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Jeanne of the Marshes

----BY----

E. P. OPPENHEIM

(Continued)

"No one," he answered. "And yet there is something in your blood that calls for the truth, which hates the shams, which knows real beauty. Why don't you try and cultivate it. In your heart you know where the true things lie. Consider! Everyone with great wealth can make or mar many lives. You enter the world almost as a divinity. Your wealth is reckoned as a quality. What you do will be right. What you condemn will be wrong. It is a very important thing for others as well as yourself, that you should see a clear way through life."

A moment's intense dejection seized upon her. The tears stood in her eyes as she looked away from him.

"Who is there to show it me?" she asked. "Who is there to help me find it?"

"Not those friends whom you have left to play bridge in a room with drawn curtains at this hour of the day," he answered. "Not your step-mother, or any of her sort. Try and realise this. Even the weakest of us is not dependent upon others for support. There is onlyl one sure guide. Trust yourself. Be faithful to the best part of yourself. You know what is good and what is ugly. Don't be coerced, don't be led into the morass."

She looked at him and laughed gaily. Her mood had changed once more with chameleon-like swiftness.

"It is all very well for you," she declared. "You are six foot four, and you look as though you could hew your way through life with a cudgel. One could fancy you a Don Quixote amongst the shams, knocking them over like ninepins, and moving aside neither to the right nor to the left. But what is a poor weak girl to do? She wants some one, Mr. Andrew to wield the cudgel for her."

It was several seconds before he turned his head. Then he found that, although her lips were laughing, her eyes were longing and serious. She sprang suddenly to her feet and leaned towards him.

"This is the most delightful nonsense," she whispered. "Please!"

She was in arms for a moment, her lips had clung to his. Then she was away, flying along the sands at a pace which seemed to him miraculous, swinging her hat in her hands, and humming the maddening refrain of some French song, which it seemed to him was always upon her lips, and which had haunted him for days He hesitated, uncertain whether to follow, ashamed of the passion which was burning in his blood. And while he hesitated she passed out of sight, turning only once to wave her hand as she crossed the line of grass-grown hillocks which shut him out from her view.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Tomorrow," the Princess said softly, "we shall have been here a fortnight."

Cecil de la Borne came and sat by her side upon the sofa.

"I am afraid," he said, "that leaving out everything else, you have been terribly bored."

"I have been nothing of the sort," she answered. "Of course, the last week has been a strain, but we are not going to talk any more about that. You prepared us for semi-barbarism, and instead you have made perfect sybarites of us. I can assure you that though in one way to go will be a release, in another I shall be very sorry."

"And I," he said, in a low tone, "shall always be sorry."

He let his hand fall upon hers, and looked into her eyes. The Princess stifled a yawn. This country style of lovemaking was a thing which she had outgrown many years ago.

"You will find other distractions very soon," she said, "and besides, the world is a small place. We shall see something of you, I suppose, always. By the by, you have not been particularly attentive to my stepdaughter during the last few days, have you?"

"She gives me very little chance," he answered in a slightly aggrieved tone.

"She is very young," the Princess said, "too young I suppose, to take things seriously. I do not think that she will marry very early."

Cecil bent over his companion till his head almost touched hers.

"Dear lady," he said, "I am afraid that I am not very interested in your stepdaughter while you are here."

"Absurd!" she murmured. "I am nearly twice your age."

"If you were," he answered, "so much the better, but you are not. Do you know, I think that you have been rather unkind to me. I have scarcely seen you alone since you have been here."

She laughed softly, and took up her little dog into her arm as though to use him for a shield.

"My dear Cecil," she said earnestly, "please don't make love to me. I like you so much, and I should hate to feel that you were boring me. Every man with whom I am alone for ten minutes thinks it his duty to say foolish things to me, and I can assure you that I am past it all. A few years ago it was different. Today there are only three things in the world I care for—my little spaniel here, bridge, and money."

His face darkened a little.

"You did not talk like this in London," he reminded her.

"Perhaps not," she admitted. "Perhaps even now it is only a mood with me. I can only speak as I feel for the moment. There are times when I feel differently, but not now.'

"Perhaps," he said jealously, "there are also other people with whom you feel differently."

"Perhaps," she admitted calmly.

"When I came into the room the other day," he said, "Forrest was holding your hand."

"Major Forrest," she said, "has been very much upset. He needed a little consolation. He has some other engagements, and he ought to have left before now, but as you know, we are all prisoners. I wonder how long it will last."

"I cannot tell," Cecil answered gloomily. "Forrest knows more about it than I do. What does he say to you?"

"He thinks, the Princess said slowly, "that we may be able to leave in a few days now.

"Then while you do stay, Cecil begged, "be a little kinder to me.

She withdrew her hand from her dog and patted his for a moment.

"You foolish boy," she said. "Of course I will be a little kinder to you, if you like, but I warn you that I shall only be a disappointment. Boys of your age always expect so much, and I have so little to give."

"Why do you say that?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Because it is the truth," she answered. "You must not expect anything more from me than the husk of things. Believe me, I am not a poseuse. I really mean it."

"You may change your mind," he said.

"I may," she answered. "I have no convictions, and my enemies would add, no principles. If anyone could make me feel the things which I have forgotten how to feel, I myself am perfectly willing! But don't hope too much from that. And do, there's a dear boy, go and stop my maid. I can see her on her way down the drive there. She has some telegrams I gave her, and I want to send another.

Cecil hurried out, and the Princess, moving to the window, beckoned to Forrest, who was lounging in a wicker chair with a cigarette in his mouth.

"Nigel," she said, "how much longer?"

Forrest looked despondently at his cigarette.

"I cannot tell," he answered. "Perhaps one day, perhaps a week, perhaps—"

"No!" the Princess interrupted, "I do not wish to hear that eventuality."

"You know that the Duke is still about?" Forrest said gloomily. "I saw him this morning. There has been a fellow, too—a detective, of course—inquiring about the car and who was able to drive it,"

"But that," the Princess interrupted, "is all in our favor. You were seen to bring it back up the drive about ten o'clock in the morning."

Forrest nodded.

"Don't let's talk about it," he said. "Where is Jeanne? Do you know?"

The Princess pointed toward the lawn to where Cecil and Jeanne were just starting a game of croquet. Forrest watched them for a few minutes mediatively.

"Ena," he said, dropping his voice a little, "what are you going to do with that child? I have never quite understood your plans. You promised to talk to me about it while we were down here."

"I know," the Princess answered, "only this other affair has driven everything out of our minds. What I should like to do," she continued, "is to marry her before she comes of age, if I can find anyone willing to pay the price."

"The price?" he repeated doubtfully.

The Princess nodded.

"Supposing,' she continued, "that her fortune amounted to nearly four hundred thousand pounds, I think that twenty-five thousand pounds would be a very moderate sum for any one to pay for a wife with such a dowry."

"Have you anyone in your mind?" he asked.

The Princess nodded.

"I have a friend in Paris who is making some cautious inquiries," she answered. "I am expecting to hear from her in the course of a few days."

"So far," he remarked, "you have made nothing out of your guardianship except a living allowance."

She nodded.

"And a ridiculously small one," she remarked. "All that I have had is two thousand a year. I need not tell you, my dear Nigel, that that does not go very far when it has to provide dresses and servants and a home for both of us. Jeanne is content, and never grumbles, or her lawyers might ask some very inconvenient questions."

"Supposing," he asked, "that she won't have anything to do with this man, when you have found one who is willing to pay?"

(To be Continued.)

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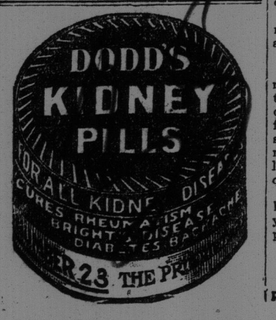

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

MATINEE FROCK MATCHED BY A COAT.

At the Saturday afternoon matinees—and afterward at the smart tea-rooms—very beautiful costumes are in evidence. In the corridor of a fashionable hotel the other afternoon was seen this stunning costume, which included a one-piece princess frock of violet-colored satin cloth matched by a long, simply cut coat. Braiding in self-tone ornamented the coat without breaking the elegance of the long lines. Upon the collar and cuff there was a touch of pompadour ribbon in rose and violet shades, deep violet velvet being placed along the edge of the ribbon as a finish. The opening of the coat at the neck showed a guimpe of tucked chiffon above a bodice braided to match the design on the coat.

ANOTHER ADVANCE IN LOCAL BATTLE AGAINST WHITE PLAGUE

Dr. Porter Gives Instructive Address—A Sanatorium Needed—Premier, Rev. Dr. Flanders, Dr. McInerney, Dr. T. D. Walker, Dr. Daniel and Dr. MacLaren Take Part

A very interesting meeting under the auspices of the St. John Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, was held last night in the school room of Centenary church. The meeting was open to the public, and was largely attended. Dr. G. D. Porter, lecturer and organizer for the Canadian Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, was the principal speaker of the evening. His Honor Justice McKeown acted as chairman, and in a few words introduced the speaker. Dr. Porter, in his opening remarks, told how the disease could be infected from animals, such as eating the meat of diseased cattle and drinking impure milk, and strongly urged those assembled to take every precaution to guard against such uses, by pasteurizing all milk used.

He said that a government inspector should be appointed to look after the farms in the province and see that every precaution is taken to insure the cleanliness of all meat and milk. Another way in which the disease could be infected was by carelessness in treating those who had the disease. The only way to cure consumption, he said, was to have plenty of fresh air, nourishment, rest and exercise, and to not lose faith. He knew of a number of cases that were given up by doctors as hopeless, and that were afterwards entirely cured. Consumption, in his mind, was not a hereditary disease and was curable. Some people considered it as "a hopeless disease which medicine never cured nor wealth warded off." It could not be cured by patent medicines, Dr. Porter said, but by using plenty of good pure milk and eating lots of eggs.

Another way in which the disease could be infected was by direct communication with those who have the disease. The best way to treat the consumptive was to start treatment before the disease became chronic. He said that all the patent medicines in the world would not cure one case of consumption. Another fad, Dr. Porter said, was for patients to go to a different climate from that in which they had been living in. Dr. Porter said that the climate did not do most of the people one particle of good.

A properly conducted sanatorium was in his mind the best place for the cure of consumption. A consumptive patient should not be allowed to get chilled, but should be kept in a temperate heat all the time.

Dr. Porter closed with a strong appeal for funds for the New Brunswick Society to enable them to carry on the good work and to erect a sanatorium where the disease could be properly treated.

Following Dr. Porter's address, Mrs. L. M. Curran sang a solo, after which the chairman introduced Premier Hazen, who took occasion to note the large attendance of women present at the meeting, and also the part the women were taking in stamping out the dreaded disease consumption. The premier said that the local government were taking every means in their power to stamp out this disease, and had even placed a chapter in the health readers of the school of New Brunswick dealing with the prevention and cure of this disease, so that the children of the province might learn in their young days how to prevent the ravages of consumption. Mr. Hazen went on to say that the house had passed a bill, about two years ago, compelling the board of health in each community to take steps to prevent the spread of the disease whenever they learned of a case, and had also granted $15,000 to fight the disease, by appointing learned doctors to study the cause and prevention, and to report to the government as to the best means to stop it. These doctors had visited many sanatoriums and would soon make their report. A good scheme, he thought, would be to have doctors go to the Normal school at Fredericton at least five or six times a year and give lectures to the students there, who would on finishing their course and taking a position, be able to teach their scholars how to care for the disease. In closing, Premier Hazen spoke strongly in favor of having a sanatorium in New Brunswick for the care of consumptive patients.

Dr. McInerney, M. P. P., said that in New Brunswick last year there were between 500 and 600 deaths due to consumption, and that this meant a loss of from five hundred to six hundred thousand dollars loss to the province. He also spoke strongly in favor of a New Brunswick sanatorium, and seconded Premier Hazen in his remarks relative to the Normal school. In his opinion the only way to cure the disease was to catch it at the very start and give the patient treatment. Fresh air, pure food and plenty of rest were, in his mind, sure preventatives of consumption. Dr. McInerney stated that the only way for the people of New Brunswick to secure a sanatorium was for everybody to work in unison.

Dr. Flanders was next introduced, and said that the old saying "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure" was in his opinion an excellent remedy for the disease if carried out properly. He then went on to give illustrations of this. In closing, Rev. Mr. Flanders suggested that a local superintendent be appointed to look after the health of the city. In the hospital last week there were twenty-eight cases of typhoid fever, and nobody to say just what the cause of the outbreak was. He said the cost of such an officer would not amount to much, and even if a little had to be added to the taxes of the citizens, it would greatly benefit them in the end.

The chairman mentioned that the society would like to have more members, and said that the secretary, Dr. Melvin, would remain after the meeting to receive members. He urged all present to fight the disease along the lines spoken of by the speakers of the evening, and made a strong plea for finances to fight the disease. He then said that any suggestions which might be offered would receive consideration.

Dr. T. D. Walker moved that a vote of thanks be offered to Dr. Porter and the other speakers, and highly recommended the suggestion made by Dr. Flanders in regard to the appointment of a public health officer. The motion was seconded by Dr. Murray. The motion was unanimously adopted.

Dr. Daniel then arose and moved that a vote of thanks to tendered to Dr. Flanders and the trustees of Centenary church for the use of the school room for the meeting. He also suggested that a good plan would be to send trained nurses around to the houses where the disease was, and show the people how to look after the patients without endangering themselves. The motion was seconded by Dr. Murray McLaren and unanimously adopted. The meeting then closed with the singing of the National anthem.

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REV. JAMES SINCLAIR OF BRIDGEVILLE, NEW MODERATOR OF THE SYNOD

Able Sermon by Retiring Presiding Officer, Rev. Robert Cumming—Addresses in Anti-Tuberculosis Campaign—Rev. Hunter Boyd to Lecture

At the meeting of the synod last night Rev. James Sinclair, of Bridgeville (N. S.), was chosen moderator for the ensuing year. Rev. Robert Cumming, the retiring moderator, preached an excellent sermon on the character and duties of the ideal Christian minister. Before leaving the chair he made a feeling reference to the deaths which had occurred during the year.

Dr. Thomas Walker and Dr. Porter were introduced to the meeting and spoke briefly on the anti-tuberculosis movement. Dr. Walker requested that the synod should give Rev. Hunter Boyd an opportunity to lecture on the movement, and at the conclusion of his address, a resolution approving of the work of the anti-tuberculosis society, and sympathy with the request for Rev. Mr. Boyd, was introduced by Rev. Dr. Murray of the Presbyterian Witness, and carried unanimously.

The retiring moderator chose as his text, 2nd Corinthians v—20. "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ." He would not, he said, linger over the historical setting of the text. It would be enough to say that the title of Paul to be considered an apostle of Christ had been called in question, otherwise we might not have had this great letter. Paul, said the speaker, was no mere visionary, but spoke out with full authority when he said he and his colleagues were ambassadors of Christ.

The great need of the church today, Mr. Cumming said, is not a greater number of workers but the seal of authority on the workers she has. Christian ministers are supposed to be ambassadors of the most high God to deal with the interests of the immortal soul in man.

The ambassador of a king was not just as other men. There were things which were all right for others which he could not afford to do. The ideal preacher must reflect the character of Christ in his life.

In our days the preacher went on, there was a growing dread of professionalism. The minister must doff his robes and mingle with men and strive to make them believe he is no different from the rest. "I am not sure that the shadow of Peter dressed as an athlete hurrying through the streets of Jerusalem to the football field, resting on the sick, would have healed many of them.

The preacher went on to insist that unless the minister showed the power of religion in his own life he could not persuade other men to accept it. But the Christian minister must also have a special training for his office. The great development in all lines of inquiry made this necessary. While the minister need not be an expert, he ought to be able to discuss these matters in an intelligent manner.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Cumming said the ambassador of Christ must be thoroughly posted on the Bible, and the foundamentals of faith. He must also be unselfish, no narrow man could successfully live up to the ideals of his high calling. "The ideal preacher must always strive to promote the glory of his Master and keep himself in the background. He must also be a man full of hope and belief. Belief that God's plan of salvation is the only one possible for man, and that the soul of man is able to close with God's scheme and undying hope that it will do so. He must have a definite message. He cannot go out to the world with an emasculated Bible preaching an invertebrate moluscous Christianity. He must proclaim the same message as Paul did and be prepared to combat all sorts of doubt and error."

The retiring moderator said these thoughts came with particular solemnity just then. They were standing on the threshold of another ecclesiastical year and the many breaks which had occurred during the previous twelve months with the signs of impaired strength in many of those who were present spoke eloquently to them of the uncertainty of life. He urged all to make the best use of opportunities which might remain and be steady in season and out of season to prove themselves true ambassadors of Christ.

During the evening service the choir of the church under the leadership of S. J. McGowan, led the singing in the devotional exercises. They also sang two beautiful anthems.

Before calling for nominations for moderator, Rev. Mr. Cumming made feeling reference to the deaths which had occurred during the year, pronouncing a short eulogy on those who had passed away.

Two names were proposed for the moderatorship, Rev. James Sinclair, of Bridgeville (N. S.), and Rev. John Murray, of Clifton (P. E. I.) When the vote was taken it was found that Rev. Mr. Murray had sixty-five votes, and Rev. Mr. Mr. Sinclair eight-seven. It was then decided on motion to make the selection unanimous and the moderator was escorted to his seat by his mover and seconder, Rev. Mr. Calder and Rev. Mr. Archibald.

Rev. Mr. Sinclair made a brief address in which he thanked the synod for the honor conferred upon him. He was sure he said that the members would all aid him in the work of his office.

A vote of thanks was then extended to the retiring moderator for the able and courteous manner in which he had fulfilled his duties and the practical sermon which he had preached.

In returning thanks for this motion Rev. Mr. Cumming referred to the movement inaugurated by Bishop Richardson looking towards introducing a certain amount of religious instruction in the public schools. He had appointed a committee and one of their number would present a report.

Dr. Walker and Dr. Porter were introduced to the meeting by Rev. Mr. Boyd. Dr. Porter was first heard. He contended that the question of tuberculosis was one in which all were interested. Last year 145,000 men died in the States from consumption. It was, he said, a preventable disease, but the trouble was that the public generally allowed it to go too far before taking any measures to stop it. It was also quite curable when taken in the earlier stages. The disease was infectious, but not contagious. In conclusion he said he did not think ministers could treat consumptives, but they could impress on their congregations the value of fresh air and cleanly surroundings.

Dr. Walker spoke of the manner in which the disease may be communicated. This was always by means of the sputum hence the necessity of knowing how to deal efficiently with this. It was true consumption could be caused by meat and milk, but the danger from these sources was not pressing. The best preventative for consumption he insisted was fresh air and he urged concerted action in the anti-tuberculosis movement between all the maritime provinces. In conclusion he

(Continued on page 7.)

SALVATION IN THE FARMS

New England's Strong Hold on the Future Prosperty Depends on the Rehabilitation of the Farm

There two explanations of the advancing prices of food products—neglect of agricultnre and artificial manipulation of prices by combinations of middlemen who dictate prices both to the producer and the consumer, says the Providence Journal. That country people appreciate the allurements of city life is conceded; and the large number of abandoned farms in New England may be accounted for in part by the fact that more money is made by the city resident. That combinations "in restraint of trade" exist is generally believed, and the consumer, of course, is placed at a disadvantage by these conditions. But there is no reason for an indefinite continuance of shortage of farm products; the soil is not overtaxed, and even in New England there is money in agriculture if intelligent methods of farming are adopted. The soil, while not as rich as that of the middle west, can be made productive, and large cities like Boston, Providence and Fall River insure a steady demand for fruit and vegetables; and if, as has been stated, cattle raising is to be pushed east of the Hudson river, the Chicago packers and retail dealers in meat will be obliged to revise their prices downward provided the present practice, which permits the middlemen to exact extra profits, is changed in the interest of the retail buyer.

The one great mistake of New England was in assuming that its only legitimate field was in manufacturing. For years the people have been told that this was not a self-sustaining community, and it has been taken as a matter of course that New England is dependent upon the south and the west for its food supplies. Farming has been regarded as impracticable; and notwithstanding its never failing and convenient markets, New England has been content to look to other states for wheat, corn, apples, peaches, vegetables eggs, meats. For years prices have advancing; retail prices are now not in proper proportion to earning capacity, and the result is great hardship in thethousands of families that do not have large incomes. That farming offers inducements is proved by the practical work of the agricultural college at Kingston; and all who contemplate tilling the soil are offered the advantages of the information complied by Dr. Wheeler and his assistants. All the testimony offered by these scientific men shows that Rhode Island farms can be made to pay; and any material increase in farm products, besides insuring the producer a comfortable living, is certain to benefit the consumer if the middlemen, who produce nothing and levy tribute on both producer and consumer, are compelled to give up a considerable part of their trade.

It is not enough to cultivate the abandoned farms of New England. The producer should be enabled to sell direct to the consumer. A public market in every large New England city will introduce the wholesome competition which will compel retailers to lower prices or see their trade divirted to the market. The value of the public market was proved years ago in the west. It is not a doubtful experiment, and, therefore, it is difficult to understand why Providence and other cities appear to be content to pay the extra profits of the middlemen whose policy apparently is to do a small volume of business at a large margin of profit.

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The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

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