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Jeanne of the Marshes

BY E. P. OPPENHEIM

(Conclusion) "I was probably seen, when, who sent for De la Borne," Forrest said wearily. "Perhaps so," the Princess assented, but listen to this. It will surprise you. She came back and she told De Brensault in this room only a short while ago that her supposed fortune was a north. De Brensault took it like a lamb. He wants to marry her still. "And will he?" he asked. "Oh, I do not know!" the Princess answered. "Nigel, I am sick of life myself. There are times when everything you have been trying for seems not worth while, when even one's fundamental ideas come tottering down. Just now I feel as though every stone in the foundation of what had seemed to me to mean life, is rotten and insecure. I am tired of it. Shall I tell you what I feel like doing?" "Yes!" he answered. "I have a little house in Sicilia, where I am still a great lady, half-dozen servants, perhaps farms which bring in a trifling of money. I think I will go and live there. I think I will get up in the morning as Jeanne does, and try to love my mountains, and go out amongst my people, and try to spell life with different letters. Come with me, Nigel. There is shooting and fishing there, and horses will enough for you even to find pleasure in riding. We have tried many things in life. Let us make one last throw, and try the land of Arcady." He looked at her, at first in amazement. Afterwards some change seemed to come into his face, called there, perhaps, by what he saw in hers. "Ezra," he said, "you mean it?" "Absolutely," she answered. "Fortunately we are both free, and we can set our passions an absolutely respectable example. You shall be farmer and I shall be housewife. Nigel, it is an inspiration. He bent over her fingers. "I wonder," he murmured, "if there is good enough left in me to make it worth your while." "Late that afternoon another caller thundered at the door of the house in Berkeley Square. The Duke of Westham desired to see Miss Le Mesurier. The butler was respectful but doubtful. Miss Le Mesurier had just arrived from a journey and was lying down. The Duke, however, was insistent. He waited twenty minutes in a small back morning-room, and presently Jeanne came to him. He held out his hands. "Little girl," he said, "you know what you promised. I am afraid that you have forgotten." She smiled pitifully. "No," she said, "I have not forgotten. I went away alone because I had to go, because I wanted to be quite alone and quite quiet. Now I have come home, and there is no one who can help me at all." "Rubbish!" he answered. "There was never trouble in the world where a friend couldn't help. What is it now?" She shook her head. "I cannot tell you," she said, "only I am going to marry the Count de Brensault." "I'm hanged if you are!" the Duke declared vigorously. "Look here, Miss Jeanne. This is your step-mother's doing. I know all about it. Don't you believe that in this country you are obliged to marry anyone who you don't want to." "But I do want to," Jeanne answered, "or rather I don't mind whom I do marry, or whether I marry any one or no one." The Duke was grave. "I thought," he said, "that my friend Andrew had a chance." Her face was suddenly burning. "Mr. Andrew," she said, "does not want me. I mean that it is impossible. Oh, if you please," she added, bursting into tears, "won't you let me alone? I am going to marry the Count de Brensault. I have quite made up my mind. Perhaps you have not heard that it is all a mistake about my having a great fortune. The Count de Brensault is very kind, and he is going to marry me although I have no money." The Duke stared at her for several moments. Then he rang the bell. "Will you tell your mistress," he said to the servant, "that the Duke of Westham would be exceedingly obliged if she would spare him five minutes here and now." The man bowed and withdrew. The Princess came almost at once. "Madam," the Duke said, "I trust that you will forgive my sending for you, but I am very much interested in the happiness of our little friend, Miss Jeanne here. She tells me that she is going to marry the Count de Brensault, that she has lost her fortune, and she is evidently very unhappy. Will you forgive me if I ask you whether this marriage is being forced upon her?" The Princess hesitated. "No," she said, "it is not that. Jeanne told him of her loss of fortune. She told him, too, without any prompting from me, that she would marry him if he still wished it. That is all that I know." The Duke bowed. He moved a few steps across toward the Princess. "Princess," he said, "will you make a friend? Will you let me take your little girl to my sisters for say one week? You shall have her back then, and you shall do as you will with her." "Willingly," the Princess answered. "I am only anxious that she should be happy." The Duke marvelled then at the sincerity in her tone. Nevertheless he felt she should change her mind, he feared Jeanne out of the house into his bedroom. CHAPTER XX. "So this," the Duke said, "is your wonderful land." "Is there anything like it in the world?" Jeanne asked as she stood bareheaded on the grass-banked dyke with her face turned seaward. Above their heads the larks were singing to their right stretched the marshes and pasture land, as yet untouched by the sea, glorious with streaks of color, fragrant with the perfume of wild lavender and mosses. To their left, through the opening in the sandbanks, came streaming the full tide, rushing up into the land, making silver waterways of muddy places, bringing with it all the salt and freshness and joy of the sea. Over their heads the seagulls cried. Far away a horn lifted its head from a tuft of weeds, and sent its strange call travelling across the level distance. A little boat came darting down the shallows. Kate Caynard stood up and waved back. A sudden flush of color stained her cheeks. Her sudden impulse seemed to be to turn away. She conquered it, however, and beckoned to the girl, who ran her boat close to them. "My last sail," the girl cried, as she stepped to land. "I am saying goodbye to all these wonderful places. Miss Le Mesurier," she added, "tomorrow we are going to sail for Canada." Jeanne looked at her in amazement. "You are going to Canada?" she asked. "The girl, too, was surprised. "Have you not heard?" she said. "I thought, perhaps, that Mr. Andrew might have told you. Cecil and I are sailing tomorrow, directly after we are married. He has bought a farm out there." Jeanne felt for a moment that the beautiful world was spinning round her. She clutched at the Duke's arm. "You are going to Canada with Cecil?" she exclaimed. "Of course," Kate replied, a little shyly. "I thought, in fact, I was sure I had told you about him. Won't you wish me joy?" she added, holding out her hand a little timidly. Jeanne grasped it and to the girl's surprise Jeanne's eyes were full of tears. "Oh, I am so foolish," she declared. "I have been so mad. I thought— you said Mr. De la Borne." "Hang it all!" the Duke exclaimed. "I believe you thought that she meant our friend Andrew. Don't you know that half the world here half the time calls Cecil, Mr. de la Borne, and Andrew, Mr. Andrew?" Kate looked behind her and touched the Duke on the sleeve. "Wouldn't you like, sir," she asked, a little timidly, "to come for a sail with me?" The Duke saw what she saw, and not without a certain amount of surprise, he clambered into the little boat. Jeanne turned round and walked slowly towards the man who came so swiftly along the dyke. It was a dream! She felt that it must be a dream! Andrew, with his gun over his shoulder, his rough tweed clothes splashed with black mud, gazed at her as though she were an apparition. Then he saw something in her face which told him so much, that he forgot the little boat, barely out of sight, he forgot the little red-roofed village barely a mile away, he forgot the lone figures of the shrimpers, standing like sentinels far away in the salt pools. He took Jeanne in his arms, and he held her lips to his. "The Duke was right, then," he murmured a moment later, as he stood back for a moment, his face transformed with the new thing that had come into his life. "Dear man!" Jeanne murmured. They watched the boat gliding away in the distance. "I believe," he declared, "that they went away for purpose." She laughed as they scrambled down to the marsh, and turned toward the place where he had first met her. "I believe they have," she answered. END.

TUB TALK No. 4

Boiled ribbon, light colored silk and delicate laces may be very successfully cleaned at home with Taylor's Borax Soap. Shave up fine half a bar of Taylor's Borax Soap, add a little boiling water and let it stand until it forms a thick jelly. Wet the articles to be cleaned with lukewarm water, then spread on a flat surface and run in the soap jelly with a fine, soft old tooth brush. Go over the entire piece in this way without rubbing at all until thoroughly clean. Rinse and spread on the top of a table, smooth out every wrinkle with the hand, and let remain until dry. A glass wash board and two or three extra small sized tubs will be found a great convenience in every laundry.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



DRESSY BROCLOTH SUIT FOR CALLING USE

Thoroughly tailored in every detail, this handsome coat and frock are a bit more elaborate in style than would be selected for ordinary street use. The material is satin cloth in one of the new marine blues, black being introduced in satin trimmings and buttons. This black and blue combination is one of the smartest winter styles. The coat is very long, and the Russian belt is simulated at the hip, huge pocket flaps falling over this. The style in general is Louis XVI, with the Russian features which have crept into the season's Louis types. The hat is a velvet model, showing the new combination of fur with airy lace.

JUDGE GAYNOR IS ELECTED MAYOR OF GREATER NEW YORK

Fammany, However, Loses Control of Spending Departments—Republicans Carry Massachusetts But Cut Down—Tom Johnson is Defeated

New York, Nov. 2.—Tammany elected another mayor of Greater New York today but lost its grip on city finances. William J. Gaynor, of Brooklyn, swept the five boroughs for mayor by at least 70,000 plurality, defeating Otto T. Bannard, Republican-Fusion, and William Randolph Hearst, Independent. He failed, however, to carry his ticket, with him and the Republican-Fusion forces will absolutely control the board of estimate and apportionment, which will disburse approximately a billion dollars during the administration. This is more than half a defeat for Tammany, for the control of the board of estimate was one of the principal issues of the campaign. In addition, the Republican-Fusionist elected Charles S. Whitman district attorney of New York county, who defeated George Gordon Battle, the Democratic nominee, by at least 13,000 plurality and John S. Shea for sheriff over Christopher D. Sullivan (Democrat) by approximately 10,000. Reform control of the board of estimates is insured by the election of the following Republican-Fusion nominees: Comptroller—William A. Prendergast defeated Robert L. Moore by approximately 65,000. President of the board of aldermen—John P. Mitchell defeated John F. Calvin by approximately 54,000. President of the borough of Manhattan—George McAneny defeated Joseph Haag by approximately 18,000. President of the borough of Brooklyn—Alfred E. Stern defeated John H. McCooey by approximately 14,000. In addition to the foregoing indications of the election the following Republican-Fusion nominees, though the race was close up to a late hour tonight: —Cyrus C. Miller, defeating A. H. Murphy, President of the borough of Richmond —George Cromwell, defeating McCormack, President of the borough of Westchester —Rhode Island have re-elected Republican governors, while Virginia has returned a Democrat to this office. New York city has elected the Democratic candidate, Judge William J. Gaynor, to the office of mayor, while in Philadelphia the efforts of the reformers to break the Republican organization have failed. In New Jersey, the Republicans held their own everywhere. Tom L. Johnson, Democrat, has been defeated as mayor of Cleveland. The latest returns from San Francisco indicate that Francis J. Heney, Democrat, has been defeated for the paramount issue, the so-called disfranchising amendment, designed to eliminate the negro as a political factor. The returns in this state came in slowly and the result is still uncertain. The indications are, however, that the amendment has been defeated. In Indiana the Republicans, where Samuel Lewis Shank, Republican, was elected mayor and the entire Republican ticket returned. The Republicans carried Massachusetts by the narrowest margin in the history of the Bay State for nearly a quarter of a century. The entire party ticket was re-elected, but Governor Eben S. Draper's plurality was cut down from 63,000 last year to 8,000 today. It is apparent that Governor Aram J. Pothier, Republican, has been re-elected over Olney Arnold, Democrat, in Rhode Island, by several thousand majority. Cleveland, Nov. 2.—Tom L. Johnson, for four terms mayor of Cleveland, was defeated today for a fifth term by Herman C. Baehr, Republican county recorder. Unofficial returns from district attorneys for four terms mayor of Cleveland, was defeated by 1,593. With him probably went the bulk of the Democratic ticket, those councilmen who have been conspicuous in their support of his street railway programme suffering most. A possibility ex-

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McDOUGALL CASE TO COME UP FRIDAY

The Driscoll Beer Case—Divorce Case Finished

Fredericton, Nov. 2.—The divorce case of Guy vs. Guy was taken up and finished by Judge McKeown in chambers this afternoon. Two witnesses were called and proved the charge of adultery against the defendant husband and his honor reserved judgment. O. S. Crockett appeared for the plaintiff and the case was undefended. Supreme Court Ex parte Timothy Driscoll—J. A. Barry moved for rule nisi for a mandamus to compel Police Magistrate Ritchie to deliver a certified copy of the proceedings and conviction of the applicant under the liquor license act to the clerk of the St. John county court. Rule nisi returnable the second Friday to be served on the police magistrate. King vs. Joseph Daley—A. LaBlanc for an order directing the county court judge of Restigouche to reserve certain points. Ordered as moved to be heard next Friday.

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The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



AUTUMNAL The orchard's on the hillside, The apples shimmer red, The cider's by the mill side Or barreled in the shed. Find another Willie. ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE 1. Ed. 2. Lnz. 3. Caro. 4. Shad. 5. Weever.

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