

LOOK!

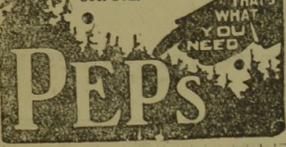
If you were told of a new discovery for the treatment of coughs, colds and bronchitis, as certain in its action on all chest troubles as anti-toxin is on diphtheria, or vaccination on small-pox, wouldn't you feel like giving it a trial? Especially if you could try it for fifty cents!

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Peps are entirely distinct from the old-fashioned liquid cough cures, which are merely swallowed into the stomach, and never reach the lungs. Peps treatment of coughs and colds is direct treatment.

If you have not yet tried Peps, out on this article, write across it the name and date of this paper, and mail it (with 1c. stamp to pay return postage) to Peps Co., Toronto. A free trial packet will then be sent you. All druggists and stores sell Peps at 60c. box.



MYSTERIES OF SHIPS

Theory to Account For Disappearance of Vessels at Sea

To account for some of the mysterious losses of ships at sea the theory has been advanced that some subterranean electrical or magnetic disturbance is responsible. This merely gives a new name to the mystery, but does not solve it, and the only evidence that its adherents have to go upon is the fact that at the time of the loss of the Norwegian steamer Tabor some strange seismic disturbances were registered. The Tabor was a steel vessel, loaded with steel rails, a cargo not likely to shift. She was spoken in fair weather in mid-Atlantic, and was never heard of again. Not so much as a spar or a drifted ashore, and what became of her is one of the mysteries of the sea.

The vague electrical or magnetic phenomenon belongs to a long line of theories advanced to explain the fate of a great number of missing vessels. It may be that some of the ships have gone down on the shifting shoals off Sable Island. Here the cold waters of the Arctic mingle with the warm Gulf Stream, and fog is produced, in itself a grave menace. When combined with the shoals it constitutes one of the most terrible perils known to Atlantic mariners. When disaster overwhelms the vessel what wreckage sinks is engulfed by the shoals and what floats is probably battered into kindling wood before it reaches any beach where it is likely to be noticed. Probably some of the missing vessels have perished when near the end of their journey or almost at the beginning of it on the other side of the Atlantic. It is quite conceivable that a vessel in thick weather might enter the English Channel without being noted, and might strike the Goodwin Sands, where a similar fate awaited her to that which lurks off Sable Island.

That others have struck icebergs and sunk, leaving no trace behind, is also more than probable. The sudden shifting of cargo at sea, the foundering of vessels in storm, and fire aboard are other probable causes of disasters that remain mysteries. On several occasions master mariners have reported sighting a rock in mid-Atlantic. This rock has been called Turtle Rock on account of its shape.

COWAN'S
PERFECTION
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Sold
Everywhere

The Chalice of Courage

By Cyrus Townsend Brody

With diabolic malice Armstrong left the sentence uncompleted. The inference he meant should be drawn from his reticence was obvious.

"I took it from her dead body," cried out Newbold.

"She was beside herself with love for me; an old affair, you know," said Armstrong more explicitly, thinking to use a spear with a double barb to pierce the woman's and the man's heart alike. That he defamed the dead was of no moment then. "She wanted to leave you," he ran on glibly. "She wanted me to take her back and—"

"Untrue," burst forth from Enid Maitland's lips. "A slanderous, dastardly, cowardly untruth."

But the man paid no attention to her in their excitement; perhaps they did not even hear her. Newbold thrust his pistol violently forward.

"Would you murder me as you murdered the woman?" gibed Armstrong in bitter taunt.

Then Epid Maitland found it in her heart to urge Newbold to kill him where he stood, but she had no time if she could have carried out her design, for Newbold flung the weapon from him and the next moment the two men leaped upon each other, straining, struggling, daring, battling like savage beasts, each seeking to clasp his fingers around the throat of the other and then twist and crush until life was gone.

Saying nothing, fighting in a grim silence that was terrible, they reeled crashing about the little room. No two men on earth could have been better matched, yet Newbold had a slight advantage in height and strength, as he had also the advantage in simple life and splendid condition. Armstrong's hate and fierce temper counterbalanced these at first, and with arms locked and legs twined, with teeth clenched and eyes blinded and pulses throbbing and hearts beating, they strove together.

The girl shrank back against the wall and stared frightened. She feared for her lover, she feared for herself. Strange primitive feelings throbbled in her veins. It was an old situation, when two male animals fought for supremacy and the ownership of a female, whose destiny was entirely removed from her own hands.

Armstrong had shown himself in his true colors at last. She would have nothing to hope from him if he was the victor; and she even wondered in terror what might happen to her if the man she loved triumphed after the passions aroused in such a battle? She grew sick and giddy, her bosom rose and fell, her breath came fast as she followed the panting, struggling, clinging grinding, figures about the room.

At first there had been no advantage to either, but now after five minutes—or was it hours?—of fierce fighting, the strength and superior position of her lover began to tell. He was forging the other backward. Slowly, inch by inch, foot by foot, step by step, he mastered him. The two intertwining figures were broadside to her now, she could see their faces inflamed by the lust of the battle, engorged, blood red with hate and fury, but there was a look of exultation on one and the shadow of approaching disaster on the other. But the consciousness that he was being mastered ever so little only increased Armstrong's determination and he fought back with the frenzy, the strength of a maddened gorilla, and again for a space the issue was in doubt. But not for long.

The table, a heavy cumbersome, four-legged affair, solid almost as a rock, stood in the way. Newbold at last backed Armstrong up against it and by superhuman effort bent him over it, held him with one arm and using the table as a support, wrenched his left hand free, and sunk his fingers around the other's throat. It was all up with Armstrong. It was only a question of time now.

"Now," Newbold guttered out hoarsely, "you slandered the dead woman I married, and you insulted the living one I love. Take back what you said before you die."

"I forgive him," cried Enid Maitland. "Oh, for God's sake don't kill him before my eyes."

Armstrong was past speech. The inveteracy of his hatred could be seen even in his fast glazing eyes, the indomitableness of his purpose yet spoke in the negative shake of his head. He could die, but he would die in his hate and in his purpose.

Enid ran to the two, she grappled Newbold's arm with both her own and strove with all her might to tear it away from the other's throat. Her lover paid no more attention to her than if a summer breeze had touched him. Armstrong grew black in the face, his limbs relaxed, another second or two it would have been over with him.

Once more the door was thrown open; through it two snow-covered men entered. One swift glance told them all. One of them at least had expected it. On the one side Kirkby, on the

other Maitland, tore Newbold away from his prey just in time to save Armstrong's life. Indeed the latter was so far gone that he fell from the table to the floor unconscious, choking, almost dying. It was Enid Maitland who received his head in her arms and helped bring him back to life while the panting Newbold stood staring dully at the woman he loved and the man he hated on the floor at his feet.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Becoming End.

"Why did you interfere?" asked Newbold when at last he got his breath again, of Maitland who still held him firmly although restraint was now unnecessary, the heat and fire of his passion being somewhat gone out of him. "I meant to kill him."

"He'd oughter die sure nuff," drawled old Kirkby, rising from where he had been kneeling by Armstrong's side, "but I don't know's how you're bound to be his executioner. 'He's all right now, Miss Enid," said the old man. "Here"—he took a pillow from the bed and slipped it under his head and then extending his hands he lifted the excited almost distraught woman to her feet—"taint fittin' for you to tend on him."

"Oh," exclaimed Enid, her limbs trembling, the blood flowing away from her heart, her face deathly white, fighting against the faintness that came with the reaction, while old Kirkby supported and encouraged her. "I thank God you came. I don't know what would have happened if you had not."

"Has this man mistreated you?" asked Robert Maitland suddenly, tightening his grip upon his hard breathing but unresisting passive prisoner.

"No, no," answered his niece. "He has been everything that a man should be."

"And Armstrong," continued her uncle.

"No, not even he."

"I came in time, thank God!" ejaculated Newbold.

By this time Armstrong had recovered consciousness. To his other causes for hatred were now added chagrin, mortification, shame. He had been overcome. He would have been a dead man and by Newbold's hands, if the others had not interfered. He almost wished they had let his enemy alone. Well, he had lost everything but a chance for revenge on them all.

"She has been alone here with this man in this cabin for a month," he said thickly. "I was willing to take her in spite of that, but—"

"He made that damned suggestion before," cried Newbold, his rage returning. "I don't know who you are—"

"My name is Robert Maitland, and I am this girl's uncle."

"Well, if you were her father, I could only swear—"

"It isn't necessary to swear anything," answered Maitland serenely. "I know this child, and I believe I'm beginning to find out this man."

"Thank you, Uncle Robert," said

Enid gratefully, coming nearer to him as she spoke. "No man could have done more for me than Mr. Newbold has, and no one could have been more considerate of me. As for you," she turned to Armstrong, who now slowly got to his feet, "your insinuations against me are on a par with your charges against the dead woman, beneath contempt."

"What did he say about her?" asked old Kirkby.

"You know my story?" asked Newbold.

"Yes."

"He said that my wife had been unfaithful to me—with him—and that he had refused to take her back. Great God!"

"And it was true," snarled Armstrong.

It was all Maitland could do to check Newbold's rush, but in the end it was old Kirkby who most effectively interposed.

"That's a damned lie," he said quietly with his usual drawling voice.

"You can say so," laughed Armstrong, "but that doesn't alter the facts."

"And I can prove it," answered the old man triumphantly.

It was coming, the secret that she had tried to conceal was about to be revealed, thought Enid. She made a movement toward the old man. She opened her mouth to bid him be silent and then stopped. It would be useless she knew. The determination was no longer hers. The direction of affairs had been withdrawn from her. After all it was better that the unloving wife should be proved faithful, even if her husband's cherished memory of her love for him had to be destroyed thereby. Helpless she listened, knowing full well what the old frontiersman's next word would be.

"Prove it," mocked Armstrong.

"How?"

"By your own hand, out of your own mouth, you dog," thundered old Kirkby. "Miss Enid, where are them let-

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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, tf.

Real Estate

If desirous of buying or selling property list with F. H. PETERS no charge for listing. Mortgage Loans negotiated on City and Suburban property. Current interest.

F. H. PETERS, Barrister, Opp. New Post Office. 465 Feb. 24th.

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

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