MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

Royal Baking Powder is the greatest of time and labor savers to the pastry cook. Economizes flour, butter and eggs and makes the food digestible and healthful

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Makes most healthful food
No alum—no lime phosphates
The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

COMPANIES UNITE IN A BIG MERGER

Morgan, Ryan and Morton, Financiers, Have Joined Hands

Rockefeller Junior Probing White Slave Traffic—Workman Tries to Kill Brother—Many British Sailing Vessels at New York

New York, Jan. 3—J. Pierpont Morgan, Thomas F. Ryan and Levi P. Morton linked hands in New York today in a trust company merger, probably the largest of its kind in the United States, with united resources of $150,000,000. It is a triple combination, bringing the Guaranty Trust Company, The Morton Trust Company and the Fifth Avenue Trust Company, all of this city, under one head, with the title of the Guaranty Trust Company.

Levi P. Morton who is president of the Morton Trust Company and the Fifth Avenue Trust Company—both known as Morton-Ryan concerns—has consented to act as chairman of the board of the merged companies, for which no president has yet been selected.

New York, Jan. 3—The district-attorney of New York and the son of the richest man in the world took up today, one directly, and the other indirectly, an investigation of the so-called white slave traffic.

John D. Rockefeller, jr., is foreman of a grand jury sworn in today, charged especially with the task of inquiring into the traffic in women with a view either to rigid prosecution or an end to sensation slanders against New York. Charles S. Whitman, the new district-attorney, began a similar line of inquiry on this, his first official day in office.

Lowell, Mass., Jan. 3—Out of work and made desperate, it is said, by his inability to support his infant daughter and his 12-year old brother, Adelard, George Marcotte, a mulespinner, 22 years of age, tonight threw the young lad into the Hamilton canal. The crew of a passing train rescued the boy. The elder brother gave himself up at a police station where he is held on a charge of attempted murder.

New York, Jan. 3—During the year 109 the total number of vessels arriving at the port of New York, according to the books of the government at the barge office, was 10,760, of which 6,803 were steamers and 3,957 sailing vessels. This shows an increase of 1,081 vessels compared with the year 1908, of which 555 were sailing vessels. The arrivals by totals from countries for 1909 were: American, 752; British, 1,862; German, 560; Norwegian, 463; French and Italian, 161; Dutch, 178.

Mrs. Samuel Bell, of 427 Douglas avenue, received word yesterday from Mica, Washington, to the effect that her nephew, Claude Embleton, was accidentally killed at that place while working with heavy timber. No other particulars were given. Mr. Embleton formerly belonged to Harvey Station (N. B.), where he was well known. He leaves his wife and two children.

An enjoyable concert was held at the Seamen's Mission last evening. Among those who took part in the programme were Laurie McLean, Geo. E. Lockley, Tom Bond and J. W. Malkinson. The Grampian men will give a concert at the institute on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

PILES CURED IN 6 to 14 DAYS
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

IMPORTS OF DIAMONDS IS MUCH GREATER

United States Bought $25,000,000 Worth and Paid $2,500,000 Duty

Washington, Jan. 3—Prosperity has returned, according to the figures of the imports and exports for the calendar year of 1909, just published by the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor. The surest indication of ready money, officials declare, is the diamond market, and during the first eleven months of 1909 this has boomed, the importation of cut diamonds amounting to $25,214,541, three times more than during the same period last year and almost $6,500,000 more than during that time in 1907. In fact, the imports of cut diamonds for this year, with December omitted, amounted to over a million dollars more than for the twelve months of 1907, the banner year in the importation of cut diamonds. On these cut diamonds this year the United States government has collected $2,500,000 in duties. Belgium and The Netherlands are the countries selling the most of these stones to the United States.

It will surprise many people to learn that more than $40,000,000 worth of diamonds and other precious stones were imported into the United States for the first eleven months of 1909. These are the correct figures, and represent an increase of $28,000,000 over the figures of 1908, and more than $8,000,000 over 1907, this country's record year for the imports of jewels.

During the calendar year the foreign commerce of the United States exceeds in value that of any earlier year, with the single exception of 1907. The imports were larger than for any previous twelve months, but the exports will fall somewhat below those of 1906 and 1907. The only matter for serious reflection in the report is the statement that the exportation of foodstuffs, both raw and manufactured, has fallen lower than has been noted in a decade. This gives rise to some apprehension, especially when it is accompanied by the statement that, while other countries are selling to the United States, this country's trade with other nations has suffered.

YEAR IN PRISON FOR CIRCULATING OBSCENE MATTER

Toronto, Jan. 3—(Special)—Rarely have people in court heard a more severe excoriation of crime than that Judge Winchester handed out in the case of J. G. King and L. J. Skell, who pleaded guilty to circulating obscene literature—translations of French novels. Each got one year in the Central prison.

C.P.R. EARNINGS MAY EXCEED HUNDRED MILLIONS

Montreal, Jan. 3—It was estimated some time ago that the earnings of the complete Canadian Pacific transportation system for the year just ended would amount to $100,000,000 and returns filed with the company up to the end of last year more than justify that estimate, and indicate that the gross increase of the system may even exceed the hundred million mark, which will be the largest earnings ever recorded by the C. P. R. for any year.

A small boy never looks comfortable in his Sunday clothes.

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

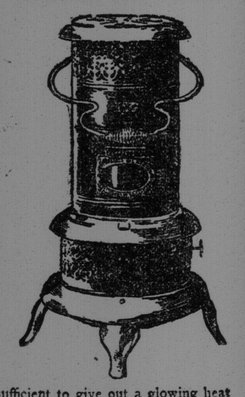
Automatic Smokeless Device

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

Solid brass font holds 4 quarts of oil—sufficient to give out a glowing heat for 9 hours—solid brass wick carriers—damper top—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

OUTING SWEATER IN HONEYCOMB STITCH

This trim skating coat not only feels warm, but also looks delightfully warm and comfortable. The heaviest wool, knitted in a close honeycomb stitch, has been used and the coat is double-breasted, buttoning snugly to the throat, where there is a big collar which may be turned up about the ears. White is the most attractive color for a skating costume and this sensible coat is matched by a cap of white angora and warm gloves of worsted. A white fox fur turban and muff would also add dash and chic to the white sweater skating coat.

The New Commandment

By Anthony Verrall.

(Continued.)

No shattering of hope could have been more absolute. The man's brain, dominant amid his trials of heat, fatigue, privation, and suffering, might reel in a dizzy whirl, but one or more of its thoughts were almost too clear and sane to be supported. He was finally aware that no man alive could make his way out of the desert unguided and alone. That the desolation might extend for hundreds of miles was more than possible; and a prescience informed him that the man who had perished a yard from where he stood had doubtless pursued the same mirage till his skull had burst from the heat and mental agony and he had fallen on his face to move no more.

A sickening sense of his helplessness gave way to a greater emotion in Ghent's stubborn being. He would not give up! He would not die in this open hell! He would live and defy the very fates! It meant going back—all the long way back to the mountain oasis—back to the spring, the struggle—and to Judith Haines!

He laughed aloud, in a terrible manner. He called out to the skelleton, "Not yet, brother, not yet!" and started dizzily southward, facing the quivering desert he had traveled.

How he staggered at noon to the scant protection of a friendly shelf of rock he could never have told. How long he lay there, panting and barely retaining his sanity, concerned him not in the slightest degree. As much by instinct as by design, he arose, towards sundown, and staggered off southward doggedly—bound home.

He walked till nearly midnight. By then he had topped the range of hills he had scaled at dawn going northward. The night was not intensely dark, so vastly numerous and so brilliant were the stars. The silence was deeper than profundity. God's majestic austerity claimed all that world, so freed of the gauds and baubles of earthly beauty. There was something marvelously splendid in the very desolation.

Ghent gazed across the mighty land from the rocky summit where he made his bed, and fancied he could just discern the great V cleft in the range so far to the southward—the range of the green oasis. While he looked a lustrous star burned in glory down in the very angle of the V. For a moment he thought it must be Judith's camp-fire, glowing in the night—a beacon-light of comfort and of home. Then he knew it was not. He sank into dreamless sleep, and the mighty procession of the spheres, working out the destinies of planets, suns, and moons, swung westward in the desert realms of space.

CHAPTER XV.

Judith Haines, left to herself in the mountain strip of greenery, had undergone many sensations when at the end of her first day of absolute solitude the twilight found her wrapped in reflections before her open cave. Just before sunset she had slain a rabbit with her sling. Her traps were set. Her grim scheme of living had abated not a jot of its fierceness.

Nevertheless, the night brought on a poignant realization of all that it meant to be living here alone, abandoned by the other human being with whom she had come to the desert.

How it would seem on the morrow, and after a week, and after a month had passed she could not even faintly conjecture. That such an enforced isolation must soon become terrible she could have no doubt. The thought of living on and on, slaying the birds and beasts for food, speaking to no one, seeing no being of her kind, degenerating rapidly into a savage female hermit—this was but faintly suggested to her mind, for she shunned the prospect in dread.

John Ghent, her enemy, had at least been human. His presence had meant no companionship, and yet it had certainly been something. She had hated him here; she hated him now more intensely for his selfishness. That she could have no hope of escaping from the desert, with no receptacle in which to carry water, she readily conceded. Where Ghent had secured his canteen, she could not guess. What the end of her own career in this desert oasis would finally be she would not have dared to foresee.

All that day she had roved the small green theatre of life, hungry, unkempt, and disturbed. All day she had kept a furtive watch upon the camp John Ghent had quitted, almost in hopes that he might return, and finally wondering what, if anything, he might have left behind that she could use.

She had not, however, visited his camp. Some pride, or some half-defined suspicion that he might not be actually gone, but be lurking near enough to detect her in her curious inspection of his fort, compelled her to shun the place as thoroughly as she must always have done while the man remained at his shelter.

When at length she retired within her cave that night she had no thought of fear. She heard the howl of some prowling coyote that came here to hunt, and smelled out the tracks of a preying creature greater than himself—a human being, hungry and relentless—and she took up her hammer, the stone tool that man has made in all the ages, and stood at her cave-mouth ready for defense.

But the wolf-like animal howled no more. He hunted in silence, and finding her trap, wherein a belated quail had been captured at dusk, repeated Ghent's performance of the dawn. He killed the bird and robbed the trap, devouring his victim on the spot.

In the morning a second of Judith's engines of capture had performed its functions, slaying a grouse. She had meat in aoundance. She breakfasted heartily for once, and set her traps anew, discovering the feathers left on the ground where the lone coyote had munched at his feast.

The second long day of Ghent's absence had commenced. Judith had scrutinized his camp from a distance on emerging from her cave. When her breakfast was finished she proceeded up the gorge and looked again upon the shelter Ghent had made. She felt he would never return.

22—Story.

Some boldness and exhilaration of spirit that the cool, bright mornings always brought upon her, expanded in her bosom as she though of her absolute dominion over all the oasis contained. Ghent's camp was hers if she wished it; the appurtenances left there at his departure were likewise hers should she need them.

She climbed the slope and, proceeding to the shelter, stood with folded arms disdainfully looking it over. There lay the cordage he had fetched from the valley, and there lay his bow, unstrung, with a number of arrows beside it. The ashes of his former fires lay in a small gray heap at the edge of which were bones half burned and greasy. For a moment she thought of taking the bow, for which she felt certain she could readily fashion additional arrows.

Then a scorn for anything and everything that a Ghent had made or handled brought a hard compression to her lips and a light of contempt to her eyes. The things could all lie here and rot! When she needed a bow she would make one.

She returned to the spring. A certain sense of freedom stole upon her, especially now that Ghent's shelter had been visited. There could be no restraint upon her actions. She was all alone. The strip of greenery was hers; the spring, the sunlight—everything was hers. She stripped off her clothing and bathed in the water that trickled down its channel from the well. She took down her hair and tried to comb it with her fingers. It was hopelessly tangled. Yet, despite its condition, it was a glorious mantle to her shoulders. She was superb—a natural creature in a natural environment.

It seemed as if the very action of disrobing and standing exposed to the sun and air begot a new sort of wildness and freedom in her blood. No Eev in her garden could have been more utterly unconscious of her beauty, no Diana could have trod more like a goddess.

Not for long, however, could Judith remain in idleness. Dressed again soon and bothered anew by the uncontrolled strands of her hair, especially those which trailed down her forehead and into her eyes, she tore a twig from a willow, wound her front locks upon it, and suddenly conceived a plan for ridding herself of these tresses entirely. She could burn them off.

The operation, with Judith, was a brief affair. Returning to her cave, she plew upon certain of the smoldering embers of her breakfast-fire, and thus secured a number of twigs glowing hot for an inch or so of their length. With two of these kept alive in her hand she hastened once more to the spring, in one still pool of which she had previously seen her face reflected.

It was the work of a moment only to catch up the stray, flying strands that annoyed her so constantly and wind them tightly on a stick. Thus held in a firm, tidy manner close up to her scalp, the locks were ready for the brand. She caught up one of the twigs with red fire aglow upon its end, leaned out above the mirroring pool of water, and drawing the hot coal straight along the twig on which her hair was rolled, burned it off in a clean straight line as neatly as a barber could have cut it.

For a moment, beholding the ease with which the trick had been accomplished, she was tempted to serve the mass of her hair in a similar manner, removing it close to the nape of her neck. But a woman loves her hair. She could not make the sacrifice, even here in this world of desert. She made up her mind she would carve out a comb, and cut the smallest crotches from the willows to serve in her hair in lieu of pins.

Not that day, however, did she work out these requisites of her toilet. The one need—food—for to-day, tomorrow and the days to come impressed itself upon her thoughts relentlessly. Moreover, her body craved more than merely meat. She wanted for bread, or any vegetable, and she wanted constantly for salt. Once more she examined the hard green acorns growing in abundance on the oak shrubs, only to find as she had before, that they were quite impossible.

The small manzanita-berries were even less promising. She walked to a grove of stunted pine-nut trees that grew on a slope down the canon. Beneath them were numerous cones, all open and empty, while the cones that were growing on the branches were as hard and green as so many unripe pineapples, and their suffacts were oozing with pitch. There was nothing, not even the seed, to be ground up and baked for variety of diet and salt was out of the puestion.

Against the hunger that returned once more with the waning of the day there was no fresh captive in the traps that Judith visited. She went to bed hungry—and once again the down-creep of the night banished all her spirit of dominion, all her sense of ownership and freedom in the strip, and in its place came the thoughts of her utter loneliness in the desolation sanctified to silence.

That this sense of her isolation would tend to increase upon her daily she was made aware on the following morning when again she gazed across the gorge to Ghent's rude shelter in the rocks and beheld it still untenanted. Some unvoiced hope that he might have returned in the night had faintly stirred in her bosom. The brilliance, purity, and exhilaration of the morning's youth, failed to stir her emotions of gladness.

That day she was able to kill and eat, so that the primal appetite of her being was once more quieted. Despair, however, could not be allayed. Her hunger for the world, her kind, her friends, seemed to culminate that day and become a clamorous passion. For this there could be not even a partial satisfaction. Her traps were powerless to aid her here. A dread of the days and weeks to come assailed her. More than she ever had before, she feared for the wild, half-starved thing she must become, crazed, savage, clinging to life fanatically—a veritable sister to the wolves.

A hundred times she went to the spring that day, and as often returned to her cave. Her work could not fasten her attention. She made no confession to herself that John Ghent was on her mind, troubling her unaccountably; she would not admit that she wished him back, much as she must have him; should he come; nevertheless, it was not for the water that she climbed the gorge so many times, nor to make an inspection of her traps.

There was nothing to tell her that out in the glare of the valley, to the north, a half-crazed man was staggering painfully home; nevertheless, unrest was in her bosom, and she wandered back and forth at random.

The sun went down at length upon the blistered world of rock and mountain. Since breakfast, Judith had neither eaten nor desired to eat. Once again, at dusk, she had so many times all afternoon, she ascended the silent ravine to a point in the alders from which she could look straight downward at the spring. There was nothing there. She remained at her post of vantage, however, while the minutes went by and the night-shades crept tangibly downward through the strip of green.

About to turn and leave the place, she started abruptly and strained a little forward, her breath coming short and rapidly, for no earthly reason that she knew. A moment later one of the clumps of willows above the spring of water swayed as if some heavy weight had swept against it. Then Ghent reeled weakly into sight—a terrible figure, spent, all but mad, ghastly, with swollen lips and bulging eyes, his stubble-bearded face a mask of agony—always with that sinister scar upon his jaw.

(To be Continued)

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

FUNTFERS will not harm the skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones Street, New York.

They Keep The Brakes Set

And So Can Never Do Their Best

Many men, and more women, go through life like a train with the engine tugging, but the brakes hard on. They never get anywhere near top speed, because they are never really well.

Probably they do not own even to themselves that they are sick, but they scarcely know what it is to really "feel good." Always there is Headache, or that "dragged out feeling" which makes good work, either mental or physical, utterly impossible.

The most common trouble with all these people is that they have Constipation. Their systems are poisoned with the waste matter, which stays in the blood, instead of being promptly removed by the bowels. Harsh purgatives are worse than no treatment at all, because they weaken and irritate the bowels, instead of curing the trouble.

The natural and permanent cure for Constipation is "Fruitatives."

"Fruit-a-tives" combines the well-known laxative principles of apples, oranges, figs and prunes. So perfect is the combination that "Fruit-a-tives" acts like the fresh fruit, by stimulating the sluggish liver to supply the proper amount of bile to move the bowels regularly.

The most stubborn cases of Constipation promptly yield to the curative and corrective effects of "Fruit-a-tives."

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, or trial box, 25c.—at dealers or from Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

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.

MATTER OF 'PHONE RATES TO LEGISLATURE

Common Council Action Against Increase—J. E. Wilson, M.P.P. Approves

The city council at its meeting yesterday afternoon took definite action protesting against the increase in the telephone rates, and the bills and by-laws committee will prepare a memorial to be submitted to the provincial government.

The resolution was adopted on motion of Ald. McGoldrick who, after the other business of the council was completed, arose and expressed the opinion that the present telephone rates were burdensome and unwarranted. The board of aldermen as representing the people should take action. There was no reason for the advance and it was in the power of the city to check it for if he should move that pole rights be granted to any telephone company asking for them the city would by tomorrow have applications from ten companies all willing to supply service at a lower rate. Had the recent amalgamation not taken place there would have been no attempt at an increase, for the telephone company was making money at the old rate. However, there was a show of opposition and this prevented any increase. The merger had taken place, however, and now the city was getting the worst end of it. If a city delegation should be sent to the legislature he believed they would be heard, as the Union of Municipalities had condemned the telephone rates at their last meeting and the next meeting to be held in Campbellton on Feb. 10, would follow the same line of action. The city should get its protest before the legislature just as soon as possible. He then moved the following resolution, which was seconded by Ald. Potts and adopted unanimously:

"Resolved, that the local government be memorialized to amend act 7 Edward VII., chapter 37, entitled an act respecting telephone companies, so as to provide that telephone rates and tolls may not be increased above the present rates and tolls without the approval of the lieutenant-governor-in-council and upon the hearing of all parties who may desire to oppose such an increase and that such memorial shall be prepared by the bills and by-laws committee and reported to the council."

As it was after 7 o'clock when Ald. McGoldrick introduced his resolution there was no discussion upon it, but aldermen in talking of it after the council adjourned expressed the emphatic opinion that it was a movement in the right direction.

John E. Wilson, M. P. P., who informed last night of the resolution which had passed the common council protesting against the increased telephone rates, expressed his hearty approval with the movement, and said he would do all in his power in favor of the protest when it came before the legislature. In discussing the telephone situation Mr. Wilson said: "I am much opposed to the increased rates and as a member of the legislature I feel that it is my duty to find out where the people stand in this matter. In the past not enough care has been exercised to protect the rights of the people in this and in other matters. The matter should be thoroughly gone into and if the telephone company have any rates which are unfair to the people generally, steps should be taken at once to rectify this condition. When the legislature meets I want to do my part as a representative of all the people. While all companies have certain rights, they should not encroach upon the rights of the public. No party of men should be allowed to make an unfair profit out of the public at large, particularly through the agency of a public utility. Any such privileges, if existing, which are proven to be inimical to the rights of all should be at once nullified. The public must be protected and I will do all I can in support of the protest. I think it is a step in the right direction."

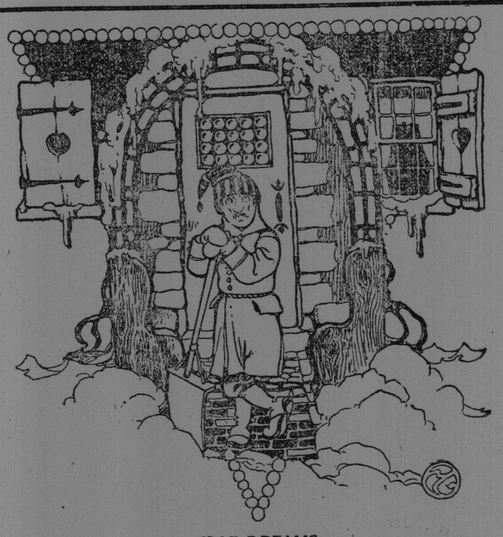
The average girl wonders how hatpins and belt buckles were ever included in the list of acceptable Christmas gifts.

It doesn't take much to make a poor child happy. Doesn't this suggest something to you?

Ague and ague are not easily shaken off.

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

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



IDLE DREAMS

Do you ever dream of a month called June,
With roses that swing from the arbor vine,
Where the night birds sing to the golden moon,
And the "peepers" echo the watch dog's whine?

'Tis sweet to think of the odors soft,
And the tree tops' melodies long and low,
And the feathery clouds that are poised aloft,
Ere we get down to business and shovel snow.

Find another shoveler.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

Left side down in front of lady.

Bilious?

"How are your bowels?" the doctor always asks. He knows how important is the question of constipation. He knows that inactivity of the liver will often produce most disastrous results. We believe Ayer's Pills are the best liver pills you can possibly take. Sold for over 60 years.

Doctors all agree that an active liver is positively essential to health. Ask your own doctor about Ayer's Pills.

J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.