

MATTERS OF INTEREST AT WASHINGTON

Indications That Situation Will Soon Be Worth Watching

The Pinchot-Ballinger Controversy—Investigation of the Cost of Food Stuffs—Tariff and Other Matters in Times' Letter

(From The Times' Correspondent.) Washington, D. C., Jan. 4.—There are indications that the situation in Washington will be sufficiently interesting soon after the holidays. The Pinchot-Ballinger controversy will be considered by a joint senate and house committee, and it is given out that the president will aid congress in the most rapid manner. It is so, the joint committee will have behind it all the weight and power of the legal machinery of the United States, and witnesses can be summoned and compelled to testify. Usually in such investigations the testimony of witnesses is voluntary, and they have frequently been recalcitrant and have withheld important evidence.

Democrats in both houses are anxious to have the most searching investigation of the general land office records, believing that good political capital will be the result. Independent onlookers are of the opinion that where there is so much smoke there must be fire, but on the other hand Mr. Ballinger's pose is one of serene assurance and his friends expect his complete vindication. The hearings of the committee will be public and your readers will be fully advised of the progress of the investigation.

As to the question the public will recall that the reclamation service, as it is called, has been under the inspection of several senators who investigated the projects in the west last summer. Some at least of the senators think that the reclamation service has undertaken a bigger task than it can accomplish, and it is estimated that the Ballinger investigation and an investigation into the reclamation enterprise are so closely related that they should be carried along together to avoid the expense of a separate inquiry. It is probable, however, that this plan will be objected to on the ground that it will confuse the issue.

At present there are only skirmishes between the insurgents of the Republican party and the old standbys, such as Aldrich, Hale, Lodge and the so-called "Meat" Republicans who vote as Aldrich indicates or dictates. There have been indications that the president is opposed to the meat bill, but there is also a pretty well authenticated rumor that he has decided to oppose Speaker Cannon, which must finally mean his opposition to Aldrich, for in a political sense Cannon and Aldrich are brothers.

The president, it is understood, is at work on special messages to be sent to congress after the holidays, and it is said that if Speaker Cannon should show his opposition to the ship subsidy bill and to the amendment of the interstate commerce laws and to postal reform, he is expected to reach which has long been anticipated by some will be known to all.

The secretary of agriculture has issued a force of capital and scattered throughout the country is carefully investigating the costs of food and the reasons for the greatly increased cost of the necessities of life. It is indeed true that the cost of food and the cost of the necessities of life is in direct relation to the cost of the necessities of life. Mr. Wilson, the secretary of agriculture has hundreds of field employees at his disposal and from being oppressed. A few minutes before, when the reporter had first entered the house, the boy of twelve was engaged in serving the mid-day meal, the holiday enhancing him to relieve him of the duties of the household work. The turkey which usually adorns the New Year's dinner is not in evidence, the meal consisted of a kind of stew with a pitiful lack of solids, dry bread which for lack of butter was dipped in a soupy substance and then eaten. The youngest child, a little girl of six, was apparently enjoying the meal, her hunger, possibly rendering her insensible to the fact that the food was not what she had been used to.

A Story of Woe
Asselin's story is one seldom paralleled in misfortune and wretchedness. His wife, suffering from the worst form of tuberculosis, and him in good health, for months, leaving her sixteen-year-old daughter to look after the two younger children at home. About six weeks ago the youngest child, a girl of six, died, but had to be nursed at home owing to the fact that no hospital could take her. Then, about two weeks later, the mother, suffering from acute rheumatism, was taken to the same hospital where her wife lay, thus depriving the daughter of the best place for her to die. Asselin still suffering painfully from rheumatism, and the household income limited to forty-five cents a day. The father was then discharged from the hospital and, although he was still suffering acutely, things seemed in the mend at last. Then the brave girl herself was stricken with the fever, but through the representations of the Victoria Order authorities, was taken to a hospital the same day on which her mother was sent home, her condition being pronounced as hopeless.

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TWELVE YEAR OLD BOY THE ONLY SUPPORT

Sad New Year's Conditions in Montreal Family Are Disclosed

Father Just Out of Hospital, Mother Near Death, Two Girls Down With Fever and Forty-Five Cents a Day Coming in

(Montreal Star.) The New Year dawned dark and barren of promise in the two-roomed home of A. Asselin, 68 Dehenelle street, St. Henry.

Mr. Asselin, himself invalided for weeks by rheumatism and just discharged from the hospital, his wife, nearing the end of her long suffering from the ravages of tuberculosis, his sixteen-year-old daughter, who mothered the younger children and looked after the household work, taken to the hospital Friday with typhoid after four long weeks of suffering at home, his little nine-year-old sister just recovering from the fever, and the earnings of a boy of twelve, amounting to forty-five cents a day standing between the family and actual hunger constitutes a state of depression before which even the most optimistic of mortals must stand appalled.

It was intensely pathetic that the one lone expression of hope that better things might be ahead for everyone in the little household should have come from the mother, on whose face was ineffaceably stamped the grim mark of death. Despite the dreadful cough that racked her almost constantly, and forgetting the weakness of her poor, emaciated body, whose vitality had ebbed so low that she was unable to lift a glass of water to her lips, she alone of all the new year and happier hours.

"I'll be better soon," she said, "The doctor at the hospital told me I might come home, because I'd got on just as well here; so I came back yesterday. I hope it won't be long, before I can get up, because they never let me out of the house, now that my oldest daughter isn't here."

The husband, supported by crutches, stood at the bedside. He smiled weakly at a representative of The Star and his eyes filled with tears. He knew the truth. This had been a hard year for the woman continued in her weak voice, "but I am sure the new year will be better. Life can't be all trouble and worry and pain and we've had our share of these. We've had happy days, too, though," she went on, and the memory of these flooded her poor, pale face with a look of happiness. Then, turning to where her husband stood, she smiled at him reassuringly and said, "And we'll have lots more, never fear."

Here a violent fit of coughing shook her, and she said, "I'm afraid she is over-exerting herself, and the reporter into the other room of the house."

The one just quitted was the only bedroom of the home. It was damp and cold. The sick woman lay thinly covered under one of the two blankets, close to a wall, damp and clammy with a moisture from without. The second bed served as a sleeping place for the rest of the family and was situated about four feet from the mother's. The other room, which served as kitchen, dining room and general living room, was warmer than the sick chamber, but even here, where the stove was, the heat was at its disposal and from being oppressed. A few minutes before, when the reporter had first entered the house, the boy of twelve was engaged in serving the mid-day meal, the holiday enhancing him to relieve him of the duties of the household work. The turkey which usually adorns the New Year's dinner is not in evidence, the meal consisted of a kind of stew with a pitiful lack of solids, dry bread which for lack of butter was dipped in a soupy substance and then eaten. The youngest child, a little girl of six, was apparently enjoying the meal, her hunger, possibly rendering her insensible to the fact that the food was not what she had been used to.

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Fashion Hint for Times Readers



THE BECOMING SHOULDER SCARF
There are innumerable ways which the fashionable little shoulder scarfs that are worn this winter on every occasion. Under the very diaphanous evening wraps which are the de rigueur, the little extra scarf is almost a necessity, and it may be of the dress color, adding a most artistic touch to the costume. This evening gown of pale blue chiffon is matched by a scarf of light blue messaline with a layer of blue chiffon underneath, the two fabrics being joined by the border of maroon trimming.

The New Commandment

By Anthony Verrall.

CHAPTER XVII.
By dawn of the day that followed, the spring had filled the hole that Ghent had scratched in the gravel. The water was slightly discolored, but good. Judith was first at the place. She drank, refilled her rock-basin, from which Ghent had partaken as he labored, and carried it off to her camp. The work achieved by the man had apparently lent a new vitality to the well.

At her cave she mixed a paste of dough of her acorn meal, and, forming a thick flat cake of the dampened material, broiled it to a crumbling state on one of the flat stones she had collected. The product was astonishingly good and nourishing. "The bitterness had quite disappeared from the acorn," she said, with a spreading of butter, which had been delicious. That morning she had a meal appointment to hunt the greenery with Ghent. For the first time in many days the man secured the almost useless acorn alone. The due oily extraction he finally frightened to a scamper down the parched ravine was newly made more alarmed by the bone-splitting "arrr" which he uttered as he fell. No Judith appeared at the old-dead-end to assist him in conveying his victim. He therefore returned, empty-handed, and partly satisfied his gnawing appetite on the berries and nuts of the growth.

To his blist the hole which he had scratched in the gravel had filled with water, the noon sun again absorbed the water, and the heated air quivered above the very hole, parching the sand and trees about it. In the afternoon a high and scorching wind came sweeping up the canon, blotting out the sun, and the air was so hot that the shriveling branches and scorching the mountain world.

By sundown there was hardly a spoonful of water left in the hole. Once more that evening Ghent laid his hands and sharpened sticks to the task of scratching deeper in the gravel for the precious drops of liquid. Judith, who came there later, waited vainly, till Ghent had gone, then drank of the ruddy trickle, and herself worked for more than an hour, removing the sand he had cast from the hole, to render further excavations hopeless. The last ditch was dug, and but had barely commenced. The morning that came upon the withered oasis was no less fierce than the day before. Again at noon the blustering sirocco swept upon the mountain world, singeing the life from everything. For the third time Ghent returned to the digging. Judith had fetched her rock receptacle, to leave it henceforth at the spring.

The lack of water-drops, and none must be sacrificed to waste, Ghent could dig no deeper however, till he would nearly choke, and then his heart would stop beating. I could not lie on my left side, and the second box was taken to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and before the first box was taken I was almost well, and the second box completed the cure. I have advised many others to try them, and they have all been cured of the same trouble. I have offered to pay for a box for anybody they do not cure.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are a cure for all diseases or disorders arising from the heart or nerve system. They make the weak body and curing palpitation of the heart, dizziness, sleeplessness, anemia, twitching of the muscles, sensation of "pins and needles," general debility, lack of vitality, etc.

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.

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NO INDIGESTION OR SICK STOMACH

Heartburn, Gas, Headache and Dyspepsia go and You Feel Fine in Five Minutes

Take your sour, putrid stomach—or maybe you feel indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis or catarrh of stomach; it doesn't matter—take your stomach trouble right with you to your Pharmacist and ask him to open a 50-cent case of Pape's Triangles and let you eat one 22-grain Triangle and it will be five minutes before there is left any trace of your former misery.

The correct name for your trouble is Food fermentation—food souring; the Digestive organs become weak, there is lack of gastric juice, your food is only half digested and you become affected with loss of appetite, pressure and fullness after eating, vomiting, nausea, heartburn, griping in bowels, tenderness at the pit of stomach, bad taste in mouth, constipation, pain in limbs, sleeplessness, belching of gas, biliousness, sick headache, nervousness, dizziness or many other similar symptoms.

If your appetite is faulty and nothing tempt you or you belch gas or if you feel bloated after eating, or your food lies like a lump of lead on your stomach, you can make up your mind that at the bottom of all this there is but one cause—fermentation of undigested food.

Prove to yourself that your stomach is as good as any; that there is nothing really wrong. Stop this fermentation and begin eating what you want without fear or discomfort or misery. Almost instant relief is waiting for you. It is merely a matter of how soon you take a little Diaper.

Instead of toiling longer with the pick, she permitted the dropping water to accumulate in her basin, and went at the trench with her bare fingers, he rolled a number of rocks down the sandy declivity, and was presently initiating Judith in the art of digging the blocks and boulders to the spring.

Not before had the pair's labored in company, and even now neither spoke. Judith had no apparent intention of leaving because of his assistance in the work. She continued to fetch the crude material for walls and presently began to pile fragments one upon another in a rude sort of cage, embracing all but the trench which lay deep at the former outlet of the spring.

Until they could no longer see to dig, the rock-building efforts, the two must depend to remove all the gravel he could loosen. He went at the business a yard below the hole, by way of preparing a trench that would give him a chance to pile fragments one upon another in a rude sort of cage, embracing all but the trench which lay deep at the former outlet of the spring.

That fourth day, at dawn, before the awful heat should drive him to his shelter, Ghent returned to the battle and assault of the gravel again. The work that Judith had performed in his absence he held with satisfaction. She was shirking no part in the struggle.

But to his best advantage the sand for a matter of less than three more inches, and was working in a frenzy at the bottom of the two-foot trench that had formed when he came upon something metallic. A moment later he had completely unearthed a point of steel that gave him a mingled sense of alarm, astonishment, and gratitude. It was the end of a pick.

In feverish haste he claved at the implement, and presently picking and tagging with all his might, unburied the tool, remarkably preserved—a miner's implement, rusted and oozy with moisture, its handle rotted only at the end.

It was almost too much to believe. Then a sickening thought of how it came to be here made him shudder and he turned away. The fact that the pick had been buried in the earth, when the spring was drying up—and still had perished for the lack of drink. Their work had been in vain.

A cold sweat broke out on his forehead. The annals of the helpless seekers after gold were all too vividly revealed. The story of himself and Judith Haines—what reason could be conjured for believing it could be anything less tragic and awful.

The farther they pursued the life-giving moisture, the further it would shrink from their lips. The conviction was so overpowering, yet so stubborn is life and the clinging thereto that Ghent set life more madly to work than before, trenching the sand with the implement that the earth had yielded to his hand.

Till the furnace of heat was once more searing the very flesh on his bones, the man continued at his labors. When he felt himself obliged to abandon the task at last, he had barely prepared the way for the tunnel he must later perform to follow the fast-retreating water. Half starved, he climbed to the cooler shadow of his drops and earthen cans and lay there motionless upon the earth, far too prostrated to gather nuts and berries.

All day the place was lifeless and deserted. Before sundown, however, Judith was working at the spring, assuming her share of the labor. She found the pick, and having undergone no less amazement at its presence here than had Ghent, was no less quick than he to divine the fact that at least one human being had been here before them—dying for his life.

In her strong, willful hands the tool took on a certain lust of labor. She loosed the pick and hauled out a heap of sand that left quite a cool, vavine's hole beneath the roots. From broken fibers, and even from a weed, a new crystal water even from a weed, and wedging it into the hole, behind the useless cans, she poured the liquid, and the man, encouraged to follow by the deluge, began to dig.

That the willow protection they had made above the spring served merely to cast a speckled shadow upon the earth, and in no wise kept out the super-heated air, she understood the better from the fact that her cave was comparatively cool, and that Ghent had been obliged to construct himself a layer of earth.

SALE OF MEN'S Underwear and Sweaters

- 50c. Wool Shirts and Drawers 39c. each
- 85c. Ribbed Shirts and Drawers 69c. each
- \$1.00 Extra Heavy Shirts and Drawers 79c. each
- Boys' Fleece Underwear, up to 34 inch 35c. each
- \$1.00 Men's Heavy Cardinal Sweaters 69c. each
- \$1.25 Men's Grey Coat Sweaters 89c. each
- \$1.50 Heavy Sweaters, open neck 98c. each
- 50c. Boys' Sweaters, dark colors, 39c. each
- 75c. Boys' Sweaters, large size, 45c. each

I. Chester Brown
32 and 36 King Square.

THE DOCTOR SAID HE COULD NOT LIVE

An Almost Fatal Illness Following an Attack of LaGrippe

The danger from grip is seldom over the fever, the headache and the depression of spirits, pass away. Grip leaves behind it weakened vital powers, thin, watery blood impaired digestion and over-sensitive nerves—a condition that makes the system an easy prey to pneumonia, bronchitis, rheumatism, nervous prostration and even consumption. Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of strengthening the blood and nerves during convalescence, and for this purpose no other medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which contain the elements necessary to enrich the blood and restore weakened nerves. Mr. James J. Whitman, Milwaukee, N. S., says: "Following a severe attack of La Grippe I was completely prostrated. The doctor who attended me said that my whole system had gone wrong. My heart was affected, my kidneys weakened, digestion impaired and to make the trouble worse I had hemorrhages of the bowels, and nearly died to death. The doctor said I could not live, and told my wife to tell me that I had better settle on my worldly affairs. I did not care to live, my sufferings were so intense. I could not sleep, my ankles and feet were swollen, and my complexion very yellow. Friends came to see me for the last time, and one of them, more hopeful than the others, persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. While I had but little faith that they would help me I decided to try them. Quite soon they seemed to benefit me for my appetite improved and my heart became stronger. Continuing the use of the pills it was not long before I was able to be out of bed, and after using fifteen boxes I am in good health for a man of my age. The doctor and those who knew of my case look upon me as a living wonder, as none of them expected me to get better. You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

MORNING NEWS OVER THE WIRES

They broke out in the Grecian royal palace near Athens yesterday. It is supposed to have started from a Christmas tree which the royal family was enjoying. The right wing of the palace was practically destroyed.

Commander Robert Peary depreciates the lowering of the standard of the lecture platform, and claims that on account of recent matters his self-respect will not allow him to accept anything less than \$1,000 to lecture.

In Montreal yesterday David Isner, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, was arrested on a warrant charging him with keeping a disorderly house.

Only two of the seventeen fishing boats of the Chaco fleet blown to sea by a blizzard on Tuesday morning, are now missing. It is feared that these have been lost with their crews.

GOLDS CAUSE HEADACHE

LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine, the world wide Cold and Grip remedy removes all ailments. Call for full name. Look for signature E. W. Grove, 23c.

THE FAMOUS Rayo Lamp

Once a Rayo user always one. The RAYO LAMP is a high grade lamp sold at a low price. There are lamps that cost more, but there is no better lamp at any price. The RAYO, the Wick, the Chimney, the Glass, all are vital things in a lamp; these parts of the RAYO LAMP are perfectly constructed and made in the best known in the art of lamp-making that could add to the value of the RAYO as a light-giving device. Suitable for any room in the house. Every dealer everywhere. What at your little drug store circular to the nearest Agent of The Imperial Oil Company, Limited.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

HOLDING THE REINS
The night was clear, the sleighing good. They're married now, perhaps because the cutter seat not wide. She was so helpful then. She snuggled close beneath the robe. To her fond lover's side. Well, in the way of men. And yet in all their sweet jangled. One said thought makes him wince. She held the reins that winter night. She's held them ever since. Find a farmer.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE
Left side down under right arm.