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TIME TABLE "DOROTHY N" 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. 36.....	10.45
Maritime Express, No. 34.....	5.10
Ocean Limited, No. 200.....	12.22

DEPARTURES—WEST	
Night Freight, No. 39.....	3.20
Local Express, No. 35.....	14.10
Maritime Express, No. 33.....	21.10
Ocean Limited, No. 199.....	16.25

INDIAN TOWN BRANCH	
Blackville, dep.....	8.30
Moncton, dep.....	8.54
Moncton, dep.....	9.29
St. John's, dep.....	9.50
Newcastle, arrive.....	10.05
Newcastle, dep.....	16.35
Moncton, dep.....	17.10
St. John's, dep.....	16.57
Moncton, arrive.....	18.07
Blackville, arrive.....	18.31

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.



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WOMAN AND MOSES

(Continued)

"Then don't you think we should make up to him even at the sacrifice of our own beings? For his sake you must not leave him, not even if you think it right."

But Avril stood up and crossed the room to the window. Then she came back and stood on the hearth-rug close to Doreen.

"Doreen, you must let him come back, he cares for you, not for me. Not for me."

She was on her knees now by Doreen, with her head on her lap, and sobbing.

The sweetness of her words did not reach Doreen for very pity of Avril's grief. The very newness of it all took her breath away. It seemed to her that she ought to have learnt all this before, that she had been selfish in her ignorance, and while Avril sobbed on her knees, it seemed to her strange that the joy in her at her words was not fiercer. Her mind went back to the past, to the days of coldness and neglect, when one word would have saved her from so much. She felt almost glad of her sad experience. She had grown to feel and understand so much.

"It is your fancy, dear," she said, as she tried to comfort her. "Long, long before he divorced me, he had ceased to care for me, and I don't wonder. I was so frivolous and foolish. So unfit for a man like him."

How could Avril explain that his love had flamed up anew since he had driven her away from him? He had never told her that it was so, only she knew.

When at last Avril left her, Doreen sat and mused for nearly an hour. Once more it struck her that the world was an impossible and incomprehensible place to live in.

"It seems incredible, really," she repeated to herself, and then she sat down and wrote to George Farquharson, telling him to come back.

"He will know what that means," she said to herself. Two things that Avril had said to her had had no effect upon her. That it would be wrong for her to marry, and that Avril must leave Arthur. "That is all stuff and nonsense. Silly, high-faloot ideas of Avril's that will not hold water."

She saw clearly, as she thought, what she ought to do. "When I am married to George Farquharson they will forget all about me." Then she tried to fancy Arthur with her again, but the picture would not form itself. "It would never do," she murmured. "Never. I should feel about Avril, all that she has felt about me. We should be miserable."

"How pleased you look, mummy," Monche said to her at luncheon. And she was pleased, pleased to think that her marriage to George Farquharson would soon be over, but other thoughts came later in the afternoon, when she was driving. She wondered what Arthur would say when he knew that she had really been unfaithful to him. She didn't know that he had never doubted it, and that Avril's information, if she gave it, would bring no new element into his thoughts. But with the thought of the confession she had made came the wonder of what George Farquharson would feel about it. She had never spoken of it to him. There had been no need, but how could she marry him without telling him? Something in Avril's out-spreading of the truth made all deceit seem impossible, had she ever, for an instant, contemplated it? She told the coachman to drive back, and stopped the letter she had left on the hall table going to the post.

"He must know, then," she said, "and then he can come back or not, as he likes." Yet she felt pretty sure that George Farquharson would wish the past to belong to itself, and that it would not alter him. As to scruples about marrying again during Arthur's life time, she had none. It might be all very well for a young and innocent girl like Avril, but for Doreen, Doreen who had drunk at the fountain of bitterness and dabbled in sin—

"Nothing I do now can matter," she said to herself, as she sat up late writing to George. She had meant to tell him that she had bought Killieclochie, but she would refrain. She would not even tell his mother yet who the anonymous purchaser was.

"He might marry me out of gratitude," she thought. Then, in her quiet way, she said to herself: "One is to come back on account of scruples, and the other to marry me from gratitude. It certainly isn't flattering."

What she could not disguise from herself was that Avril's visit had made a difference to her life. It was nice to think that after all she had not been so completely put away from his thoughts as she had been from his heart.

"I wish I had only known it during those dreadful days at Eastbourne." But pleasant tidings have a way of cropping up when we no longer have any need for them. We often take out our summer clothes when the hot weather is over.

Two days later she received a letter from Mrs. Farquharson, saying that old Mr. Farquharson was seriously ill and that George had been telegraphed for. "So he won't get my letter after all, and I shall have to tell him myself. Just my luck." Yet she had no dread of his return.

CHAPTER XXI

Avril, too, was far happier after her conversation with Doreen, and a little of her old brightness returned. After all, if Doreen would not make it up with Arthur, it was not her fault. She could not bring hers if to leave Arthur yet. She told her husband of her visit to Doreen, and if he said little it still gave him a good deal to think about. He felt a little quipped at the want of enthusiasm Doreen had displayed at the idea of living with him again. What surprised him was that Avril should have jumped at the conclusion that he would have come back to Doreen. He was busy with politics now and an approaching general election. Avril saw very little of him. Almost without discussing the question they had given up the idea of a season in London. Neither owned it to the other, but both knew that it was not only for the sake of the constituents that they shunned the idea of appearing much in public that year. Avril did not regain her strength as quickly as she had hoped, and jumped at her parent's suggestion that she and the baby should go to her old home for a little while. Much as she loved Arthur, she realized that it would be a relief to be alone for a time to think things out. Yet, when the time for parting came, she wished she had not resolved to go.

"Will you be very lonely?" she said, and her heart ached when he said he thought he would to away as soon as the election was over. It seemed to her like the beginning of the end. During the journey she wondered whether she would see Mr. Harding.

A few days after her arrival she met him at the Park gates. She could see by his expression that he was startled at the change in her. He had meant to be commonplace, but his old habit of blurring out his thoughts was too strong.

"Married life doesn't seem to have agreed with you." There was a touch of brutality in his tone.

"If he only knew," she said to herself.

"Yes, you were right," she said, "quite right." He became sympathetic at once.

"Don't you get on?" The voice was anxious.

"He is very good to me." Men don't indulge in the "I told you so," so delightful to women.

"You must make the best of it," he said. "That was what everyone told her."

"That is just what I know," she replied, and then they talked of other things.

"Is Monche with you?" he asked presently.

"No, she is with her mother." There was a silence for a few moments. Then he said:

"I'm glad of that—poor thing." He meant Doreen.

Avril's eyes flashed.

"Oh, she isn't so much to be pitied. She is going to be married, and, and still cares for her." For the first time a feeling of hatred against this woman, this immoral woman, who had everything, Monche and George Farquharson and Arthur and the Groven Mine? Standing there, she felt that all life was full of tender, pathetic things that had escaped her notice, that the facts of life and of existence were only gradually becoming dear to her. She felt like a dried leaf that has been hurled along by the stream of a river and has now been caught by a twig in the bank, and rests, and has time to look about and notice the little budding things of the wayside, the colour of the sky and the water, and to listen to the song of the birds, and to wonder at it all, for we are forty before we can understand the things we were supposed to know at twenty. She felt now that she had, so to speak, got inside Arthur's mind and could turn round in it, and for a time scruples were laid to rest, merged into the pleasant certainty that Arthur needed her and that to leave him would be cruel.

"I will wait and see how we feel when Doreen is married."

Yet now and then it floated across her mind that Doreen, with a popular husband, would have still more permeating force in her lives than she had at present, for she, too, shunned London in the season now. But what would she do when she was married, for the world forgives a great deal to a woman who inherits a million and marries a respectable man?

"Can it be that I grudge her her happiness?" she often asked herself. We are always surprised when people do not take our advice, and it was a matter of wonder for Avril that Doreen persisted in her marriage, notwithstanding all she had told her.

"She has ceased to care for Arthur," she thought, and wondered how any woman could cease to care for one so far above ordinary humanity as her fancy had made Arthur Tremfuss.

Avril was laughing now, but they were close to the house.

"Won't you come in?" But Mr. Harding felt he must think out this meeting with Avril.

"Not to-day, many thanks." She lingered after she had said good-bye, as if she wanted to say something.

"I should like to talk it all out with you one day," she said presently. "Perhaps you will advise me, I am so worried about it all."

"Oh, come now, you want to turn me into one of those long-coated, shovel-hatted, Noah-looking sort of chaps, Father-confessors, or what do you call them? Well, I expect I'll do as well as one of them." He laughed his hearty laugh. "I'll look in one day when you are alone, some day, eh?"

As she went into the house, Avril said to herself:

"I wish I had listened to him." Yet she felt a little comforted at the thought that she was near him. He had the gift of imparting a feeling of support to those around him.

Yet she was glad that he, too, took the view when they met again that it was no good crying over spilt milk.

"First of all, Mrs. Tremfuss—what's her name? Doreen, as you call her, won't have him back at any price, and secondly, they'll never hit it off if they did make it up. It's against nature, and if she's going to be married why you would only be making your self miserable for nothing. No good would come of it."

"It's only from a moral point of view. Because I have done wrong, it does not follow that I ought to go on doing so."

"I don't think it would be fair on him," Harding confessed to himself that it was a difficult case. "Anyhow, don't do anything rash. It's wonderful how things settle themselves unexpectedly sometimes."

"Nothing but the death of one of us could settle it really," said Avril, and so frail and delicate she looked that Mr. Harding felt a little lightening at his heart-strings.

"I expect there are worse things than death," he said, not quite knowing what he meant.

The remark was so gloomy that from mere dreariness Avril laughed. "Yet, somehow, one clings to life, and these days—to happiness."

In those days she wrote long letters to Arthur, in which she poured her heart out, and, as usual, craved unflinchingly for the knowledge of his inmost thoughts.

"Don't spare me," she wrote. "Tell me what you think we ought to do. You know that I shall abide by your decision, and that whatever you decide I shall think right, whether I am with you or away from you I can never cease to love you, and surely love is holy, and holiest of all when it sacrifices itself." But she rejoiced when Tremfuss, who was feeling very lonely and depressed, wrote.

"I cannot do without you. I cannot think it is right that we should part."

A few days after this letter he ran down to see her. In the evening when they were alone, he comforted her by saying with the earnestness of truth:

"I am quite certain now that whether you left me or not, whether she marries or not, I would never go back to Doreen." And Avril was content to leave matters so, for she cared for him more than she had ever done, and the few days she spent with her in her old home seemed like a fresh life, and nature has a way of budding over again and again in human hearts just as the spring bursts each year from the old hoariness of winter. It seemed to Avril that all life was full of tender, pathetic things that had escaped her notice, that the facts of life and of existence were only gradually becoming dear to her. She felt like a dried leaf that has been hurled along by the stream of a river and has now been caught by a twig in the bank, and rests, and has time to look about and notice the little budding things of the wayside, the colour of the sky and the water, and to listen to the song of the birds, and to wonder at it all, for we are forty before we can understand the things we were supposed to know at twenty. She felt now that she had, so to speak, got inside Arthur's mind and could turn round in it, and for a time scruples were laid to rest, merged into the pleasant certainty that Arthur needed her and that to leave him would be cruel.

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But Doreen had not ceased to care. She cared too much to have him back with the yawning chasm of the past between them. She had pretty much in London for the first sign from George. It came the past would rush back to both. That if it was not made evident in words, a telegram.

"Frightfully disappointed at not finding you. Writing."

The telegram was followed by a letter in which he announced his intention of coming to see her the next day.

"I shall try my luck again," he said in the letter, little knowing that she had made up her mind to marry him. But she wrote and told him that she would not hear of his coming to see her "I'll after his father's death."

"You might be away when he died," she said, "and I would never forgive myself."

She did not realize that her wish to put off his visit was her fear of the talk she had to tell, not only for the result it might have, but for the manner of the telling.

How hideous, how revolting, was the tale she had to tell! All her woman's modesty revolted against it. Looked at now across the hiatus of years come by, it seemed to her incredible that it could be herself who had done this act. The telling of it brought to her mind a shivering horror, a hundred details, which, at the time, had not existed. It was not repentance that she felt but a disgust of self.

"He will never, never, get over the idea," she said to herself. Albeit, the thought that he would not marry her never occurred to her. Once she thought of writing to him. But she had not the courage to put the cold facts on paper. Sometimes at night she would awake suddenly and sit up in bed, feeling as if she had told him and he had gone from her. Sometimes she wondered why she was so feverishly anxious to marry him, to have his good opinion. He did not know how intense was her desire to resuscitate from the social death that had prostrated her, to rise again to those levels which outward respectability alone commands and which we count as nothing while we possess them, and to her it seemed that nothing but her marriage could do this, if indeed even that could suffice. Would it suffice? She often wondered was it possible that a person could go down to his grave without the seal of man's moved, the brand of this world's verdict ever being bleached out?

"How long the poor old man was dying," she thought to herself, as the days went by and George Farquharson wrote and wrote always the same thing, that he was not expected to live through the night. Yet when at last the telegram came, announcing his death, she trembled at the thought of how close the ordeal was, the dealing of the last card of her life's tragedy, by which she lost or won the game; yet she repeated to herself over and over again that nothing, nothing would change the persistent love of George Farquharson.

Then at last he came, bronzed by South Africa, and a little worn and disturbed by his father's death.

"He looks like one of last year's horse-chestnuts," Doreen wondered how the thought could float through her mind at such a moment. They stood facing each other, the full midday sun streaming in at the window and flooding the bird-cages.

"Why need I tell him? What has he got to do with my past?" But she knew that the thought was not a suggestion she would pay heed to.

Between herself and George there must be truth instead of passion. There must be no reproach, or self-reproach. The dead past must bury its dead ghosts of deceits and intrigues and faithlessness, and the future rise clear and transparent as a crystal through which each could read the other's soul and be satisfied.

"My darling," she was in his arms. As she nestled there she was glad that he looked older and more manly. Then she pushed him gently away. Why did a swift pain come to her heart?

"You won't send me away again?" "That depends on you." She sat down nervously. Then she paced the room. She could not find words to tell him all she felt. Then suddenly she blurted out:

"George, did you believe that I was wrongly divorced, that if I had been foolish, frivolous, I was yet a loyal wife in act if not in words?"

"Of course I did. Doesn't my being here prove it?"

Surely she could not have imagined that he ever distrusted her.

It was as if he had stabbed her. Her knees trembled so that she could not stand. She held on to the window curtains.

"Fool, fool that I was," she whispered to herself. But she did not know whether she reproached herself for telling him or imagining that happiness was meant for her. Then presently she grew calmer, calmer as he made a step towards her, and she waved to him not to move.

"Then, George, I cannot be your wife. I was unfaithful to Arthur. He was right to divorce me."

The room swam round him. Strong man though he was, he felt a faint, dizzy feeling, and for a moment he could not speak. Then he said very quietly:

"Really?" He could not for the moment bring other words to his lips, nor did he try to justify herself or plead.

"I'm glad you told me. It's awfully honest of you," he said presently. Doreen laughed bitterly.

"He is quite devoted to you," she said, but promised, and now Doreen had nothing left to do but to wait in years' secrets between them. She knew too well how, now and then, the first sign from George. It came the past would rush back to both. That if it was not made evident in words, a telegram.

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(To be continued)

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