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Royal Baking Powder gives fluffy lightness and delicious flavor to the biscuit, cake and pastry.

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Fashion Hint for Times Readers



ERMINE AND BROADTAIL COMBINED

THE KODAK AS A CURE FOR 'BOOZE'

(C. F. R. in Toronto News)

He was a spasmodic booze fighter. He was not drunk all the time, but when he did go on a spree he was the limit, and one of the worst-looking messes that you ever saw.

UNHEALTHY WOMEN Lose Color, Constantly Weary, Look Wrinkled, Hollow

They All Get Health, Vitality, Vim, Strength From Ferreroze.

Once you use the celebrated Ferreroze vitalizer, and tonic, Ferreroze—once you feel the magic power, working through your weakened system—you'll know for sure that health is at hand.

ROOSEVELT WON'T REPLY YET TO WORLD'S CHARGE

Washington, Dec. 11.—The time being President Roosevelt is not replying to the charge made by the world's press that he is a hypocrite.

HOW THE POWERS STAND

(London Daily Mail)

The showing in this strength of the British, German, and the United States navies in ship built and building of the Lord Nelson, Dreadnaught and Indomitable classes, which may for practical purposes, be regarded as being covered by the new British battleships of the 1909 programme are of exceptional size and power, as they probably will be, six to eight thousand tons.

HALIFAX VESSEL ASHORE

(Halifax Echo, Dec. 9.)

Thomas J. Clarke, carpenter at the Furness-Wilby Pier, owner of the schooner Alberta, received word yesterday from Chatham that the schooner was ashore.

The Christmas Dinner

In spite of the fact that the word dyspepsia means, literally, bad cook, it will not be fair for many to lay the blame on the cook if they begin the Christmas Dinner with little appetite and end it with distress or nausea.

AFTER 23 YEARS

Boston, Mass., Dec. 10.—The pardon committee of the executive council today voted in favor of the pardon of Chas. Hayes, colored, who is serving a life sentence at Charleston for the murder of a woman in Cambridge. He has been in prison for 23 years.

The Front Room Story

By Hugh Pendexter

"She won't knuckle under," reported Jethuel, gloomily.

His wife, a tall, spare woman, with heavy, dull eyes, paused in mixing bread and scraping one finger on the spoon, declared sentimentally: "She's got ter."

There was a world of finality in this utterance, and Mr. Philbrick, scratching his weak chin in perplexity and remembering the gaunt, cadaverous solidity of his wife's character, gave one sidelong glance at her sagging person and sighed: "I guess she has."

"There's no question about it, Jethuel. Whose house is this? Is it yours or Lyddy Philbrick's?" And the dull eyes gave a hint of hidden fire. "Drat her for a quarrelsome old maid. Here I've slaved and sweated myself out for 10 years and she 'plains' 'th' great lady an' keeps 'th' best room in 'th' house."

It's best for me, Jethuel, ter have that front room. She's had it for years; now I'm goin' ter have it for my sister. Mehlitable is comin' next month ter spend a few weeks with us, an' I'm not goin' ter 'suck her in 'th' attic'."

With this assertion Mrs. Philbrick returned to her doughpan with increased vigor.

But her decision had been overheard by the object of her conversation. Jethuel observed how her little, slender, faded woman, who now stood in the doorway of the kitchen, had a look of determination.

"Who talks of appetin' a dead man's will an' triffin' with 'th' law?" demanded Miss Lyddy, in a shrill voice. Then she continued: "My father left this farm to me, an' he left 'th' front room, fire wood an' one cow, ter me. Who talks of makin' me quit my property?"

"Why, Lyddy, I'll see 'th' lawyer make a few changes in 'th' old place, an' we'll figurin' on givin' you a different room, 'thats' all," explained Jethuel, in a conciliatory voice.

"We want that room," said Mrs. Philbrick, in an even determined tone.

"Tch it if you dare," replied the spinner, with none of her brother's weakness. "Jest dare ter tech or disturb a single shingle or board an' we'll see 'th' lawyer up an' down 'th' water, an' I'll spend every cent of 'th' bank an' I'll spend every cent of 'th' law'n' of you both."

And so, with this exception of the boy, Dan, Miss Lyddy received no visitors. Mrs. Philbrick, loved her head. He ruled her, even as he ruled his spinster aunt. Probably if Lyddy had been asked to give up her room for his sake, she would have suffered. But the mother was too jealous of the boy's affections to be beholden to Lyddy in his behalf.

It was after the carpenters had worked two days in raising the old house up a story that these occurred the first serious misfortune which came to the Philbrick household. Mrs. Philbrick had been frying doughnuts when she had her heart seized with a fit of wood. The fit boiled over, and when she returned she found the rear of the house ablaze, with Jethuel and the carpenters working desperately to stop the flames from spreading.

"On! On! Where's Daniel?" moaned Jethuel, as he saw his wife coming up the path alone.

"Dan! In there!" shrieked the distracted mother, rushing for the blazing doorway.

"I have Dan in here, I fetched him through 'th' door window 'th' ladder. He's burned some," called Miss Lyddy from her doorway. Then she turned and closed the door and locked it.

"Let me in, Lyddy Philbrick!" shrieked the frightened mother, beating on the solid old door.

Miss Lyddy came to the window and looked down on the distracted woman calmly. When she could make herself heard she said: "No, you can't come in here. Now listen 'th' house is ruined, an' 'th' men are savin' your room."

"You can't come in here, Lyddy Philbrick!" shrieked the frightened mother, beating on the solid old door.

Miss Lyddy came to the window and looked down on the distracted woman calmly. When she could make herself heard she said: "No, you can't come in here. Now listen 'th' house is ruined, an' 'th' men are savin' your room."

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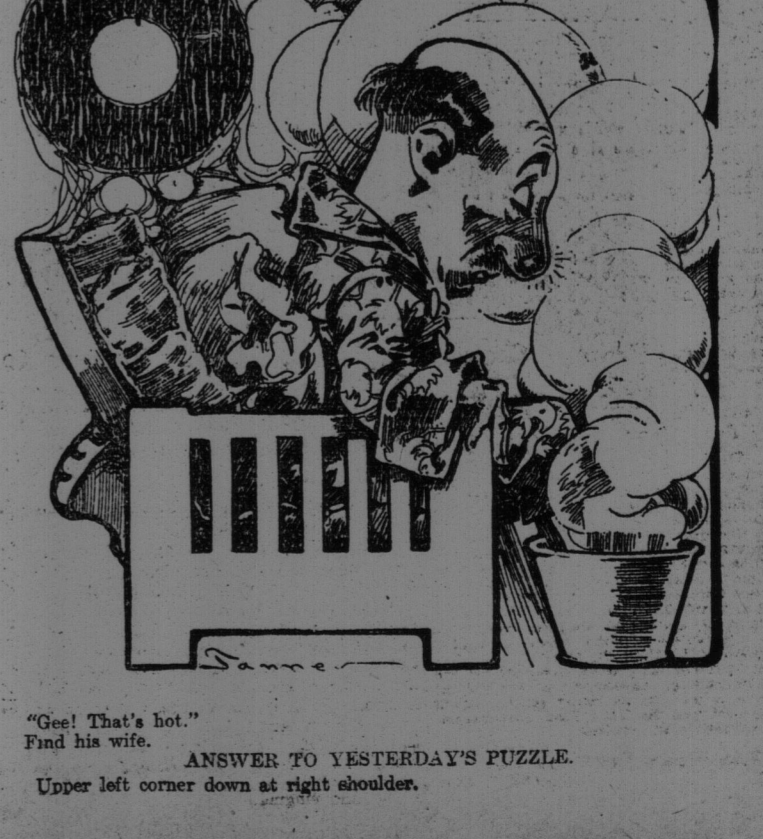
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The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



"Has your order been taken?" asked one of the waiters.

"Yes," said Mr. Wetherby, "after minutes ago. If I'm too late, though, I'd like to change it."

"Yes, if you don't mind, I'll change it to an ostrich," Chicago Tribune.

"Get! That's hot." Find his wife. ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE. Upper left corner down at right shoulder.

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