

WOULD COUGH SO HARD Would Turn Black In The Face.

A cough cold is one of the most dangerous kind. It leaves the throat or lungs and sometimes both, affected if not taken care of immediately.

Obstinate coughs and colds yield to the grateful soothing action of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, containing as it does all the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine tree.

Mrs. C. J. Selig, Dartmouth, N.S. writes:—"My little boy, six years old, had a dreadful, hard cough. At night time he would cough so hard he would turn black in the face, and at times he would cough nearly an hour before he would stop. I tried different cough syrups, but they did him no good. The little fellow was wasting away, as he could not eat or sleep, the cough troubled him so. I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and it did him so much good I got another. Now I am only too glad to be able to write this to tell how thankful I am, and to tell every mother to use nothing else."

Price, 25 and 50 cents.

Be sure you get "Dr. Wood's" when you buy for it. See the trade mark, the three pine trees.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Light and Milk

Milk spoils quickly when kept in a strong light and investigators have found that the rays of light near the violet end of the spectrum seem to have the most detrimental effect. Strong light acts in the same manner upon sterilized milk and upon pasteurized milk as upon pure, fresh milk; after being exposed in plain glass bottles to full sunlight for a day, all three kinds of milk were found to be completely spoiled and unfit for use. On the other hand, says The Scientific American, red rays are beneficial, and milk that is put in bottles of red glass or in bottles wrapped with red paper, will keep in good condition much longer than milk bottled in glass that permits the passage of all the light waves.

Heart and Nerves Were Bad.

Could Not Sleep.

To the thousands of people who toss on a sleepless pillow night after night, or who pace the bedroom floor with nerves on the jump, the heart action all wrong, and to whose eyes sleep will not come, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills offer the blessing of sound refreshing slumber, as they restore the equilibrium of the deranged nerve centres and correct the wrong action of the heart.

Mrs. Charles Teel, Horncastle, Ont., writes:—"Just a few lines to let you know what Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills did for me. My heart and nerves were so bad I could not sleep, and the least noise or excitement would make me feel so that I used to think I was going to die, and I would tremble until I could hardly stand. I took doctor's medicine, but it did not do me much good. At last I tried Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and can certainly say they did me a great amount of good. I can recommend them to anyone who is suffering as I was."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been on the market for the past twenty years, and have done more to steady shaky nerves and strengthen weak hearts, than any other known preparation.

Price, 50 cents per box, or three boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"There is something really a little awing about pure gold new born from the soil. Gold is such a stable article so strictly guarded, so carefully checked and counted. We had some what less than an ounce to be sure, but that amount in fake gold bulks considerably. We did not think of it in terms of its worth in dollars, we looked on it only as the gold, and we stared at the substantial little heap of yellow particles with fascinated awe."—From "Gold" by Stewart Edward White.

WANTED

Large Canadian Mail Order House wants one man in each locality to sell catalogues, will pay \$15 weekly. NATIONAL SUPPLY CO., Windsor, 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 402—tl.

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

knowledge of how much she knew, or where she had learned anything. Every one about the mining camp where she had lived had known of his love for Louise Rosser, but he had not supposed there was a single human soul who had been privy to its later developments, and he could not figure out any way by which Enid Maitland could have learned by any possibility any more of the story than he had told her. He had calculated swiftly and with the utmost nicety, just how much he should confess. He was a keen witted clever man and he was fighting for what he held most dear, but his eagerness and zeal, as they have often done, overrode his judgment, and he made another mistake at this juncture. His evil genius was at his elbow.

"You must remember," he continued, "that you have been alone here in these mountains with a man for over a month; the world—"

"What, what do you mean?" exclaimed the girl, who indeed knew very well what he meant, but who would not admit the possibility.

"It's not every man," he added, blindly rushing to his doom, "that would care for you or want you—after that."

He received a sudden and terrible enlightenment.

"You coward," she cried, with upraised hand, whether in protest or to strike him neither ever knew, for at that moment the door opened the second time that morning to admit another man.

CHAPTER XXII.

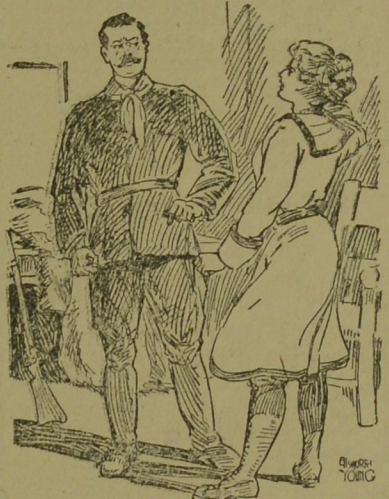
The Last Resort of Kings and Men.

The sudden entrant upon a quarrel between others is invariably at a disadvantage. Usually he is unaware of the cause of difference and generally he has no idea of the stage of development of the affair that has been reached. Newbold suffered from this lack of knowledge and to these disadvantages were added others. For instance, he had not the faintest idea as to who or what was the stranger. The room was not very light in the day time. Armstrong happened to be standing with his back to it at some distance from the window by the side of which Enid stood. Six years naturally and inevitably makes some difference in a man's appearance, and it is not to be wondered that at first Newbold did not recognize the man before him as the original of the face in his wife's locket, although he had studied that face over and over again. A nearer scrutiny, a longer study, would have enlightened him of course, but for the present he saw nothing but a stranger visibly perturbed on one side and the woman he loved apparently fiercely resentful, stormily indignant, confronting the other with an upraised hand.

The man, whoever he was, had affronted her, had aroused her indignation, perhaps had insulted her, that was plain. He went swiftly to her side, he interposed himself between her and the man.

"Enid," he asked, and his easy use of the name was a revelation and an illumination to Armstrong, "who is this man, what has he done?"

It was Armstrong who replied. If Newbold were in the dark, not so he; although they had never spoken, he had seen Newbold. He recognized him instantly, indeed, recognized or not, the newcomer could be no other.



"You coward!" She cried.

than he. There was doubtless no other man in the mountains. He had expected to find him when he approached the hut and was ready for him.

To the fire of his ancient hatred and jealousy was added a new fuel that increased its heat and flame. This man had come between Armstrong and the woman he loved before and had let away unscathed; evidently he had some between him and this new woman he loved. Well, he should be made to suffer for it this time and by Armstrong's own hands. The instant Newbold had entered the room Armstrong had thirsted to leap upon him, and he meant to do it. One or the other of them, he swore in his

heart, should never leave that room alive.

But Newbold should have his chance. Armstrong was as brave, as fearless, as intrepid, as any man on earth. There was much that was admirable in his character; he would not take any man at a disadvantage in an encounter such as he proposed. He would not hesitate to rob a man of his wife if he could, and he would not shrink from any deceit necessary to gain his purpose with a woman, for good or evil, but he had his own ideas of honor, he would not shoot an enemy in the back for instance.

Singular perversion, this, to which some minds are liable! To take from a man his wife by subtle and underhand methods, to rob him of that which makes life dear and sweet—there was nothing dishonorable in that! But to take his life, a thing of infinitely less moment, by the same process—that was not to be thought of. In Armstrong's code it was right, it was imperative, to confront a man with the truth and take the consequences; but to confront a woman with a lie and take her body and soul, if so be she might be gained, was equally admirable. And there are other souls than Armstrong's in which this moral inconsistency and obliquity about men and women has lodgment!

Armstrong confronted Newbold therefore, lustful of battles; he yearned to leap upon him, his fingers itched to grasp him, then trembled slightly as he rubbed them nervously against his thumbs; his face protruded a little, his eyes narrowed.

"My name is Armstrong," he said, determined to precipitate the issue without further delay and flinging the words at the other in a tone of hectoring defiance which, however strange to say, did not seem to effect Newbold in any perceptible degree.

The name was an illumination to him, though not at all in the way the speaker had fancied; the recollection of it was the one fact concerning her that raked in the solitary's mind. He had often wanted to ask Enid Maitland what she had meant by that chance allusion to Armstrong which she had made in the beginning of their acquaintance, but he had refrained. At first he had no right to question her; there could be no natural end to their affections; and latterly when their hearts had been disclosed to each other in the wild, tempestuous, passionate scenes of the last two or three days, he had had things of greater moment to engage his attention, subjects of more importance to discuss with her.

He had for the time being forgotten Armstrong and he had not before known what jealousy was until he had entered that room. To have seen her with any man would have given him acute pain, perhaps just because he had been so long withdrawn from human society, but to see her with this man who flashed instantly into his recollection upon the utterance of his name was an added exasperation.

Newbold turned to the woman to whom indeed he had addressed his question in the first place, and there was something in his movement which bespoke a gallant almost contemptuous obliviousness to the presence of the other man which was indeed hard for him to bear.

Hate begets hate. He was quite conscious of Armstrong's antagonism, which was entirely undisguised and open and which was growing greater with every passing moment. The score against Newbold was running up in the mind of his visitor.

"Ah," coolly said the owner of the cabin to the first of his two guests, "I do remember you did mention that name the first day you spent here. Is he a—friend of yours?"

"Not now," answered Enid Maitland.

She too was in a strange state of perturbation on account of the dilemma in which she found herself involved. She was determined not to betray the unconscious confidence of the dead. She hoped fervently that Newbold would not recognize Armstrong as the man of the locket, but if he did she was resolute that he should not also be recognized as the man of the letters, at least not by her act. Newbold was ignorant of the existence of those letters and she did not intend that he should be enlightened so far as she could prevent it. But she was keen enough to see that the first recognition would be inevitable; she even admitted the fact that Armstrong would probably precipitate it himself. Well, no human soul, not even their writer, knew that she had destroyed them, she had determined to do so at the first convenient opportunity. Before that, however, she intended to show them not to Newbold but to Armstrong, to disclose his perfidy, to convict him of the falsehood he had told her and to justify herself even in his eyes for the action she had taken.

Mingled with all these quick reflections was a deadly fear. She was quick to perceive the hatred Armstrong bore on the one hand because of the old love affair, the long cherished grudge breaking into sudden

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Montreal and West
"ALL RAIL LINE"

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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 Tax-payers

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, City Treasurer.

411—d 21st

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. January 20th, 1914

By order
J. W. McCREADY, City Clerk

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

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.

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.

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