

TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 1909

for Times Readers



N LOUIS TYPE AND COLORING

a medi- able rose and gray taffeta—now coming  
ore are a into favor as a dress material once more.  
alled the At the back there is a "Watteau" pleat  
d, dress from shoulder to skirt hem. The crease  
y porno over bodice, the band of black at the  
with wool throat and the much-trimmed sleeves are  
of change all Louise XVI. features.

THE GOLDEN SPIDER

Derick Orin Bartlett

Author of "Joan of the Alley," etc.

more herself, save for the fact that she  
: door into appeared to be even further away in her  
moment his thoughts than when in normal sleep.  
ch held the "Let the image speak through you," ran  
he first sign the stranger. "Tell me what you see  
evidence of or hear."  
s measured "The lake—it is very blue."  
ighted to a "Look again."  
hid his "One is very much higher than the  
neat frame other."  
t know, but "Yes! Yes! But do not leave me. Be  
er was will- "The trees reach from the lake halfway  
further any up its sides."  
which she "Go on!" he cried excitedly.  
it was also "There they stop and the mountain rises  
girl no good "Go on!"  
nce as this "To the right there is a large crevice."  
er face, the "The stranger mistook his lips. He  
restlessness gave a swift glance at Wilson and then  
en she had turned his gaze to the girl.  
zing, he had "See, we will take a raft and go upon  
rushed an- the lake. Now look—look hard below the  
nue- "waters."  
l. This seem- "The girl appeared troubled at this. Her  
other evening feet twitched and she threw back her head  
is really hanc- as though for more air. Once more Wil-  
of gold. And son calculated the distance between him-  
And his; it was he- self and that which stood for death. He  
s, it was even found it still leveled steadily. To jump  
in her hands, would be only to fall halfway, and yet his  
to stand there throat was beginning to ache with the  
knee by his strain. He felt within him some new-  
and Wilson. born instinct impelling him to her side.  
her brow and She stood somehow for something more  
e that seemed this merely a fellow-creature in danger.  
her words he- He took a quicker interest in her—an  
anded. "Look interest expressing itself now in a sense  
r. Look deep of infinite tenderness. He resented the fact  
me monotonous that she was being led away from him in-  
a hypnotic into the girl's brain in the form of a com-  
d quickly. The mand. But for some reason she rebelled  
her face, her at doing this. It was as though to go be-  
and she spoke- low the waters even in this condition  
were still upon- choked her until she must gasp for breath.  
ough the latter- It was evidently some secret which lay  
She looked there—the location of some shrine or hid-  
nished. "The ing place which he most desired to locate  
ladies." through her while in this psychic state,  
mystery which for he insisted upon this while she strug-  
me subject in- gled against it. Her head was lifted now  
us and jealous- as though, before finally driven to take  
can be readily- the plunge, she sought aid—not from any-  
tic nerve treat- one here in the room, but from someone  
ollowed out in- upon the borders of the lake where, in  
and restoration- her trance, she now stood. And it came.  
condition speed- Her face brightened—her whole body  
ows when he is- thrilled with renewed life. She threw  
fe all that it- out her hand with a cry which startled  
dge makes the- both men.  
ith such symp- "Father! Father!"  
weak voice, The wounded man, puzzled, drew back,  
extremities, loss leaving for a moment the other unguard-  
control, lack of- ed. Wilson sprang, and in three bounds  
the back and- was across the room. He struck upon the  
shooting pains- arm just as a finger pressed the trigger.  
vrouness, sleep- The wounded man fell back in a heap—  
sunken cheeks- far too exhausted to struggle further.  
s and trembling- Wilson turned to the girl and swept the  
overcome these- image out of her lap to the floor where it  
a restoration of- lay blinking at the ceiling. The girl, blind  
to the nervous- and deaf to this struggle, remained sit-  
t poorly nourish- ting upright with the happy smile of re-  
oughtless eating- cognition still about her mouth. She  
ies, perhaps sup- repeated over and over again the glad cry  
k. Keen, strong- of "Father! Father!"  
di carry every- Wilson stooped and repeated her name,  
dion to the- but received no response. He rubbed her  
sounness can and- forehead and her listless hands. Still she  
son of every liv- sat there scarcely more than a clay image.  
this prescription- Wilson turned upon the stranger with his  
its will surely re- fields doubled up.  
tain of any good- "Rouse her!" he cried. "Rouse her, or  
s of syrup sarsa- I'll throttle you!"  
a six ounce bot- The man made his feet and staggered to  
of compound fluid- the girl's side.  
let stand for two- "Awake!" he commanded intensely.  
ounce of tincture- The eyes instantly responded. It was  
(not cardamom)- as though a mist slowly faded from before  
compound essence- them, layer after layer, as fog rises from  
e well and take a- a lake in the morning. Her mouth relax-  
ch meal and one- ed and expression returned to each fea-  
three last named- ture. When at length she became aware  
ially prepared and- of her surroundings, she looked like an  
ions, much used in- awakened child. Pressing her fingers to  
s, but contain no- her heavy eyes, she glanced wonderingly  
system. about her. She could not understand the

tragic attitude of the two men who stud-  
ied her so fixedly. She struggled to her  
feet and regarded both men with fear.  
With her fingers on her chin, she cover-  
ed back from them, gazing to right and  
left as though looking for someone she had  
expected.

"Father!" she exclaimed timidly. "Are  
you here, father?"

Wilson took her arm gently but firmly.  
"Your father is not here, comrade. He  
has not been here. You—you drowned a  
bit, I guess."

She caught sight of the image on the  
floor, and instantly understood. She raised  
her hands over her eyes in an effort to  
recall what she had seen.

"I remember—I remember," she falter-  
ed. "I was in some foreign land—some  
strange place—and I saw—I saw my fa-  
ther."

She looked puzzled.

"That is odd, because it was here that  
I saw him yesterday."

Her lips were dry and she asked Wilson  
for a glass of water. A pitcher stood up-  
on the table, which he had brought up  
with the other things. When she had  
moistened her lips, she sat down again still  
a bit stupid. The wounded man spoke.

"My dear," he said, "you have  
just seen through the medium of that im-  
age interests me more than I can tell you.  
It may be that I can be of some help to  
you. My name is Sorez—and I know well  
that country which you have just seen. It  
is many thousand miles from here."

"As far as the land of dreams," inter-  
rupted Wilson. "I think the girl has  
been worried enough by such nonsense."

"You spoke of your father?" continued  
Sorez, ignoring the outburst. "Has he  
ever visited South America?"

"Many times. He was a sea captain, but  
he has not been home for years now."

"Ah, Dios!" exclaimed Sorez. "I under-  
stand now why you saw so clearly."

"You know my father—you have seen  
him?"

He waved her questions aside impa-  
tiently. His strength was failing him  
again and he seemed anxious to say what  
he had to say before he was unable.

"Listen!" he began, fighting hard to  
preserve his consciousness. "You have a  
power that will lead you to much. This  
image here has spoken through you. He  
has a secret worth millions and—"

"But my father," pleaded the girl, with  
a tremor in her voice. "Can it help me  
to him?"

"Yes! Yes! But do not leave me. Be  
patient. The priest—the priest is close by.  
He—he did this," placing his hand over  
the wound, "and I fear he—he may come  
again."

He staggered back a pace and stared in  
terror at the girl.

"I am not afraid of most things," he  
apologized, "but that devil he is every-  
where. He might be—"

There was a sound in the hall below.  
Sorez placed his hand to his heart again  
and staggered back with a piteous appeal  
to Wilson.

"The image! The image!" he gasped.  
"For the love of God do not let him get  
to Wilson."

Then he sank in a faint to the floor.  
Wilson looked at the girl. He saw her  
stoop for the revolver. She thrust it in  
his hand.

(To be continued.)

LIFE'S OUTLOOK FOR YOUNG GIRLS

Nature Makes Demands Upon Them Which Only Such a Tonic as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Can Supply

The girl of today is the woman of to-  
morrow, and until that tomorrow oft-  
times she suffers a weariness and loss of  
strength and brightness. These come, with  
pallid cheeks, shortness of breath and  
persistent headaches, tell plainly that  
the body that she needs assistance in the  
form of new, rich red blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People  
are just the medicine growing girls  
need. Every dose helps to make new  
rich blood, thus helping languid despond-  
ent girls on to the full bloom of woman-  
hood, making them robust, cheerful and  
attractive.

Mrs. Albert Putnam, Port  
Robinson, Ont., says: "A couple of years  
ago my daughter Hattie, now fifteen, was  
in declining health. She complained of  
severe headaches, had no appetite, was  
very pale, and exhausted at the least ex-  
ertion. As time passed on she was hard-  
ly able to drag herself about, notwith-  
standing that she was under medical  
treatment and continuously taking med-  
icine. At this juncture a neighbor strong-  
ly advised me to give Hattie Dr. Wil-  
iams' Pink Pills, and I decided to do so.

After she had taken three boxes some  
improvement was noticed; the headaches  
were not so frequent, nor so severe, and  
her appetite was much improved. This  
was indeed cheering, and she continued  
taking the Pills until she had used some  
eight boxes, when she was as well, and  
she has been in her life, and since that  
time she has been as robust as any girl  
could wish to be. I would strongly urge  
all mothers of growing girls to keep their  
health fortified through the use of Dr.  
Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be had  
from any medicine dealer or by mail from  
The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-  
ville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes  
for \$2.50.

BOYCOTT SWELLS THE CATTLE EXPORTS

Boston, Jan. 27.—That Europe must eat  
the beef which America refuses through  
its boycott, is evidently the plan of the  
producers who are now crowding the  
foreign going vessels out of this port with  
cattle exports.

SHINE IN SOCIETY Women With Fascinating Hair Always Attract Attention

If you are a woman with dull, lifeless,  
ordinary hair, do not feel distressed. Just  
make up your mind now that you can have  
just as luxurious and captivating a head  
of hair as any other woman, and quickly,  
too.

Just go to Chas. R. Watson this very  
day and get a bottle of Parisian Sage. Use  
it as directed, and in two weeks your  
scalp will be free of dandruff, your hair  
will be soft, lustrous and beautiful.

If your hair is falling out, Parisian Sage  
will stop it.

If your hair is thin, Parisian Sage will  
make it grow as heavily.

If you have dandruff it will quickly van-  
ish when Parisian Sage is used.

It prevents hair from turning gray; stops  
itching scalp almost instantly and is the  
ideal dressing for daily use.

A large bottle costs only 30 cents at  
Chas. R. Watson's, or direct, all charges  
prepaid from the Canadian makers, Giroux  
Mfg. Co., Fort Erie, Ont.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* In Use For Over Thirty Years  
**CASTORIA**  
Vegetable Preparation for Assu-  
mulating the Food and Regula-  
ting the Stomachs and Bowels of  
INFANTS & CHILDREN  
Promotes Digestion, Cheerful-  
ness and Rest. Contains neither  
Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.  
NOT NARCOTIC.  
Perfect Remedy for Constipa-  
tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea,  
Worms, Convulsions, Feverish-  
ness and Loss of Sleep.  
Fac-Simile Signature of  
*Dr. J. C. Watson*  
NEW YORK  
At 6 months old  
15 Doses—35 CENTS  
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

PARISH OFFICERS APPOINTED AT KINGS COUNTY COUNCIL MEETING

The following is a list of the principal  
parish officers appointed by the Kings  
county council:

Collector—Wm. S. Sanders.  
Overseers of poor—Dr. W. A. Fair-  
weather, Hedley V. Dickson.  
Parish clerk—Winfield Darling.  
Studholm.

Assessors—H. A. Corbett, W. A. Kier-  
stead, Howard R. Keith.  
Collectors—J. D. Pearson, No. 1; Wil-  
ford Cripps, No. 2.  
Overseers of poor—Tilley Gamce, John  
Kelle, George Graham.  
Parish clerk—Jos. Alexander.  
Upham.

Assessors—Geo. B. Reid, J. Westra  
Lagney, Arthur DeBow.  
Collector—Joseph Lackie.  
Overseers of poor—Robert Lackie, Wm.  
H. DeMill, John G. Fletcher.  
Parish clerk—Alex. S. Campbell.  
Waterford.

Assessors—W. E. S. Flewelling, Edward  
McAnair, Wm. Armstrong.  
Collector—Daniel McEneaney.  
Overseers of poor—Robert Hawkes, Chas.  
Buchanan, Patrick O'Leary.  
Parish clerk—W. S. D. Moore.  
Westfield.

Assessors—Fred. Wood, J. H. Poole,  
Charles McKenzie.  
Collector—Herbert Hughes, Roy Mc-  
Kenzie.  
Overseers of poor—W. H. Langley, F. R.  
Fowler, Jediah Pitt.  
Parish clerk—F. T. Flewelling.  
Sussex.

Assessors—S. C. McCully, Nelson Jeff-  
ries, David Little.  
Collectors—Thos. Hall, Isaac Humphreys.  
Overseers of poor—Robert Crawford,  
Lena Thompson, John W. Thompson.  
Parish clerk—James S. Hayes, David  
Little.  
Springfield.

Assessors—Walter B. Scovil, R. W.  
Menzies, Abner B. Morrill.  
Collector—Robert J. Nobles, No. 1; A.  
B. Crawford, No. 2.  
Overseers of poor—W. H. Vail, William  
Frasco, James Bates.  
Parish clerk—Alfred Hatfield.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"  
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE.  
Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE.  
Used the World over to Cure a Cold in  
One Day! 25c.

There was a young man of Constantinople  
Who used to buy eggs at 35 cents the dozen.  
When his father said, "Well,  
This is certainly surprising!"  
The young man put on his second head  
waitcoat.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

THE ETERNAL CONTRAST  
Love is swayed by weather.  
When the north winds blow  
When the snowflakes feather  
Hearts will warmer grow.

Find another lover.  
ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE  
Right side down, in man's head.