

## Backache Banished.

Thousands of men and women are suffering from weak, lame and aching backs, and many of them unable to do any work for the pain.

The stitches, twinges and twinges are bad enough and give enough misery, but, back of the backache, and the cause of it all are the disordered kidneys crying out in warning through the back.

Backache is kidney ache, and there's serious trouble ahead for you if you neglect it.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure every form of backache by curing the sick kidneys that cause it.

Mrs. Jack Mason, Springhill, N.B., writes:—"I have been suffering from backache for a very long time. I tried everything and did everything, but still I would suffer. One day I was looking over your Almanac, and saw your advertisement for Doan's Kidney Pills, so I got 5 boxes, and I am glad to say that they brought me back to life again, and from now on I will never be without them."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

If ordering direct specify "Doan's."

### KINGSLEY

Jan. 19—The weather for the past two weeks has been very cold and the numerous snow storms has made the snow quite deep, which makes the travelling heavy.

Our school has reopened again under the management of our former teacher Miss Iona Evans.

Eldon Seymour who has been in poor health, was obliged to come home from the woods.

Miss Winnie Holland is visiting her cousins, the Misses Nealis of Royal Road West.

Mrs. Joseph Gourley and her uncle, John Little have moved to St. Mary's.

Fred Evans who had been confined to the house for some weeks with a severe attack of rheumatism is able to be around Aix. Ferguson who has been working in Fredericton is now visiting her sister Mrs. Frank Anderson.

Stanley Lint arrived home this week from the lumber woods.

The many friends of Fred Steen was sorry to hear that he had to be taken to the Victoria Hospital suffering from an attack of typhoid fever.

### BREWER'S MILLS

Jan. 17—Seeing items from other parts of the district we thought we would kindly ask you for a small space in your paper.

The snow storm of late has put the roads in bad condition, almost impassable for our mail driver. We wonder where our road master is.

Mrs. Frank Lovern has been visiting Mrs. Alfred Morhouse of Zealand Station.

A sled load from Zealand Station drove to the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Marr recently where they enjoyed a pleasant evening in singing and playing.

Mrs. Herbert Hanson of Middle Mainesville visited Mrs. Murray Crouse recently.

Miss Beatrice Marr and Henry Crouse are on the sick list.

Mrs. Frank Carpenter has been sick for some time with a severe attack of grippe we are sorry to say and is no better. We hope for a speedy recovery.

Ben Crouse while working in the woods for Joseph Hallett was struck on the head with a limb. He is not improving as fast as his many friends would like.

### DREAMS THAT CAME TRUE

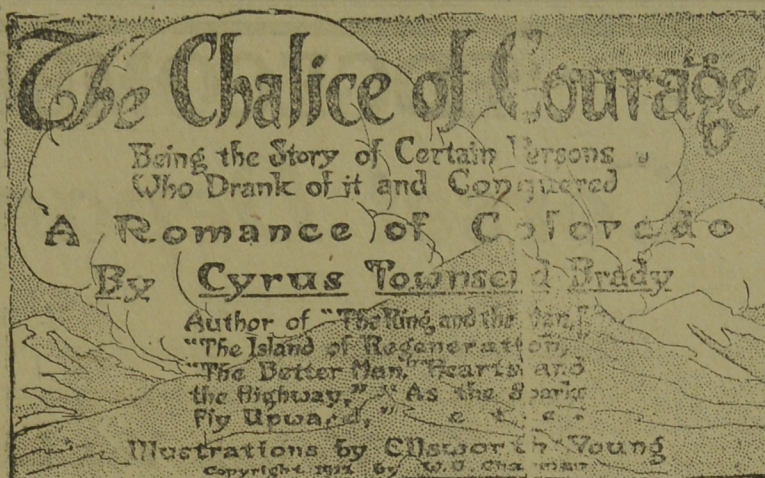
Should These Cases Always be Called Mere Coincidences?

Very frequently dreams do come true—call it chance or what you will. A Scotswoman, wife of a railwayman, dreamed that her husband was dead. When he did not return from his work in the morning she sent someone to inquire for him, and learned that he had been killed during the night.

When John O'Connell was lying ill in an Australian hospital, he dreamed that he had found gold at Caniamba. Directly he was well enough to leave the hospital he went to the place he had seen in his dream, and there, sure enough, he discovered gold.

One day an employee in a Welsh colliery company, on arriving at the office in the morning, informed the other clerks that during the previous night he had dreamed of the death of the chief cashier. He had hardly finished speaking when the telephone bell rang, and a message came through from the chief cashier's wife saying that her husband was seriously ill. One of the clerks hurried to the house, but the cashier was dead when he arrived.

Numerous cases of a similar kind might be quoted. Is it all just chance or is there "something in it" after



rough, coarse, but clean, she heard a step. She looked up in time to see the man lay down upon the bench a small mirror and a clean comb. He said nothing as he did so, and she had no opportunity to thank him before he was gone. The thoughtfulness of the act affected her strangely, and she was very glad of a chance to unbraided her hair, comb it out and plait it again. She had not a hair pin left, of course, and all she could do with it was to replait it and let it hang upon her shoulders. Her coiffure would have looked very strange to civilization, but but there in the mountains, it was eminently appropriate.

Without noticing details, the man felt the general effect as she limped back into the room toward the table. Her breakfast was ready for her. It was a coarse fare, bacon, a baked potato, hard tack crisped before the fire, coffee, black and strong, with sugar, but no cream. The dishes matched the fare, too, yet she noticed that the fork was of silver, and by her plate there was a napkin, rough dried, but of fine linen. The man had just set the table when she appeared.

"I am sorry I have no cream," he said, and then, before she could make comment or reply, he turned and walked out of the room, his purpose evidently being not to embarrass her by his presence while she ate.

Enid Maitland had grown to relish the camp fare, bringing to it the appetite of good health and exertion. She had never eaten anything that tasted so good to her as that rude meal that morning, yet she would have enjoyed the brimming, smoking coffee pot on it better, she thought, if he had only shared it with her, if she had not been compelled to eat it alone. She hastened her meal on that account, determined as soon as she had finished her breakfast to seek the man and have some definite understanding with him.

And, after all, she reflected that she was better alone than in his presence, for there would come stealing into her thoughts the distressing episode of the morning before, try as she would to put it out of her mind. Well, she was a fairly sensible girl; the matter was passed, it could not be helped now, she would forget it as much as was possible. She would recur to it with mortification later on, but the present was so full of grave problems that there was not any room for the past.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### A Tour of Inspection.

The first thing necessary, she decided, when she had satisfied her hunger and finished her meal, was to get word of her plight and her resting place to her uncle and the men of the party, and the next thing was to get away, where she would never see this man again, and perhaps be able to forget what had transpired—yet there was a strange pang of pain in her heart at that thought!

No man on earth had even so stimulated her curiosity as this one. Who was he? Why was he there? Who was the woman whose picture he had so quickly taken from her gaze? Why had so splendid a man buried himself alone in that wilderness? These reflections were presently interrupted by the reappearance of the man himself.

"Have you finished?" he asked, unceremoniously standing in the doorway as he spoke.

"Yes, thank you, and it was very good indeed."

Dismissing this politeness with a wave of his hand, but taking no other notice, he spoke again.

"If you will tell me your name—"

"Maitland, Enid Maitland."

"Miss Maitland?"

The girl nodded.

"And where you came from, I will endeavor to find your party and see what can be done to restore you to them."

"We were camped down that canon at a place where another brook, a large one, flows into it, several miles, I should think, below the place where—"

She was going to say "where you found me," but the thought of the way in which he had found her rushed over her again; and this time, with his glance directly upon her, although it was as cold and dispassionate and indifferent as a man's look could well be, the recollection of the meeting to which she had been about to allude rushed over her with an accompanying wave of color which heightened her beauty as it covered her with shame.

She could not realize that beneath his mark of indifference so deliberately worn, the man was as agitated as she, not so much at the remembrance of anything that had transpired, but at the sight, the splendid picture, of the woman as she stood there in the little cabin then. It seemed to him as if she gathered up in her own person all the radiance and light and beauty, all the purity and

freshness and splendor of the morning, to shine and dazzle in his face. As she hesitated in confusion, perhaps comprehending its cause, he helped out her lame and halting sentence.

"I know the canon well," he said. "I think I know the place to which you refer, is it just above where the river makes an enormous bend upon itself?"

"Yes, that is it. In that clearing we have been camped for two weeks. My uncle must be crazy with anxiety to know what has become of me, and—"

The man interposed.

"I will go there directly," he said. "It is now half after ten. That place is about seven miles or more from here across the range, fifteen or twenty by the river. I shall be back by nightfall. The cabin is your own."

He turned away without another word.

"Wait," said the woman. "I am afraid to stay here."

She had been fearless enough before in those mountains, but her recent experience had somehow unsettled her nerves.

"There is nothing on earth to hurt you, I think," returned the man. "There isn't a human being, so far as I know, in these mountains."

"Except my uncle's party?"

He nodded.

"But there might be another—bear," she added desperately, forcing herself. "Not likely; and they wouldn't come here if there were any. That's the first grizzly I have seen in years," he went on, unconcernedly, studiously looking away from her, not to add to her confusion at the remembrance of that awful episode which would obtrude itself on every occasion. "You can use a rifle or gun?"

She nodded. He stepped over to the wall and took down the Winchester which he handed her.

"This one is ready for service, and you will find a revolver on the shelf. There is only one possible way of access to this cabin; that's down those rock stairs. One man, one woman, a child, even, with these weapons could hold it against an army."

"Couldn't I go with you?"

"On that foot?"

Enid pressed her wounded foot upon the ground. It was not so painful when resting, but she found she could not walk a step on it without great suffering.

"I might carry you part of the way," said the man. "I carried you last night, but it would be impossible, all of it."

"Promise me that you will be back by nightfall, with Uncle Bob and—"

"I shall be back by nightfall, but I can't promise that I will bring anybody with me."

"You mean?"

"You saw what the cloudburst nearly did for you," was the quick answer. "If they did not get out of that pocket, there is nothing left of them now."

"But they must have escaped," persisted the girl, fighting down her alarm at this blunt statement of possible peril. "Besides, Uncle Robert and most of the rest were climbing one of the peaks, and—"

"They will be all right, then; but if I am to find the place and tell them your story, I must go now."

He turned, and without another word or a backward glance, scrambled down the hill. The girl limped to the brink of the cliff over which he had plunged and stared after him. She watched him as long as she could see him, until he was lost among the trees. If she had anybody else to depend upon, she would certainly have felt differently toward him; when Uncle Robert, and her aunt, and the children, and old Kirkby, and the rest surrounded her, she could hate that man in spite of all he had done for her, but now she stared after him determinedly making his way down the mountain and through the trees. It was with difficulty she could restrain herself from calling him back.

The silence was most oppressive, the loneliness was frightful. She had been alone before in those mountains, but from choice; now the fact that there was no escape from them made the sensation a very different one.

She sat down and brooded over her situation until she felt that if she did not do something and in some way divert her thoughts she would break down again. He had said that the cabin and its contents were hers. She resolved to inspect them more closely. She hobbled back into the great

room and looked about her again. There was nothing that demanded careful scrutiny. She wasn't quite sure whether she was within the proprieties or not, but she seized the oldest and most worn of the volumes on the shelf. It was a text book on mining and metallurgy, she observed, and opening it to the fly leaf, across the page she saw written in a firm, vigorous masculine hand a name, "William Berkeley Newhold," and he

(To be continued)

### Notice of Legislation

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will apply at the next Session of the Legislature Assembly of the Province of New Brunswick for the passage of an Act to amend Chapter 109 of the Acts, 2 George V., 1912, being an Act to incorporate the Saint John Hydro-Electric Company, extending the time for the beginning and completion of the works of the Company and for other purposes.

Dated the nineteenth day of January A. D. 1914

Saint John River Hydro-Electric Company,  
R. MAX MCCARTHY,  
Secretary-Treasurer  
500 Feb. 19th

### Notice of Legislation

At the next session of the Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick, the City of Fredericton will present for enactment, the following Bills:—

(1) To consolidate and amend the Acts relating to the election of Mayor and Aldermen for the said City, and so as to provide that the term of office for Aldermen shall be two years.

(2) To authorize the City Council to negotiate temporary loans with any Bank or other financial corporation.

(3) To authorize debentures for the extension and improvement of the water supply system of the said City.

(4) To enable the City Council to make a grant for publicity purposes.

City Hall, Fredericton, N. B.  
January 20th, 1914.

By order

J. W. McCREADY, City Clerk

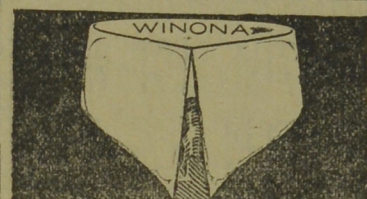
BIG VALUE COMBINATION: a whole Winter's entertainment for 15c. Games, Jokes, Tricks, Books, Puzzles, etc., also large 36 page catalogue of novelties. F. A. STONE, Box 518, Fredericton, N. B.

MAGIC TRICK CARDS. — Great French Trick Cards 10 cts; Diminishing Card, 10 cts; Changeable Card, 10 cts. Set for 25 cts.

F. A. STONE, Box 518  
Fredericton, N. B.

HOT AIR CARDS: Visiting, Business, Liar's Licence, See You Home cards, etc. Get a package and be in strong with the girls. 20 in a package) 10 cents.

F. A. STONE, Box 518  
Fredericton, N. B.



AN ARROW Notch COLLAR  
2 for 25 cents  
Cliff, Peabody & Co., Inc. Makers, Sales Dept. Montreal

## CLASSIFIED

### Wanted

WANTED—Boys and girls to sell novelties just honest and ambitious who wish to earn from \$8.00 to \$12.00 per week. Write O. D. Ferdinand Co., 738 Norwood Blvd. Edmonton, Alta.  
531—d 3 mos.

MALE—Earn \$15 weekly for few ours work mailing circulars for large Mail Order House. Supply furnished free. Men wanted everywhere.

NATIONAL SUPPLY CO.,  
Windsor, Ont.

### Dr. de Van's Female Pills

A reliable French regulator; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. "Action" cheap imitation. "Dr. de Van's" are sold at 10c per box, 25c per box, 50c per box, or three for \$1.00. Mailed to any address.

### Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, \$1; No. 2, \$3; No. 3, \$5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

## OXFORD PANTS

### The Workinoman's Friend

These pants are all guaranteed Pure Wool.

The workmanship is the very best. The buttons will not come off the first time they are worn and the seams are all well sewn. We sell the very quality made Prices the lowest.

### H. J. Walker & Co.

"The Young Man's Store"

## A Record Breaking Sale of Seasonable Merchandise Commencing Tuesday, Jan., 20th.

**GLOVES** Fownes Kid Gloves in chamois, tans, grey, white, green, red and black. Every pair guaranteed. Sale Price - 79c. a pair

**UNDERSKIRTS** Ladies Sateen Underskirts in Paddy Green and Cerise. Sale Price - \$1.79

**RIBBONS** Four hundred and fifty yards Hair Ribbons, 4 1-2 inches wide, all colors. Sale Price 15c per yard or 2 yards for 25c

**DRESSES** Ladies Print House Dresses in Grey or Blue Stripes Sale Price - 98c each

**DRESS SKIRTS** Ladies Serge Skirts in Black and Navy extra good value Sale Price \$1.59 and \$1.98 each

**THREAD** Clark's 300 yards white and black thread Sale Price 5c a spool

**COTTON** Circular Pillow Cotton Regular 25c and 28c a yard. Sale Price - 19c per yard

**PRINTS** Mill ends of Prints in light and dark colors. Sale Price 8c per yard

**TOWELS** Striped Bath Towels at - 25c a pair  
White Bath Towels at - 25c a pair  
White Linen Towels at - 25c a pair

**WHITE BED SPREADS** Good large size. Sale Price 98c

**Ready Made Roller Towels** at - 25c each

**Large sized Glass Cloths** Red or Blue check 2 for 25c

**Roller Towelling** Reg. 10c and 12c per yard

**Bleached Table Linen** at - 47c and 59c per yard

We have many other bargains in new goods which space will not permit us to mention here, we will be pleased to have you call and look them over.

## A. MURRAY & Co.