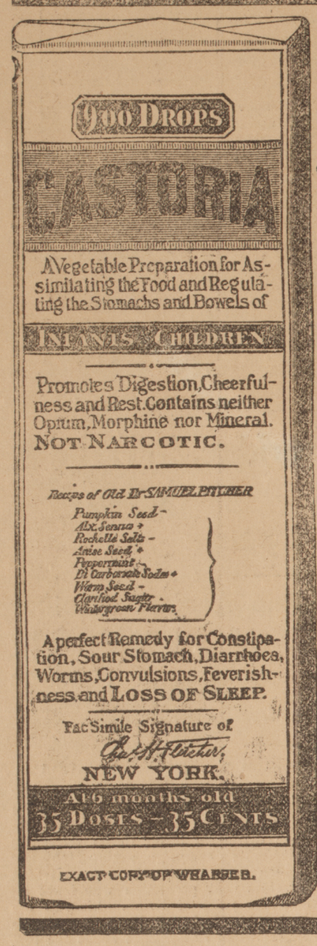


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# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

# CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work"

**SIMPLY WONDERFUL**

is the work which GOLD DUST accomplishes. All labors look alike to the Gold Dust Twins. They clean floors and doors, sinks and chinks—go from cellar to attic—and leave only brightness behind. Get acquainted with

**Gold Dust Washing Powder**

OTHER GENERAL USES FOR COLD 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**


## 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. Martins. 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. B. 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:

Retail.

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

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.**

TRADE MARK

No matter how old and faded your hair looks, or how long you have been gray, it will work wonders for you, keep you 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.**

**REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES**

**$1.00 and 50c. Bottles,** at Druggists

**Philo Hay Spec. Co., Newark, N.J., U.S.A.**

E. CLINTON BROWN,
Cor. Union and Waterloo Streets


## HOURS PLEASANTLY SPENT LAST EVENING

About 600 people attended the orchestral recital in St. Malachi's hall last night, by the St. Joseph's Society's orchestra, and thoroughly enjoyed the excellent programme given. Those who took part were M. F. Kelley, M. T. Morris, Miss A. Scully, Miss Florence O'Neill, William Ryan, Miss K. Hogan, Blake McInerney, the Cecelian orchestra, and the Y. M. S. of St. Joseph orchestra.

A mid-winter feast was held in the Brussels street Baptist church last night and was well attended. During the evening W. H. Golding gave an illustrated talk on St. John before the fire, and it was keenly appreciated by all present.

An alarm of fire interrupted the proceedings in connection with the smoker and at home held by No. 2 Salvage Corps last night in their rooms, Main street, but the members of No. 1 promptly responded, and returned in a short time. However, this did not mar the pleasure of the evening, and a very enjoyable time was spent. Lieut. Thornton presided, and speeches were given by the chairman, Ald. Baxter, and Kelley and Director Wisely and Capt. Frink. The following took part in the programme:—F. C. Jones' orchestra; S. Matthews, F. J. McKean, R. Holder, R. Seely, R. Crawford, D. Pidgeon, W. Holder, H. Stevens, H. Williams, B. Stillwell, E. Bonnell, Fred Punter and Prof. Oakes.

The annual conversazione of the St. Paul's church was held last night and was keenly enjoyed. Rev. R. W. Cassop gave an interesting address on the life of St. Paul. Rev. E. B. Hooper conducted the song service and M. H. Emery presided at the organ. Miss W. Barker and Miss L. Girvin also took part in the programme. J. K. Schofield gave an able address on church work. Refreshments were served and a social evening spent.

In the rooms of the Natural History Society last night an interesting paper on Photography, prepared by F. H. J. Ruel, and read by G. E. Fairweather, was greatly enjoyed by a large number of people. Some excellent views of St. John and vicinity were much admired. They were the work of Mr. Ruel, G. A. Henderson, D. L. Hutchinson, J. M. Barnes, C. P. Clarke and G. E. Fairweather.

A large audience took delight in a debate which was held last night in the Portland Y. M. A. rooms. The subject was "Resolved that Capital Punishment should be Abolished." T. Armour and P. Steel spoke for the affirmative and M. E. Grass and Dr. Pratt for the negative. J. Edwards and R. Thomas acted as judges, but gave no decision as the argument was even.

Rev. David Hutchinson delivered a very interesting address in the Temple of Honor hall, Main street, last night. His subject was Rambles in the Old Country and views of the different places described were shown by a reflectroscope. The Victoria street orchestra was present and gave several selections.

## Fashion Hint for Times Readers

LAST YEAR TIGHT FROCKS; THIS YEAR LOOSE

The contrast between the costumes worn a year ago this time and those in fashion now, is astonishing. The revealing Directoire effects have given place to the loosest, most baggy "Russian" outlines and though to be sure the Paris frocks are all provided with well-fitted and boned linings, they are, apparently, thrown hit or miss upon 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 Directoire effect. The material is cashmere de soie and the looped overskirt and surplice bodice over a deep V of gold metallic cloth are eminently Russian in suggestion.

## THE WEB OF THE GOLDEN SPIDER

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

Author of "Joan of the Alley", 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 one cheek showed the red welt of a sabre wound. 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, braced 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 cape slipped askew from his shoulders. All these details were indelibly traced in Wilson's mind as he watched this struggle.

The last ten steps marked a strain difficult to watch. Wilson, at the top, found his brow growing moist in sheer agony of sympathy, and he found himself lifting with each forward heave as though his arms were about the drooping figure. A half dozen times he was upon the point of springing to his aid, but each time some instinct bade him wait. A man with such a will as this was a man to watch even when he was as near dead as he appeared to be. So, backing into the shadows, Wilson watched him as he grasped the post and slouched up the last stair, seeming here to gain new strength for he held his head higher and grasped the candle more firmly. It was then that Wilson stepped into the radius of shallow light. But before he had time to speak, he saw the eyes raised swiftly to his, saw a quick movement of the hand, and then, as the candle dropped and was smothered in the carpet, he was blinded and deafened by the report of a pistol almost in his face.

He fell back against the wall. He was unhurt, but he was for the moment stunned into inactivity 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 seconds passed, Wilson feeling with the increasing tension as though an iron band were 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 voice,—the startled cry of an awakened child.

He sprang across the hall and through the curtains to her side. She was standing facing the door, her eyes frightened 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 closed to him and placed her hand upon his arm.

"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 it, took his position in front of her. Then the silence closed in upon them once again. A bit of coal kindled in the grate, throwing out blue and yellow flames with tiny crackling. The shadows danced upon the wall. The curtains over the oblong entrance hung limp and motionless and mute. For aught aught they showed there might have been a dozen eyes behind them leering in; the points of a dozen weapons pricking through; them uzzles 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!"

Frombeyond the curtains came the sound of a muffled groan.

"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 distince; it was the moaning breathing of a man unconscious.

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

He neared 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.

Stooping quickly, Wilson snatched the weapon from the nerveless 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 linen to be 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 hands beneath the stranger's shoulders and half 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 bit—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 his 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 catgut, a roll of antiseptic gauze, several rolls of bandages, and —a small, pearl-handled revolver. He levelled this at Wilson.

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

Wilson did not flinch.

"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 quite helpless and that to shoot the intruder would serve him but little. By far the more sensible thing to do was to use him. Wilson, watching 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 neither by exclamation nor facial expression that he felt in the slightest what must have been excruciating pain. At the conclusion of the operation the man sprinkled a few pellets into the palm of his hand and swallowed them. For a few minutes after this he remained very quiet.

Wilson glanced up at the girl. She had turned her back upon the two men and was staring into the flames. She was not crying, but her two tightly clenched fists held closely jammed against her cheeks showed that she was keeping control of herself by an effort. It seemed to Wilson that it was clearly his duty to get her out of this at once. But where could he take her?

The stranger suddenly made an effort to struggle to his feet. He had grasped his weapon once again and now held it aggressively pointed at Wilson.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Wilson, quietly stepping forward.

"Matter?" stammered the stranger. "To come into your house and—and——" he pressed his hand to his side and was forced to put out an arm to Wilson for support.

"I tell you we mean you no harm. We aren't thieves or thugs. We were driven in here by the rain."

"But how——"

"By a window in the rear. Let us stay here until morning—it is too late for the girl to go out—and you'll be none the worse."

Wilson saw the same hard, determined look that he had noted upon the stairs return to the gray eyes. It was clear that the man's whole nature bade him resent this intrusion. It was evident that he regarded the two with suspicion, although at sight of the girl, who had turned, this was abated somewhat.

"How long have you been here?" he demanded.

"Some three or four hours."

"Are—are there any more of you?"

"No."

"Has—has there been any call for me while you have been in the house?"

"No."

He staggered a little and Wilson suggested that he lie down once more. But he refused, and, still retaining his grip on the revolver, he bade Wilson lead him to the door of the next room and leave him. He was gone some fifteen minutes. Once Wilson thought he caught the clicking as of a safe being opened. The girl, who had remained in the background all this while, now crossed to Wilson's side, as he stood waiting in the doorway. He glanced up at her. In her light silk gown she looked almost ethereal and added to the ghostliness of the scene. She was to him the one thing which lifted the situation out of the realm of sheer grim tragedy to piquant adventure from which a hundred lanes led into the unknown.

She pressed close to his side as though shrinking from the silence behind her. He reached out and took her hand. She smiled up at him and together they turned their eyes once again into the dark room beyond. Save for the intermittent clicking, there was silence. In this silence they seemed to grow into much closer comradeship, each minute knitting them together as, ordinarily, only months could do.

(To be Continued)


## Horse's Leg Swelled

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

"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 Nerviline." Thus writes Mr. Joshua E. Murchison, from his home, Crofts Hill P. O. "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 Nerviline and it worked like a charm; in fact, that mare was in shape to work a day after I used Nerviline.

NERVILINE IS A TRUSTY LINIMENT

"We have used Nerviline 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 Nerviline 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 Nerviline, price 50c., trial size 25c. At dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.



## The Mission

**Of these corpuscles in your blood that have been called "Little Soldiers," is to fight for you against the disease germs that constantly endanger your health. These corpuscles are made healthy and strong by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.**

This medicine is a combination of more than 20 different remedial agents in proportions and by a process known only to ourselves and it has for thirty years been constantly proving its worth.

No substitute, none "just-as-good."



LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY KEEWATIN REGISTERED

## *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 tampering with the "staff of life" should be made illegal."*

And, you know, physicians swear by the LONDON LANCET—*ask yours.*

Then, listen to Prof. Shepherd, Chemist, South Dakota Food Department:

*"Artificially bleached flour — flour whitened with 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 *artificially* whitened, giving to the freshly milled product the appearance of "kept" or properly aged flour.

MANITOBA HARD WHEAT CANADA FIVE ROSES 7 LBS.

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, meatiest heart of the polished kernels—why in the name of purity should we bleach?

If you *don't* want the bleached article, Madam—

Say "FIVE ROSES" to your grocer.

Otherwise—well, you can take your chances.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LTD., MONTREAL

(12)


## YESTERDAY AFTERNOON AT KINGS COUNTY COUNCIL

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

Receipts 1909.

| | |
|---|---|
| Jan. 1, for amount to credit of municipality | $ 3,975.88 |
| Dec. 31, school fund | 7,959.29 |
| Contingent funs | 11,183.46 |
| Pauper lunatic fund | 390.00 |
| Municipal home fund | 4,453.56 |
| Municipal home sinking fund | 963.50 |
| Parish surplus fund | 93.00 |
| C. T. Act fines fund | 914.87 |
| Highway damage assessment fund | 421.00 |
| Total | $30,354.56 |

Expenditures.

| | |
|---|---|
| Paid account school funds | $ 6,503.40 |
| Contingent fund | 8,544.21 |
| Municipal home fund | 2,843.76 |
| Sinking fund | 935.12 |
| Pauper lunatic fund | 491.38 |
| C. T. Act fines fund | 487.95 |
| 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 | $ 5,748.82 |
| Contingent fund | 342.74 |
| Pauper lunatic fund | 473.44 |
| Municipal home fund | 2,631.89 |
| Municipal home sinking fund | 401.37 |
| Parish surpluses fund | 114.58 |
| Poor indebtedness fund | 93.20 |
| Highway damages assessment fund | 327.00 |
| Winter roads deficit fund | 2.00 |
| C. T. Act fines fund | 626.92 |
| 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 committee on printing reported having expended $124.41 for the annual report and forms. Adopted.

A resolution of condolence with Coun. Moore in his illness and thanks for his wise and helpful letter was moved and unanimously adopted.

A communication was read from the Moncton board of trade recommending the passage of a resolution looking to the appointment by the government of a provincial board of highways in place of local highway boards, especially the great roads between towns and cities, to be known as trunk roads, built and maintained by the issue of provincial bonds. After some discussion the communication was tabled to be taken up at the next session of the council.

The finance committee reported on the accounts dealt with by them in July, amounting to $726.05, which was adopted.

A committee 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, was heard in support of the application, after which, on motion, the sum of $150 was unanimously granted.

The sum of $30.67 overpaid by the parish of Studholm 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. 25c.


## 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.**

"Sour 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 changed to acid, or just the opposite of what it should be, and is a state of the secretion which causes rapid and extensive destruction of the teeth.

Everything eaten turns more or less sour in the stomach, but sweets and acid fruits are far worse in this respect than other foods. If the eructation of liquids from the stomach occurs, they have such an extremely sour taste as to set the teeth on edge.

Hydrochloric acid is an important constituent in the gastric juice, but when too much of it is secreted, it does positive harm to the mucous lining of the stomach; 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 stomach.

STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS, besides furnishing pure, aseptic pepsin to the stomach to dilute the excess of hydrochloric acid, and to digest proteids 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.

Stuart's 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 whatever form of 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.

Percy—How's that?

Harold—Ordered my tailor to make me a business suit.

## 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.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

Upside down, in head.