

MATTERS OF INTEREST AT WASHINGTON

Indications That Situation Will Soon Be Worth Watching

The Pinchot-Ballinger Controversy—Investigation of the Cost of Food Stuffs—Tariff and Other Matters in Times' Letter

(From The Times' Correspondent.)
Washington, D. C., Jan. 4.—There are indications that the situation in Washington will be sufficiently interesting soon after the holidays. The Pinchot-Ballinger controversy will be considered by a joint senate and house committee, and it is given out that the president will aid congress in the most rigid inquiry. If this is so, the joint committee will have behind it all the weight and power of the legal machinery of the United States and witnesses can be summoned and compelled to testify. Usually in such investigations the testimony of witnesses is voluntary, and they have frequently been recalcitrant and have withheld important evidence.

Democrats in both houses are anxious to have the most searching investigation of the general land office records, believing that good political capital will be the result. Independent onlookers are of the opinion that there is so much smoke there must be fire, but on the other hand Mr. Ballinger's pose is one of serene assurance and his friends expect his complete vindication. The hearings of the committee will be public and your readers will be fully advised of the progress of the investigation.

As regards to this question the public will recall that the reclamation service, as it is called, has been under the inspection of several senators who investigated the projects in the west last summer. Some at least of the senators think that the reclamation service has undertaken a bigger task than it can accomplish, and it is intimated that the Ballinger investigation and an investigation into the reclamation enterprise are so closely related that they should be carried along together to avoid the expense of a separate inquiry. It is probable, however, that this plan will be objected to on the ground that it will confuse the issue and mix problems.

At present there are only skirmishes between the insurgents of the Republican party and the old stand-bys, such as Aldrich, Hale, Lodge and the so-called "Metros," or in a political sense Cannon and Aldrich and brothers. There have been indications that the president is disposed to flock with the Metros, but there is also a pretty well authenticated rumor that he has decided to oppose Speaker Cannon, which must finally mean his opposition to Aldrich, or in a political sense Cannon and Aldrich are brothers.

The president, it is understood, is at work on special messages to be sent to congress after the holidays, and it is said that if Speaker Cannon shall show his opposition to the ship subsidy bill and to the amendment of the interstate commerce laws and to postal saving banks, as is expected, the breach which has long been anticipated by some will be known to all.

The secretary of agriculture assisted by a force of experts attached to the agricultural department and scattered throughout the country is carefully investigating the costs of food stuffs and seeking to probe the reasons for the greatly increased cost of the necessities of life. It is indeed true that something distinct and definite shall be known in relation to this subject. Mr. Wilson, the secretary of agriculture has hundreds of field employes at his disposal and through them he is seeking to learn what is the difference between wholesale and retail prices of food stuffs. The inquiry is directed toward the increased prices of eggs, milk, butter, potatoes, apples and other articles of diet.

The secretary is in a position favorable to the farmer so-called "honest" and does not believe that he is getting too much for either primary or secondary products of the farm. He suspects the middle men and has intimated that there were too many of them. When one sees the number of groceries scattered throughout a city there appears to be ground for the contention that there must be a great profit in the business. If there was only a way for the consumer to trade more directly with the farmer without the transmission profits derived by these officious intermediaries, doubtless the matter would be more profitably and perhaps more economically supplied.

Senator Clapp of Minnesota, in an interview, gave it as his opinion that the Aldrich-Payne Tariff Bill was at the bottom of the increased cost of everything that the American people use internally, externally, and eternally. This tariff bill, in spite of the frantic assurances of its apologists and among them the president of the United States, it is now known, is the excuse for the higher price that the user or consumer must pay.

Senator Clapp and puts it that one cannot raise the cost of living to a man who is producing something to sell, without giving that man an excuse to correspondingly raise the price of his product.

According to a recent computation, taking sweet potatoes as an example, the grocer gets \$1.50 a barrel, the freight and commission is 25 cents; the retailer pays \$1.75 a barrel; the consumer pays, buying usually by the peck, \$3.85.

This makes the retailers' profit, \$2.10 on the barrel, which is a profit of 120 per cent. It cannot be denied that the grocer is securing a pile of money and is doing so in a manner that is not altogether analogous to that long held by the plumber.

A bachelor collector of antiques is apt to draw the line at spinsters.

NOW SOLD IN CANADA

In Less Than Three Years, Parisian Sage, the Splendid Hair Tonic, is Sold All Over Canada.

There is a reason for the phenomenal sale of Parisian Sage in Canada during the past three years. And the reason is plain to all. Parisian Sage does just what it is advertised to do. Ask Chas. R. Wasson about it. He will tell you that he rigidly guarantees it to cure dandruff, stop falling hair or itching scalp in two weeks or money back.

There is no reason whatever why any man or woman should fail to take advantage of the above generous offer.

But one think that has made Parisian Sage so famous is its peculiar power to turn the harsh, unattractive hair that many women possess into lustrous and radiant hair in a short time. Women of refinement the country over are using it, and it never disappears.

Sold everywhere, and in St. John by Chas. R. Wasson, for 50 cents a large bottle.

TWELVE YEAR OLD BOY THE ONLY SUPPORT

Sad New Year's Conditions in Montreal Family Are Disclosed

Father Just Out of Hospital, Mother Near Death, Two Girls Down With Fever and Forty-Five Cents a Day Coming In

(Montreal Star.)
The New Year dawned dark and barren of promise in the two-roomed home of A. Asselin, 98 Dehenelle street, St. Henri.

Mr. Asselin, himself invalided for weeks by rheumatism and just discharged from the hospital; his wife nearing the end of her long suffering from the ravages of tuberculosis; his sixteen-year-old daughter, who had been in the household for nearly a year, stricken with typhoid after four long weeks of suffering at home; her little nine-year-old sister just recovering from the fever; and the earnings of a boy of twelve, amounting to forty-five cents a day standing between the family and actual hunger constitutes a state of depression before which even the most optimistic of mortals must stand appalled.

It was intensely pathetic that the one lone expression of hope that better things might be in store for everyone in the little household should have come from the mother, on whose face was ineffably stamped the grim mark of death. Despite the dreadful cough that racked her almost constantly, and forgetting the weakness of her poor, emaciated body, whose vitality had ebbed so low that she was unable to lift a glass of water to her lips, she alone of all the new year and saw there promise of brighter days and happier hours.

"I'll be better soon," she said, "The doctor at the hospital told me I might come home, because I'd got on just as well here; so I came back yesterday. I hope it won't be long, though, before I can get up, because they need me badly about the house, now that my oldest daughter isn't here."

The husband, supported by crutches, stood at the bedside. He smiled wanly at a representative of The Star and his eyes filled with tears. He knew the truth.

"This has been a hard year for us," the woman continued in her weak voice, "but I am sure the new year will be better."

And pain and worry had their share of these. We've had happy days, too, though," she went on, and the memory of these flooded her poor, thin face with a look of happiness. Then, turning to where her husband stood, she smiled at him as surely and said: "And we'll have lots more, never fear."

Here a violent fit of coughing shook her, and the man saying that he was afraid she was over-exerting herself, led the reporter into the other room of the house.

The one just quitted was the only bedroom of the home. It was damp and cold. The sick woman lay thinly covered on one of the two beds it contained, close to a wall, damp and clammy with a moisture from without. The second bed served as a sleeping place for the rest of the family, the boy of twelve years, or four feet from the mother's bed, in a room, which served as kitchen, dining and general living room, was a trifle warmer than the sick chamber, but even here, where the stove was, the heat was far from being oppressive. A few minutes before, when the boy of twelve years entered the house, the boy of twelve years engaged in serving the mid-day meal, the holiday enabling him to relieve his father of some of the household work. The boy's dinner board was not in evidence, the meal consisted of a kind of stew with a pitiful lack of solid, bread which for lack of butter was dipped in a soupy substance and thin tea. The younger child, a little girl of six, was apparently enjoying the meal, her hunger, possibly adding relish to it; but the boy, perhaps remembering previous New Year's dinners under happier and more prosperous circumstances, was visibly distressed and found the food difficult to eat at all. A lump seemed to rise in his throat, making it hard to swallow.

A Story of Woe

Asselin's story is one seldom paralleled in misfortune and wretchedness.

His wife, suffering from the worst form of tuberculosis, had lain in the hospital for months, leaving her sixteen-year-old daughter to look after the two younger children at home. About six weeks ago the youngest, a girl of six, took the fever but had to be nursed at home owing to the fact that no hospital could take her. Then, about two weeks later, the man himself, suffering from acute rheumatism was taken to the same hospital where his wife lay, thus depriving the already greatly stricken home of its only bread-winner, and compelling the little boy to give up school and look for employment. This obtained in a cotton-mill where he works ten hours a day and receives a wage of forty-five cents a day. For the past month this lad's small earnings have been the only revenue of the home. The elder girl, however, made ends meet in some way or other, nursed her little sister with the help of the Victoria Order and did all the household work besides, occasionally finding time to trudge to a hospital begging vainly to have her sister taken in. The younger girl was pulled through the fever safely, but still required great care and good nourishment, the latter being extremely hard to provide with the household income limited to forty-five cents a day. The father was then discharged from the hospital and, although he was still suffering acutely, things seemed in the mend at last. Then the brave girl herself was stricken

with the fever, but through the representations of the Victorian Order authorities, was taken to a hospital the same day on which her mother was sent home, her condition being pronounced as hopeless, and home the best place for her to die. Asselin still suffering painfully himself, now nurses his dying wife as best he can and looks after the younger child who is convalescing, cooks the family's meagre meals, and does the housework, while his twelve-year-old boy keeps the family free from actual hunger with his daily wage of forty-five cents.

The man is still under forty, but his face was lined with care and grief as on New Year's Day he voiced to the representative of The Star the old cry of suffering humanity:

"What have I done to merit all this?"

H. A. Powell, K. C., will address the Moncton Conservative club on Wednesday evening, the 17th.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



THE BECOMING SHOULDER SCARF

There are innumerable ways which the pretty girl finds in which to adjust one of the fashionable little shoulder scarfs that are worn this winter on every occasion. Under the very diaphanous evening wraps which are the fashion just now, the little extra scarf is almost a necessity, and it may be of the dress color, adding a most artistic touch to the costume. This evening gown of pale blue chiffon is matched by a scarf of light blue messaline with a layer of blue chiffon underneath, the two fabrics being joined by the border of marabout trimming.

The New Commandment

By Anthony Verrall.

CHAPTER XVIII.

By dawn of the day that followed, the spring had filled the hole that Ghent had scratched in the gravel. The water was slightly discolored, but good. Judith was first at the place. She drank, refilled her rock-basin, from which Ghent had partaken as he labored, and carried it off to her camp. The work achieved by the man had apparently lent a new vitality to the well.

At her cave she mixed a paste or dough of her acorn meal, and forming a thick cake of the dampened material, browned it to a crumbling state on one of the flattest of the stones she had collected. The product was astonishingly good and nourishing. The bitterness had quite disappeared from the acorn substance; the cake, with a spreading of butter, would have been delicious. That morning she kept no usual appointment to hunt the greenery with Ghent. For the first time in many days the man scoured the almost lifeless earth for the first time. The one who had been so utterly and so completely broken down by the branch-splitting arrow that lodged just behind it in the adobe. No Judith appeared at the cul-de-sac to assist him in cornering his victim. He therefore returned, empty-handed, and partly satisfied his gnawing appetite on the berries and nuts of the growth.

As if to blast the hopes in his breast which his digging at the spring had raised, the noon sun again absorbed the water, and the heated air quivered above the very hole, parching the soil and trees about it. In the afternoon a high and scorching wind came sweeping up the canon, blasting the few remaining leaves that clung upon the shrinking branches and scorching all the mountain world.

By sundown there was hardly a spoonful of water at the hole. Once more that evening Ghent laid his hands and sharpened sticks to the task of scratching deeper in the gravel for the precious drops of liquid. Judith, who came there later, waited nearby, till Ghent had gone, then drank of the rock-basin, and herself worked for more than an hour, removing the sand he had cast from the hole, to render further excavations less irksome.

The battle with the sun and heat had barely commenced. The morning that came upon the withered earth was no less fierce than its predecessor. Again at noon the blistering strokes swept upon the mountain world, singeing the life from everything. For the third time Ghent returned to the digging. Judith had fetched her rock receptacle, to leave it henceforth at the spring.

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NO INDIGESTION OR SICK STOMACH

Heartburn, Gas, Headache and Dyspepsia go and You Feel Fine in Five Minutes

Take your sour, out-of-order stomach—or maybe you call it Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gastritis or Catarrh of Stomach; it doesn't matter—take your stomach trouble right with you to your Pharmacist and ask him to open a 50-cent case of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Take one or two after each meal. You will feel fine in five minutes. There is left any trace of your former misery.

The correct name for your trouble is Food Fermentation—food souring; the Digestive organs become weak, there is lack of gastric juice, your food is only half digested, and you become affected with loss of appetite, pressure and fullness after eating, vomiting, nausea, heartburn, griping in bowels, tenderness in the pit of stomach, bad taste in mouth, constipation, pain in limbs, sleeplessness, belching of gas, biliousness, sick headache, nervousness, dizziness or many other similar symptoms.

If your appetite is fickle, and nothing tempts you, or you belch gas or if you feel bloated after eating, or your food lies like a lump of lead on your stomach, you can make up your mind that at the bottom of all this there is but one cause—fermentation of undigested food.

Prove to yourself in five minutes that your stomach is the cause of all this. There is nothing really wrong. Stop this fermentation and begin eating what you want without fear or discomfort or misery. Almost instant relief is waiting for you. It is merely a matter of how soon you take a little Diagepsin.

Instead of toiling longer with the pick, she permitted the dripping water to accumulate in her basin, and I went at the task of fetching rocks with which to build a wall or bank about the hole. Such a structure could be roofed so substantially to keep it fairly cool.

The rocks that she fetched were almost blistering hot, but she hugged them to her bosom and carried them none the less eagerly, making trip after trip to the slope that was strewn with broken fragments. Ghent beheld her from his shelter. He understood her intention and knew it was wise.

Without pausing to ascertain from her actions whether or not she would desert the labor upon his near approach, he rolled a number of rocks down the sandy declivity, and was presently imitating Judith's example—fetching the blocks and boulders to the spring.

Not before had the pair thus labored in company, and even now neither spoke. Judith had no apparent intention of leaving because of her assistance in the work. She continued to fetch the crude material for walls, and presently began to pile fragments one upon another in a rude sort of circle, embracing all but the trench they had dug at the former outlet of the well.

Until they could no longer see to direct their rock-building efforts, the two continued the task of creating a circular enclosure to protect the well from the terrible days of heat. By the time the darkness had enveloped all the world their spring-house was nearly three feet high and four or five feet in diameter.

Even then, by the light of the stars that shone with such unparalleled brilliancy, they continued to work, cutting long, stout poles from the growth near at hand, with which to form the supports of the roof of grass and brush, and to finish the structure they were making.

Meantime, drop by drop the water was trickling into Judith's rock-basin, which was filled by ten o'clock. Judith was the first to drink and return to her cave. Ghent remained when she had gone, piling branches and sticks upon the roof, then grass to fill the chinks, then sand to the depth of a foot. It was all a very tight for life. He remained there till nearly two o'clock in the morning, then crept to his bed, a sore and weary creature, filled with haunting doubts that bordered on despair.

For two or three days it seemed as if the newly built shelter, supplanting the bower of willows, had sufficed to stay the awful failing of the spring. More sand had been heaped upon the roof, and gravel had been heaped about the walls. Even a mass of new tree-stuff had been cut by the two and laid over and upon the rock protection.

The hole had been rendered almost cool, despite the torrid heat and the blistering strokes that returned with every wind. But not considerable flow of water had been encouraged. The drops merely oozed from the hungry sand, sped down the white fibre of broken roots and fell into Judith's receptacle, but this was enough.

Judith and Ghent, convinced that they must now depend upon the acorns, nuts, and berries, had gathered great stores of these supplies, working in the coolness of the night. Hope had almost sprung anew for them both, when an hour arrived in which not even the oozing drops trembled forth to fall into the basin.

Once more Ghent dug inward with the pick. Once more Judith scratched out the sand with her fingers. Once more a respite was promised to the pair, then again the jealous heat sank deeper in the earth and fetched up the moisture with upping funnels of the baking earth, and the famishing man and woman were tortured to the last degree.

It became a duel waged against the sun and scorching wind. Deeper and deeper became the excavation; less and less became the flow. At length the tunnel could be driven no farther. The pick smote upon a ledge of rock, through some narrow seam of which the water was wont to gush upward. It could be hunted no deeper, and only sufficient was trickling through to fill the basin in a night and day.

(To Be Continued.)

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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 95c. each
50c. Boys' Sweaters, dark colors, 39c. each
75c. Boys' Sweaters, large size, 45c. each

I. Chester Brown
32 and 36 King Square.

THE DOCTOR SAID HE COULD NOT LIVE

An Almost Fatal Illness Following an Attack of LaGrippe

The danger from grip is seldom over when the characteristic symptoms, the fever, the headache and the depression of spirits, pass away. Grip leaves behind it weakened vital powers, thin, watery blood impaired digestion and over-sensitive nerves—a condition that makes the system an easy prey to pneumonia, bronchitis, rheumatism, nervous prostration and even consumption. Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of strengthening the blood and nerves during convalescence, and for this purpose no other medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which contain the elements necessary to enrich the blood and restore weakened nerves. Mr. James L. Whitman, Milgrave, N. S., says: "Following a severe attack of LaGrippe I was completely prostrated. The doctor who attended me said that my whole system had gone wrong. My heart was affected, my kidneys weakened, digestion impaired and to make the trouble worse I had a hemorrhage of the bowels, and nearly bled to death. The doctor said I could not live, and told my wife to tell me that I had better settle up my worldly affairs. I did not care to live, my sufferings were so intense. I could not sleep, my ankles and feet were swollen, and my complexion very yellow. Friends came to see me for the last time, and one of these, more hopeful than the others, persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. While I had but little faith that they would

help me I decided to try them. Quite soon they seemed to benefit me for my appetite improved and my heart became stronger. Continuing the use of the pills it was not long before I was able to be out of bed, and after using fifteen boxes I am in good health for a man of my age. The doctor and those who knew of my case look upon me as a living wonder, as none of them expected me to get better."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MORNING NEWS OVER THE WIRES

Fire broke out in the Grecian royal palace near Athens yesterday. It is supposed to have started from a Christmas tree which the royal family was enjoying. The right wing of the palace was practically destroyed.

Commander Robert Peary depreciates the lowering of the standard of the lecture platform, and claims that on account of recent matters his self-respect will not allow him to accept anything less than \$1,000 to lecture.

In Moncton yesterday David Inzer, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, was arrested on a warrant charging him with keeping a disorderly house.

Only two of the seventeen fishing boats of the Canso fleet blown to sea by a blizzard on Tuesday morning, are now missing. It is feared that these have been lost with their crews.

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.

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 at a lower price. Write for descriptive circular to the nearest Agent.

THE STEADY WHITE LIGHT

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



HOLDING THE REINS

The night was clear, the sleighing good. They're married now; perhaps because the cutter seat not wide. She snuggled close beneath the robe. To her fond lover's side. The horse was spirited and jumped. With frequent tugs and strains. Until she innocently said, "Do let me hold the reins!" Find a farmer.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

Left side down under right arm.

WORN, WORRIED MOTHERS

Much of the worry which every mother of young children undergoes would be spared if the mother kept Baby's Own Tablets on hand and gave an occasional dose when the child was fretful, cross or feverish. Nearly all the ailments of childhood can be traced to the stomach, bowels or teething. For these troubles no medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets, and the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that the Tablets are absolutely pure.

Mrs. Ed. Suddard, Haldimand, Que., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets in my home for a long time and always with the best results. I do not know how I could get along without this medicine. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

That the willow protection they had made above the spring served merely to cast a speckled shade upon the earth, and in nowise kept out the super-heated air, she understood the better from the fact that her cave was comparatively cool, and that Ghent had been obliged to construct himself a roof with a layer of earth.