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ROYAL Baking Powder

The only Baking Powder made with Royal Grape Cream of Tartar—made from grapes. A guarantee of healthful, delicious food.

The Front Room Story

By Hugh Pendexter

"She won't knuckle under," reported Jethuel, gloomily.

His wife, a tall, spare woman, with heavy, dull eyes, paused in mixing bread and scraping one finger on the spoon, declared sententiously: "She's got ter."

There was a world of finality in this utterance, and Mr. Philbrick, scratching his weak chin in perplexity and remembering the grained oaklike solidity of his wife's character, gave one sidelong glance at her angular person and sighed: "Yes, I guess she has."

"There's no guessin' about it, Jethuel. Whose house is this? Is it yours or Lyddy's?" And the dull eyes gave a hint of hidden fire. "Dad her for a quarrelsome old maid. Here I've slaved an' tuckered myself out for 10 years an' she a playin' th' great lady an' keepin' th' best room in th' house."

It's best for me, Jethuel, ter have that front room. She's had it for years; now I'm goin' ter have it for my sister. Mehitable is comin' next month ter spend a few weeks with us, an' I'm not goin' ter tuck her in th' attic."

With this assertion Mrs. Philbrick returned to her doughpan with increased vigor.

But her decision had been overheard by the object of her conversation. Jethuel observed her first, a little, slim, faded woman, who now stood in the doorway of the darkened hall.

"Who talks of upstairin' a dead man's will an' triffin' with the law?" demanded Miss Lyddy, in a shrill voice. Then she continued: "My father left this farm to Jethuel, an' he left th' front room, fire wood an' one cow, ter me. Who talks of makin' me quit my property?"

"Why, Leddy, we's plain ter make a few changes in th' old place, an' we's figurin' on givin' you a different room, that's all," explained Jethuel, in a conciliatory voice.

"We want that room," said Mrs. Philbrick, in an even determined tone. "Tech it if you want the law," demanded Miss Lyddy, in a shrill voice. Then she continued: "My father left this farm to Jethuel, an' he left th' front room, fire wood an' one cow, ter me. Who talks of makin' me quit my property?"

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It was the same old story of family dissension. When Squire Philbrick died he believed he had done justice to his two children by leaving a good farm to the son and a living and the best room in the house to the daughter. The room she was to occupy was specified in the will, and although Jethuel's wife had accepted the situation as a necessary evil, she had not openly tried to oust her sister-in-law until this summer. Then, listening to the promptings of her relatives, she decided to effect a change. Jethuel had done well with the farm, and there was no reason why the old, low structure should not be raised and remodelled and made the most pretentious of any on Pugsley hill. But the will and its specifications could not be ignored, and for some time she kneaded the dough and cast her mind about in a futile effort to devise a scheme to evade the terms of the instrument.

Miss Lyddy sat sadly at the window opening out on Pichemore hill road. Years back, when her eight-year-old nephew, with grace and her wrinkled cheek glowed with the blush of wholesome youth, she had sat at that same window and watched young Cale ride away to join his company in Portland. Years back she had sat there, waiting dumbly for the York county boys to return, only to learn that the youth of her favor must ever remain behind, a victim of the last cavalry dash of the war. So the room contained all that was dear to her and worth living for. The old-fashioned chest held the memory of her mother. On the shelves were quaint bits of crockery, while over the window framed with the flag, was a tiny type of young Cale himself, taken in Washington just before he joined the firing line.

"Let 'em try if they dare," she murmured.

A few days later workmen arrived. "Don't dare ter tech my room," warned Lyddy.

"They ain't goin' ter," exclaimed Mrs. Philbrick, triumphantly. "They ain't goin' ter. But they he goin' ter cut your room out and leave it, an' move th' rest of th' house up front about 50 feet; that's all."

"An' leave my front room all alone?" gasped Lyddy.

"That's about what," replied Mrs. Philbrick.

"But the will says I'm ter have a front room in th' house as long as I live," she remonstrated.

"Well, ain't you got th' front room? Th' will don't say we can't remodel our part of the house, does it? An' it don't"

say you are ter have a front room in our new house, does it? 'Course you can't expect us ter have two rooms. You can have th' front room of this house, or a back room in th' new house. Make your choice." As she delivered herself of this ultimatum Mrs. Philbrick's face took on a revengefully humorous look as she noted the perplexity of the other.

Miss Lyddy struggled with herself for a minute or two, and then drawing up her thin form to its utmost height, cried: "Cut it out an' leave it!"

Mrs. Philbrick had expected a surrender. Receiving this defiance her black brows lowered and she nodded to the grinning, waiting workmen to go ahead. The task was a simple one. Proceeding with great care, they detached the front room and by the end of the week had moved the rest of the house forward about 50 feet. Miss Lyddy in the interim remained locked up in her narrow castle, only daring out to procure food from the kitchen. On these occasions Jethuel would beat a retreat to the barn. The front room was the rear room now, and standing by itself, surrounded by the cellar walls, it looked odd and desolate. Just what Lyddy would do in the winter worried Jethuel not a little; but his wife quieted him by declaring that with the first snow Lyddy would seek refuge in the back room and all would be well.

One day Lyddy opened her door and caught Jethuel who was passing.

"Jethuel, you have dodged me for some time. Now you pay heed a minute ter what I say. You an' Laura have deserted me, but lemme tell you this, an' you be sure ter tell her. I'll never come in'er your house till she begs me on her knees an' prays me ter take th' best room, look in' out on th' Pichemore road. She nor you never will enter my room till she does this, an' also promises ter move this room so it will jine with the new house. You've heard me, girl! Only little Dan ever comes in here till what I've said has been done."

The 10-year old youngster alluded to, was the only person to whom his mother, Mrs. Philbrick, bowed her head. He ruled her, even as he ruled his spinster aunt. Probably if Lyddy had been asked to give up her room for his sake, she would have suffered. But the mother was too jealous of the boy's affections to be beholden to Lyddy in his behalf.

And so, with the exception of the boy, Dan, Miss Lyddy received no visitors. The boy's mother, when going there, but he disregarded her commands and called daily, knowing full well the weakness of her love.

It was after the carpenters had worked two days in raising the old house up that there occurred the first serious misfortune to come to the Philbrick. To come to the Philbrick household. Mrs. Philbrick had been been trying doughnuts and had left her task to get an armful of wood. The fat boiled over, and when she returned she found the rear of the house ablaze, with Jethuel and the carpenters working desperately to stop the flames from spreading.

"On! On! Where's Daniel?" moaned Jethuel, as he saw his wife coming up the path alone.

"Dan's in there?" shrieked the disheveled mother, rushing for the blazing doorway.

"I have Dan in here. I fetched him through th' end window an' down th' ladder. He's burned some," called Miss Lyddy from her doorway. Then she turned and closed the door and locked it.

in, Lyddy Philbrick!" shrieked the frenzied mother, beating on the solid old door.

Miss Lyddy came to the window and looked down on the distracted woman calmly. When she could make herself heard she said: "No; you can't come in, an' though th' men are sayin' enough place for this boy. But if you say so, you can have him. If you do take him into that ruin, all water soaked an' smoky, he'll probably die. Leave him here an' I'll take as good care of him as you would. But you two can't come in. You'll recollect I made a vow."

"I must be with Dan!," choked the mother. "I must be with him! Lemme in!"

Dan showed his frightened face at the opening long enough to sob: "I'm scared of the fire, ma. I don't want ter come out."

His parents, even in their fright, observed that his hands and arms were bandaged.

"Now, Laura, no matter if it does go agin' th' grain, jest give in. Remember your vow an' knuckle. Why, we've got ter be with Daniel. Oh, Lawd, who knows but what he's injured internally!" Jethuel took on.

Mrs. Philbrick stiffened up, quipped back a sob, and then burst into tears. "It's hard, Lyddy," she choked, "but you saved him through th' window. You was watchin' out fer him when I was away. I'm a determined woman; maybe I'm not in my ways, but I'm a Christian. I beg of you ter take th' best room in our new house when it's built, an' Mrs. Philbrick knelt in supplication.

"Come in," said Lyddy, simply throwing open the door. "Come in. You an' Dan can stay with me, an' Jethuel can sleep in what's left of th' old place or in th' barn. An' I guess th' insurance will jest about pay fer half of a new set of buildin's, won't it, Jethuel?" she asked, cheerfully.

"Wal, whether it does or don't, there's goin' ter be enough ter buy a new carpet fer your room, Lyddy, an' some new curtains fer th' windows," declared Mrs. Philbrick, as she knelt beside her son and again she noticed how skillfully his burns had been treated by his rescuer.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



ERMINE AND BROADTAIL COMBINED

For very dressy wear the black broadtail coat may have a collar and revers of white ermine and big muff to match. Ermine is used this season only for dressy wear, and no fur conveys such a suggestion of luxury and elegance as the royal ermine. The muff matching this shapely ermine collar is a very modish affair, the black ermine tails showing only in a border effect, which edges the pure white muff.

THE KODAK AS A

CURE FOR "BOOZE"

(C. F. R. in Toronto Notes)

He was a spasmodic booze fighter. He was not drunk all the time, but when he did go on a spree he was the limit, and one of the worst-looking messes that you ever saw.

At one period of his life he would only get on a hat about twice a year, but the desire grew, and the breaks became more and more frequent.

He had a good job, most boozers have—or had one once.

One day his boss called him into the private office and said: "I hear you have been absent for a couple of days on a drunk. Now this has got to stop, that is all. Good-morning."

"Good-morning," replied the employee, walking out crestfallen longer than usual at this time, and worked harder than ever. One morning he was missing.

One of the clerks had seen him the night before, but he didn't squeal, for the booze was a good fellow with the boys. Well, he returned as usual, tegged up, but red-eyed and shaky.

The buzzer rang and the messenger boy told him he was wanted in the office.

"I hear that you were drunk again. Is my information correct?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

All boozers are not deceitful, although a lot of them are; and this fellow was one that admitted the corn.

The boss liked him and pitied him. It then he outlined a plan to have him take a course in a sanitarium.

He went, and came back an M. A., "a master of alcohol," as the bunch jokingly referred to it at the sanitarium.

He kept as straight as a string for a long time, nearly two years, but one night he fell.

But he recovered before anyone got wise.

Again he fell.

No man can keep straight if he is an ex-boozie fighter, and is running into bars all the time.

He had been doing this, taking soft drinks.

The boss fired him, but he was such a good man that he got another job when he pulled himself together.

But in all his escapades he had a chum who stood pat, who dug him up, drove him home, cleaned him up and looked after him like a brother.

One day after he had got nicely going on his new job he received a package marked "Personal" and securely tied.

It was sent to his home address and he opened the package in the quiet of his room.

It was a series of photos of himself snapped by his friend, photos of him, self when drunk.

One of the photos was taken while he was in the act of staggering across the street, with his hat in his hand, his hair dishevelled, and his necktie over the back of his collar.

A second photograph showed him in a lane off Queen street West, with two of the toughest nugs you ever put your hands on. They were standing together. He was eating a piece of bologna, and one of the fellows was taking a nip from a flask.

The third photo, which was marked "exhibit C" showed him asleep in the shadow of the ridge that runs along the tracks in the direction of the Barracks. He was a dream.

Exhibit "D" showed him leaning up against a pole with an elegant jag on, and several kids gazing him.

Date and day and the words: "This is what you looked like when you were full" were the illuminating words that graced the back of the photos.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, he then and there vowed that he and booze were forever had friends, and every day finds him hating it worse.

The kodak and the views of himself had done the trick.

He had always said: "Oh, I'm not so bad."

But the kodak called him a liar, and he couldn't deny it.

UNHEALTHY WOMEN

Lose Color, Constantly Weary, Look Wrinkled, Hollow

They All Get Health, Vitality, Vim, Strength From Ferrozone

Once you use the celebrated nerve vitalizer and tonic, Ferrozone—once you feel its magic powers, working through your weakened system—then you'll know for sure that health at last awaits you.

So much quicker and stronger is Ferrozone to rebuild and restore that thousands use no other medicine.

"Because I am now well," writes Miss I. P. Sinclair, from Sault Ste. Marie, "I feel it my duty to tell every young woman what benefit I got from Ferrozone."

I grew very thin, and at twenty-five years old my face was hollow and wrinkled—my color was bad and I looked ten years beyond my age. I was nervous and hysterical, couldn't sleep, had no appetite, burst into tears at the least provocation. Then I worried, feared I would go into a decline, and was so depressed every morning that life was no longer happy.

"I was astonished at the quick and thorough action of Ferrozone. It gave me permanent strength and vitality, nervous fears disappeared, indigestion and stomach weakness were cured. Some sleep returned. I looked better and younger, had clear color. I gained in weight, felt happy, vigorous, strong—it is a year since I first took Ferrozone. It has restored me to health I never knew before and I will continue to recommend it as the grandest tonic and strengthener on earth."

Very few girls and women are so abundant in health as to not require medicine. Nothing excels Ferrozone in supplying strength, blood and nerve power. Not a stimulant, but a nourishing tonic is Ferrozone. 50c. per box or six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers. Try Ferrozone. Do it today.

HOW THE POWERS STAND

(London Daily Mail)

The following is the strength of the British, German, and the United States navies in ships built and building of the Lord Nelson, Dreadnought and Indomitable classes, which may for practical purposes, be regarded as being covered by the term "capital ship" (the German programme for 1909 being included):

	Eng.	Ger.	U.S.A.	Powers
Lord Nelson...	2	0	0	0
Dreadnoughts...	8	10	6	16
Indomitables...	4	3	0	9
	14	13	6	19

If the new British battleships of the 1909 programme are of exceptional size and power, as they probably will be, six should just maintain the standard, and it is understood that this number will be laid down next year. The displacement of the new ships will approach 25,000 tons, and it is possible that they will carry the new 80-ton 13 1/2 in. gun, of which some have been for several months building in this country, while it would be no surprise if in one of the series producer-gas engines were tried. The new ships, in a word, will be to the Dreadnought what she was to all her predecessors.

The Christmas Dinner.

In spite of the fact that the word dyspepsia means, literally, bad cook, it will not be fair for many to lay the blame on the cook if they begin the Christmas Dinner with little appetite and end with distress or nausea. It may not be fair for any to do that—let us hope so for the sake of the cook! The disease dyspepsia indicates a bad stomach, that is a weak stomach, rather than a bad cook, and for a weak stomach there is nothing else equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It gives the stomach vigor and tone, cures dyspepsia, creates appetite, and makes eating the pleasure it should be.

AFTER 23 YEARS

Boston, Mass., Dec. 10.—The pardon committee of the board of council today voted in favor of the pardon of Chas. Hayes, colored, who is serving a life sentence at Charlestown for the murder of a woman in Cambridge. He has been in prison for 23 years.

KIDNEY DISEASE

COMES ON QUIETLY.

Perhaps no other organs work harder than the kidneys to preserve the general health of the body and most people are troubled with some kind of Kidney Complaint, but do not suspect it. It may have been in the system for some time. There may have been backaches, swelling of the feet and ankles, disturbances of the urinary organs, such as brick dust deposit in the urine, highly colored soanty or cloudy urine, bladder pains, frequent or suppressed urination, burning sensation when urinating, etc. Do not neglect any of these symptoms, for, if neglected they will eventually lead to Bright's Disease, Dropsy and Diabetes.

On the first sign of anything wrong Doan's Kidney Pills should be taken. They go to the seat of trouble, strengthen the kidneys and help them to filter the blood properly and flush off all the impurities which cause kidney trouble.

Miss Albertina B. Clarke, Stony Creek, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with kidney trouble for several years; my back was weak, I had such terrible headaches, and was so restless I could not sleep at night and tried everything without any benefit. Meantime a friend advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, so I got four boxes and they completely cured me. I now feel as well as I ever did and would advise everyone suffering from Kidney Disease to try them."

Price 50 cts. per box, or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering specify "Doan's."

JOHN L. SULLIVAN

WANTS A DIVORCE

Ex-Champion Pugilist is Once Again Suing His Wife With Little Prospect of Success.

(Boston Journal.)

John L. Sullivan, who is once again suing his wife, Annie Bates Sullivan, for divorce, isn't likely to have any better success than he had on previous occasions, for Mrs. Sullivan declares that "she won't let him."

News that the expugilist had filed papers was received here in Chicago yesterday, and when a Journal reporter conveyed the information to Mrs. John L., at her home in Centerville, R. I., she expressed considerable surprise, and also considerable vehemence in her declaration that she wouldn't permit it for a divorce.

"I won't permit it," she said. "I have carried his name all these years and I do not intend to give it up now, although he hasn't lived with me or supported me for years. If John will behave himself I'm willing to live with him again."

Mr. Sullivan makes his home with her brother, George Bates, an elephant trainer, where she has been since her separation from her husband some years ago. She and John L. were married more than twenty-five years ago.

Nearly a year and a half ago a suit for divorce was instituted by Sullivan without success, and last July the subject was once again broached. At that time Mrs. Sullivan declared that she "would not allow it," and she didn't. She takes the same stand now, and fully expects to block any such move by her husband.

ROOSEVELT WON'T REPLY

YET TO WORLD'S CHARGE

Washington, Dec. 11.—For the time being President Roosevelt has decided to say nothing about the editorials in The N. Y. World accusing him of falsehood in his letter to William Dudley Foulke about the Panama Canal transaction. The unofficial word at the White House is that the editorial is based on a quibble.

It is maintained that the writing of a check to J. P. Morgan & Co., for the money supposed to have been sent to France as a loan to the Panama Canal, was not a loan, but a gift, and that the money was paid, it being well understood, so it is argued, that the banking house was acting merely as a forwarding agent.

The fact is that the banking house was made a special disbursing agent of the government and the check was deposited as such with Morgan & Co. to check against it in any way it saw fit. The distribution to stockholders of the New Panama Canal Company by the arrangement could have been made without a dollar of the money leaving the hands of Morgan & Co. until Morgan & Co., were ready to send out their checks, and the company was a disbursing agent of the government.

The checks to Morgan & Co., endorsed by members of the firm, are on exhibition at the Treasury department, having been placed between pieces of glass so as to show both sides.

From the Canadian North-West.

Wapella, N. W. T., Dec. 11.—This town was treated to a piece of sensational news today when it was announced that John Rowell had recovered his hearing after years of deafness. Catarrhazone cured Mr. Rowell, and all others afflicted with impaired hearing or catarrhal deafness should use Catarrhazone and be cured also. No treatment is so pleasant and so certain as Catarrhazone, which is sold by all druggists under guarantee to thoroughly cure if the larger dollar outfit is used; sample size, 25c. Remember the name—"Catarrhazone."

HALIFAX VESSEL ASHORE

(Halifax Echo, Dec. 9.)

Thomas J. Clarke, carpenter at the Furness-Withly Pier, owner of the schooner Albertina, received word yesterday from Chatham that the schooner was ashore. The Albertina is a fine vessel of 111 gross tonnage and was here about three months ago, and afterwards loaded coal at Sydney for Chatham, where she arrived safely and discharged. She loaded lumber for Summerside and unfortunately on Nov. 30th her insurance was cancelled by the company holding it, as it was not effected to continue in the waters where she then was at this season of the year. The despatch to Mr. Clarke yesterday was from Capt. Ozon of the Albertina, who stated she went ashore in Grandview Island on December 6th, but the extent of the damage was unknown and he was awaiting a chance to board her. The crew were all safe.

The Albertina was built at La Have in 1899 and was purchased some years ago by Mr. Clarke, who invested all his savings in her and has since the purchase continued to expend his earnings upon her. When last here she was in the marine slip and a new suit of sails had been recently furnished her. If the vessel is a total wreck, Mr. Clarke's loss will amount altogether to about \$7,000.

CHANGING HIS ORDER.

"Has your order been taken," asked one of the waiters.

"Yes," said Mr. Welbore, "fifteen minutes ago. If I don't too late, though, I'd like to change it."

"To change your order, sir?"

"Yes, if you don't mind, I'll change it to an entree."

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