

Thought She Would Go Mad WITH HEADACHE.

In all cases of headache the treatment should be directed to remove the cause, for with the cause removed the headache vanishes for all time. Headache powders just relieve for the time being, but what is necessary for a permanent cure is something that will go right to the seat of the trouble. For this purpose it is impossible to find a better remedy for headaches of all descriptions than Burdock Blood Bitters, acting as it does on every organ of the body to strengthen, purify and regulate the whole system.

Mrs. Althea Bowman, Hamilton, Ont., writes:—"I have suffered terribly with my head for weeks at a time till I thought I would go mad. A friend advised me to give Burdock Blood Bitters a trial, so I got a bottle and found relief. I have used four bottles in all and I am glad to say that I have had no more headaches since. I would advise all sufferers to give it a fair trial."

WORKING WITH LITTLE SLEEP

Great Men Who Spent Small Amount of Time in Slumber

Thomas Edison has an abnormal capacity for dispensing with sleep. Twenty hours' work and four hours' slumber was his daily programme for many years. On one occasion he worked on the incandescent light problem for five days and five nights "without a wink." After that he slept for twenty hours without moving a limb.

Napoleon during all his most strenuous years rarely slept more than four hours a night. Five o'clock in the morning invariably found him immersed in the details of his campaign, or in the conduct of the great empire his single will ruled, and he was equally invariably the last to go to bed.

Like many other great workers, however, he had the capacity of being able to sleep at will—to close his eyes for a few moments, and to sleep so profoundly during that short interval that, when he awoke, he was as fresh as many men after an hour's slumber. Wellington had the same enviable capacity as his great rival. During his Peninsular campaign—and, indeed, to the end of his long life—he seldom slept for more than four or five hours at a time; but he could at will snatch a few moments' slumber, even on horseback, which made, as he said, "a new man of him."

Cobden was rarely in bed after four o'clock in summer and five in winter. M. Thiers, President of the third French Republic, used to boast that for years he was out of bed and at work at four o'clock every morning.

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

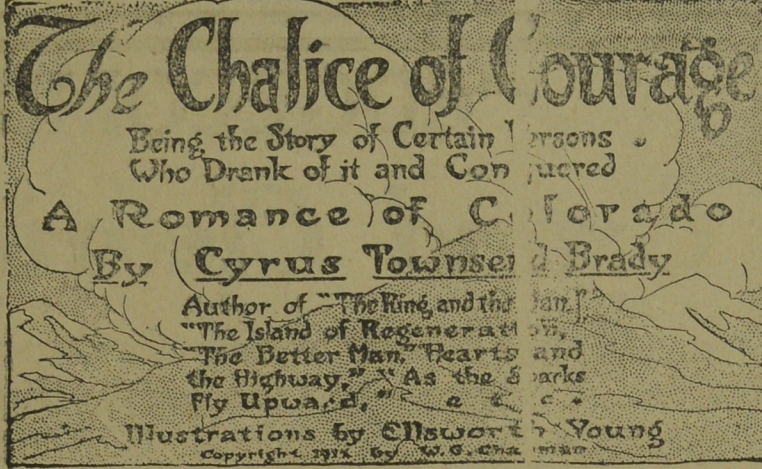
(2) To authorize the City Council to negotiate temporary loans with any Bank or other financial corporation.

(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



stand it. But he saw and admitted and understood enough to know that the past was no longer the supreme subject in his life, that the present

rose higher, bulked larger and hid more and more of his far-off horizon.

He felt like a knave and a traitor, as if he had been base, disloyal, false to his ideal, recreant to his remembrance. Was he indeed a true man? Did he have that rugged strength, that abiding faith, that eternal consciousness, that lasting affection, beside which the rocky paths he often trod were things transient, perishable, evanescent? Was he a weakling that he fell at the first sight of another woman?

He stopped his ceaseless pace forward and backward, and stopped near that frail and futile door. She was there and there was none to prevent. His hand sought the latch.

What was he about to do? God forbid that a thought he could not freely share with humanity should enter his brain then. He held all women sacred, and so he had ever done, and this woman in her loneliness, in her helplessness, in her weakness, trebly appealed to him. But he would look upon her, he would fain see if she were there, if it were all not a dream, the creation of his disordered imagination.

Men had gone mad in hermitages in the mountains, they had been driven insane in lonely oases in vast deserts; and they had peopled their solitude with men and women. Was this some working of a disordered brain, too much turned upon itself and with too tremendous a pressure upon it, producing an illusion? Was there in truth any woman there? He would raise the latch and open the door and look. Once more the hand went stealthily to the latch.

The woman slept quietly on. No thin

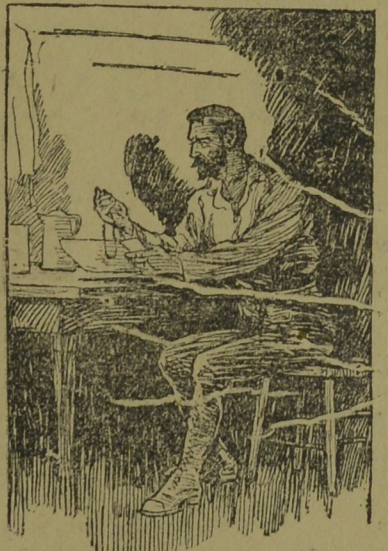
barrier easily unlocked or easily broken protected her. Something intangible, yet stronger than the thickest, the most rigid bars of steel guarded her; something unseen, indescribable, but so unmistakable when it throbs in the breast of those who depend on it feel that their dependence is not in vain watched over her.

Cherishing no evil thought, the man

had power to gratify his desire which might yet bear a sinister construction should it be observed. It was her privacy he was invading. She had trusted to him, she had said so, to his honor, and that stood her in good stead. His honor! Not in five years had he heard the word or thought the thing, but he had not forgotten it. She had not appealed to an unreal thing; upon that her trust was based. His hand left the latch, it fell gently, he drew back and turned away trembling, a conqueror who mastered himself. He was awake to the truth again.

What had he been about to do? Profane, uninvited, the sanctity of her chamber, violate the hospitality of his own house? Even with a proper motive, imperil his self-respect, shatter her trust, endanger that honor which so suddenly became a part of him on demand? She would not probably know; she could never know unless she awoke. What of that? That ancient honor of his life and race rose like a mountain whose scarped face cannot be scaled.

He fell back with a swift turn, a feeling almost womanly; and more men, perhaps, if they lived in feminine isolation, as self-centered as women are so often by necessity, would be as feminine as their sisters—influenced him, overcame him. His hand went to his humping shirt. Nerv-



He Stared From One to the Other.

ously he tore it open; he grasped a bright object that hung against his breast. As he did so, the thought came to him that not before in five years had he been for a moment unconscious of the pressure of that locker over his heart, but now that this other had come, he had to seek for it and find it.

The man dragged it out, held it in

his hand and opened it. He held it so lightly that it almost gave beneath the strong grasp of his strong hand. From a nearby box he drew another object with his other hand. He took the two to the light, the soft light of the candle upon the table, and stared from one to the other with eyes brimming.

Like crystal gazers, he saw other things than those presented to the casual vision. He heard other sounds than the beat of the rain upon the roof, the roar of the wind down the canon. A voice that he had sworn he would never forget, but which, God forgive him, had not now the clearness that it might have had yesterday, whispered awful words to him.

Anon he looked into another face, red, too, with no hue from the hearth or leaping flame, but red with the blood of ghastly wounds. He heard again that report, the roar louder and more terrible than any peal of thunder that rived the clouds above his head and made the mountains quake and tremble. He was conscious again of the awful stillness of death that supervened. He dropped on his knees, buried his face in his hands where they rested on picture and locket on the rude table.

Ah, the past died hard, for a moment he was the lover of old—remorse, passionate expiation, solitude—he and the dead together—the world and the living forgot! He would not be false, he would be true, there was no power in any feeble woman's tender hand to drive him off his course, to shake his purpose, to make him a new, another man. Oh, Vanitas, Vanitas!

On the other side of the door the unconscious woman slept quietly on. The red firelight died away, the glowing coals sank into gray ash. Within the other room the cold dawn stealing through the unshaded window looked upon a field of battle—death, wounds, triumphs, defeats—portrayed upon one poor human face, upturned as sometimes victors and vanquished alike upturn stark faces from the field to the God above who may pity but who has not intervened.

So Jacob may have looked after that awful night when he wrestled until the day broke, with the angel, and would not let him go until he blessed him, walking, forever after with halting step as memorial, but with his blessing earned. Hath this man's blessing won or not? And must he pay for it if he hath achieved it?

And all the while the woman slept quietly upon the other side of that door.

CHAPTER XI.

The Log Hut in the Mountains.

What awakened the woman she did not know; in all probability it was the bright sunlight streaming through the narrow window before her. The cabin was so placed that the sun did not strike fairly into the room until it was some hours high, consequently she had her long sleep until entirely undisturbed. The man had made no effort whatever to awaken her. Whatever tasks he had performed since daybreak had been so silently accomplished that she had not been aware of them.

So soon as he could do so, he had left the cabin and was now busily engaged in his daily duties outside the cabin and beyond earshot. He knew that sleep was the very best medicine for her, and it was best that she should not be disturbed until in her own good time she awoke.

The clouds had emptied themselves during the night, and the wind had at last died away toward morning, and now there was a great calm abroad in the land. The sunlight was dazzling. Outside, where the untempered rays beat full upon the crests of the mountains, it was doubtless warm, but within the cabin it was chilly. The fire had long since burned completely away, and he had not entered the room to replenish it. Yet Enid Matfield had lain snug and warm under her blankets. She presently tested her wounded foot, by moving it gently, and discovered agreeably that it was much less painful than she had anticipated. The treatment the night before had been very successful.

She did not get up immediately, but the coldness of the room struck her so soon as she got out of bed. Upon her first awakening she was hardly conscious of her situation; her sleep had been too long and too heavy, and her awakening too gradual for any sudden appreciation of the new condition. It was not until she had stared around the walls of the rude cabin for some time, that she realized where she was and what had happened. When she did so she arose at once.

Her first impulse was to call. Never in her life had she felt such deathlike stillness. Even in the camp almost always there had been a whisper of breeze through the pine trees, or the chatter of water over the rocks,

But here there were no pine trees and no sound of rushing brook came to her. It was almost painful. She was keen to dress and go out of the house. She stood upon the rude puncheon floor on one foot, scarcely able yet to bear even the lightest pressure upon the other. There were her clothes on chairs and tables before the fireplace. Such had been the heat thrown out by that huge blaze that a brief inspection convinced her that everything was thoroughly dry. Dry or wet, she must needs put them on, since they were all she had. She noticed that there were no locks on the doors, and she realized that the only protection she had was the sense of decency and the honor of the man. That she had been allowed her sleep unmolested made her the more confident on that account.

She dressed hastily, although it was the work of some difficulty in view of her wounded foot, and of the stiff condition of her rough, dried apparel. Presently she was completely clothed, save for that disrobed foot. With the big clumsy bandages upon it, she could not draw her stocking over it, and even if she succeeded in that, she could in no way make shift to put on her boot.

The situation was awkward, the predicament annoying. She was wearing bloomers and a short skirt for her mountain climbing, and she did not know quite what to do. She thought of tearing up one of the rough, unbleached sheets and wrapping it around her leg, but she hesitated as to that. It was very trying. Otherwise, she would have opened the door and stepped out into the open air. Now she felt herself virtually a prisoner.

She had been thankful that no one had disturbed her, but now she wished for the man. In her helplessness she thought of his resourcefulness with a shudder. The man, however, did not appear, and there was nothing for her to do but to wait for him. Taking one



(To be continued)
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Mr. Francis Kerr of St. John, is a guest at the Queen.

Mr. William Curry of Andover, is a guest at the Queen.

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THREAD Clark's 300 yards white and black thread - Sale Price 5c a spool

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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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