



NEW VICTOR RECORDS FOR JANUARY OUT TO DAY

Hear these Records and note the wonderful advances recently made in the Art of Victor recording.

DOUBLE-FACED RECORDS

- 10-inch size, 90 cents each.
- (a) Snow Queen Novelette (Skeez-Nation) (No. 16427) Pryor Band
 - (b) Serenade Elegante (Osier) Victor Orchestra (No. 16427)
 - (c) Dublin Daisies March (Victor Pryor's Band) (No. 16428)
 - (d) Coon's Birthday (Calkin—Two Step) Victor Orchestra (No. 16429)
 - (e) Misere from 11 Travaire (Verdi) Trombone and Cornet (No. 16430) Pryor and Orkels
 - (f) Spring Song (Macdowell) (No. 16431) Victor String Quartet
 - (g) Dream After the Ball, Xylophone (No. 16432) William H. Reiz
 - (h) Brightest Days Gavotte, Bell Solo (No. 16433) William H. Reiz
 - (i) When I Marry You (Bryan—Gumbe) (No. 16434) Whelan Macdonough and Quartet
 - (j) Swallow Babe (Driscoll—Richardson) (No. 16435) American Quartet
 - (k) Amourcuse Waltz (Berger) Concertina (No. 16436) The Swiss Shepherd, Oceania Most Tapiro (No. 16437) Murray K. Hill
 - (l) Father Was Out (Hill) (No. 16438) Murray K. Hill
 - (m) Flanagan's Motor Car (Porter) Steve Porter (No. 16439)
 - (n) Molly Lee (No. 16440) Byron G. Harlan
 - (o) Little Miss Golden Child (No. 16441) Victor Orchestra
 - (p) Love Light Waltz (Bloom) Victor Orchestra (No. 16442)
 - (q) Reminiscences of Meyerbeer (Goodyear) (No. 35991) Pryor's Band
 - (r) I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now (Howard) (From "The Prince of Te-ny") Billy Murray (No. 16450)
 - (s) On a Monkey Hoopooona Collins and Harlan (No. 16450)
 - (t) She Sells Sea Shells (Clifford) (From "The Beauty Spot") (No. 16451) Billy Murray
 - (u) Oh, You Candy Kid (Golden—Adams) (No. 16452) Ada Jones
 - (v) Remember Me, O Mighty One (Sedler's Par- well with sacred words) (No. 16453) Whitney Brothers Quartet
 - (w) Galilee (No. 16454) Whitney Brothers Quartet
 - (x) Throw Out the Life Line (Offord—Stablin) (No. 16455) Macdonough and Haydn Quartet
 - (y) Onward Christian Soldiers (with band) (No. 16457) Westminster Cathedral Choir
 - (z) Remembrance (Pinsch) Violin—Bite (No. 16458) Steve and Lynn
 - (aa) March Lorraine (Ganne) Victor Orchestra (No. 16459)
- 12-inch size, \$1.50 each
- (a) Assembly March (Sclizer) Pryor's Band (No. 16455)
 - (b) Hawaiian Harmonies (No. 16457) Pryor's Band (No. 16457)
 - (c) Joyous Vienna Waltz (Friedl Wien) (Kozsak) (No. 35992) Victor Dance Orchestra
 - (d) Flowers of St. Petersburg Waltzes (Reisch) (No. 35993) Victor Dance Orchestra
 - (e) Mortense at Sea (No. 35994) Nat M. Willis
 - (f) The Tale of the Cheese (Murray K. Hill (No. 35995))

NEW RED SEAL RECORDS

- The Great Fourth Act Duet from Aida
Johanna Gadski—Kiroso Caruso
Twelve-inch, with orchestra, \$4.00 each—in Italian
Aida—Finale ultimo (Parte 1a) (In fatal pietra)
(The Fatal Stone) (No. 8795) Verdi
Aida—Finale ultimo (Parte 2a) (O terra addio)
(No. 8796) (Farewell, Oh Earth) Verdi
- Three Records by the New
Hanklinton Tenor
Nicola Zorola, Tenor
Ten-inch, with orchestra, \$2.00 each—in Italian
Ballo in Maschera—Bacchante, "Di tu se fidele"
(The Fatal Stone) (No. 8795) Verdi
Ballo in Maschera—La riviera nell'estasi (I Shall Behold Her) (No. 8797) Verdi
Twelve-inch, with orchestra, \$2.00 each—in Italian
Otello—Morte d'Otello (Death of Otello)
(No. 8800) Verdi
- Liszt and Saint-Saens Numbers by Homer
Louise Homer, Contralto
Twelve-inch, with orchestra, \$2.00 each
Die Lorelei (The Lorelei) German Liszt
Samson et Dalila—Amour viens aider (Oh Love, Lead Me Thy Might) French Saint-Saens
(No. 8801)

The January Special Hit

A Single Faced Record by Billy Murray with Orchestra.
Carrie (Carrie Marry Harry) (No. 3758) 75 cents. Albert Von Tilzer—Junie McCre.

New Victor Records on sale throughout Canada on the 1st of every month. **Berliner Gram-o-phone Company Limited, Montreal.** Write for free catalogue of our 3000 Records. Sold in U.S.A. by Victor Talking Machine Co.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



PAQUIN BRINGS OUT THE "GODELET SKIRT."

Little by little the early Victorian styles are creeping on us and with delmans, peleries, tuckers, bonnets and full skirts shirred at the waistline, we shall soon be again in 1830 in type. This Paquin gown is of changeable rose and blue crepe silk—a new material so far as fashioning evening costumes are concerned now—and the wide skirt is shirred under a cord to the deeply pointed bodice. The little loose sleeve opening over a flowing undersleeve, the gathered tucker at the neck and the wheel ornaments made of cord on the skirt are all typical of the early Victorian style period.

The New Commandment

By Anthony Verrill.

(Continued.)

Judith, intent upon her savage business, failed to note the reptile's approach till the creature was almost close enough to strike her foot. Then a sound of startlement and loathing abruptly burst from her lips, and she brought down her club with a blow that broke the rattler's head and left it writhing in death upon the sand. She beat him again and again, till his head was crushed and his decorated tail was twisted belly upward to the sun. The creature's skin was broken along its back, revealing the whitish flesh beneath. Judith remained there no longer. She went down through the greenery, startled by everything that made a sound about her. She was all mistrusting for hunting. What creatures she saw appeared to flee from her path in a new sort of terror. In despair of securing meat, she examined the acorns and manzanita berries growing in the place. They were hopelessly green, would afford him little protection. Meantime, Ghent had learned a lesson in the uselessness of throwing at birds that ran with such amazing swiftness or sought the shelter of bushes too thick for either missile or his sight to penetrate, to fly from beneath his very feet when at length he came upon them. He heard the scattered members of the covey softly whistling their call as they slowly reassembled. He had gone to the spring again for water.

Quinn had made rapid growth in his being. He answered the quail whistle, imitating readily the simple note that they repeat. Around him half a dozen of the brooding little creatures responded. He had taken up two great fistfuls of stones from the hollow of the plumy brown birds last evening to the cover of a shrub so dense that he failed to see where they concealed themselves beneath it. He suddenly altered his plan. Quietly discarding the fragments of rock he had gathered, he took up a large hunk of porphyry lying near his feet, and raising it arm's length above his head, cautiously approached the shrub. While he was moving on the hiding place two more quail scampered to its shelter within his fellows.

Standing within five feet of the place, Ghent hunched the rock with all his might fairly down through the branches of the shrub, from which a number of the startled quail flew instantly. He plunged upon the brush himself, and beneath the stone and crushed-in branches two of the birds were lying, stunned or killed, and his eager hands descended upon them mercifully. Exultation leaped in his blood. He would eat!

CHAPTER VII.

The fire on which he cooked the first of their bits of game was fanned by the breeze that arose at last—a breeze that wafted smoke and the unmistakable odor of searing meat to the nostrils of Judith Haines. It made her savagely hungry and fiercely jealous. Ghent had evidently procured some kind of animal for his needs, while she had failed. She had climbed once more to her shelter to make an observation of the field from this place of vantage. She beheld the man, across and up the great ravine, stooping above his tiny fire with something in his hands. Apparently, the man had chosen a loose heap of boulders for his camp. The situation was nearer the spring than was Judith's cave, but unless he should labor to pile the rocks in order it would afford him little protection.

Indifferent as to what might befall, but with her hunger intensified by the fragrance on the air, she returned once more to the hunt for meat, at which she spent the day, with failure at the end. Ghent, in the meantime, had made no mistake at the prompting of his appetite. He had roared and eaten but one of his quail. The other he kept against the possible disappointments of his next excursion for food. But, tremendously refreshed and strengthened by his meager meal, he paused to plan for a betterment of the crude conditions into which he had been so abruptly cast. He reckoned entirely without Judith. In a grim, unmovable manner he reflected that she would probably perish, in her cave, of privation and hunger. If she should, it would be the solemn judgment of the Fates on the feud of the two men's first precaution was to hide his uncooked quail where not prowling beast could find it. He thought of the coolest shade about the spring, but determined upon a cavity dug in the earth. This was a simple expedient, quickly concluded. He scraped out a hollow with a piece of flattened rock, then laid a similar fragment at the bottom, and with pieces at the sides and a slab on top, soon had his "cupboard" complete, with the meat inside.

Two things he knew he must fashion without delay. One was a shelter, here among the boulders, with some sort of bed on which to sleep; the other was that first, most universal of primitive man's weapons—a bow. A mirthless smile passed across his features as he thought of being obliged by circumstance to whittle himself a bow and arrows with which to hunt for the game he would need, and perhaps to defend his life. Inasmuch, however, as a bed would be required before the weapon, he set to work at once to construct him a house in which to lay his couch.

Despite the fact that the sun beat down the slope with merciless glare, he determined to build his shelter here above the oasis, not only for the wider outlook it afforded, but also because the wild things living in the greenery must not be needlessly affronted and thereby rendered difficult of approach, for on these he depended for his food.

During all the remainder of the afternoon he labored stoutly in the sun. At the end of this first fever of creation he had piled up three rough walls and leveled the gravel floor, so that what he possessed was a roofless retreat, open at the front, and flanked at the rear by a number of massive gray boulders. The sun was sinking when his task was done. He began to wonder what manner of covering and mattress the oasis would afford him for his bed.

He thought of branches and leaves of willow, but shook his head in doubt of their utility. While he stood there debating and puzzling, his attention was attracted by a movement far down on the opposite side of the canon. Then he discerned the figure of Judith, toiling up the slope to her cave, with her cloth skirt bulging laden. When she threw down her load at the mouth of her shelter Ghent knew what it was—dried grass—which she had pulled from the earth with her hands. She returned for more of this natural hay, and the man's vexatious problem had been solved.

There was much of the seeded grass among the trees and shrubs, but it grew in tufts and bunches, often far apart. Until dark, Ghent toiled with his knife and hand to supply his wants for a bed; then he carried it all to his shelter, making several trips for the purpose.

Judith had made her resting-place as comfortable as a rock floor and a total absence of bedding would permit. Her hunger had gone unappeased. Worn out when at length the night descended on the world of mountain solitudes, she sat for a time before her cage grimly wondering what would result on the morrow, and the day after that, and the day after that, and the day after that, in this land of desolation where she found herself, worse than alone.

The stars had appeared in greater profusion and brilliancy than she had ever seen. A silence as if of fear had settled on the narrow oasis of life encompassed by the gorge. A certain sort of majesty came upon the mountain land, so absolutely austere and desolate. Despite the heat that had gushed all day from earth and sky alike the air was slightly chill. Its cleanness and freshness were phenomenal.

Presently, out of the darkness, gathering in masses on the mountain-slopes, and welling miles deep in the chasms, a red glow of light made a jeweled spot upon

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 slope, up the canon. Ghent had lighted a fire for his comfort. It shone out, a beacon, like a sign of home, and something in Judith's nature was stirred, despite the fact that John Ghent had ignited the blaze.

For an hour she sat there, starving, chilling, alone, her nature once more rigid and uncompromising, her determination to live rekindled to a frenzy. When the fire across the chasm died on the background of night she entered the cave and lay upon her mat of fragrant grass. She did not sleep, for hunger was gnawing at her vitals and her mind was vividly alive with worrying thoughts.

Ghent, in his restless fort of rock, had likewise thrown himself down to rest for the night. Like Judith, however, he did not close his eyes. He had much to plan and much to do, for he meant to escape this living death and return to the world of men and deeds.

Sometime in the slowly moving hours of darkness a lone coyote started the silence with a long, wailing howl, and a chatter of twigs and a rattle as if for the dead. It came to Judith in her mountain cave, and to Ghent on his pallet of straw. To both it brought a momentary chill, but to neither did it bring alarm or fright. The thought that came to both was bred of the plight of life in this small green speck of earth, and it is one more mouth to be filled where the meat may be only sufficient to supply the needs of one.

CHAPTER IX.

Ghent had finally slept. He awoke at daylight, completely rested, and tremendously alert for the business of the day. Promptly as he went to the spring Judith had been there before him. He noted the trifling signs of water splashed about the rim of the hole, and understood their meaning. Of herself, however, there was nothing to be seen. As a matter of fact, she had arisen at the first approach of dawn, aroused from her troubled slumber by the hunger that preyed upon her body.

Intent upon accomplishing much of the labor he had planned for the day, Ghent concluded his toilet rapidly and returned to cook and devour his second quail for breakfast, after which he meant to cut the material for bow and arrows from a clump of willows he had noted the previous day far down the mountain oasis.

Once more the pungent odor of his fire and crude searing of meat was floated in tantalizing gusts to Judith, who had been baffled, as before, in her efforts to slay a wild creature for food. Some mad,

Skin Diseases.

Under this name such troubles as Salt Rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Tetter, Shingles, Psoriasis, Scurf, Itching Rash, Eruptions, Boils, Pimples, etc., are included. Skin diseases, as a rule, are not dangerous, but are unsightly, irritating and often terribly annoying to the sufferer; they depend mainly on bad blood, from one cause or another, for if the blood is pure and the circulation good no skin disease can exist, except it arise from lack of proper cleanliness or from contagion.

To get rid of skin diseases it is necessary to observe strictly all the laws of health; maintain regular action of the bowels; avoid high living, eating only plain nourishing food. Cleanse and keep the blood pure by taking Burdock Blood Bitters, which unlocks all the secretions, and makes new rich blood by acting on the entire system.

Mrs. E. M. Myers, East Jeddore, N.S., writes: "I don't think there is anyone in this Dominion can recommend Burdock Blood Bitters more than I can. I suffered terribly with Salt Rheum for six years, and did everything for it without relief. For curiosity sake I bought six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters, and it completely cured me. I would advise others to use it."

For sale by all dealers. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

vague notion of creeping stealthily upon John Ghent and striking him down to snatch away his supply of meat played fantastically upon her thoughts, only to aggravate her further by its utter absurdity.

She had come once more to the ledge of rock beneath which a cottontail had its burrow. There lay her rattlesnake, cold and stiff. If the prowling coyote of the night before had come upon it he had left it and gone his way in quest of a warmer victim; but Judith looked at the ugly form attentively, her gaze held, fascinated, by the one spot on the reptile's back where the skin had been broken away showing clean white meat.

(To be Continued.)

Say It! Headaches. Headaches. Headaches. Biliousness. Biliousness. Biliousness. Constipation. Constipation. Constipation. Ayer's Pills. Ayer's Pills. Ayer's Pills. Sugar-coated. Sugar-coated. Sugar-coated. Easy to take. Easy to take. Easy to take. Don't forget. Don't forget. Don't forget.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



SAME OLD RESOLUTIONS
I shall turn o'er a new leaf that's new,
As January first draws near.
It bears a sad resemblance to
The one that I turned o'er last year.
Find another backslider.

ANSWER TO FRIDAY'S PUZZLE
Upside down, under table.

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is **Laxative Bromo Quinine** on box. Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days. **E. W. Brown** 25c

MANY VESSELS AND LIVES LOST IN RECENT STORM

Boston, Dec. 27.—With the news of the probable loss of the big five-masted schooner Davis Palmer and her crew of twelve men, off Boston harbor, and of the wrecking of nine other vessels along the Massachusetts coast, the opening chapter of the toll taken on the sea by the great storm which swept New England Saturday night and Sunday was revealed today.

The three-masted schooner Nantasket was hurled ashore at Scituate. Volunteer life-savers, using the breeches buoy, rescued her crew of ten men. It is probable that the vessel which lies on Sand Hill beach, will be a total loss as great seas tonight are sweeping her. With a cargo of lumber, she was bound for Boston from North Carolina.

Another victim of the storm was the schooner Belle Halliday, which after grounding Saturday and being re-floated was again hurled against the shore at Brant Point, Nantucket, where she is still exposed to the fury of the sea. The fate of her crew is unknown but it is believed that they have been rescued. The Belle Halliday was bound for Nantucket from Philadelphia, loaded with railroad iron.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
GOUT, RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, BARKING, GRAVEL, SAND, URIC ACID, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY SYSTEM.

DAUGHTER OF MARK TWAIN DROWNED IN A BATH TUB

Redding, Conn., Dec. 25.—Miss Jean Clemens, daughter of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), was found drowned in a bathtub in Mr. Clemens' home here yesterday.

It is believed that Miss Clemens suffered from an attack of epilepsy in the bath and was drowned while in a convulsion. She had suffered with epilepsy for a number of years. Speaking of his daughter's death Mr. Clemens said: "My daughter, Jean Clemens, passed from this life suddenly this morning at half past seven o'clock. All the last half of her life she was epileptic, but she grew better latterly."

FREDERICTON NEWS

Fredricton, Dec. 27.—The water commissioners of the city council held a meeting this evening and conferred with F. A. Harbour, C. E., of Boston, in regard to his claim for services in connection with the installation of the water and sewerage system. It is understood that a settlement satisfactory to all parties was arrived at and will be submitted to the council for ratification.

A wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Parsons, on Brunswick street, on Christmas night, when Miss Annie L. Parsons was united in marriage to Frank T. Brown, of St. John. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. A. Rideout and was witnessed only by the immediate friends of the young people.

Miss Ellen M. Stopford, M. A., has resigned her position on the faculty of the Routhay School for Girls and will not return to that institution after the holidays.

PILES CURED IN 6 to 14 DAYS
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Proliferating Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded.

STORM HEAVY IN COUNTRY DISTRICTS

Moncton, N. B., Dec. 27.—Reports from country districts, which are to the effect that the roads are completely blocked in all directions, give some idea of the severity of the storm in this section. The branch railways were also affected. The train on the Moncton & Buctouche made no attempt today to leave Buctouche, as the snow drifted badly all day. It is expected the train will get through to Moncton tomorrow.

Not for many years has there been such a complete blockade of the roads so early in the winter. About a foot of snow fell, but the difficulty was created by drifting.

Steamer Express is expected to make one more trip to Point Du Chene, she is at Summerside with a cargo and may cross tomorrow, then going direct to Charlottetown to lay up for the winter.

Steamer Wilfrid C. arrived here today from down river and will tie up at the public wharf for the winter.

John Donald and Geo. Degraze, who are leaving the I. C. R. to go west, were entertained tonight at the Windsor Cafe, by the I. C. R. machinists.

The annual Christmas tree of the Silver Fall Methodist church was held last evening. There was a very pleasant programme. A. E. Hamilton, the superintendent, was the recipient of a handsome Bible. The pastor, Rev. J. B. Champion, and his wife, were remembered in a substantial way. The superintendent presented a Bible to each of the teachers.