

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 Dr. J. C. ...

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.

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 "DOROTHY N"

I. R. C. TIME TABLE

The I. R. C. summer change of time which went into effect on Sunday, June 2, 1913 is as follows:

DEPARTURES—EAST

Night Freight, No. 40, 2.50

Local Express, No. 36, 19.45

Maritime Express, No. 34, 5.10

Ocean Limited, No. 290, 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

Redbank, dep., 8.54

Millerton, dep., 9.29

Levy Jct., dep., 9.50

Newcastle, arrive, 10.05

Newcastle, dep., 16.35

Millerton, dep., 17.10

Derby Jct., dep., 16.50

Renouf, dep., 18.05

Blackville, arrive, 18.30

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 Millerton 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.

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

FREIGHT RATES

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

Furniture and machinery charged by bulk.

FREIGHT AND PARCELS MUST BE PREPAID

THE NEWCASTLE STEAMBOAT CO., LTD. BOAT 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

Advertisement for Fredericton Business College, W. J. Osborne, Principal.

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.

W. W. COY., Principal.

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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

"Have something to do and do it." That is the secret of good health and happiness which long life has revealed to Lord Frederick Fitzroy, who recently, at Balcombe, Sussex, G. B., celebrated the 60th anniversary of his wedding with Lady Frederick Fitzroy.

WOMAN AND MOSES

(Continued)

The entrance of Mouché, all golden curls and white frock, did a good deal to enhance Doreen's position in Mrs. Farquharson's eyes.

"If she were a bad woman he wouldn't let her have the child with her," she said to herself. The child seemed to justify her presence in the room, to excuse the parents' wish that George could have shared Doreen's million.

"You must come and see us, dear," Warm-hearted Mrs. Farquharson kissed Doreen lightly as she said goodbye.

Doreen smiled gratefully, but Mrs. Farquharson could not interpret her words or the expression of her face as she said:

"Thank you so much, Mrs. Farquharson, but I never go anywhere now. Mouché and I are quite happy alone, but I shall be so grateful to you if you will come some times and see me. I shall love to hear how George gets on."

"What a thousand pities she is a divorcee," Mrs. Farquharson said to herself, as she re-entered the family laund, which was so soon to fall beneath the hammer. It was not often that she had time to think. There were generally two or three daughters in the big carriage, but today she had thought it wiser not to bring them.

She quite forgot as she bemoaned Doreen's position that had she not been divorced she would still have been Mrs. Trefusis, and quite as unattainable to her wonderful son.

"Poor dear George, he does seem unlucky."

"Ce que c'est que l'argent tout d'même!" Rosalie was watching the big carriage rolling away from the door. "Volla le monde qui commence à revenir. Je l'avais dit."

"If only I knew what I ought to do," murmured Doreen. "I feel such a brute no marrying him, yet if I did I should feel a still greater one."

"Are you sorry?" Avril could not get away from stifling his thoughts. "Why should I be? What difference can it make to me?"

"They can't help my doing that, and I know he feels the old house going more than anything."

Doreen old Mrs. Farquharson talked so much and so unselfishly that it soon got about London that George was going to marry Doreen. One or two acquaintances called on her and said they didn't mean to be unkind, but they hadn't if she would care to see them.

"Yet how empty it all is," Doreen said to herself. "What a make-believe of happiness. I feel as if I did as a child when I was tired of dressing up and pretending to pay visits."

She realized that she had got beyond the stage of caring whether people were nice to her or not, for whether she was well dressed or not she craved for something solid in the way of happiness.

"I would rather be a good old Irish labourer's wife," she said to herself, "with ten hungry children sitting round the table, and yet to feel that everything was all right."

"How I hate being a woman with a story!" she said over and over again to herself. The peaceful pleasures of Bourgeoisie, the respectable commonplace habits of the middle classes, oh, she saw it all now. She was beginning to piece together the world's puzzle, to see how the most unlikely pieces were fitted in deftly.

"And all this I would have if I married George." It was just that simplicity of the Farquharsons that appealed to her. Yet she realized that she would bring into their midst their uncomfortable element of "no-rien" that would be as incongruous and unsuitable as a ballet dancer's dress would be unbecoming to Mrs. Farquharson's matronly frame.

After all, there is something to be proud of in a record of undisturbed dullness.

"To think that after all these years I am dying to be a frump! and even that is impossible," she added bitterly to herself. "I shall always be that notorious Mrs. Trefusis, that dreadful woman, that divorcee. That woman one doesn't know." The old hurt pained again, and with it came the wonder whether human beings had the right to brand their fellow-men for life like this. To set upon them the mark that would make all men flee that saw it.

"For ever and ever," she murmured to herself, while Mouché slept in her little white bed by her side, and then she did what she often did. Lay still in bed with her arms folded on her breast and wondered when she would be likely to die. If it would be very dreadful, and whether she would go to Heaven, and what Mouché would do, and whether Arthur would be sorry. Yet the last thought was always Arthur, Arthur to whom she would never again stretch out her arms in the wakeful moments of the night.

CHAPTER XIX

"Such a pretty little girl!" The nurse's voice was apologetic in answer to Avril's feeble inquiry as to the sex of her offspring.

"I knew it would be," she said to herself, which did not look as if she had placed much faith in the efficacy of her prayers. She had counted on the arrival of a son and heir, as the linking of a closer chain between herself and her husband. For a year and a half she had been, as it were, raking her husband's heart towards her, but there was always something left that slipped between the teeth. She knew how he longed for a son. If she had had one Arthur might have learnt to forget.

It was the old story of the Hagar and Sarah. She took the child very coldly in her arms and for to kiss it. Arthur was very kind and tender to her, yet his expression as he looked down upon the sleeping "God is against me," she thought in those weary days before she was allowed to see anyone, and once more the thought that hardly ever left her mind for many minutes returned. A thought that was gradually moulding itself into a resolution.

Doreen wrote very sweetly about Mouché's little sister, and Avril wondered how she could.

"I believe she is a much better woman than I am," she said to herself.

Two or three days later Arthur came in with the news he had heard that Doreen was going to marry George Farquharson.

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ed you. "You are not married." Your husband's wife lives and will be his till death."

"Do you feel like that?" Arthur's voice was full of horror and awe. She was describing his feelings.

"Do I feel like that? Yes, and have felt it ever since our marriage and before. Before I knew that I was doing wrong. I was warned. Mr. Harding told me that I should not be happy. The Vicar—so many friends—

and he pressed her close to him for never had he understood 'till then how great her love had been. Her act seemed justified by the intensity of her love, but this? Had he not acted in cold blood, more from a wish to revenge himself on Doreen than from passionate love for Avril?"

"What can we do?" he said, stroking her soft hair. "Surely, we love each other truly till the end, we shall be doing right now. Think of the child."

"Oh, don't think of her," said Avril bitterly. "Don't. I think of the future when she will have to know that I was not really married to you, that in the eyes of God she is illegitimate."

"You exaggerate, Avril; legally we are married and we love each other. Do not create complications that do not exist. It is pleasant you will confess I have had misgivings of late as to whether divorced people should marry, but I feel that now there is nothing to be done, and that to repile or to make ourselves miserable would be useless. Doreen herself is going to marry. We shall feel quite different when she is Mrs. Farquharson." He tried to speak cheerfully, but Avril shook her head.

"We have merely put temptation in Doreen's way. She too, will be committing a sin."

Perhaps she does not feel like us. "She doesn't know what it's like." Avril said sadly, and her words and tone showed the anguish of mind she had gone through.

"I have been wondering whether I ought to go away somewhere." "That you shall certainly not do," he said, gravely.

Once more Avril turned the knife round in her own wound. "If I went away somewhere, would you go back to Doreen?"

It was very dark in their room, yet by the glow outside, she could see the expression of his face as he answered slowly:

"I don't think so."

CHAPTER XX

A few weeks later Doreen was sitting in her boudoir, the brightest thing in a room radiant with flowers and birds, and all things lovely, when "Mrs. Trefusis," looking thin and pale but very pretty, was announced. Her visit startled Doreen as much as it had surprised the parlourmaid who admitted her, for Doreen, notwithstanding her wealth, kept no man-servant. My house is like a discarded harem," she had said in her quaint way.

For an instant the old pain returned. She had, of course, come for Mouché. That was the greatest trial of all in those days. The feeling that she only had Mouché with her by favour, and must give her up at the word of command.

Avril kissed her affectionately. Then held her at arms' length with her two hands on her shoulders, for she was taller than Doreen.

"Can you ever forgive me for not having come near you all this time?" Doreen could not quite understand the Groben Mine sild silently through her brain, then disappeared at once.

"What will he say? Does he know?" "He doesn't know, but he would say nothing."

"Is anything wrong?" Hoarsely, Doreen hoped he wasn't unhappy again. "Don't tell me you have quarrelled."

"Quarrelled, no," replied Avril sadly. "We have not quarrelled, but we are going to part."

"What nonsense!" It struck Doreen oddly that she should be remonstrating with Avril. It was indeed the reversing of positions.

Then Avril told her what had passed between them, of the shadow that haunted her footsteps. The shadow of herself—Doreen.

Doreen would not have been human still less a woman, had she not felt one swift passing shiver of gladness that it had been so. But the new Doreen brushed it away from herself as unworthy.

"My poor child," she said, "and I had thought you were so happy." Then she added, "But what good can you do by leaving him now? It would be cruel."

"I feel that it is the only right thing to do." The voice was charged with bigoted fanaticism, the bigotry and fanaticism of the newly awakened. There was about her whole being a feverish want to act at once. To hurt herself to the quick, so that from the quivering should arise fresh impulses. There was a hurried fear about her as she dreaded to fall back into apathy or sluggishness, or to be lulled to sleep in the arms of Avril.

"How utterly absurd!" Doreen's voice was quite cross. "How can your leaving Arthur wipe out the past?"

"Ah!" Avril sighed her reply. "Anyhow, it would atone."

"Not a bit of it. It would do nothing but make us all more wretched and miserable than we are."

"You are not unhappy." Avril looked almost with envy. "You are going to be married."

"Is not Samaria as Damascus?" quoted Doreen sadly. "I am not happy, only perhaps beginning to emerge from great horrors. Life will always be pretty much the same for me, I expect."

Suddenly Avril seized Doreen's two hands.

"I wish you wouldn't marry him, Doreen."

"Why?" There was a tone of irony almost in her voice. "Was everyone to have everything except herself?"

"I feel, I know it is wrong, you won't be happy. Look at me. Besides—" Avril's voice grew unsteady. "Perhaps if I went away he would come back to you."

Doreen was silent, and the two women listened for an instant to the dull roar of the distant traffic.

For a few moments Doreen tried to picture herself again with Arthur, but the vision would not be conjured up. Had she then ceased to care for him? No, the Arthur of those old days she loved still, but he belonged to the Doreen of those same days. The new life she proposed to herself with George Farquharson would be nipped at birth.

"He would not come back," she said presently. "If he did, it would not do."

"Yet it would be all right again, morally speaking."

"Do you feel it as strongly as that?" Doreen had no religious scruples. The new episode of life on which she had entered was more the outcome of great suffering, from which an intuition of right had sprung.

"So strongly, Doreen, that I want you to help me."

"And the child?"

"The child must bear its parents' sins," Avril's voice was cold.

"You take it too tragically," said Doreen. "The time is past. If, indeed, you and Arthur have done wrong, the punishment rests with me, since I was your stumbling block, and sometimes I feel as if I had suffered enough punishment." Her lips trembled.

"Yet if Arthur returned, you would not send him away?"

Doreen's heart stiffened. She would not have him back at Avril's bidding.

"I think I should," she said. Avril gave a sigh of relief. It was what she wanted Doreen to say. Yet it seemed to her wonderful that any woman should feel like that towards her husband.

Presently Doreen burst out: "I wish you would get him to take the money. I hate it so."

"Why?"

Avril hesitated. "I think he's glad to think you have it. It seems a little compensation."

"Do you mean to tell me that he thinks like you? That he regrets?" "I think so."

"How the world would laugh at us!" Doreen's voice reminded one of her old flippant days.

"No doubt; the world has many wrong ideas, wrong institutions. Divorce is one."

Then, with a wonderful effort, Doreen pronounced the words that had never left her lips.

"And, you know, I was unfaithful to him."

She watched Avril's face to see the effect of her words.

"That is not the point." Yet Avril was glad that Arthur Trefusis's act in divorcing her had been justified by Doreen's own lips.

"We have talked for an hour and we have come to no conclusion," she said presently.

"There is none to come to. We have all done wrong. We are all paying for it. We must live our lives now. You must not leave him. Promise me you won't. You will only be punishing me more. Surely, surely, I have suffered enough."

"Don't tempt me." It was Avril spoke almost fiercely. "It is what I wanted you to say, what I want to do, and I must not."

Doreen was about to interfere.

"You do not know all, Doreen. I was no better than you were. I longed to marry him, long before you were divorced. Afterwards I forced him to marry me, because I loved him so. I could not do without him. Had you not been divorced, and had he asked me, I should have done anything he wanted. I want you to know this, Doreen." As she spoke, she came close to the other woman. "Doreen, how can I blame you when I am just as wicked?"

"That is all over," said Doreen. "We have both done wrong, but we have suffered."

"And yet you won't let me put it right?"

"And he, what does he say?"

"Nothing, but I know that he thinks as I do. What can he do or say? We have rendered him powerless, we women who care for him so much."

(To be continued)

MOTHERS

REMEMBER! The ointment you put on your child's skin gets into the system just as surely as food the child eats. Don't let impure fats and mineral coloring matter (such as many of the cheap ointments contain) get into your child's blood!

Zam-Buk is pure, herbal. No poisonous coloring. Use it always. 50c. Box at all Druggists and Stores.

USE ONLY ZAM-BUK FOR CHILDREN'S SORES

Arthur was about to protest, but she stopped him.

"Don't tell me half-truths, I want to know. It will kill me if you don't tell

Coughs

Hard coughs, old coughs, tearing coughs. Give Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a chance. Sold for 70 years.

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

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