MC 2035

POOR DOCUMENT

A BUSINESS MAN'S GREATEST LOSS

Is his temper—and this expensive irritability comes from fatigue. A cup of Bovril at 11 or between 4 and 5, or a Bovril Sandwich quickly restores the good temper and cheerful energy which are the most valuable of business assets and which cannot exist where nourishment is lacking.

ALL THAT IS GOOD IN BEEF IS IN

BOVRIL

The HONOR of the BIG SNOWS

By James Oliver Curwood

Author of THE DANGER TRAIL

Copyright, 1911, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

(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.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued).

One day a fierce Eskimo pack cornered a giant husky under the big spruce and slew him. When Cummins came from the company's store in the afternoon, he saw a number of men with bared heads, working about the grave. He drew near enough to see that they were building around it a barricade of saplings; and his breath choked him as he turned to the cabin and Melisse. He noticed, too, that no fires were built near the spot consecrated to the memory of the dead woman; and to his cabin the paths in the snow became deeper and wider where trod the wild forest men who came to look upon the little Melisse.

These were days of unprecedented prosperity and triumph for the baby, as they were for the company. The cabin was filled with strange things, for all who came gave something to Melisse. There were polar bear's teeth, brought down by the little black men who in turn had got them from the coast people; strange gods carved from wood, bits of fur, bushy fox tails, lynx paws, dried fruits, candy bought at fabulous prices in the store, and musk—always and incessantly musk—from Mukee's people of the west barrens.

To Jan this homage to Melisse was more than gratifying. It formed a bond between him and Cummins' people. His heart went out to them, and he went more freely among them, and made friends

CHAPTER VII.

The Caribou Carnival.

Jan had not played upon his violin since the coming of Jean de Gravois; but one evening he tuned his strings, and said to Melisse:

"They have been good to you, my Melisse. I will give them ze museek of ze violin."

It was the big night at the post—the night that is known from Athabasca to Hudson's Bay as the night of the caribou roast. A week had passed, and there were no more furs to be disposed of. In the company's store each man had received his credit, and in the company's store the furs were piled high and safe. Three caribou had been killed by Per-ee and his hunters; and on this night, when Jan took down his violin from its peg on the wall, a huge fire blazed in the open, and on spits six inches in diameter the caribou were roasting.

The air was filled with the sound and odor of the carnival. Above the fighting and snarling of dogs, the forest people lifted their voices in wild celebration, forgetting, in this one holiday of the year, the silence that they would carry back into the solitudes with them. Numbers gave them courage of voice, and in its manifestation there was the savagery of the forests that hemmed them in. Shrill voices rose in meaningless cries above the roaring of the fire Caribou whips snapped fiercely. Chippewayans, Crees, Eskimos, and breeds crowded in the red glare. The factor's men shouted and sang like mad, for this was the company's annual "good time"—the show that would lure many of these same men back again at the end of another trapping season.

Huge boxes of white bread were placed near to the fire. A tub of real butter, brought five thousand miles from across the sea for the occasion, was set on a gun-case thrown where the heat played upon it in yellow glory. In a giant copper kettle, over a smaller fire, bubbled and steamed half a barrel of coffee.

The richness of the odors that drifted in the air set the dogs gathering upon their haunches beyond the waiting circle of masters, their lips dripping, their fangs snapping in an eagerness that was not for the flesh of battle. And above it all there gleamed down a billion stars from out of the skies, the aurora flung its banners through the pale night, and softly the smoke rose straight up and then floated into the North, carried there by the gentle breath that spring was luring from out of the South.

Jan picked his way through the cordon of dogs and the inner circle of men until he stood with the firelight flashing in his glossy hair and black eyes, and there, seated upon the edge of one of the bread-boxes, he began to play.

It was not the low, sweet music of Cummins and the little Melisse that he played now, but a wild, wailing song that he had found in the autumn winds, It burst above the crackling fire and the tumult of man and dog in a weird and savage beauty that hushed all sound; and life about him became like life struck suddenly dead. With his head bowed, Jan saw nothing—saw nothing of the wonder in the faces of the half-cringing little black men who were squatted in a group a dozen feet away, nothing of the staring amazement in the eyes that were looking upon this miracle he was performing. He knew only that about him there was a deep hush, and after a while his violin sang a lower song, and sweeter and still softer it became, and more sweet, until he was playing that which he loved most of all—the music that had filled the little cabin when Cummins' wife died.

As he continued to play there came an interruption to the silence—a low refrain that was almost like that of the moaning wind. It grew beyond the tense circle of men, until a song of infinite sadness rose from the throats of a hundred dogs in response to Jan Thoreau's violin. To Jan, it was like the song of life. The unending loneliness and grief of it stirred him to the quick of his soul, and unconsciously his voice rose and fell softly with the wailing of the brute chorus. But to the others it was a thing that rose portentous above their understanding, a miracle of mystery that smote them with awe even as they surrendered themselves to the wonderful sweetness of the music.

Cummings saw the change in his people, and understood what it meant. He saw the surrounding cordon become thinner as man crushed closer to man, and he saw strained faces turned from the player to where the dogs sat full-throated upon their haunches, with their heads pointed straight to the stars in the sky.

Suddenly he burst into a volume of wild song, and made his way through the crouching Eskimos to Jan.

"For the love of Heaven, play no more of that!" he cried in the boy's ear. "Play something fast!"

Jan lifted his head as if from a dream. In an instant he perceived the strange effect of his music and his bow raced across the strings of his violin in a rhythm swift and buoyant, his voice rising shrill and clear in words familiar to them all:

"Oh, ze cariboo-oo-oo, ze cariboo-oo-oo,
He ras' on high,
Jes' under ze sky,
Ze beeg white cariboo-oo-oo!"

With a yell Cummins joined in, waving his arms and leaping in the firelight. The spell was broken. Williams and Mukee and the rest of the company's men burst forth in song; John's violin leaped in crescendos of stirring sound; and where before there had been a silent circle of awe-struck men there was now a yelling din of voices.

Here he flung himself upon his knees, and for the first time he caught the baby in his arms, holding her close to him, and rocking her to and fro, as he cried out sobbingly the words which she did not understand.

"An' when I fin' heem an' kill heem, I will come back to you will luf Jan Thoreau! I will come back to you my angel, Melisse," he whispered," and then you will luf Jan Thoreau for letting out the blood of a missioner!"

He put her back into the little bed, kissed her again, took down his violin from its peg in the wall, and turned to the door.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Fight at Dawn.

For a few moments Jan stood with his back to Melisse and his eyes upon the carnival about the great fire. As he looked, the third caribou was pulled down from its spit, and the multitude of dogs rushed in upon the abandoned carcasses of the other two.

He caught his breath quickly as a loud shout and the wailing yelp of a hurt dog rose for an instant above all other sounds. Only one thing was wanting to complete another picture in his brain — a scene which had burned itself into his life for ever, and which he strove to fight back as he stood staring from the doorway. He half expected it to come—the shrill scream of a boyish voice, an instant's sullen quiet, then the low-throated thunder of impending vengeance—and the fight!

With marvelous quickness his excited mind reconstructed the scene before him into the scene that had been. He heard the scream again, which had been his voice; saw, as if in a dream, the frenzied rush of men and the flash of knives; and then, from where he lay trampled and bleeding in the snow, the long, lean team of swift huskies that had carried in mad flight the one whose life those knives sought.

Williams had been there; he had seen the fight— his knife had flashed with the others in its demand for life. And yet he—Jan Thoreau—had not been recognized by the factor out there beside the cariboo roast!

He hurried toward the fire. Half-way across the open he stopped. From out of the forest opposite Cummins' cabin there trailed slowly a team of dogs. In the shadows of the spruce, hidden from the revelers, the team halted. Jan heard the low voices of men, and a figure detached itself from the gloom, walking slowly and in the manner of one near to exhaustion in the direction of the carnival.

It was a new team. It had come from the trails to the east, and Jan's heart gave a sudden jump as he thought of the missionary who was expected with the overdue mail. At first he had a mind to intercept the figure laboring across the open, but without apparent reason he changed his course and approached the sledge.

As he came nearer, he observed a second figure, which rose from behind the dogs and advanced to meet him. A dozen paces ahead of the team it stopped and waited.

"Our dogs are so near exhaustion that we're afraid to take them any nearer," said a voice. "They'd die like puppies under those packs!"

The voice thrilled Jan. He advanced with his back to the fire, so that he could see the stranger.

"You come from Churchill?" he asked.

His words were hardly a question. They were more of an excuse for him to draw nearer, and he turned a little, so that for an instant the glowing fire flashed in his eyes.

(To be continued).

La MARQUISE de FONTENOY

Bankruptcy of Lady Mansel, Actress, Revives Story of Scotch Marriage and The Right to Titles on Part of Husband

(Copyright, 1912, by the Brentwood Company).

The bankruptcy of Alice, Lady Mansel, in Leeds, brings to light the fact that this former burlesque actress, who graduated from the London Gaiety Theatre, is still on the stage and touring the provinces with a party of quite young girls who appear with her in music halls. They figure on the programme as "Lady Mansel and Juveniles." The latter are supposed to receive theatrical instruction from her, being regarded as her pupils. She made several theatrical tours in the United States as Lady Mansel, soon after her marriage with the late Sir Richard Mansel and also after his death; not, however, with much succes, her dramatic art was not in keeping with her ancient title or name, consisting in her appearance on the stage in a boy's costume and the singing of some English music hall songs with interludes of skipping-rope dances.

Her husband, Sir Richard Mansel, who ranked, during his lifetime, as the tenth baronet, was a spendthrift whose extravagance resulted in the loss of the ancestral home of the family, Weir Courtenay Park, which was sold for the benefit of his creditors. Bankrupt and penniless, he and his young son, by his first marriage, became entirely dependent upon the earnings of his second and actress wife, and when he died, in a cheap lodging-house in Brighton, he appointed his widow and a theatrical friend of hers named Nye to take charge of his boy.

His father's relatives objected to this and appealed to the courts, insisting that neither Lady Mansel nor Nye was a fit person to be entrusted with the education of a lad of good family. Notwithstanding the fact that Lady Munsel showed that, by her earnings on the stage, she had for several years maintained at her expense both her husband and his son, the boy was ultimately made a ward in chancery.

Lady Mansel, whose maiden name was Ada Alice Lea, does not figure in the "Whitaker's Peerage and Baronetage" just issued for 1912, having been eliminated therefrom on the ground that her husband, Sir Richard, had never been entitled to style himself baronet. In this, the ordinarily so correct "Whitaker's Peerage' 'errs, and fails to take into account the decision of the Royal College of Arms and of the House of Lords, sitting in final appeal, in this somewhat romantic matter.

It seems that Sir Richard Mansel's father, Major Courtenay Mansel, grandfather of the present baronet, had lived at least nine years with his wife, before going through the ecclesiastical ceremony of marriage with her in England, in 1849. During nearly all of these nine years they had resided in Scotland and the fact that they had passed them there as man and wife was sufficient in the eyes of the law of Scotland to constitute a legal marriage.

There were several children born to the couple in Scotland, among them a son, Edward Berkeley Mansel. But when the Mansel baronetcy became vacant through the death of his cousin, Sir John Mansel, ninth of his line, it was Edward Berkeley Mansel's younger brother Richard born after his parents' ecclesiastical marriage, who succeeded to the baronetcy and to the estates, on the plea of the illegimacy of his elder brother Edward.

It was not until nearly sixteen years after Richard's death and the succession of his son Courtenay to the title, that Colonel Edward Berkeley Mansel managed, after a good deal of difficulty, to obtain from the court of session in Scotland, a declaration of marriage, establishing the fact that his father, Major Courtenay Mansel, had been, in the eyes of the law, the legal husband of the applicant's mother during their residence in the northern kingdom, prior to the ecclesiastical marriage ceremony in England, and that he himself, therefore, was the eldest and legitimate son of his father. His nephew, young Sir Courtenay, the son of Sir Richard, was a friendly party to the suit, and the only reason for the appeal to the courts was for the sake of obtaining recognition of the legitimack of Colonel Mansel and of his ownership of the baronetcy then vested in his nephew.

Sir Courtenay surrendered the title to his uncle, and his stepmother, the Gaiety actress, Alice Lea, was likewise deprived of her title of Lady Mansel, since her husband, Sir Richard, appears by the decree of the Scottish courts, to have held the baronetcy illegally.

A few years later, Colonel Sir Edward Courtenay died, and as he had no children of his own, the baronetcy returned to his nephew, while the colonel also left him his very extensive property, in recognition of the generous and honorable manner in which he had acted in connection with the surrender of the family honors; for Sir Courtenay had not awaited the action of the court of session in Edinburgh, in granting the declaration of marriage, before abandoning the use of the title. As soon as he became aware of the flaw in his right to the baronetcy, he notified his uncle that he would refrain from thenceforth from using the prefix of 'Sir" to his Christian name, and that, far from contesting any legal action his uncle might bring to establish his right, he would assist him in the matter.

Within the last twelve months or so, a new development has arisen in the affair. The College of Arms in England and the House of Lords as supreme tribunal, have determined that, although the peculiar Scotch marriage laws were sufficient to render legal the union between Major Courtenay Mansel and his wife prior to their ecclesiastical marriage and to legitimize any children born, yet that no marriage law other than that of England could cover the succession to an English title; consequently that, although the late Colonel Sir Edward Mansel was legitimate according to the laws of Scotland, he was not entitled to the English baronetcy. This decision had the effect of depriving Sir Edward's widow of her title of "Lady" prefixed to her surname and of restoring it to the former Gaiety actress, the stepmother of the present baronet.

Young Sir Courtenay Mansel married in 1906 Mary Germain, daughter of the late Frederick Littlewood, and has by her a son named John, now two years old, who is next heir to the Mansel baronetcy. Curiously enough, this marriage was kept secret, and has not figured in "Burke's Peerage," or in any of the other standard works of reference until this year.

Sir Courtenay lives at the Manor of Maes-y-Crugiau in Wales, where he holds the position of justice of the peace and deputy lieutenant.

The Mansels are one of the oldest families in England, and can trace their ancestry in an unbroken line to Sir John Mansel or Maunsell, who was lord high chancellor to Henry III. in the thirteenth century and also his ambassador to the Pope. A Sir Richard Mansel was one of the chief dignitaries of the court of Henry VIII., and the baronetcy, one of the earliest created by James 1., was conferred in January, 1622, upon Sir Francis Mansel, one of the famous admirals of his reign.

The ruling of the Royal College of Heralds in London and of the House of Lords in connection with the Mansel case applied also to the recent Macdonald of the Isles cause celebre. When Alexander Macdonald, whose forbears had been guilty of an error analogous to that of old Major Courtenay Mansel, in living in Scotland for a number of years with the mother of his children before ecclesiastically marrying her in England, established some twelve months ago the legality of their union in Scotland and the legitimacy of their children born there according to Scotch law, it was held that while this rule applied to the Scotch baronetcy of the family, which gave him the status of premier baronet of Scotland, it did not apply to the Irish barony, otherwise he would be Lord Macdonald today, instead of merely Sir Alexander Macdonald of the Isles.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON

"But lady when thy voice I greet
"not heavenly music seems so sweet."
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman."
—Shakespeare.

HOW many women do you suppose there are in the world who could not, by sufficient effort, cultivate distinctly pleasing voices?

Myself, I doubt if there are any at all, hopelessly handicapped in this direction—at any rate, very few.

And yet, how often do you hear a voice which—apart from personal associations—you find active pleasure in hearing.

Mighty seldom, I reckon.

Strange, is it not, that while women frantically offer all sorts of lotions and potions, their last dime and dollar, and sometimes even their health, upon the altar of the fickle goddess of beauty, they will not even give a little time and thought to possessing that charm which many people rate quite as high as physical loveliness—an attractive voice?

Of course, you understand that by an attractive voice I do not mean a good singing voice—merely an agreeable speaking voice.

Such a voice should be, in the first place, properly placed. It should come from the chest and throat and never from the head. About one-half of the American women, I believe, speak most of the time from the head.

In the second place, if it is to be musical, a voice should be well modulated—not always barring on the same note, but using now one note and now another. It is the lack of this change of pitch that makes reading aloud so often monotonous, and, of course, it has the same effect upon conversation, although one notices it more in the steady reading.

In the third place a good voice is always free from any note of complaint, or frettiness or nervousness. There are some people whose conversation is disagreeable and wearying to listen to, no matter what they say, because of the continual note of complaint or nervousness in their voices.

Again, though a voice should be low pitched, that does not mean that it should be so low and have so little breath behind it as to be with difficulty audible. When Shakespeare set his seal of approval on a woman's voice which was "soft, gentle and low," I am sure he did not mean the indistinct half whisper which some women affect. I have known women who used so little energy in speaking that listening to them was a constant strain That is what I call a positively selfish habit, for by so doing they forced their listeners to supply, in mental and aural activity, the energy they failed to use. Indeed, I think that vitality and heartiness are indispensable qualities in a really pleasing voice. No matter how carefully placed and modulated a voice may be it is not thoroughly agreeable if it lacks these qualities.

If many women spent the time they employ rubbing absolutely futile lotions into themselves, giving their finger nails that ridiculously artificial polish and pinning and unpinning elaborate rats and puffs, in listening to and trying to improve their voices, I think they would accomplish more towards increasing their charm than they now do.

DISTRESS FROM A BAD STOMACH AND DYSPEPSIA GO

No Misery From Indigestion, Heartburn, Gas or Headache Five Minutes Later

If what you just ate is souring on your stomach or lies like a lump of lead, refusing to digest, or you belch Gas and Eructate sour, undigested food, or have a feeling of Dizziness, Heartburn, Fullness, Nausea. Bad taste in mouth and stomach headache—this is Indigestion.

A full case of Pape's Diapepsin costs only 50 cents and will thoroughly cure your out-of-order stomach, and leave sufficient about the house in case some one else in the family may suffer from stomach trouble or Indigestion.

Ask your pharamacist to show you the formula plainly printed on these 50-cent cases, then you will understand why Dyspeptic trouble of all kinds must go, and why Diapepsin always relieves sour, out-of-order stomachs or Indigestion in five minutes. Diapepsin is harmless and tastes like candy, though each dose contains power sufficient to digest and prepare for assimilation into the blood all the food you eat; besides, it makes you go to the table with a healthy appetite; but, what will please you most, is that you will feel that your stomach and intestines are clean and fresh, and you will not need to resort to laxatives or liver pills for Billiousness or Constipation.

This city will have many Diapepsin cranks, as some people will call them, but you will be cranky about this splendid stomach preparation, too, if you ever try a little for Indigestion or Gastritis or any other Stomach misery.

Get some Pape's Diapepsin now, this minute, and forever rid yourself of Stomach Trouble and Indigestion.

In Adam's day woman was merely a side issue, but during leap year she poses as the whole show.

FACE PEELING AT HOME

(From Ladies' Favorite Magazine).

Any woman nowadays may quickly rejuvenate her complexion at home by a safe and painless process of gentle absorption. The days of expensive and dangerous "operations" are past and each woman can be her own beauty doctor. It has been discovered that ordinary mercolized wax applied like cold cream at night, will cause the thin veil of lifeless, sallow or blotchy cuticle to gently flake off in invisible, flour-like particles, revealing the fresh, vigorous and beautiful young skin underneath. The wax absorbs only the unhealthy and unsightly outer film and does not affect the healthy tissue at all.

The process defies detection and unveils a lasting and beautiful complexion which is, of course, a perfectly natural one. For this purpose thousands of women are now using mercolized wax, which may be obtained at any drug store. Naturally the process also removes all such surface blemishes as freckles, blotches, pimples, tan, liver spots, etc. It makes the face look years younger and prettier and renders the use of face creams unnecessary.

BABY OF RIOT DAYS IS NOW TO BE BRIDE

Paris Foundling Was Deserted During Quartier Latin Troubles of 1893

Paris, Jan. 13— Recollections of the great student riots of 1893 are awakened by the announcement that Mlle. Lucie Bagarre is to be married to a baker in Nevers. Owing to an incident resulting from the annual Quatz Art Ball, in the year named, the Latin Quarter had risen in revolt against the police and the government. For ten days the students raised barricades in the streets of the university district, overturned and burned omnibuses, and fought pitched battles with the police.

One day, when the fray was particularly hot, the students found, in a doorway, near the Sorbonne, a little baby girl, who had been abandoned by her mother. The students decided to adopt her, and she became the ward of the Students' Association, at whose expense she was brought up and educated. The fact that the day on which she was found was the festival of Ste. Lucie, suggested a Christian name for her, while her surname, Bagarre, was selected because she had been found in the height of a "bagarre," which means "fray."

A deputation of the Students' Association is to be present at the marriage, and will hand a present to the bride.

SERVANT GIRLS WILL NOW BE KNOWN AS EMPLOYES

Austria Puts in Force New Law Regulating Some Household Affairs

Vienna, Jan. 13—A new law for Lower Austria, containing various regulations concerning servants is now in force, replacing one more than a century old. The first provision of the new law decrees that servants must no longer be called "servants," but "employes," while the hirer is called an employer. The employer must feed the servant properly, and the servant is forbidden to chatter or gossip to other servants about the private affairs of the family. It is not stated how this provision shall be enforced. Girls are legally entitled to go out for seven hours once a fortnight.

The mistress of the house is no longer forced to write a character of "truthful, honest, and industrious" in the "book" of a dismissed servant. In the past failure to do this meant possible proceedings for libel. The mistress may now leave "character" blank.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY

The annual meeting of the St. John branch of the Canadian Bible Society was held last night in Main street Baptist church. In the absence of the president, J. Roy Campbell, His Honor Judge Forbes presided. The meeting was opened with devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. Dr. Hutchinson.

The principal speakers were Very Rev. Dean Schofield, of Fredericton; Rev. A. F. Newcombe, the traveling secretary for the maritime provinces and Newfoundland, and Judge Forbes. Dr. Hutchinson and Rev. R. P. McKim were called upon by the chairman and spoke briefly.

The choice of the executive resulted in the re-election of that of last year with His Honor Mr. Justice McKeown added and James Patterson elected in the place of the late William Peters. The following compose the executive: J. Roy Campbell, W. S. Fisher, T. H. Bullock, E. L. Law, A. A. Wilson, K. C., George A. Henderson, George E. Fairweather, Judge Forbes, James Myles, J. R. Woodburn, W. J. Parks, Thomas Graham, Joshua Clawson, J. N Rogers, George B. Barnes, F. E. Flewwelling, R. B. Paterson, W. E. Anderson, Joseph Allison, Fred Davis, L. P. D. Tilley, Judge McKeown and James Patterson.

The president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer are to be elected by the executive. The present officers are: President, J. Roy Campbell; vice-president, W. S. Fisher; secretary, A. A. Wilson; treasurer, C. E. Vail. It is understood that Mr. Campbell is desirous of resigning the office of president and as Mr. Vail is not now a resident of St. John the office of treasurer will also have to be filled. The church was crowded and great interest was taken in the proceedings. The choir

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.

Men's Heavy All Wool Shirts, regular $1.00 value for 89c.

Corbet's, 196 Union St.

Daily Hints For the Cook

GRAHAM GEMS.

Two cups graham flour, 1 heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, 1 egg, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, butter 1-2 size of an egg, 1 tablespoon sugar.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING

One quart of milk, 1-2 cup of sugar, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls of cocoa, salt, 2 slices of bread. Bake slowly three hours, stirring often for two hours.

MOCK INDIAN PUDDING.

One quart of milk, 1-2 cup molasses tablespoonful of butter, 1-2 teaspoonful of salt, 1-2 teaspoonful each of ginger and cinnamon, 2 slices of bread. Put them in whole. Bake in slow oven three hours, stirring often until last half hour.

FRUIT CAKE THAT LASTS

This fruit cake that will keep for 20 years in an air tight box: One pound of sugar, one pound of butter, two pounds of currants, one pound of raisins, one-half pound of citron, five eggs, three tablespoonsful of salt, one pound of flour, a generous pound; one grated nutmeg, one cup of black coffee, one teaspoon of carbonated soda. Bake in a slow oven for two hours. When made it will weigh 7 1-2 pounds. Grease the pans well and grease paper, and completely line inside of pans, so they will not burn or stick.

WOMEN STILL ARE PRAISING THEM

Mrs. Geo. Butler Tells What Dodd's Kidney Pills Did for Her

She Was Tired, Nervous and Run Down, and Suffered From Pains in the Back —Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Her

Paquetville, Gloucester Co., N. B., Jan. 12—(Special)—That Dodd's Kidney Pills are suffering woman's best friend was never better demonstrated than in the case of Mrs. Geo. Butler, a well known and highly respected resident of this place.

"My trouble was brought on by hard work," Mrs. Butler tells her friends. "For four years I suffered from pain in the back. I was always tired and nervous. My head ached and I had dark circles under my eyes, which were also puffed and swollen.

"I was in a generally run-down condition and feeling very much discouraged when I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I can only say I found relief at once."

The mainspring of woman's health is the kidneys. If the kidneys are right the blood will be pure. Pure blood is absolutely essential to good health. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the kidneys right.

GIRLS PUT BAN ON TRIFLERS

Great Bend, Kas., Jan. 13—The bachelor girls of Great Bend will give no chance for Barton county unmarried men to organize a club similar to the Grant County Bachelors' Club. The girls have organized for the leap year campaign. Committees have been appointed and the triflers are to be given the cold shoulder and that they need not apply for admission or invitation to any of the club's affairs.

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 1835-21.

Fenwick D. Foley

SHIPPING

ALMANAC FOR ST. JOHN, JAN. 13.

	A.M		P.M.
High Tide	6.52	Low Tide	1.13
Sun Rises	8.06	Sun Sets	4.59

The time used is Atlantic standard.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived Yesterday.

Stmr Marina, 3,222, McKelvie, from Glasgow, Donaldson Line.

Cleared Yesterday

Stmr Inishowen Head, 987, Pickford, for Belfast, Wm Thomson & Co.

Stmr Manchester Commerce, 3,444, Couch for Manchester via Halifax.

Sailed Yesterday.

Stmr Empress of Ireland, 8,028, Forster, for Liverpool via Halifax.

Schr Lavonia, 266, Atkinson, for Annapolis.

BRITISH PORTS

Liverpool, Jan 12—Ard stmr Manchester Corporation, from St John and Halifax.

Sld—Stmr Tunisian, for St John.

Queenstown, Jan 12—Ard stmr Arabic, from New York.

Greenock, Jan 12—Ard stmr Pretorian, from Philadelphia.

London, Jan 12—Ard stmr Sardinian, from St John.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Portland, Jan 12—Ard stmr Dominion, from Liverpool; schr Mary E Palmer, from Newport News.

New York, Jan 12—Ard stmr Lituania, from Libau; schr Abbie C Stubbs, from Bangor (Me.)

Rotterdam, Jan 12—Ard stmr Kursk, from New York; Ryndam, from New York

Havre, Jan 12—Ard stmr La Lorraine, from New York, Canada Cape, Montreal, via Capetown.

MARINE NEWS

The S.S. Empress of Ireland did not sail until ten o'clock last night. The delay was caused by the lateness of the trains. Some of the passengers were sent around to Halifax to board the liner.

The Donaldson liner Marina, Captain McKelvie, from Glasgow, arrived in port yesterday afternoon badly iced up. Captain McKelvie reports a very rough trip.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

Your druggist will refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days 50c.

Remember, girls, good cooks will be the leading ladies in leap year dramas.

Lost His Hair, Beard and Moustache

Terrible Plight of a Pennsylvania Man Reported by a Prominent Citizen

"About two years ago my hair, beard and moustache started to come out in spots. These spots were entirely bare of hair.

Seeing PARISIAN SAGE advertised, I purchased four bottles and after using two of the bottles, the hair came in until now I have as good a head of hair as I had before this trouble started.

I can truthfully recommend this preparation to any one for what it is recommended for. Sam Galder, Jamison City, Col. Co., Pa., Oct. 11, 1911."

Please bear in mind that PARISIAN SAGE is not guaranteed to grow hair on bald heads.

In Mr. Galder's case the hair root was not dead and there is no good reason why PARISIAN SAGE should not do just what he writes it did.

"The next time Mr. Galder came into my store after purchasing the PARISIAN SAGE," writes the druggist who sold him, "his appearance was so changed I did not know him."

PARISIAN SAGE is without doubt the most efficient hair grower, beautifier and dandruff cure in the world, and people who are wasting time with ordinary commercial tonics should wake up.

PARISIAN SAGE will banish dandruff, stop falling hair and itching scalp; will put life, lustre and beauty into faded hair, or money back. It is a most delightful and refreshing tonic for men, women and children. Large bottle 50 cents at A. Chipman Smith's, and druggists the country over.