Is Your Flour, Madam, Milled in the Country Air

We were pleasantly engaged in pumping the bracing western air into our poor half-starved *city* lungs, when the Head Miller spied us from his window in the big FIVE ROSES mills.

"Pretty rare stuff, eh?" he smiled, as we captured another hungry lungful.

"Some good" we agreed.

"Don't suppose," we hazarded timidly, "the vivifying breezes, exhilarating atmosphere and 'sich' have much to do with FIVE ROSES goodness."

"Eh?"—almost falling out the window in astonishment. We meekly repeated our *foolish* query.

"Trot up here, little one. Use your eyes and judgment—if you have such a useless article about you," he added severely.

Gulping down another chestful of the aforesaid, we gladly joined him.

* * * * * * *

"This little outfit," volunteered the head miller, "is a *Purifier*". You see, when Father fellows have all done their duty as it *must* be done here, the wheat is broken up into fragments of all sorts and sizes.

The very choicest of these (the very heart of the berry) contain the future FIVE ROSES. Now, sir, these wheat particles must be separated from any light branny *impurities* and fluffy *undesirable tissue*. Must be "*purified*", you know—hence the name "*Purifier*". Got that?

"It's done," he explained with a *significant* smile, "by means of *air-blasts* sweeping swiftly through the silk sieves inside this little device of ours, lifting out and carrying away everything that isn't held down by *quality and value*." These strong currents consist of that *self-same air* you so highly praised just now, and it's only used *once*. It's in contact with the material *all the time*, you see.

"Cram *that* into your thought cannery," ordered the Head Miller firmly, "and don't you dare ask again if your 'vivifying breezes, etc.' contribute anything towards the mellow purity and wholesomeness of FIVE ROSES flour."

We apologized abjectly—we *knew* better.

* * * * * * *

Most large merchant mills, Madam, are found in the large smoky towns where all day long immense chimneys pour out black clouds *for miles around*, dropping soot on everybody's nose.

But the big *water-power* mills at Keewatin, Mistress Housewife, haven't a smoke stack to their name. The surroundings are the *most attractive* you could desire: out on the shore of the Lake of the Woods where the *air is pure*, and *fresh*, and *brisk*, and *health-giving*, and your lungs near burst with the joy of living.

Just think, Madam, FIVE ROSES is *pure as the air it's made in.*

Isn't it the *only* flour good enough for YOU?

All the *good* dealers sell FIVE ROSES—is *yours* a *good* dealer?

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LTD., MONTREAL

(14)

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



GRAY SILK BLOUSE WITH SILVER TRIMMING

One incontestable rule there is; the blouse must match or harmonize with the skirt of the two-piece suit. To match a suit of dark gray cheviot was built this pretty shirtwaist of gray messaline which sets over a guimpe of silver net laid on lighter gray chiffon. Silver lace trims the top and front of the messaline blouse and a line of silver trimming finishes the high stock of silver net and also the sleeves. The belt—for belts are again in favor—is of dark gray belting studded with steel.

$25,000 Waiting for Owner

Cincinnati, Ohio.—Twenty-five thousand dollars is lying in the safe of the German Hospital, awaiting the finding of heirs to the estate of Mrs. Tindel, who died at that institution of apoplexy.

The money was in large bills, concealed in Mrs. Tindel's clothing, and was brought to light, together with her will, after her death.

Apoplexy claims hundreds of victims every year. Yet apoplexy is but an advanced stage of blood poisoning which manifests itself in headaches and backaches. Very frequently the cause is constipation.

Such a case as the above shows the importance of keeping the bowels active, the kidneys regular, the skin healthy, so that the blood will be always pure and rich.

"Fruit-a-tives"—the famous fruit liver tablets—are safe and efficient regulators for stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys and skin.

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50 or trial size, 25c.

Dress Goods Remnants
At Half Price

This great offering consists of Tweeds, Serges, Panamas, Venetians, Cashmeres, Poplins and Striped Suitings in ends from one to seven yards, will make very suitable Christmas gifts.

We have had our profit so are willing to sacrifice these remnants in order to clean up our stock.

I. Chester Brown
32 and 36 King Square.

The New Commandment

By Anthony Verrall.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IX.

Ghent was sufficiently famished in the morning to slay an animal with his naked hands and devour it raw upon the spot. At dawn he awoke to resume the work upon his arrows. At six o'clock he had feathered four. Half an hour later he had slain that same unfrightened old grouse that Judith had pursued without avail. Despite the savage thought that had driven him forth, he knew he must cook this meat before he could eat it.

He spent considerable time in a fruitless search for his matches before he finally thought of that singular deposit of obsidian, the river of glass, over which he had passed on his way to this oasis.

Reasoning that anything so hard and flint-like would render up a spark at a stroke from the steel of his knife, and wondering impatiently how Judith had managed to light a fire, he lost no time in caching his fowl, then clambered up the steep ascent, past the ledge of rocks where he had seen the snake, and over the table-land and down its farther declivity till he came to the glittering belt of stuff of which he hoped to conjure fire.

There were fragments of almost any shape and size required for his uses. He selected one after another and struck at them sharply with his steel, but with no results in incandescent sparks. Not even with his knowledge of flint-lock guns, the methods of which he tried to imitate, could he summon forth the fire that might have been locked in the volcanic glass by some ancient god-alchemist long before gone to his silence.

When at length Ghent came upon a large rounded "button" of clear obsidian he was forcibly struck by its resemblance to a magnifying-lens. As conversant as Judith had been with the functions of a burning-glass, he tried excitedly to procure a focus of the sun's hot rays through this natural substance, so nearly formed for the purpose, but without results. Hope had risen and fallen in his breast in half a minute. His excitement continued, however, for it seemed as if in some way the pin-head of fire he must snatch from the naked elements must answer to his mastery through the medium of these bits of shining glass.

He searched the place in a fever of desire. The glare of it mocked him. The heat that was already rising made him dizzy and faint. He began to suffer thirst again, especially at the memory of those hours of his toiling in these barren hills. With his energies bent upon the task of finding a piece of this stuff that might be chipped to a lens, he suddenly remembered his watch, and old-fashioned timepiece bulging a pocket of his trousers.

He could hardly have snatched it forth with greater alacrity had it been a dreaded scorpion. In a wild impatince he pried up the crystal with the blade of his knife, and turning it quickly to the sun, held his hand below it and moved it up and down to find the focus. A great disk of light shone clear on his skin till he drew it down smaller and smaller. It vanished utterly in his haste, and then the rays all fell in a concentrated spot of brilliance as small as a freckle—and Ghent flung his hand out, satisfactorily burned, and shouted aloud in delight.

Eager for nothing but to hasten to camp, make a fire, and roast his breakfast, he started at once from the centre of the river of glass, crunching his way across it rapidly. He had left it behind fully fifty yeards before he halted, turned, and came back, to gather a lot of the fragments in his pockets for the possible uses that might arise at his fort.

With a knowledge in his mind of the general location of the green oasis in relation to this obsidian deposit, the man determined he could reach his camp in a roundabout way involving less climbing of the slopes. The route he chose was longer than he had imagined. It took him far around the base of the table-land, and so, at length, to an upper division of the great ravine in which the spring had its rise.

He recognized the fact that this was a branch of the larger canon, and followed it down at a rapid pace till he came upon a great dike of porphyry fully as large as a house. He walked beneath the shadow of this mighty mass of rock, looking upon it in wonder till he found himself halted at its base by an extraordinary spectacle.

Hollowed in the bulk of the towering, cliff-like ledge was a blackened cave or recess, fully ten feet deep, and quite as wide. On a rude sort of table made of rocks, against one of its walls, inside, lay something that glittered in the light. Out on the gravel at the mouth of the cavern lay two of the most utterly grewsome objects John Ghent had ever beheld—the skeletons of a pair of human beings, bleached to dazzling whiteness in the glare, the skulls of both split open.

For a moment the man could do nothing but stare at these empty frameworks of what had once been men. Dread and awe chilled the lust of life that flowed with his blood. Two men had perished here—two, who should have been able to support existence so much better than one. What terrible agency of destruction had wrought this deed? What tale of suffering had prefeaced an end so ghastly? It seemed incredible that these two companions could have died for lack of water, with the spring hardly half a mile away. What other death might lurk unseen to smite a man down in his strength?

The men had been dead so long that no clothing remained upon their naked bones—nothing save some effigies of thick-soled boots, now warped and shriveled to mere suggestions of what they once had been. The sight was terrible to Ghent, alone, as he felt himself to be, in this mountain desolation. He looked about the cavern inquiringly.

Fires long since dead had blackened the walls of the hollow — an enduring sign which the two human beings had left behind, their only annals after life of toil and rest. Amazed at the lack of utensils or the objects of a camp, Ghent presently discovered a third frail skeleton—that of a rifle, set to rest against the wall of porphyry and never moved again, by man or beast or the elements themselves.

Only the barrel, the lock, and other iron furnishings remained as they once had been fashioned. The stock was a slender piece of rotted wood, almost ready to crumble in the wind. All the steel was coated with rust. It was an old-fashioned muzzle-loading weapon, the ramrod of which had wasted to a wisp of woody fibre. When Ghent took the gun in his hands the stock fell away and the lock lay with it in the sand.

Filled with grim foreboding of a similar fate for himself, the man examined the cavern dumbly. His gaze returned to the table that the cave's two occupants had made of stone within the shelter. The shining object that lay upon it attracted his attention. He walked inside, and beholding what it was, felt a thrill go down his spine. It was gold—a large golden nugget, untarnished, still mockingly bright ,and fashioned by nature with a hole through its mass, as if it symbolized the circle and the hollowness of life.

The thrill Ghent felt was not in response to the value of the metal. It was worthless to him. He thrilled at the thought o fthe two men, dead and forgotten, who had dared the desert and its horrors for this bit of shining dross. He took up the nugget, but cast it down again, a bitter smile playing on his lips.

The quick, sharp scrutiny to which the cave was subjected brought nothing further to light. The former occupants had apparently possessed but little more property than he himself could muster at his camp. Not ven the remnants of any bedding they might have had remained on the floor.

About to leave, with one more look at the lump of gold, the visitor's attention was caught by a round, dark object, hidden by the shadow of a rough projection of stone. He stepped closer, and found it was an old canteen, still covered with rotted felt, and suspended from a wooden peg driven into a crevice of the rock, on a leather strap that broke like a piece of stiff, dry wood when he took the receptacle down.

Rejoicing to find an article so essential to his needs against the day when he should make an attempt to escape from the desert, Ghent started once more for his fort, paising beside the skeletons only long enough to reflect that, inasmuch as the two men had been enabled to come here across the desolation, he should be able to retreat and find the human habitation from which they had come. With the rusted barrel of the rifle and the well-preserved canteen in his possession, he went on his way down the branch ravine deeply sobered by what he had beheld.

Arrived at his camp, he lighted a fire, cooked his grouse, and when he had eaten, sat for an hour beside the spring, to plan the outwitting of death.

CHAPTER XI.

Judith spent that day in devising and fashioning means for the capture of game. She had nothing with which to carve out a bow, even had she possessed the skill for its manufacture or the ability to use such a weapon once made. She knew nothing of the great deposit of obsidian on which Ghent had chanced, certain pieces of which might have served for knives. Her memory of the traps and snares she had helped to construct in her girlhood was hazy.

Her cousin, in those days, had made a net in which birds had been entangled; he had also tied a noose to a willow and bent it down, securing the loop of a cord upon some trigger, set in the runways of the rabbits, to catch and strangle unwary cottontails; and he had baited a trap that fell upon its victims, either to crush or prison them beneath its weight.

All three of these contrivances Judith meant to attempt, to multiply her chances for obtaining meat. There was nothing to think of but hunger, nothing to work for but the means of quieting her body's cry for food. Everything else of life had vanished. Only this savage need remained. She set to work upon the cordage. It was tied already as a net, but the meshes were far too large for any snare. She labored in patience to separate the strings, which she then untwisted that she might obtain more slender material.

The snare that she finally finished was crude and useless, but, unaware of its deficiencies, she carried it down to the thicket where quail must sometimes travel, and there she secured it between two clumps of shrubbery, trusting to capture something soon. The noose to hang a rabbit eluded all the efforts of her mind, either at memory or invention. She postponed its manufacture in favor of a rude sort of drop that she had planned.

Thoughts of the stout wicker car of the wrecked balloon had prompted her ingenuity in this simple craft. She went to the thickest growth of willows, and breaking out an armful of long, slender branches, took them to the shade and wove a large, flat mat, like a section from the bottom of the basket left stranded on the desert. It was a stout piece of work, nearly three feet square when she had finished.

She next provided a stiff piece of willow a foot in length with a long cord tied to its centre, and then, with a number of heavy stones that she readily gathered, she was ready to proceed.

Pondering the problem of what the quail could find in this oasis to subsist upon, she discarded all thought of the green little berries on the manzanita, as well as all consideration of the unripe acorns on the oak-shrubs. What quail she had seen had been running about the harsh-looking mountain bushes that grew above their greener neighbors. On these she discovered small, dark seeds, a quantity of which she gathered to strew upon the sand for her lure.

(To be Continued.)

PLAYS AND PLAYERS, CHATTY NEWS OF THE GREEN ROOM

The Robinson Opera Co. will remain at the Opera House for another week and will doubtless be well patronized. To local theatre goers little need be said of the merits of the company, as they have installed themselves as favorites with St. John people. The operas which they have presented during their engagement have been well sung, and have shown the principals and chorus to be artists of ability. The chorus now is larger than formerly and shows a vast improvement, while the new members in the leading roles are already prime favorites.

This is the second week of the production of Clyde Fitch's great modern American drama, "The City," at the Lyric Theatre, New York, under the management of the Messrs. Shubert. This drama, the last completed by the late Mr. Fitch, and the last work over his name which will ever be produced, has proved that the famous playwright had only just attained the zenith of his powers at the moment of his death. Though a posthumous production, the presentation of "The City" has been proclaimed as the crowning achievement of the author's voluminous lifework.

J. Fred Zimmerman, manager of the Chestnut Street Opera House in Philadelphia, gave his two sons a useful valuable Christmas present. He has just purchased a large plot of ground in the Quaker City, on which he will erect a capacious playhouse to be known as the New Zimmerman Theatre. This is the present which he gave to his two sons, J. Fred Zimmerman, Jr., manager of the Gaiety Theatre, in New York, and Frank G. Zimmerman, manager of the Garrick Theatre in Philadelphia.

Following the engagement of the Robinson Opera Co. the Opera House will open an indefinite engagement with the St. John Permanent Stock Co., at present on tour and meeting with success. The first play to be presented will be Mrs. Fiske's late success, "Leah Kleschna," and it will be followed by other high class productions, of which the company is well up in more than thirty.

Cyril Scott in "The Lottery Man," at the Bijou Theatre, New York, continues captivating capacity audiences in the role of the impecunious newspaper reporter, who finds himself suddenly the prospective fiance of 300,000 clamoring women. Although the Bijou has never before known such gales of laughter as fill the little theatre every night these days, Mr. Scott has never before had such an opportunity for displaying his versatility as an artist of the first class. Miss Helen Lowell, as a long-suffering "companion" to a beauty-seeking society woman, has won laurels that bid fair to eclipse the fame that resulted from her performance in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

It will be good news to local music lovers to hear that they will have an opportunity of listening to Mark Hambourg on February 4, in the Opera House.

James H. Diamond, who shares the chief comedy honors in "The Rose of Algeria," with William Gaston, is the latest member of the theatrical profession to be subjugated by the bonds of matrimony. Mr. Diamond was married to Miss Phyllis Sherwood, a prominent vaudeville actress, in Toronto, last week, while "The Rose of Algeria" was playing in that city.

On Monday night last, Forbes Robertson appeared for the 100th time at Maxine Elliott's theatre in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," Mr. Jerome's successful play having now registered nearly 500 performances, including the year it has run on the other side.

By a careful computation of the capacity of Maxine Elliott's theatre, which has generally been reached almost without exception during Forbes-Robertson's phenomenally successful season there, it is estimated that nearly 150,000 play-goers in New York have already witnessed this play.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is world famous as the creator of "Sherlock Holmes" In his newest drama, "The Fires of Fate," he has achieved a work with a much finer reach and a truer human appeal than a detective narrative.

The next production to be made by Klaw & Erlanger and Joseph Brooks will be "The Barrier," which opens in Rochester the latter part of this month. Eugene Presbrey, who has dramatized Rex Beach's novel, is rehearsing the players. Theodore Roberts will play the part of John Gale and W. S. Hart is cast as Don Stark. Florence Rockwell will assume the part of Necia.

The personnel of the St. John Permanent Stock Co., which will open on January 10, in the Opera House comprises Burton Mallory, leading man, who played for some time with the late Richard Mansfeld, Courtland Hopkins, formerly with Viola Allen; Paul Hillis, from the B. F. Keith Stock Co., Philadelphia and Carl Blaythe, late of the Columbia Theatre Stock Company, Newark, (N. J.). Other members of the company are J. M. Hartman, who has had considerable experience in stock organizations and Percy Charters, a young Canadian actor who it is promised will make himself a general favorite.

Among the ladies of the company are Miss Edith Warren, a talented young actress, who will play leads, Miss Myra Crowe, who will play the "ingenue," roles and Miss Mollie Revel, who recently made a success in "The Melting Pot," with Walker Whiteside. She has supported many well known stars among them Clara Morris and the late James Herne. She will attend to the character parts. Miss May Clarke another actress in the company has been recruited from the Robert Hilliard Co.

Frank Daniels in "The Belle of Brittany," at Daly's Theatre, New York, has added a new recruit to his company in the person of Joseph Hyde, who has heretofore been employed at the playhouse as a "grip" or stage hand. Hyde's main recommendation is that he is slightly over seven feet high and couldn't possibly hide behind anything much shorter than the Flatiron building.

It required considerable negotiation for Mr. Daniels to persuade the giant stage hand to take an active part in the performance for the man insists that the extent of his stage fright is in keeping with his size. Only when Daniels explained that he would not be required to speak while on the stage did he consent to make his debut as a real actor.

From New Orleans comes the information that upon the coldest morning of the year Mrs. Leslie Carter was compelled to change hotels because the callous hearted proprietor of the first of these establishments refused to let the good lady's pet dog share her apartment.

In the parlance of the first nighters who gathered to receive Lillian Russell in her new comedy, "The Widow's Might," in New York the past week, the consensus of opinion was that the fair Lillian wins again. Edmund Day's comedy of Wall street, which is her stellar vehicle for the present, turns out the play that permits Miss Russell to shine in new surroundings with all the charm and feminine graces that have long combined to make her an institution on the American stage.

"LABBY'S" LITTLE WAY

(From London Tit-Bits.)

In view of the almost universal complaint as to the United States customs service by returning Americans, it may be well to ask Bostonians to justify their reputation for standing for principles by imitating the example of Mr. Labouchere in dealing with such annoying experiences. "Labby" was held up by the German customs service and all his belongings pitched out of his trunk. "Put those things back," said he to the German customs officers who had emptied his trunk. "That is your affair," they answered. "I stay here until you do," he replied; "but give me a telegraph blank." On it Mr. Labouchere wrote: "To Prince Bismarck, Berlin: Regret cannot breakfast with your highness tomorrow. Detained here indefinitely." Quick as a flash the German officers packed his trunk, and Labouchere "went on his way rejoicing," and with "no thought of the morrow."

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is **Laxative Bromo Quinine**

Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

E. W. Grove on box. 25c

CERTAINLY ENDS KIDNEY TROUBLE

Backache, Kidney Disorder and All Misery from the Bladder

Hundreds of folks here are needlessly miserable and worried because of out-of-order kidneys, backache or bladder trouble.

If you will take several doses of Pape's Diuretic all misery from a lame back, rheumatism, painful stitches, inflamed or swollen eyelids, nervous headache, irritability, dizziness, wornout, sick feeling and other symptoms of overworked or deranged kidneys will vanish.

Uncontrollable, smarting, frequent urination (especially at night) and all bladder misery ends.

This unusual preparation goes at once to the disordered kidneys, bladder and urinary system, and distributes its healing, cleansing and vitalizing influence directly upon the organs and glands effected, and completes the cure before you realize it.

The moment you suspect any kidney or urinary disorder, or feel rheumatism coming, begin taking this harmless medicine, with the knowledge that there is no other remedy, at any price, made anywhere else in the world, which will effect so thorough and prompt a cure as a fifty-cent treatment of Pape's Diuretic, which any druggist can supply.

Your physician, pharmacist, banker or any mercantile agency will tell you that Pape, Thompson & Pape, of Cincinnati, is a large and responsible medicine concern, thoroughly worthy of your confidence.

Only curative results can come from taking Pape's Diuretic, and a few days' treatment means clean, active, healthy kidneys, bladder and urinary organs—and you feel fine.

Accept only Pape's Diuretic—fifty-cent treatment— from any drug store—anywhere in the world.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM

Flower lovers may be interested to learn that a flower from the first chrysanthemum ever grown in England may still be seen in the herbarium at the British Museum. The plant, one of the small yellow flowered variety, was introduced into the Chelsea Botanic Gardens in 1764 by the famous horticulturist, Philip Miller, who himself preserved the specimen now in the museum. The new flower, however, failed to 'catch' on." After Miller's death its culture was neglected, and it is only within recent years that it has attained its present enormous popularity.—Westminster Gazette.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones Street, New York.

AMUSEMENTS FOR OURSELVES AND OTHERS

SENSATIONAL ACT AT ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK.

What is announced as the most remarkable and sensational act ever seen in the city is booked for the Orpheum next week—the Great Enoch, the champion deep sea and tank swimmer of America, who has been a headliner during the past few years in all the big vaudeville houses of America. Enoch performs his remarkable feats in a huge tank placed in full view of all, and containing 1,000 gallons of heated water. It will probably be necessary to ask the aid of the fire department to fill this enormous tank, in which Enoch will delight mystify, and inform many thousands next week. Enoch made a world's record at Atlantic City in 1900, when he remained under water fourteen and a half minutes. His act next week will consist of floating, sinking, rising, eating, drinking, smoking, playing trombone, and many other remarkable feats, all of which will be performed under water. Watch newspaper announcements for further particulars concerning the biggest and most sensational attraction of the season.

NICKEL TODAY AND WEEK-END

Nickel matinees as well as evening performances are being attended by tremendous crowds these fine days, and the school children are enjoying themselves right merrily in this most popular house of entertainment. Today the programme of pictures will include the following: A delightful story of Christmas time, entitled A Trap for Santa Claus, by the famous Biograph Company of players; an educational travel film, Among the Apple Groves and Salmon Fishers of Oregon. Then there is one of those funny trick pictures, A Modern Dr. Jekyll, or The Mysterious Medicine, and Jack Tar, The Handy Man of the British Navy, will be shown for the last time this afternoon and tonight. This completes a programme of pictures par excellence, and the songs by Miss Leavitt and Master Packer are to be entirely new and up-to-date today. The Nickel management desires to call attention to the fact that on Friday and Saturday (New Year's day) there will be an entire change of programme, with particularly good features for the holiday. On Monday, Jan. 3, Gertrude LeRoy, of Boston, a concert soprano of magnificent vocal quality and winsome presence, will make her bow to Nickel patrons in a novelty number. Nickel open 10 a. m. Saturday morning.

AT THE QUEEN'S

The large and fashionable attendance at the Queen's on Tuesday demonstrated very forcibly that the public are as fond of skating as ever, provided they can be assured of good rink management, which means good ice, good music and no fast skating.

There are times when fast skating is enjoyable, but this does not mean that it should be permitted on band nights, and in confining the habit to other nights the management of the Queen's are acting very wisely.

A feature of Tuesday's skating was the several private parties given by young ladies in entertainment of Christmas visitors. An evening at the Queen's is an ideal manner in which to bring one's friends together, and many young people are taking advantage o fit.

Tonight being the last band night of 1909 it has been decided to meet a very general request and place the admission fee for all, both skaters and spectators, at the popular figure of fifteen cents. A large attendance is expected.

CARMEN WELL SUNG.

In the production of Carmen at the Opera House last night, the Robinson Opera Company scored a signal triumph, and enthusiastic curtain calls were the order of the evening. The cast was strong and very well balanced, both singing and acting winning more than usually favorable comment.

Miss Lucia .Nola appeared to excellent advantage as Carmen; her conception of the role was most artistic and her solos and duets were enthusiastically encored. That Miss Nola is also a clever actress was amply demonstrated. It required strength and she was fully equal to the demands of the part.

Frank Nelson made a glorious toreador and his solos delighted the audience. Mr. Fulton, the new second tenor, as Don Jose, was also accorded a hearty reception and the solos of Miss Minna Storm, as a peasant girl, were heartily applauded.

The choruses were strong and the settings and costumes fully up to the Robinson Opera Company's high standard.

The Bohemian Girl will be sung tonight.

BAND AT THE VICTORIA TONIGHT.

Another one of those delightful band concerts, by the 62nd, will be a magnet that cannot fail to draw many hundreds to the old and popular Vic this evening. The management are determined that the Vic will make a record for itself this season, and judging by the attendance to date, and the kindly words of old and new patrons, this hope seems but reasonable. The band has arranged a delightful programme for this evening, and ten long band numbers, with short intermissions will send every one away delighted by the evening's entertainment, which the old Vic can supply in a manner peculiar to itself. For the racing season all the speed skaters are preparing.

NEXT WEEK'S BOXING SENSATION

Interest in the Johnson-Ketchel contest, which is to be shown in Nickle Theatre on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week, starting at 9 o'clock, is already at fever heat. Additional concern is given these wonderful motion pictures as a result of the signing of articles of James J. Jeffries and Jack Johnson to battle for the championship on July 4 next. Most sport lovers are curious to see the giant negro in action and to discuss his chances with the man who held the heavyweight crown for a greater period than that of any other champion.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



MINCE PIE

There were chopped meat and citron, too,
And raisins without number,
And goblins wild who came to view,
When I essayed to slumber.

Find a goblin.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

Upside down in chin.