

\$45.00 IN CASH PRIZES

St. John School Children in Competition

TO WRITE ABOUT THEIR OWN CITY

Under the Direction of the Board of Trade and With the Sanction and Earnest Co-operation of City Public School Officials.

THE IDEA IN A NUTSHELL:

ST. JOHN has the Location, the Facilities and the Natural Advantages to make it twice as big on the map and in the business world. All it needs is the proper introduction. Other cities—some of them not nearly so favored by nature—are booming right merrily. WHY NOT OURS? Confident that Nineteen-Ten can be made St. John's Greatest Year the Board of Trade is undertaking a vigorous campaign in advertising, to show in detail and particular what advantages our city possesses, what it can do, and how it can do it. One of the plans for creating this publicity is through the medium of the rising generation, men and women of tomorrow—the school children. Thus will a double purpose be served, an educative campaign of lasting benefit and a quickening of household interest in the city's business affairs. To awaken thoughts of expansion and progressiveness in a department of civic life so far removed from actual business circles would be a work well begun.

THEREFORE, FIVE CASH PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED by the Board of Trade to Public School Pupils who submit the best Essays dealing with the following Questions:

- (1) In what way has St. John improved in the past 15 years?
- (2) What improvements are most needed at the present time?
- (3) How can these improvements be accomplished?

COMPETITION OPENS JAN. 11th

This is not a difficult subject, boys and girls; it is merely a series of questions to which numerous excellent and helpful answers can be given. No guesswork or vague conjecture is necessary, the whole matter being purely one within the grasp—and certainly within the scope of observing folks both young and old.

Here Is the Prize List:

- \$10.00 for the best Essay by any pupil in grade VIII, or below that grade.
- \$5.00 for the second best Essay by any pupil in grade VIII, or below that grade.
- \$10.00 for the best Essay prepared by any pupil in grade IX, or in advance of that grade.
- \$5.00 for the second best Essay prepared by any pupil in grade IX, or in advance of that grade.
- SPECIAL EXTRA PRIZE OF \$15.00 for the best Essay on the subject irrespective of the author's school grading.

CONDITIONS AND DIRECTIONS

Essays must not be less than 1,000 words long or more than 2,000. Writing must be upon one side of the paper only. Do not fold. 75 per cent. allowed for the treatment of the subject given.

25 per cent. allowed for composition and punctuation. School teachers must certify to competitors' ages and grades. School teachers will receive Papers first, then the Board of Trade.

Let Every Clever Boy and Girl in Town Be a Booster—It Means More Than Money!

A GRAND CHANCE TO DISTINGUISH YOURSELF

LUMBER CUT WAS WORTH \$20,000,000

Output in Inland Empire for 1909 Was 1,250,000,000 Feet

Spokane, Wash., Jan. 11.—One billion two hundred and fifty million feet of lumber was cut by the mills in the Inland Empire during 1909, according to reports compiled by R. A. Kellogg, secretary of the Western Pine Manufacturers' Association. The value of the cut is placed at from \$19,000,000 to \$20,000,000, of which 80 per cent went for labor. Forty-two per cent of the lumber was marketed locally, the rest being shipped to the northern tier of states, as far east as the Atlantic seaboard, and to the middle west and Canada.

Mr. Kellogg says that the outlook for 1910 is that the cut will be at least 10 per cent greater than last year. The total stumpage in the Inland Empire is estimated at 350,000,000 feet. This includes the largest stand of white pine on the continent in northern Idaho and enormous tracts of other soft woods in eastern Washington and Oregon, western Montana and the boundary district. Millmen say the timber will last more than 275 years at the present rate of cutting.

Phosphonol—The Electric Restorer for Lost Manhood.

Restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality; cures premature decay and all sexual weakness; cures all ailments. Phosphonol will make you a new man. Price \$2.00 a box, or two for \$3.50. Mailed to any address on receipt of price. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont., or at your druggist.

OLD-TIME REMEDIES:

Old-time physicians prescribed even more unsavory remedies than rancid butter, which was Emperor Menelik's cure for malaria fever. In "Sulphur's Herald," published originally in 1856, and reprinted as recently as 1820, are such prescriptions as "oil wherein frogs have been sodden till all the flesh is off their bones," "horse leeches burned into powder," and "black soap and beaten ginger."

Some of Culpeper's remedies are of a more practical nature. "If red-hot gold be quenched in wine," he says, "and the wine drunk it cheers the vitals and cures the plague. Outwardly used it takes away spots and leprosy."

First Suburbanite—Do you have any trouble with your pipes freezing? Second Suburbanite (a joker)—No, they freeze all right, but the trouble is in thawing 'em out.

When Cold Winds Blow

When cold winds blow, biting frost is in the air, and back-draughts down the chimney deaden the fires, then the

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device) shows its sure heating power by steadily supplying just the heat that is needed for comfort.

The Perfection Oil Heater is unaffected by weather conditions. It never fails. No smoke—no smell—just a genial, satisfying heat. The new

Automatic Smokeless Device prevents the wick being turned too high. Removed in an instant.

Solid brass front holds 4 quarts of oil—sufficient to give out a glowing heat for 9 hours—solid brass wick carriers—dampers—cool handle—oil indicator. Heater beautifully finished in nickel or Japan in a variety of styles.

Every Dealer Everywhere. If Not At Yours, Write for Descriptive Circular to the Nearest Agent of

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited.



Fashion Hint for Times Readers



THE GRACEFUL "WATERFALL" PLUME

Now the feather on one's hat must be long enough to trail over one side and fall quite to the shoulder. Some superb plumes of this style have been worn on evening hats this winter, and the cost of such a feather may well be imagined. The white willow feather, caught under a dull gold ornament, is the sole trimming on this black velvet hat, which is turned off the face in marquis fashion. The feather, which is a magnificent willow specimen, slants directly across the crown and tapers as the hallmarks term it—over the brim on the opposite side.

The New Commandment

By Anthony Verrill.

CHAPTER XXI—(Continued.)

If the nights were long and edged with nipping cold the days were merely crisp with frost-hint and sunshine blipped together.

A few strange flowers, timid, frail little things, emerged from the earth, where seeds had lain dormant throughout the months of heat, and bloomed, and nodded and faded away with a fragrant sigh that left the world sweeter for their passing.

The weeks went by, with nothing eventful in their train. It was a period of enforced activity for both Judith and Ghent, with an almost unrelieved monotony of diet on the things which trees and shrubs had produced. Ghent did less cooking than Judith. His fare was therefore less inviting. From time to time either one or the other of them secured one more rabbit or a squirrel, but meat was a luxury denied them day after day.

To Judith the time was almost happy, despite the bodily privations she endured. Some vague, intangible joy had come upon her, undefined and not in the least understood. She found herself humming at odd little times as she labored to grind up the corns. A few straggling words of song she once had sung came tentatively knocking at her memory, and were bidden to enter and make themselves at home.

It was such a song that broke from her lips in clear, melodious utterance, one day, she walked to the spring to fill her treasured basin—a rock-basin, taken home as soon as the spring had commenced to flow. She sang unconsciously, and Ghent, at his shelter, heard the words:

"Oh that we two were maying
Down the stream of the soft spring breeze,
Like children with violets playing
In the shade of the whispering trees."
"Oh, that we two were dreaming
On the sward of sheep-trimmed down,
Watching the white mist stealing
Over river, mead, and town."

She returned, still singing softly to herself, and Ghent watched her going all the way. It was not till the following day, however, that he climbed the hill, up the branch ravine, till he came to the place where two white skeletons had lain for years. They were gone. The cloudburst had swept them away at last and given them interment in sand. Ghent gazed in unbelief where the pair had been, then felt a warmth creep subtly to his heart, as if at some propitious omen.

For a moment he almost forgot what it was he had come here to seek. He looked about and into the cave, at the table the men had once constructed out of stone. There upon it lay—the object he had climbed the slope to find—the nugget of gold, with a hole through the bulk of its metal. He took it at once and returned to his shelter, sought out a large flat rock to serve him in lieu of an anvil, and then, with his rusted gun-barrel for a hammer, began to pound and shape the gold with careful, fastidious strokes.

Why he was working at this heavy piece of stuff he could not have told to save his life. He only knew the work was joyous, out there in the sun before his shelter. A shy, half-audible sound of whistling floated from his lips, stealing forth on the air—a faint, blithe echo of the song that Judith had been singing.

CHAPTER XXII.

For a number of days Ghent wrought at the nugget, beating it slowly into the shape of a large, rough ring three inches or more in diameter. He worked with care, directing his blows in a manner that increased the natural hole by which the nugget had been pierced and reducing the many irregularities of its pattern. He had nothing else to do but to eat and sleep, for of tools or weapons there could be no need, and hunting was the merest waste of time.

Judith, whose feet were almost bare again, was patiently toiling, day by day, to produce such a pair of sabots as she had observed on her neighbor's feet. With a hint of the method that Ghent had employed to hollow out his wooden shoes, she set to work on just such a piece of dead tree-trunk as he had employed, burning away such of its substance as she could not cut with her corset steel knives, and then scraping out the charred portions, to repeat the performance anew.

She burned the wood slowly, employing hot coals, which she laid upon the surface of the wood she desired to remove, permitting them to ignite or char the substance for a time, then throwing them off and gouging away the blackened material.

Aside from the gray coyote-skin with which she robed her body, she had rudely sewed various patches of her ragged dress together with a needle cut from a hard bit of manzanita and some of the

Sales Doubling Every 6 Months

Wonderful Demand for a Wonderful Remedy

During the past few years the sales of "Fruit-a-tives" have doubled every six months. For the six months from January to July of this year, the sales of this popular medicine were more than twice greater than for any similar period since "Fruit-a-tives" was introduced to the public.

The National Drug & Chemical Company of Canada Limited, the largest wholesale drug house in the world—Lyman Brothers of Montreal—and Lyman Brothers of Toronto—are buying "Fruit-a-tives" in 100 gross lots, 100 gross mean 11,400 boxes, which retail for \$7,200.00. This gives some idea of the steady demand for these wonderful fruit flavor tablets.

It is safe to say that "Fruit-a-tives" is on sale in every drug store and in department stores and general stores carrying medicines throughout the Dominion. Nor is the sale of "Fruit-a-tives" confined to Canada. In the United States, "Fruit-a-tives" is the standard family medicine and hardly a day passes that the Fruit-a-tives Company does not receive prepaid orders from our neighbors over the line.

Many testimonials, which have been published in the leading papers, are the most convincing evidence of the great value of "Fruit-a-tives."

50c. a box—6 for \$2.50—on trial box, 25c. If your dealer does not handle them, any quantity will be sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

held him that confusion of memory and present desire, in the struggle for his mastery, swept some hot tide of fever to his face. He did not relinquish his gaze, however, and Judith met it calmly. There was nothing of hatred in the glance she bestowed upon him.

The attitude of tense contemplation in which he was poised brought some wild, spring pleasure to her senses. Half-nude himself and superbly developed, he ignited a flame of admiration in her bosom, for nature had claimed her elemental self and the season had wrought its magic no less upon her than on Ghent.

When she turned to go the man's gaze followed, despite the feeble struggle of his memory, making its final resistance in his mind. He watched till she had departed from his sight, and even then his veins gave up none of their joyance. He looked about him slowly, like one who emerges from a long, ugly dream, to find the world far more beautiful than reason could accept. The tender leaves upon the trees addressed him with a new and subtle message: "A tiny flower that blossomed at his feet almost ravaged his senses. He snatched it up, not and all from the earth, and crushing it against his face, despoiled it utterly."

Every day that succeeded for a week, the man's one wish was to look on Judith's form. He spent hours at a time in a day-dream across the canon from her cave, watching every movement she made. He arose with the dawn to haunt the spring, since that was the hour when she came to replenish her basin and to bathe. He made long detours to meet her when she walked or hunted in the shrubbery. His gaze grew hotter. Pre-masonry had come in his glances; companionship was building some airy bridge between them. He did not speak when he met her, and she never spoke to him. The habit of silence upon them was deeper, more tangible than the older habit of this hate.

As for Judith—no woman so favored by the gods, so entirely recreated on the natural lines of an open-air being, self-dependent, returned to savage ways and bounding with natural vigor, could have long remained insensible to nature's mighty edicts. She too, had forgotten the accused deed; she, too, had responded to the spring. Admiration for Ghent's resourcefulness, his courage, yea, even his ruin and sinister indifference to herself throughout their sojourn here together, had been kindled in her heart some months before.

He was strong; she admired his might of arms and limbs. He could fight; she responded to the savagery that made him what he was. If his glances were startling to her keen perception now, then so were the impulses deep in her own surging blood.

Despite it all, however, she was a free, wild creature. Had he offered but to lay a finger upon her, she would have fought him like a tigress—not for the hate she once had borne, but because of her strong, fierce nature, bred in her being and fostered by the life she had lived in this rugged ravine.

Like the quail and the grouse that had come here to nest, John Ghent was possessed of one thought only—to make his den complete. The spring-stirred passion of his nature was now such a love as conventions beget approve. It was hardly to be termed a love at all. Towards Judith he felt no tender emotions, no solitudes, no softening sense of adoration. As a jungle-bred tiger demands a mate, so he demanded the Eve of this garden in the desert. He meditated no wooing; his impulse was to bound upon and hold her, to drag her by force from her cave on the hill and fetch her away to his shelter.

(To Be Continued.)

THE REASON WHY

You don't take sauce? Perhaps not, but if you look for the reason why, you will find it in the fact that the word "sauce" suggests to your mind a thin, dark, hot, tasting fluid, which, if taken at dinner, runs all over the plate, saturates the vegetables, and eventually leaves a disagreeable burning sensation in the mouth. No you do not take sauce—but, change the circumstances, and the taste will probably change with it.

A new sauce has been introduced by the Midland Vinegar Company of England, which is known as H. P. Sauce, and is quite different to the old-fashioned sauces referred to.

H. P. Sauce has proved an immediate success, and is now used regularly by those who previously never took sauces. It is prepared by blending together the choicest Oriental fruits and spices with pure malt vinegar. The manufacturers' secret process produces a thick, creamy sauce, which, if poured on the side of the plate, can be eaten with the meat like mustard.

H. P. Sauce is also used very extensively in the kitchen, for housekeepers have discovered that old and familiar dishes of which everyone has grown tired become tempting and delicious when enriched and enlivened with H. P.

All family grocers are selling H. P. Sauce. Of course its success has brought many imitations, but if you ask for H. P. and see that these letters appear on each label, you will preclude the possibility of disappointment.

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

MORE THAN HE COULD STAND.
Joseph—Took Bessy out sleigh riding last night and tried to kiss her.
Hymen—And wouldn't she stand for it? Joseph—Yes, but he blamed old Bessy wouldn't. He ran away.

SALE OF MEN'S Underwear and Sweaters

- 50c. Wool Shirts and Drawers 39c. each
- 85c. Ribbed Shirts and Drawers 69c. each
- \$1.00 Extra Heavy Shirts and Drawers 79c. each
- Boys' Fleece Underwear, up to 34 inch 35c. each
- \$1.00 Men's Heavy Cardinal Sweaters 69c. each
- \$1.25 Men's Grey Coat Sweaters 89c. each
- \$1.50 Heavy Sweaters, open neck 98c. each
- 50c. Boys' Sweaters, dark colors, 39c. each
- 75c. Boys' Sweaters, large size, 49c. each

I. Chester Brown

32 and 36 King Square.

HAD NOT HAD A BATH IN LAST FIFTEEN YEARS

Spokane Authorities Forcibly Scrub Swede Arrested With \$5,000 In Possession

Spokane, Wash., Jan. 10.—Boasting that he had not taken a bath in fifteen years or tasted food in nine weeks, J. P. Peterson, a native of Sweden, for three years a lodger in the Big Island house in a log-cabin across the canon from her cave, watching every movement she made. He arose with the dawn to haunt the spring, since that was the hour when she came to replenish her basin and to bathe. He made long detours to meet her when she walked or hunted in the shrubbery. His gaze grew hotter. Pre-masonry had come in his glances; companionship was building some airy bridge between them. He did not speak when he met her, and she never spoke to him. The habit of silence upon them was deeper, more tangible than the older habit of this hate.

Peterson weighs 250 pounds, is well proportioned and as strong as an ox. This is evidenced by the fact that six husky deputies connected with the health department had their hands full in taking him from his room, which, by contrast, was as clean as a Dutch housewife's kitchen. He was overpowered after he became exhausted knocking the deputies around like a lot of ten pins on a bowling alley. He appeared to enjoy the scrubbing.

A. C. Clausen, deputy prosecutor of Spokane county, and the city officials are in a quandary as to what to do with the man. He was arrested on the charge of vagrancy, but this will not hold, as he has plenty of money. His sanity was questioned, but the officers dismissed that charge, because, they say, he is sane enough to keep his money, also rational in his talk.

Peterson refused to discuss his past, saying only that he came to Spokane from the east four years ago after touring every state, territory and province on the American continent and had planned not to permit water to touch his skin until the close of 1924, adding he is working out a new theory on health.

IRON OUTPUT WAS AHEAD OF RECORD

December Production of United States Steel Corporation Exceeded Previous Month's

New York, Jan. 11.—The December output of pig iron of the United States Steel Corporation exceeded that of November, establishing a new high record, month and the full output of 1909 exceeding that of 1907, which was 11,422,785 tons, including alloys. Other steel companies are understood to have increased output during December, indicating that the total production of coke and anthracite iron during December was about 2,675,000 tons, being the heaviest output of any month in the history of the trade. Including charcoal iron and alloys, the indications are that the total for the year 1909 exceeded that of 1907, which was 25,781,361 tons.

The output of steel ingots by the Steel Corporation in December was less, however, than in November, there having been a sharp falling off during the holiday weeks. The production for 1909, too, was a little less than of 1907, which was 13,342,992 tons.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of E. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Teacher—"What is a barbarian?"

Pupil—"A man who cuts hair, sir!"

Does not Color the Hair

Ayer's Hair Vigor is composed of Sulphur, Glycerin, Quinine, Sodium Chloride, Capsicum, Sage, Alcohol, Water, Perfume. Show this to your doctor. Ask him if there is a single injurious ingredient. Ask him if he thinks Ayer's Hair Vigor, as made from the formula, is the best preparation you could use for falling hair, or for dandruff. Let him decide. He knows.

J. C. AYER COMPANY, Lowell, Mass.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



PREDICTION SIMPLIFIED

The weather prophet now may view his task with feelings bolder; About all he is required to do is to keep saying "colder."

Find a weather prophet.

Upside down, behind lady.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

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

Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

on box 25c