IF YOU NEED A MEDICINE, YOU SHOULD HAVE THE BEST

Although there are hundreds of preparations advertised, there is only one that really stands out pre-eminent as a remedy for disease of the kidneys, liver and bladder.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root stands the highest, for the reason that it has proved to be just the remedy needed in thousands upon thousands of even the most distressing cases.

Swamp-Root makes friends quickly because its mild and immediate effect is soon realized. It is gentle, healing vegetable compound—a physician's prescription for a specific disease.

Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything.

A Sworn Certificate of Purity is with every bottle.

For sale at all drug stores in Canada in bottles of two sizes—75 cents and $1.25.

SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE BY MAIL.

In order to prove that Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy will do for you, every reader of the St. John Evening Times who has not already tried it, may receive a sample bottle by mail absolutely free. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Write today.

TWENTY-NINE NOVA SCOTIANS WERE DROWNED

Sister Province Suffered Heavily in Death Toll on Gloucester Fishing Fleet

The ocean toll for the year 1909 among the fishing fleet going out of Gloucester, Mass., is forty-seven men and four vessels lost, and of the number of men who perished, twenty-five were Nova Scotians.

The total number of men reported drowned during the year was forty-seven, leaving eighty-two widows and as near as can be estimated about twenty-five fatherless children. Of the lost men, eleven were downed by the capsizing of their schooner, twelve went astray in their dories on the banks and were never heard from, five were lost by the foundering of their vessel, six fell or were knocked overboard and two fell overboard accidentally from their vessels, three were drowned by the capsizing of their dories, three were drowned by the swamping of their boats, two were drowned while boarding their vessel, two died on shipboard from natural causes, and one man fell overboard from his dory.

The number of vessels lost in 1908 was three, with a total of 262 tons gross and 195 tons net, having a valuation of $22,000, on which there was an insurance of $17,5000. The total number of men reported drowned during the year was sixty-two, leaving fourteen widows and forty-six children.

ZAM-BUK QUICKLY CURES

Chaps, Cold Sores and Rough Red Skin

Icy winds often make ladies' faces rough, red and blotchy. Apply a little Zam-Buk, and this will smoothen the skin and end the soreness. It also takes away that coarse, red, rough look and "feel," which are so unpleasant. For more serious cases of chaps and cold sores apply Zam-Buk at night liberally.

Miss Hattie Bertrand, Galesburg, says: "I am troubled every year with cracked, chapped hands and arms, and nothing ever seemed able to prevent this until I found Zam-Buk. It healed the chaps and cracks, and occasional applications keep my hands and arms perfectly smooth."

Zam-Buk is not only a healer, but it is a skin food. Frequent use of it develops that soft, velvety skin which is so pleasant to see, and which is the expression of perfect skin health. Remember Zam-Buk is unique in containing no animal fat! For a balm this is peculiar; but just here lies Zam-Buk's superiority. Made purely of herbal extracts and juices. 50c. a box. All druggists and stores, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Don't take any substitutes.

SCHOONER THROUGH A TERRIFIC TIME

With her hull almost completely covered with a heavy coating of ice, sails torn and deckload badly shifted, giving the vessel a crippled appearance, the three-masted schooner Margaret May Riley, Captain Granville, was towed into port last night by the tugs Neptune, Mildred and Lord Wolsely. They had met her down the bay trying to beat back to this port, which she left a day or two ago with a load of lumber shipped by Andre Cushing & Co., for New York. The big schooner was making good headway until Monday night's blow was met. Then with the thermometer falling rapidly and the spray flying densely from the huge combers, she began to ice up badly. Her mainsail was town to ribbons and the deckload shifted.

The gale blew fiercely and Captain Granville decided to put back to St. John. All day yesterday the vessel worked her way up the coast and late in the afternoon fell in with the tug Neptune, which had been sent down the bay to look for another schooner. The Neptune took the Riley in tow. In the meantime news of the schooner's condition reached port and G. S. Cushing ordered tugs sent to her assistance. The Mildred and Lord Wolsely started out and met the Neptune with her tow.

In the county court yesterday afternoon, before Judge Forbes, the case of Mary Rombley, several witnesses were examined. E. S. Ritchie appeared for the defendant and C. H. Ferguson for the prosecution. His Honor suspended sentence and ordered the woman to be returned to her home in Nova Scotia.

Plans are now being made at Mt. Allison college for a notable musical event, the appearance of Corgoza, the baritone, and also for the opening of the Fawcett Memorial Hall. Rev. Dr. Borden principal of the college announces that the ladies' college is to soon receive $40,000 through the will of Jarius Hartt, of Halifax.

LIQUOR HAD CLOSE CALL IN ONTARIO

Three-Fifths Clause Saved Many Liquor Men's Business

Sir Wilfrid in Toronto Tonight—C. P. R. Leads World in Transportation Mileage—Fire in Winnipeg Newspaper Office—Druggist to Jail

Toronto, Jan. 4—Returns from the local option voting up to a late hour tonight show seventy-nine places voted for the by-law, and in fifty-seven, the three-fifths clause has saved the liquor men from defeat.

All but five places out a total of 161 have reported. The bye-law has defeat in seventeen places and to have voted for repeal.

Ottawa, Jan. 4—(Special)—Sir Wilfrid Laurier left tonight for Toronto and will open the new Ontario Liberal club there tomorrow night. He will make a speech at the other Liberal club on Friday night and will return to Ottawa on Saturday.

Winnipeg, Jan. 4—(Special)—Fire broke out this morning in the Tribune building, causing damage of $5,000, and putting the composing room temporarily out of business. The paper, however, appeared today, being set through the courtesy of the other two dailies.

Montreal, Jan. 4—It was stated today at the Canadian Pacific headquarters that with the 1,769 miles added to the system during the past year, it has taken the premier place for mileage amongst the railroads of this continent.

The C. P. R. now has 10,048 miles of road in Canada and nearly 5,000 owned or controlled in the United States, making a total of 15,000 miles. This is nearly 3,000 miles more than its largest competitor in the United States, the New York Central which, between owned and controlled lines, has 12,524 miles.

With its 10,000 miles of steamship lines on the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, the C. P. R. has 25,000 miles of transportation system, enough to encircle the globe, and by far the biggest of any transportation company in the world.

Carberry, Man., Jan. 4—In a wreck last night on the Canadian Northern, four miles south of here, Conductor J. W. Bulger, of Winnipeg, was killed. He was sitting in the caboose when it backed into another engine, which was not visible owing to steam. The caboose was smashed to kindling and two brakemen sleeping in it had marvelous escapes, both being thrown through the splintered walls. One was seriously injured.

Toronto, Jan. 4—(Special)—F. E. Karn, president of the Karn Drug Company, corner of Victoria and Queen streets, was charged with keeping a house of ill fame there and also with defilement. Several young girls, about sixteen and seventeen years of age, gave evidence, and the magistrate found him guilty. His lawyers lost their appeal and Karn was sentenced today to sixty days in jail.

OBITUARY

Michael Calnan

death of Michael Calnan, well known in the west end of the city, occurred yesterday at Fairville. Mr. Calnan was in the 80th year of his age and was employed for over 30 years as a deckhand on the ferryboat. He is survived by one brother, John, of Fairville, and one sister, Mrs. Deunis Donovan, of Carleton. The funeral will be held on Thursday from the residence of his brother, Ready street, Fairville, at 2.30 p. m.

Hedley V. Watson

Boston, Jan. 3—Hedley V. Watson, well known in the yeast business in this city, died unexpectedly at noon December 31 at the city hospital after but a few days' illness.

Mr. Watson was born in Hampstead (N. B.) and is survived by his aged father, Malcom Watson, and brother, George, of Hampstead; his sister, Mrs. William Lawrence, of Keswick Bridge (N. B.); his brother, Bruce, of Los Angeles, and two sisters in Roxbury (Mass.), Mrs. J. Williams and Mrs. Charles Lothrop, besides his widow and four-year-old daughter. Mrs. Watson belongs to a prominent family in New Glasgow (N. S.)

Mrs. Margaret Hazlett

At Whitehead, Kings Co., on the 13th ult., Margaret Hazlett, widow of James A. Hazlett, died, aged sixty-seven years. She was a daughter of Samuel Parker, of Loyalist descent, the site of whose old homestead, not far from her residence after marriage, is marked by a gigantic stove chimney which appears capable of resisting the storms of another century. "There groups of merry children played, There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O, golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

Of the eleven brothers and sisters of the late Mrs. Hazlett, only three survive, they are Mrs. Thomas Theal of St. John, James Parker of Westfield and John Parker of St. John. She is also survived by three sons and ten grandchildren. After her husband's death, Mrs. Hazlett lived a very retired life on the farm that had been her home since her marriage and since her husband's death, some thirty years ago. She was attended in her last illnes by her sister, Mrs. Theal, of St. John and Mrs. Wm. Hazlett sr., a neighbor, whose husband died about two years ago. The deceased was a woman, diligent in her own affairs and much respected by all who knew her. She was buried in St. Paul's graveyard, Rev. H. S. Wainwright, rector of Kingston, officiating.

The N. H. S. is indebted to Mrs. Geo. Hamilton, C. T. Hall and James Pender for recent donations of publications, and articles for the museum.

108 Nox a Cold

IN ONE DAY

Guaranteed to cure or money back. 25c a bottle at all drug stores. Chas. R. Wasson, 100 King street, special agent.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

BROADTAIL COAT WITH BRAID TRIMMING

On modish lines is this limousine coat of black broadtail, built with the long, straight lines and hipless effect prescribed by Paris early in the season. The model is Moyenne in character and the pleats at the bottom give the garment grace and a free swing when worn in the street, most of the long fur coats being rather too narrow at the foot for grace in walking. The coat has a broad collar which may be turned up around the throat, and there is a large broadtail muff also.

The New Commandment

By Anthony Verrall.

(Continued.)

The man fell forward on the earth and crawled to the wather. He drank but a sip, then rolled upon his back, and lay there motionless, staring at the sky.

Judith had felt her heart give one great bound of—she knew not what. She did not care to know. She slipped in silence from her place of hiding, crept down the canon noiselessly, and coming at length to her cave on the hill, sat there to watch the shelter up above, where perhaps Ghent would light him a fire. She did not know that Ghent, like herself, could ignite a fire only by the sun.

Until nearly midnight she watched through the darkness of the mountain gorge before she sought her bed of grass. But never a sign of the man come home did the darkness surrender to her view.

Ghent had expended his last frantic spasm of strength to reach the spring. He slept on the earth beside the pool, where Judith had seen him flounder down.

CHAPTER XVI.

For Judith, the return of Ghent bore more than one significance when once again she awoke to the ever-relentless needs of life on the following day.

The first and most important fact adduced was this—there could be no escape from the desert. Since he, a strong man, had attempted the labor and failed, it meant that the trackless desolation must extend all about them for leagues. They were doomed, they two, together to remain here battling for existence till the fates should release them, perchance by death itself.

The thought of this lay upon her heavily, destroying some vague, precious hope that she had fostered in her breast. Meantime, as always, however, she must live—and her hunger was rapacious. She was early abroad in the greenery making inspection of her traps. The first sight she caught of Ghent, at sunrise, aroused all the passions of her lifelong hatred against him. In his weakened condition, and with a memory of what he had found on the morning of his departure from the gorge, he had come once more to Judith's trap—and there she beheld him rob her of a grouse.

He snatched the bird savagely, with no thought of compunction, obeying only the instincts of self-preservation. Still exhausted, half-famished, and aware of his physical incapacity for hunting and slaying for his needs, he took this meat as a panther might have taken it, and with equal readiness to fight for its possession, if necessary, as far as his weakness would permit.

With blazing eyes Judith watched him. His face was still haggard and grim. She recognized the savage mood of hunger that made him dangerous, but not from fear did she restrain the impulse to throw herself upon him toth and claw. She loathed him. She could not bear the thought of personal contract with him. Neither agong nor rage could have forced her to address him.

Could a stone from her sling have crashed its way into his skull she might have been tempted to hurl it, but she felt herself helpless, and was angered more deeply by the fact.

She made no movement. Her presence was not detected. With the bird in hand, and tearing its skin and feathers from it as he walked, Ghent went at once to his shelter, built him a fire, and resumed his dominion of half of the green oasis.

Fortunately, a large, fat ground-squirrel, the first that she had captured, had been caught and hanged by one of the nooses which Judith had set in the runways. She found it while her rage was still upon her, and was somewhat mollified. Nevertheless, resentment burned in her bosom with every thought of Ghent's descent upon her trap, and some fierce determination to retaliate, or to beat him with her hammer, should he repeat the robbery, surged all morning in her blood.

For Ghent, the day became, perforce, a time of rest and recuperation. He lay hour after hour by the spring, breathing the cooler air that played above the water and sleeping away the physical fatigue and mental agonies to which for three days he had been subjected.

Even more completely than Judith he had abandoned all hope of escape from the desert. In the last strange malady that had claimed him, out upon the sun-baked desolation, he had thrown away his precious canteen, with almost half a quart of water in its hold. Why he had committed this folly, or when, or where, he could not have told to save his life. And he could never have related how or by what instinct he had finally staggered to this waterhole here in the canon.

By evening the man was considerably restored. He was once more hungry; he was willing, however, to shot or capture something for himself before he should once more eat. With a thought of his bow, which he knew was still lying on the gravel at his camp, his reflection strayed to Judith in a strangely eager manner. For a second some haunting fear, echoed from his terrible experiences out on the desert, possessed his mind. She might have gone in his absence—and the woman, though forever of the hated tribe of Haines, was nevertheless a human being!

Heretofore too weak and dizzied to remember anything, he now forgot hunger, his weapons, and every bodily need in the almost childish demand of his underlying nature to behold a fellow creature of his kind. He climbed the slope towards his shelter.

Judith's cave was presently in sight, but his eyes could discern no Judith at its mouth. Down the slope, and down through the greenery, he hastened, past the line that he mentally acknowledged divided her region from his own, and at length came upon her, working to cut out some willows with one of her corset-steel knives.

He halted too far away to surprise her at her labors. She had neither heard nor seen him. He remained for a moment only. The part of his nature that craved this sight was satisfied; the part of his nature that was savage aroused his old hatred of a Haines. Then he heard the distant whistle of a quail, and returned to his camp for his weapons.

During the week that followed Ghent's return, the round of existence for the pair of antagonized and isolated beings settled down to one endless tale of hunger and desperate pursuit of lesser creatures. To the daily need of eating was presently added the need of new protection for their feet.

Judith's shoes had been frail examples of style from the first; Ghent's had been but a trifle more substantial, and had been subjected to much harder wear. Judith wove herself two small mats of willow and grass, which she fastened like sandals beneath the soles of her worn-out boots. Ghent found a large dead juniper, and by burning and cutting away the bulk of its substance hollowed out a crude pair of sabots that served him fairly well.

Clothing, both were soon to need. The raiment of both had been torn repeatedly in their plunging through the undergrowth in serach of game; neither had the means of supplying new cloth or mending a rent. But clothing, like shoes, had become of secondary importance. Morning after morning, and night after night, the cry of the body was for meat. Neither of the pair could ever be well fed. Both went hungry often.

Relentlessly decimating the limited number of quail, grouse, and rabbits, the two foresaw an increasing paucity of food, and each, by instinct as well sa by savage design endeavored to slay and eat more than the other against the day of want. There could be no compact between them to conserve the game from day to day.

In the silent warfare waged against every edible creature alive in this slender strip of green, the animals still surviving evolved new suspicions, new cautions, new fears. They avoided old runways, they sought the spring at unaccustomed hours, they fled from the near approach of either the man or woman, in terror of their lives.

Thus, with every succeeding day the task of procuring food became more difficult, especially for Judith. She seldom killed anything with her sling, while Ghent, with his bow, became a deadly marksman. She redoubled her efforts to acquire a needed skill for her traps were becoming less and less reliable.

The days went on, with no time for monotony, unless it might have been the monotony of hunger. Savagery increased upon the man and woman. Everything elementary in their natures was uppermost. All day they either labored, in their separate ways, to manufacture the crude, rough implements of daily need or roved the gorge to kill and eat.

The creatures of the strip had almost disappeared. They had been devoured. The grouse, easy victims of Ghent's barbed shafts, had been the first to suffer extermination; the quail were vanishing rapidly. Numbers of the squirrels had succumbed to Judith's developing skul with her sling. Not a few of the rabbits had abandoned their burrows to creep much farther down the gorge and dig anew.

Both Judith and Ghent discovered this ruse, and followed relentlessly. Judith became aware of another important fact. The rabbits that ran even out of the green boundaries and into the rock heaps below the oasis, where the two perpendicular walls formed a natural gate at its extremity, invariably back-tracked and returned, as if unwilling to go far around or to remain for long away from cover.

Not a few of the little creatures had thus learned the trick of leading her down the ravine and then doubling back to security. Therefore it was that she spent all one morning in fetching and piling slabs of stone to form a barrier across the gorge between the walls at its sides.

Her plan was to make the place a cul-de-sac into which she could drive the helpless cottontail sfor slaughter. The space between the last green growth and her wall she cleared of every bush and stone that could shelter the smallest of her victims.

The place, crudely finished but self-explanatory, was found by Ghent on an early morning excursion down the gorge at the heels of a rabbit. He gazed upon it approvingly. It would help them both. Nevertheless, the particular cottontail he had hoped to shoot had slipped through the wall where a tiny chink that seemed too small for its uses had offered escape from the man.

He put down his weapons and worked till dark supplementing all that Judith had accomplished, filling the chinks with smaller stones and adding to the height of all the barrier. That night the cottontail he had shut outside was captured and eaten by a gaunt coyote. At midnight two more coyotes, less fortunate and no less hungry, hunted in pair through the greenery, each of them jealous of the other, yet both of them working in league against their prey.

At sunrise the following morning Judith and Ghent, each independently of the other, went down the ravine towards the newly builded barrier, frightening three rabbits before them. Before they came to the open space between the greenery and wall they beheld each other, and exchanged a glance which, while it blazed with undiminished enmity nevertheless conveyed a sort of understanding such as two wild coyotes might exchange.

Judith had come with her sling and a club. Ghent was armed with bow and arrows. They assaulted the three darting rabbits simultaneously—and both of them missed. The pepples hurled from Judith's woven pouch and the feathered shaft that sprang from Ghent's twanging cord served only to throw the trio of cottontails into panic.

The man and the woman had closed in upon them hungrily. In the blindness of their fear, baffled, as they were, by the wall of stone, two of the cottontails ran towards Judith, as if to escape between her very feet. Ghent had notched another arrow, but he could not shoot in the rapid manoeuver of the rabbits.

"Grab them! Grab them! Hit them!" he cried—the first words with which he had addressed her.

Like a leopardess for quickness and fierceness, she pounced upon the scurrying rabbits and clutched them in her hands. In her savage fingers they were almost immediately slain. She arose with them, panting, flung one to Ghent, without a word, and returned up the gorge to her cave.

(To be Continued)

Dr. de Van's French Female Pills—the Wife's Friend

A reliable regulator; never fails. While these pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system, they are strictly safe to use. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at $5.00 a box, or three for $10.00. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catherine's, Ont., or at Christie's drug store.

DRUGGIST SOLD TOO MUCH LIQUOR

Cornwall, Ont., Jan. 3.—The liquor license act is being rigidly enforced here. A unique case in the police court was the fining of H. Brown, druggist, $20 for a larger sale of liquor than allowed by law. Druggists are limited to a sale of six ounces of whiskey on a given prescription. Evidence showed, however, that following a telephone order one of Mr. Brown's clerks delivered thirty-two ounces of whiskey to the Cornwall General Hospital. It seems to have been customary for the hospital to turn in orders to the druggists for such quantities as required by the various physicians. The magistrate said that the law having been broken he had no alternative than to fine the offender.

COLDS CAUSE HEADACHE

LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine, the world wide Cold and Grip remedy removes cause. Call for full name. Look for signature E. W. Grove. 25c.

At a meeting of the N. H. S. last night an interesting paper was read by Dr. G. U. Hay on "The Characteristics of the Cains River," written by Prof. W. F. Ganong. A vote of thanks to Prof. Ganong was passed.

A 50-Cent Bottle of

Scott's Emulsion will last a year-old baby nearly a month, and four bottles over three months. Given in small doses four times a day

Scott's Emulsion

will lay the foundation for a healthy, robust child. It never fails to make the cheeks rosy, the flesh solid and the bones strong.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Send 10c., name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Bank and Child's Sketch-Book. Each bank contains a Good Luck Penny.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., W. TORONTO

Why Does It Cure

Not because it is Sarsaparilla, but because it is a medicine of peculiar merit, composed of more than twenty different remedial agents effecting phenomenal cures of troubles of the blood, stomach, liver and bowels.

Thus Hood's Sarsaparilla cures scrofula, eczema, anemia, catarrh, nervousness, that tired feeling, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, and builds up the system.

Get Hood's Sarsaparilla today. Prepared by C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.

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' Fleeced 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.

"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work"

The Dog and The Shadow

You remember the fable of the dog who dropped a real bone for its shadow which he saw in the water. "Bear in mind that all is not Gold Dust that glitters under the name of washing powder. Don't accept a shadowy substitute; get the real

Gold Dust Washing Powder

with the Gold Dust Twins on the package."

OTHER GENERAL USES FOR GOLD DUST — Scrubbing floors, washing clothes and dishes, cleaning woodwork, oil cloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brass work, cleansing bath room, pipes, etc., and making the finest soft soap.

Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Montreal, P. Q.—Makers of FAIRY SOAP.

GOLD DUST makes hard water soft

THE Famous Rayo Lamp

Once a Rayo user always one

The RAYO LAMP is a high grade lamp sold at a low price. There are lamps that cost more but there is no better lamp at any price. The Burner, the Wick, the Chimney-Holder—all are vital things in a lamp; these parts of the RAYO LAMP are perfectly constructed and there is nothing known in the art of lamp-making that could add to the value of the RAYO as a light-giving device. Suitable for any room in the house. Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest Agent of

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

THE SPARROW

We should be glad the sparrow stays
With us throughout the winter days,
For now when prices all grow steep
His note's the only thing that's "cheep."

Find her husband.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

Right side down between seats.