

## A WONDERFUL CURE OF AN ABSCESS BY Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mr. A. W. Dryden, Amherst, N.S., writes:—"I am going to tell you what Burdock Blood Bitters has done for us. My son 'Vance,' when only nine months old, got an abscess on his cheek bone. I took him to a doctor in St. John, N.B., and he lanced it, and told me it would get well in a few days, and wanted me to keep it squeezed out. It did not seem to get any better, so my wife took him back. The Doctor told her to take him home and it would soon get better. It would gather and break, and it went on that way until he was over four years old.

"He lost four pieces of bone out of where it was lanced, and two pieces came from his mouth; he has lost all of his cheek bone, and his eye was drawn down. I took him to doctors in St. John, Moncton, and Amherst, and all wanted me to let him go under an operation. He was so small I told them that if he was going to die he might as well die as he was as to go there and be all cut to pieces, so I declined to have the operation done. I told them I was going to try Burdock Blood Bitters, as I had heard my mother talk so much about it. I got a bottle, and when it was about half gone noticed it was doing good, and before many days the sore stopped running, and healed up, and the abscess has never broken out again. This happened nearly six years ago, so you can see I have great faith in Burdock Blood Bitters, and I can say with all my heart that it is the best blood medicine in the world."

### 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 Canlambo. 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

was something titanic and magnificent about this determination and persistence of Armstrong. The two most powerful passions which move humanity were at his service; love led him and hate drove him. And the two were so intermingled that it was difficult to say which predominated, now one and now the other. The resultant of the two forces, however, was an onward move that would not be denied.

His fur coat was soon covered with snow and ice, the sharp needles of the storm cut his face wherever it was exposed. The wind forced its way through his garments and chilled him to the bone. He had eaten nothing since the night before, and his vitality was not at its flood, but he pressed on, and there was something grand in his indomitable progress. Excelsior!

Back in the hut Kirkby and Maitland sat around the fire waiting most impatiently for the wind to blow itself out and for that snow to stop falling

through which Armstrong struggled forward. As he followed the windings of the canon, not daring to ascend to the summit on either wall and seek short cuts across the range, he was sensible that he was constantly rising. There were many indications to his experienced mind; the decrease in the height of the surrounding pines, the increasing rarity of the icy air, the growing difficulty in breathing under the sustained exertion he was making, the quick throbbing of his accelerated heart, all told him he was approaching his journey's end.

He judged that he must now be drawing near the source of the stream, and that he would presently come upon the shelter. He had no means of ascertaining the time. He would not have dared to unbutton his coat to glance at his watch, and it is difficult to measure the flying minutes in such scenes as those through which he passed, but he thought he must have gone at least seven miles in perhaps three hours, which he fancied had elapsed, his progress in the last two having been frightfully slow. Every foot of advance he had had to fight for.

Suddenly a quick turn in the canon, a passage through a narrow entrance between lofty cliffs, and he found himself in a pocket or a circular amphitheater which he could see was closed on the farther side. The bottom of this enclosure or valley was covered with pines, now drooping under tremendous burdens of snow. In the midst of the pines a lakelet was frozen solid; the ice was covered with the same dazzling carpet of white.

He could have seen nothing of this had not the sudden storm now stopped as precipitately almost as it had begun. Indeed, accustomed to the grayness of the snow fall, his eyes were fairly dazzled by the bright light of the sun, now quite high over the range, which struck him full in the face.

He stopped, panting, exhausted, and leaned against the rocky wall of the canon's mouth which here rose sheer over his head. This certainly was the end of the trail, the lake was the source of the frozen rivulet along whose rocky and torn banks he had tramped since dawn. Here, if anywhere, he would find the object of his quest.

Refreshed by a brief pause, and encouraged by the sudden stilling of the storm, he stepped out of the canon and ascended a little knoll whence he had a full view of the pocket over the tops of the pines. Shading his eyes from the light with his hand as best he could, he slowly swept the circumference with his eager glance, seeing nothing until his eye fell upon a huge broken trail of rocks projecting from the snow, indicating the ascent to a broad shelf of the mountains across the lake to the right. Following this he saw a huge block of snow which suggested dimly the outlines of a hut!

Was that the place? Was she there? He stared fascinated and as he did so a thin curl of smoke rose above the snow heap and hovered up in the cold, quiet air! That was a human habitation, then. It could be none other than the hut referred to in the note. Enid Maitland must be there; and Newbold!

The lake lay directly in front of him beyond the trees at the foot of the knoll, and between him and the slope that led up to the hut. If it had been summer, he would have been compelled to follow the water's edge to the right or to the left; both journeys would have led over difficult trails, with little to choose between them, but the lake was now frozen hard and covered with snow. He had no doubt that the snow would bear him, but to make sure he drew his snow shoes from his shoulder, slipped his feet in the straps, and sped straight on through the trees and across it like an arrow from a bow.

In five minutes he was at the foot of the giant stairs. Kicking off his snow shoes, he scrambled up the broken way, easily finding in the snow



He Scrambled Up the Broken Way.

a trail which had evidently been passed and repassed daily. In a few moments he was at the top of the shelf. A hard trampled path ran between high walls of snow to a door!

Behind that door what would he find? Just what he brought to it, love and hate, he fancied. We usually find on the other side of doors no more and no less than we bring to our own sides. But whatever was there there was no hesitation in Armstrong's course. He ran toward it, laid his hand on the latch, and opened it.

What creatures of habit we are! Early in that same morning, after one vain attempt again to influence the

woman who was now the deciding and determining factor, and who seemed to be taking the man's place, Newbold, ready for his journey, had torn himself away from her presence and had plunged down the giant stair. He had done everything that mortal man could do for her comfort; wood enough to last her for two weeks had been taken from the cave and piled in the kitchen and everywhere so as to be easily accessible to her; the stores she already had the run of, and he had fitted a stout bar to the outer door which would render it impregnable to any attack that might be made against it, although he saw no quarter from which any assault impended.

Enid had recovered not only her strength, but a good deal of her nerve. That she loved this man and that he loved her had given her courage. She would be fearfully lonely, of course, but not so much afraid as before. The month of immunity in the mountains without any interruptions had dissipated any possible apprehensions on her part. It was with a sinking heart, however, that she saw him go at last.

They had been so much together in that month; they had learned what love was. When he came back it would be different, he would not come alone. The first human being he met would bring the world to the door of the lonely but beloved cabin in the mountains—the world with its questions, its inference, its suspicious, its denunciations and its accusations! Some kind of an explanation would have to be made, some sort of an answer would have to be given, some solution of the problem would have to be arrived at. What these would be she could not tell.

Newbold's departure was like the end of an era to her. The curtain dropped; when it rose again what was to be expected? There was no comfort except in the thought that she loved him. So long as their affections matched and ran together nothing else mattered. With the solution of it all next to her sadly beating heart she was still supremely confident that love, or God—and there was not so much difference between them as to make it worth while to mention the one rather than the other—would find the way.

Their leave taking had been singularly cold and abrupt. She had realized the danger he was apt to incur and she had exacted a reluctant promise from him that he would be careful. "Don't throw your life away, don't risk it even, remember that it is mine," she had urged.

And just as simply as she had enjoined it upon him he had promised. He had given his word that he would not send help back to her but that he would bring it back, and she had confidence in that word. A confidence that had been inclined to break his promise would have made it absolutely impossible. There had been a long clasp of the hands, a long look in the eyes, a long breath in the breast, a long throb in the heart and then—farewell. They dared no more.

Once before he had left her and she had stood upon the plateau and followed his vanishing figure with anxious troubled thought until it had been lost in the depths of the forest below. She had controlled herself in this second parting for his sake as well!

## CANADIAN PACIFIC

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New England States

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. Supplies 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 Taxpayers

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

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

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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.

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My stock for this Season is the Best ever.

Thirty Thousand Dollars worth to select from.

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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.

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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.

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