

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

CASTORIA
For Over Thirty Years

Dr. H. A. Mitchell in Use

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

YAC-SINGLE SIGNATURE OF CASTORIA NEW YORK

35 DROPS 35 CENTS

WALTON COMPANY, WINDSOR, CANADA.

"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work"

SIMPLY WONDERFUL
is the work which GOLD DUST accomplishes. All labor looks alike to the Gold Dust Twins. They clean floors and doors, sinks and chimneys—from cellar to attic—and leave only brightness behind. Get acquainted with

Gold Dust Washing Powder

OTHER GENERAL USES FOR GOLD DUST: Scrubbing floors, washing clothes and dishes, cleaning wood-work, oil cloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brass work, cleaning bath room, sink, etc., and making the floors non-slip.

Made by THE N. E. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Montreal, P. Q.—Makers of FAIR SOAP.

GOLD DUST makes hard water soft

LIQUOR LICENSES IN THE COUNTY

The liquor license commissioners of the county of St. John met in County Secretary Vincent's office yesterday afternoon and considered the applications for licenses. All the commissioners were present except Commissioner Lewis, of St. Mary's. Amon A. Wilson was present in the interests of the N. B. Temperance Federation. J. B. M. Baxter appeared for Mrs. Mary Dwyer, Mrs. Mary Brennan, William Fleming and George H. Tippitt, applicants for retail licenses in the parish of Lancaster. H. L. Gerow appeared for D. A. McLeod, who applied for a wholesale license in the parish of Lancaster. The list of licenses granted was as follows:

Parish of Lancaster—William W. Terry, George T. Tippitt, Mary Dwyer, William Fleming, John Sullivan, Frederick Duncan.

Parish of Simonds—Hugh J. McCormick, W. E. Newcomb, E. A. Treadwell, Nellie Barker and Charles Mayall. James Ready was granted a manufacturing brewer's license in the parish of Lancaster.

Mrs. Mary Brennan's application for a retail license in the parish of Lancaster was refused, but she was given three months' extension of time on her present license.

The application of William E. McIntyre for a retail license for the premises occupied by Hugh J. McCormick in the parish of Simonds, was refused, but a license was granted to Mr. McCormick for the premises.

David A. McLeod was refused a wholesale license in the parish of Lancaster.

Hay's Hair Health

NEVER FAILS TO RESTORE GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR AND BEAUTY.

No matter how old and faded your hair looks, or how long you have been gray, it will work wonders for you, keep your looking young, promote a luxuriant growth of healthy hair, stop its falling out and positively REMOVE Dandruff.

Will not soil skin or linen. Will not injure your hair. Is Not a Dye.

BEWARE ALL SUBSTITUTES \$1.00 and 50c. Bottles, at Drugists. Hay's Hair Spec. Co., Newark, N. J., U.S.A.

E. CLINTON BROWN,
Cor. Union and Waterloo Streets

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

The contrast between the costumes worn a year ago this time and those in fashion now is astonishing. The prevailing狄托依 effects have given place to the loose, most baggy "Russian" outlines and though to be sure the Paris frocks are all peppered with well-fitted and boned linings, they are, apparently, thrown hit or miss

LAST YEAR TIGHT FROCKS; THIS YEAR LOOSE

The figure and caught in at the waist with a sash or belt. There is a feminine charm about this dress which appeals quite as much as the tight狄托依 effect. The material is cashmere de soie and the looped overskirt and surplus bodice owe a deep V of gold metallic cloth are eminently Russian in suggestion.

"You're not hurt?" she asked in a whisper.

He shook his head and strained his ears to the hall without.

He led her to the wall through which the door opened and pressing her close against the wall, he caught the click of her heels as she stepped forward. Then the silence closed in upon her once again. A bit of cold knitted in the grate, throwing out blue and red flames, with a crackling, the shadows danced upon the wall. The curtains over the dining table hung limp and motionless and mute. For aught aught they showed there might have been a dozen eyes behind them looking in the points of a dozen weapons pricking through them, they uzzle of a dozen revolvers ready to bark death. Each second he expected them to open to unmask the suspense grew nerve-racking. And behind him the girl kept whispering, "What is it? Tell me." He felt her hands upon his shoulders.

"Hush! Listen!"

From beyond the curtains came the sound of a muffled gun.

"Someone's hurt," whispered the girl. "Don't move. It's only a ruse."

They listened once more, and this time the sound came more distinct; it was the moaning breathing of a man unconscious.

"Stay where you are," commanded Wilson. "I'll see what the matter is."

He heared the curtains and called out, "Are you in trouble? Do you need help?"

There was no other reply but that spasmodic intake of breath, the jerky outlet through loose lips.

He crossed the room and lighted the bit of remaining candle. With this held above his head, he parted the curtains and peered out. The stranger was sitting upright against the wall, his head fallen sideways and the revolver held loosely in his limp fingers. As Wilson crossed to his side, he heard the girl at his heels.

"He's hurt," she exclaimed.

Stopping quickly, Wilson snatched the weapon from the nervous fingers. It was quite unnecessary. The man showed not the slightest trace of consciousness. His face was ashen gray. Wilson threw back the man's coat and found the under lining stained with blood. He tore aside the shirt and discovered its source—a narrow slit just over the heart. There was but one thing to do—get the man into the next room to the fire, and if possible, staunch the wound. He placed his hand on the man's forehead and found the under lining dragged him to the rug before the flames. The girl, cheeks flushed with excitement, followed as though fearing to let him out of her sight.

Under the influence of the heat the man seemed to revive a little—enough to ask for brandy and direct Wilson to a recess in the wall which served as a wine closet. After swallowing a stiff drink, he regained voice.

"Who the devil?" he began. But he was checked by a twitch in his side. He was evidently uncertain whether he was in the hands of enemies or not. Wilson bent over him.

"Are you badly hurt? Do you wish me to send for a surgeon?"

"Go into the next room and bring me the leather chest you'll find there."

Wilson obeyed. The man opened it and took out a vial of castig, a roll of anti-septic gauze, several rolls of bandages, and a small, pearl-handled revolver. He levitated the chest to the next room.

"Now," he commanded, "tell me who the devil you are."

"I don't do it," he said.

"Put it down," he suggested. "There is time enough for questions later. Your wound ought to be attended to. Tell me what to do."

The man's eyes narrowed, but his hand dropped to his side. He realized that he was being deceived and that to shoot the intruder would serve him but little. By far the more sensible thing to do was to use him. Wilson watched him, ready to spring, saw the question decided in the prostrate man's mind. The latter spoke sharply.

"Take one of those surgical needles and put it in the candle flame."

Wilson obeyed, and as soon as it was sterilized, further followed his instructions and sewed up the wound and dressed it. During this process the stranger showed

THE WEB OF THE GOLDEN SPIDER

By Frederick Orin Barlett
Author of "Tom of the Alps," etc.

CHAPTER III—(Continued)

Wilson had plenty of time to study him. His lean face was shaven save for an iron-gray moustache which was cropped in a straight line from one corner of his mouth to another. His eyes were half hidden beneath shaggy brows. Across his chest showed the red welt of a scabbard. There was a military air about him from his head to his feet: from the rakish angle to which his hat tumbled, to his square shoulders, draped far back even when the rest of his body fell limp, and to his feet which he moved as though avoiding the swing of a scabbard. A military ease slipped away from his shoulders. All these details were indelibly traced in Wilson's mind as he watched this strange man.

The last ten steps marked a strain difficult to watch. Wilson, at the top of the hill, saw a man to watch, even when he was as near dead as he appeared to be. So, backing into the shed, he peered and slouched up the last stair, seeming here to gain new strength for he held his head higher and grasped the railing more firmly. It was then that Wilson stepped into the radius of shallow light. But before he had time to speak, he saw a quick the increase of tension as though the candle dropped and was smothered in the report of a pistol almost in his face. He fell back against the wall. He was unhurt, but he was for the moment stupefied by the unexpectedness of the assault. He stood motionless, smothering his breathing, alert to spring at the first sound. And he knew that the other was waiting for the first indication of this position to shoot again. So two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, three dozen passed, Wilson's hand being being tightened about his head. The house seemed to settle into deeper and deeper silence as though it were being enfolded in layer upon layer of felt. The dark about him quivered. Then he heard her line, the startled cry of an awakened child.

He sprang across the hall and through the curtains to her side. She was frightened and drew her legs up to her chest with the sudden awakening.

"Oh," she trembled, "what is it?"

He placed his fingers to her lips and drew her to one side, out of range of the door.

She snuggled close to him and placed her hand upon his arm.

ACID DYSPEPSIA

Nervous People Are Frequent Sufferers From Too Much Hydrochloric Acid in the Stomach

A Trial Package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets Sent Free.

"Stomach" or acid dyspepsia is a form of indigestion in which entirely too much hydrochloric acid is secreted by the stomach. A sour taste in the mouth is the most common symptom of acid dyspepsia; and the saliva, which is normally alkaline, is found, when tested, to be charged with acid. This acid, in turn, irritates the stomach lining, and when acid dyspepsia is long continued it often sets up chronic gastritis, gastric ulcer, and other serious diseases. The premature loss of all the teeth has been caused by acid saliva, which was dependent upon the excessively acid condition of the secretions.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, besides furnishing pure, aseptic pepsin to the stomach, to digest the excess of hydrochloric acid, and to digest proteins and albuminous foods very thoroughly, also contain bismuth subnitrate and calcium carbonate, which are antagonistic to the acid, and therefore neutralize the effect of the excessive amount of acid in the stomach, and the continued use of these tablets will change the perverted condition of the secretions to a normal state.

If you are suffering from "hyperchlorhydria," as physicians term it, or in other words, acid dyspepsia, and experience a sour taste in the mouth, with acid eructations or heartburn, begin at once the use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, using one or two after each meal, or as may be required, and the same quantity at retiring time, for if this trouble is allowed to run on, it may cause serious organic changes in the stomach. There are cases on record where the lining of the stomach has been completely eaten away through perverted action of the secretions.

Dyspepsia Tablets have been tried in all forms of indigestion and dyspepsia, with unfailing success, so that no matter which form you may be suffering from, the quickest way to bring about a cure is through the use of these powerful stomach tablets.

Secure from your druggist a fifty cent box, and get cured of acid dyspepsia, or the per diem allowance of counsellors suffering from indigestion you may be suffering. Also send us your name and address for free sample. Address F. A. Stuart, Company, 150 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

STARTING BUSINESS.
Harold—"Bah Jove! I'm going into business. Made a beginning already, doncher know?"
How's that?
Harold—Ordered my tailor to make me a business suit.

Horse's Leg Swelled

Animal Was Too Sore and Lame to Work—Quickly Cured By Nerville.

"I have had a long experience in treating horses, and I can safely say that I know of no liniment for strains, sprains, and swelling that is so useful around the stable as Nerville." Thus writes Mr. Joshua E. Murchison, from his home, Crofton Hill Park, I had a fine young mare that wrenched her right fore leg, and from the shoulder down she was stiff, sore and swollen. I applied Nerville and it worked like a charm, in fact, that mare was in shape to work a day after I used Nerville.

"We have used Nerville on our farm for twenty-five years and never found it wanting. For man or beast it is a wonderful liniment."

We have received nearly five thousand letters recommending Nerville as a general household liniment, "as an all-round cure for aches and pains. One million bottles used each year. Try it yourself. Large bottles of Nerville, price 50c, trial size 25c. At dealers, or The Catarthozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

Pure Flour, Madam, Needs No Bleaching

Now, Mistress Housewife, with regard to this Bleaching Business. On that there has been a tremendous contest. And the learned "high brows" are scrapping yet. Eminent medical authorities maintain the artificial whitening of the housewife's delight, is harmful to health. Chemists equally eminent declare the process is in no way injurious, that its only effect is to give the flour a uniform colour.

So there you are.

But the LONDON LANCET says: "The destruction of the natural colour of flour by bleaching agents synchronizes with the destruction of its flavour. Such tempering with the 'staff of life' should be made illegal."

And, you know, physicians swear by the LONDON LANCET—ask your doctor. Then, listen to Prof. Shepherd, Chemist, South Dakota Food Department: "Artificially bleached flour—flour subjected to nitrous acid—a powerful antiseptic and extremely harmful to the digestive organs."

Many say bleaching spoils the natural flavour of the flour.

Can't say, Madam, we only use FIVE ROSES—never bleached; we have never tired of the taste.

On the other side of the fence stand chemists and millers galore, whose integrity is unquestioned and who claim bleaching is not harmful.

So there you are, Madam, take your pick.

Bleaching, you see, Mistress Housewife, is a chemical process by which a stream of flour is passed through nitrous acid fumes and are finally whitened, giving to the freshly milled product the appearance of "kept" or properly aged flour.

Now you couldn't tell one from the other in the sack, you'd never know which you were buying.

FIVE ROSES, Madam, needs no chemical bleaching; it is so clear, so immaculate, so absolutely desirable in every way.

Every bag is properly aged before being sold; the colour of FIVE ROSES is Nature's own colour as it exists in the sun-ripened Manitoba wheat.

Using the healthiest, ripest spring wheat berries the Manitoba soil can produce. Extracting only the creamy, meaty heart of the polished berry, why in the name of purity should we bleach?

If you don't want the bleached article, Madam, was appointed to prepare a scale of remuneration to be paid poll clerks and other officials at municipal elections under chapter 24 of the consolidated statutes, to report on Wednesday morning.

The finance committee reported in favor of paying thirty-six bills, which was adopted.

The fire protection committee of Hampton Station sent in a request to the council asking for a grant of \$150 towards the proposed fire plant, which was before the finance committee, who recommended a grant of \$100, but submitted the question to the full board. By request, Ralph A. March, chairman of the fire committee, after which, on motion, the sum of \$150 was unanimously granted.

The sum of \$20.67 overpaid by the parish of St. John was ordered to be repaid.

The building committee reported certain repairs and improvements to public buildings made during the year, which were, on motion, approved.

On motion the councillors of Upham and Hampton were authorized to have a certain road surveyed, and the cost equally divided between the two parishes.

An order passed for the division of the parish of Sussex for municipal election purposes.

The building committee was authorized to increase the insurance on the court house and jail from \$10,000 to \$15,000.

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.

YESTERDAY AFTERNOON AT KINGS COUNTY COUNCIL

Hampton, Jan. 25.—The council convened at 2 o'clock. Hon. G. Hudson Flewelling, auditor of the municipal accounts, submitted his report for the year, a synopsis of which follows:

Receipts 1908.

Jan. 1, for amount to credit of municipality	\$ 3,975.88
Dec. 31, school fund	7,809.29
Contingent funds	11,854.46
Pauper lunatic fund	309.00
Municipal home fund	4,453.50
Municipal sinking fund	983.50
Parish surplus fund	93.00
C. T. Act fines fund	414.87
Highway damage assessment fund	421.00
Total	\$30,354.50

Expenditures:

Paid account school funds	\$ 6,300.49
Contingent fund	5,344.27
Municipal home fund	2,845.78
Sinking fund	936.12
Pauper lunatic fund	491.38
Highway damages assessment	457.86
Highway damages account	382.00
Winter roads act	3.00
Total	\$20,190.82

Balance to credit of municipality, \$10,163.74, divided as follows:

School fund	\$ 5,748.83
Contingent fund	3,627.74
Pauper lunatic fund	473.44
Municipal home fund	1,653.89
Municipal sinking fund	491.37
Parish surplus fund	114.58
Poor indebtedness fund	93.29
Highway damages assessment fund	27.00
Highway damages account	626.92
C. T. Act fines fund	—
Total	\$10,163.74

The report, which was very full as to details, was adopted.

The committee on rules of order and discipline reported recommending that sufficient chairs be purchased to seat all the councillors; that the councillors of each parish sit together in the order of roll call by parishes; that no councillor leave the room during a session without the consent of the warden being first obtained; that the per diem allowance of councillors be not paid by the secretary-treasurer until the close of the last sitting of the council. These rules were adopted.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

TWO GAMES

Tobogganing and life in this are like enough. The slide down hill is easy. The climbing back is tough.

Find another tobogganer.

Percy—How's that?
Harold—Ordered my tailor to make me a business suit.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE
Upside down, in head.