

## TROUBLED WITH KIDNEYS COULD NOT SWEEP FLOOR.

It is hard for a woman to look after her household duties when she is suffering from a weak and aching back, for no woman can be strong and well when the kidneys are out of order.

The weak, lame and aching back comes from sick kidneys and should be attended to at once so as to avoid years of suffering from the kidney trouble which is sure to follow if the back is neglected.

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## MR. FRED M. SPOULE GOES TO HIS REWARD

(Chatham World, Tory.)

A notice appears in the Royal Gazette of the appointment of Fred M. Spoule as registrar of deeds for the County of Kings, in place of Henry F. Fowler, removed from office for cause.

This is unfair to Mr. Fowler, as it suggests some wrongdoing on his part. No one would know, from reading the notice, that the "cause" referred to was political only. He is accused of doing in King's County exactly what a member of the government has done in one provincial and two federal elections in Northumberland County—favored the Liberal and opposed the Conservative candidates. This is cause for dismissal in Kings and all right in Northumberland.

The change has been made only after a long and bitter fight within the Conservative ranks in St. John and Kings. The office was promised to Mr. Spoule by the government, as the price of his withdrawal from the ticket of last election, and that promise has been carried out against great opposition. Every barrister in the two interested counties—every barrister except one wearer of the black gown—protested against the change. And a great army of solid men, a large percentage of them Conservatives, joined in the protest. We have read copies of some of the letters that have been sent to members of the government on the subject, and found them red hot.

Mr. Fowler discharged the duties of the office to the entire satisfaction of the legal profession and the public and it is feared that Mr. Spoule, although he is a talented gentleman of much experience in public matters, will not prove to be equally and at all times as capable of doing the work. We hope that this feeling will prove to be unfounded.

Mr. Spoule is a lifelong Conservative, has been conspicuous in many political fights and served in the last legislature as deputy speaker.

**Electric Restorer for Men**  
Phosphonal restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. Phosphonal will make you a new man. Price \$3 a box, or two for \$5. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

Sold in Fredericton by A. J. RYAN.

## VAN HORNE'S TEAR

For inconsequence we have not seen the argument of Sir William Van Horne at St. Andrew's against reciprocity excelled. Sir William announced his sublime contempt for those who would consider a few cents on their hay, potatoes and turnips when their country was in danger. As to the danger to the country, when a man United States born and bred and reared, like Sir William Van Horne, has such a horror of union with that country, he need have little fear of the rest of us becoming overanointed. His statement that the agreement destroys our fiscal independence, made no doubt out of courtesy to Mr. Borden who has to be upheld in that monstrous fabrication, is simply untrue. We can revoke it whenever we like. The only danger, from Sir Wilfrid's point of view, is that reciprocity must work so well for Canada that we will not only never want to abrogate it, but will forthwith want to extend it to some of the interests in which Sir William is himself protected.—Montreal Witness.

Dr. Percival Barton, aged 90 years, is still practising medicine at St. Paul, Minn.



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(Continued.)

CHAPTER XII.

Wherein Elnora Discovers a Violin and Billy Disciplines Margaret.

Elnora missed the little figure at the bridge the next morning. She slowly walked up the street and turned in at the wide entrance to the school grounds. She scarcely could comprehend that only a week ago she had gone there friendless, alone, and so sick at heart that she was physically ill. Today she had decent clothing, books, friends and her mind was at ease to work on her studies.

As she approached home that night the girl paused in amazement. Her mother had company, and she was laughing. Elnora entered the kitchen softly and peeped into the sitting room. Mrs. Comstock sat in her chair holding a book and every few seconds a soft chuckle broke into a real laugh. Mark Twain was doing his work, while Mrs. Comstock was not lacking in a sense of humor. Elnora entered the room before her mother saw her. Mrs. Comstock looked up with flushed face.

"Where did you get this?" she demanded.

"I bought it," said Elnora.

"Bought it! With all the taxes due?"

"I paid for it out of my Indian money, mother," said Elnora. "I couldn't bear to spend so much on myself and nothing at all on you. I was afraid to buy the dress I should have liked to, and I thought the book would be company while I was gone. I haven't read it, but I do hope it's good."

"Good! It's the biggest piece of foolishness I have read in all my life. I've laughed all day ever since I found it. I had a notion to go out and read some of it to the cows and see if they wouldn't laugh."

"If it made you laugh, it's a wise book," said Elnora.

"Wise!" cried Mrs. Comstock. "You can stake your life it's a wise book. It takes the smartest man there is to do this kind of fooling." And she began laughing again.

Elnora, highly satisfied with her purchase, went to her room and put on her working clothes. Thereafter she made a point of getting a book that she thought would interest her mother from the library every week and leaving it on the sitting room table. Every night she carried home at least two schoolbooks and studied until she had

mastered the points of each lesson. She did her share of the work faithfully, and every available minute she was in the fields searching for cocoons, for the moths promised to become her best source of income.

She gathered large baskets of nests, flowers, mosses, insects and all sorts of natural history specimens and sold them to the grade teachers. At first she tried to tell these instructors what to teach their pupils about the specimens, but, recognizing how much more she knew than they, one after another begged her to study at home and use her spare hours in school to exhibit and explain nature subjects to their pupils. Elnora loved the work, and she needed the money, for every few days some matter of expense arose that she had not expected.

When the music swelled from the school orchestra Elnora's heart almost broke with throbbing joy, for music always had affected her strangely, and since she had been comfortable enough in her surroundings to notice things, she had listened to every note to find what it was that literally hurt her heart, and at last she knew. It was the talking of the violins. They were human voices, and they spoke a language Elnora understood. It seemed to her that she must climb up on the stage, take the instruments from the fingers of the players and make them speak what was in her heart. She fairly prayed to get hold of one, if only for a second.

That night she said to her mother: "I am perfectly crazy for a violin. I am sure I could play one; sure as I live. Did any one?" Elnora never completed that sentence.

"Hush!" thundered Mrs. Comstock. "Be quiet. Never mention those things before me again—never as long as you live. I loathe them. They are a snare of the very devil himself. They were made to lure men and women from their homes and their honor. If ever I see you with one in your fingers I will smash it in pieces."

Naturally Elnora hushed, but she thought of nothing else after she had done justice to her lessons. At last there came a day when for some reason the leader of the orchestra left his violin on the grand piano. That morning Elnora made her first mistake in algebra. At noon, as soon as the great building was empty, she slipped into the auditorium, found the side door which led to the stage, and, going through the musicians' entrance, she took the violin. She carried it back into the little side room where the orchestra assembled, closed all the doors, opened the case and lifted out the instrument.

She laid it on her breast, dropped her chin on it and drew the bow softly across the strings. One after another she tested the open notes. They reminded her of things. Gradually her stroke ceased to tremble and she drew the bow firmly. Then her fingers began to fall, and softly, slowly she searched up and down those strings for sounds she knew. Standing in the middle of the floor, she tried over and over. It seemed scarcely a minute before the hall was filled with the sound of hurrying feet, and she was forced to put away the violin and go to her classes. Of food she never thought until she noticed how heavy her lunch box was on the way home, so she sat on the log by the swamp and remedied that. The next day she prayed that the violin would be left again, but her petition was not answered.

That night when she returned from the school she made an excuse to go down to see Billy. He was engaged in hulling walnuts by driving them through holes in a board. His hands were protected by a pair of Margaret's old gloves, but he had speckled his face generously. He looked well and greeted Elnora hilariously.

"Me an' the squirrels are laying up our winter stores!" he shouted. "'Cos the cold is coming, an' the snow, an' if we have any nuts we have to fix 'em now. But I'm ahead, 'cos Uncle Wesley made me this board, and I can hull a big pile while the old squirrel does hisst one with his teeth."

(To Be Continued.)

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