

## That Night Cough!

You know it! It begins with a tickling, irritating sensation in your throat. You cough to clear the throat. In a moment, there it is again!

A minute's peace, then again you cough, and so on until you cough your throat sore, and by the time the cough is sufficiently allayed to permit you to sleep, you are thoroughly worn out. This kind of experience is particularly trying to old people.

Peps make it quite unnecessary for you to have this kind of thing happening.

These night coughs are due to the formation of mucus in the air passages, or to a little inflammation in the bronchial tubes. As soon as you put a Peps pastille on your tongue, and allow it to slowly dissolve, healing balsamic fumes are liberated, which are breathed down the air passages and bronchi. These healing essences allay all irritation, and so transform the hard phlegm and mucus that it is easily expelled. They impart, too, a feeling of warmth and a glow of comfort in the region where pain and irritation were before felt. Remember, also, Peps contain no opiates—no poisonous compounds. This makes Peps so suitable for the coughs and colds of children; and mothers should quickly grasp and appreciate this vast superiority.

Just as the out-door treatment for consumption—the "breathing" treatment—is now admitted to be the only rational treatment, so the "Peps" treatment for colds and lung troubles is the only rational home treatment. Peps treatment means the BREATHING down to the lungs, bronchial tubes, and chest cavity, of healing, strengthening, purifying medicinal ingredients. You can't SWALLOW medicine into your lungs. If a medicine can't be BREATHED, it can't get to the lungs and bronchial tubes. Peps provide a medicine you breathe—not swallow. For all disorders or irritations of the lungs, or bronchial tubes, therefore, use Peps. These include catarrh, coughs, bronchitis, sore throat, tightness or aching across the chest, difficulty in breathing, hoarseness, asthma, laryngitis, smoker's throat, etc.

All druggists and stores sell Peps at 50c. box or 3 for \$1.25. Should your dealer be out of stock, order direct (postpaid) from Peps Co., Dupont St., Toronto, or 52 Princess St., Winnipeg.

**PEPS**

### USES OF ONE TREE

The most marvelous tree in the world is the Carnarubba palm, which grows in Brazil. Its roots produce the same medicinal effect as sarsaparilla. From parts of the tree wine and vinegar are made. Its fruit is used for feeding cattle. Of the straw, hats, baskets, brooms and mats are made. It is also used for thatching houses. The pulp has an agreeable taste, and he nut is sometimes used as a substitute for coffee. Its stems afford strong light fibres, and serve also for joists, rafters and other building materials. It yields a saccharine substance, as well as a starch resembling sago. Of the wood of the stem musical instruments, water tubes and pumps are made. From the stem a white liquid similar to the milk of the coconut may be extracted. Moreover, salt is extracted from the tree, and likewise an alkali used in the manufacture of common soap.

## 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.

## The Chalice of Courage

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Drank of it and Conquered

A Romance of Colorado

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Author of "The King and the Lion"

"The Island of Regeneration"

"The Better Man" "Hearts and the Highway" "As the Sparks Fly Upward"

Illustrations by Elsworth Young

Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman

Every kind of an argument in addition to those so passionately adduced in these letters urging her to break away from her husband and to seek happiness for herself while yet there was time, besieged her heart, seconded her lover's plea and assailed her will, and yet she had not given way.

Now Enid Maitland hated the woman who had enjoyed the first young love of the man she herself loved. She hated her because of her priority of possession, because her memory yet came between her and that man. She hated her because Newbold was still true to her memory, because Newbold, believing in the greatness of her passion for him, thought it shame and dishonor to his manhood to be false to her, no matter what love and longing drew him on.

Yet there was a stern sense of justice in the bosom of this young woman. She exulted in the successful battle the poor woman had made for the preservation of her honor and her good name, against such odds. It was a sex triumph for which she was glad. She was proud of her for the stern rigor with which she had refused to take the easiest way and the desperation with which she had clung to him she did not love, but to whom she was bound by the laws of God and man, in order that she might not fall into the arms of the man she did love, in defiance of right.

Enid Maitland and this woman were as far removed from each other as the opposite poles of the earth, but there was yet a common quality in each one of virtuous womanhood, a lofty morality. Natural, perhaps in the one and to be expected; unnatural, perhaps, and to be unexpected in the other, but there! Now that she knew what love was and what its power and what its force—for all that she had felt and experienced and dreamed about before were as nothing to what it was since he had spoken—she could understand what the struggle must have been in that woman's

heart. She could honor her, reverence her, pity her.

She could understand the feeling of the man too; she could think much more clearly than he. He was distracted by two passions, for his pride and his honor and for her; she had as yet but one, for him. And as there was less turmoil and confusion in her mind, she was better capable of looking the facts in the face and making the right deduction from them.

She could understand how in the first frightful rush of his grief and remorse and love the very fact that Newbold had been compelled to kill his wife, of whom he was beginning to grow a little weary under such circumstances, had added immensely to his remorse and quickened his determination to expiate his guilt and cherish her memory. She could understand why he would do just as he had done, go into the wilderness to be alone in horror of himself and in horror of his fellow men to think only, mistakenly, of her.

Now he was paying the penalty of that isolation. Men were made to live with one another, and no one could violate the law natural, or by so long an inheritance as to have become, without paying that penalty. His ideas of loyalty and fidelity were warped, his conceptions of his duty were narrow. There was something noble in his determination, it is true, but there was something also very foolish. The dividing line between wisdom and folly is sometimes as indefinite as that between comedy and tragedy, between laughter and tears. If the woman he had married and killed had only hated him and he had known it would have been different, but since he believed so in her love he could do nothing else.

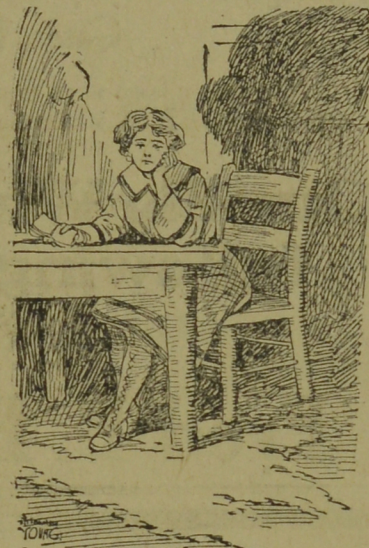
At that period in her reflections Enid Maitland saw a great light. The woman had not loved her husband after all, she had loved another. That passion of which he had dreamed had not been for him. By a strange chain of circumstances Enid Maitland held in her hand the solution of the problem. She had but to give him these letters to show him that his golden image had stood upon feet of clay, that the love upon which he had dwelt was not his. Once convinced of that he would come quick to her arms. She cried a prayer of blessing on old Kirkby and started to her feet, the letters in hand, to call Newbold back to her and tell him, and then she stopped.

Woman as she was she had respect for the binding conditions and laws of honor as well as he. Chance, nay Providence, had put the honor of this woman, her rival, in her hands. The world had long since forgotten this poor unfortunate; in no heart was her memory cherished save in that of her husband. His idea of her was a false one to be sure.

Maitland latter that story.

She sat down again with the letters in her hand. It had been very simple a moment since, but it was not so now. She had but to show him those letters to remove the great barrier between them. She could not do it. It was clearly impossible. The reputation of her dead sister who had struggled so bravely to the end was in her hands, she could not sacrifice her even for her own happiness.

"Quixotic," you say? I do not think so. She had blundered unwittingly, unwillingly, upon the heart secret of the other woman; she could not betray it. Even if the other woman had been really unfaithful in deed as well as in thought to her husband



She Had but to Show Him Those Letters.

Enid could hardly have destroyed his recollection of her. How much more impossible it was since the other woman had fought so heroically and so successfully for her honor. Womanhood demanded her silence. Loyalty, honor, compelled her silence.

A dead hand grasped his heart and the same dead hand grasped hers. She could see no way out of the difficulty. So far as she knew no human soul except old Kirkby and herself knew this woman's story. She could not tell Newbold and she would have to impose upon Kirkby the same silence as she herself exercised. There was absolutely no way in which the man could find out. He must cherish his dream as he would. She would not enlighten him, she would not disabuse his mind, she could not shatter his ideal, she could not betray his wife. They might love as the angels of heaven and yet be kept forever apart—by a scruple, an idea, a principle, an abstraction, honor, a name.

Her mind told her these things were idle and foolish, but her soul would not hear of it. And in spite of her resolutions she felt that eventually there would be some way. She would not have been a human woman if she had not hoped and prayed that. She believed that God had created them for each other, that he had thrown them together. She was enough of a fatalist in this instance at least to accept their intimacy as the result of His ordination. There must be some way out of the dilemma.

Yet she knew that he would be true to his belief and she felt that she would not be false to her obligation. What of that? There would be some way. Perhaps somebody else knew, and then there flashed into her mind the writer of the letters. Who was he? Was he yet alive? Had he any part to play in this strange tragedy aside from that he had already assayed?

Sometimes an answer to a secret query is made openly. At this juncture Newbold came back. He stopped before her unsteadily, his face now marked not only by the fierceness of the storm outside, but by the fiercer grapple of the storm in his heart.

"You have a right," he began, "to know everything now. I can withhold nothing from you."

He had in his hand a picture and something yellow that gleamed in the light. "There," he continued extending them toward her, "is the picture of the poor woman who loved me and whom I killed, you saw it once before."

"Yes," she nodded, taking it from him carefully and looking again in a strange commixture of pride, resentment and pity at the bold, somewhat coarse, entirely uncultured, yet handsome face which gave no evidence of the moral purpose which she had displayed.

"And here," said the man offering

## Thought Nothing But Death Would End Her Misery.

### WAS TROUBLED WITH Heart Disease.

Mrs. J. D. Talbot, Owen Sound, Ont., writes:—"I have been a great sufferer from heart disease, and leaking valves. I have had recourse to every kind of treatment I could think might help me, including the skill of several doctors. I suffered so for years that at times I have felt that nothing but death could end my misery. I was advised by a friend, who had suffered untold pain and misery, just as I had, and had been cured by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, to give them a trial, so I decided to do so. I am delighted with the result, as I am now completely cured, and can eat and sleep as I have not done for years."

You are at liberty to use my name at any time as I am convinced they are the best pills on the market for any form of heart disease."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve 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.

### 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.

### 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

### Not a Legislature

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

BIG VALUE COMBINATION: a whole Winters' entertainment for 15c. Games, Jokes, Tricks, Books, Puzzles, etc. also large 36 page catalogue of novelties. F. A. STONE, Box 518, Fredericton, N. B.

HOT AIR CARDS: Visiting, Business, Liar's Licence, See You Home cards, etc. Get a package and be in strong with the girls. 20 in a package) 10 cents.

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

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.

## 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

These 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.

## J. F. VanBuskirk

Warerooms: PHOENIX SQUARE

Mail Orders Have Prompt Attention.

"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?"

### Valuable Fisheries

With respect to the fisheries of Canada, it may be surprising to some to be told that since 1870, the first year for which figures are available, Canadian fishermen have taken from the seas, rivers and inland waters of this country, fish valued at nearly a billion dollars, the exact figures being \$829,910,756.

Many telephones in Toronto

Toronto has 120 telephones for every 1,000 of population as compared with 106 in New York.

## SUNBURN. BLISTERS. SORE FEET.

Everybody now admits Zam-Buk best for these. Let it give YOU ease and comfort.

Druggists and Stores everywhere

**Zam-Buk**