

for Times Readers



N LOUIS TYPE AND COLORING

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

THE GOLDEN SPIDER

derick Orin Bartlett
hor of "Jean of the Alley", etc.

more herself, save for the fact that she appeared to be even farther away in her thoughts than when in normal sleep. "Let the image speak through you," ran on the stranger. "Tell me what you see or hear."
"The lake—it is very blue."
"Look again."
"I see mountains about the lake—very high mountains."
"Yes."
"One is very much higher than the others."
"Yes! Yes!"
"The trees reach from the lake halfway up its sides."
"Go on!" he cried excitedly.
"There they stop and the mountain rises to a point."
"Go on!"
"To the right there is a large crevice."
The stranger moistened his lips. He gave a swift glance at Wilson and then turned his gaze to the girl.
"See, we will take a raft and go upon the lake. Now look—look hard below the waters."
The girl appeared troubled at this. Her feet twitched and she threw back her head as though for more air. Once more Wilson calculated the distance between himself and that which stood for death. He found it still levelled steadily. To jump would be only to fall halfway, and yet his throat was beginning to ache with the strain. He felt within him some newborn instinct impelling him to her side. She stood somehow for something more than merely a fellow-creature in danger. He took a quicker interest in her—an interest expressing itself now in a sense of infinite tenderness. He resented the fact that she was being led away from him into paths he could not follow—that she was at the beck of this lean, cold-eyed stranger and his heathenish idol.
"Below the waters. Look! Look!"
"No! No!" she cried.
"The shrine is there. Seek it! Seek it!"
He forced the words through his teeth in his concentrated effort to drive them into the girl's brain in the form of a command. But for some reason she rebelled at doing this. It was as though to go below the waters even in this condition choked her until she must gasp for breath. It was evidently some secret which lay there—the location of some shrine or hiding place which he most desired to locate through her while in this psychic state, for he insisted upon this while she struggled against it. Her head was lifted now as though, before finally driven to take the plunge, she sought aid—not from anyone here in the room, but from someone upon the borders of the lake where, in her trance, she now stood. And it came. Her face brightened—her whole body throbbled with renewed life. She threw out her hand with a cry which startled both men.
"Father! Father!"
The wounded man, puzzled, drew back, leaving for a moment the other unguarded. Wilson sprang, and in three bounds was across the room. He struck up the arm just as a finger pressed the trigger. The wounded man fell back in a heap—far too exhausted to struggle further. Wilson turned to the girl and swept the image out of her lap to the floor where it lay blinking at the ceiling. The girl, blind and deaf to this struggle, remained sitting upright with the happy smile of recognition still about her mouth. She repeated over and over again the glad cry of "Father! Father!"
Wilson stooped and repeated her name, but received no response. He rubbed her forehead and her listless hands. Still she sat there scarcely more than a clay image. Wilson turned upon the stranger with his fists doubled up.
"Rouse her!" he cried. "Rouse her, or I'll throttle you!"
The man made his feet and staggered to the girl's side.
"Awake!" he commanded intensely.
The eyes instantly responded. It was as though a mist slowly faded from before them, layer after layer, as fog rises from a lake in the morning. Her mouth relaxed and expression returned to each feature. When at length she became aware of her surroundings, she looked like an awakened child. Pressing her fingers to her heavy eyes, she glanced wonderingly about her. She could not understand the

tragic attitude of the two men who studied her so fixedly. She struggled to her feet and regarded both men with fear. With her fingers on her chin, she covered 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 drowsed a bit, I guess."

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

"I remember—I remember," she faltered. "I was in some foreign land—some strange place—and I saw—I saw my father."

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 upon 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, "what you have just seen through the medium of that image 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," interrupted 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 understand now why you saw so clearly."

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

He waived her questions aside impatiently. 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 about him.

"I am not afraid of most things," he apologized, "but that devil he is everywhere. 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 it."

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 tomorrow, and until that tomorrow oftentimes she suffers a weariness and loss of strength and brightness. These woes, with pallid cheeks, shortness of breath and persistent headaches, tell plainer than words 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 despondent girls on to the full bloom of womanhood, making them robust, cheerful and attractive. Mrs. Albert Putman, 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 exertion. As time passed on she was hardly able to drag herself about, notwithstanding that she was under medical treatment and continuously taking medicine. At this juncture a neighbor strongly advised me to give Hattie Dr. Williams' 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 as ever she had 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., Brockville, 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 luxuriant and captivating a head of hair as any other woman, and quickly, too.

Just go to Chas. R. Wasson 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 in heavily.

If you have dandruff it will quickly vanish 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 50 cents at Chas. R. Wasson's, or direct, all charges prepaid from the Canadian makers, Giroux Mfg. Co., Fort Erie, Ont.

100 DROPS

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Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

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Pumpkin Seed -
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All Cardamom Sassa -
Warm Seed -
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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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At 6 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, N.Y. N.Y. CITY.

PARISH OFFICERS APPOINTED AT KINGS COUNTY COUNCIL MEETING

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

Cardwell.
Assessors—Byron McLeod, James Purtle, David Proudfoot.
Collector of rates—Thos. Morton.
Overseers of poor—E. J. McCready, Hugh Teakles, Edward Breen.
Parish clerk—Fred H. Keith
Greenwich.
Assessors—D. H. Whelpley, Jos. Richards, Heber Jones.
Collector of rates—Wm. N. Vanwart.
Overseers of poor—Harvey Whelpley, Herman Belyea, Chas. Bacon.
Parish clerk—Geo. T. Seeley.
Hammond.
Assessors—Archie Sherwood, W. A. Devine, William P. Crowe.
Collector—James Myles.
Overseers of poor—Paxton Sherwood, Charles Alexander, Michael Devine, sr.
Parish clerk—J. N. Faulkner.
Hampton.
Assessors—Geo. E. Ketchum, H. M. Seeley, R. H. Smith.
Collector—William Gilliland.
Overseers of poor—Milton Bull, Burpee E. Smith.
Parish clerk—Allan W. Hicks.
Havelock.
Assessors—Thos. G. Perry, George Carle, Geo. O. Dunfield.
Collector—Oscar Thorne.
Overseers of poor—Elijah McMackin, Michael Logan, Amos O. Harper.
Parish clerk—Arthur Keith.
Kars.
Assessors—David Mills, Isaac Vanwart, John Edgar.
Collector—Geo. O. Urquhart.
Overseers of poor—David Mills, T. C. Thorne, Smith Spragg.
Parish clerk—Francis Reicker.
Kingston.
Assessors—M. Wright Flewelling, Forest Williams, John Chaloner.
Collectors—George Hennessey, sr., Harry Smith.
Overseers of poor—Norman Puddington, Robert Fullerton, Smith Pickett.
Parish clerk—John Chaloner
Norton.
Assessors—Frank Hayes, C. E. Dixon, Heber Huggard.
Collectors—Charles I. Hughson, James H. Folkins.
Overseers of poor—John A. Campbell, Egerton Seely, James Murphy.
Parish clerk—E. L. Perkins.
Rothsay.
Assessors—J. Lee Flewelling, Stewart

Fairweather, Hedley V. Dickson.
Collector—W. S. Saunders.
Overseers of poor—Dr. W. A. Fairweather, John Young, Chester L. Vincent.
Parish clerk—Winfield Darling.
Studholm.
Assessors—H. A. Corbett, W. A. Kierstead, Howard R. Keith.
Collectors—J. D. Pearson, No. 1; Wilford Cripps, No. 2.
Overseers of poor—Tilley Gannce, John Kelley, George Graham.
Parish clerk—Jos. Alexander.
Upham.
Assessors—Geo. B. Reid, J. Westra Barnes, Arthur DeBow.
Collector—Joseph Lackie.
Overseers of poor—Robert Lackie, Wm. H. DeMill, John C. Fletcher.
Parish clerk—Alex. S. Campbell.
Waterford.
Assessors—W. E. S. Flewelling, Edward McAnair, Wm. Armstrong.
Collector—Daniel McShane.
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.
Collectors—Herbert Hughes, Roy McKenzie.
Overseers of poor—W. H. Lingley, F. R. Fowler, Jediah Pitt.
Parish clerk—F. T. Flewelling.
Sussex.
Assessors—S. C. McCully, Nelson Jeffries, David Little.
Collectors—Thos. Hall, Isaac Humphrey.
Overseers of poor—Robert Crawford, Lem. Thompson, John W. Thompson.
Parish clerk—James S. Hayes, David Little.
Springfield.
Assessors—Walter B. Scovil, R. W. Menzies, Abner B. Morrell.
Collectors—Robert J. Nobles, No. 1; A. B. Crawford, No. 2.
Overseers of poor—W. H. Vail, William Freeze, 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-best waistcoat.

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.