

A REMARKABLE SALE

Is Now Going on At 32 Mill Street, St. John, N. B.

Where everybody can get marvelous bargains in seasonal wearables.
Men's, Women's and Boys' Boots, Shoes and Slippers are almost given away.
Men's Clothing, Pants, Raincoats, etc.
You can get a pair of Trousers here for little or nothing. Take a run in.

Store closed. On account of new stock arriving, this store will be closed Saturday, but will open at 7 o'clock the same evening.

DON'T MISS THIS SALE.
There are great bargains here for you. Don't forget the place
32 MILL ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Big sale now going on at 32 Mill st. Store closed all day Saturday, but will open Saturday evening at 7 o'clock.

Jeanne of the Marshes

—BY—
E. P. OPPENHEIM

(Continued.)
By his side sat Forrest, the Sphinx, more than middle-aged, a man who had wandered all over the world and who had tried very many ways without ever achieving prosperity, and was searching always, with tired eyes, for some new method of clothing and feeding himself upon an income of less than nothing a year. He had met the Princess at Martien-had years ago, and silently took his place in her suite. Why, no one seemed to know, not even at first the Princess herself, who thought him chic, and adored what she could not understand. Curious Fletman and Jeanne these four, of society which had something of a Continental flavor, permeating every one of them, with chain of recognition, but without any noticeable hallmark.

There remained the girl Jeanne herself, half behind the curtain now, her hair thrust forward, her beautiful eyes contracted with the effort to penetrate that veil of darkness. One gift at least she seemed to have borrowed from the woman who gambled with life as easily and readily as with the cards which fell from her jeweled fingers. In her face, although it was still the face of a child, there was the same inscrutable expression, the same calm language of one who takes and receives, and what life offers with the indifference of the cynic, or the imperturbability of the philosopher. There was little of the joy or the anticipation of youth there, and yet behind the eyes, as they looked out into the darkness, there was something—some such effort, perhaps, as one seeking to penetrate the darkness of life must needs have. And as she looked, but by six living breakers gradually resolved themselves out of the dark, thin filmy phosphorescence, and the form of the lastest broke like a thunderbolt, with her hair streaming in the breeze, her face turned seaward, her eyes full of an unexpected joy. Everywhere she saw the tall rushes lay broken and prostrate upon the ground, the beach was strewn with timber from the dismantled cottages and unroofed sheds, groups of still frightened and restive cattle, a snapped sparrows, a fallen tree. But Jeanne knew none of these things. Her face was turned toward the ocean and the rising sun. She felt the sting of the sea wind upon her cheek, all the names of the early morning breakers. Far out seaward the long breakers, snow-flecked and white, created, came rolling in with a long, monotonous murmur toward the land. Above the grey gey was changing into blue. Almost directly over her head, rising higher and higher in little circles, a lark was singing. Jeanne half closed her eyes, and stood still engrossed by the unexpected beauty of her surroundings. Then suddenly a voice came traveling to her from across the marshes.

She turned round unwillingly, and with a vague feeling of irritation against this interruption, which seemed to her so inopportune, and in turning round she realized at once that her period of absorption must have lasted a good deal longer than she had any idea of. She had walked straight across the marshes toward the little hillock, on which she stood, but the way by which she had come was no longer visible. The swelling tide had circled round through some unseen channel, and was creeping now into the land by many crevices and narrow ways. She herself was upon an island, cut off from the dry land

CLEVER DODGE OF LUNATIC ALLOWS CHUM TO SUICIDE

Montreal, Sept. 23.—Knowing that James Granger, a fellow lunatic confined at the Verdun Hospital, was tired of life and wanted to kill himself, a comrade hatched a scheme whereby the attendants of the asylum were outwitted and the would-be suicide had sufficient time to accomplish his design.

An inquest held yesterday at the morgue brought out the facts and the explanation of the Verdun asylum authorities in the death of Granger who drowned himself some time ago.

It is the custom for the inmates, 110 in number, to be allowed out in the hospital ground for an airing each afternoon, under the surveillance of six attendants. As the inmates pass out they are counted. On this day Granger passed out as usual, and strolled down the river and remained there, and when the inmates were gathered in that afternoon, there was no one missing, apparently, the same number entered the asylum compared with those that went out.

TRADES AND LABOR CONGRESS DISCUSSES IMPORTANT MATTERS

Quebec, Sept. 23.—At this morning's session of the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, child labor and long hours in the cotton factories of the provinces of Quebec were discussed. Delegate Ainsy, of Montreal, informed the congress that men, women and children were forced to work sixty hours per week, which, he said, was altogether too long for the health of the workers. It was decided to ask the legislature to amend the law, reducing the hours of labor and providing for improved sanitary conditions.

There was a lively discussion regarding the fair wage clause in public contracts. Delegate Banoroff, Toronto, stated that as no penalty for breach of contract was provided in the fair wage clause, it was decided to request the government to amend the clause so that it should be made to put proper material into buildings and to pay the workers a fair wage.

A resolution was passed protesting against public men holding half a dozen offices at the same time, and also passed in favor of an eight hour day for street railway employees.

BIG RECEPTION FOR PEARY; BANQUET TOO FOR DR. COOK

Portland, Me., Sept. 23.—Crowding, pushing, jumping, 20,000 eager men, women and children, their path ablaze with red fire, cheered Commander Robert E. Peary, the Arctic explorer, from the Maine Central Railroad station, a mile across the city, to the spacious auditorium here this evening, where a public reception, one of the greatest in the history of the State of Maine, was held. It was indeed a grand welcome home.

Tonight Commander Peary was the central figure at the only public function which the explorer will attend until the North Pole controversy is settled. It was a brilliant affair and some four hundred citizens from Portland and South Portland were present.

New York, Sept. 23.—Over a thousand men and women as he entered the banquet hall tonight on the arm of Rear Admiral Wainwright Scott Schley, (retired), Dr. Frederick A. Cook later told his story before the most brilliant and largest audience he has addressed since he left the court of Denmark.

BIG SHIPBUILDING PLANT PLANNED BY CANADIANS

(Montreal Herald.)
A big Canadian ship building company is being formed. Canadian defense warships will be built in Montreal. Canadian capital is to finance it; and Canadians are organizing it, and will carry it on. The officers of the company will be Canadians.

The men interested are for the most part Montrealers, prominent in shipping and commercial circles. After the return of Mr. Brodeur, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and the presentation of his official report on the Imperial Defence Conference, and how its decisions will affect Canada, some decisive steps will be determined on by those who are forming the new company.

For several months, rumors that certain English firms would establish plants in Canada to carry on shipbuilding work, and ultimately undertake the construction of the Canadian navy, have been circulating. There is no doubt that such projects are most seriously entertained by several of the big English builders.

ONCE RICH BROKER MAY BE BURIED IN PAUPER'S GRAVE

New York, Sept. 24.—Thirty years ago Wallace Scott, a wealthy Virginia plantation owner, came to New York and opened a brokerage office at No. 33 Exchange place, with the intention of making himself a power in Wall street. On Tuesday he was found dead of apoplexy in Mills Hotel, at Irvington and Chrystie streets. He was penniless.

When Scott came here he was thirty-one years old. He had a beautiful wife, who came of an old Southern family. He bought a fine mansion in West Twenty-third street and entertained lavishly. A daughter who is said to have later married a wealthy man, was born to him here.

Finally Scott's fortune was swept away in grain and cotton speculations and his home was sold. Efforts to recall failed, and, to earn bread and butter, he carried a sign in the Bowery advertising a bathing house.

MONTREAL WITNESS SUFFERS BY FIRE

Montreal, Sept. 23.—The Montreal Witness office was completely gutted by fire tonight, which broke out about 6.30. The damage is estimated at from \$50,000 to \$75,000. Several neighboring stores and offices also suffered. The fire was discovered by men in the job room, but who originated it is a mystery. It is thought, however, that a match may have been dropped by a smoker as he was leaving the building.

The flames began their work on the top floor and in an incredible short time the whole upper floor was a wreck. The roof then fell in and added to the damage. The flames ate their way down through the other floors to the press room in the basement.

CANADIAN FIRMS SWINDLER'S VICTIMS

Vancouver, B. C., Sept. 23.—A remarkable series of frauds has been discovered here in which Vancouver firms are interested, but where eastern Canadian and American wholesale houses have been victimized.

Robert Kelly, head of Kelly, Douglas & Co., wholesale grocers, received a letter a week ago from an eastern supply house, thanking him for a large order, and stating that the firm was favorably impressed with Kelly's buyer, Mr. Blank.

PERHAPS KILLS LAD

Boston, Sept. 23.—While returning from school on Tuesday, 6-year-old John Everett Sinclair, son of William Sinclair of 145 Walnut street, Neponset, was killed almost instantly near his home.

The boy tried to climb upon the rear end of a truck of the A. T. Stearns Lumber Company, and in doing so released the rope which lashed a heavy iron law roller to the wagon. Rolling backward, the roller dropped off the back of the truck and fell upon the boy's head.

HUGH FLETCHER OF GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, IDEAD

Halifax, Sept. 23.—(Special)—The death occurred at Lower Cove, Cumberland county, today, of Hugh Fletcher, of the Geological Survey of Canada, in the service of which he had been engaged for thirty-seven years. Death was the result of pneumonia. His reports are voluminous and marked by extreme accuracy, as well as profound knowledge. He had been a member of the late Robert Cruikshank of St. John.

BURGULARS BIND WOMAN

Boston, Sept. 24.—Dorchester police are searching for two burglars who on Monday afternoon entered the home of Mrs. Martin A. Kilduff, 393 Bowdoin street, seized the woman, bound and tied her to an iron box, ransacked the house and went off with property valued at \$150.