MC 2035

POOR DOCUMENT

The HONOR of the BIG SNOWS

By James Oliver Curwood

Author of THE DANGER TRAIL

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(Synopsis of Previous Chapters)

As Melisse, wife of John Cummins, lies dying in her cabin home in the far Canadian north, she hears music. Presently the door opens and Jan Thoreau, with his violin, enters. After the death of Melisse, Jann, who soothed her last moments, is invited to stay on in the cabin with Cummins, who is a hunter.

The mother has left a little girl, also named Melisse, for whom Jan feels a supreme love.

In the frequent absences of the little Melisse's father, Jan, cares for the little baby, prevents her Indian nurse from bringing her up as a papoose, and often plays to her.

CHAPTER IV—(Continued.)

"Ah, ze sweet leetle white angel!" he would cry, as she tugged and kicked. "I luf you so—I luf you, an' you will be ze gr-r-eat bea-utiful white angel lak—her!"

He would laugh and coo like like a mother, and talk, for at these times Jan Thoreau's tongue was as voluble as his violin.

Sometimes Melisse listened as if she understood the wonderful things he was telling her. She would lie upon her back with her eyes fixed upon him, her little red fists doubled over his bow, or a thumb thrust into her mouth. And the longer she lay like this, gazing at him blankly, the more convinced Jan became that she was understanding him; and his voice grew soft and low, and his eyes shone with a soft mist as he told her those things which John Cummins could have given much to know.

"Some day you shall understand why it happened, sweet Melisse,' he whispered, bringing his eyes so near that she reached up an inquiring finger to them. "Then you will luf Jan Thoreau!"

There were other times when Jan did not talk, but when the baby Melisse talked to him; and these were moments of even greater joy. With the baby wriggling and kicking, and making queer noises in her tiny cot, he would sit silently upon his heels, watching her with the pride and happiness of a mother lynx in the first tumbling frolics of her kittens.

Once, when Melisse straightened herself for an instant, and half reached up her tiny arms to him, laughing and cooing into his face, he gave a glad cry, crushed his face down to hers, and did what he had not dared to do before—kissed her. There was something about it that frightened the little Melisse, and she set up a wailing that sent Jan, in a panic of dismay, for Maballa. It was a long time before he ventured to kiss her again.

It was during this fortnight of desolation at the post that Jan discovered the big problem for himself and John Cummins. In the last days of the second week, he spent much of his time skirting the edge of the barrens in search of caribou, that there might be meat in abundance when the dogs and men returned little later. One afternoon he returned early, while the pale sun was still in the sky, laden with the meat of a musk-ox. As he came from the edge of the forest, his slender body doubled over under the weight of his pack, a terrifying sight greeted him in the little clearing at the post.

Upon her knees in front of their cabin was Maballa, industriously rolling the half-naked little Melisse about in a soft pile of snow, and doing her work, as she firmly believed, in a most faithful and thorough manner. With a shriek, Jan threw off his pack and darted toward her like a wild thing.

"Sacre bleu—you keel—keel ze leetle Melisse!" he cried shrilly, snatching up the half-frozen child. "Mon Dieu, she ees not papoose! She ees ceevilize—ceevilize!" and he ran swiftly with her into the cabin, flinging back a torrent of Cree anathema at the dumbly bewildered Maballa.

Jan left the rest of his musk-ox to the wolves and foxes. He went out into the snow, and found half a dozen other snow-wallows in which the helpless Melisse had taken her chilling baths. He watched Maballa with a new growing terror, and fifty times a day he said to her:

"Melisse ees not papoose! She ees ceevilize—lak her!" And he would point to the lonely grave under the guardian spruce.

At last Maballa went into an ecstasy of understanding. Melisse was not to be taken out and rolled in the snow; so she brought in the snow and rolled it over Melisse!

When Jan discovered this, his tongue twisted itself into sounds so terrible, and his face writhed so fiercely, that Maballa began to comprehend that thereafter no snow at all, either out doors or in, was to be used in the physical development of the little Melisse.

This was the beginning of the problem, and it grew and burst forth in all its significance on the day before Cummins came in from the wilderness.

For a week Maballa had been dropping sly hints of a wonderful thing which she and the factor's half-breed wife were making for the baby. Jan had visions of a gorgeous garment covered with beads and gaudy braid, which would give the little Melisse unending delight. On the day before Cummin's arrival, Jan came in from chopping wood, and went to the cot. It was empty. Maballa was gone. A sudden fear thrilled him to the marrow, and he sprang back to the cabin door, ready to shriek out the Indian woman's name.

A sound stopped him—the softest, sweetest sound in all the world to Jan Thoreau—and he whirled around like a cat. Melisse was smiling and making queer, friendly little signals to him from the table. She was standing upright, wedged in a coffin-shaped thing from which only her tiny face peered out at him; and Jan knew that this was Maballa's surprise. Melisse was in a papoose-sling!

"Melisse, I say you shall be no papoose!" he cried, running to the table. "You ees ceevilize! You shall be no papoose—not if twen' t'ous'nd devil come tak Jan Thoreau!"

And he snatched her from her prison, flung Maballa's handiwork out into the snow, and waited impatiently for the return of John Cummins.

CHAPTER V.

Love Patches.

Cummins returned the next day—not that his work among the wild trappers to the south was finished, but because he had suffered a hurt in falling from a slippery ledge. When Jan, from his wood-chopping in the edge of the forest, saw the team race up to the little cabin and a strange Cree half carry the wounded man through the door, he sped swiftly across the open with visions of new misfortune before him.

What he saw when he reached the door was reassuring. Cummins was upon his knees beside the cot, his big shoulders hunched over, and Melisse was welcoming him with her whole vocabulary of sound. The injury to Cummins' leg was not serious; and not being serious, it was accepted as a special incident of Providence by Jan, for the new thoughts that had come into his head were causing him great uneasiness.

He lost no time in revealing his fears, after Maballa had been sent to the factor's wife. With graphic gesture he told of what had happened. Cummins hobbled to the door to look upon the wallows in the snow, and hobbled back to the table when Jan ran there in excited imitation of the way in which he had found the little Melisse in Maballa's sling.

"She ees ceevilize!" finished Jan hotly. "She ees not papoose! She mus' be lak—her!" His great eyes shone, and Cummins felt a thickening in his throat as he looked into them and saw what the boy meant. "Maballa make papoose out of Melisse. She grow—know not'ing, lak papoose, talk lak papoose—' '

Jan's feelings overwhelmed his tongue. His shining hair rumpled thickly about his face as he leaned anxiously toward Cummins; and Cummins, in turn, stared down in dumb perplexity upon the joyful kickings and wrigglings of the growing problem.

"Ees she not ceevilize?" demanded Jan ecstatically, bending his black head over her. "Ah, ze sweet Melisse!"

"Yes, she must be like her, Jan—just as good and just as sweet and just as beautiful," interrupted Cummins gently.

There was a quick intaking of his breath as he hobbled back to his own cot, leaving Jan to play with the baby.

That night, in the dim, sputtering glow of an oil-lamp, John Cummins and Jan Thoreau solemnly set to work to thrash out the great problem that had suddenly entered into their existence. To these two there was no element of humor in what they were doing, for into their keeping had been given a thing for which God had not schemed them. The woman, had she been there, would have laughed at them, and in a dozen gentle breaths might have told them all that the world held in secret between mother and child; but, leaving them, she had passed on to them something that was life, like herself, and yet mystery.

Had fate given Maballa to Melisse for a mother there would have been no mystery. She would have developed as naturally as a wolf-whelp or a lynx-kitten, a savage breath of life in a savage world, waxing fat in snow-baths(arrow-straight in papoose-slings, a moving, natural thing in a desolation to which generations and centuries of forebears had given it birthright. But Melisse was like her mother. In the dreams of the two who were planning out her fate, she was to be a reincarnation of her mother. That dream left a ray of comfort in Cummins' breast when his wife died. It stirred happy visions within Jan. And it ended with a serious shock when Maballa brought into their mental perspective of things the possibilities of environment.

So far as Cummins knew, there was not a white woman nearer than Fort Churchill ,two hundred miles away. In all that region he knew of only two full-white men ,and they were Williams and himself. The baby Melisse was hopelessly lost in a world of savagery; honest, loyal, big-souled savagery—but savagery for all that, and the thought of it brought the shadows of fear and foreboding to the two into whose lives the problem had just come.

Long into the night they talked seriously of the matter, while Melisse slept; and the longer they talked, the greater loomed the problem before them. Cummins fancied that he already began to see signs of the transformation in Melisse. She was passionately fond of the gaudy things Maballa gave her, which was a sign of savagery. She was charmed by confinement in the papoose-sling, which was another sign of it; and she had not died in the snow-wallows—which was still another.

(To be continued).

BEST CURE FOR SKIN SORES IS ZAM-BUK

An illustration of the way in which Zam-Buk cures even the most serious and chronic cases of ulcers, eruptions and sores is provided by Mr. R. H. Barker, of Glencairn, Ont., He says:

"I would not have believed that any remedy could cure so quickly, and at the same time so effectively, as Zam-Buk cured me.

"My face became covered with a kind of rash, which itched and irritated. This rash then turned to sores, which discharged freely and began to spread. I first tried one thing and then another, but nothing seemed to do me any good, and the eruption got worse and worse, until my face was just covered with running sores.

"Apart from the pain (which was very bad), my face was such a terrible sight that I was not fit to go out. This was my state when some one advised me to try Zam Buk. I got a supply and, marvellous as it may sound, within little under a month every sore on my face was healed. I was so amazed that I have told the facts to several persons, and I have no objection to your stating my experience for the benefit of other sufferers."

Zam-Buk is purely herbal in composition and is the ideal balm for babies and young children, for whose tender skin coarse ointments are so dangerous. Zam-Buk is a sure cure for cold sores, chapped hands, frost bite, blood-poison, varicose sores, piles, scalp sores, ring-worm, inflamed patches, babies' eruptions and chapped places, cuts, burns, bruises and skin injuries generally. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price. Refuse harmful substitutes.

WORKED 50 YEARS FOR ONE FAMILY; 25 FOR ANOTHER

Madrid, Jan 10—Juan Pastrana Gaicia, an agricultural laborer is dead at the age of 113. He had worked fifty years for one family and twenty-five for another.

La MARQUISE de FONTENOY

Sir Edward Carson, the Opponent of Home Rule—Miss Ellen Stone Would Return to Scene of Capture by Brigands

(Copyright, 1912, by the Brentwood Company.)

Sir Edward Carson, a martyr to dyspepsia, and who is the most sombre and saturnine looking man in British politics, is at the present moment perhaps the most important figure therein by reason of his leadership of the almost fanatic opposition on both sides of St. George's Channel to any form of Irish home rule.

Indeed, he is going to the length of inciting the adversaries of home rule in Great Britain, and more especially in Ireland, to resistance by force, if necessary, and challenged at a meeting of the Ulster Orangemen's Association, of which he is president, at Omagh, in Ireland, on Thursday last, the government of the day to treat him as a rebel against the crown, and to do its worst against him in the courts of law.

He is an Irishman, both on the side of his father and his mother, the latter having been one of the Galway Lamberts, a graduate of Trinity College, where he won fame as an athlete, he speaks with a rich and rather soft Dublin accent. He is very tall, of the lanky, willowy order, and justifies the gibe of a flippant reporter who wrote that Sir Edward Carson "rose, at great length, to reply."

He is the embodiment of the popular idea of Sherlock Holmes, having a thin, hatchet face, an extremely dark, sallow complexion, imperturbable calm, and shares with Joseph Chamberlain the rare gift of making the tone of the voice and the facial expression intensify the bitterness of the spoken word.

He first made his name at the Irish bar, and then came prominently before the public as prosecutor for the crown in Ireland, under the so-called Crimes Act, when Arthur Balfour was Irish secretary.

His experiences in those exciting times were of the most extraordinary description, and one of the strangest was the occasion when he was called upon to prosecute William O'Brien, M. P., I think at Cork. Just as the case was about to open, a telegram from the government, in cipher, was put into his hand, instructing him to get the case postponed. In spite of this, prompted by some intuition, he decided to take no notice of the instructions and to go on with the trial. His course won him no end of kudos. For the telegram turned out to be a forgery, though how the senders managed to get hold of the government cipher and how they succeeded in forging the stamp of the telegraph office as they did—for the message never passed over the wires at all—no one ever found out.

Although Sir Edward Carson bore the brunt of the fighting in connection with the so-called Crimes Act, he received little or no reward. True, he was made solicitor general for Ireland, for a few months, but he had to wait for ten years or more until he received altogether inadequate recognition for his services, as solicitor general for England, an appointment due rather to his eminence as a lawyer than to the remembrance of his political services, and there is no truth in the story circulated to the effect that he was offered a seat in the cabinet as chief secretary for Ireland.

In fact, it was owing to his exclusion from the cabinet and to the lack of gratitude of Arthur Balfour, who is renowned for his failure to remember his friends, that Carson broke from him in the course of a particularly memorable scene in the House of Commons. Balfour, indeed, who was premier at the time, came as near breaking down as ever any statesman had been in the house, and seemed unable to realize that Sir Edward should ever have entertained any unkindly feelings towards him.

Sir Edward's most memorable success at the English bar was his brilliant defence of the late Marquis of Queensberry, in the action for slander brought against him by Oscar Wilde, whom he virtually drove out of English life. With a mother who belonged to one of the oldest county families of Galway, and with a charming Irish wife, who belongs to another of these Galway clans, it is only natural that Sir Edward should be the champion par excellence of the Irish landlords.

While there may be many different opinions as to the eventual outcome of the fight against that Irish home rule to which the present government stands committed, and which has even been accepted in principle by a number of Conservative statesmen, such as, for instance, Arthur Balfour, there is no doubt that the adversaries of the repeal of the union, alike in Ireland and in Great Britain, have in Sir Edward Carson, as their leader, an altogether remarkable man, very daring, very clever, alternately sombre and gay, in turn fierce and gentle, very magnetic, slightly mysterious, a perfect fanatic in some things, broad minded to the extreme in others, extraordinarily quick-witted, and gifted with a thoroughly Hibernian talent of reparte; as changeable as the Irish sky, and, in one word, with the complex temperament of the true Celt.

Miss Stone and the Brigands

In view of Miss Ellen Stone's announcement from Chelsea, Mass., that, having recovered her health, she is about to return to her educational work in Macedonia where she was some ten years ago captured by brigands and carried off into mountain fastnesses until the heavy ransom of some $70,000 demanded for her release had been paid, first by popular subscription, the money later reimbursed by the United States congress, it would be well if the state department at Washington were to make public a notification similar to the one issued in 1908 by the English foreign office to the effect that the British government would from thenceforth decline to pay ransom for any British subject who had been captured by brigands in Morocco or in any other lawless, or more or less barbarous country.

Until that time, as often as Britons had been captured by bandits when picknicking on the plains of Marathon, while engaged on shooting expeditions in the interior of Albania and other portions of Turkey, in hunting trips in Morocco, in geographical explorations, in educational or missionary work in China and other parts of Asia and Africa, the English government had always been required to pay the ransom, on the very risky chance of recovering the amount from the potentate in whose dominions the outrage had taken place.

In many cases the British treasury had been unsuccessful in getting back the money in this fashion, the government concerned arguing that the people captured had gone there at their own risk, knowing full well that it was against the wishes of the local authorities, who had warned them that they could not guarantee their safety. The money, therefore, had usually to come out of the pocket of the British taxpayer.

There is no earthly reason why the taxpayers who stay at home should be called upon to pay ransom for some compatriot who for his own amusement or profit or through some sense of self-ascribed duty, enters of his own accord a country infested by brigands. If he chooses to run the risk of capture by bandits, a risk of which he is perfectly well aware, he should accept the consequences. Moreover, as long as it was known that the British government undertook to ransom any of its subjects who happened to be captured by foreign brigands, the latter had a potent inducement to kidnap and hold for ransom liege of the King of England.

In fact, there has been much less of this kidnapping of English by brigands since it has become generally known that the British government would under no circumstances furnish the ransom. I may add that one never hears of any Italian or Greek, Spaniard or Portuguese being captured by Turkish or Moorish bandits, who know too well that it would be hopeless to expect anything in the shape of ransom from the governments to which their prisoners are subject.

Without in the least deprecating the sense of duty which leads Miss Stone to return to the scene of her capture and ransom some ten years ago, she ought to be given thoroughly to understand that she goes at her own risk, that the United States government cannot undertake to protect her in the wilds of Macedonia, which is in a state of acknowledged lawlessness and rebellion, and that she must not expect that either the United States treasury or the people who put their hands into their pockets for her a decade ago can do so again.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

"Ma," inquired Bobby, "hasn't pa a queer idea of Heaven?" "Well, I think not, Bobby. Why?" "I heard him say that the week you spent at the seashore seemed like Heaven to him."

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH POWDER 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. 25c. blower free. Accept no substitute. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A CLEAN SWEEP SALE OF

DRY GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, ETC.

THE SALE THE PEOPLE ARE WAITING FOR

After looking our stock over we find we have more winter goods than we can handle for this season, and to make room for spring goods we have decided to hold this sale and break all records of previous sales.

This is to be a ROUSING SALE! We are Slashing Prices Right and Left, and Cost is not Considered by Us!

Our prices were considered very low all the year round, and now that the prices are cut almost in half one cannot afford to miss such an opportunity of procuring seasonable goods at half price. Below we mention a few of the bargains. Read the following:

YARD GOODS

Regular Price	Sale Price
10c. Shaker Flannel, 27 in. wide..	7 1-2c.
12c. Shaker Flannel, 36 in. wide	9 1-2c.
10c. Prints	7 1-2c.
12c. Prints	9 1-2c.
12c. Flannelette	9 1-2c.
10c. Factory Cotton	7 1-2c.
12c. Factory Cotton	9 1-2c.
8c. Towelling	5 1-2c.
12c. Towelling	8c.

A few pieces of Dress Goods to clear at one-half price.

UNDERWEAR

50c. Men's Fleece-lined Underwear..	39c.
85c. Men's Heavy Wool Underwear ..	65c.
40c. Boys' Fleece Underwear..	30c.
25c. Women's Underwear	19c.
35c. Women's Underwear..	25c.
20c. to 50c. Children's Underwear	12c. to 25c.

HOSIERY

20c. Men's Grey Heavy Sox..	15c. or 2 pair for 25c.
25c. Men's Grey Heavy Sox..	18c.
30c. Men's Grey Heavy Sox..	20c
25c. to 40c. Ladies' Cashmere or Wool Hose..	22c.

Great Bargains In CHILDREN'S COATS

Made of White Bear Skins, or Cloths, or many assortments were $1.75 to $4.50, now.. $1.25 to $2.25

SWEATER COATS For Women and Children

Regular Price	Sale Price
$2.00 Women's Sweater Coats	$1.48
75c. to $1.50 Sweater Coats	58c to 78c.

Great Values In LADIES' SHIRTWAISTS

We have just opened a new lot of right-up-to-date Shirt Waists, made of White Lawn and Trimmed; Colored Material, Sailor Collar with Kimono Sleeves, worth 75c. to $1.10.. Sale Price 50c. to 78 50c to $1.75 Shirt Waists of all kinds .....38c. to 98c.

Big Lot of LADIES' CORSETS

Were 50c. to 75c. ..... 39 cts.

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS

55c. Women's Rubbers	43c.
65c Women's Rubbers	53c.
50c. Girls Rubbers	35c.
60c. Girls' Rubbers	45c.
35c. Children's Rubbers	23c.
45c. Children's Rubbers	35c.
75c. Men's Rubbers	58c.
85c. Men's Rubbers	73c.
65c. Boys' Rubbers	45c.
75c. Boys' Rubbers	60c.

Boots and Shoes at 25 per cent. discount and lots of other bargains too numerous to mention.

Sale Starts THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 11

We cannot tell how long the sale will last, it depends on how fast the stock is reduced. Be sure and be on hand early and secure the best bargains.

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE!

N. J. LaHOODS, 282 Brussels Street,

Next to Cor. of Hanover Street

STORE CLOSES AT 9 P. M. OPEN SATURDAYS TILL 11:30 P. M.

No Coupons Will Be Given During This Sale.

The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON

THE Rev. Herbert Johnson, a Boston minister, has recently preached a sermon on marital relations, in which he sets forth ten "don'ts" for wives and ten for husbands.

All of the "don'ts" are excellent. Divorce courts would probably be much less needed if they were heeded. "Don't forget to dress up for him occasionally," "Don't try to sit in your husband's lap when he is hungry," "Don't fail to take out life insurance in favor of her and the babies," and "Don't praise the wife of your neighbor," are examples. But the best one, according to my way thinking, is the following "don'ts" for husbands. Incidentally it is quite as good for wives, if they need it—

"DON'T FORM THE HABIT OF SPEAKING CROSSLY TO YOUR WIFE. IT WOULD BE MUCH BETTER TO SHOOT HER."

Dora Melegari, a Russian writer, says that she has known many people who e used a greater sum of unhappiness by their ugly and disa ceeable dispositions, with which they daily and hourly to mented those who had to live with them, than if they had simply "wrung the neck of one or two victims."

The Rev. Herbert Johnson evidently hast the same point of view—that ten thousand little unkindnesses spoil as much happiness as one or two big brutalities. And I'm most emphatically with them both.

I wish a law could be passed, by which the man who has the fixed habit of speaking crossly to his wife, of calling everything about the house and about his routine that doesn't just suit him her "fault," of gibing at her whenever she does not understand readily, and tormenting her in various similar ways, could be punished like any other malefactor.

In my mind, he is vastly more a criminal than the man who steals a few dollars. For he is stealing that which is more precious than property—he is stealing happiness and peace, and stealing it from those he professes to love the best in the world.

Perhaps my masculine readers wonder why I don't say more about the wife, who is cross to her husband. I have twoo reasons. For one thing, I think she ought to be able to apply my strictures to herself without any assistance on my part. And in the second place, I think she is a much rarer quantity.

Women have their faults which destroy happiness. Fretting, nagging, extravagance, pettiness, jealousy, vanity, selfishness are feminine faults, but the habit of crossness and fault finding I do thoroughly believe is more common in husbands than wives

Kindness is the littlest and the biggest thing in the world.

Such tiny things constitute it—such little differences in word and inflection, such little rememberings and forgettings. And yet, the lack or presence of kindness makes such a vast difference in a life. Kindness is spiritual sunshine. The absence of it is as fatal to happiness as the absence of material sunshine to animal life.

To return to the Rev. Herbert Johnson—if you must "kill the thing you love" be merciful and merely shoot her. Don't force upon her the living death of life with a man who is perpetually cross.

Thin, Feeble and Under-Fed

people need more coal, clothes and doctors than the strong, robust and hearty.

Scott's Emulsion

saves coal bills, tailors' bills and doctors' bills.

ALL DRUGGISTS 11-33

Daily Hints For the Cook

SOUR CREAM COOKIES

Two eggs, 1 1-2 cupfuls sugar, 3-4 cup butter, 3-4 cup sour cream, or milk, 1-2 teaspoonful cinnamon, 1-2 teaspoonful nutmeg, 1-4 teaspoonful cloves, 1 teaspoonful soda, a pinch of salt, 3 1-2 cupfuls flour, 1-2 teaspoonful baking powder.

BROWN SUGAR COOKIES

Cream together 2-3 of a cup of butter and 2-3 of a cup of brown sugar, then add 1 egg. When well beaten together stir in 1 cup of rolled oats and 2-3 of a cup of English walnuts chopped fine. Lastly add 1 cup of flour and 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Sift the baking powder with the flour.

CRISP COOKIES

One cupful of sugar and 1-2 cupful of butter, creamed together; add the yolks of 3 eggs and beat until light. Beat the whites of 2 eggs to a stiff froth and beat them in in alternation, add them and the sifted flour in alternation. When well mixed roll out very thin on a board covered with granulated sugar; cut in rounds, and bake in tins in a quick oven.

LEMON CHEESE CAKES.

Boil the thin yellow rind of one large lemon, until tender, drain off the water and run the rind through the meat chopper, then press through the sieve. Add one-quarter pound of unsalted butter, three egg yolks, juice of the lemon, one-quarter pound of sugar and beat thoroughly together. Line patty tins with pastry, fill with the lemon cheese and bake in a moderate oven until crust is done. When cakes are cold place an icing of meringue on top of each.

SCHOOL ESTIMATES ARE HIGHER THAN LAST YEAR'S

The estimates of the board of school trustees for the current year reach a total of $166,051.83 less county fund and rents $12,820, making a net total of $153,231.83.

The sub-committee of the board appointed to draw up the estimates met yesterday afternoon in the board rooms and completed the list, which is as follows:

Teachers' salaries	$ 84,891.50
Officials' salaries	6,231.00
Caretakers' salaries	8,605.68
Fuel, water and light	1,800.00
Coal	11,000.00
Repairs	7,865.69
Rents	4,304.12
Coupon interest	23,595.00
Insurance	250.00
Furniture	850.00
Supplies	300.00
Maps and apparatus	1,000.00
Flags	100.00
Incidentals	2,150.00
Printing and advertising	400.00
Sinking fund	5,019.53
Bank interest	2,500.00
Over-expenditure	5,000.00
School savings banks	100.00
	$166,051.83
County fund $11,600.00	
Rents 1,220.00	
	12,820.00
	$153,231.83

This is an increase of $11,600 over the levy for schools last year. Last year the levy was $141,619.53.

Honeymoon on Mediterranean

In Montreal on Monday, Mrs. E. Globensky, of Montreal, was married to Hon. E. J. Flynn, of Quebec. His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi officiated at the ceremony in the archbishop's private chapel. The bride was attended by her brother, Thomas Pouliot, while the bridegroon was attended by his son, Edmond Flynn.

Hon. and Mrs. Flynn left for New York, where they will take the steamer Adriatic for the Mediterranean. They will be away for four or five months.

SHIPPING

ALMANAC FOR ST. JOHN, JAN. 10.

	A.M.		P.M.
High Tide	3.57	Low Tide	10.46
Sun Rises	8.08	Sun Sets	4.54

PORT OF ST. JOHN

Arrived Yesterday.

Stmr Montreal, 5,552, McNeil, from London and Antwerp, C P R, pass and gen cargo.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Hyannis, Jan 9—Ari schr Ralph M Hayward, from Philadelphia for eastern ports.

Vineyard Haven, Jan 9—Ard schrs Jas William, from Guttenburg for Halifax; R Bowers, from St John for New York.

MARINE NEWS.

A two masted schooner was discovered sunk four miles off Hereford Inlet, N. J., Monday. About twenty feet of the masts are showing above water, but there was no sign of life or small boats when life-savers investigated.

The schooner Virginia, owned by A. C. Barnaby of Bridgewater, N. S. is a total wreck at Rose Head, some miles from Lunenburg, N. S. Captain Publicover and his crew of six escaped.

Captain Mendes of the Dominion liner Dominion, who took ill on the voyage from Liverpool to Halifax, is in the Halifax hospital with pneumonia.

COULD NOT SWEEP FLOOR

Was So Terribly Afflicted With Lame Back.

It is hard to do housework with a weak and aching back, and no woman can be strong and healthy unless the kidneys are well.

The weak, lame and aching back comes from sick kidneys and should be attended to immediately so as to avoid years of terrible suffering from kidney trouble. Mrs. Harvey W. Brownell, Northport, N.S., writes:—"I now take pleasure in writing you, stating the benefit I received by using Doan's Kidney Pills. About a year ago I was terribly afflicted with lame back, and was so bad at times I could not sweep my own floor. While looking through your B.B.B. Almanac I saw Doan's Kidney Pills were a great remedy, so thought I would try a box or two. After using five boxes I was completely cured, and I am very thankful to have found so speedy a cure."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. In ordering direct specify "Doan's."

Stoves Lined with Fire Clay

Linings Put In and Grates Supplied For All Stoves

"Don't let the fire burn thru to the oven"

Make appointment by mail or telephone Main 1885-21.

Fenwick D. Foley