

Next To Consumption.

There Are More Deaths From
PNEUMONIA
Than Any Other Lung Trouble.

Pneumonia is nothing more or less than what is called "Inflammation of the Lungs."

Consumption may be contracted from others, but as a rule pneumonia is caused by exposure to cold and wet, and there is only one way to prevent pneumonia, and that is to cure the cold on its first appearance.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will do this for you if you will only take it in time.

Mrs. Wm. M. Steeves, River Glade, N.B., writes:—"Please allow me to express my gratitude for the presence of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in the house, for I believe it saved our little boy's life. Three years this fall we were in the lumber woods, and it was very hard to get a doctor to us, and our little boy got pneumonia, and was very ill. The only relief he could get was to take Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and with the combined use of the Syrup, and your British Troop Oil Liniment, he soon got better, and was around in a couple of weeks. It certainly is a great remedy."

Price, 25 and 50 cents.
Be sure and get "Dr. Wood's" when you ask for it. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

DREAMS THAT CAME TRUE

Should These Cases Always be Called Mere Coincidents?

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 employe 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.

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

TWO POINTERS ON HOW TO CURE A COLD

When you begin to sniff and feel a burning sensation in the nasal passages, or when a tickling irritation in your throat starts you coughing, the first important thing is to act at once. It's the neglected cold that becomes troublesome and dangerous.

The second important thing to do is to take Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne, and keep it up till the cold disappears entirely.

Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne is absolutely free from harmful drugs, and can safely be given even to moderately young children. It is pleasant tasting and quick acting, promptly relieving the irritation of the throat and nostrils, loosening the mucus, promoting expectoration, and effecting the cure.

Your druggist has Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne in 25c. and 50c. bottles, or can quickly get it for you. Compounded by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

Blotting paper saturated with turpentine may be placed in drawers to keep away moths.

Auto-wheels cost us more than household furniture every year, and we pay our garage mechanics and chauffeurs more than our teachers.

For Churning Day

Never fill a churn over one-third to one-half full, so as to give the cream room for agitation.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Going out of business, I will sell my horse to any person wanting a good horse. Well known here in the city, weighing 1500 lbs., fit for any person.

T. MURPHY,
Brunswick Street
403—tf.

WANTED

WE WILL PAY YOU \$120 to distribute religious literature in your community. Sixty days work. Experience not required. Man or woman. Opportunity for promotion. Spare time may be used. International Bible Press, 182 Spadina Ave., Toronto.
477—Feb. 25th.

The Chalice of Courage

By Cyrus Townsend Brody

her own. Under the ashes of his grim repression she realized the presence of live coals which a breath would have fanned into flame. She dared nothing while he was there, but when he shut the door behind him the necessity for self-control was removed. She had laid her arms on the table and bowed her head upon them and shook and quivered with emotions unrelieved by a single tear—weeping was for lighter hearts and less severe demands!

His position after all was the easier of the two. As of old it was the man who went forth to the battlefield while the woman could only wait passively the issue of the fight. Although he was half blinded with emotions he had to give some thought to his progress, and there was yet one task to be done before he could set forth upon his journey toward civilization and rescue.

It was fortunate, as it turned out, that this obligation detained him. He was that type of a merciful man whose mercies extended to his beasts. The poor little burros must be attended to and their safety assured so far as it could be, for it would be impossible for Enid Maitland to care for them. Indeed he had already exacted a promise from her that she would not leave the plateau and risk her life on the icy stairs with which she was so unfamiliar.

He had gone to the corral and shaken down food enough for them which if it had been doled out to them day by day would have lasted longer than the week he intended to be absent; of course he realized that they would eat it up in half that time, but even so they would probably suffer not too great discomfort before he got back.

All these preparations took some little time. It had grown somewhat late in the morning before he started. There had been a fierce storm raging when he first looked out and at her earnest solicitation he had delayed his departure until it had subsided.

His tasks at the corral were at last completed; he had done what he could for them both, nothing now remained but to make the quickest and safest way to the settlement. Shouldering the pack containing his axe and gun and sleeping bag and such provision as would serve to tide him over until he reached human habitations, he set forth. He did not look up to the hut, indeed he could not have seen it for the corral was almost directly beneath it, but if it had been in full view he would not have looked back, he

could not trust himself to, every instinct, every impulse in his soul would fain drag him back to that hut and to the woman. It was only his will and, did he but know it, her will that made him carry out his purpose.

He would have saved perhaps half a mile on his journey if he had gone straight across the lake to the mouth of the canon. We are creatures of habit. He had always gone around the lake on the familiar trail and unconsciously he followed that trail that morning. He was thinking of her as he plodded on in a mechanical way while the trail followed the border of the lake for a time, plunged into the woods, wound among the pines, at least reaching that narrow rift in the encircling wall through which the river flowed. He had passed along the trail oblivious to all his surroundings, but as he came to the entrance he could not fail to notice what he suddenly saw in the snow.

Robinson Crusoe when he discovered the famous footprint of Man Friday.

Some of that joy yet lingered in her lovely face when she tardily recognized the newcomer in the half light. Armstrong, scarcely waiting to close the door, sprang forward joyfully with his hands outstretched.

"Enid!" he cried.

Naturally he thought the look of expectant happiness he had surprised upon her face was for him and he accounted for its sudden disappearance by the shock of his unexpected, unannounced, abrupt, entrance.

The warm color had flushed her face, but as she stared at him her aspect rapidly changed. She grew paler. The happy light that had shone in her eyes faded away and as he approached her she shrank back.

"You!" she exclaimed almost in terror.

"Yes," he answered smilingly, "I have found you at last. Thank God you are safe and well. Oh, if you could only know the agonies I have gone through. I thought I loved you when I left you six weeks ago, but now—"

In eager impetuosity he drew nearer to her. Another moment and he would have taken her in his arms, but she would have none of him.

"Stop," she said with a cold and inflexible sternness that gave pause even to his buoyant joyful assurance.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"The matter? Everything, but—"

"No evasions, please," continued the man still cheerfully but with a growing misgiving. His suspicions, in abeyance for the moment because of his joy at seeing her alive and well, arose with renewed force. "I left you practically pledged to me," he resumed.

"Not so fast," answered Enid Maitland, determined to combat the slightest attempt to establish a binding claim upon her.

"Isn't it true?" asked Armstrong. "Here, wait," he said before she could answer, "I am half frozen, I have been searching for you since early morning in the storm." He unbuttoned and unbelted his huge fur coat as he spoke and threw it carelessly on the floor by his Winchester leaning against the wall. "Now," he resumed, "I can talk better."

"You must have something to eat then," said the girl.

She was glad of the interruption since she was playing for time. She did not quite know how the interview would end, he had come upon her so unexpectedly and she had never formulated what she would say to him, that which she felt she must say. She must have time to think, to collect herself, which he in his part was quite willing to give her, for he was not much better prepared for the inter-

ses. He shook his pack loose from his shoulders and bent down to examine the tracks to read if he could their indications. He could see that some one had come up the canon, that someone had leaned against the wall, that some one had gone on. Where had he gone?

To follow the new trail was child's play for him. He ran by the side of it until he reached the knoll. The stranger had stopped again, he had shifted from one foot to another, evidently he had been looking about him seeking some one, only Enid Maitland of course. The trail ran forward to the edge of the frozen lake, there the man had put on his snow shoes, there he had sped across the lake like an arrow, and like an arrow himself although he had left behind his own snow shoes, Newbold ran upon his track. Fortunately the snow crust up-bore him. The trail ran straight to the foot of the rocky stairs. The newcomer had easily found his way there.

With beating heart and throbbing pulse, Newbold himself bounded up the acclivity after the stranger, marking as he did so evidences of the other's prior ascent. Reaching the top like him he ran down the narrow path and in his turn laid his hand upon the door.

He was not mistaken, he heard voices within. He listened a second and then flung it open, and as the other had done, he entered.

Way back on the trail, old Kirkby and Robert Maitland, the storm having ceased, were rapidly climbing up the canon. Fate was bringing all the actors of the little drama within the shadow of her hand.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Odds Against Him.

The odds of the opening of the door and the inrush of cold air that followed awoke Enid Maitland to instant action. She rose to her feet and faced the entrance through which she expected Newbold to reappear—for of course the newcomer must be he—and for the life of her she could not help that radiating flash of joy, the momentary anticipation of which fairly transfigured her being; although if she had stopped to reflect she would have remembered that not in the whole course of their acquaintance had Newbold ever entered her room at any time without knocking and receiving permission.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC

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TO

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"ALL RAIL LINE"

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NOTE—Effective February 9th, Trains Nos. 191 and 192 on the Gibson Subdivision will be discontinued except Saturdays.

W. B. HOWARD, D.P.A., C.P.R., ST. JOHN, N.B.

CLASSIFIED

Wanted

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.

TO LET

Brick office building on Queen St. belonging to estate of Mr. W. T. Whitehead. Contains four rooms and lavatory under basement and two vaults. Possession given on May 1st. For terms and other particulars apply to J. J. McCAFFREY, QUEEN Hotel.

Notice to Tax payers

All persons owing taxes will please take notice that their taxes must be paid on or before February Twentieth in order to entitle them to vote.

Those persons who do not wish their names to appear in the City Blue Book as defaulters will please pay up at once as the book is now being got ready.

G. R. PERKINS,
411—d 21st City Treasurer.

Notice of Legislation

Notice is hereby given that at the next session of the Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick the City of Fredericton will present for enactment a bill to provide for a re-valuation of all the property in the City of Fredericton liable for civic taxation.

City Hall, Fredericton, January 27, 1914

By order of the City Council.

J. W. McCREADY, City Clerk

481 Feb. 27

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

E. O. MacDONALD

Music Store - - - 560 Queen Street

All the Latest and Popular Songs of the day in stock
Gramophones, Pianos and Organs at reasonable prices

OXFORD PANTS

The Workinoman's Friend

Thsee 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"

Furs! Furs!

My stock for this Season is
the Best ever.

Thirty Thousand Dollars worth
to select from.

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Mail Orders Have Prompt Attention.

"MAIL" ADDS BRING RESULTS



"In the
Case of MY
Little Girl—"

In choosing and using a soap for your "Little Fairy" you will find no soap so mild, so neutral, so agreeable to tender skins as FAIRY SOAP.

Being made from products that you could eat, FAIRY SOAP agrees with even the tender skin of a babe.

FAIRY SOAP

is white—pure—floating. It comes in a handy oval cake. We could charge you five times the price asked for FAIRY SOAP and we could add nothing to its quality.

In higher-priced soaps you are paying for high-priced perfume and fancy wrappers—not better soap.

Made by
THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
Montreal

"Have you a little 'Fairy' in your home?"



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