MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

Jeanne of the Marshes

---BY---

E. P. OPPENHEIM

(Continued)

The lawyer, who had been standing silent all this time, drew the Duke for a moment on one side.

"I should recommend, sir," he whispered, "that we went away. If they know anything they do not mean to tell it, and the less we let them know as to whether we are satisfied or not, the better."

The Duke nodded and turned once more to Cecil.

"I am forced to accept your word, Mr. De le Borne," he said, "and when my brother confirms your story I shall make a special visit here to offer you my apologies. Madam," he added, bowing to the Princess, "I regret to have disturbed your interesting occupation."

Forrest he completely ignored, turning his back upon him almost immediately. Cecil went out with them into the hall. In a moment the great front door was opened and closed. Cecil came back into the room, and the perspiration stood out in great beads upon his forehead. Now that the Duke had departed, something seemed to have fallen from their faces. They looked at one another as the ghosts of their real selves might have looked. Forrest stumbled toward the sideboard. Cecil was already there.

"The brandy!" he muttered. "Quick!"

Bare-headed, Jeanne walked down the yellow sands close to the softly breaking waves. Inland stretched the marshes, with their patches of vivid green, their clouds of faintly blue wild lavender, their sinuous creeks stealing into the bosom of the land. She climbed on to a grassy knoll, warm with the sun's heat, and threw herself down upon the turf. She turned her back upon the Hall and looked steadily seawards across the waste of sands and pasture-land to where the sky and sea met. Here at least was peace. She drew a long breath of relief, cast aside the book which she had never dreamed of reading, and lay full length on the grass, with her eyes upturned to where a lark was singing his way down from the blue sky.

Andrew came before long, speeding his way out of the village harbor in his little cat-boat. She watched him across the sandy bar of the inlet, and run his boat presently on the beach below where she sat. Then she shook out her skirts and made room for him by her side.

"Really, Mr. Andrew," she said, resting her chin upon her hands, and looking up at him with her full, dark eyes, "you are becoming almost gallant. Until now, when I have been weary, and have wished to talk to you, I have had almost to come and fetch you. Today it is you who come to me. That is a good sign."

"It is true," he admitted. "I have kept my telescope fixed upon the sands here for more than an hour. I wanted to see you."

"You have something to tell me about last night?" she asked gravely.

"No!" he answered, "I did not come here to talk about that."

"Did you know," she asked, who your lodger really was?"

"Yes," he said, "I guessed! I will be frank with you, Miss Jeanne, if you will allow me. I do not like your step-mother and I do not like Major Forrest, but I think that the Duke is going almost too far when he suspects them of having anything to do with the disappearance of his brother."

She drew a little sigh of relief.

"Oh! I am glad to hear you say that," she declared. "It is all so horrible. I could not sleep last night for thinking about it."

"Lord Ronald will probably turn up in a day or two," Andrew said gravely. "We will not talk any more about him."

She settled herself a little more comfortably, and smoothed out her skirts. Then she looked up at him with faintly parted lips.

"What shall we talk about, Mr. Andrew?" she said softly.

"About ourselves," he answered, "or rather about you. It seems to me that we both stand a little outside the game of life, as your friends up there understand it."

He waved his large brown hand in the direction of the Hall.

"You are a child, fresh from boarding-school, too young to understand, too young to know where to look for your friends, or discriminate against your enemies. I am a rough sort of fellow, also outside their lives, from necessity, from every reason which the brain of man could evolve. Sometimes we outsiders see more than is intended. Is the Princess of Strurm really your stepmother?"

"Of course she is," Jeanne answered. "She was married to my father when I was quite a little girl, and she has visited me at the convent where I was at school, all my life, and when I left last year it was she who came for me. Why do you ask so strange a question?"

"Because," he said, "I should consider her about the worst possible guardian that a child like you could possibly have. Tell me, what is that goes on all day up at the Hall there—or rather what was it that did go on before Engleton went away?" eating and drinking, cards, and God knows what sort of foolishness! Nothing else, nothing worth doing, not a thing said worth listening to! It's a rotten life for a child like you. They tell me you're an heiress. Are you?"

She smoothed her crumpled skirts and looked steadily at the tip of her brown shoe. "One of the greatest in Europe," she answered. "No one knows how rich I am. You see all the money was left to me when I was six years old, and it is so strictly tied up that no one has power to touch one single penny until I am of age. That is why it has gone on increasing and increasing."

"And when are you of age?" he asked.

"Next year," she answered.

"By that time, I imagine," Andrew continued "your step-mother will have sold you to some broken-down hanger-on of hers. Haven't you any other relations, Miss Jeanne?"

She laughed softly.

"You are a ridiculous person," she said "I am very fond of my stepmother. I think that she is a very clever woman."

"Bah!" he exclaimed in disgust. "A clever woman she may be, but a good woman, no! I am sure of that. You may judge a person by the company they keep. Neither she nor this man Forrest are fit associates for a child of your age."

She laughed softly.

"They don't do me any harm," she said. "Mr. De la Borne and Lord Ronald have asked me to marry them, of course, but then every young man does that when he knows who I am. My stepmother has promised me at least that I shall not be bothered by any of them just yet. I am going to be presented next season, we are going to have a house in Town, and I am going to choose a husband of my own."

It was Andrew now who looked long and steadily out seawards. She watched him covertly from under her heavily lidded eyes.

"Mr. Andrew," she said softly, "I wish very much——"

Then she stopped short, and he looked at her a little abruptly.

"What is it that you wish?" he asked

"I wish that you did not wear such strange clothes and that you did not talk the dialect of these fishermen, and that you had more money. Then you too might come and see me, might you not, when we have that house in London?"

He laughed boisterously.

"I fancy I see myself in London, paying calls," he declared. "Give me my cat-boat and fishing line. I'd rather sail down the home creek, with a north-east gale in my teeth than walk down Piccadilly in patent boots.

She sighed.

"I am afraid," she admitted, "that as a town acquaintance you are hopeless."

"I am afraid so," he answered, looking steadily seawards. "We country people have strong prejudices, you see. It seems to us that all the sin and all the unhappiness and all the decadence and all the things that mar the beauty of the world, come from the cities and from life in the cities. No wonder that we want to keep away. It isn't that we think ourselves better than the other folk. It is simply that we have realized pleasures greater than we could find in paved streets and under smoke-stained skies. We know what it is to smell the salt wind, to hear it whistling in the cords and the sails of our boats, to feel the warmth of the sun, to listen to the song of the birds, to watch the coloring of God's land here. I suppose we have the thing in our bloods; we can't leave it. We hear the call of the other things sometimes, but as soon as we obey we are restless and unhappy. It is only an affair of time, and generally a very short time. One cannot fight against nature."

"No!" she answered softly. "One cannot fight against nature. But there are children of the cities, children of the life artificial as well as children of nature. Look at me!"

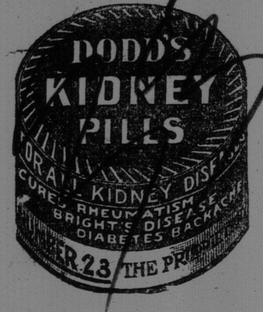
He turned toward her quickly.

"Look at me!" she commanded, and he obeyed.

He saw her pale skin, which the touch of the sun seemed to have no power to burn or corsen. The clear, wonderful eyes, the delicate eyebrows, the masses of dark hair, scarlet lips. He saw her white throat swelling underneath her muslin blouse. The daintiness of her gown, airy and simple, yet fresh from a Paris workshop. The stockings and shoes, exquisite, but strangely out of place with their high heels buried in the sand.

"How do I know," she demanded, "that I am not one of the children of the cities, that I was not fashioned and made for the gas-lit life, to eat unreal food at unreal hours, and feed my brain upon the unreal epigrams of the men whom you would call decadents. Two days here, a week—very well. In a month I might be bored. Who shall guarantee me against it?"

(To be Continued.)



The 25-cent piece is the smallest coin accepted in Alaska, says a traveler. Nothing may be bought for less than 25 cents. This would be entirely too much to charge for articles which sell for 5 cents in the United States proper, so the Alaskans give two or more of such articles for 25 cents.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

THE LITTLE GIRL'S NEW TOPCOAT.

Like her mamma this winter, the small girl will wear a graceful coat completely covering her frock, but rather dressy in character. Such coats are always useful for wear over light dancing school frocks, and to be very smart the coat will be considerably longer than the young girl's dresses, falling well below the knee. This coat of navy blue serge is notably graceful, fitting easily yet smoothly at the shoulders and springing out smartly toward the bottom. Black satin revers and buttons and a touch of black braiding make the coat very dressy.

AN IRISH VIEW OF BRITISH POLITICAL SITUATION

Leaders Must Deal Boldly With the Irish Problem, They All Admit—Most Complex Situation in Modern English History Now Facing Country

Dublin, Oct. 4—The question of the day is, how soon shall we have a general election?

The situation that now prevails is the most complex, as it is the most interesting in the modern history of England. Not since the days of Cromwell have the statesmen of England been confronted by a constitutional problem as that before them at the present moment.

Beset on all sides by a crowd of issues, each of them vital to England's imperial destiny and each one of which must be boldly faced and dealt with if the British empire is to hold together, the men of affairs in Great Britain do not just now take their hours of slumber upon beds of roses.

From every corner of the globe that is covered by Britain's "far flung battle line" there comes to her home statesmen the rumblings of popular demand. Australia and South Africa are keeping the foreheads of the men of the Carlton Club and the ministers in Downing street alike, deep lined with furrows. The days of ease for British statesmen are over. The Tory and the Liberal leaders are both keenly alive to the fact that a great change has come for England and that it had better be a quietly accepted, peaceful change, rather than invite the shock of social revolution.

This is why everybody is asking now, "When are we to have a general election?"

The fact is, the parliamentary machine at Westminster, as it rumbles and bumps along over the rough pavements of the rapid and radical legislation of the hour, is as much out of kilter with the times as the stagecoach of our good grandaddy's days would be compared with the latest model of automobile.

Must Deal Boldly

Practical statesmen, who are honest with themselves and with the country, freely and openly acknowledge, both in parliament and on platforms throughout the country, that the Irish problem has got to be taken out of the way, once for all, boldly and completely, before the logged wheels of parliamentary reform for the empire at large can be expected to run properly in their allotted grooves.

The declarations on the Irish question of such men as Augustine Birrell, of Winston Churchill, who despite his comparative youth is today one of the ablest platform speakers in England, and of Lloyd-George, whose sweeping budget proposals have revived the sleeping powers of the landed dukes and earls and their class, have prepared the voters of England, Scotland and Wales for acceptance of the fact that home rule for Ireland will be a great issue of the next general election.

Within the past week the British people have given some remarkable proofs of their keenly aroused interest in the Irish question. Crowded and enthusiastic Liberal meetings held in some of the larger cities of the north of England have given complete indorsement by their cheers to the home rule declarations of the speakers.

But from an entirely opposite source of public opinion there have come some striking manifestations of public feeling.

They had their source in the series of receptions which were tendered in England to Edward O'Meagher Condon, the former Fenian leader.

Not since the days of the historic Gladstone crusade against Disraeli, which culminated in the memorable Midlothian campaign of 1880, have such crowds of people turned out in the streets of Manchester and Liverpool as paraded those two great English cities to welcome the white-haired man, who, forty years ago, sat in his cell under the doom and sentence of the scaffold because he was a rebel against British rule in Ireland.

Help Ireland's Cause

Those English receptions to Condon are most significant signs of the times. Twenty years ago Condon, so far from being greeted by cheering thousands as he is today in the streets of British cities, would have been denied a hearing, unless in a closely guarded hall, and even then the English press would have ignored his speeches. No editor would have printed a line of what he said.

Condon's speech, from his first utterance on board ship at Queenstown down to his remarkable address in Manchester, the city in which he was sentenced to be hanged, have been reported and published verbatim and with most salutary effect on public opinion.

So strong has been the effect produced by the speeches of Captain Condon that it is no exaggeration to say, as he returns to the United States he can feel that his visit has given an enormous impetus to the cause of Irish nationality.

It will hardly come right away, unless the situation gets so completely beyond the control of the leaders, and popular feeling, brooking no postponement, calls so loudly for immediate dissolution that immediate dissolution there must be, when the Lords throw out or emasculate the budget.

As the Lords are bound to do one or the other, the temper of the country may force the hand of Premier Asquith and compel him to "appeal to the country." This would mean a probable dissolution of parliament in December or January.

Leaders Would Wait

The leaders, Tory and Liberal alike, do not, however, want a national fight at the polls so early if they can avoid it. It would suit them much better late in the spring or even next autumn.

The awful cost of a general election is the reason for this. There are six hundred and seventy seats in the House of Commons. Taking out the eighty-six Irish National seats, which are always fought by the Irish leaders with the public fund at their disposal, the only resource they have, there remain five hundred and eighty-four seats, the contest for which will cost the party treasuries of the Liberal and Tories not less than one thousand pounds each. This means a campaign fund of close to $3,000,000.

Trade is at low ebb in Great Britain, hundreds of thousands are out of employment, the big brewers and distillers who have given lavishly in the past, hoping for peerages or other preferments, are all sore and disgruntled because of the revised liquor laws of recent years, and all around there is an ugly reluctance to come down with the cash even for patriotic uses.

But cash or no cash, the stars in their course are fighting for dissolution.

BAPTIST MEETING TODAY

The executive of the Baptist Home Mission Board of New Brunswick will meet in the mission rooms, Prince William street, this afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. The ladies' executive will meet in the evening.

The laymen of the ten Baptist churches in the city will meet in a general conference with the central executive in the mission rooms, at 8 o'clock this evening. Rev. W. E. McIntyre, E. M. Sipprell, D. C. Clarke, R. G. Haley, C. F. Keast, all of this city, and W. B. Higgins, field secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, of Wolfeville (N. S.), will delivery short addresses on the phases of the laymen's work.

The regular monthly meeting of the Foreign Mission Board will take place tomorrow afternoon at 2.30 o'clock.

MRS. MATTHEW PRESIDENT

The annual meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Natural History Society took place in their rooms in Union street yesterday afternoon. The officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Mrs. George F. Matthew; vice-presidents, Mrs. G. U. Hay, Mrs. George F. Smith and Miss Grace W. Leavitt; recording secretary, Mrs. Chas. E. MacDonald; corresponding secretary, Miss F. A. Hoyt; treasurer, Miss Grace W. Leavitt.

Your Hair is Worth It

Afraid to use hair preparations? Don't know exactly what to do? Then why not consult your doctor? Isn't your hair worth it? Ask him if he endorses Ayer's Hair Vigor for falling hair.

Does not Color the Hair

J. C. AYER COMPANY, Lowell, Mass.

$1 a Cake Could Buy No Better Soap

If you were to offer us $1 for a single cake of soap, we could make no better than our *Infants' Delight*.

For we have put our very best into this cake. We go to the gardens of France for pure vegetable oil. There we pay often double what we might pay. We bring cocoanut oil more than 12,000 miles from the isle of Ceylon. Then we mix these oils and boil them doubly long.

After this we send them through our own special milling process—one that we have perfected only in our 43 years of experience.

From here they fall like flakes of snow into huge bins and are then crushed under a weight of 30 tons to press out the moisture.

Then they pass through granite rollers and come out in miles of milky ribbons, after which they are dried eight times. The result is the most perfect and delightful soap.

It is so pure and fine that it leaves the skin fair as an infant's. So we call this soap *Infants' Delight*.

Order one cake today and see for yourself how different it is. Note the rich, creamy lather and see how it leaves the skin as soft as velvet and as smooth as silk.

Note the dainty perfume—it comes from Bulgaria and costs us $100 a pound. But it requires 3,000 pounds of rose leaves to make a single ounce of this Otto of Roses. The fragrance is simply exquisite. Please try it and see.

10 Cents a Cake At All Dealers

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Limited, TORONTO, CANADA

How to Manicure

File your nails to the desired length. Then soak them in warm water with a thick lather of *Infants' Delight*. Remove your fingers from the water and push back the cuticle at the base of the nails until the white crescent appears. After this, trim and polish the nails as usual.

MARITIME BRANCH: J. W. ARNOLD, Representative, Royal Bank Bldg, St. John, N. B. 'Phone 2148.

EVANGELISM IS DISCUSSED AT SYNOD MEETING

The Presbyterian Synod held its first meeting in St. David's church lecture room last evening. The evening was taken up principally with the question of evangelism. Rev. Anderson Rodgers, of Amherst (N. S.), presided.

After the singing of a number of hymns and the reading of a passage from the Bible, Rev. A. M. Thompson, of Trinidad, delivered a short address. He spoke principally on the missionary work in Trinidad and gave many illustrations of the good work being done there. He dwelt very briefly on the subject of evangelism. The speaker said that the Bible was the principal instrument in procuring converts and that missionaries in heathen countries should do less preaching and try to get the natives to read the Bible.

Rev. Mr. McKinnon, B. D., principal of the Presbyterian College at Halifax, spoke on the value of evangelism. He was formerly convenor of the committee on evangelism in the Presbyterian Synod of Manitoba and has recently accepted the position of principal of the college in Halifax, having been in the east only two weeks. He spoke of his great pleasure in coming back to the maritime synod and also spoke in high terms of the maritime provinces.

"Evangelism," he said, is a word that is perplexing at first. Evangelism is nothing else than evangelical truth made more direct and impressive. It is of immense service to Christ's ministers, Mr. McKinnon thought, when they understood how to end their sermons with an urgent appeal for converts. There is, he said, a lot of preaching done by clergymen who do not seem to have any end in view.

"Evangelism is nothing else but the using of business-like and common-sense methods. Why are we not allowed to use this method in bringing sinners to Jesus?" The speaker also gave an account of the work of the Minnedosa evangelistic campaign in the province of Manitoba, and also dwelt upon the great work done by Ralph Connor in this campaign.

Dr. Shearer spoke on the methods of conducting a successful evangelistic campaign and showed the principal points to be observed when such a step is taken. He said the outlook for the future is much more hopeful and brighter now than ever before. He dwelt for some little time on the great work accomplished by the Kootenay campaign. Dr. Shearer spoke in a straightforward manner of the difficulties that would be encountered before such a campaign could be successfully accomplished and urged those present not to act too hastily but to take time in preparing for this great work. "Evangelism," said Dr. Shearer, "should be taken up first—moral reform afterwards." Moral reform could not be accomplished until evangelism is established. Dr. Shearer only spoke for a short time, as the meeting had started late and the delegates present had just arrived, some of them coming long distances.

The different committees will meet tomorrow to prepare their reports, which will be read later in the week. Dr. Shearer will again address the synod some time Wednesday, no definite time having yet been arranged.

Phosphonol—The Electric Restorer for Lost Manhood.

Restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. Phosphonol will make you a new man. Price $3.00 a box, or two for $5.00. Mailed to any address on receipt of price. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont., or at your druggist.

CUBA STEAMER IN

The new Norwegian steamer Karen, Capt. Petersen, arrived in port last night from Boston to begin another service to Cuba. She will have a large freight this trip, made up mostly of potatoes and lumber. On account of the recent rainy weather the potato shipments will not be as large as was expected. The next date of sailing from this port direct for Havana, is scheduled for November 3.

The Karen is 1,700 tons gross, and 1,072 net tonnage. F. E. Williams & Co. are the agents. She has passenger accommodation, but on this service will be used principally for freight.

WEDDINGS

Wasson-Dunham.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at the Victoria street parsonage Monday, when Miss Hattie Dunham, of Grey's Mills, Kings county, was united in marriage to Betford Wasson of this city. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Nobles. The happy couple were unattended. Mr. and Mrs. Wasson will reside on Millidge avenue.

THE DEATH OF MR. DUFF MILLER

Montreal, Oct. 4—(Special)—A special London cable says:

The Anglo-Canadian community received a shock this morning in the news of

The Late C. A. Duff-Miller.

the tragic death of C. A. Duff-Miller at Margate, where he had been staying for some weeks in charge of an attendant in consequence of an acute nervous breakdown. He apparently threw himself from the bedroom window.

Mr. Miller, who was aged 55, was the son of Mr. John Miller, of Montreal. He was educated in the Montreal High School; won a Fenian raid medal, and had been agent general for New Brunswick for thirteen years. He was a popular member of the Canada Club. He spent several weeks in Canada this summer.

POULTRY SHOW IN FEBRUARY

The annual meeting of the New Brunswick Poultry Association was held in Berryman's Hall last evening, and was largely attended. The association decided to hold their annual poultry show the first week in February. Committees were appointed to secure a suitable hall for the holding of the show. A committee was also appointed to make up the prize list.

The following is a list of the officers elected for the ensuing year: Hon. Pres., D. V. Landry, minister of agriculture; H. Lemon, President; W. Vincent, 1st vice-president; D. Doyle, 2nd vice-president; J. P. Bain, secretary; A. Barry, treasurer. Trustees—J. W. Litney, W. Vincent, A. Burley. Directors—John A. Scott, John E. Waren, H. Meade, W. Kerbin and P. Killorn.

A large number of applications for membership were received.

COOK ADHERES TO ORIGINAL PLAN

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 4—Just before he left his hotel for the theatre where he delivered a lecture tonight, Dr. Cook was shown the Associated Press despatch from Copenhagen relative to his reported intention to request the university of that city to waive its claim to the first examination of his records. After reading the despatch carefully, he said:

"A wrong impression has been received in Denmark as to just what I said in Washington last night and this, too, seems not to have been perfectly understood in this country. In order that there may be no further misunderstanding, I shall be glad to have the Associated Press say as coming from me that I shall adhere to the original plan to have the University of Copenhagen make the first examination of my records, but that I shall ask that university to withhold the announcement of the result of such examination until the records shall have been examined simultaneously by all the geographical societies of the world. Immediately after they have been examined by the University of Copenhagen, duplicate copies of my records will be submitted to all the geographical societies of the world and to any other scientific bodies desiring them."

DR. PORTER'S LECTURE TONIGHT

At a meeting of the executive committee of the St. John association for the prevention of tuberculosis, held in the board of health rooms yesterday afternoon, arrangements were completed for the public meeting to be held in Centenary church this evening. The meeting which will be addressed by Dr. Geo. D. Porter, lecturer and organizer for the Canadian association for the prevention of tuberculosis, will take place in the Sunday school rooms of the church at 8 o'clock sharp. Premier Hazen, Dr. McInerney, M. P. P., and Rev. Dr. Flanders will also speak.

A musical programme has been arranged by the committee. Mrs. Dr. Curran will sing a solo, and a piano solo will be given by Miss Ella Smith.

A great deal of interest has been displayed in the fight against tuberculosis, and a large number of new members have been added to the list. There is now in the vicinity of 150 members of the St. John association. The public are invited to attend tonight's meeting.

Mrs. Roxana Kellogg, of Ruthland, Vt., is using an old-fashioned spinning wheel that was used by her mother. The wheel is 150 years old, and Mrs. Kellogg, who is 72 years of age, is turning out yarn with it at the rate of 2,400 yards a day.

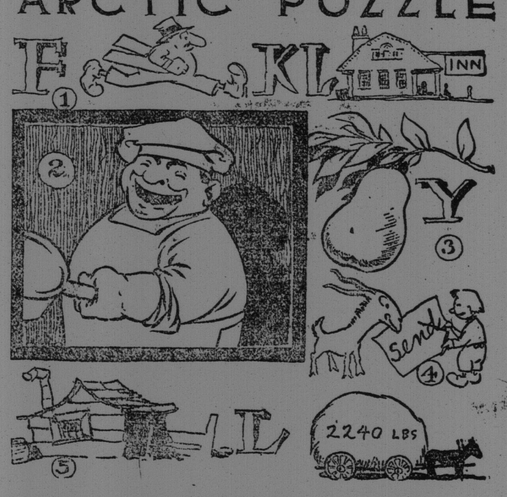
PILES

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. 60c, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

ARCTIC PUZZLE



Here are the names of five Arctic explorers. What are they?

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Right side down, behind figure.