



Silkman Boasts He Makes the "Finest" Flour in Canada

The "silkman" is the chap who has charge of the sieve-bolting devices in the FIVE ROSES mills.

A quiet, unassuming fellow—every detail at his finger tips. Another of those fellows who firmly believes his work is the really important work—acts accordingly.

From his speech we at once suspected him of "book-learning".

Pleaded guilty.

"When the rolls have broken up the wheat kernels into different sized fragments or 'middlings', as we call them," explained the Silkman, "my work begins."

"Yes?" we put in encouragingly.

"The most important part of the whole system," he confided earnestly.

"Just so"—very understandingly.

"I'm here," he went on, "to—"

"Draw pay?" we suggested innocently.

"To see"—gravely ignoring the filippine—that the "middlings" are divided and classified into groups of uniform particles. Later these are finished properly on the next floor.

"See here"—tip-toed gently to an immense square-looking affair (one of a floor-full) which vibrated and shook as if tickled sick with inward merriment.

"Peep in. See how it works. The shaking business sets the fragments moving over the series of screens and silks dividing the material into a dozen or more streams varying in fineness and general merit."

He took a handful from somewhere and another from—somewhere else.

It edited us much to note the difference even with unexpert eyes. One was quite coarse and dark—the other almost smooth and ever so much clearer.

Our respect heightened visibly—begin speculating on the size of the lump in his pay envelope.

A silent rebuke was handed us when the white-uniformed silkman religiously wiped the metal work where our hands had rested. Think as much of that shining machinery as a new mother of her first baby.

"The best bolting silk," he continued, "comes from Switzerland and the best is none too good for FIVE ROSES. Think of the absolute uniformity in granulation and fineness."

FIVE ROSES must pass through fully a dozen of these silk sieves and bolting devices each with finer meshes. And every particle not fit for the highest quality of flour is amputated instantly. Some of these silk sieves are so fine they contain 15,000 meshes to the inch.

"But," we interrupted with that "I've-got-you-now" air—as the meshes get finer doesn't the stuff clog 'em up?"

"Not me. Constant watching and cleaning keep the perforations free. Then, there's a dinky little bunch of brushes working gradually under the silk surface to keep it clear. Sure, FIVE ROSES is mighty 'fine' flour, in more ways than one."

Here are some "whys". Madam, of FIVE ROSES liveliness and unusual quality. A cooking revelation awaits you if you've never used FIVE ROSES flour.

See your grocer at once, Mistress Housewife, don't delay the day of YOUR baking triumph.

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

The New Commandment

By Anthony Verrill.

(Continued.)
CHAPTER VII.

For a long, poignant minute the man and the woman cast here together by the whim of chance faced each other in their long-fostered spirit of antagonism, which the struggle for existence must presently re-shutter between them. They were a desperate-looking pair, in a desperate plight, she with her black hair all disheveled and her tragic gaze intensified by the prospect before her, he a careless, half-crazed being, with his sinister expression destined on his face. Each a savage instinct of self-preservation, bequeathed to them by ancestors who had survived through a brutal fitness for the fight, stirred vaguely in their veins. Each was determined to live if life were possible—though this terrible fate might afford some sustenance for each. Each understood and accepted the unspoken challenge of the other, in a mood already conforming to the rude, elemental conditions into which they had both been flung.

It was Ghent into whose nature an impulse of chivalry and generosity came warmly stealing as he gazed upon his fellow being in the plight to which fate had reduced them. He was a strong, virile being, as selfish as the needs of nature might demand, nevertheless a certain tenderness, akin to pity or to sympathy towards Judith, took possession of his being as they stood there face to face.

He started in her direction, slightly, responding to the dictates of his finer, magnanimous self. The movement was wholly involuntary, an obedience to his nobler instincts as a man. He was almost on the point of speaking, but he looked in her eyes, forbade him, and he halted where he stood. Her hatred, her utter distrust of all that his tribe represented, awoke once more the old antagonisms in his being and gave them, if possible, a new intensity. He would make no advance; there could be no sympathy between them.

It was Judith that turned away at last. Her hair was snarled and her dress was torn. Nevertheless, it was a strong, able figure she presented as she parted the trees to leave the place. No cave-woman, bred to a wild environment, could have seemed more self-reliant, more supple, alert, or muscular than she. Yet, her limbs were aching, and hunger gnawed fiercely at her body.

Like one already familiar with the place, she made her way down through the narrow vale of greenery for a considerable distance, then climbed the right bank of the gorge to a ledge of rocks pierced by a rude sort of cave, at the mouth of which she finally halted, determined to guard the shelter she had taken against any possible intrusion on the part of Ghent.

Already she felt the sense of ownership that prior discovery and pre-emption engender. Her coming here had been amazingly direct. She had been aroused from her stunned condition within an hour of the ship's first wreckage at the mouth of the two dried cactus-plants, and over the prostrate form of Ghent she had clambered out while darkness still lay upon the world. The wind that had driven the helpless balloon across the desert had continued to blow until nearly dawn, sweeping upon the solitary figure of the woman from some huge cleft channelled in the mountains.

Subjected, as she and Ghent had been, to thirst and hunger for almost two entire days, her one desire had been, like Ghent, to find some good supply of water with the shortest possible delay. Unaware, in the darkness, that the land about her was a desert, and guided by some faint, evanescent fragrance of growing things that came on the wind from the canon, she had gone almost unerring to the mouth of a little ravine. At dawn she had climbed its forbidding vestibule, past scattered boulders and towering walls that stood like the portals of a massive open gateway to the precious oasis above, and so had come to the spring and relief fully three or four hours ahead of Ghent.

She had startled a few wild denizens of the place from their haunts, she had drunk to satisfaction at the spring, she had bathed her face and hands in physical gratitude, and then she had started up and down the slender field of life and along the hillside in a vain, half-frenzied effort to kill some living creature for her food.

She had found the cave, and she had looked on the mighty desolation, and a sense of terror and helplessness had succeeded in her mind by a fierce desire to live, even here, while throughout the very fibre of her being longed for the instincts and emotions primordial had faintly stirred with her blood.

Wearied, and with hunger increasing her desperation, she had returned to the spring more than half-dozed, and at length had beheld the arrival of the man, John Ghent, from whom she had turned in her hatred.

Ghent, in the meantime, had gratified his body as far as mere water could appease its demands. As Judith had done before him, he pronounced the utter starvation of the place. He clambered up the hillside upon the fringe of green, and walked there in the sun-heat to make his first reconnaissance. He saw that the life-giving water had encouraged a singular growth, as if the seeds of eager plants, borne on the air or carried by wandering birds, had descended there like things of prey upon the dampened soil, where the struggling and shuddering for root-hold had been waged relentlessly, according to some law that knew nothing of mercy.

Willows, oak-shrubs, alders and underbrush fought for the bed of the canon, where the moisture was seeping underground. At the outer edge, where moisture and absolute dryness met, a few red-armed manzanita bushes dripped the soil with scattered nut-pine trees, juniper

and brush. Grasses filled all the interstices, some of them tall and gone to seed.

Up the slope, content with a hint of moisture in the air, were mountain shrubs, stunted, stout and harsh. A few wild-gooseberry bushes manifested themselves in the tangle. Altogether, the growth was as heterogeneous and incongruous as the land made possible. It extended for several hundred yards down the bed of the gorge, terminating just above the perpendicular walls that Judith had passed on her upward climb, and bounded on either side by the rocky, barren slopes that were finally flanked by the mountains.

In the haunts it afforded there were squirrels, rabbits, two or three coveys of quail, at least one flock of grouse, snakes, lizards and mice. There were evidences, also, that larger beasts came here at times to prowl, if they did not, indeed, live near at hand.

All this Ghent discovered soon. His woodcraft, his sharp, observant eyes, and his powers of outdoor deduction, developed in the school of nature, informed him promptly of the salient facts concerning this small inhabited world in the vast expanse of desert lifelessness. Emerging from the thicket of alders and willows near the centre of the limited oasis, he beheld the one additional factor looming in the game of Fates—Judith and her cave.

He saw her across the ravine as she still stood guard before the shelter she had claimed, a figure of energy, determination and defiance. His generous impulse having been spurred, he rejoined her, and he did not weaken, and the dawn itself upon his care in the culminating hour of their calamity.

He cared not whether she lived or perished; he felt no renewal of his emotions of sympathy for the woman in her loneliness and plight; and a mood of his being was crying for self-assertion. He thought that he, too, must provide some manner of shelter. Here he would never molest, or even approach. He knew he must presently eat, or be weakened and starve.

He took a look far out upon the desert, and began to realize something of what the situation meant.

He had, in a manner, recognized the place for what it was. No man could look upon its barren expanse and fail to realize its terrible nature. Where it was he did not know; there was no means of ascertaining even so much as the State in which it was situated.

A slender hope that man, in his spirit of adventure, might penetrate its silences and lifeless areas, perchance in quest of gold, hovered in his thoughts, but he knew, too, that a certain conviction of helplessness so far as assistance from the outside world was concerned. He was here, cast upon a desert, without weapons, tools, provisions, extra clothing for his body or a bed.

He was starving, and to eat must kill in some way certain of the felled, greenery with nothing save his hands or the rocks he could take up and fling. For a day or two at the least he must make his oasis his abiding-place and prepare himself for escape to some outlying town or farm from which he could journey to the east.

He searched through his pockets, taking inventory quickly of all his personal possessions. He had a bunch of keys, a pocket-knife, a pocketbook containing fifty odd dollars in bills, a handful of silver and nickel coins, a handkerchief, a watch, a pencil, some of his cards, a crushed cigar, and a folder of yellow paper matches. He was careless, hatless, and dressed in thin gray trousers, a negligee shirt with a dirty, crumpled collar, and low-cut shoes of summer thinness.

He was regularly enough, he felt, a patient, but in his plight, he certainly had no fear of the stripped condition in which he found himself thus face to face with the very first principles of life. He was young, vigorous, healthy, ready to match his wits and cunning against the naked scheme of existence, and even eager to begin.

All this line of thought had been traversed by Judith Haines before the man's arrival at the spring. She, too, had comprehended what the desert signified; she, too, had entertained some thought of remaining there only long enough to recruit her strength for a bold attempt to win a way out to haunts of her kind.

Beyond a purse of money and a tiny watch which one of her falls had broken, she was wholly without the slightest useful trinket. Even her hairpins had been scattered and lost in the storm which had driven the airship to the desert.

Like Ghent, she was dressed in light summer attire. From her wrist-strap one of the sleeves was almost entirely torn away. Her skirt had been ripped in a dangerous place on the side, her skirt kid shoes had been bruised and cut by the rocks over which she had clambered.

Actuated equally by the pangs of hunger, the man and woman both finally descended to the slender field of life and greenery with intent to slay and eat. Ghent returned to the upper level of the growth, in quest of the coveys of quail he had frightened from cover when he came. He found them at last, and then with stones, to hurl whensoever he could see one, he followed the swiftly running or spring birds about for two hot hours, and in his animal savagery increasing as he found himself utterly failed.

Judith could throw no bullets of rock. She had broken a twigless branch from an alder-tree, and having for an hour at tempted, without success, to strike a plump gray grouse that appeared to have no fear of a human being, but which nevertheless avoided her onslaughts with exasperating ease, she finally ran a rabbit to its hole beneath a ledge of stone, and then stood there to wait till it should again come forth; to be pounced upon and slain.

No four-footed creature bred in the wiles of preying and slaughter ever waited more silently, more alertly, than she. Rigid, yet ready to strike at the first soft patter of the rabbit's feet upon the ground, she watched till her muscles ached with the strain. Her grouse went walking by, out of reach of her club, and she would not break the silence she had kept in her vigil for the cottontail. Then at last, from the cover of brush near by, a great rattle-snake crawled, on his way to the hole where the rabbit had sped for security.

(To be Continued.)

MARITIME EXPRESS WAS IN COLLISION

Moncton, Dec. 26.—A head-on collision occurred on the I. C. R. this morning at St. Anne, Quebec, west of River du Loup, when the Maritime Express, west bound, collided with a mail special bringing empty cars back to Halifax, both engines being considerably damaged.

Five passengers on the Maritime were slightly injured. The engines were both wrecked and a number of rails torn up and broken. The Maritime was delayed there about four hours.

The Red, White

And other constituents of your blood are powerfully enriched and vitalized by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It increases the red corpuscles and makes strong the white corpuscles, and thus protects and restores the health. It cures scrofula, eczema, eruptions, catarrh, rheumatism, anemia, nervousness, that tired feeling, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, general debility and builds up the whole system.

Get Hood's Sarsaparilla today.

MORE CHRISTMAS

PRESENTATIONS

On Thursday morning George Harrison, messenger in the post office, was presented with a handsome Morris chair by the post office clerks.

The married men in the employ of the Grand Union Hotel were each presented with a turkey, while the unmarried employees each received a present of gold.

E. A. Goodwin, the wholesale fruit dealer, was presented by his employees with a beautiful reading table and gas stove. W. A. Coleman, of the same firm, was presented by his fellow workers with a pair of fur-lined gloves.

Timothy Burke, inspector of inland revenue, received a fine fitted suitcase from the members of the staff of the inland revenue department. Collector Belyea made the presentation and Mr. Burke made a suitable reply.

Each of the Employees of the Dominion Express Company, Ltd., local branch office received a fine turkey from headquarters at Montreal.

The many employees of James Holly & Sons were given a large turkey as a Christmas present.

George H. Waring, manager of the Union Foundry & Machine Company, was the recipient of a handsome meerschaum pipe and pouch of tobacco, the present of the company's employees. The presentation was made by Robert Johnson.

The employees of Haley Bros. were each presented with turkeys by the proprietors. James Steel, of the Y. M. C. A. staff, was presented by a few of the members with a well filled purse.

The young men of the Bible class of Charlotte street United Baptist church, Carleton, presented their teacher, H. Colby Smith, with a handsome Russian leather bill book. The presentation was made by D. C. Clarke, superintendent of the Sunday school.

The boys of St. Patrick's school at Silver Falls enjoyed their regular Christmas dinner. On New Year's day the Father Matthew Association will have a tree for the boys and each one will receive a suitable present.

In the Industrial School at Red Head a Christmas dinner was served to the boys, who will have their annual Christmas tree entertainment on the 29th of this month.

In the Charlotte street United Baptist Sunday school, Carleton, yesterday, every member brought something in the line of groceries, vegetables and all the rest of this will be distributed to the poor this afternoon.

W. H. Thorne presented each one of his employees with a turkey.

In the Provincial Hospital the Christmas festivities were of a very high order. The wards were beautifully decorated for the occasion and the inmates given a general good time. Pipes and tobacco were presented to the men, while the women received candy, fruit and other little delicacies.

At the Home for Incurables the usual Christmas programme was carried out. The spacious dining hall looked very pretty, having in it two large Christmas trees laden with presents for the patients. In the evening a musical entertainment was given by one of the city church choirs, and Professor Titus sang some Christmas chorals.

The children at the Provincial Orphan Home had an unusually pleasant day of it. The celebration was of a private nature, none of the outside public being admitted. After the Christmas dinner toys and sweets were distributed among the children. There are now thirty-three children in the institution, seventeen boys and sixteen girls. The usual large number of Christmas donations were sent in by friends of the institution.

The employees of the Unique moving picture theatre presented to F. G. Spencer, the proprietor, a gold-headed cane and address. The presentation was made by S. Hurley. The employees received checks.

James Donnelly, sexton of St. David's church, received from the officers and members of the church a purse of gold, for which he was very grateful.

Joseph Beville, foreman for McLean, Holt & Co., was presented by the employees with a pair of fur gloves, a pair of slippers and a silk handkerchief, and received from Manager J. L. McAvity a money present. He made a brief reply.

On Christmas eve Mr. and Mrs. Green, of the Clifton House, were presented with an easy chair and a large number of other valuable presents by the guests of the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Green wish to thank the guests for their kindness. Mr. Green remembered his employees with cash presents to them. The employees also received presents from the guests.

After the close of the performance at the Nickel Theatre Friday night Walter Golding, the manager, was asked by the employees at the theatre to step in to the stage. He found the house in darkness and the rays of the spot light directed on a magnificent chased silver candelabra, which had been placed on a table in the centre of the platform.

The guests of the Clifton House, of the Nickel staff were sitting around. A. E. Jones, musical director, presented the candelabra to Mr. Golding, who made a suitable reply.

On Christmas eve A. E. Hamilton, builder and contractor, was presented with an address and a furnished coat. Daniel Vincent read the address and the presentation was made by Geo. H. Brown.

At the conclusion of the Bible class lesson in the Main street Baptist church yesterday afternoon Rev. David Hutchinson, the pastor, was made the recipient of some very costly and lasting gifts. Fred Harris, president of the class, made the presentation, which consisted of the following: A dictionary dated, Hastings's Bible Dictionary, Doctor Stocker's Life of Jesus, Doctor Stocker's work on the Atonement, The Literary Digest for 1910, and the Pastor's Private Record of his Work, a volume that will last for eight or ten years.

Chief Clark, of the St. John police, was presented by the members of his force with a valuable Persian lamb cap Friday evening. The presentation was made by Deputy Chief Jenkins, who read the following address:

W. Walker Clark, Esq., Chief of Police, City of St. John (N. B.):

Sir,—Your police force desire in some way to convey to you their gratitude and appreciation of your kindly acts, good counsel and forbearing sympathetic spirit which has characterized your every official duty towards us. Being mindful of these acts we could not allow this opportune time of good will to go by without presenting to you some small token to express that gratitude.

At this season of the year, when the Yule log burns and homes are bright with greeting, what is more natural than that the men who guard these homes should offer

Dress Goods Remnants At Half Price

This great offering consists of Tweeds, Serges, Panamas, Venetians, Cashmeres, Poppins 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.

NEW ENGLAND IN GRIP OF A TERRIFIC STORM

Great Loss of Property and a Number of People Killed—Tidal Wave Along Boston Harbor Front

Boston, Dec. 26.—Grim winter swept in to New England today on the wings of a northeast storm with such terrible energy as to cause great damage, much inconvenience, not a little suffering and a few deaths.

The gale drove a tide into Massachusetts Bay which nearly equalled that of the famous storm of 1831. A heavy wet snow prostrated all wires throughout the southeastern sections, railroad trains were stalled and three persons lost their lives in Everett and Chelsea by the sudden rise of the tide.

In this city the tide went across Atlantic avenue on the waterfront, filling hundreds of cellars and causing an estimated damage of over \$100,000.

In Everett, Cornus-Harkin and his wife were caught in their beds and overwhelmed by the flood, while an infant lost its life in Chelsea under similar conditions. In many places along the coast persons were taken from their homes in boats; hundreds of summer cottages were undermined, bulkheads were destroyed, and persons living some distance from the coast found themselves looking over the open ocean.

In Everett and Chelsea hundreds of persons were driven from their homes by a flood resulting from the breaking of a dam gate at a place known as The Dyke in Chelsea, just over the Everett line. Tonight the homeless were housed at friends or cared for by the municipal authorities in the city buildings and churches.

A wireless message from Highland Light says an 8-mile gale swept Cape Cod for two hours this afternoon, a velocity which has not been exceeded since 1898. The tide went completely over Main street in Provincetown, flooding the cellars of all the houses on the waterfront and undermining many summer residences.

At Lynn the tide made a clean sweep across the narrow isthmus which connects Nahant with the mainland and for several hours the rocky peninsula was an island. The state highway was covered to a depth of four feet with seaweed.

fer greeting to their official parent? When the years have gone by and other men shall stand where we have stood may we all look back to this most pleasing occasion when the city's great and good hearts expressed their joyous greeting to their chief. We, your officers and men, beg you to accept this "cap" which, intrinsic in itself, carries with it the honest feeling of good will, good cheer and season's greetings, and we join our voices with the many citizens of this city in extending the compliments of the season to you and Mrs. Clark. We hope and pray that you will see many such Christmas seasons, fulfilling your most important office as vigorously and conscientiously as in the past. Once more we say in unison A Merry Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We are, sir,

(Sgd.) JAMES W. CAMPBELL, THOS. CAPLES, HENRY KILPATRICK, Committee.

Chief Clark was greatly surprised and heartily thanked his men. He said that he hoped all of them would see many more bright Christmas days and that the good feeling would continue to exist between the members of the force.

The annual reunion of St. Peter's Y. M. C. A. was held in their rooms yesterday afternoon. About 250 members were present. In the course of the entertainment which was given in connection with the reunion, Rev. Father Borgmann, the spiritual director of the society, was presented with a well filled purse of gold. F. J. Casey, president of the society, made the presentation. The spiritual director, although taken by surprise, replied in very happy words and thanked the members for their gift.

The society was also made the recipient of a fine moose head, being presented by the Leonard brothers and M. Conners.

At the conclusion of the programme William McVey, the caretaker, was presented with a beautiful fountain pen by the president on behalf of the society.

The following are those who took part in the entertainment: Messrs. Casey, O'Neill, Degraas, O'Hara and Martin. The orchestra was on hand and rendered several selections.

THE FERRY SUPERINTENDENT

St. John, Dec. 23, '09.

Editor Times:

Sir.—Ald. Potts is quoted as saying that the chief reason for recommending Geo. H. Waring, Jr., for superintendent of ferries is on account of wide knowledge of mechanics. Their are at present two engines connected with the service, both supposed to possess the knowledge Mr. Potts claims is essential in the mechanical department. Ald. Potts also made a remark that the repairs that was formerly done

Fifty families in the vicinity of Saugus River were driven from their homes by the tide and many were taken out of their houses in boats.

On Nantasket Beach, in Hull, all the bulkheads from Paulistown to the Atlantic House were either washed away or badly damaged, while every summer residence between Point Allerton and the Nantasket House lost its piazza and many of the structures were undermined. It is estimated that the damage to property in that town alone will reach \$100,000.

New York, Dec. 26.—New York and its environs were practically snow-bound today for the first time this winter. The west wing of railroad service was almost wholly cut off, wire communication in every direction was crippled, the city's streets were blocked with snow, and shipping even within the harbor suffered considerable damage.

Nearly ten inches of snow fell in the city and the poor which had their fill of free Christmas dinners yesterday had opportunity to work up another appetite by shoveling. More than 10,000 shovels and 6,000 trucks were put to work.

Telephone and telegraph lines throughout the east were burdened with coatings of ice and many wires fell. Three deaths in the city were charged today to the severity of the storm. The victims were men who had spent the night vainly seeking shelter and food, finally succumbing to exposure. Joseph Hart, 65 years old, died in a pew at a Catholic church today, probably of exhaustion after wandering in the cold.

Plate glass windows were smashed and frail structures overturned in many parts of the city. Hundreds of automobiles were stalled in snow drifts and many were still in the same plight tonight.

It is estimated that the removal of snow from the streets will cost over \$200,000. Portland, Me., Dec. 26.—Portland's waterfront was flooded today by tremendous high tide driven by a hurricane gale from the northeast and thousands of dollars of damage resulted.

by outside parties at a large cost, would in future be done in the city's workshop by Mr. Waring, which would in a great measure lessen the expense, or in other words, Mr. Waring would be the instrument by which Ald. Potts hopes to effect a saving of \$10,000.

I notice the name of F. S. Heans mentioned as an applicant for the same and have not as yet seen any account of any of his many friends espousing his cause or words. Therefore I feel that I am justified in doing so, and I have not met or spoken to Mr. Heans in two months. I cannot be accused of undue familiarity. The following are facts that are widely and generally known, and can be easily determined by referring to any authority on the matter in question.

Mr. Heans is thoroughly familiar with the steamer Ludlow, as he was an important factor in the building of it. He superintended the wood work and also rendered valuable advice in the erection of other parts, and is thoroughly familiar with every bolt and brace that is part of her construction.

Mr. Heans is a competent pattern maker, and as such is familiar with the design and principle of construction of machinery, as it has been his duty to make patterns for the same, and no man in the city is more in touch with the prices of materials used in the repairs and construction of marine work. Also many can testify to his knowledge of ship carpentry launching and management of vessels, wharf building, etc. As for his clerical abilities (which Ald. Potts claims are so essential) he possesses as goodly a share as the alderman's choice.

Also amongst his many accomplishments might be mentioned his ever courteous and obliging manner to all, always ready to assist in any matters in which it is man's duty to do so. As a means to determine the relative values or merits of both applicants, I would suggest that enquiries be made of the heads of the departments in which both have been engaged. I have no hesitation in saying Mr. Heans' selection would be the best of the fact, in my opinion, would be the best of the city affords. In conclusion I would say that I trust the many friends of Mr. Heans will come forward and endorse all I have written concerning him.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for your valuable space,

I remain yours,

MERITOUS.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY—Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c

Rubbing spirits of camphor on the legs morning and evening will give relief from cold sores.

JUST OPENED

FURNITURE

FOR...

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

SMALL AND USEFUL PIECES

Chairs, Tables, Cabinets, Smokers' Cabinets.

CALL AND SEE THEM

A. O. SKINNER

58 King Street

BISSELL'S CARPET SWEEPERS

Take No Substitute

FOR

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

IT HAS NO EQUAL AS AN INFANT FOOD

The Original

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.,

Wm. H. DUNN, Agent

FREDERIC REMINGTON, ARTIST, IS DEAD

Ridgefield, Conn., Dec. 25.—Frederic Remington, the artist, died at his home here today from heart failure and shock, superinduced by an operation for appendicitis, performed on Thursday.

Bar Harbor, Me., Dec. 25.—Harden, the 11-year-old son of Mrs. Emma Peach, of Northwest Harbor, was drowned today at Eagle Lake by breaking through the ice while skating. The body has not been recovered.