MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

Bargain Day

Saturday —AND— Monday

Without Doubt the Greatest Money Saving Event of the Season.

Lace Curtains (slightly soiled) 3 and 3 1-2 yds. long taped all round. pair

$3 Curtains, Bargain Price $1.59

$1.75 Curtains, Bargain Price 89c.

$1.25 Curtains, Bargain Price 69c.

$1.10 Curtains, Bargain Price 59c.

$0.90 Curtains, Bargain Price 49c.

SHAKER FLANNEL BARGAINS

10c. Shaker, in light blue only, Sale Price 6 1-2c. yd.

12c. Shaker, in light blue only, Sale Price 8 1-2c. yd.

CLOTH SUITING BARGAINS

54 inch Hewson Tweed Suiting, navy and green ground with stripe and white flecked figure, a $1.10 cloth for 59c. yd.

RIBBON BARGAINS

Double Faced Satin Ribbon, 2 to 4 inches wide, worth up to 25c. yd., Sale Price 10c. yd.

Gull Breasts suitable for hat trimming or making the fashionable turban, sold in city at 75c. Our Price 25c.

CORSET BARGAINS

Ladies' Corsets, D. & A. and other makes, worth up to $1.25, Bargain Price 49c. pair.

TRIMMING BARGAINS

Lamb Trimming for bonnets, coats, etc., 25c. yd., Bargain price 5c. yd.

Ladies' Gingham Aprons, large size, Sale Price 19c. each.

VEST BARGAINS

Men's Vests, some fancy ones in lot, worth up to $2.50, Sale Price for choice 98c.

BOOT BARGAINS

Children's Button or Laced Boots, sizes 5, 6 or 7, 29c. pair.

Ladies' Felt Juliet Boots, turn sole, fur top, sold at $1.50, Bargain Day 98c. pair, brown or cardinal.

Men's Felt Foxed-Felt Sole Lace Boots, $2.50 Boots for $1.49.

Men's Hockey Boots, 8 and 9 only, worth up to $2.39, for $1.49.

Men's Felt Sole, Dongola Foxed, Goodyear Welt, Tan Boots, $5.00 for $2.49.

Boys' Hockey Boots, worth up to $2.00, for $1.39, sizes 4 and 5 only.

Men's Oil Tan Shoe Packs, worth $1.75 pair, for 98c.

REEFER BARGAINS

Men's Freize Reefers with storm collars, $6.00 Coats for $3.49.

Men's Sheepskin-lined Reefers, $4.75 Coats for $2.98.

Men's and Boys' Winter Caps from 25c. up.

Be on Hand and Save Dollars at

E. O. Parsons

Cash Store

258 and 260 King St., West End.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

SEPARATE BLOUSE TRIMMED WITH RAT-TAIL

The supple rat-tail braid, which is much more easily managed than soutache, has been used here on chiffon of a soft gray shade, the braided chiffon being mounted over pink rose satin. Insertions of black lace are introduced here and there, and there is a yoke of black dotted esprit net over rose chiffon in the decolletage of the blouse. This dressy little model was designed to accompany a coat and skirt suit of cinder gray broadcloth, the gray and rose tone of the blouse blending with the darker gray of the suit material.

The Red, White

And other constituents of your blood are powerfully enriched and vitalized by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It increases the red corpuscles and makes strong the white corpuscles, and thus protects and restores the health.

It cures scrofula, eczema, eruptions, catarrh, rheumatism, anemia, nervousness, that tired feeling, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, general debility and builds up the whole system.

Get Hood's Sarsaparilla today.

THE WEB OF THE GOLDEN SPIDER

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

Author of "Joan of the Alley", etc.

CHAPTER I.

The Closed Door Opens.

In his aimless wanderings around Boston that night Wilson passed the girl twice, and each time though he caught only a glimpse of her lithe form bent against the whipping rain, the merest sketch of her somber features, he was distinctly conscious of the impress of her personality. As she was absorbed by the voracious horde which shuffled interminably down the street, he felt a sense of loss. The path before him seemed a bit less bright, the night a bit more barren. And although in the excitement of the eager life about him he quickly reacted, he did not turn a corner but he found himself peering beneath the lowered umbrellas with a piquant sense of hope.

Wilson's position was an unusual one for a theological student. He was wandering at large in a strange city, homeless and penniless, and yet he was not unhappy in this vagabondage. Every prowler in the dark is, consciously or unconsciously a mystic. He is in touch with the unknown; he is a member of a universal cabal. The unexpected, the impossible lurk at every corner. He brushes shoulders with strange things, though often he feels only the lightest breath of their passing, and hears only a rustle like that of an overturned leaf. But he knows, either with a little shudder and a startled glance about or with quickened pulse and eager waiting.

This he felt, and something, too, of that fellowship which exists between those who have no doors to close behind them. For such stand shoulder to shoulder facing the barrier Law, which bars them from the food and warmth behind the doors. To those in a house the Law is scarcely more than an abstraction; to those without it is a tyrannical reality. The Law will not even allow a man outside to walk up and down in the gray mist enjoying his own dreams without looking upon him with suspicion. The Law is a shatterer of dreams. The Law is as eager as a gossip to misinterpret; and this puts one, however innocent, in an aggressive mood.

Looking up at the sodden sky from beneath a dripping slouch hat, Wilson was keenly alive to this. Each rubber-coated officer he passed affected him like an insolent intrusion. He brought home all the mediocrity of the night, all the shrilling gray, all the hunger, all the ache. These fellows took the color out of the picture, leaving only the cold details of a photograph. They were the men who swung open the street doors at the close of a matinee, admitting the stale sounds of the road, the sober light of the late afternoon.

This was distinctly a novel viewpoint for Wilson. As a student he had most sincerely approved of the Law; as a citizen of the world behind the closed doors he had forgotten it. Now with a trace of uneasiness he found himself resenting it.

A month ago Wilson had thought his life mapped out beyond the possibility of change, except in its details; he would finish his course at the school, receive a church, and pursue with moderate success his task of holding a parish up to certain ideals. The death of the uncle who was paying his way, following his bankruptcy, brought Wilson to a halt from even this slow pace. At first he had been stunned by this sudden order of Fate. His house-bleached fellows had gathered around in the small, whitewashed room where he had had so many tough struggles with Greek roots and his Hebrew grammar. They offered him sympathy and such slight aid as was theirs. Minor scholarships and certain drudging jobs had ben open to him,—the opportunity to shoulder his way to the goal of what he had thought his manifest destiny. But that night after they had gone he locked the door, threw wide the window, and wandered among the stars. There was something in the unpathed purple between the spear points which called to him. He breathed a fresher air and thrilled to keener dreams. Strange faces came to him, smiling at him speaking dumbly to him, stirring unknown depths within him. He was left breathless, straining towards them.

The day after the school term closed he had packed his extension valise, bade good bye to his pitying classmates, and taken the train to Boston. He had only an indefinite object in his mind; he had once met a friend of his uncle's who was in the publishing business; and he determined to seek him on the chance of securing through him work of some sort. He learned that the man had sold out and moved to the West. Then followed a week of hopeless search for work until his small hoard had dwindled away to nothing. Today he found himself without a cent.

He had answered the last advertisement just as the thousand windows sprang to renewed life. It was a position as shipping clerk in a large department store. After waiting an hour to see the manager, a double-chinned ghoul with the eyes of a pig, he had been dismissed with a glance.

"Thank you," said Wilson.

"For what!" growled the man.

"For closing this door," answered Wilson, with a smile.

The fellow shifted the cigar stub which he gripped with yellow teeth between lose lips.

"Oh, you wouldn't understand—not in a thousand years. Good day."

The store was dry and warm. He had wandered about it gazing at the pretty colored garments, entranced by the life and movement about him, until the big iron gates closed. Then he went out upon the thoroughfare, glad to brush shoulders with the home-goers, glad to feel one with them in the brilliant pageant of the living. And always he searched for the face he had met twice that day.

The lights glowed mellow in the mist and struck out shimmering golden bars on the asphalt. The song of shuffling feet and the accompaniment of the clattering hansoms rang excitedly in his ears. He felt that he was touching the points of a thousand quick romances. The flash of a smile, a quick step, were enough to make him press on eagerly in the possibility that it was here, perhaps, the loose end of his own life was to be taken up.

As the crowd thinned away and he became more conspicuous to the prowling eyes which seemed to challenge him, he took a path across the Public Gardens, and so reached the broader sweep of the avenue where the comfortable stone houses snuggle shoulder to shoulder. The lower windows were lighted behind drawn shades. Against the stubborn stone angles the light shone out with appealing warmth. Every window was like an invitation. Occasionally a door emitting a path of yellow light to the dripping walk, framing for a second a man or woman; sometimes a man and a woman. When they vanished the dark always seemed to settle down upon him more stubbornly.

Then as the clock boomed ten he saw her again. Through the mist he saw her making her uncertain way along the walk across the street, stopping every now and then to glance hesitatingly at the lighted windows, pause, and move on again. Suddenly, from the shadow of the area way, Wilson saw an officer swoop down upon her like a hawk. The woman started back with a little cry as the officer placed his hand upon her arm. Wilson saw this through the mist like a shadow picture and then he crossed the road. As he approached them both looked up, the girl witsfully, the officer with an air of bravado. Wilson faced the vigorous form in the helmet and rubber overcoat.

"Well," growled the officer, "what you doin' round here!"

"Am I doing anything wrong?"

"That's wot I'm gonter find out. Yer've both been loafin' here fer an hour."

"No," answered Wilson, "I haven'nt been loafing."

"Wot yer doin' then?"

"Living."

Wilson caught an eager look from the shadowed face of the girl. He met the other eyes which peered viciously into his with frank aggressiveness. He never in his life had felt toward any fellow-creature as he felt towards this man. He could have reached for his throat. He drew his collar more closely about his neck and unbuttoned the lower buttons to give his legs freer play. The officer moved back a little, still retaining his grip on the girl's arm.

"Well," he said, "yer better get outern here now, or I'll run you in, too."

"No," answered Wilson, "you'll not run in either of us."

"I won't eh! Move on lively——"

"You go to the devil," said Wilson, with quiet deliberation.

He saw the night stick swing for him, and, throwing his full weight against the officer, he lifted his arm and swung up under the chin. Then he seized the girl's hand.

"Run," he gasped, "run for all your worth!"

They ran side by side and darted down the first turn. They heard the sharp oath, the command, and then the heavy beat of the steps behind them. Wilson kept the girl slightly ahead of him, pushing and steadying her, although he soon found that she was quite as fleet as he himself was. She ran easily, from the hips, like one who had been much out of doors.

Their breath came in gasps, but they still heard the heavy steps behind them and pushed on. As they turned another corner to the left they caught the sharp bark of a pistol and saw the spat of a bullet on the walk to the right of them. But this street was much darker, and so, while there was the added danger from stumbling, they felt safer.

"He's getting winded," shouted Wilson to her. "Keep on."

Soon they came to a blank wall, but to the left they discovered an alley. A whiff of salt air beat against their faces, and Wilson knew they were in the market road which led along the water front in the rear of the stone houses. He had come here from the park on hot days. There were few lights, and these could not carry ten yards through the mist. Pressing on, he kept at her back until she began to totter, and then he paused.

"A little further," he said. "We'll go on tiptoe."

Then stole on, pressing close to the wall which bounded the small back yards, making no more noise than shadows. Finally the girl fell back against him.

"You—you go on!" she begged.

Wilson drew her to his side and pressed back against one of the wooden doors, holding his breath to listen. He could barely make out the sodden steps and—they were receding.

The mist beat in damply upon their faces, but they could not feel it in the joy of their new-found freedom. Before them all was black, the road indistinguishable save just below the pale lights which were scarcely more than pin pricks in black velvet. But the barrier behind seemed to thrust them out aggressively.

Struggling to regain his breath, Wilson found his blood running freer and his senses more alert than for years. The night surrounding him had suddenly become his friend. It became pregnant with new meaning,—levelling walls, obliterating beaten man paths, cancelling rusty duties. In the dark nothing existed save souls, and souls were equal. And the world was an uncharted sea.

Then in the distance he detected the piercing light from a dark lantern moving in a circle, searching every nook and cranny. He knew what that meant; this road was like a blind alley, with no outlet. They had been trapped. He glanced at the girl huddling at his feet and then straightened himself.

"They sha'n't! he cried. They sha'n't!"

He ran his hand along the door to the latch. It was locked; but he drew back a few steps and threw his full weight against it and felt it give a trifle.

"They'll hear us," warned the girl.

Though the impact jarred him till he felt dizzy, he stumbled forward again; and yet again. The lock gave and, thrusting the girl in, he swung the door to behind them.

They found themselves in a small, paved yard. Fumbling about this, Wilson discovered in the corner several pieces of joist, and these he propped against the door. Then he sank on the ground exhausted.

In spite of his bruised body, his tired legs, and aching head, he felt a flush of joy; he was no longer at bay. A stout barrier stood between him and his pursuers. And when he felt a warm, damp hand seeking his he closed over it with a new sense of victory. He was now not only a fighter, but a protector. He had not yet been able to see enough of the girl's features to form more than the vaguest conception of what she was. Yet she was not impersonal; he felt that he could have found her again in a crowd of ten thousand. She was a frailer creature who had come to him for aid.

He gripped her fingers firmly as the muffled sound of voices came to their ears. The officers had evidently passed and were now returning, balked in their search. Pausing before the little door they discussed the situation with the intense interest of hunters baffled of their game.

"Faith, Murphy, they must have got over this wall somewhere."

"Naw, they couldn't. There's glass atop the length of it, an' there isn't a door wot isn't locked."

"I dunno. I dunno. This wan here—"

He seized the latch and shook the door, kicking it stoutly with his heavy boots.

Inside, Wilson had risen to his feet, armed with a short piece of the joist, his lips drawn back so tight as to reveal his teeth. Wilson had never struck a man in his life before tonight, but he knew that if that door gave he should batter until he couldn't stand. He would hit hard—mercilessly. He gripped the length of wood as though it were a two-handled scimitar, and waited.

"D'ye mind now that it's a bit loose?" said Murphy.

He put his knee against it and shoved, but the poist held firm. The man didn't know that he was playing with the certainty of a crushed skull.

"Aw, come on!" broke in the other, impatiently. "They'll git tired and crawl out. We can wait for thim at th' ind. Faith, ut's bitter cowld here."

The man and the girl heard their steps shuffle off, and even caught the swash of their knees against the stiff rubber coats, so near they passed. The girl, who had been staring with strained neck and motionless eyes at the tall figure of the waiting man at her side, drew a long breath and laid her hand upon his knee.

"They've gone," she said.

Still he did not move, but stood, alert, suspicious, his long fingers twined around his weapon, fearing with half-savage passion some new ruse.

"Don't stand so," she pleaded. "They've gone."

The stick dropped from his hand, and he took off his hat to let the rain beat upon his hot head.

She crowded closer to his side, shivering with the cold, and yet more at peace than she had been that weary, long day. The world, which had stretched to fearsome distances, shrank again to the compass of this small yard, and a man stood between her and the gate to fight off the forces which had surged in upon her. She was mindful of nothing else. It was enough that she could stand for even a moment in the shelter of this strength; relax senses which discovered danger only to shrink back, powerless to ward it off. A woman without her man was as helpless as a soldier without his arms.

The rain soaked through to her skin, and she was faint with hunger; yet she was content to wait by his side in silence, in the full confidence that he with his man strength would stride over the seemingly impossible and provide. She was stripped to the naked woman heart of her, forced back to the sheer clinging instinct. She was simplified to the merely feminine as he was to the merely masculine. No other laws governed them but the crude necessity to live—in freedom.

Before them loomed the dripping wall, beyond that the road which led to the waiting fists, beyond that the wind-swept, gray waves; behind them rose the blank house with its darkened windows.

"Well," he said, "me must go inside."

He crossed the yard to one of the ground-floor windows and tried to raise it. As he expected, it was locked. He thrust his elbow through a pane just above the catch and raised it. He climbed in and told her to wait till he opened the door. It seemed an hour before he reappeared, framed in the dark entrance. He held out his hand to her.

"Come in," he bade her.

She obeyed, moving on tiptoe.

Three Story.

CHAPTER II.

Chance Provides.

For a moment after he had closed the door they stood side by side, she pressing close to him. She shivered the length of her slight frame. The hesitancy which had come to him with the first impress of the lightless silence about them vanished.

"Come," he said, taking her hand, "we must find a light and build a fire."

He groped his way back to the window and closed it, drawing the curtain tight down over it. Then he struck a match and held it above his head.

At the flash of light the girl dropped his hand and shrank back in sudden trepidation. So long as he remained in the shadows he had been to her only a power without any more definite personality than that of sex. Now that she was thrown into closer contact with him, by the mere curtailing of the distances around and above her, she was conscious of the need of further knowledge of the man. The very power which had defended her, unless in the control of a still higher power, might turn against her. The match flickered feebly in the damp air, revealing scantily a small room, which looked like a laundry. It was enough, however to disclose a shelf upon which rested a bit of candle. He lighted this.

She watched him closely, and as the wick sputtered into life she grasped eagerly at every detail it revealed. She stood alert as a fencer before an unknown antagonist. Then he turned and, with this steadier light above his head, stepped towards her.

She saw eyes of light blue meeting her own of brown quite fearlessly. His lean face and the shock of sandy hair above it made an instant appeal to her. She knew he was a man she could trust within doors as fully as she had trusted him without. His frame was spare, but suggestive of the long muscles of the New Englander which do not show but which work on and on with seemingly indestructible energy. He looked to her to be strong and tender.

She realized that he in his turn was studying her, and held up her head and faced him sturdily. In spite of her drenched condition she did not look so very bedraggled, thanks to the simple linen suit she had worn. Her jet black hair, loose and damp, framed an oval face which lacked color without appearing unhealthy. The skin was dark—the gypsy dark of one who has lived much out of doors. Both the nose and the chin were of fine and rather delicate modeling without losing anything of vigor. It was a responsive face, hinting of large emotions rather easily excited, but as yet latent, for the girlishness was still in it.

Wilson found his mouth losing its tenseness as he looked into those brown eyes; found the strain of the situation weakening. The room appeared less chill, the vista beyond the doorway less formidable. Here was a good comrade for a long road—a girl to meet life with some spirit as it came along.

She looked up at him with a smile as she heard the drip of their clothes upon the floor.

"We ought to be hung up to dry," she laughed.

Lowering the candle, he stepped forward.

"We'll be dry soon," he answered confidently. "What am I to call you, comrade?"

"My name is Jo Manning," she answered with a bit of confusion.

"And I am David Wilson," he said simply. "Now that we've been introduced we'll hunt for a place to get dry and warm."

He shivered.

"I am sure the house is empty. It feels empty. But even if it isn't, whoever is here will have to warm us or—fight!"

He held out his hand again and she took it as he led the way along the hall towards the front of the house. He moved cautiously, creeping along on tip-toe, the light held high above his head, pausing every now and then to listen. They reached the stairs leading to the upper hallway and mounted these. He pushed open the door, stopping to listen at every rusty creak, and stepped out upon the heavy carpet. The light roused shadows which flitted silently about the corners as in batlike fear. The air smelled heavy, and even the moist rustling of the girl's garments sounded muffled. Wilson glanced at the wall, and at sight of the draped pictures pressed the girl's hand.

(To be Continued)

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Dyspepsia is the prevailing malady of civilized life. It is largely due to gross errors in diet, over-eating, too free indulgence in stimulants and over-taxing the stomach with indigestible food, eating too rapidly without chewing the food sufficiently, indulging in hot biscuits, pastry, pickles, confectionery, etc.

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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' Fleeced 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, 49c. each

I. Chester Brown

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Special Notice.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box 268 Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

Smith—Did the lawyer get anything out of your uncle's estate?

Jones—Get anything? Gee! He got it all.

PILES CURED IN 6 to 14 DAYS

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DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

Oriental Cream

OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

An Indispensable and Necessary Article for Particular Women who Desire to Retain a Youthful Appearance.

Every woman owes it to herself and loved ones to retain the charm of youth nature has bestowed upon her. For over half a century this article has been used by actresses, singers and women of fashion. It renders the skin like the softness of velvet leaving it clear and pearly white and is highly desirable when preparing for daily or evening attire. As it is a liquid and non-greasy preparation, it remains unnoticed. When attending dances, balls or other entertainments, it prevents a greasy appearance of the complexion caused by the skin becoming heated.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream cures skin diseases and relieves Sunburn, Removes Tan, Pimples Blackheads, Moth Patches, Rash, Freckles and Vulgar Redness. Yellow and Muddy skin, giving a delicately clear and refined complexion which every woman desires.

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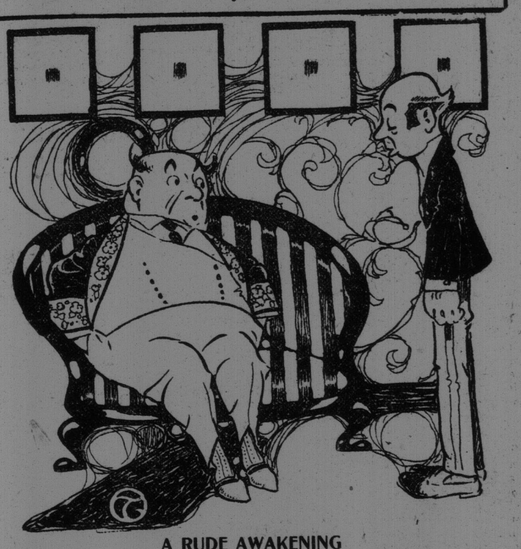
The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



A RUDE AWAKENING

Man is of earth. He shall not rise
On fancy's golden wings,
For, if he tries, some rude surprise
Discomfort straightway brings.
He seeks to steer far from this sphere,
But with a sudden lurch
He wakes to find, with pangs severe,
He's tumbled from his perch.
Find a plumber.

Oh! for some fair and distant realm
Where life, through dreams, might glide,
With joy forever at the helm
Our sole and trusted guide,
Where no such phrase as this might stir
The mortal from repose—
That daily admonition, "Sir,
Yer water pipes is froze!"

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

Upper left corner down, among flowers

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is **Laxative Bromo Quinine** Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days E. W. Grove on box. 25c