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POOR DOCUMENT

The HONOR of the BIG SNOWS

By James Oliver Curwood

Author of THE DANGER TRAIL

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CHAPTER I.

The Music.

"Jean, John—I hear music—"

The words came in a gentle whisper from the woman's lips. One white, thin hand lifted itself weekly to the rough face of the man who was kneeling beside her bed, and the great dark eyes from which he had hidden his own grew luminously bright for a moment, as she whispered again:

"John—I hear music—.

A sigh fluttered from her lips. The man's head drooped until it rested very near to her bosom. He felt the quiver of her hand against his cheek, and in its touch there was something which told John Cummins that the end of all life had come for him and for her. His heart beat fiercely, and his great shoulders shook with the agony that was eating at his soul.

"Yes, it is the pretty music, my Melisse," he murmured softly, choking back his sobs. "It is the pretty music in the skies."

The hand pressed more tightly against his face.

"It's not the music in the skies, John. It is real—real music that I hear—"

"It's the sky music, my sweet Melisse! Shall I open the door so that we can hear it better?"

The hand slipped from his cheek. Cummins lifted his head, slowly straightening his great shoulders as he looked down upon the white face, from which even the flush of fever was disappearing, as he had seen the pale glow of the northern sun fade before a thickening snow. He stretched his long, gaunt arms straight up to the low roof of the cabin, and for the first time in his life he prayed—prayed to the God who had made for him this world of snow and ice and endless forest very near to the dome of the earth, who had given him this woman, and who was now taking her from him.

THE MUSIC.

When he looked again at the woman, her eyes were open, and there glowed in them still the feeble fire of a great love. Her lips too, pleaded with him in their old, sweet way, which always meant that he was to kiss them, and stroke her hair, and tell her again that she was the most beautiful thing in the whole world.

"My Melisse!"

He crushed his face to her, his sobbing breath smothering itself in the soft masses of her hair, while her arms rose weakly and fell around his neck. He heard the quick, gasping struggle for breath within her bosom, and, faintly in, the words:

"It—is—the—music—of—my—people!"

"It is the music of the angels in the sky, my sweet Melisse! It is our music. I will open the door."

The arms had slipped from his shoulders. Gently he ran his rough fingers through the loose glory of the woman's hair, and stroked her face as softly as he might have caressed the cheek of a sleeping child.

"I will open the door, Melisse."

His moccasined feet made no sound as he moved across the little room which was their home. At the door he paused and listened; then he opened it, and the floods of the white night poured in upon him as he stood with his eyes turned to where the cold, pale flashes of the aurora were playing over the pole. There came to him the hissing, saddening song of the northern lights—a song of vast, unending loneliness, which they two had come to know as the music of the skies.

Beyond that mystery-music there was no sound. To the eyes of John Cummins there was no visible movement of life. And yet he saw signs of it—signs which drew his breath from him in choking gulps, and which sent him out into the night, so that the woman might not hear.

It was an hour past midnight at the post which had the Barren Lands at its back door. It was the hour of deep slumber for its people; but to-night there was no sleep for any of them. Lights burned dimly in the few rough log homes. The company's store was aglow, and the factor's office, a haven for the men of the wilderness, shot one gleaming yellow eye out into the white gloom. The post was awake. It was waiting. It was listening. It was watching.

As the woman's door opened, wide and brimful of light, a door of one of the log houses opened, and then another, and out into the night, like dim shadows, trod the moccasined men from the factor's office, and stood there waiting for the word of life or death from John Cummins. In their own fashion these men, who, without knowing it, lived very near to the ways of God, sent mute prayers into the starry heavens that the most beautiful thing in the world might yet be spared to them.

It was just two summers before that this beautiful thing had come into Cummins' life ,and into the life of the post. Cummins, red-headed, lithe as a cat, big-souled as the eternal mountain of the Crees, and the best of the company's hunters, had brought Melisse thither as his bride. Seventeen rough hearts had welcomed her. They had assembled about that little cabin in which the light was shining new, speechless in their adoration of this woman who had come among them, their caps in their hands, their faces shining, their eyes shifting before the glorious ones that looked at them and smiled at them as the woman shook their hands, one by one.

Perhaps she was not strictly beautiful, as most people judge; but she was beautiful here, four hundred miles beyond civilization. Mukoe, the half-Cree, had never seen a white woman, for even the factor's wife was part Chippewayan; and no one of the others went down to the edge of the southern wilderness more than once each twelvemonth or so.

Melisse's hair was brown and soft, and it shone with a sunny glory that reached far back into their conception of things dreamed of but never seen. Her eyes were as blue as the early wild flowers that came after the spring floods, and her voice was the sweetest sound that had ever fallen upon their ears. So these men thought when Cummins first brought home his wife, and the masterpiece which each had painted in his soul and brain was never changed. Each week and month added to the deep-toned value of their picture, as the years of a century might add to a Raphael or a Vandyke.

The woman became more human, and less an angel, of course, but that only made her more real, and allowed them to become acquainted with her, to talk with her, and to love her more. There was no thought of wrong, for the devotion of these men was a great, passionless love unhinting of sin. Cummins and his wife accepted it, and added to it when they could, and were the happiest pair in all that vast Northland.

The girl—she was scarce more than budding into womanhood—fell happily into the ways of her new life. She did nothing that was elementaly unusual, nothing more than any pure woman reared in the love of God and of a home Story—The Honor of the Big Snows—would have done. In her spare hours she began to teach the half-dozen wild little children about the post, and every Sunday she told them wonderful stories out of the Bible. She ministered to the sick, for that was a part of her code of life. Everywhere she carried her glad smile, her cheery greeting, her wistful earnestness, to brighten what seemed to her the sad and lonely lives of these silent men of the North.

And she succeeded, not because she was unlike other millions of her kind, but because of the difference between the fortieth degree and the sixtieth—the difference in the viewpoint of men who fought themselves into moral shreds in the big game of life and those who lived a thousand miles nearer to the dome of the earth.

A few days before there had come a wonderful event in the history of the company's post. A new life was born into the little cabin of Cummins and his wife. After this the silent, wordless worship of their people was filled with something very near to pathos. Cummins' wife was a mother! She was one of them now, an indissoluble part of their existence—a part of it as truly as the strange lights for ever hovering over the pole, as surely as the countless stars that never left the night skies, as surely as the endless forests and the deep snows!

Then had come the sudden change, and the gloom, that brought with it the shadow of death, fell like a pall upon the post, stifling its life, and bringing with it a grief that those who lived there had never known before.

There came to them no word from Cummins now. He stood for a moment before his lighted door, and then went back, and the word passed softly from one to another that the most beautiful thing in the world was still living her sweet life in that little cabin at the end of the clearing.

"You hear the music in the skies—now, my Melisse?" whispered the man, kneeling beside her again. "It is very pretty tonight!"

"It was not that," repeated the woman.

She attempted to stroke his face, but Cummins saw nothing of the effort, for the hand lay all but motionless. He saw nothing of the fading softness that glowed in the big, loving eyes, for his own eyes were blinded by a hot film. And the woman saw nothing of the film, so torture was saved them both. But suddenly the woman quivered, and Cummins heard a thrilling sound.

"It is the music!" she panted. "John, John, it is—the music—of—my—people!"

The man straightened himself, his face turned to the open door. He heard it now! Was it the blessed angels coming for his Melisse? He rose, a sobbing note in his throat, and went, his arms stretched out, to meet them. He had never heard a sound like that—never in all his life in this endless wildernes.

He went from the door out into the night, and, step by step, through the snow toward the black edge of the spruce forest. The sobs fell chokingly from his lips, and his arms were still reaching out to greet this mesenger of the God of his beloved; for Cummins was a man of the wild and mannerless ways of a savage world, and he knew not what to make of this sweetness that came to them from out of the depths of the black forest.

"My Melisse! My Melisse!" he sobbed.

A figure came from the shadows, and with the figure came the music, sweet and soft and low. John Cummins stopped and turned his face straight up to the sky. His heart died within him.

The music ceased, and when he looked again the figure was close to him, staggering as it walked, and a face white and thin and starved came with it. It was a boy's face.

"For the musee& of the violon—something to eat!" he heard, and the thin figure swayed and fell almost into his arms. The voice came weak again. "Thees is Jan—Jan Thoreau—and his Violon—"

The woman's bloodless face and her great staring dark eyes greeted them as they entered the cabin. As the man knelt beside her again, and lifted her head against his breast, she whispered once more:

"It is the—music—of my people—the violin!"

John Cummins turned his head.

"Play!" he breathed.

"Ah, the white angel is seek—ver' seek," murmured Jan, and he drew his bow gently across the strings of his violin.

From the instrument there came something so soft and sweet that John Cummins closed his eyes as he held the woman against his breast and listened. Not until he opened them again, and felt a strange chill against his cheek, did he know that his beloved's soul had gone from him on the gentle music of Jan Thoreau's violin.

CHAPTER II

Mukee's Story

For many minutes after the last gentle breath had passed from the woman's lips, Jan Thoreau played softly upon his violin. It was the great heart-broken sob of John Cummins that stopped him. As tenderly as if she had fallen into a sweet sleep from which he feared to awaken her, the man unclasped his arms and lowered his wife's head to the pillow; and with staring black eyes Jan crushed his violin against his ragged breast and watched him as he smoothed back the shimmering hair and looked long and hungrily into the still, white face.

Cummins turned to him, and, in the dim light of the cabin, their eyes met. It was then that Jan Thoreau knew what had happened. He forgot his starvation. He crushed his violin closer, and whispered to himself:

"The white angel ees—gone!"

Cummins rose from the bedside, slowly like a man who had suddenly grown old. His moccasined feet dragged as he went to the door. They stumbled when he went out into the pale star-glow of the last of his strength had gone in the playing of the violin. Midway in the cabin he paused, and his eyes glowed with a wild, strange grief as he gazed down upon the still face of Cummins' wife, beautiful in death as it had been in life, and with the sweet softness of life still lingering there. Some time, ages and ages ago, he had known such a face, and had felt the great clutching love of it.

Something drew him to where John Cummins had knelt, and he fell upon his knees and gazed hungrily and longingly where John Cummins had gazed. His pulse was beating feebly, the weakness of seven days' starvation blurred his eyes, and unconsciously he sank over the bed and one of his thin hands touched the soft sweep of the woman's hair. A stifled cry fell from him as he jerked himself rigidly erect; and as if for the desecration of that touch there was but one way of forgiveness, he drew his violin half to his shoulder, and for a few moments played so softly that none but the spirit of the woman and himself could hear.

Cummins had partly closed the door after him; but watchers had seen the opening of it. A door opened here, and another there, and paths of yellow light flashed over the hard-trodden snow as shadowy life came forth to greet what message he brought from the little cabin.

Beyond those flashes of light there was no other movement, and no sound. Dark figures stood motionless. The lonely howl of a sledge-dog ended in a wail of pain as some one kicked it into terrified silence. The hollow cough of Mukee's father was smothered in the thick fur of his cap as he thrust his head from his little shack in the edge of the forest. A score of eyes watched Cummins as he came out into the snow, and the rough, loyal hearts of those who looked throbbed in fearful anticipation of the word he might be bringing to them.

Sometimes a nation ceases to breathe in the last moments of its dying chief, and the black wings of calamity gather over its people, enshrouding them in a strange gloom and a stranger fear; and so, because the greatest of all trageddies had come into their world, Cummins' people were speechless in their grief and their waiting for the final word. And when the word came to them at last, and passed from lip to lip, and from one grim, tense face to another, the doors closed again, and the lights went out one by one, until there remained only the yellow eye of the factor's office and the faint glow from the little cabin in which John Cummins knelt with his sobbing face crushed close to that of his dead.

There was no one who noticed Jan Thoreau when he came through the door of his factor's office. His coat of caribou-skin was in tatters. His feet thrust themselves from the toes of his moccassins. His face was so thin and white that it shone with the pallor of death from its frame of straight dark hair. His eyes gleamed like black diamonds. The madness of hunger was in him.

An hour before, death had been gripping at his throat, when he stumbled upon the lights of the post. That night he would have died in the deep snows. Wrapped in its thick coat of bearskin he clutched his violin to his breast, and sank down in a ragged heap beside the hot stove. His eyes traveled about him in fierce demand. There is no beggary among these strong-souled men of the far North, and Jan's lips did not beg. He unwrapped the bearskin, and whispered:

"For the musee& of the violon—something to eat!"

He played, even as the words fell from him, but only for a moment—for the bow slipped from his nerveless grip and his head sank forward upon his breast.

In the half-Cree's eyes there was something of the wild beauty that gleamed in Jan's. For an instant those eyes had met in the savage recognition of blood; and when Jan's head fell weakly, and his violin slipped to the floor, Mukee lifted him in his strong arms and carried him to the shack in the edge of the spruce and balsam.

(To be continued).

La MARQUISE de FONTENOY

This Bridegroom Has an Income of $2,000,000 a Year — The Fascinating Story of Lord Howard de Walden

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Lord Howard de Walden, whose marriage to Margherita Van Raalte, daughter of the late Charles Van Raalte, is about to take place, has, with his immense and constantly growing income, amounting already to about $2,000,000 a year, for years been regarded as one of the greatest catches in the matrimonial market. He was, however, so devoted to his fascinating and beautiful mother, even after her second marriage, that, as long as she was alive, he remained a confirmed bachelor. In fact, it is only since her death, last summer, that he has been prompted, probably by a sense of loneliness, to turn his thoughts to matrimony. He has chosen for a wife, not only a very beautiful girl, but also one who is already very rich, and who will come into a still greater fortune on the death of her mother.

There is something particularly appropriate in this marriage, for Lord Howard de Walden is an island king, owning the island of Shona in Loch Moidart, where Argyllshire meets Inverness, while his bride may be described as an island queen, since she inherited, from her father, the island of Branksea, or Brownsea which, situated at the mouth of the Dorsetshire seaport of Poole, was in ancient times the site of a stronghold designed for the defence of the harbor from attack by sea.

The present castle of Brownsea, built on the foundations and former vaults and dungeons of many an earlier fortress, was purchased some twenty years ago from Colonel Waugh by the late Charles Van Raalte, who spent a very large sum of money in the restoration and internal decoration of the castle and in laying out afresh its once beautiful gardens and fine old park.

The great hall is hung with sixteenth century tapestry designed by Lucas Van Leyden. The castle, where Miss Van Raalte and her widowed mother each year entertain members of the English and continental reigning families, is full of artistic and historic treasures. Among them are Marie Antoinette's spinet, a reed organ two feet long which belonged to the first Emperor Napoleon, and a tiny instrument resembling a piano, on which Queen Catherine de Medici played. One of the most frequent guests there is the Infanta Eulalie's eldest son, Prince Alfonso, known among the members of his family by the nickname of Ali, and who, when he married at Coburg, without the King of Spain's permission, the Protestant Princess Beatrice of Great Britain and of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, a union which cost him the rank of Infant of Spain, proceeded to the island of Brownsea, which had been placed at his disposal by Miss Van Raalte, for his honeymoon.

The late Charles Van Raalte was one of the best known figures in the financial world of London. A son of Marcus Van Raalte of Amsterdam, who had settled in England, Charles Van Raalte was born in London and married an English wife, daughter of Leonard Clow of Great Easton, Leicestershire. He was one of the very few intimate friends of Lord Kitchener, and the latter whenever he visited England during his long term of service in Egypt, in the Soudan and in South Africa, was wont to usually make his headquarters under Charles Van Raalte's roof in Grosvenor Square.

Lord Howard de Walden is held in kindly memory on this side of the water, as the host of the Harvard crew when they were in England in 1906, and he entertained them in the most royal fashion at Audley End, the grand old place which he rented from Lord Braybrooke, and has since, I believe, purchased.

It was built by Sir Thomas Audley of Walden, the lord chancellor of Henry VIII., and was described by James I., when he visited it, as "far too magnificent for a king, although it might do very well for his lord treasurer." For a time, nevertheless, it was a royal residence. It was sold to King Charles II., in 1668. He neglected, however, to pay down more than half the purchase money and after the rebellion when his brother James was driven out of the country, the vendors resumed possession.

H's Vast Property Holdings

Lord Howard de Walden's possessions include, besides broad acres in Scotland, especially in Ayrshire, and almost the whole of the town of Kilmarnock, a quantity of real estate in London. Thus, he owns acres in the Hampstead district of the metropolis and a square mile in the parish of Marylebone, which may be described as a veritable El Dorado, for, besides Cavendish Square with its ducal Mansions, it includes Harley street, where all the most fashionable and eminent London physicians have their abiding place, and a dozen equally well known thoroughfares. In fact, this Marylebone square mile alone yields to Lord Howard de Walden an annual revenue of nearly $1,500,000.

He is reported the best amateur fencer and swordsman in the United Kingdom, is a splendid shot, has taken a lead in the sport of aeroplaning, has gone in to a considerable extent for motoring ashore and afloat, is a conspicuous figure on the turf, having taken over the entire stable of the late Colonel Harry McCalmont, as well as the latter's place at Newmarket, and has made his debut in London as a playwright by the production regardless of cost, of "Lanval," a four act drama in blank verse set in the time of the legendary King Arthur.

He inherited his peerage on the death of his father, just after being gazetted to the Tenth Hussars, at the very moment when the latter regiment had been ordered to South Africa for the Boer war. He stayed just long enough to attend his father's funeral, and then chartered a fast liner for himself, at an enormous expense, arriving at the Cape before the transports which had his regiment on board. He went through the entire war, took part in the relief of Kimberley, in the capture of General Cronje, in the surrender of Johannesburg, and in the pursuit of General De Wet, before being invalided home.

He is not a member of the ducal house of Howard, being descended from it in the female line only, his patronymic being Ellis.

True, the Barony of Howard de Walden was created by Queen Elizabeth in favor of Lord Thomas Howard, the son of the fourth Duke of Norfolk and who, in the subsequent reign of James I. was mainly instrumental in discovering the Gunpowder Plot. Being a barony by writ it was heritable through the female as well as through the male line, and thus it eventually came into the Ellis family. The latter, hailing from Denbighshire, played an important role in the development of Jamaica, and has a number of American associations: George Ellis, the chief justice of Jamaica, for instance, having married a daughter of Sir Henry Moore, who was governor of New York in the early part of the eighteenth century.

Charles Ellis was created Lord Seaford in 1826, and married the only daughter and heiress of the fifth Lord Howard de Walden, the son of this union inheriting his maternal grandfather's barony of Howard de Walden.

The sixth Lord Howard de Walden, grandfather of the present peer, was a well known diplomat, served as British envoy in a number of foreign capitals, notably in Madrid. He married Lady Lucy Cavendish-Bentinck, daughter of the fourth Duke of Portland, and sister and co-heiress of the fifth and late duke. It is through her that Lord Howard de Walden inherited all his immensely valuable property.

MARQUIS DE FONTENOY.

The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON

THE mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
—Milton.

Doubtless, you have heard many times, both from other folks' pens and mine, the essential philosophy of the above.

It's the point of view that we take of our circumstances, and not the circumstances themselves, that does most to make us happy or unhappy—dissatisfied or contented. You have probably been told that again and again, and having common sense and reason of your own, knew it anyway.

But let me—or rather one of my letter-friends—present this same philosophy in a more original, newer and more concrete form. I think it will interest and amuse you, as it did me.

"My sister and I," writes this friend, "are rather imaginative, and when we have nothing else to do, we build the most wonderful air castles. Sometimes we merely draw exaggerated word pictures of little happenings. One afternoon after work, we walked home, stopped on our way out for a chat with our married sister, and when we got home found that the rest of the family had finished supper. We ate ours and repaired to the porch. I plumped down in the hammock and Jane on the porch settee, piled high with pillows. She drew a pathetic picture of the walk up, describing the two poor stenographers toiling weary miles after a hard day's work—the tall, thin, angular, gray-haired one (my hair is gray, but prematurely so) with a half-soiled white skirt that had seen better days, and a white waist that she had spent many weary hours embroidering—the short, dragged-out-looking younger sister in a similar costume. She told how they dragged their weary footsteps to their married sister's flat, where they could smell the supper cooking for her husband when he returned from his day's labor, and after talking for a while proceeded on their journey home. They sat down to the table and partook of a frugal supper of bread and preserves, a bit of lettuce and some luke-warm tea, and then dragging their weary feet to the porch, threw themselves down in utter exhaustion.

You must admit this tale of woe sounds heart-rending.

"Then, I said: 'Now, listen while I draw the other side of the picture. The two sisters, after leaving their offices, one in a bank, the other in a mercantile office, strolled up town, in the late afternoon, stopping en route for a frappe at the ice cream parlor. The older sister, tall and slender, with a mass of fluffy gray hair, was dressed in a dainty well-fitting linen skirt and hand-embroidered lingerie waist. The younger one, a short, attractive blonde, was similarly dressed. As the two sisters walked they discussed intelligently Elbert Hubbard, Charles Lamb, and Robert Louis Stevenson. En route they stopped for a moment's chat with their married sister, who sang them an aria from one of the operas, while she awaited her husband's home coming, in anticipation of which she had prepared a dainty supper. Upon their arrival at their own home, they sat down to a tempting supper of lettuce with mayonnaise, preserved peaches and fragrant tea (it wasn't lukewarm at all). The polished table was bare with a drawnwork luncheon square, and bowl of roses, and the china was of a dainty gold and white design.

"'After supper they repaired to the wide veranda with the rose vines, awnings, and rustic sofa and chairs piled with sofa pillows, and while one settled herself comfortably in the hammock, with a couple of feather pillows under her head, the other piled the settee high with pillows and curled herself up for a happy evening.'

"When finished we both laughed—the pictures were so completely different, yet both were correct in the essentials. I told Jane it only shows what a point of view can do, and she admitted that she was feeling quite sorry for herself when she finished her narrative and that mine cheered her up so that she felt quite happy."

Now, all of us in our thoughts are all the time unconsciously making word pictures of everything that happens to us.

I wonder which kind of word picture you have the mental habit of making—the kind that makes you feel sorry for yourself, or the other kind?

ASK THE LADIES

They One and All Praise Newbro's Herpicide

If ladies could know and appreciate what a delightful hair dressing Newbro's Herpicide is, they would all have it on their dressing tables. It is the most exquisite toilet article ever used and at the same time one of the most essential.

In order to have beautiful hair every lady should regularly apply Herpicide to her hair and scalp. This destroys the dandruff germ. By it the scalp is kept clear of dandruff and the hair stops falling.

Herpicide is free from grease, does not stain or dye, and possesses an exceedingly delicate and pleasing odor.

Newbro's Herpicide is just the sort of a preparation that always appeals to a lady of refinement and cultured tastes. There is nothing that can take its place. There is nothing just like it, nearly like it, or "just as good."

All reliable druggists sell and guarantee Herpicide in one dollar size bottles.

Send 10c. for booklet and sample to The Herpcidie Co., Dept. R., Detroit, Mich.

Applications obtained at good barber shops. E. Clinton Brown, special agent, corner Union and Waterloo streets.

SUPPORT THE P. E. I. CAR FERRY PROJECT

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Jan. 5—That the Islanders are practically unanimous in favor of a car ferry across Northumberland Straits and standardizing the gauge of the P. E. Island Railway was evident by the tone of the meeting here tonight, attended by delegates from all parts of the province. There was no dissenting voice heard and a resolution was unanimously passed by a standing vote endorsing the project which would mean the elimination of the "three short hauls" on the P. E. I. Railway and making the latter a part of the system of government railways with one continuous haul.

Mr. MacKenzie, government engineer, declared a car ferry feasible, but the steamer in order to cope with the ice conditions must be more powerful than the most powerful in existence. The question of a route should be left with the government.

He gave the tunnel a black eye by declaring the cost would be enormous. That the entrances would be 150 feet below the surface of the water, that the total length, including land tunnels, would be twelve miles, and the depth so great as to be beyond the limit at which air compressed work could be carried on. The porosity of the soil was another drawback to successful tunnelling.

For The Woman That's Fat

A Detroit physician says that the cheapest and safest mixture a fat woman who wants to get thin can use is 1-2 ounce Marmola (get it in the original 1-2-ounce package), 3-4 ounce Fluid Extract Cascara Aromatic and 4 3-4 ounces Peppermint Water. The proper amount to take is a tea spoonful after meals and at bedtime.

These ingredients may be obtained from any druggist at small cost, and make a combination that is not only excellent as a fat reducer, being able, it is claimed, to take off a pound a day without causing wrinkles, but is also a splendid help to the system as a whole, regulating the stomach and bowels (where that fat person's troubles begin), and clearing the skin of pimples and blotches. No exercise is required to help the remedy in its work and, best of all, no dieting is necessary while taking it—you can eat what you like.

MARKED DOWN SALE FOR SATURDAY

Men's Tweed Suits regular $7.50 to clear Saturday at **$4.85,** made from strong wearing tweed in dark fancy mixed patterns, latest 3 button single breasted styles, to clear Saturday at **$4.85.**

Men's Pants, $1.09 to $2.78.

Men's All Wool Coat Sweaters, regular $1.00 value, for **73c.**

Men's Heavy All Wool Half Hose, regular 25c. value, for **18c.**

Corbet's, 196 Union St.

Daily Hints For the Cook

CHEESE CUSTARD.

Butter a baking dish, put in a layer of bread cut in pieces with the crusts removed. Sprinkle thinly sliced cheese over the bread and dust with salt and a few grains of cayenne. Add other layers of bread and cheese seasoning as before, using in all about one cup of cheese. Beat two eggs slightly, add one pint of milk pour over bread and cheese. Bake about half an hour in moderate oven.

CHICKEN PUDDING.

Cut up a chicken as for fricassee and stew in just enough water to keep it from burning; season each piece with salt and pepper and lay in a large pudding or baking dish; beat two eggs until light, add one pint of milk, one quart of canned corn, season with salt and pepper, pour over the chicken, cover with a fine layer of fine bread crumbs and dot here and there with bits of butter; bake in a quick oven.

INEXPENSIVE FRUIT CAKE.

Put a cup of salt pork through the food chopper, add a cup of boiling water and let stand for an hour. Cook together for three hours very slowly two cups of dried apples, a cup of molasses with a teaspoon of cloves, two of cinnamon and a few gratings of nutmeg. Add a half cup each of currants and raisins, a little citron if liked and flour to make a batter not too thin. Add to the flour and sift several times a teaspoon each of soda and baking powder. Mix all together and add three well beaten eggs before the flour is added. This will keep for weeks.

BIRTHDAY CAKE.

For a child's birthday party make a birthday cake and ice it with pure white fondant icing. On top write the name and age with pink sugar. Mix some lemon jelly and put into a shallow pan to congeal in a large thin sheet. When it is cold remove and put a layer of it on top of the cake and trim the edges with a knife dipped in hot water. This makes a lovely cake and is really quite ornamental. Almost any design can be made.

SUET PLUM PUDDING.

One pound of suet, one pound of light brown sugar, one pound of raisins, one pound of Sultana raisins, one pound of mixed candied peel, half pound of breadcrumbs, half pound of flour, one teaspoon of salt, one of mixed spices, eight eggs and a gill of brandy. Chop the suet fine; stone the raisins; thoroughly wash and dry the currants; chop the peel, and sift the bread crumbs. Mix in the following order: Flour, suet, salt, spices, sugar, raisins, peel, bread-crumbs, Sultanas and currants. Beat the eggs for ten minutes; add the brandy to them and pour over the other ingredients. Stir for twenty-five minutes or until all are thoroughly mixed. Butter a mold and put the pudding into it. Boil for ten hours.

EX-MAYOR OF BOSTON IS AMONG THOSE INDICTED

New York, Jan. 5—On indictments, the existence of which was made public this afternoon for the first time, pleas of not guilty were entered in the United States District Court this afternoon by Julian Hawthorne, journalist promoter; Josiah Quincy, a former assistant secretary of state, ex-mayor of Boston, and at present a member of the Transit Commission of Boston; Albert Freeman, a promoter; John McKinnon, treasurer and secretary of the Hawthorne Mining Company, and Dr. Wm. J. Morton, a nerve specialist, of this city. All are charged with misuse of the mails in a scheme to defraud investors in the stock of mining enterprises.

BENEFIT OF PLAYGROUNDS

"Ambition, honesty, perseverance, bravary, kindness, independence, team work, self-control and purity—those are some of the things which the boy and girl learns on the playground," said Charles W. Garfield, president of the Playground association of Grand Rapids, speaking before the Michigan branch of the International Order of King's Daughters.

"If I had to give up either the outside or the inside training I would give up the latter and abolish all school houses," he added. "A Jersey cow is cared for in every possible way; its diet, room, light, air and everything else are paid great attention; and the same men who do this are absolutely neglectful of the children in their own families. Fresh air is what they need. It is their birthright and we have no right to be fathers and mothers if we can't or won't give it to them.

"I am tired of the conceit of our educators. They say that our system is the best in the world, and yet they pay scarcely any attention to the most important side of the boy's and girl's development—the physical side. Even at the university, they cram their heads and pay no attention to ventilation."

Here are the "don'ts" which Mr. Garfield would abolish: "Don't walk on the grass; don't make a noise; don't get heated up; don't go barefoot."

SHIPPING

ALMANAC FOR ST. JOHN, JAN. 6.

	A.M.		P.M.
High Tide	12.26	Low Tide	7.16
Sun Rises	8.09	Sun Sets	4.51

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived Yesterday.

Stmr Empress of Ireland, 2028, Forster Liverpool via Halifax, C P R.

Schr Virginian, 99, Canning, bound from Parrsboro for North Head. In for harbor and cld, C M Kerrison.

BRITISH PORTS.

Southampton, Jan 5—Ard, stmr Olympic New York.

London, Jan 5—Sld, stmr Montezuma, St John.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Las Palmas—Bunkered and proceeded Jan 5, stmr Erettia, Purdy, bound from Colastine for Antwerp.

New York, Jan 5—Ard, stmr Lusitania, Liverpool.

Sld—Schrs Blue Nose, St John; Minnie Slauson, do; Percy C, Liverpool (NS).

New London, Jan 5—Ard, schrs A J Sterling, New York; Ethyl B Sumner, Moncton; Margaret May Riley, St John; Alaska, New York.

Portland, Jan 5—Ard, schrs King Josiah, Parrsboro; Grace Darling, St John.

MARINE NOTES.

The Manchester liner Manchester Commerce, Capt Couch, left Halifax last night for this port.

The Donaldson liner Marana is expected from Glasgow on Thursday of next week.

The Allan liner Pomeranian, Capt Braid, docked at Nos. 2 and 3 berths, Sand Point, yesterday afternoon and landed her passengers, but had to shift out for the Empress of Ireland.

It is estimated that about 2,800 longshoremen are on strike in Boston, and the large numbers of steamers and vessels are helpless because of the strike.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

SHE HAD CONSTANT PAIN

Until Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Dewittville, N.Y.—"Before I started to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I suffered nearly all the time with headaches, backaches, and bearing down pains, and had a continuous pain in my left side. It made me sick if I tried to walk much, and my back was so weak that I was obliged to wear corsets all the time. But now I do not have any of these troubles. I have a fine strong baby daughter now, which I did not have before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—MRS. A. A. GILES, Route 44, Dewittville, N.Y.

The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.