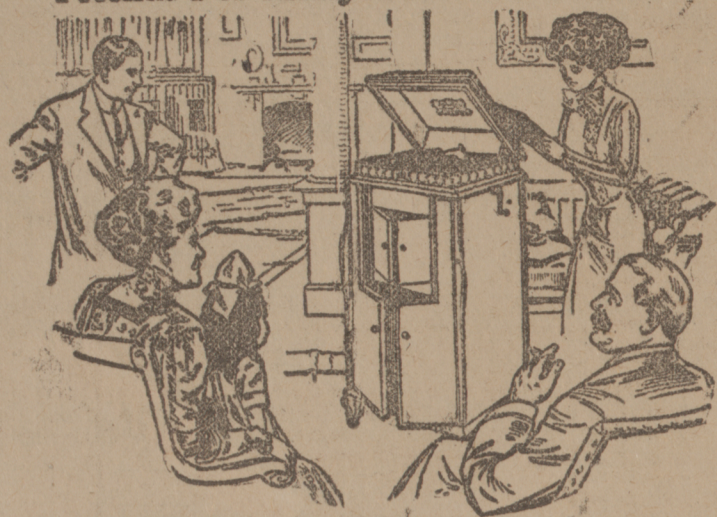


# A Christmas Present

### Which Brings Happiness To Family And Friends For Many Years To Come



## The Victrola plays for you the world's best music in the sweetest, most mellow tone ever heard.

The first and only instrument of its kind—specially designed and constructed, and embodying new and exclusive patented features. Sounding-board surfaces amplify and reflect the tone waves; modifying doors make the melody loud or soft as desired.

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## New Double Faced Records 90c. for the two.

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IT HAS NO EQUAL AS AN INFANT FOOD

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## MATTERS OF TIMELY INTEREST IN STATES

### Much Xmas Money Sent to Old Country — Teacher and Two Pupils Drowned

New York, Dec. 18.—Never before has so much yuletide money gone across the Atlantic to cheer the people of other lands as was sent this year, according to the figures compiled since December by Postmaster E. M. Morgan. Outgoing steamers have carried money orders amounting to \$7,524,063—an increase of \$2,298,175 over the sum sent last year.

Nearly \$2,000,000 went to Great Britain alone, while Italy received \$1,732,131 in gifts, large and small. In the number of money orders there was a gain of 140,519 over 1908.

Tucson, Ariz., Dec. 19.—Engineer Tom Walker and Fireman P. W. Bauer, both of Tucson, were killed, ten persons, mostly trainmen, were seriously injured and thirteen others were cut and bruised today when an east-bound Rock Island train operated over the Southern Pacific tracks was wrecked east of Benson (Ariz.). The injured persons were brought to St. Mary's Hospital at Tucson. Among them is Mrs. L. A. Bellows, Boston. Southern Pacific officials say that the train struck a curve at too high a speed.

Bedford, Ind., Dec. 19.—Laura Curran, who had just received the prize "for the prettiest girl in the school district," Alma Utterbach, her chum, and William Johnson, the girl's school teacher, were drowned last night as they were trying to reach their homes after a school social, by crossing Indian Creek in a row boat. The boat upset and they were unable to reach the bank through the icy water.

Chicago, Dec. 18.—It was held unlawful and opposed to public policy for a landlord to refuse to rent an apartment to a family with children under fourteen years of age, according to a decision handed down by Judge Himel in the municipal court here today.

### POLICEMAN'S HEROIC ACT

With the hoofs of a runaway truck horse battering him at every jump, Policeman William A. Kennedy, of New York, one day last week, clung to the animal's bridle for seven blocks down Fifth avenue. Finally, just as the animal was about to dash into a crowd, with a supreme effort he tripped its head and brought it to the pavement. When help arrived Kennedy sat, half fainting, on the horse's head; his legs were a mass of cuts and bruises, his kneecap was smashed and his uniform in rags. Refusing aid, the policeman walked to his station house, made a formal report of the runaway, reported himself sick, and staggered home to bed.

## A BOLD ROBBERY

### Fredericton Woman is Victim—Ordination—Coachman Breaks Leg

Fredericton, Dec. 19.—Mrs. Dykeman, wife of Gilbert W. Dykeman, grocer, was the victim of a daring robbery on Westmorland street last evening. She had been down town doing some shopping and between 8 and 9 o'clock was passing St. Ann's church on her way home when a man approached from behind and grabbing her hand-satchel, made off at a swift pace.

Her cries for help brought several pedestrians to the scene but by this time the thief was out of sight. The hand-satchel which the man secured contained about \$3 in change.

James Christie, the well known coachman, had the misfortune to fall on the ice at the Intercolonial Railway station last night and break his left thigh. The fracture is a bad one and as he is upwards of sixty years of age he will likely be laid up the greater part of the winter.

## DEATH OF FIRST EDITOR OF PALL MALL GAZETTE

Frederick Greenwood, the author and journalist, died in London, England, last week. Mr. Greenwood was the originator and first editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, but when Yates Thompson purchased it and turned it into a Liberal paper, Greenwood and other members of the staff founded the St. James' Gazette, which he edited for several years. Among his contributions to literature are "Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French" (1853), "Life of Napoleon the Third" (1855), "The Lover's Lexicon," and "Imagination in Dreams and Their Study." Mr. Greenwood, who was a member of the Garrick Club, was nearly eighty-one years old.

## ON THE MARRIAGE DAY

Romance ceases and history begins—and couples begin to go to when "Putnam's" is applied—it takes out roots, branch and stem. Nothing so sure and painless as Putnam's Corn and Wart Extractor; try "Putnam's."

## Fashion Hint for Times Readers



### THE FUR-TRIMMED COAT, A WINTER FAD

The women who invested in smart top-coats of serge, diagonal and homespun in the early autumn are now taking them post-haste to the furriers, and having immense fur collars, fur cuffs and sometimes fur borders added to the cloth coat. This is

the very smartest coat notion in Paris, and very luxurious and graceful are the well-fitting, wool coats with their big furry collars. This is a Bernhardt coat of both the green cheviot with collar and band trimmings of skunk. The muff is of pointed fox.

## The New Commandment

By Anthony Verrall.

### CHAPTER I.

#### The Ways of Nature.

Despite the charm and beauty of that perfect day of spring, despite the peacefulness and glory of the afternoon when young John Ghent and Judith, Haines were to meet in the way of things late, there was latent threat with brewing violence impending in the air.

Not all Kentucky could display a mountain vale more enchanting than this—the vale that was red with tragedy, where the Ghents, and Haineses were at fault. It was all a world of tender greens, with blue and white for a sky.

New grass made the meadows and hill-sides softly inviting; new foliage trembled on the trees. Warm breezes wafted faint fragrances across the land.

Out of the low, wide gap in the hills to the north flowed the river, swelled half-way up to its thickly wooded banks, and bearing great logs—some lumbermen's harvest—in herds and in pairs upon its surging bosom. The stream was divided at the head of the valley, and a portion ordinarily no larger than a fair-sized brook, but now quite a turbulent stream, with some of the logs in its current, swept majestically around a wooded island of considerable dimensions. This island was connected with the mainland by a foot-bridge, rustic and slight.

Judith, a sturdy, outdoor child of twelve, barefooted, bareheaded, and roughly clad, was standing alone upon the rustic bridge, watching the river being by as she leaned against the rail. She was a handsome, well-developed little being, with dark-gray eyes and hair of glossy black.

In the childish joy aroused in her nature by the stream, the balmy sunshine, and the smell of spring, she was utterly oblivious to a low, distant murmur that came from far above. She even failed to hear a strain of whistling from the mainland back there behind her.

The whistler was young John Ghent, of the fearless tribe of Ghent. He, too, was barefooted, sunburned, and sturdy. He was a handsome youngling of his clan, tall for his age, firmly muscled, well built, and bearing upon him a youthful air of independence. He came up the path by the streamside leisurely, pausing and ceasing to watch some flitting bird or a squirrel swiftly moving in the trees.

Engrossed in his silent scheme of observation, he was presently startled by the low, increasing murmur of the river. He ran a little forward, from the growing woods, to scan the swollen stream.

For a moment he detected nothing at the curve beyond the island. Then he suddenly discerned two things at once—the figure of the child upon the foot-bridge, and a mighty wall of water, foam, and logs tumbling downward through the channel in all the confusion of a flood.

He cried out, but his voice was drowned in the roar of the now divided waters. Judith, on the bridge, looked up in time

to see the frothing crush of the freshet. In its irresistible onrush the logs pitched and leaped like frightened whales. Fascinated, as yet unconscious of the peril in which she was involved, she made no attempt to leave the bridge.

"Get off! Get off!" yelled young Ghent at the top of his voice. He was running as fast as he could toward the bridge, but the torrent of water ran faster. It struck the flimsy structure at its island end, then all along its length. It hurled logs and wolfish waves and riotous eddies against it.

A grinding sound arose on the huge volume of roaring, crunching, and seething logs came there edwise, sidewise, and quartering. Some were merely plunging, while others leaped clear of the water's anarchy and charged like monsters stampeded to panic.

A herd of them dived beneath the bridge, and one shot half-way out upon it. Then the structure went down. It buckled like a thing of straw. Some of it merely crumpled. The land end appeared to melt in the torrent.

Judith went down with the floorings, still clinging to the rail. A ten-foot section beneath her feet was bodily lifted by some of the logs, and snapped from its moorings in a trice. On the bosom of the tossing flood these logs and their burden shot along down the stream, with more logs leaping before them and others nosing from the rear.

Fully two hundred of these animated tree-trunks, close-packed and apparently struggling for their lives, rode in the turmoil of the flood. They occupied the entire channel and tore down the overhanging shrubbery, then swung, tossed, and dived, to go onward as before.

Young Ghent had halted when the bridge collapsed. Much as he loved the river and its spring-time freightage of logs, he gazed in dread upon this madness. He had quite expected to behold some tragedy—the grinding up and sailing of the piece of bridge whereon the child was riding.

He saw her fall and immediately rose again. A braver, finer little figure he knew he should never behold in all his life. The something that rose in his boyish breast was warmer than mere admiration.

"Hang on!" he cried above the roar, and leaping with youthful tenacity out upon the nearest log, he sped like some confident animal from one to another of the heaving monsters till he came to the rattling boat where Judith clung, and caught her in his arms.

Together they swept on tremendously, the piece of bridge with its railing now canting slantingly up in the air. It lurched to go under; its edge at length caught by some powerful undertow, sucking at its bulk, and the two young creatures leaped together to a log.

"Come on! Now! Quick!" cried the boy, in some swift-made decision. His arm still creled Judith's waist. The log they were riding sank beneath the surface for their weight. To another and another of the plunging pack they sped, making toward the mainland as they went. A rod from the shore a log-end rose bodily, ten feet high above the flood, and riding thus, almost erect, rammed half its length across the trunk of an old fallen tree that lay slanted down upon the bank. Instantly the log-herd was divided by this obstacle. Young Ghent and Judith had approached the bank with skill, when this sudden maneuver cast them farther out again, with a violent commotion about them.

The boy fairly hurled his small companion from their temporary resting-place to the steadier footing of a team of larger logs that nosed through the press side by side. In the second, he cried aloud, he balance on the pair, however, a wide gap opened between herself and the boy, and into the boiling flood he pitched headlong. He went completely under.

The gap was swiftly closing, like a mighty pair of jaws, when his hairless head reappeared above the waves. Judith, kneeling quickly, caught him by the hair, dragged him towards her, clutched him also by the collar of his coat, and, exerting her utmost strength hauled him full length upon the logs.

He was up in a second, unharmed. "Now's our chance," he cried aloud, and lifting Judith stoutly, as he had before, leaped with her quickly from one up-rearing log to another, where they

## Those Corpuscles

In your blood,—red and white,—keep you well if they are healthy, cause you sickness if diseased.

To make and keep them abundant and healthy, is to have pure blood, freedom from disease and vigorous health.

The chief purpose of Hood's Sarsaparilla is to do this, and its success is attested by thousands of wonderful cures. Cures of all blood diseases, scrofula, eczema, rheumatism, catarrh. Get Hood's Sarsaparilla today.

grounded on a sloping spit of sand, and fetched her, half falling, to his hand. They ran well up from the madness of the flood, and turned to watch it roaring by. The boy pressed his hands upon his hair, expelling the water. Then looking fairly at the girl at his side, he smiled in frank admiration of her courage.

She looked at him with equal candor, a dumb declaration in her eyes. They had never met before in all their lives, but the world had become theirs in a second. It was not a long look that they thus exchanged, for the boy became a trifle embarrassed.

"I thought I'd get me a ducking," he said. "But I don't care—do you?"

She said: "You were an awful long time coming up. Do you feel very cold?"

"No," he answered, with his teeth slightly chattering, "not a bit. It's a dandy old flood. Just look at those logs!" She came closer to his side and gazed upon the river. Then she glanced at his handsome, boyish face again, and presently once more at the torrent. Her hand went to his unshamed, and his fingers closed promptly upon it.

"I knew you'd get me back, just as soon as I saw you coming," she said, in a tremulous utterance. "I was scared before that."

"Oh, it's easy to run on the logs," he replied. "You can see how close they are together."

After a moment of watching the fast-moving jam of tortured monsters Judith tightened her hold on his hand.

"It's a terrible place to be," she said.

"All the logs are in one great bunch."

This was a fact. The wall of water, in its sudden descent, had caught up so many of the lazily navigating logs, to hurl them on in one gigantic drove, that the turbulent stream behind them was almost entirely free of anything floating upon it. Great rills eddied boiled upward from below, however; the current was riotous, and the roar was undiminished.

"Let's go up and see the river," said the dripping boy. "It must be lots bigger than this."

Judith was more than merely willing. She was happy—intensely happy—with this strong, unobstinate youth. She had never experienced such a feeling before in all her sturdy young life. She needed her hand even closer to his, and silently they started, side by side, their eyes to all intents and purposes directed to the flood; their senses warmly centred on each other.

The path was wide, and dappled with golden sunshine. They came to the place where the bridge had been, and there Judith halted him gently.

"I thought I was going to be killed," she said, "it went quick." She pressed his hand in lieu of further comment.

He understood her, for he answered boyishly: "Well, didn't you pull me out yourself? That makes as even. Come on; it's going down already."

The waters were, indeed, already receding. The river above was nevertheless a tawny tuffan of its ilk. The path where the stream was divided made a bend to ward the bank, to avoid an exceptionally dense growth of bushes.

Around this bend came the boy and the girl, shyly daring to look each other in the face. They still held hands, Judith's color had risen to her sunburnt cheeks and suffused her countenance with maidenly radiance. Young Ghent, despite the fact that he was wet to the skin, was likewise glowing warm. Neither of them chanced to see a man in the pathway just ahead, where he stood looking out upon the river.

He turned alertly as the two young beings approached him and instantly an angry scowl of passionate emotion gathered on his brow already.

"Judith!" he shouted at the girl. The two young things started, and together beheld the black-haired man with every sign of wrath upon his countenance descending impatiently upon them.

Judith dropped her comrade's hand in haste. The man before them was her uncle. He glared at the youthful couple forbiddingly.

"So," he said, curling his lip in a scowl that Judith could never endure, "this is the pride of a Haines—holding love-locks with a girl!"

Both the young beings were silent. They edged a little apart. Judith could scarcely realize the full significance of all that her uncle had said. A Ghent at her side!—a member of the hated clan at war all these years with her tribe! It seemed preposterous.

The clamour of her recent rescue from the river was still upon her. In her bosom there was still the warm, sweet sensations of a newly awakened emotion. She looked at her boy companion inquiringly, scanning his handsome young face for the sign of some deep-laid intimacy of spirit.

She was only a child, at the verge of womanhood; she had been nurtured only in loathing of the Ghents. But this young knight had saved her life. She had given him more than childish gratitude. She wanted the right to trust him, to love him with all her warm and vigorous nature. She felt the most cry out the story of his courage—the deed he had done—and clear him from the accusation of being one of the Ghents.

But the boy himself, abashed to have been thus discovered in his first young heart-emotion, and charged to learn that Judith was a Haines, recoiled from her presence and answered her look with a stare that wounded her irrevocably. Her heart, therefore, sank, at first slowly, then swiftly, as a realizing sense of all that it meant came crushingly upon her. A sickness took possession of her soul. The man remained accusingly before them.

"Why don't ye kiss him?" he said to the girl, adding humiliation to her already unbearable condition of mind. "His uncle only killed your granda. Why don't you tell me how you love him—if that's what it's come to with your meetings?"

The fact that a Haines had also slaughtered a Ghent was not absent either from his memory or that of Judith's, but it served to increase rather than diminish his resentment.

His taunts bit far deeper into Judith's young heart than anything else he could have uttered. If only there had been some appeal, some softness of light, in her young deliverer's eyes! She might have forgiven him his tribeship even now.

(To be Continued.)

## 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.

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Chairs, Tables, Cabinets, Smokers' Cabinets.

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BISSELL'S CARPET SWEEPERS

## LUMBERMAN ROBBED AT CAMPBELLTON

Campbellton, Dec. 19.—Another robbery took place here yesterday afternoon. William Hill, a lumberman, was returning from the woods when he fell in with a half-breed and a squaw. Hill had been drinking quite heavily and some time during the afternoon he was relieved of his spare change, \$16.50, it is alleged, by his companions. Chief of Police Crawford was informed of the affair and he immediately sent Officer Brown to New Mills, where the suspects were arrested. The squaw, when searched, had \$8 and after some questioning is said to have admitted the theft. The pair were brought back to Campbellton and lodged in jail. They will be brought before the magistrate Monday morning.

## The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



### HER REWARD

She dreamed they had her enter through the gates so high and pearly. She only said, "I always do My Christmas shopping early." Find a late shopper.

### ANSWER TO FRIDAY'S PUZZLE

Left side down, under pocketbook.