

## WAS SUBJECT TO SEVERE BRONCHITIS.

Doctors Only Gave Temporary Relief.  
**Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup CURED HIM.**

Bronchitis is generally the result of a cold caused by exposure to wet and inclement weather, and is a very dangerous inflammatory affection of the bronchial tubes. Neglected bronchitis is one of the most general causes of consumption, so cure it at once by the use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Mrs. C. G. Dring, Hamilton, Ont., writes:—"Our little boy has been subject to severe bronchitis ever since birth, and different doctors claimed to be only able to relieve him temporarily. A neighbor advised us to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, so I got a bottle, and after the third dose noticed a decided change, so kept on with it, and a couple of bottles were enough to completely cure him. Now we always keep a bottle on hand, and give it to him as soon as we notice him troubled with a cold, after which it disappears as if by magic. We recommend it to all our friends who find it is just as good as I say."

Price, 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Be sure and get the genuine "Dr. Wood's" when you ask for it. Put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## SUCTION COTTON PICKER

Vacuum Apparatus Straps Across Back of the Workman

Several hand devices in the form of gloves have been invented to facilitate cotton picking, but it remained for a southern man to apply the vacuum principle to this work. A glance at the illustration tells the story. A reservoir containing a suction fan is mounted on a leather plate, which straps around the waist and



DOES WORK OF MANY HANDS.

across the shoulders of the operator. In this casing is also a screening device, and from it a tube leads up and over the user's shoulder. This tube has a flaring nozzle. To pick the cotton the workman sets his suction fan in operation and moves the nozzle of the tube from plant to plant, the fluffy particles flying into it and into the reservoir, where the screen prevents them from clogging the movement of the fan. From time to time, of course, this reservoir must be emptied.



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Sold on the Merits of Minard's Liniment Beware of Imitations

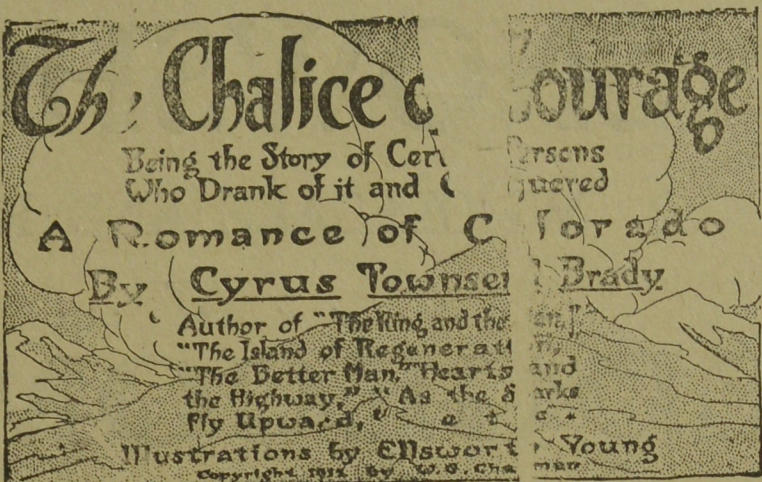
## FOR SALE

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.



In spite of all the arguments, now, Mr. James Armstrong was not satisfied. He was as hopeless as the rest, but his temperament would not permit him to accept the inevitable calmly. It was barely possible that she might not be dead, and that she might not be alone. There was scarcely enough possibility of this to justify a suspicion, but that is not saying there was none at all.

Day after day he had sat in his office denying himself to everyone and refusing to consider anything, brooding over the situation. He loved Enid Maitland, he loved her before, and now that he had lost her, he loved her still more.

Not altogether admirable had been James Armstrong's outwardly successful career. In much that is high and noble and manly his actions—and his character—had often been lacking, but even the base can love, and sometimes love transforms, if it be given a chance. The passion of Cymon for Iphigenia, made a man and prince out of the rustic boor, and his real love for Enid Maitland might have done more for Armstrong than he himself or anyone who knew him as he was, and few there were who had such knowledge of him, dreamed was possible. There was one thing that love could not do, however; it could not make him a patient philosopher, a good waiter. His rule of life was not very high, but in one way it was admirable, in that prompt, bold desire action was his chief characteristic.

On this certain morning a month after the heart-breaking disaster, his power of passive endurance had been strained to the vanishing point. The great white range was flung in his face like a challenge. Within its secret recesses lay the solution of the mystery. Somewhere, dead or alive, beyond the soaring rampart was the woman he loved. It was impossible for him to remain quiet any longer. Common sense, reason, every argument that had been adduced, suddenly became of no weight. He lifted his head and stared straight westward, his eyes swept the long semicircle of horizon across which the mighty range was drawn like the chord of a giant's bow. Each white peak mocked him, the insolent aggression of the range called him resistibly to action.

"By Heaven," he said under his breath, rising to his feet, "winter or no winter, I go."

Robert Maitland had offices in the same building. Having once come to a determination, there was no more uncertainty or hesitation about Armstrong's course. In another moment he was standing in the private room of his friend. The two men were not alone there. Stephen Maitland sat in a low chair before another window removed from the desk somewhat, staring out at the range. The old man was huddled down in his seat, every line of his figure spoke of grief and despair. Of all the places in Denver, he liked best his brother's office, fronting the rampart of the mountains, and hour after hour he sat there quietly looking at the summits, sometimes softly shrouded in white, sometimes swept bare by the fierce winter gales that blew across them, sometimes shining and sparkling so that the eye scarce sustain their reflection of the dazzling sun of Colorado; and at other times seen dimly through mists of whirling snow.

Oh, yes, the mountains challenged him also to the other side of the range. His heart yearned for his child, but he was too old to make the attempt. He could only sit and pray and wait with such faint and fading hope as he could still cherish until the break up of the spring came. For the rest he troubled nobody; nobody noticed him, nobody marked him, nobody minded him. Robert Maitland transacted his business a little more softly, a little more gently, that was all. Yet the presence of his brother was a living grief and a living reproach to him. Although he was quite blameless he blamed himself. He had not known how he had grown to love his niece until he had lost her. His conscience accused him hourly, and yet he knew not where he was at fault or how he could have done differently. It was a helpless and hopeless situation. To him, therefore, entered Armstrong.

"Maitland," he began, "I can't stand it any longer. I'm going into the mountains."

"You are mad!" "I can't help it. I can't sit here and face them, damn them, and remain quiet."

"You will never come out alive."

"Oh, yes, I will; but if I don't, I swear to God I don't care."

Old Stephen Maitland rose unsteadily to his feet and gripped the back of his chair.

"Did I hear aright, sir?" he asked, with all the polished and graceful courtesy of birth and breeding which never deserted him in any emergency whatsoever. "Do you say—"

"I said I was going into the mountains to search for her."

"It is madness," urged Robert Maitland. But the old man did not hear him. "Thank God!" he exclaimed with deep feeling. "I have sat here day after day and watched those mighty hills, and I have said to myself that if I had youth and strength as I have love, I would not wait."

"You are right," returned Armstrong, equally moved, and indeed it would have been hard to have heard and seen that father unresponsively; "and I am not going to wait, either."

"I understand your feelings, Jim, and yours, too, Steve," began Robert Maitland, arguing against his own emotions, "even if she escaped the flood, she must be dead by this time."

"You needn't go over the old argument, Bob. I'm going into the mountains, and I'm going now. No," he continued swiftly, as the other opened his mouth to interpose further objections, "you needn't say another word. I'm a free agent, and I'm old enough to decide what I can do. There is no argument, there is no force, there is no appeal, there is nothing that will restrain me. I can't sit here and eat my heart out when she may be there."

"But it's impossible!" "It is impossible. How do I know that there may not have been somebody in the mountains; she may have wandered to some settlement, some hunter's cabin, some prospector's hut."

"But we were there for weeks and saw nothing, no evidence of humanity."

"I don't care. The mountains are filled with secret nooks you could pass by within a stone's throw, and never see into; she may be in one of them. I suppose she is dead, and it's all foolish, this hope; but I'll never believe it until I have examined every square rod within a radius of 50 miles from your camp. I'll take the long chance, the longest, even."

"Well, that's all right," said Robert Maitland. "Of course, I intend to do that as soon as the spring opens; but what's the use of trying to do it now?"

"It's use to me. I'll either go mad here in Denver, or I must go to seek for her there."

"But you will never come back if you once get in those mountains alone."

"I don't care whether I do or not. It's no use, old man, I am going, and that's all there is about it."

Robert Maitland knew men. He recognized finality when he heard it, or when he saw it, and it was quite evident that he was in the presence of it then. It was no use to say more.

"Very well," he said. "I honor you for your feeling, even if I don't think much of your common sense."

"Damn common sense," cried Armstrong, triumphantly. "It's love that moves me now."

At that moment there was a tap on the door. A clerk from the outer office bidden to enter, announced that old Kirkby was in the ante room.

"Bring him in," directed Maitland, eager to welcome him.

He fancied that the newcomer would undoubtedly assist him in dissuading Armstrong from his foolhardy, useless enterprise.

"Mornin', old man," drawled Kirkby. "Howdy, Armstrong, my respects to you, sir," he said, sinking his voice a little as he bowed respectfully toward Mr. Stephen Maitland, a very sympathetic look in the old frontiersman's eyes at the sight of the bereaved father.

"Kirkby, you've come in the very nick of time," at once began Robert Maitland.

"Allus glad to be Johnny-on-the-spot," smiled the older man.

"Armstrong here," continued the other, intent upon his purpose, "says he can't wait until the spring and the snow melt, he is going into the mountains now to look for Enid."

Kirkby didn't love Armstrong. He didn't care for him a little bit, but there was something in the bold hardness of the man, something in the way which he met the reckless challenge of the mountains that the old man and all the others felt that moved the inmost soul of the hardy frontiersman. He threw an approving glance at him.

"I tell him that it is absurd, impossible, that he risks his life for nothing, and I want you to tell him the same thing. You know more about the mountains than either of us."

"Mr. Kirkby," quavered Stephen Maitland, "allow me. I don't want to influence you against your better judgment, but if you could sit here as I have done, and think that maybe she is there, and perhaps alive still, and in need, you would not say a word to deter him."

"Why, Steve," expostulated Robert Maitland, "surely you know I would

## 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. Ferdiand 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. Supplies furnished free. Men wanted everywhere.

NATIONAL SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont.

### WANTED

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. Care Daily Mail.

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.

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

### KINGSCLEAR

Kingsclear, February 6—The new brick school house which has just been completed at Springhill is to be opened during the early part of February, under the supervision of Miss Leah Chiff the former teacher.

Harry McLary who has been confined to his home with typhoid fever is improving.

Messrs. Robert Gray, George Ferris and Arnold Dunphy who returned from the west a few weeks ago are enjoying the social life of Kingsclear this winter.

The machinery of the new saw mill which Duncan Kelly is erecting at Hammondville is being conveyed there this week.

Miss Myrtle Kelly is enjoying a well earned rest from teaching this term.

### Commission on Treasure

When operations are carried on for the recovery of treasure at great depths divers are usually paid weekly wages, plus a commission on the value of the stuff actually recovered. One has received as much as \$50 in wages alone, and a diver has brought up in his hand a "find" worth no less than \$35,000. This was a hunting-knife studded with diamonds, and it was recovered from the "Cadiz," which was wrecked near Ushant, on the French coast.

### In Touch With the Infinite

The nearer you get to Nature's ways, the closer you are to the beginning of things, in lumber camp, or open prairie, the more you understand that blessed touch with the Infinite which is more than legalities and rubrics and articles; and is in harmony with the will of the Infinite, which you can neither cabin in a creed, nor fathom with a traditional plumb.

## 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

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The Workinoman's Friend

Three 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"

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My stock for this Season is the Best ever.

Thirty Thousand Dollars worth to select from.

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