

Backache Banished.

Thousands of men and women are suffering from weak, lame and aching backs, and many of them unable to do any work for the pain.

The stitches, twinges and twinges are bad enough and give enough misery, but, back of the backache, and the cause of it all are the disordered kidneys crying out in warning through the back.

Backache is kidney ache, and there's serious trouble ahead for you if you neglect it.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure every form of backache by curing the sick kidneys that cause it.

Mrs. Jack Mason, Springhill, N.B., writes:—"I have been suffering from backache for a very long time. I tried everything and did everything, but still I would suffer. One day I was looking over your Almanac, and saw your advertisement for Doan's Kidney Pills, so I got 5 boxes, and I am glad to say that they brought me back to life again, and from now on I will never be without them."

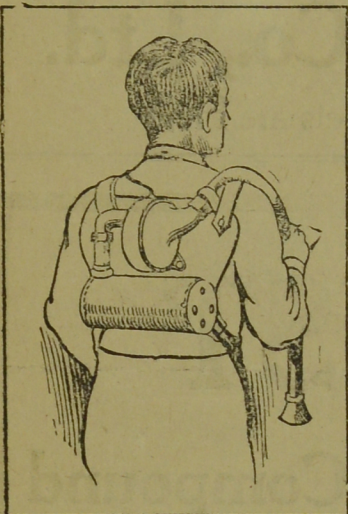
Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

If ordering direct specify "Doan's."

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.



The Original And Only Genuine

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

FOR SALE

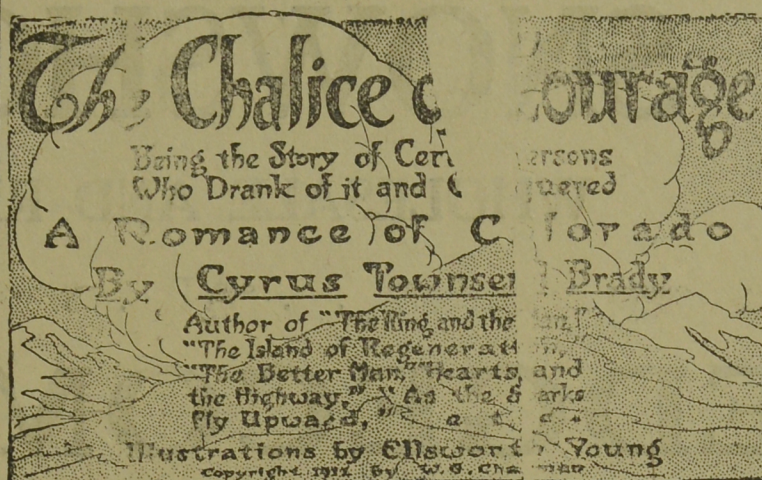
FOR SALE—Going out of business, I will sell my horse to any person wanting a good horse. Well known here in the city, weighing 1500 lbs., fit for any person.

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.



assist I can deny you nothing. I am helpless, alone, but it must not be. I know you better than you know yourself. You will not take advantage of affection so unbounded, of weakness so pitiable."

Was it the wisdom of calculation, or was it the wisdom of instinct by which she chose her course? Resistance would have been unavailing, in weakness was her strength.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth! Yes, that was true! She knew it now, if never before, and so did he.

Slowly the man released her. She did not even then draw away from him. She stood with her hand still on his breast. She could feel the beating of his heart beneath her fingers.

"I am right," she said softly. "It kills me to deny you anything. My hearts yearns toward you. Why should I deny it? It is my glory, not my shame."

"There is nothing above love like ours," he pleaded, wondering what marvelous mastery she exercised that she stopped him by a hand's touch, a whispered word, a faith.

"No; love is life, love is God, but even God himself is under obligations of righteousness. For me to come to you now, to marry you now, to be your wife, would be unholy. There would not be that perfect confidence between us that must endure in that revelation. Your honor and mine, your self respect and mine, would interpose. If I can't have you with a clear conscience, if you can't come to me in the same way, we are better apart. Although it kills me, although life without you seems nothing, I would rather not live it, we are better apart. I can't be your wife until—"

"Until what and until when?" demanded Newbold.

"I don't know," said the woman, "but I believe that somewhere, somehow, we shall find a way out of our difficulty. There is a way," she said a little incautiously. "I know it."

"Show it to me."

"No, I cannot."

"What prevents?"

The same thing which prevents you: honor, loyalty."

"To a man?"

"To a woman."

"I do not understand."

"No, but you will some day." She smiled at him. "See," she said, "through my tears I can smile at you, though my heart is breaking. I know that in God's good time this will work itself out."

"I can't wait for God. I want you now," persisted the other.

"Hush, don't say that," answered the woman, for a moment laying her hand on his lips. "But I forgive you. I know how you suffer."

The man could say nothing, do nothing. He stared at her a moment and his hand went to his throat as if he were choking.

"Unworthy," he said hoarsely, "unworthy of the past, unworthy of the present, unworthy of the future. May God forgive me, I never can."

"He will forgive you, never fear," answered Enid gently.

"And you?" asked her lover. "I have ruined your life."

"No, you have ennobled it. Let nothing ever make you forget that. Wherever you are and whatever you do, and whatever you may have been, I love you, and I shall love you to the end. Now you must go, it is so late, I can't stand any more. I throw myself on your mercy again, I grow weaker and weaker before you; as you are a man, as you are stronger, save me from myself. If you were to take me again in your arms," she went on steadily, "I know not how I could drive you back. For God's sake, if you love me—"

That was the hardest thing he had ever done, to turn and go out of the room, out of her sight, and leave her standing there with eyes shining, with pulses throbbing, with breath coming fast, with bosom panting. Once more, and at a touch she might have yielded!

CHAPTER XIX.

The Challenge of the Range. Mr. James Armstrong sat at his desk before the west window in his private room in one of the tallest buildings in Denver. His suite of offices was situated on one of the top floors, and from it he had a clear and unobstructed view of the mighty range over the intervening house tops and other buildings. The earth was covered with snow, it had fallen steadily through the night, but with the dawn the air had cleared and the sun had come out brightly, although it was very cold.

Letters, papers, documents, the demands of a business extensive and varied, were left unnoticed. He sat with his elbow on the desk, his head on his hand, looking moodily at the range. In the month that had elapsed since he had received news of Enid Maitland

in that way, in that place, staring at the range, a prey to most despondent reflections, heavy hearted and disconsolate indeed.

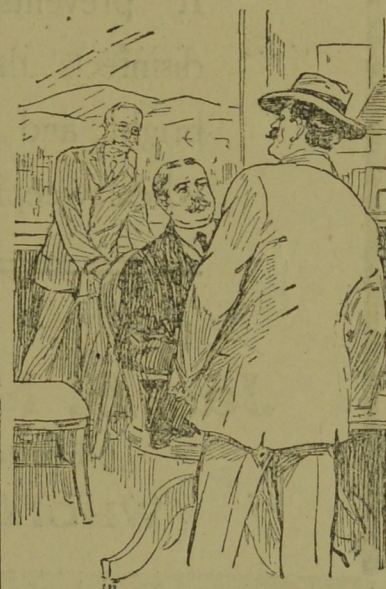
After that memorable interview with Mr. Stephen Maitland in Philadelphia he had deemed it proper to await there the arrival of Mr. Robert Maitland. A brief interview with that distracted gentleman had put him in possession of all the facts in the case. As Robert Maitland had said, after presentation of the tragic story, the situation was quite hopeless. Even Armstrong reluctantly admitted that her uncle and old Kirkby had done everything that was possible for the rescue or discovery of the girl.

Therefore the two despondent gentlemen had shortly after returned to their western homes, Robert Maitland in this instance being accompanied by his brother Stephen. The latter never knew how much his daughter had been to him until this evil fate had befallen her. Robert Maitland had promised to inaugurate a thorough and extensive search to solve the mystery of her death, which he felt was certain, in the spring, when the weather permitted humanity to have free course through the mountains.

Mr. Stephen Maitland found a certain melancholy satisfaction in being

at least near the place where neither he nor any one had any doubt his daughter's remains lay hid beneath the snow or ice on the mountains in the freezing cold. Robert Maitland had no other idea than that Enid's body was in the lake. He intended to drain it—an engineering task of no great difficulty—and yet he intended, also, to search the hills for miles on either side of the main stream down which she had gone, for she might possibly have strayed away and died of starvation and exposure, rather than drowning. At any rate, he would leave nothing undone to discover her.

He had strenuously opposed Armstrong's recklessly expressed intention of going into the mountains immediately to search for her. Armstrong was not easily moved from any purpose he entertained, or lightly to be hindered from attempting any enterprise that he projected, but by the time the party reached Denver the winter had set in, and even he realized the futility of any immediate search for a dead body lost in the



"It is Madness," Urged Robert Maitland.

mountains. Admitting that Enid was dead, the conclusions were sound, of course.

The others pointed out to Armstrong that if the woman they all loved had by any fortunate chance escaped the cloudburst, she must inevitably have perished from cold, starvation and exposure in the mountain long since. There was scarcely a possibility that she could have escaped the flood, but if she had, it would only be to be devoted to death a little later. If she was not in the lake, what remained of her would be in some lateral canon. It would be impossible to discover her body in the deep snows until the spring and the warm weather came. When the snows melted what was concealed would be revealed. Alone, she could do nothing. And admitting again that Enid was alone, this conclusion was as sound as the other.

Now no one had the faintest hope that Enid Maitland was yet alive, except, perhaps, her father, Mr. Stephen Maitland. They could not convince him, he was so old and set in his opinions and so utterly unfamiliar with the conditions that they tried to describe to him, that he clung to his belief in spite of all, and finally they let him take such comfort as he could from his vain hope without any further attempt at contradiction.

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 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.

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 Workman'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 new 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 105 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