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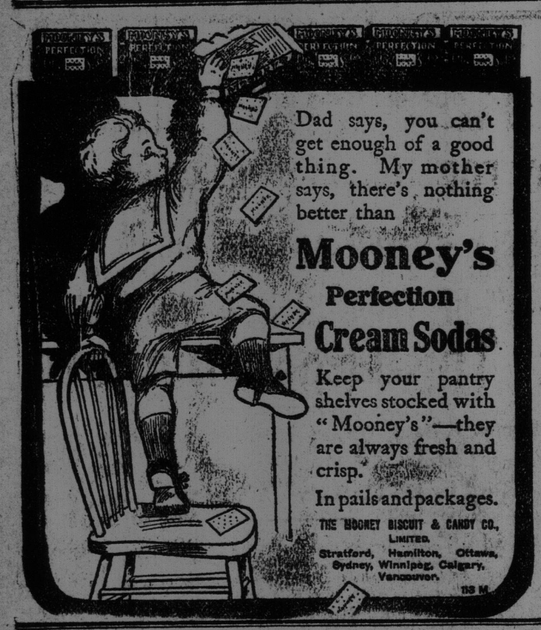


Dad says, you can't get enough of a good thing. My mother says, there's nothing better than

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

Keep your pantry shelves stocked with "Mooney's"—they are always fresh and crisp.

In pails and packages.

THE MOONEY BISCUIT & CANDY CO., LIMITED.
Stratford, Hamilton, Ottawa, Sydney, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver.
113 M.

The Return of the Dead

By Hugh Pendexter

There goes Mercy Gibson ter th' buryin' ground," mechanically observed old man Peters, sitting on the platform in front of the general store and postoffice and tossing back the hot midsummer sunbeams with a blade of his new knife.

"She's ben doin' it fer years, ain't she?" yawned Freemont Skilly, who should have been at home and working.

"I can remember jest as if it was yesterday when she give Edwin Timbly th' mitten an' married Elam," declared old man Peters, in a drowsy, sing-song. "An' they hadn't been married no time before Elam enlisted an' went ter war. She didn't know he'd enlisted till he marched by her in th' village here with th' other York county boys. I can see now jest how he grinned in a sheepish way an' how she almost swooned. He was always playin' capers on somebody, an' I guess he thought th' surprise ter her would be a good joke. She see'd him jest once after that, an' that was when he come up from Augusta an' bid her good-by from in front of this very store."

"An' he never come back," yawned Skilly, to terminate the old story, making a move as if to rise, and then reconsidering.

"Except in his coffing," corrected the old man's dull monotone, as he deftly cut another notch in the planking.

"Here comes th' Baldwinville stage, fellers," announced the storekeeper from the doorway. And the three, with some show of interest, hitched up a step to escape the wheels, and desisted from conversation and whittling to watch the yellow-streaked vehicle disgorge a slim mail pouch and one passenger.

"Gent wants ter find th' Widder Gibson," informed the stage driver, wiping his broiled face on a red bandana handkerchief.

"She's down ter th' buryin' ground," volunteered old man Peters, rising unsteadily to point a lean hand. Then he added, "I'll go along with ye."

"Much obliged," said the newcomer, shortly, as he turned away, "but I'd rather go alone."

The stranger came upon the Widow Gibson while she kneeled and arranged her basket of old-fashioned flowers about a low, neatly cared for mound. The afternoon sun was at his back and brought the old woman's face into strong relief.

After a few seconds' hesitation he slouched a step nearer and with a half-concealed air of amusement drawled in the York county intonation:

"Fixin' the grave, Mercy?"

She dropped the flowers at the sound of his voice, but turned not at once. Her eyes were riveted on Pitchmope's pine-covered sides. Next her rigidity relaxed and a shiver ran through her frame. Slowly she rose and carefully brushed out her black skirts. Then, for the first time, she faced him, all very slowly and precisely, however, and with the hint of a catch in her voice, asked: "Is that you, Elam?"

"Yes," he replied, hanging his head. "I've come back." Then as she stared in silence, he protested: "An' this ain't what ye'd exactly call a warm welcome home either." And he advanced awkwardly, until only the grave separated them; yet she made no move to meet him, and instead filled her hands with the basket and trowel.

Her strong eyes drove his to the ground and she studied him long and earnestly. "So, you ain't dead?" she said, numbly.

"Bless ye, no," he laughed uneasily, again removing his well worn hat. "I've travelled some though," he added, almost proudly. "Ain't many men that's see'd so much of our country as I have."

Then, remembering the grave, she suddenly demanded. "Who lays here?"

"Ed. Timbly," he apologized.

"Ed," she mumbled brushing a hand over her face.

"Yas," he explained. "Ye see, I got inter a little difficulty after I'd been at th' front a few months, an' thought I'd best clear out fer a while. An' when Ed was killed at Bar Harbor an' th' boys sent him home as me by mistake, why, I thought I'd let it all go that way for a while."

"And I've been tending Ed's grave all these years after forsaking him for you," she mused. "Well, Elam, you must have fasinated me, as I always know'd he was the best man of the two. You couldn't find time, I s'pose, to let me know you was alive?"

He detected nothing ironical in this, and at once regained his old care-free manner and attempted to mollify her by saying: "Wall, Mercy, I did intend ter write but after th' war I was busy cavortin' around an' I let it go so long I thought I'd wait till I could drop in an' explain in person." Then he concluded, with all his youthful boastfulness: "Ain't many women has got a husband that's traveled around as I have. Ben all over th' West."

"Ed was more loyal," she observed, half to herself, as she stooped to fix a wild rose climber. "He's been with me through all the years."

"He had ter," observed her husband, shortly. "But now ye know it's Ed, an' not me, ye can quit comin' out here, can't ye?" And if it is possible for jealousy to touch old age, maybe the light in Elam's worn eyes was incited by some such emotion.

"What are ye going to do now?" she asked, in return.

"Do? Why, I'm goin' ter live here. Don't want me ter go ter war agin, do ye??" he asked, fretfully.

"There ain't no wars now," she reminded simply. "Besides, you're too old. Lawd! to think of us meeting here, and after all these years! You're changed sadly, Elam."

"I was gay enough when I marched away," he defended, bitterly. "Jest th' same as give my life ter th' government, an' can't even git a pension now I married 'misin,' ye know."

"How are you going to live?" she inquired, curiously.

"Live?" why, Mercy," he floundered, "if that ain't a pretty question ter put ter a old veteran. Ain't I yer husband? Ain't ye got yer farm? Good Lawd! don't say ye ain't got no farm! Yer father's was th' best one in all th' Ossippee valley when I quit here."

"It is now," she admitted. "And it's mine. But I'm a widder. I ain't got no husband," and the strong mouth was drawn down tremulously. Then the lines grew firm again, and she repeated, "I ain't got no husband. He was killed a-fighting for his country. But does anyone know who you be?"

"No," he replied, wearily, "Everybody seemed to be a youngster when I got out th' stage. There wos one old fe'er I thought I remembered, but I didn't give my name. I thought ye'd rather introjuce me, yerself."

"Don't tell any one your name," she cried, hurriedly. "My husband lays dead there and has for years. You can git board at one of the neighbors and I'll pay for it. You can say you was an old friend of my husband. The neighbors may talk some about my paying your board, but we're both too old to care. Remember you was my husband's friend." Then, as her feelings surged momentarily to the front, she sobbed: "The Lawd knows you was his worst enemy! Alone all these years, except for Ed!"

At first he was cowed by her outburst, but the mention of his rival's name irritated him, and he feebly remonstrated. "I wish ye wouldn't keep harpin' on Ed. What's he ter either of us?"

"I've brought flowers here for his grave every summer day," she reminded, listlessly.

"Well, then, it's high time ye quit it," he declared.

"No," she replied, "I'm used to doing it, I'm used to havin' you dead. I shall keep on tending his grave. But as I'm beginning to feel my years you'll have to help. You can carry the basket; sometimes it gits heavy."

"No, siree," responded her husband, stoutly. "I never had much use for Ed. He tried to cut me out when I first went with ye. I don't feel like decoratin' his grave."

"But you shall," she said, in her slow, even voice. "You shall, and you'll begin today by fetching this basket back to the house. As to cutting out, his grave has cut you out for years."

And as she turned to the gate, Elam sighed and picked up the basket and trowel and followed her.

That night the entire community knew the stranger was an old friend of the dead Gibson. It aroused no unusual comment that the widow should guarantee his keep at a neighbor's house; for she had long been known as a woman with much fixedity of purpose, albeit, at times, somewhat eccentric. Moreover, as she was well able to pay for the keeping of several strangers, it seemed pleasant to the neighborhood to encourage such extravagance.

And Elam, sailing under an assumed name, quickly fell into his place and spent many of his hours discussing the early days of the valley with old man Peters. If at times he displayed a too intimate knowledge of those now dead and gone, it was easily explained by his assertion that the deceased Gibson often talked of his home and friends. Yet, while vaunting his own powers on the field of battle, he always seemed to even more enjoy the awarding of a greater meed of praise to the boy Elam.

Day in and day out the widow and her assistant carried flowers to the cemetery, and on one or two occasions when she could not go she sent him alone. And he, knowing her implacable eye would detect the slightest evasion of duty, would bow his back to the hot sun and perform his errand most carefully. The one recompense was his anticipations of winter. With the snow would come release. Then he could sit before the store stove and smoke a peaceful pipe and regale the gossip-loving gathering with newer and fresher stories than old man Peters could ever hope to tell.

But the early snows along the Ossipec fall damp and heavy, and it happened that after the first day and evening of unalloyed liberty the widow's bondsman fell ill. Even the crude eye of the rural physician saw at a glance the frail, time-worn frame could not resist the attack, and Mrs. Gibson was notified at once. She came immediately to his side and remained his nurse.

"I was a fool when a younker, an' have been one ever since," he apologized one December afternoon, as the red sun sent ruddy streamers through the small window panes. "I reckon, Mercy, I ain't been what ye'd call a thoughtful man."

"Not exactly a thoughtful man, Elam," she sobbed.

"Wall, don't take on. I reckon I've paid th' price. Don't ye think so?"

"If there was any price to pay, Elam, you've paid it," she whispered.

"Then I don't owe nothin'?" he asked eagerly.

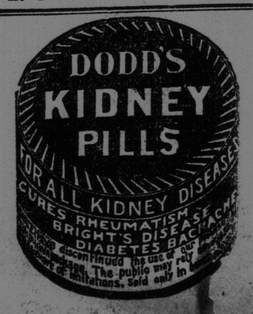
"Nothin," she murmured.

"Then, mebbe, when yo'n me an' Ed meet again we can start in all over an' times will be happier for all of us," his weak voice fluttered.

"Better for all of us," she whispered, brushing the hair from his forehead.

"Say," he mumbled, "remember, Mercy, how that hair used ter curl when it was brown. If I do say it, that was th' most fetchin' head of hair in all company D."

And with this final touch of the old light-hearted vanity, Elam, twice dead, hurried out from the frozen loneliness of the valley to find Ed.



Palpitation of the Heart.

One of the first danger signals that announce something wrong with the heart is the irregular beat or violent throb. Often there is only a fluttering sensation, or an "all gone" sinking feeling; or again, there may be a most violent beating, with flushings of the skin and visable pulsations of the arteries. The person may experience a smothering sensation, gasp for breath and feel as though about to die. In such cases the action of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills in quieting the heart, restoring its normal beat and imparting tone to the nerve centres, is, beyond all question, marvellous. They give such prompt relief that no one need suffer.

Mr. Sylvester Smith, Hampton, N.B., writes:—"I was troubled with palpitation of the heart and tried doctor's medicines, but they only gave me temporary relief. I heard of your Heart and Nerve Pills and bought two boxes and before I had used them I was completely cured and would recommend them to all similarly affected."

Price, 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for $1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

CATTLE IN MEXICO

American Stock Raisers See Advantages Offered for Grazing Purposes.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 11—Reporting from Tampico, Consul P. Merrill Griffith says that prominent cattlemen of the United States are investigating conditions of Mexico with regard to the advantages offered for the raising of cattle. The consul continus:

This is the result of natural conditions. Throughout the West and Middle West of the United States the larger ranches are being gradually cut up for agricultural purposes, which forces these cattle barons to look elsewhere for suitable lands for grazing purposes, Mexico, with its vast, well-watered ranges, rich grasses and equable climate, is an ideal cattle country, and these cattlemen, who own large herds in the United States, are now investigating the conditions offered by Mexico, believing that cattle can be raised with less expense here and shipped to the United States and fattened for the market. In addition to the advantages mentioned, and the fact that the inland and water transportation facilities for shipment to the United States are excellent, the Mexican market is stable and the demand for a good quality of beef constantly increasing.

Got Corns?

Foolish to keep them if you have? No fun in corns, but lots of pain. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor raises corns in twenty-four hours. Get a quick crop by raising it—druggists sell it.

REVOLT AGAINST CASTRO

Venezuela Government Threatens to Fire on Dutch Warships

Caracas, Dec. 4, via Willemstd, Dec. 11—Two recent events, the departure of President Castro for Europe and the naval demonstration this week along the Venezuelan coast by three Dutch warships, have conspired to bring about in Venezuela a state of affairs that may have serious consequences. The Government has resolved to fire on the first Dutch warship that commits an unfriendly act, and the beginning of what may develop into a strong movement against President Castro have been noticed.

It was learned here today that President Castro recently closed communications for the purchase in Germany of three gunboats.

Leaflets are being distributed every day in Caracas attacking President Castro and urging Acting President Gomez to a course of treason. Efforts are being made to discover the authors of these attacks, and whenever they are found they are promptly carried off to jail.

It is reported here that three revolutionary generals have invaded the Apure district in Columbia. These leaders are Fernandez a Gabaldon and Perez. They are men of minor importance, and the movement which they have inaugurated is belittled in Caracas.

Travelers, Miners, Read

When away from home and your doctor, always provide yourself with a bottle of Nerviline to break up a cold, to relieve neuralgia, muscular soreness. Nothing compares with Nerviline for instant relief and sure, lasting cure. Bruises, cramps, rheumatism—call the pain any name you please—it has an antidote in Nerviline which is an assured protection against all sickness. Good to rub in—excellent for internal use, the best all-round household remedy on earth—that's "Nerviline." Sold everywhere in 25c. bottles, and used by nine out of every ten families in Canada.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

THE LITTLE MAID HAS HER DIRECTOIRE COAT.

Patterned after her mother's handsome tailored coat of broadcloth is this little girl's coat for dressy wear. The short-waisted cut gives a very graceful line to the skirts of the coat, and the big Directoire revers, faced with striped velvet, are particularly smart. The Incroyable collar has a Napoleon tie of black satin tipped with long tassels and on cuffs and shoulder pieces there are big satin buttons and loops.

IT IS A SIN TO MARRY ON LESS THAN $12 A WEEK

Prof. Carver, of Harvard, Insists That Love Doesn't Always Find a Way, and That These Who Wed Should Look Ahead.

(New York Herald.)

Prof. Thomas Nixon Carver, of the Department of Economics at Harvard, has been quoted as saying that any man who marries on less than $15 a week is guilty of a sin against his country.

"I was misquoted," he said to the writer last week. "This whole subject was brought up by a statement made by the Rev. Herbert Johnson, a Boston clergyman, that no man should marry who was getting less than $800 a year, and that he would refuse to marry any such persons. My opinion was asked regarding it.

"In the first place, we were discussing conditions in Boston. I should not put the sum as high as that. I think that perhaps $600 a year, or $12 a week, would be a fairer figure. We must, of course, consider the high cost of living in this city. In smaller places, where the cost of living is less, people may get along, but they should have not much below that figure.

"If the Rev. Mr. Johnson refuses to marry people who have not $800 a year it will not have any effect, and even if he were to get a lot of other clergymen to adopt the same course people would find a way to marry. When they could not do so legally there would be the alternative of illegal marriages. So we are not going to have any reforms that way.

"The people themselves will have to change the conditions. This may be brought about by bringing up children with the idea of having them do better than their fathers. To do this naturally the parents must have good homes and fair wages for the father. The great rush of unrestricted immigration flowing in to crowd the gaps cheapens labor until the market is crowded; this makes it worse instead of better for the skilled laborer. If children born here do not get better advantages than were afforded to their fathers they must of necessity drop into the laboring class and help to swell it.

"We are speaking now of Boston. With a change for the better in conditions here the good result would be nullified by the coming into this city of cheap labor from elsewhere whenever the supply led dimin inished. So the movement would have to be worldwide.

"You cannot better the conditions of the laboring classes until we have laws that will make discrimination regarding immigration. The utter futility of trying to do anything materially to improve existing conditions or materially to alleviate poverty so long as the bars are down and the labor market is continually overcrowded is too apparent to need any argument.

"These people that imagine we can keep the conditions of labor in this country permanently better than they are in the countries abroad are foolish. Without barrier to immigration conditions can be no better here than abroad, any more than conditions can be permanently better on one side of the Charles River than on the other."

Prof. Carver said that people should get away from the sentimental method of marrying, expecting that "love will find a way," and so on. People about to get married should, he considered, have a practical idea of the future and what it would mean to their children. So long as there are people there will be marriages, he said, but those getting the lower wages will be merely existing, matrimony for them being nothing but a process of spawning, and under such conditions it will only add to the general poverty and keep laborers submerged rather than allow them a chance to rise.

On the other hand, however, if the children of laborers were brought up to better themselves, it would lift many of them above the real laboring class into professions and other remunerative places, and then if there was a restricted immigration there would be enough of a shortage in the laboring classes to increase the demand, and with this increase would naturally come higher wages. The result of this would be a more even distribution of wealth.

BITING REMARKS BY BISHOP WILLIAMS

Some Plain Truths Told to Canadians in an Address This Week.

(Toronto News, Tuesday.)

Bishop Williams addressed the Canadian Club at luncheon yesterday, and in the course of his remarks said:

"Business is business, and religion is religion," was a modern proverb. Men must have two compartments for them, water-tight if they were Baptists, air-tight if they were Episcopalians. (Laughter.) They must not mingle, as they made an explosive compound. The fine bric-a-brac and china of the golden rule was only for the parlor; in the kitchen of life they needed a coarser earthenware. A politician has declared that the Ten Commandments were only "an iridescent dream."

There were men who grew rich on secret rebates, who employed spies to get reports of their competitor's business, and who broke the law without a qualm for their own purposes.

"My dear friends," these men are the real anarchists of the country — these men who were teaching us contempt for all law — not the poor fellows who have red flags and who get hanged sometimes," said the Bishop.

"Some of you say he is talking about John D. Rockefeller," he remarked. "Perhaps I am, but only as a type, not as an individual. The higher criticism was doing away with everything but types, and in time to come perhaps John D. would only be recognized as such.

"The big corporations are in the market to buy what they want. The best men do it," he declared, speaking of legislative methods. "We have outgrown our moral habits and standards." A man denounced as heterodox, weak on the creed, and not too careful in church attendance, was ready to be excommunicated. A man who made money by notoriously unscrupulous methods was not interfered with if he gave proportionately to the Church.

"What is needed is the expansion, the enlargement of our moral codes till they cover the whole of our lives, and reduce them to a unity.

"You can't build your life solidly and permanently on a dual foundation. You have to bring it under one standard, the gold standard, the standard of the golden rule."

OBITUARY

John Iddles

The death occurred yesterday of Mr. John Iddles aged ninety years and one of St. John's oldest citizens.

Mr. Iddles' wife died only seven months ago. He is survived by six children—two sons and four daughters. They are John and H. F., of this city, and the daughters are Mrs. Hands, in London; Miss Amy, who has just returned to her duties as school teacher in South Africa after a visit home, and Mrs. Fred. Shaw and Miss Clara Iddles, of this city. There are also twenty-four grandchildren and forty great grandchildren.

Mr. Iddles was born in London on July 28, 1818, and came to St. John fifty-three years ago. He had made several visits to his home land. He had lived in the reign of five sovereigns—George III., George IV., William IV., Victoria, and the present King. He was a man of fine character and esteemed by all with whom he came in contact.

George R. Lingley

George R. Lingley, a well known lumberman, died yesterday in his residence, 224 Duke street, aged seventy-eight years. He was born in Indiantown, conducted his business for many years in Milford and lived most of his life in the North End. He is survived by two brothers, Edward Lingley and James W. Lingley, both of whom reside in the North End. There are also two sons, W. S. Lingley, of Montreal, who is in the city to attend his father's funeral, and A. G. Lingley, of Butte (Mont.); also three daughters, Mrs. S. R. Fair, of Butte (Mont.); Mrs. E. R. Teed, of Woodstock (N. B.), and Miss Alice, at home.

Mr. Lingley was a much respected citizen and many will hear of his death with regret. He had been sick only a short time, death being due to old age. The funeral will take place from his late residence on Tuesday afternoon.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c

"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work"

The Dog and The Shadow

You remember the fable of the dog who dropped a real bone for its shadow which he saw in the water. "Bear in mind that all is not Gold Dust that glitters under the name of washing powder. Don't accept a shadowy substitute; get the real

Gold Dust Washing Powder

with the Gold Dust Twins on the package."

OTHER GENERAL USES FOR GOLD DUST | Scrubbing floors, washing clothes and dishes, cleaning woodwork, oil cloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brass work, cleansing bath room, pipes, etc., and making the finest soft soap.

Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Montreal, P. Q.—Makers of FAIRY SOAP.

GOLD DUST makes hard water soft

SPECIALLY PRICED AT $1·00

D&A TRADE MARK Nº 273

A stylish and charming new model, for medium and petite figures, combining the advantages of the girdle top, with those of the medium long hip corse:

Produces lines of exquisite shapeliness and grace, imparts absolute comfort and a superb figure.

Made of Imported Coutil; rust-proof boning thruout, one of the best sellers ever made

On sale at your dealer, if not, write for Descriptive Circular

DOMINION CORSET CO., Makrs.
Quebec, Montreal. Toronto.

COTTON IN INDIA

Introduction of American Cotton Seed Has Produced Good Results.

Lahore, India, Dec. 11—The government's experiment in introducing American cotton into the Punjab has met with encouraging success. The first auction of American cotton was held today and the entire product was bought by one firm at a price 25 per cent higher than Indian cotton. The local cultivators, whose conservatism up to the present time has prevented a more widespread use of the American seed, were immensely impressed by this fact.

ECONOMIC PROTEST

"Did I understand you to ask me if I wanted work?" asked Plodding Pete.

"That's what you understood, if you understood anything," answered the woman with a cold steely eye and a firm jaw.

"You've got some wood that needs chopping, I suppose."

"I have."

"Lady, I'm surprised at you. Don't you know dat de trees gather moisture gradually an' by slowly lettin' it into de ground keep up a steady water supply? Don't you know dat when you leave de hillsides raked an' bare de water comes down in a freshet same as beer from a barrel with de head stove in? Don't you know dat future generations is goin' to miss de umbrageous protection overhead, an' dat our grandchidrren is liable to be at de mercy of a parasol trust? An' you want me to chop wood! Lady, I'm surprised at you!" —Washington Star.

Rev. W. O. Peterson, of Springfield, who has just celebrated his 93rd birthday anniversary, makes it a regular practice to walk two miles every day.

THE DRUG HABIT AMONG DRUGGISTS

No Machinery for Protecting the Public Interests Against Possible Fatal Errors.

Toroto, Dec. 11—Druggists who are addicted to the use of drugs are admittedly a menace to the safety of the public. That the drug habit has shown a marked increase among some members of the pharmacy profession throughout the province was the opinion expressed by Mr. Geo. E. Gibbard, the president, in his address, at the opening session of the semi-annual convention of the Council of the Ontario College of Pharmacy yesterday in the Pharmacy College.

Mr. Gibbard said there were a number of druggists who are known to be addicted to the use of drugs and alcohol. Under the present regulations there was no machinery for protecting the public interests against the possibility of fatal errors, rendered liable by such incompetents. In his opinion, a plan should be devised by the Council whereby these unfortunates would be subjected to discipline and their opportunity for injury to the public, through errors, would be removed. He thought the position of the Council made it imperative that their care should be the welfare of the public and the safeguarding of the lives of their patrons. It therefore behooved the Council to discharge the responsibility with honesty of purpose and a determination that the safety of the public should be advanced by the profession generally.

A cane recently purchased by A. Spiro, of Ansonia, Conn., was found to be hollow and to contain not a sword, but a quantity of broken glass and prussic acid.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

AT THE PATIENT'S EXPENSE.

Quoth the dentist, as forceps he seized with aplomb,
"I am what the public would call a phenom."
Then added, as molar he started to stir,
"For I can do tooth things at once, as it were."

Find the patient.

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE.

Upside down, in pillows.