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D&A DE LUXE CORSET

Jeanne of the Marshes

-----BY-----

E. P. OPPENHEIM

(Continued.)

"Charming!" the Princess declared, sitting up amongst her cushions. "I should love to see him and tea is the one thing in the world I want to make me happy."

Cecil de la Borne stood silent for a moment or two, looking steadfastly at the whitewashed cottage upon the island. It seemed impossible, after all, to escape from Andrew!

"The man lives there alone, I believe," he said. "I don't suppose there is any one to get in [illegible] only be embarrassed by our coming, and not know what to do."

Jeanne smiled reflectively.

"I do not think," she said, "that it would be easy to embarrass Mr. Andrew. However, if you like we will put it off to another afternoon, on one condtion."

"Let me hear the condition at any rate," Cecil asked.

"That we go straight back, and that you show us that subterranean passage," Jeanne declared.

"Agreed"! Cecil answered. "I warn you that you will find only damp and mould and depressing, but you shall certainly see it."

The girl moved toward the side of the boat, and stood leaning over, with her eyes fixed upon the island. Standing on the small grass plot in front of the cottage she could see the tall figure of a man with his face turned toward them. A faint smile parted her lips as she watched. So took out her handkerchief and waived it. The man for a moment stood motionless, and then raising his cap, held it for a moment above his head. The boat sped on, and very soon they were out of sight. She stood ther, however, watching, until they rounded the sandy spit, and entered the creek which led into the harbor. There was something unusually piquant to her in the thought of that greeting with the man, whose response to it had been so unwilling, almost ungracious.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Not another step!" the Princess declared. "I am going back at once."

"I, too, Forrest declared. "Your smuggling ancestors, my dear De la Borne, must indeed have loved adventure, if they spent much of their time crawling about here like rats."

"As you will," Cecil answered. "The expedition is Miss Jeanne's, not mine."

"And I am going on," Jeanne declared. "I want to see where we come out on the beach."

"This way, then," Cecil said. "You need need not be afraid to walk upright. The roof is six feet high all the way. You must tread carefully, though. There are plenty of holes and stones about."

The Princess and Forrest disappeared. Jeanne, with her skirts held high in one hand, and an electric torch in her other, followed Cecil along the damp, gloomy way. The walls were oozing with damp, glistening patches, like illuminated salt stains, and queer fungi started out from unexpected places. Sometimes their footsteps fell on the rock, awakening strange echoes down the gallery. Sometimes they sank deep into the sand. Cecil looked often behind, and once held out his hand to help his companion over a difficult place. At last he paused, and she heard him struggling to turn a key in a great worm-eaten door on their right.

"This is the room," he explained, where they held their meetings, and where the stuff was hidden. It was used for more than twenty years, and the Customs people never seemed to have had even an inkling of its existence."

He pushed the door open with difficulty. They found themselves in a gloomy chamber, with vaulted roof and stone floor. A feint streak of daylight from an opening somewhere in the roof, partially lit the place. Here, too, the walls were damp and the odour apalling. There were some fragments of broken barrels at one end, and an oak table in the middle of the floor. Jeanne looked round and shivered.

"Let us go on to the end," she said.

Cecil nodded, and they made their way on down the passage.

"The roof is getting lower now," he said. You had better stoop a little."

She stopped short.

"What is that?" she askedy fearfully.

A sound like rolling thunder, faint at first, but growing more distinct at every step, broke the chill silence of the place.

"The sea," Cecil answered. "We are getting near to the beach."

Jeanne nodded and crept on. Louder and louder the sound seemed to become, until at last she paused, half terrified.

"Where are we?" she gasped. "It sounds as though the sea were right over our heads."

Cecil shook his head.

"It is an illusion," he said. "The sound comes from the air-hole there. We are forty yards from the cliff still."

They crept on, until at last, after a turn in the gallery, they saw a faint glimmer of light. A few more yards and they came to a standstill.

"The entrance is boarded up, you see," Cecil said, "but you can see through the chinks. There is the sea just below and the rope ladder used to hang from these staples."

She looked out. Sheer below was the sea, breaking upon the rocks and sending a torrent of spray into the air with every wave.

"We can't get out this way, then?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"No, we should want a rope ladder," he said, "and a boat. Have you seen enough?"

"More than enough," Jean answered. "Let us get back."

* * *

Jeanne sank into a garden seat a few minutes later with a little exclamation of relief.

"Never," she declared, "have I appreciated fresh air so much. I think, Mr. De la Borne, that smuggling, though it was a very romantic profession, must have had its unpleasant side."

Cecil nodded.

"There were more air-holes in those days," he added, "but our ancestors were a tougher race than we. Coarse brutes, most of them, I imagine," he added, lighting a cigarette. "Drank beer for breakfast and smoked clay pipes before meals. Fancy if one had their constitutions and our tastes!"

"The two would scarcely go together," Jeanne remarked. "But, after all, I should think that absinthe and cigarettes are more destructive. I am dying for some tea. Let us go in and find the others."

Tea was set out in the hall, but only Engleton was there. Forrest and the Princess were walking slowly up and down the avenue.

"I imagine," the latter was saying drily, "that we are fairly free from eavesdroppers here. Now tell me what it is that you have to say, Nigel."

"I'm bothered about Engleton," Forrest said. "I didn't like his insisting upon cutting last night. What do you think he meant by it?"

The Princess shrugged her shoulders.

"Nothing at all," she answered. "He may have thought that we were lucky together, and, of course, he knows that you are the best player. There is no reason why he should be willing to play with Cecil de la Borne, when by cutting with you he would be more likely to win."

"You think that that is all?" Forrest asked.

"I think so," the Princess answered "What had you in your mind?"

"I wondered," Forrest said, thoughtfully, "whether he had heard any of the gossip at the club."

The Princess frowned impatiently.

"For Heaven's sake, don't be imaginative, Nigel!" she declared. "If you give way like this you will lose your nerve in no time."

"Very well," Forrest said. "Let us take it for granted, then, that he did it only because he preferred to play with me to playing against me. What is to become of our little scheme if we cut as we did last night al lthe time?"

The Princess smiled.

"You ought to be able to manage that," she said carelessly. "You are so good at card tricks that you should be able to get an ace when you want it. I always cut third from the end, as you know."

"That's all very well." Forrest answered, "but we can't go on cutting two aces al lthe time. I ran it pretty fine last night, when for the second time I gave you a three or a four, and drew a two myself. But he seems to have the devil's own luck. They cut under us, as you know."

The Princess looked up toward the house. She had seen Jeanne and Cecil appear.

"Those people are back from their underground pilgrimage," she remarked. "Have you anything definite to suggest? If not, we had better go in.

"There is only one way, Ena," Forrest said, in which we could improve matters"

"And what is that?" she asked quickly.

"Don't you think we could get our host in?"

The Princess was silent for several moments.

"It is a little dangerous, I am afraid," she said.

"I don't see why," Forrest answered. "If he were once in he'd have to hold his tongue, and you can do just what you like with him. He seems to me to be just one of those pulpy sort of persons

(To be Continued)

DOLD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
DIABETES
NUMBER 23 THE PR

PEARY WOULD NOT BRING RECORDS OF COOK FROM NORTH

Harry Whitney Wires Explorer —Coming Home Soon

New York, Sept. 26—Commander Robert E. Peary refused absolutely to allow any of the records or instruments of Dr. Frederick A. Cook to be brought aboard the steamer Roosevelt and was thus instrumental in causing these records to remain in a cache at Etah, Greenland, according to Harry Whitney, the New Haven sportsman, in a despatch received in this city by Dr. Cook yesterday.

The message, which came as a response to one sent by Dr. Cook, is as follows:

"Strathcona, via Indian Harbor and Cape Hay (Nfld.), Sept. 25.

"Dr. F. A. Cook, Waldorf, New York:

"Started for home Roosevelt. Nothing arrived for me. Peary would allow nothing belonging to you on board. Said to leave everything in cache at Etah.

"Met Captain Sam, North Star. Did not go back after schooner bound St. John's; take steamer home. Hope you well. See you soon. Explain all. Good shooting.

"HARRY WHITNEY."

St. John's, Nfld., Sept. 26—Wireless despatches received here say that the schooner Jeanie, which is bringing Harry Whitney, the New Haven hunter, back to civilization, left Indian Harbor yesterday morning for St. John's and likely would not call at Battle Harbor.

It is expected that the Jeanie will arrive here Wednesday.

St. John's, Nfld., Sept. 25.—According to despatches received here Harry Whitney, who is now at Indian Harbor, says that Dr. Cook told him at Etah last April that he had reached the Pole, but pledged him to secrecy. Dr. Cook also left with him certain documents and instruments which he is bringing to the United States.

Mr. Whitney declines to give further details until he reaches some point where he can get at the foot of the controversy.

LOOPHOLE IN THE JORDAN MURDER CASE

Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 25—Testimony tending to show that Willis A. White, of Maynard, a member of the jury which convicted Chester S. Jordan, of Somerville, of the murder of his wife, several months ago, was insane previous to the time he served on that jury, was introduced today at a hearing before Judges Lill and Stevens of the superior court. Attorneys for Jordan have appealed for a new trial on the ground of the alleged insanity of White.

White's wife and his family physician testified today that White received injuries to his head a number of years ago and Mrs. White said that one of her husband's brothers died in an insane asylum.

Other witnesses were mostly neighbors of White, and told of his strange actions in the days immediately following the close of the Jordan trial.

Jordan, who was in the court room, appeared pale and drawn. Several witnesses remained to be heard when the hearing was adjourned for the day and continued until Saturday next.

The murder of Mrs. Jordan was surrounded with gruesome circumstances. Jordan was arrested after he had been found preparing to flee from Boston with a trunk, in which were found portions of his wife's body. The trial developed the fact that she was murdered by being hit on the head with a flat iron, and that her body was afterwards dismembered.

SLOOP YACHT WRECKED; LIVES ARE SAVED

Gloucester, Mass., Sept. 26.—The heavy northeast storm today piled up the 12-ton sloop yacht Pruiser, owned by George E. Wiggins, of Bath (Me.), on the rocks off Annisquam light, and the two men on board, Captain Edward Holden and Dwight Webster, were taken aff by a volunteer crew in a lifeboat of the Massachusetts Humane Society commanded by Captain Davis, keeper of the light.

The boat received a bad pounding on the rocks, but was later floated and towed inside Annisquam harbor by the power boat of the Gloucester Life Saving station.

FATAL GAME FOR BOY

Sutton, Mass., Sept. 26—While playing a "wild west" game in a camp at Singletary Pond, Francis Roach, aged 15 years, of Millbury, was shot and instantly killed today by William F. Nardi, aged 20 years, of this city. Nardi had but one arm and raising a shotgun to his breast the trigger was caught by a torn place in his sweater, discharging a heavy load of shot directly into the left eye of Roach, who was standing but a few feet away. When the authorities reached the scene Nardi was brought to this city under arrest and will be given a hearing in court tomorrow morning.

REV. EDMUND WOOD DEAD

Montreal, Sept. 26.—(Special)—The Rev. Edmund Wood, rector of the church of St. John the Evangelist, a well known high church leader who for fifty years was actively engaged in church work passed away at 7 o'clock this morning, being stricken with heart disease while telephoning. On account of his high church tendencies he was called "Father" Wood. He came to Canada in 1859 and since then has labored in the parish, of which in later years he became the rector, building up a fashionable congregation. Rev Father Wood was eighty years of age and with Canon Ellegood was the oldest clergyman of the Anglican church in the diocese of Montreal.

Where Money is Tight

Everybody suffers, when boots are tight your corn suffers, but they may be painlessly cured by Putnam's Corn Extractor. Guaranteed in all cases. Use only Putnam's.

When cooking cabbage or other vegetables where the odorous steam is likely to permeate the house, allow a cup of vinegar to simmer on the back of the stove

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

OVERSKIRTS THAT BUTTON IN FRONT.

By Christmas, prophesy the dressmakers, we shall all be wearing overskirts of some sort or other; but these overskirt effects are still kept very flat, not increasing the slenderness of the silhoutte at all. Many of the new overskirts button down one side of the front like this one, a row of buttons set at the opposite side of the skirt giving an odd balanced effect. This is a bridge frock of purplish blue bengaline silk and another new feature is the deeply pointed girdle of embroidered lace which opens in bolero fashion over the skirt.

SPECIAL FEATURES IN ST. JOHN CHURCHES YESTERDAY

Rev J. Douglas Mulbery of Hampstead has accepted a call to the Tabernacle Baptist church, Haymarket Square.

The forty-hours' devotion services will open in St. Peter's church on Friday morning at 7.30 o'clock and close on Sunday evening.

Rev. Gideon Swim preached his farewell sermon in the Waterloo street Baptist church last evening. Mr. Swim may accept a call to the Baptist churches at Cornhill, Petitcodiac and Graves Settlement.

The Jewish Day of Atonement was observed by the Hebrew people throughout the world for twenty-four hours, commencing Friday at 6 p. m. and closing Saturday at 6 p. m. Services were held in the local synagogue by Rabbi Amdur.

There was a large attendance at the meetings held yesterday in the Salvation Army citadel, Charlotte street, when Brigadier Mrs. Stanyon, of New York, gave very interesting addresses on slum life in New York.

St. Stephen's

The pulpit in St. Stephen's church was occupied yesterday morning by Rev. Prof. D. J. Fraser, D. D. LL. D., of the Theological College of Montreal, and a former pastor of St. Stephen's. His subject was The Potter's Wheel. He spoke of the general trend of the eastern thought as fatalistic and declared that the western thought was much more optimistic and hopeful. He said that the story of the potter's wheel should not be taken as complete in itself as the vessel might be broken but the potter could easily repair it or construct another one. His sermon was listened to by a very large congregation.

Professor Fraser is on his way to Montreal, having spent the summer in Greece and different cities in Europe. He came here from Prince Edward Island, where he has been visiting his mother. He will resume his duties in the college at Montreal in the very near future and will leave here tomorrow.

Portland Methodist

Yesterday was Rally Sunday at the Portland street Methodist church. Appropriate sermons were preached by the pastor, Rev. Neil McLaughlin, in the morning and evening. In the afternoon there was a children's service. There was a good attendance on all occasions.

In the evening, after the regular service had been concluded, Sunday school officers were installed for the coming year as follows:

Superintendents—R. T. Hayes, S. A. Kirk, Percy J. Steele.
Secretary—H. Cecil Brown.
Recording secretary—S. McConnell.
Mission secretary—Wm. Miller.
Treasurer—R. C. Thomas.
Home department superintendent—Miss Mabel Craig.
Secretary—Jessie Long.
Assistant secretary—Grace Cooper.
Organist—C. Huey.
Assistant organist—Myrtle Sinclair.
I. B. R. A. secretary—Roberta Wisely.
Cradle roll superintendent—Mrs. R. Sinclair.
Assistants—Mrs. R. McInnes, Mrs. C. E. Cowan.
Male teachers—Neil McLaughlin, A. B. McIntosh, F. S. Thomas, M. Harvey, Thos. Brown, Wm. McIntosh, Paul Kingston, S. Irvine.
Female teachers—Ella Myles, Mamie Kirk, Martha Kirk, Mrs. M. D. Austen, Evelyn Huey, M. Kirk, Clara Leach, Carrie McConnell, Florence McIntyre, Retta Eagles, Mrs. George Vincent, Mrs. C. E. Cowan, Mrs. D. A. Morrell, Maud Delaney, Jessie Cunningham, Otty McIntyre, Mrs. M. D. Austen, Eva Reynolds, Mrs. R. Gale, Mrs. A. McInnes, Gertrude Wales, Edith Cronk, Janet Maxwell, E. Murray, Ethel Demings, Mrs. J. W. Calhoun, R. A. Sinclair, Mrs. Lach, Lizzie Miller.
Reserve staff—Mrs. F. S. Thomas, Mrs. J. N. Harvey, Mrs. S. A. Connell, Mrs. J. Henderson, Mrs. Louis Munro, Mrs William Young.

Centenary

The services in Centenary church yesterday were largely attended, Rev. C. W. Townsend of St. Martins, occupied the pulpit at the morning and evening services, and there was special music. Miss Ida King Tarbox, of Portland (Me.), who has been spending the summer in the city, sang with the choir for the last time as she leaves during this week to return to her home. At the evening service a ladies' quartette composed of Miss Tarbox, Miss Ethel Creighton, Miss Drake and Mrs. A. Pierce Crockett sang "No Evil Shall Befall Thee," by Costa, and the anthem was "I Waited for the Lord," from Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise, The duet was taken by Miss Tarbox and Mrs. Crockett, and the choral effect was very fine.

Exmouth Street

The special services in connection with the golden jubilee of the Exmouth street Methodist Sunday school were carried out yesterday. In the morning a large congregation listened to an eloquent sermon on Sabbath school work by the Rev. H. D. Marr. An open service of the Sunday school was held in the afternoon at which addresses were given by Rev. Dr. G. M. Campbell, Jeremiah Thompson, R. S. Stevens and the pastor of the church, Rev. W. W. Lodge.

In the evening there was a large congregation at the anniversary service held in the auditorium of the church. The service was mostly musical. On the platform were seated a large number of the scholars who were to take part in the programme. Addresses were given by R. S. Stevens, W. J. Magee, Alderman J. King Kelley, James Myles, Jeremiah Thompson and Rev W. W. Lodge.

This evening a reminiscence sermon will be held in the vestry of the church, at which there will be an unveiling of the pictures of all the former superintendents of the Sunday school. Tuesday evening there will be a grand social for the church and Sunday school.

Brussels Street

In the absence of the pastor, Rev. A. B. Cohoe, Rev. Prof. Kierstead, of the University of New Brunswick, occupied the pulpit of the Brussels street Baptist church yesterday. At the morning service Mr. Kierstead took for the text of his sermon The Process of Salvation, and in the evening What It Means to Live a Christian Life. There was a large attendance at both services.

Prof. Kierstead has just returned from the west, where he met a number of New Brunswick people, among them being Wallace Farris, son of the Hon. L. P. Farris, who is junior partner of a leading firm in British Columbia. He visited Seattle, Vancouver and Victoria. Prof. Kierstead speaks in glowing terms of the west, but says that real estate is rather high there at the present time. Mr. Kierstead leaves tomorrow for Fredericton. The university opens on Monday next.

Presbyterian

Yesterday was children's day in the Presbyterian Sunday schools of Canada. A united service was held in St. John's Presbyterian church, this city, at which 500 scholars and teachers were present. They occupied the centre pews of the church. The primary children were placed in front, with the rest of the scholars arranged in order of their respective grades back to the seniors. The meeting was presided over by Rev. J. G. A. Anderson. On the platform with him were the superintendents of the Sunday schools and the pastors of the Presbyterian churches of the city.

Rev. Mr. Anderson was assisted in the devotional exercises by T. C. Hastings, superintendent of St. Matthew's Sunday school, and Rev. Gordon Dickie, pastor of St. Stephen's Presbyterian church. During the service a solo was sung by S. J. McGowan. Two very interesting addresses were delivered by Andrew Malcolm and Rev. L. A. McLean.

Foresters to Church

Despite the unfavorable condition of the weather, a large church parade was held yesterday afternoon by the Canadian Order of Foresters. The members of the order gathered at Orange Hall, Germain street, at 3.30 o'clock and, headed by the Artillery Band, marched to Main street Baptist church. There were about 300 members in line with D. R. Kennedy, district organizer, in the lead. The officers of the different courts and R. W. Wigmore, member of the executive committee, brought up the rear. Arriving at the church they countermarched in and filled the centre pews, the pews on the side being occupied by members of the congregation and strangers. There was a large number present at the service. Rev. D. Hutchinson, the pastor of the church and a member of the order for a number of years, preached an interesting sermon.

Silver Falls

The reopening of the Silver Falls Methodist church took place yesterday. Services were conducted at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m. At the morning service Rev. G. M. Campbell occupied the pulpit, and in the evening Rev. Mr. Hutchinson of Main street Baptist church preached. The church has been thoroughly renovated throughout. New heating and lighting apparatus has been installed, and a new pulpit has been built, and the church has been newly painted and varnished. The cost of the repairs amounts to about $300.

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Quality as well as quantity circulation is desired and advertisers get both when advertising in

THE EVENING TIMES

the only evening paper in St. John that publishes a circulation statement month by month. It is not afraid to let advertisers know the condition of its circulation.

The Times has the largest circulation of any evening paper in the Maritime Provinces.

P. S.—Call up Main 31-11 or 15 and a representative will call and talk advertising.

The following is the average daily circulation of The Times for the last eight months:

January,	6,716
February,	6,978
March,	7,165
April,	7,189
May,	7,003
June,	7,029
July,	7,028
August,	7,022

JEWS IN NEW YORK NOW NUMBER FROM 700,000 TO A MILLION

(American Exchange.)

The extent to which the city of New York is influenced by its Hebrew population is little realized by Americans who do not live within that city. Nowhere else in the world, and at no time in history, have so many Hebrews congregated. The number in New York city, including Brooklyn, is variously estimated, and only the census of 1910, now preparing to be taken, can determine the exact figures. There are, however, not fewer than 700,000 and the number may reach 900,000 or 1,000,000.

The Jewish holidays, Sept. 16 to 25, this year, affected New York as never before. Postmaster Morgan has been compelled to give notice for the first time that holiday cards and remembrances, customary to be sent at the season by Jews, must be got into the mails early in order not to congest other mails. Moreover, as the postmaster observes in his public notice, a large proportion of the carriers in the service are Hebrews, and they desire to keep the religious festivals, which will cause the service to be crippled.

New York public schools, in which there are 675,000 children, are affected by these holidays to a marked degree. Not alone in the Jewish quarters, for these can hardly be said to exist any more, but throughout the whole city the proportion of Hebrew children is so great that during the Jewish holidays it is almost useless to keep the school buildings open. Whole rooms are deserted and teachers sit pupilless. Whenever it has happened that a Roman Catholic holiday and a Jewish one have fallen on the same days the schools have actually been closed for lack of pupils.

There is no longer any part of the city, or at least very few parts indeed, without its large proportion of Hebrew house owners and apartment dwellers. All attempts to restrict communities and keep Hebrews out have been abandoned. The only way that any Christain congregation could get out of a Jewish neighborhood would be to remove from the city altogether. And this condition obtains as much in the aristocratic sections of Manhattan as in the suburbs of the Bronx or Brooklyn. The effects are felt in dates for celebrations, in the public service of mails, firemen, and police, in the religious work, in the public and private schools, everywhere as never before in this or any other city.

A cause of this abnormal congestion of Hebrews is the persecutions in Europe, especially in Russia. iWthin the past ten years the immigration to America has been enormous, and almost all of this immigration has stopped immediately upon its arrival in New York city. Hence the congestion. The coming of this vast number of foreign speaking Jews has given heavy tasks to charitable and well-to-do Hebrews of American birth, but it has also been of material advantage to the same American element. Russian Hebrews have regarded the lower east side as paradise when compared with previous European conditions. They have been glad to rent at big rates apartments and stores which American Jews were coming to regard as not quite good enough for them.

Profiting by advantages, rentals and sales down town, and by increased trade, for the new arrivals are loyal to their coreligionists, American-born Jews have removed from the down-town districts into the uptown ones, until even Madison and Fifth avenues and the Central Park West section have their large proportions of prosperous Hebrews, not to mention the growing suburbs where new apartments are being built and occupied over night.

It is to be said in justice to these Hebrews, both those that have removed up town and those that now fill the down-town tenements, that they are well-bred and well-behaved beyond anything Christians dreamed concerning them. Very few disturbances on the lower East Side are due to the new arrivals from Russia; and of their children in the schools the teachers say that they are better bred and more easily managed than are the children of weauth Americans residents up town. Indeed, teachers of New York are unanimous in saying that the children of the latter class are hardest to manage in the whole city.

This year, under lead of certain progressive rabbis and laymen, the holidays now upon us are more generally observed than ever before. Not only so, but abuses and frauds in the rentals of halls and the sales of seats by unscrupulous persons to unsuspecting Hebrews have been prevented in some degree. Committees have been formed for this purpose, and while this year not all of these evils have been stopped, it is expected that by another year reforms will be both effective and permanent. So marked are these reforms, and so well disposed are the prosperous Hebrews in the better parts of the city, that the old cry of the Christians against the incoming of Jews is hardly heard more. New York city is readjusting itself in many ways on account of the Jews. The immigration is not falling off. Other cities may be called upon to go through similar experiences and changes.

THE LOBSTER CATCH

A Montreal despatch says:—"The lobster catch on the Atlantic coast is only about 50 p. c. of last year; prices within the last month have advanced 10 per cent," said Fred Magee, of Port Elgin, N. B.

"The Canadian demand is small," said he, "but the export demand is good with Great Britain and the Continent taking all they can get. Last year there was a very large catch, which glutted the market, and prices slumped, but his season, owing to the scarcity, prices have already advanced, and are likely to reach a much higher level."

The credit system is slow—yet always on time.

TUMOR OF YEARS GROWTH

Removed by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Winnipeg, Man.—"Seven years ago I went to the Victoria Hospital, Montreal, suffering with a growth in the uterus. The doctors said it was a tumor, and could not be removed, as it would cause instant death. They found that other organs were affected and said I could not live more than six months in the condition I was in. After I came home I saw your advertisement in the paper and commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it constantly for two years, and still take it at times, and both my husband and myself claim that it was the means of saving my life. I highly recommend it to suffering women."—Mrs. ORILLA BRADLEY, 284 Johnson Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of women's dread enemy—tumor. If you have mysterious pains, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait for time to confirm your fears and go through the horrors of a hospital operation, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills.