would be fewer marriages," declared the young lover. "Surely you recognize that fact, Miss Forrester?"

"Have you spoken on this subject to my—my niece?" she asked, sharply, after she had listened to their simple love story from beginning to end, the angry light in her eyes deepening.

"Not one word as yet," said Bernard, hesitatingly.

"Then I forbid you to do so," she cut in, tartly.

Bernard Yorke looked at the stern, hard set lips, which, he was sure, no man had ever had the temerity to kiss, even when their owner was young, and threw back his fair, handsome, boyish head and smiled.

"Then, my dear Miss Forrester, I tell you frankly that I shall do everything in my power to win Orella without your consent. You have heard of the old adage, 'All is fair in love and war.' I presume, I can not give your niece up."

"We shall see," was the curt reply; and he wondered at the strange look that crossed her face, leaving it fairly purple in spots.

Miss Forrester arose, and with a stern mien ran to the bell.

"Go!" she said, pointing to the door, "and never darken the door of Beech Cottage while I live, never attempt to see Orella again. If you do, I shall resort to harsh measures."

With a low bow, he left the angry lady; but he had made up his mind to ask Orella to marry him at the first opportunity, and if she consented, he would do all in his power to urge her to marry him without an hour's delay. Then let Miss Forrester rage as she might, she could not part them.

From behind the closed blinds Miss Forrester watched him depart. Bernard Yorke would have been struck with amazement could he have looked back into the room which he had just left and beheld its occupant, Miss Forrester was passing up and down the stuffy little parlor, trembling like a leaf.

"How strange that such a possibility as this never occurred to me before!" she muttered. "Gr at Heaven! it would never do. Orella must not love—must not marry? I know why, yes, yes, I alone know why."

Her soliloquy was suddenly cut short by the entrance of the young girl herself.

"You ought to have been with me out in the garden a few minutes ago, Aunt Abigail," she cried with a merry rollicking laugh. "I have had such fun!"

Miss Forrester started. She knew well that Bernard Yorke had not gone into the garden for she had watched him out of sight going over the road that led to the village. Before she had time to answer, the girl went on:

"While I was standing by the sundial, the strangest, most uncouth little old man that I ever beheld stopped at the gate and called to me for a glass of cold water from the well near by."

"You can come in and help yourself, if you choose," I answered. "I do not wait upon beggars."

"He hobbled in, and all the time he was drinking the water he was eyeing me curiously."

"A very proud young lady," he said; "but too much pride is ruinous. I have no money to pay for the water," he said, after a moment's pause.

"Though it was worth a king's ransom to me; but, if you like, I will tell your fortune. Perhaps you would like to hear what a strange fate there is in store for you. I am an astrologist as well. I am on my way to the county fair."

"Surely you were not so foolish as to let him attempt it?" cried Miss Forrester, white as death, springing forward and grasping the girl's rounded, dimpled arm.

"Why not?" laughed Orella, with a toss of her jetty curls. "Like all of Mother Eve's daughters, I was born with a streak of curiosity, and, of course, I wanted to hear about the future."

"Well," said Miss Forrester, the terrible pallor still overspreading her face, and a look of intense fear in her shifting eyes, "what did he tell you? A pack of miserable falsehoods, of course."

"Again the girl laughed a merry, rollicking laugh.

"First, he insisted upon reading the future from the palm of my hand; but something he saw there, or said he did, held him spell-bound."

"Your life, will be no ordinary one, my proud young lady," he said. "A great change is soon to come into your life."

"Am I to have a handsome lover, like other girls of my age?" I demanded.

"There are two lovers, and it will be hard to choose between them," he answered. "Ah, young lady," he cried in an awful whisper, "I will not tell you what else I see here! There are some things it is better not to know—a thousand times better! It is all coming to you soon—very soon."

"How soon?" I cried. "Do tell me!"

"Before your eighteenth birthday," he answered.

"Then whatever is to happen must happen quickly," I said; "for I shall be eighteen next week. But do tell me what is to happen."

"He shook his shaggy head, muttered something which I could not catch, and dropped my hand."

It was well that Orella did not look back as she lanced merrily out of the room, and that she went quickly.

The door had scarcely closed upon her retreating form ere Miss Forrester threw up her hands and fell fainting to the floor.

She recovered consciousness before any one discovered what had happened; then she went quickly up to her own room and carefully locked the door. Shortly afterwards there was an odor of something burning.

"Miss Forrester is making a fire in her grate, and this is a hot afternoon in June," thought the little house-maid Juno, thought the little house-maid Juno, thought the little house-maid Juno.

"Dear me, how eccentric she is! I wonder if I shall ever be an old maid, and if I was so unfortunate as to be one, if I should become as cross and cranky as she is? Heavea forbid! It's a wonder that pretty, jolly Miss Orella can endure it here. She is not allowed to have a single girl companion, and no lovers. I often wonder what Miss Forrester is thinking of when she looks at the girl with a certain peculiar look in her eyes. Does she love Miss Orella, or does she hate her?"

CHAPTER II

Although Miss Forrester had lived for nearly eighteen years in Woodhaven, still very little was known of her by the simple country folk, for she went among them but rarely, and then only when it was absolutely necessary.

Years before she had suddenly appeared in the little hamlet accompanied by an infant but a few weeks old. She had bought Beech Grove Cottage, its isolation on the lonely road, fully a mile from the village, being its greatest recommendation.

The years glided on almost imperceptibly, and almost before Miss Forrester could realize what had occurred, she found herself with a tall slip of a young girl on her hands—a girl as gloriously beautiful as a dream, and as bright and joyous, despite her gloomy surroundings, as a veritable sunbeam.

The young men of the village were the first to make this discovery, and fairly haunted the road that led past the cottage. Some, more brave than the rest, made it a point to stop at the cottage on one excuse or another, always choosing the time when Miss Forrester was seen jogging her old gray mare toward the town.

Thus it was that, entirely without her aunt suspecting it, Orella Forrester came to know most of the young people for miles around.

It was but a few weeks before our story opened that Orella had met Bernard Yorke, and in a very romantic fashion, too.

Feeling lonely in her aunt's absence one afternoon, she had gone down to the thickly wooded grove just back of the orchard to search for

a nightingale's nest, which she felt certain must be in one of the wide-spreading beech-trees which she could so plainly see from her own little bedroom, for the bird always flew toward a particular bough.

(To be Continued.)

'WOMAN AND MOSES'

(Continued.)

"More honest than you think," she said. "I needn't have told you anything. You never asked me."

"That is true," he said, but his voice implied that had she not done so it would have been wrong. The tone of his voice showed her how she had fallen in his estimation.

"I always thought you lost the case because that brute Lancaster didn't turn up," he went on. His thoughts were more with the circumstances than with her at that moment. It seemed to him as if she had deceived him.

"Oh, no, Arthur was quite right," she spoke bitterly.

"I expect you were horribly tempted; you thought he cared for you and all that." He was trying to excuse her to himself.

"Oh, yes, all that." Doreen's voice was very hard. At this moment, all her sins seemed to be washed away by the present agony. She did not regret the Groben Mine nor anything. It seemed to her that the little she had not out of life was her due.

"Then of course, Trefusis didn't treat you properly?"

"He was a little cold."

"I know you will always be true to me when we are married."

The idea of not marrying her had not yet come to him, but the tone of his voice cut out of them all the joy his words might have brought to her.

"But we will not marry," she said quietly.

He looked at her inquiringly.

"I don't see why not," he said quietly. "That is all over."

"Yes, it's all over," she replied mechanically. All the fire had gone out of their interview.

"I would never reproach you," he said.

"No, you would not be likely to do that." Then she burst out, "But you would always be thinking of it. You don't feel the same since I told you. You are disappointed, horrified."

George Farquharson changed his position by the fireplace.

"Oh, no, not quite that; I am only a little hurt."

There was a ring at the door. A shuffling of feet in the hall, and Mouche burst into the room all in white and with a bunch of primroses in her hand.

For an instant a feeling of irritation against the child rose in Doreen's heart.

To George Farquharson the child's presence seemed to intensify the situation.

"If she had really cared for the child she would have run straight," he said to himself.

An awe-struck reluctant look came on the child's face at the sight of a stranger. She had forgotten George Farquharson. She went and held up the flowers to her mother.

"Run away, run away, Mouche. Shake hands first, now go upstairs."

Doreen's voice was almost harsh.

"He has given you the child," he said, as Mouche disappeared, disappointed with her reception.

"Yes, I can't think why, except, except," there was a touch of vindictiveness in her voice as she finished the phrase, "that Avril tells me he will care for me." She ended the phrase with a short, cynical laugh.

"Who could help loving you?" he said, man's jealousy asserting itself. He came nearer to her. "I love you just the same, Doreen," he said, but the voice was changed. He might as well have said, "It is all over," as far as Doreen was concerned.

"Oh, no you don't," Doreen laughed again. She couldn't help it.

"It was just a shock at first, because I always thought you had been so badly treated."

"But you knew I had stolen the Groben Mine papers."

"Oh, I didn't mind that a bit."

His tone showed that was a joke, child's play to the revelation Doreen had made to him.

"How odd you men are!" she burst out, all the old Doreen returning. "Who are you? What are you, you men, that you should expect everything and give nothing?"

It was true what she said. How could he explain that he was not of the men who would marry an adventuress, that what he had loved in her was the purity he had thought had been tramped upon and killed by Trefusis's coldness, but which had never been sullied? That he came of a race who married pure women and kept them so?

"Doreen, I tell you that I am just the same, that I will marry you just as if you had never told me. We will never speak of it again. I know all you have suffered."

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"Really?" Doreen's voice was ironical. Would he ever know that it seemed to her as if she had never known real suffering till to-day. To-day, when the respectability she craved for more than love slid past her, because she had been honest.

"I will never marry you," she said, and he felt that the fire necessary to combat her mood was wanting.

The luncheon bell rang, and he took out his watch. Then, at the thought that the interview was over, he grew lighter.

"And I say that you are to marry me," he said playfully.

Doreen's response was a ghastly smile.

"You are very good," she said. "We will discuss that another day. I think—her voice broke a little—"we have talked enough for to-day."

"I'll come back to-morrow," he said. He made a movement as to kiss her, but Doreen drew herself up.

"Good-bye, George," she said.

A moment later she was lurching with Mouche and talking as if nothing was the matter, only her movements were jerky, and Mouche cried out as she shook out nearly all the pepper from the pepper pot over her omelette.

CHAPTER XXIII

No one ever knew how it happened. No one could have believed, who knew the love Doreen bore for Mouche, that she had taken her own life, yet later Mouche said that "Mum" my had said a lot of funny things, and some letters were found on the table in her boudoir.

The servants said she had sat up very late, telling them that she would put out the lights. But at two o'clock in the morning the firemen and a mob of policemen informed the household that flames were issuing from the ground floor. The fire was checked before it had reached Mouche's bedroom, but Doreen was found on her knees, charred and disfigured, and with her beautiful hair burnt off her head. It was not likely everyone said, that Doreen would have chosen a death that might have cost Mouche's life, and they were right. Doreen had resolved on something desperate, but she had not decided what. "Mouche, Mouche, Mouche," that had been the theme of her thoughts, the strong reason why she craved for a new respectable life, a rescinding of the world's pronouncement. Would Mouche miss her much? Would her life be any good to Mouche? The stained, incapable, helpless life of a divorced mother. George would come back she knew him. But his look! The flush that had come over his face when she made her confession! It would be a second edition of her life with Arthur. The mistrust first and then the coldness. She smiled to herself as she thought of what a good wife she would have made him, just because of the experience she had had. The nausea of evil. The sickening of other men. She did not contemplate suicide, not yet, not yet, but she would go away somewhere, some where where no one would ever hear of her again. A fear found its way to her eyes, pricking as it went. No, she wouldn't! Perhaps she would take Mouche. Perhaps not. Avril would be very good to Mouche when she was gone. Mouche would be very rich. She would buy happiness. She wrote many letters that night. One to George, bidding him farewell. One to Arthur, asking for his forgiveness, telling him of her love and for that very love's sake bidding him treat Avril well. "Never be cold to her," she said, "for you know that your coldness is worse than that of other men, and would drive a woman to anything. Avril's heart is breaking, be tender to her." A letter to her lawyer and a letter to Mouche in case she decided to leave her: "To be opened on her wedding day," and then, weary and heart sick, she had leaned her head on her hand and wondered, wondered at the treatment of the clay in the potter's hand. Fearful yet a little revolting at the decrees of God.

"What a fool I was to think it could ever be wiped out, forgotten, that life can ever be the same again." Then the prayer that Mouche might never be tempted or neglected as she had been. While she sat there and mused

a great blaze of light seemed to spring up beside her. Her dress had caught fire. Her first instinct was to rush to the door to waken the house. The hangings of the fireplace had already caught fire. A great column of flame leaped to the ceiling. Tongues ran along the carpet. A fearful impulse seized her. She took the letters she had written and thrust them into the hall. The draught of the door fanned the flame into a more gigantic blaze, she closed the door and came back and stood there and watched. A little agony and all would be over. She forgot Mouche. The chairs were crackling now, the book-shelves. The flames were torturing her into insensibility. She screamed, but the roaring flames drowned her cry. The whole room, the curtains of the window, the bird cages were ablaze, but she could not move to save the tortured birds.

The fire had started long before she had perceived it. She was faint with agony. Vaguely came the thought to her weakened brain that hell was like this. Would she go to hell? No, she had suffered here enough. Then she remembered Mouche, but it was too late, the room was like a hell-lit furnace. She could not go backwards or forwards; for smoke and flame. She watched with dull agony the blackening of her limbs. Then she sank on her knees.

"Christ forgive me! Oh, God, save Mouche!" And she died. Died on her knees where they found her in the morning, the charred bones bent in the attitude of prayer, and round her neck the melted chain of gold to which hung Arthur's portrait, hanging in golden tears upon her blackened bosom.

"Really, it seems the best thing that could have happened," said the world. Mrs. Farquharson felt sorry for a few days, but it seemed a wonderful dispensation of Providence that George should have killed Mouche without having to marry a woman with a past. A fierce joy she strove in vain to repress came over Avril. A joy, she strove hard to conceal from Arthur. Mouche cried a great deal, and rejoiced at her return to Chatts Park.

Perhaps next to Arthur and George, it was Rosalie who felt Doreen's death most. She at last changed her refrain and murmured:

"Qu'est-ce que c'est que l'arg'nt, tout de meme, vis-a-vis de la mort!"

Early the next morning the postman brought a letter to Doreen from George.

"Darling," it said, "I fear I may have seemed cruel to-day. What does the past matter? Let us bury it. I cannot live without you. You must be my wife. You, and you alone, can satisfy me."

But it was Arthur Trefusis who mourned her most. He felt indeed, a wounded man. He did not know what he had hoped of the future, but while she lived it had seemed to him that they must meet once more. That somewhere, some day, he could atone to her for his neglect. He had asked to be left alone in her room, alone with the coffin of the woman he had sworn to love and cherish till death parted them. It should have been his business to have entrusted her to death's keeping, but she had been alone when death came to her. How would he explain the failure of his trust to God? As he paced her room, the room in which she lay smothered in flowers that hid the foul disfigurements the flames had made, his fingers turned over the pages of the Bible. Why, oh why did the pages open at the lines he had read so often, then closed for many months for fear of seeing them?

"How knowest thou, man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?" What had he done to save her? Had he not rather thrust her towards other men, before the divorce, and afterwards left her to "dree her own weid"? Was the personal offence to himself to rank before the many offences he might have been guilty of to God? In his heart rose a fierce hatred of Avril, Avril who had made it impossible for him to return to Doreen. How trivial, how paltry seemed her offence, now that she had gone!

And Avril, alone at Chatts Park, could not but be to think of him alone by the corpse of the woman who had, she knew, been in his heart all the time, yet she knew that her very presence in the mortuary chamber would have been a sacrilege. During those sad days she would not go near the two children. The sight of them disgusted her. "Whose were they? Whose would they be?" she questioned, at the judgment day, and her child seemed to her like a second Ishmael.

She did not know that it was Doreen's letter alone that had made him return to her. That he would have liked to have wandered away across the world till he forgot, if he would ever forget.