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"SALADA"

is the best value because it is richer, more fragrant and healthful than other teas.

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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, Jan, 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 absence 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.

Of Jan's past no one knows anything. He tells simply that he came from the Barren Lands.

One night during the annual caribou roast, in which all of the hunters at the post took part, Jan sees a newcomer whom he recognizes as a misdoer that he has sworn to kill. The man makes his escape on a sledge pulled by fleet dogs and when Jan follows them and they fight he leaves Jan for dead in the snow.

A hunter friend of Jan's named Gravois finds Jan and revives him and also finds, a little distance away, the dead body of the misdoer.

Jan returns to the post and determines to do everything he can to educate Melisse and make her like the women of civilization whom he knows. Attends for several years the company's school at another post and returns bringing his knowledge to Melisse.

Melisse grows in beauty and charm and in all ways Jan is to her as a brother.

One day report is brought that smallpox has infected the region. Jan goes out to fight the pestilence, is himself stricken but recovers and is not marked. On his return he has great difficulty in keeping his love for Melisse from her, but because of a secret affecting his life, which he has disclosed to no one except Gravois, he feels himself unworthy of her and resolves never to tell her. Two Englishmen come to the Post and one of them, Timothy Dixon, falls in love with Melisse and kisses her. Gravois is about to kill him.

CHAPTER XXI—(Continued).

"I have not played in so long," he said, turning from her "that I believe I have forgotten."

He took down the instrument, and his fingers traveled clumsily over the strings. His teeth gleamed at her from out his half-inch growth of beard, as he said:

"Ah you must play for me now, Melisse! Je—has surely gone from Jan Thor-

—held out the violin to her.

"Not now, Jan," she said tremulously "I will play for you tonight." She went to the door of her room, hesitating for a moment, with her back to him. "You will come to supper, Jan?"

"Surely, Melisse, if you are prepared."

He hung up the violin as she closed the door, and went from the cabin. Jean de Gravois and Iowaka were watching for him, and Jean hurried across the open to meet him.

"I am coming to offer you the loan of my razor," he cried gaily. "Iowaka says that you will be taken for a bear if the trappers see you."

"A beard is good to keep off the black flies," replied Jan. "It is approaching summer, and the black flies love to feast upon me. Let us go down the trail, Jean. I want to speak to you."

Where there had been wood-cutting in the deep spruce they sat down facing each other. Jan spoke in French.

"I have traveled far since leaving Lac Bain," he said, "I went first to Nelson House and from there to the Wholdaia. I found them at Nelson House, but not on the Wholdaia."

"What?" asked Jean, though he knew well what the other meant.

"My brothers, Jean de Gravois," answered Jan, drawing his lips until his teeth gleamed in a sneering smile. "My brothers, les betes re charagogne!"

"Devil take Croisset for telling you where they were!" muttered Jean under his breath.

"I saw the two at Nelson House," continued Jan. "One of them is a half-wit, and the other"—he hunched his shoulders—"is worse. Peraud, one of the two who were at Wholdaia, was killed by a Cree father last winter for dishonoring his daughter. The other disappeared."

Jean was silent, his head leaning forward, his face resting in his hands.

"So you see, Jean de Gravois, what sort of creature is your friend Jan Thoreau!"

Jean raised his head until his eyes were on a level with those of his companian.

"I see that you are a bigger fool than ever," he said quietly. "Jan Thoreau, what if I should break my oath—and tell Melisse?"

Unflinching the men's eyes met. A dull glare came into Jan's. Slowly he unsheathed his long knife, and placed it upon the snow between his feet, with the gleaming end of the blade pointing toward Gravois. With a low cry Jean sprang to his feet.

"Do you mean that, Jan Thoreau? Do you mean to give the knife-challenge to one who has staked his life for you and who loves you as a brother?"

"Yes," said Jan deliberately. "I love you, Jean, more than any other man in the world; and yet I will kill you if you betray me to Melisse!" He rose to his feet and stretched out his hands to the little Frenchman. "Jean, wouldn't you do as I am doing? Wouldn't you have done as much for Iowaka?"

For a moment Gravois was silent.

"I would not have taken her love without telling her," he said then. "That is not what you and I know as honor, Jan Thoreau. But I would have gone to her, as you should now go to Melisse, and she would have opened her arms to me, as Melisse would opens hers to you." That is what I would have done."

"And that is what I shall never do," said Jan decisively, turning toward the post. "I could kill myself more easily. That is what I wanted to tell you, Jean. No one but you and I must ever know!"

"I would like to choke that fool of a Croisset for sending you to hunt up those people at Nelson House and Wholdaia!" grumbled Jean.

"It was best for me."

They saw Melisse leaving Iowaka's home when they came from the forest. Both waved their hands to her, and Jan cut across the open to the store.

Jean went to the Cummins cabin as soon as he was sure that he was not observed. There was little of the old vivacity in his manner as he greeted Melisse. He noted, too, that the girl was not her natural self. There was a redness under her eyes which told him that she had been crying.

"Melisse," he said at last, speaking to her with his eyes fixed on the cap he was twisting in his fingers, "there has come a great change over Jan."

"A very great change, Jean. If I were to guess, I should say that his heart has been broken down on the Nelson trail."

Gravois caught the sharp meaning in her voice, which trembled a little as she spoke. He was before her in an instant, his cap fallen to the floor, his eyes blazing as he caught her by the arms.

"Yes, the heart of Jan Thoreau is broken!" he cried. "But it has been broken by nothing that lives on the Nelson House trail. It is broken because of—you!"

"I!" Melisse drew back from him with a breathless cry. "I—I have broken—"

"I did not say that," interrupted Jean; "I say that it is broken because of you. Mon Dieu, if only I might tell you!"

"Do—do, Jean! Please tell me!" She put her hands on his shoulders. Her eyes implored him. "Tell me what I have done—what I can do, Jean!"

"I can say that much to you, and no more," he said quietly. "Only know this, ma chere—that there is a great grief eating at the soul of Jan Thoreau, and that because of this grief he is changed. I know what this grief is, but I am pledged never to reveal it. It is for you to find out, and to do this, above all else— let him know that you love him!"

The color had faded from her startled face, but now it came back again a swift flood.

"That I love him?"

"Yes. Not as a sister any longer, Melisse, but as a woman!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Her Promise.

Gravois did not stay to see the effect of his last words. Only he knew, as he went through the door, that her eyes were following him, and that if he looked at her she would call him back. So he shut the door quickly behind him, fearing that he had already said too much.

Cummins and Jan came in together at suppertime. The factor was in high humor. An Indian from the Porcupine had brought in two silver fox that morning, and he was immensely pleased at Jan's return—a combination of incidents which put him in the best of moods.

Melisse sat opposite Jan at the table. She had twisted a sprig of red bakneesh into her glossy braid, and a cluster of it nestled at her throat, but Jan gave no sign that he had noticed this little favor, which was meant entirely for him. He smiled at her, but there was a clear coolness in the depths of his dark eyes which checked any of the old familiarity on her part.

"Has MacVeigh put in his new trapline?" Cummins inquired, after asking Jan many questions about his trip.

"I don't know," replied Jan. "I didn't go to MacVeagh'."

Purposely he held his eyes from Melisse. She understood his effort, and a quick flush gathered in her cheeks.

"It was MacVeigh who brought in word of you," persisted the factor, oblivious to the effect of his questions.

"I met him in the Cree Lake country, but he said nothing of his trap lines."

He rose from the table with Cummins, and started to follow him from the cabin. Melisse came between. For a moment her hand rested upon his arm.

"You are going to stay with me, Jan," she smiled. "I want your help with the dishes, and then we're going to play on the violin."

She pulled him into a chair as Cummins left, and tied an apron about his shoulders.

"Close your eyes—and don't move!" she commanded, laughing into his surprised face as she ran into her room.

A moment later she returned with one hand held behind her back. The hot blood surged through Jan's veins when he felt her fingers running gently through his long hair. There came the snip of scissors, a little nervous laugh close to his head, and then again the snip, snip, snip of the scissors.

"It's terribly long, Jan!" Her soft hand brushed his bearded cheek. "Ugh!" she shuddered. "You must take that off your face. If you don't—"

"Why?" he asked, through lack of anything else to say.

She lowered her head until her cheek pressed against his own.

"Because it feels like bristles," she whispered.

She reddened fiercely when he remained silent, and the scissors snipped more rapidly between her fingers.

"I'm going to prospect the big swamp along the edge of the Barrens this summer," he explained soon, laughing to relieve the tension. "A beard will protect me from the black flies"

"You can grow another."

(To be continued.)

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Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

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The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON

A SENTENCE uttered by a woman who has made a great success as an interiar decorator has impressed me much. It was this: "We not only try to furnish with taste, but we try to fit the room to the person who is to occupy it, and make it a characteristic and desirable setting for the personality of the owner."

How many rooms one enters, in which it is evident that no such effort to embody the individuality of the occupant in the furnishings of the room, has been made.

Little after touches, such as the presence of magazines or music, the lavish distribution of embroideries, the nature of the rows of books on the book-shelves, may suggest and depict to us, the the character of the persons who inhabit the room, but in the actual furnishings themselves, there is frequently no relation to those persons. Mission was in style when this room was furnished, and so the room consists of so many set pieces of mission. Circassian walnut was all the rage when that couple married, and therefore, their slender purse had to be stretched to purchase a few inferior and inartistic pieces of the reigning wood.

The woman who blindly follows the dictates of fashion in gowning herself, with a complete indifference as to whether the particular style is becoming or not, is quite generally censured. I believe that the woman who has the most time, the most interest, and hence the deciding voice in this matter— with like devotion to fashion and indifference to individuality, is equally at fault.

There are becoming rooms as well as becoming gowns. A successful living-room is an appropriate setting for the people who inhabit it. I refer especially to the living-room, because that is the centre of the home—the room in which the largest proportion of its inhabitant's waking time is apt to be spent, and the room where there is most opportunity for individuality. The furnishings of a dining-room, a bedroom, a kitchen, must be, to a certain extent, conventional, and must contain certain stated articles of furniture, but there are absolutely no particular appointments which have to appear in a living room.

Now, very few of us can afford to employ interioc decorators, but we can all employ taste and individuality in furnishing our homes. We can choose the color or colors which are to prevail in our rooms with reference to ourselves. Everyone, I believe, has a color which peculiarly belongs to him.

Again, we can choose the style of furnishings just as carefully. Don't subscribe to mission, just because mission is the rage. Mission is just as unbecoming to certain people as tailored shirtwaits and stiff collars. Don't get mahogany just because mahogany is expensive. The exquisite graining and coloring of golden oak might be thought more beautiful than mahogany, if it had chanced to be more costly. Don't buy an oblong table and a davenport, just because these are the style, if in your heart you really like a round table and a couch better. Remember, that styles will come and styles will go during the years you will probably live with that furniture.

Don't stock up with old fashioned furniture, just because you know that is considered artistic. There are people to whom old fashioned furniture naturally belongs, and people to whom it does not, just as there are girls who look charming in quaint flowered muslins and fichus and other old time styles, and other girls on whom such styles look incongruous and irrelevent.

Don't try to get everything at once and lower your standard of quality in order to encompass quantity. Have the essentials just as you want them, and be willing to wait for the fill-ins. Far better that your home should be a bit bare at first, than that it should be well stocked with cheap and meaningless furniture.

Don't try to furnish a home in a week, a month, or a year. Home building—I don't mean house building—should be the dream and labor of a lifetime. I wish our girls might be taught the technique of home furnishing in the public schools, and from then on might each plan and dream about her home until the time to make the dream a reality should come.

Some of the homes, of course, would never materialize. But think of the benefit accruing to those which really did come true. And surely no beautiful dreaming can ever be a loss even if the reality never follows the dream.

La MARQUISE de FONTENOY

Diplomatic Affairs in Austria —Trace Ancestry Back to Noah —Young Prince Comes of Age

(Copyright, 1912, by the Brentwood Company).

Emperor Francis Joseph's action in summoning Marquis John Pallavicini from his post as Austrian ambassador at Constantinople, to assume temporarily the office of foreign minister in the place of Count d'Aehrenthal, who has become so seriously ill as to be no longer able to attend to his duties, may be taken as an indication that the venerable monarch is determined to give no satisfaction to the anti-Italian party at his court, in his government and in his army—a party which has been clamoring and intriguing since last summer, and more especially since the late autumn, for the dismissal of d'Aehrenthal on account of the refusal to adopt a provocative attitude towards Austria's southern ally.

Indeed, Pallavicini's assumption of the direction of the foreign affairs of the dual empire may be construed as an assurance by Francis Joseph that there will be no change of d'Aehrenthal's policy, and that the count's retirement does not mean any alteration of the course of Austria with regard to Italy.

John Pallavicini once before, at the beginning of last year, temporarily took the place of Count d'Aehrenthal. He is married to an Englishwoman, Miss Georgina Reade Crowe, member of a family that has furnished a number of useful servants to the English foreign office, where Sir Eyre Crowe has just been appointed under secretary of state. The latter's father Sir Joseph Crowe, was the commercial attache of the principal British Embassies in Europe. Captain Fritz Crowe of the royal navy, was consul-general at Lorenzo Marquez, and Sir Arthur Crowe was consul-general at Havana.

Miss Georgina Crowe who is now the Margravine John Pallavicini, was born at Congleton, at the residence of her mother's mother, Lady Reade, widow of Sir Thomas Reade, who was second in command of the island of St. Helena during the latter portion of the captivity of the first Emperor Napoleon.

The margravine, as a young girl, was not particularly well off, and in 1879 was acting as the companion of the wife and eldest daughter of Ferdinand de Lesseps, creator of the Suez Canal. There is a story to the effect that John Pallavicini, then a secretary of the Austrian embassy in Paris, while riding in the Bois de Boulogne was successful in stopping the runaway horses of the de Lessep's carriage and in thus rescuing the fair occupants, who included the young Englishwoman. She soon afterwards became his wife.

By this union she became an Austrian subject, and as such amenable to the rules imposed upon Austrian women in connection with presentation at court. Not being able to show the necessary nobiliary quarterings, that is to say, exclusively noble ancestry on both sides of the house for several generations, she has, until now, been excluded from the court circle at Vienna, and even denied presentation there, although helping her husband to represent the Austrian court abroad. Nor have any of her three grown up sons, all of them officers of crack Hussar regiments, been able, owing to her ancestral disqualifications, to obtain that titular office of chamberlain to the emperor, which is the birthright of nearly all of the men of the house of Pallavicini, and the masculine badge of entirely blue-blooded lineage in Austria.

Trace Back to Noah.

The title of marquis borne by the Pallavicinis, is the most ancient in the world. It belongs to all the male Pallavicinis of legitimate ancestry, and there are contemporary documents bearing the date of A. D., 996, showing that Pallavicinis were then flourishing at the court of Emperor Otto III., as margraves and that their titles were even then considered very ancient indeed. The Pallavicinis actually assert that they are descended in the male line direct from one of Noah's grandsons, who bore the very same title of marquis or margrave, during the memorable cruise on board the Ark. This is not merely a family legend, but a bona-fide belief, and figures as such in that monumental historical work, "The Celebrated Families of Italy," compiled by Duke Pomey Litta.

There was a Marquis Hubert Pallavicini who served under Emperor Frederick II., of Germany, against Pope Gregory IX., in Lombardy, which was, however, destroyed by Charles of Anjou. There was a Margrave Horace Pallavicini, who was enormously wealthy and loaned large sums to Queen Elizabeth of England at the time of the Spanish Armada, and who has never been repaid. He was also of great financial assistance to Henry IV., prior to his accession to the throne of France. After his death, his widow married an uncle of Oliver Cromwell.

The Pallavicinis are today established partly in Italy, partly in Austria and Hungary, and partly in Bavaria. Margrave George Pallavicini, who officiated as best man at the wedding of Count Anton Sigray to Miss Harriet Daly of New York (sister of Mrs. James W. Gerard of that city), is a nephew of Austria's new foreign minister, and successor of Count d'Aehrenthal.

The Italian branch of the Pallavicinis, who bear the title of prince in addition to that of margrave and margravine, are in reality an offshot of the patrician house of Rospigliosi. It was founded by Giovanna Battista Rospigliosi who, towards the close of the seventeenth century, married Donna Maria Pallavisini, sole surviving member and heiress of the then Italian branch of the house of Pallavicini. He assumed, with the consent of the Sovereign Pontiff, his wife's name and arms in lieu of his own, being at the same time created Prince of Gallicano.

The late King Humbert transformed this title of Prince Gallicano, into that of Prince Pallavicini, in favor of the father of the present Prince Uberto Pallavicini. He is unmarried, fifty-eight years old, makes his home in the famous Pallavicini Palace in Rome, famed throughout the world in connection with the fresco entitled "Aurora" and its countless masterpieces of art and archeology. He has an only brother, Don Giulia, a confirmed bachelor of forty-two and, should they both die unmarried, the Italian branch of the Pallavicinis will again become extinct.

To Paris to Study

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria is sending his eldest son, Crownprince Boris, to Paris where, under an incognito name, he is to complete his education at the world-famed University of the Sorbonne, devoting special attention to the study of law and literature. The young crownprince celebrated his eighteenth birthday on Tuesday last and incidentally attained his legal majority; so that were he to lose his father he would at once ascend the throne, and assume the reins of government without any regency. He is a clever, wide-awake lad, who, having represented King Ferdinand on numerous occasions at national celebrations and court functions abroad, has had an opportunity of acquiring not only much poise and self-possession, but also the personal acquaintance of most of the foreign rulers and their principal statesmen. He is the only member of his family to belong to the national church of Bulgaria, the Greek rite. He is a godson of the present Czar. His younger brother, Prince Cyril, and his two sisters, Princess Eudoxia and Princess Nadejda, remain Catholics, like his father the king, while his step-mother, Queen Eleonore, is a devout Lutheran.

Young Boris, in addition to being Crownprince of Bulgaria, Prince of Tyrnova, colonel of regiments of Bulgarian infantry cavalry and artillery, and lieutenant of a Russian infantry regiment, is also duke "in" Saxony, in Germany, as well as a prince of Coburg; all the legitimate members of the sovereign house of Coburg, male and female, being from their birth, dukes and duchesses, not "of" but "in" Saxony.

As I mentioned the other day in these letters another youthful royalty now studying in Paris, is ex-Crownprince George, eldest son of King Peter of Servia, who is attending the lectures of the staff college of the French Army.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

How a Woman May Retain Her Youth

"The woman who wants to look young must taboo massage creams and liquid rouge. She will only harden the structure of her face and destroy the fine texture of the skin," said Mrs. Margaret Holmes Bates, the wellknown author, to a Chicago Journal representative.

"Reputable physicians have declared that if she indulges in artificial methods she risks losing her health," she continued. A perfectly natural method of treating a bad complexion is by using ordinary mercolized wax, as this adds nothing to the complexion, but removes the latter instead. This wax, obtainable at any drug store, flakes off the sallow or blotchy outer skin in fine particles, gently without harming the skin beneath, which gradually makes its appearance. The brilliantly beautiful complexion thus obtained is a new one—quite different from a patched-up old complexion. This is one way to retain youthful looks.

Don't let force of habit spoil your porridge.

Force of habit says "porridge should be cooked all night."

But that habit was formed a long time ago when people had to make porridge out of oatmeal instead of rolled oats.

Even yet some women through force of habit, are cooking Tillson's all night, though 15 minutes is ample.

They forget that where oatmeal was coarsely ground oats, Tillson's is thinly rolled oats. So filmy and thin are the Tillson flakes that they can be cooked as thoroughly in 15 minutes as the coarse particles of old-fashioned oatmeal could be in a whole night.

Tillson's Oats

Puree of Oysters

Bring a quart of oysters to boil in their own liquor. Drain. Chop the oysters fine. Return the oyster liquor to the fire. Add two tablespoonfuls of Tillson's Rolled Oats. Simmer fifteen minutes. Add the oysters, rub through sieve, return to fire, add one pint of milk and cream, cook carefully until heated. Season and serve. If too thick another half cupful of cream should be added. If too thin add one beaten egg yolk.

Your grocer has Tillson's. Two sizes—25c and 50c. Each 25c package contains a handsome piece of English Porcelain Tableware.

Canadian Cereal & Milling Co., Ltd. Toronto, Ont.

INDIGESTION AND ALL STOMACH TROUBLE ENDED

Diapepsin Makes Gas, Heartburn, Dyspepsia or Headache go in Five Minutes

If you had some Diapepsin handy and would take a little now your stomach distress or Indigestion would vanish in five minutes and you would feel fine.

This harmless preparation will digest anything you eat and overcome a sour, out-of-order stomach before you realize it.

If your meals don't tempt you, or what little you do eat seems to fill you, or lays like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn, that is a sign of Indigestion.

Ask your Pharmacist for a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin and take a little just as soon as you can. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach, Nausea, Debilitating Headaches, Dizziness or Intestinal griping. This will all go, and, besides, there will be no undigested food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapepsin is a certain cure for out-of-order stomachs, because it prevents fermentation and takes hold of your food and digests it just the same as if your stomach wasn't there.

Relief in five minutes from all stomach misery is at any drug store waiting for you.

These large 50-cent cases of Pape's Diapepsin contain more than sufficient to thoroughly cure almost any case of Dyspepsia, Indigestion or any other stomach disturbance.

CANADIAN NATIONAL ART GALLERY IS ABOUT READY

Formal Opening By End of This Month —Three Hundred Pictures in Place

Ottawa, Feb. 1—The Canadian National Art Gallery, in the Victoria Memorial Museum, is completed and is practically ready for the formal opening which will take place possibly at the end of February. About 300 pictures are hanging in their places in the gallery and very little more work remains to be done.

Although the formal opening has not yet taken place a few visitors who have asked for permission to see Canada's pictures have been admitted. Mr. Brown has no staff yet, however, to cope with any general admission of visitors. At the formal opening it is expected that the Duke of Connaught will officiate.

Daily Hints For the Cook

TOAST PUDDING.

Toast several thin slices of stale bread, removing the crust. Butter them well and pour over them hot stewed fruit in alternative layers. Serve warm with rich hot sauce.

ORANGE PIE

Yolks of 3 eggs, 3-4 cup of sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, juice and grated rind of half a lemon, half an orange and a little nutmeg. Beat butter and sugar together, add yolks of eggs, then orange and lemon. Bake with one crust. When done beat the whites with a little powdered sugar and brown on top of pie.

DUMPLINGS.

One pint of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, salt spoon of salt, milk enough to make a stiff dough. Mix well and drop into your soup by spoonfuls, cover and boil now for 10 to 15 minutes. These have no shortening and are very nice for soups and stews.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS

When the kitchen chimney catches fire throw salt on the fire and the flames will be quickly extinguished.

Iodine stains will vanish if rubbed with liquid ammonia and then well rinsed. This should be done before washing.

To keep milk—Put a tiny pinch of carbonic of soda in it as soon as it arrives. This will do much to prevent its turning sour.

To clean Rosewood Furniture—A thorough rubbing with a soft cloth every day is all that is required to keep rosewood in good condition.

Heat marks on mahogany furniture can be removed by allowing a few drops of camphorated oil to soak into the place. Then polish with a soft cloth.

Scratched furniture—Mix together equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine. Paint over the scratches, and as soon as they disappear rub briskly with a soft cloth.

To clean white enamel furniture—Wash the furniture with warm soapy water, wipe as dry as possible, then polish with a dry cloth upon which a little whiting has been sprinkled.

To remove inkstains from furniture — Tonuch the stains lightly with a feather dipped in spirits of nitre. Hold a wet rag in the other hand, and as soon as the inkstains disappear wipe over the spot or the spirits will injure the polish. Lemon juice can be substituted for the spirits of nitre, but must be well rubbed in if the stain is of long standing.

ELOPEMENT IS ENDED BY MOUNTED POLICE

Daughter of German Farmer and Ranchman Had Run Away to Edmonton

Calgary, Feb. 1—After elopement with a fifteen-year-old, daughter of a German farmer named Hezog, in the Cochrane district, Clarence Harris, the son of a rancher of that place has been arrested in Edmonton and is being brought back by the mounted police to stand trial.

According to the story told the police, Harris, after secretly stealing the girl from the parental home, obtained two saddle horses, and the two rode across country forty miles to Crossfield, where they boarded a train for the north.

The girl is in a rescue home in Edmonton, where her parents have gone to get her.

It is estimated that 4 1-2 tons of soot falls every year on every acre of the city of London.

SHIPPING

ALMANAC FOR ST. JOHN, FEB. 1.

	A.M.		P.M.
High Tide	9.54	Low Tide	4.15
Sun Rises	7.50	Sun Sets	5.28

The time used is Atlantic standard.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Sailed Yesterday.

Stmr Manchester Trader, 2136, Cabot, Manchester.

Stmr Monmouth, 2569, Turnbull, Liverpool.

BRITISH PORTS.

Brawle Point, Jan 30—Passed, stmr Montreal, McNeill, St John and Halifax, for London and Antwerp.

Southampton, Jan 31—Ard, stmr Olympic, New York.

London, Jan 31—Ard, stmr Montreal, St John.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Glouchester, Mass, Jan 31—Ard, schrs Minnie Slausson, New York; Nettie Shipman, New York; Ida B Gibson, New York.

Boothbay Harbor, Jan 31—Ard, schrs Lucille, New York; Helen Montague, do Alaska, South Amboy; Hortensia, do.

New York, Jan. 31—Sld, schrs Karmoe, Halifax; Lucia Porter, Calais; Emma McAdam, do; Rhoda Holmes, Bar Harbor (Me.)

Portland, Jan 31—Ard, stmr Scotian, Liverpool.

MARINE NEWS.

As a tribute to Captain John Willet of South Portland, Me., a veteran wholesale fish dealer, who died on Tuesday, American flags were placed in the rigging of at least fifteen fishing vessels in Portland harbor. Captain Willard was the oldest wholesale fish dealer in Portland, and before entering the business commanded fishing vessels. Death was due to a paralytic shock.

The five-masted schooner Rebecca Palmer was sighted at anchor Tuesday near Cross Rip lightship with nearly all her headgear gone, evidently having been in collision. The Palmer was sighted by the schooner Marcus L. Urann, which reached Vineyard Haven on Tuesday. A wrecking tug from Woods Hole started for the disabled schooner.

The British steamer Cabot, arrived at St. Stephen on Tuesday from Parrsboro, N. S., with a cargo of Nova Scotia coal. The next cargo of the Cabot will be to Calais.

The schooner Success, of Barbados, with three of her crew washed overboard, is off the Florida coast appealing for help. The steamer Antilla, which passed, asked for volunteers among the crew, but none offered. A revenue cutter is going to her assistance.

GOLD BOOM REPORTED FAKE

Winnipeg, Man., Jan. 31—The Manitoba provincial police are investigating a number of suspects in the abortive Minitonas placer gold boom. It is said that an organized scheme to make a big killing was afoot, only frustrated by the prompt vis of California mining experts who pric the bubble. Prosecutions may be institu

Stoves Lined wit Fire

Linings Put In and C plied For All S.

"Don't let the fire l to the oven"

Make appointment telephone Main

Fenwick '