

Children Cry for Fletcher's

# CASTORIA

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.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years



### NEWCASTLE STEAMBOAT COMPANY, LTD.

TIME TABLE STR. "DOROTHY" 1913

**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. 26..... 10.45  
Maritime Express, No. 34..... 5.10  
Ocean Limited, No. 100..... 13.22

**DEPARTURES—WEST**

Night Freight, No. 39..... 2.20  
Local Express, No. 35..... 14.10  
Maritime Express, No. 33..... 24.10  
Ocean Limited, No. 139..... 16.25

**INDIAN TOWN BRANCH**

Blackville, dep..... 8.30  
Itanous, dep..... 8.54  
Milton, dep..... 9.29  
Leily Jet,..... 9.50  
Newcastle, arrive..... 10.05  
Newcastle, dep..... 16.35  
Milton, dep..... 17.10  
Derby Jet, dep..... 16.51  
Itanous, dep..... 18.01  
Blackville, arrive..... 18.35

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.

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 Milberton 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.

Furniture and machinery charged by bulk.

**FREIGHT AND PARCELS MUST BE PREPAID.**

THE NEWCASTLE STEAMBOAT CO., LTD.  
D. MORRISON,  
Manager.



### 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

**FREDERICKSON**  
The Business College

W. J. 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. J. OSBORNE, Principal  
Frederickton, N. B.

Now is the Time to Enter

Full staff of skilled and experienced teachers. Up-to-date courses of study. Light, airy, cheerful rooms. Complete equipment. Over 40 years experience of the needs of the public, and of success in meeting those needs.

Catalogue mailed to any address.

S. KERR, Principal.

## 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 weatherly suitor," he said, "but I hope to win wealth in time. I would start in 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 hair, handsome, boyish head and smiled.

"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.

"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 other 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."

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.

### 'WOMAN AND MOSES'

(To be 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 got 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.

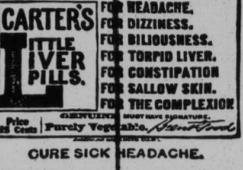
He looked at her inquiringly. "I don't see why not," he said quietly. "That is all over."

"Yes, it's all over," she replied mechanically. All the fire had gone out of their interview. "I would never reproach you," he said.

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

### Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of *Beut Food*



Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

See Face-Smile Wrapper Below.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

"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 gassy 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 luncheon with Mouché and talking as if nothing was the matter, only her movements were jerky, and Mouché cried out as she shook out nearly all the pepper from the pepper pot over her emplette.

CHAPTER XXIII

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

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 Mouché. 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 cage 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 Mouché, but it was too late, the room was like a hell-hot 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 Mouché!" 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 Providence 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. Mouché cried a great deal, but 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'argent, 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 widower. 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 bear 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 sacrifice. During those sad days she would not go near the door of her again. A tear found its way to her eyes, pricking as it went. No one wanted her! Perhaps she would take Mouché. Perhaps not. Avril would be very good to Mouché when she was gone. Mouché 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 Mouché 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 Mouché might never be tempted or neglected as she had been. While she sat there and mused

But Avril is content; her scruples are satisfied. (The End)

**Ayer's Pills**

Gently Laxative. Sugar-coated. Dose, one pill, only one. Sold for 60 years.

Ask Your Doctor. Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

**EVERY WOMAN**

should know about the wonderful Whirling Spray

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, except on other, but send stamp for illustrated book—mailed. It gives full particulars and directions for use to ladies. WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.