

Suffered Intense Agony With His Back.

Kidneys Were The Cause.

Weak back is caused by weak kidneys, and on the first approach or evidence of kidney trouble Doan's Kidney Pills should be used, and serious trouble avoided.

Doan's Kidney Pills go right to the seat of the trouble, cure the weak aching back, and prevent any further complications arising.

Mr. John Briggs, Whitewood, Sask., writes:—"I am sending you this testimonial out of pure gratitude, as I am not a believer in patent medicines, but I got so run down, that I became quite willing to give anything a trial. I paid a visit to our local druggist, and told him I was suffering intense agony with my back. He told me I had kidney trouble, and handed me a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, saying it was the best thing he could possibly give me. I tried them, and the effect was certainly marvelous. They are worth \$10.00 a box of anybody's money, and I would not be without a box by me. I certainly owe my present condition to Doan's Kidney Pills."

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. When ordering direct specify "Doan's."

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 Camambo. 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.

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 checking the cold.

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.

Automobiles 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

risk anything for Enid. Somehow, it seems as if I were being put in the selfish position by my opposition."

"No, no," said his brother. "It isn't that. You have your wife and children, but this young man—"

"Well, what do you say, Kirkby? Not that it makes any difference to me what anybody says. Come, we are wasting time," interposed Armstrong, who, now that he had made up his mind, was anxious to be off.

"Jim Armstrong," answered Kirkby, decidedly. "I never thought much of you in the past, and I think since you've put out this last project of yours, that I'm entitled to call you a damn fool, which you are, and I'm another, for I'm goin' into the mountains with you."

"Oh, thank God!" cried Stephen Maitland fervently.

"I know you don't like me," answered Armstrong. "That's neither here nor there. Perhaps you have cause to dislike me, perhaps you have not. I don't like you any too well myself, but there's no man on earth I'd rather have go with me on a quest of this kind than you, and there's my hand on it."

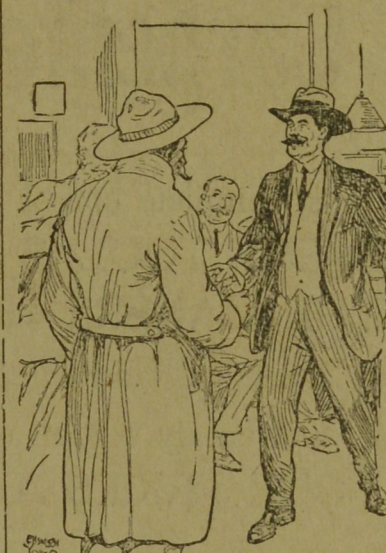
Kirkby shook it vigorously.

"This ain't committin' myself," he said cautiously. "So far's I'm concerned, you ain't good enough for Miss Maitland, but I admire your spirit, Armstrong, and I'm goin' with you. Tain't no good, 'twon't produce nothin', most likely we'll never come back again; but jest the same, I'm goin' along. Nobody's goin' to show me the trail. My nerve and grit, when it comes to helpin' a young female like that girl, is as good as anybody's, I guess. You're her father," he drawled, on turning to Stephen Maitland, "and I ain't no kin to her, but, by gosh, I believe I can understand better than any one else yere what you are feelin'."

"Kirkby," said Robert Maitland, smiling at the other two, "you have gone clean back on me. I thought you had more sense. But somehow I guess it's contagious, for I am going along with you two myself."

"And I, cannot I accompany you?" pleaded Stephen Maitland, eagerly drawing near to the other three.

"Not much," said old Kirkby prompt-



"I'm Goin' Into the Mountains With You."

ly. "You ain't got the stren'th, o' man. You don't know them mountains, neither. You'd be helpless on a pair o' snow shoes; there ain't anything you could do, you'd jest be a drag on us. Without sayin' anything about myself, which I'm too modest for that, there ain't three better men in Colorado to tackle this job than Jim Armstrong and Bob Maitland an'— Well, as I said, I won't mention no other names."

"God bless you all, gentlemen," faltered Stephen Maitland. "I think, perhaps, I may have been wrong, a little prejudiced against the west. You are men that would do honor to any family, to any society in Philadelphia or anywhere else."

"Lord love ye," drawled Kirkby, his eyes twinkling. "There ain't no three men on the Atlantic seaboard that kin match up with two of us yere, to say nothin' of the third."

"Well," said Robert Maitland, "the thing now is to decide on what's to be done."

"My plan," said Armstrong, "is to go to the old camp."

"Yep," said Kirkby, "that's a good point of departure, as my seafarin' father down Cape Cod way used to say; an' wot's next?"

"I am going up the canon instead of down," said the man, with a flash of inspiration.

"That ain't no bad idea, nuther," assented the old man. "We looked the ground over pretty thoroughly down the canon. Mebbe we can find something up it."

"And what do you propose to take with you?" asked Maitland.

"What we can carry on the backs of men. We will make a camp somewhere about where you did. We can get enough husky men up at Morrison who will pack in what we want, and with that as a basis we will explore the upper reaches of the range."

"And when do we start?"

"There is a train for Morrison in two hours," answered Armstrong. "We can get what we want in the way of sleeping bags and equipment between now and then, if we hurry about it."

"If we are goin' to do it, we might as well get a move on us," assented Kirkby, making ready to go.

"Right," answered Robert Maitland grimly. "When three men set out to make fools of themselves, the sooner they get at it and get over with it the better. I've got some business matters to settle. You two get what's needed, and I'll bear my share."

A week later a little band of men on snow shoes, wrapped in furs to their eyes, every one heavily burdened with a pack, staggered into the clearing where once had been pitched the Maitland camp. The place was covered with snow, of course, but on a shelf of rock half way up the hogback, they found a comparatively level clearing, and there, all working like beavers, they built a rude hut which they covered with canvas and then with tightly packed snow, and which would keep the three who remained from freezing to death. Fortunately they were favored with a brief period of pleasant weather, and a few days served to make a sufficiently habitable camp. Maitland, Kirkby and Armstrong worked with the rest. There was no thought of search at first; their lives depended upon the erection of a suitable shelter, and it was not until the helpers, leaving their burdens behind them, had departed, that the three men even considered what was to be done next.

"We must begin a systematic search tomorrow," said Armstrong decisively, as the three men sat around the cheerful fire in the hut.

"Yes," assented Maitland. "Shall we go together, or separately?"

"Separately, of course. We are all hardy and experienced men. Nothing is apt to happen to us. We will meet here every night and plan the next day's work. What do you say, Kirkby?"

The old man had been quietly smoking while the others talked. He smiled at them in a way which aroused their curiosity and made them feel that he had news for them.

"While you was puttin' the finishin' touches on this yere camp, I come across a heap o' stuns that somehow the wind had swept bare, there was a big rift in front of it which kep' us from seein' it afore; it was built up in the open yere there was no trees, an' in our lumberin' operations we wasn't lookin' that a-way. I came across it by any chance an'—"

"Well, for God's sake, old man," cried Armstrong, impatiently, "what did you find, anything?"

"This," answered Kirkby, carefully producing a folded scrap of paper from his leather vest.

Armstrong fell on it ravenously, and as Maitland bent to him, they both read these words by the firelight.

"Miss Enid Maitland, whose foot is so badly crushed as to prevent her traveling, is safe in a cabin at the head of this canon. I put this notice here to reassure any one who may be seeking her as to her welfare. Follow the stream up to its source."

"W.M. BERKELEY NEWBOLD."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Robert Maitland.

"You called me a fool, Kirkby," said Armstrong, his eyes gleaming. "What do you think of it now?"

"It's the fools, I find," said Kirkby sapiently, "that generally gits there. Providence seems to be a-watchin' over 'em."

"You said you chanced on this paper, Jack," continued Maitland. "It looks like the deliberate intention of Almighty God."

"I reckon so," answered the other, simply. "You see He's got to look after all the fools on earth to keep 'em from doin' too much damage to themselves an' to others in this yere crooked trail of a world."

"Let us start now," urged Armstrong.

"Tain't possible," said the old man, taking another puff at his pipe, and only a glistening of the eye betrayed the joy that he felt; otherwise his phlegmatic calm was unbroken, his demeanor just as undisturbed as it always was. "We'd jest throw away our lives a-wanderin' round these yere mountains in the dark. We've got to have light, an' clear weather. Ef it should be snowin' in the mornin' we'd have to wait until it cleared."

"I won't wait a minute," said Armstrong. "At daybreak, weather or no weather, I start."

"What's your hurry, Jim?" continued Kirkby, calmly. "The gal's safe; one lay more or less ain't goin' to make no difference."

"She's with another man," answered Armstrong quickly.

"Do you know this Newbold?" asked Maitland, looking at the note again.

"No, not personally, but I have heard of him."

"I know him," answered Kirkby quickly, "an' you've seed him too, Bob; he's the feller that shot his wife, that married Louise Rosser."

CLASSIFIED

Wanted

WANTED—Boys and girls to sell novelties just honest and ambitious who wish to earn from \$5.00 to \$12.00 per week. Write O. D. Ferdiand Co., 738 Norwood Blvd. Edmonton, Alta.
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NATIONAL SUPPLY CO.,
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A young man of good address, graduate of Business College preferred. Must be smart and of sober habits. A good position for enterprising person in one of the largest establishments in the city. Apply quickly.

Address J. L.
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3in-Feb. 4.

WANTED

A girl for general housework for small family. Apply at
MRS. ALONZO STAPLES,
239 George Street
tf 505

WANTED

A first or second class teacher for Bloomfield District No. 12 A. in the parish of Stanley. Apply stating salary to

R. ALEX. NORRAD,
Secretary of Trustees.
493—Feb. 20th.

WANTED

A young lady for telephone operator at the Keswick Ridge office. Apply by letter or in person to the New Brunswick Telephone Company's office at Fredericton.
478—2in s-w

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

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

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