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### Value of a Book

The value of any book after all, is not in the entertainment it affords for the nonce, though this is something, but in the permanent residuum left in the mind after reading. The times are too much in earnest for abandonment to simple recreation. Were this not so, the imitations of Punch, at which, would answer the same purchase as Punch itself, with which we laugh. The cold residuum we speak of depends upon the amount of thinking which the book has demanded of us. That which the old epitaph affirms of worldly goods holds true here also—what we have we have. The intellect seeks food, and would reject all the pearls in the world for a single grain of corn. Art is only conscious of nature, and nature has always her ulterior views, creating nothing but with an eye to some desired results.—James Russell Lowell.

### Food For a Life Time

An English scientist with a passion for statistics computed the amount of food that the average man eats in a lifetime. He asserts that in the process of attaining his three score years and ten he eats about fifty-four tons of solid food and fifty-three tons of liquid. He will have eaten 12,000 eggs, 400 pounds of cheese, about four tons of fish, and, could it have been all baked at once, a loaf of bread equal in size to an ordinary family hotel. But think of the vegetables devoured! The scientist says a train three miles long would be required to bring a life's supply to the average man.

### 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:—

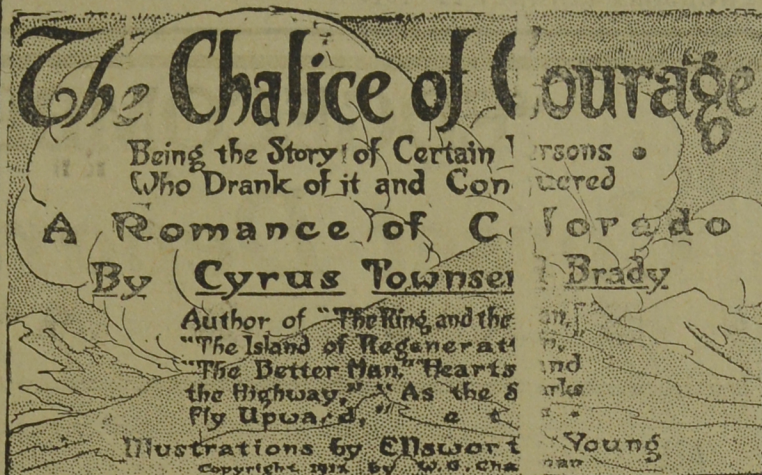
(1) To consolidate and amend the Acts relating to the election of Mayor and Aldermen for the said City, and so as to provide that the term of office for Aldermen shall be two years.

(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



or the blankets from the bed, she sat down and drew it across her knees and took stock of the room.

The cabin was built of logs, the room was large, perhaps 12 by 20 feet, with one side completely taken up by the stone fireplace; there were two windows, one on either side of the outer door, which opened toward the southwest. The walls were unplastered save in the chinks between the rough hewn logs of which it was made. Over the fireplace and around on one side ran a rude shelf covered with books. She had no opportunity to examine them, although later she would become familiar with every one of them.

Into the walls on the other side were driven wooden pegs; from some of them hung a pair of snow shoes, a heavy Winchester rifle, fishing tackle and other necessary wilderness paraphernalia. On the puncheon floor wolf and bear skins were spread. In one corner against the wall again were piled several splendid pairs of horns from the mountain sheep.

The furniture consisted of the single bed or berth in which she had slept, built against the wall in one of the corners, a rude table on which were writing materials and some books. A row of curtained shelves, evidently made of small boxes and surmounted by a mirror, occupied another space. There were two or three chairs, the handiwork of the owner, comfortable enough in spite of their rude construction. On some other pegs hung a slicker and a sou'wester, a fur overcoat, a fur cap and other rough clothes; a pair of heavy boots stood by the fireplace. On another shelf there were a number of scientific instruments, the nature of which she could not determine, although she could see that they were all in a beautiful state of preservation.

There was plenty of rude comfort in the room, which was excessively manly. In fact, there was nothing anywhere which in any way spoke of the existence of woman—except a picture in a small, rough, wooden frame which stood on the table before which she sat down. The picture was of a handsome woman—naturally Enid Maitland saw that before anything else. She would not have been a woman if that had not engaged her attention more forcibly than any other fact in the room. She picked it up and studied it long and earnestly, quite unconscious of the reason for her interest, and yet a certain uneasy feeling might have warned her of what was toward in her bosom.

This young woman had not yet had time to get her bearings. She had not been able to realize all the circumstances of her adventure. So soon as she did so she would know that into her life a man had come, and whatever the course of that life might be in the future, he would never again be out of it.

It was therefore with mingled and untranslatable emotions that she studied this picture. She marked with a certain resentment the bold beauty quite apparent, despite the dim fading outlines of a photograph never very good. So far as she could discern, the woman was dark haired and dark eyed—her direct antithesis! The casual viewer would have found little of fault in the presentment, but Enid Maitland's eyes were sharpened by what, pray? At any rate, she decided that the woman was of a rather coarse fiber, that in things finer and higher she would be found wanting. She was such a woman, so the girl reasoned, acutely, as might inspire a passionate affection in a strong hearted, reckless youth, but whose charms being largely physical, would pall in longer and more intimate association; a dangerous rival in a charge, but not so formidable in a steady campaign.

These thoughts were the result of long and earnest inspection, and it was with some reluctance that the girl at last put the photograph aside and looked toward the door. She was hungry, ravenously so. She began to be a little alarmed, and had just about made up her mind to rise and stumble out as she was, when she heard steps outside and a knock on the door.

"What is it?" she asked in response. "May I come in?"

"Yes," was the quick answer. The man opened the door, left it ajar and entered the room.

"Have you been awake long?" he began abruptly.

"Not very."

"I didn't disturb you, because you needed sleep more than anything else. How do you feel?"

"Greatly refreshed, thank you."

"And hungry, I suppose?"

"Very."

"I will soon remedy that. Your foot?"

"It seems much better, but I—"

The girl hesitated, blushing. "I can't get my shoe on, and—"

"Shall I have another look at it?"

"No, I don't believe it will be necessary. If I may have some of that marmalade or whatever it was you put on

it, and more of that bandage, I think I can attend to it myself, but, you see, my stockings and my boot—"

The man nodded; he seemed to understand. He went to his cracker box chifonier and drew from it a long, coarse woolen stocking.

"That is the best that I can do for you," he said.

"And that will do very nicely," said the girl. "It will cover the bandage, and that is the main thing."

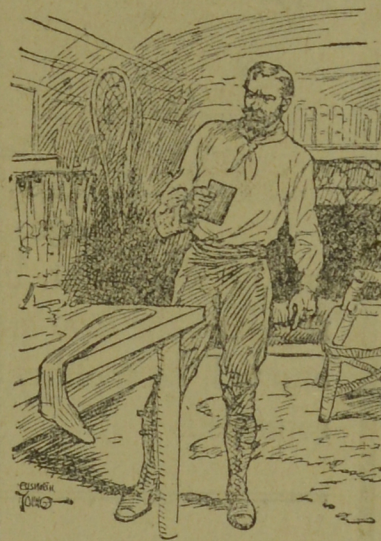
The man laid on the table by the side of the stocking another strip of bandage torn from the same sheet. As he did so, he noticed the picture. He caught it up quickly, a dark flush spreading over his face, and holding it in his hand, he turned abruptly away.

"I will go and cook you some breakfast while you get yourself ready. If you have not washed, you'll find a bucket of water at a basin and towel outside the door."

He went through the inner door as suddenly as he had come through the outer one. He was a man of few words, and whatever social grace he might once have possessed, and in more favorable circumstances exhibited, was not noticeable now. The tenderness with which he had caressed her the night before had also vanished.

His bearing had been cool, almost harsh and forbidding, and his manner was as grim as his appearance. The conversation had been a brief one, and her opportunity for inspection of him consequently limited. Yet she had taken him in. He was a tall, splendid man. No longer young, perhaps, but in the prime of life and vigor. His complexion was dark and burned brown by long exposure to sun and wind, winter and summer. In spite of the brown, there was a certain color, a hue of health in his cheeks. His eyes were hazel, sometimes brown, sometimes gray, and sometimes blue, she afterward learned. A short thick closely cut beard and mustache covered the lower part of his face disguised but not hiding the squareness of his jaw and the firmness of his lips.

He had worn his cap when he entered, and when he took it off she noticed that his dark hair was tinged with white. He was dressed in a leather hunting suit, somewhat the worse



He Caught It Up Quickly.

for wear, but fitting him in a way to give free play to all his muscles. His movements were swift, energetic and graceful. She did not wonder that he had so easily hurled the bear to one side and had managed to carry her—no light weight, indeed!—over what she dimly recognized must have been a horrible trail, which, burdened as he was, would have been impossible to a man of less splendid vigor than he.

The cabin was low celled, and as she sat looking up at him, he had towered above her until he seemed to fill it. Naturally, she had scrutinized his every action, as she had hung on his every word. His swift and somewhat startled movement, his frowning as he had seized the picture on which she had gazed with such interest, aroused the liveliest surprise and curiosity in her heart.

Who was this woman? Why was he so quick to remove the picture from her gaze? Thoughts rushed tumultuously through her brain, but she realized at once that she lacked time to indulge them. She could hear him moving about in the other room. She threw aside the blanket with which she had draped herself, changed the bandage on her foot, drew on the heavy woolen stocking which, of course, was miles too big for her, but which easily took in her foot and ankle encumbered as they were by the rude, heavy but effective wrapping. Thereafter she hobbled to the door and stood for a moment almost agast at the splendor and magnificence before her.

He had built his cabin on a level shelf of rock perhaps fifty by a hundred feet in area. It was backed up against an overhanging cliff, otherwise the rock

tell away in every direction. She noticed that the descent from the shelf into the pocket or valley spread before her was sheer, except off to the right, where a somewhat gentler activity of huge and broken boulders gave a practicable ascent—a sort of gigantic stairs—to the place perched on the mountain side. The shelf was absolutely bare save for the cabin and a few huge boulders. There were a few sparse, stunted trees further up on the mountain side above; a few hundred feet beyond them, however, came the timber line, after which there was nothing but the naked rock.

Below several hundred feet lay a clear, emerald pool, whose edges were bordered by pines, where it was not dominated by high cliffs. Already the lakelet was rimmed with ice on the shaded side. This enchanting little body of water was fed by the melting snow from the crest and peaks, which in the clear, pure sunshine and rarified air of the mountains seemed to rise and confront her within a stone's throw of the place where she stood.

On one side of the pretty lake in the valley, or pocket, beneath, there was a little grassy clearing, and there the dweller in the wilderness had built a rude corral for the burros. On a rough bench by the side of the door she saw the primitive conveniences to which he had alluded. The water was delightfully soft and as it had stood exposed to the sun's direct rays for some time, although the air was exceedingly crisp and cold, it was tempered sufficiently to be merely cool and agreeable. She luxuriated in it for a few moments, and while she had her face buried in the towel

(To be continued)

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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.

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