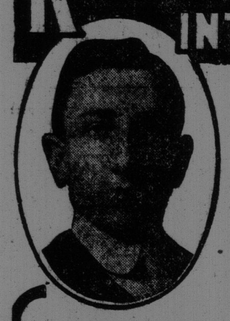
MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

RAN A RUSTY NAIL INTO HIS FINGER



USING Zam-Buk on a cut or scratch is insuring yourself against the danger of blood-poisoning, festering, or inflammation. As soon as you sustain an injury—a scratch from barbed wire, a cut, a burn, a bruise—put on a little Zam-Buk, and then don't worry! Zam-Buk kills the disease germs, which, entering wounds, set up festering, etc. Not only so, but Zam-Buk stimulates the cells to rapid action, and in this way builds up healthy skin very quickly; also, it eases pain and smarting. You have ease, insurance against blood-poisoning, and rapid healing—only Zam-Buk combines the three! Try it!

Mr. Alf. Hy. Orth, of Shipley (Ont.), says:—"While at work recently I had the misfortune to run a rusty wire nail under my thumb nail, to the depth of about one and a half inches. The pain was terrible, and what I feared was that the nail, being so dirty and rusty, would set up festering and blood-poisoning. I knew, from previous experience, how good Zam-Buk was, so I cleaned the wound, melted a little of the balm, and ran it into the wound. The result was wonderful. It soothed the pain, and the thumb actually did not swell. Zam-Buk kept away all inflammation. I was able to go on with my work all the time, and in a few days the thumb was as good as ever."

Zam-Buk cures cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, piles, festering sores, ulcers, scalds, blood-poisoning, eczema, varicose ulcers, prairie itch, ringworm, scalp-sores, bad leg, diseased ankles, and all other skin diseases and injuries. Rubbed well into the parts affected, it cures neuralgia, rheumatism, and sciatica. All Druggists and Stores sell at 50c. box, three for $1.25, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

Zam-Buk

Jeanne of the Marshes

BY E. P. OPPENHEIM

(Continued)

CHAPTER XII.

The days that followed were strange ones for Jeanne. Every morning at sunrise, or before, she would steal out of the little cottage where she was staying, and make her way along the top of one of the high dyke banks to the sea. Often she saw the sun rise from some lonely spot amongst the sandbanks or the marshes, heard the awakening of the birds, and saw the first glimpses of morning life steal into evidence upon the grey chill wilderness. At such times she saw few people. The house where she was staying was apart from the village, and near the head of one of the creeks, and there were times when she would leave it and return without having seen a single human being. She knew, from cautious inquiries made from her landlady's daughter, that Cecil and Major Forrest were still at the Red Hall, and for that reason during the daytime she seldom left the cottage, sitting out in the old-fashioned garden, or walking a little way in the fields at the back. For the future she made no plans. She was quite content to feel that for the present she had escaped from an intolerable situation.

The woman from whom Jeanne had taken the rooms, a Mrs. Caynsard, she had seen only once or twice. She was waited upon most of the time by an exceedingly diminutive maid-servant, very shy at first, but very talkative afterwards, in broad Norfolk dialect, when she had grown a little accustomed to this very unusual lodger. Now and then Kate Caynsard, the only daughter of the house, appeared, but for the most time she was away, sailing a fishing boat or looking after the little farm. To Jeanne she represented a type wholly strange, but altogether interesting. She was little over twenty years of age, but she was strong and finely built. She had the black hair and dark brown eyes, which here and there among the villagers of the east coast remind one of the immigration of worsted spinners and silk weavers from Flanders and the North of France, many centuries ago. She was very handsome but exceedingly shy. When Jeanne, as she had done more than once, tried to talk to her, her abrupt replies gave little opening for conversation. One morning, however, Jeanne, having returned from a long tramp across the sand dunes, was sitting in the little orchard at the top of the house, she saw her landlady's daughter come slowly out to her from the house. Jeanne put down her book at once.

"Good morning, Miss Caynsard!" she said.

"Good morning, miss!" the girl answered awkwardly. "You have had a long walk."

Jeanne nodded.

"I went so far," she said, "that I had to race the tide home, or I should have had to wade through the home creek."

Kate nodded.

"The tide do come sometimes," she said, "at a most awful pace. I have been out after whelks myself, and had to walk home with the sea all round me, and nothing but a ribbon of dry land. One needs to know the ways about on this wilderness."

"One learns them by watching," Jeanne remarked. "I suppose you have lived here all your life."

"All my life," the girl answered, "and my father and grandfather before me. 'Tis a queer country, but them as is born and bred here seldom leaves it. Sometimes they try. They go to the next village inland, or to some town, or to foreign parts, but sooner or later if they live they come back."

Jeanne nodded sympathetically.

"It's a wonderful country," she said. "When I saw it first it seemed to me that it was depressing. How I love it."

"And I," the girl remarked, with a sudden passion in her tone, "I hate it!"

Jeanne looked at her, surprised.

"It sounds so strange to hear you say that," she remarked. "I should have thought that any one who had lived here always would have loved it. Every day I am here I seem to discover new beauties, a new effect of coloring, a new undertone of the sea, or to hear the cry of some new bird."

"It is beautiful sometimes," the girl answered. "I love it when the creeks are full and the April sun is shining, and the spring seems to draw all manner of living things and colors from the marsh and the pasturage lands. I love it when the sea changes its colors as the clouds pass over the sun and the wind blows from the west. The place is well enough then. But there are times when it is nothing but a great wilderness of mud, and the grey mists come blowing in, and one is cold here, cold to the bone. Then I hate the place worse than ever."

"Have you ever tried to go away for a time?" Jeanne asked.

"I went to London," the girl said, turning her head a little away. "I should have stayed there, I think, if things had turned out as I had expected, but they didn't, and my father died suddenly, so I came home to take care of the farm."

Jeanne nodded sympathetically. She was beginning to wonder why this girl had come out from the house with the obvious intention of speaking to her. She stood by her side, not exactly awkward, but still not wholly at her ease, her hands clasped behind her straight back, her black eyebrows drawn together in a little uneasy frown. Her coarse brown skirt was not long enough to conceal her wonderfully shaped ankles. Sun and wind had done little more than slightly tanned her clear complexion. She had somehow the appearance of a girl of some other nation. There was something strong, more forceful, more brilliant about her than her position seemed to warrant.

"There is a question, miss," she said at last, abruptly, "I should like to ask you. I should have asked you when you first came, if I had been in when you came to look at the rooms."

"What is it?" Jeanne asked quietly.

"I've a good eye for faces," Kate said, "and I seldom forget one. Weren't you the young lady who was staying up at the Red Hall a few weeks ago?"

Jeanne nodded.

"Yes," she said. "I was staying there. It was because I liked the place so much, and because I was so much happier here than in London, that I came back."

There was a moment's silence. Jeanne looked up and found Kate's magnificent eyes fixed steadfastly upon her face.

"Is it for no other reason, miss?" she asked, "that you have come back?"

"For none other in the world," Jeanne answered. "I was unhappy in London, and I wanted to get somewhere where I should be quite unknown. That is why I came here."

"You didn't come back," Kate asked, "to see more of Mr. De la Borne, then?"

The simple directness of the question seemed to rob it of its impertinence. Jeanne laughed good-humoredly.

"I can assure you that I did not," she answered. "To tell you the truth, and I hope that you will be kind and remember that I do not wish anyone to know this, the reason why I only go out so early in the morning or late at night is because I do not wish to see anyone from the Red Hall. I do not wish them to know that I am here."

"They do gossip in a small place like this most amazing," the girl said slowly. "When you and the other lady came down from London to stay up yonder, they did say that you were a great heiress, and that Mr. De la Borne was counting on marrying you, and buying back all the lands that have slipped away from the De la Bornes back to Burnham Market and Wells township."

Jeanne shrugged her shoulders.

"I cannot help," she said, "what people say. Everyone has spoken of me always as being very rich, and a good many men have wanted to marry me to spend my money. That is why I came down here, if you want to know, Miss Caynsard. I came down to escape from a man whom my step-mother was determined that I should marry, and whom I hated!"

The girl looked at her wonderingly.

"It is a strange manner of living," she said, "when a girl is not to choose her own man."

"In any case," Jeanne said smiling, "if I had but one or two to choose from in the world, I should never choose Mr. De la Borne."

The girl was gloomily silent. She was looking up towards the Red Hall, her lips a little parted, her face dark, her brows lowering.

"'Tis a family," she said slowly, "that have come down well-nigh to their last acre. They hold on to the Hall, but little else. Folk say that for four hundred years or more the De la Bornes have heard the sea thunder from within them walls. 'Tis, perhaps, as some writer has said in a book I've found lately, that the old fashioned families of the country, when once their menkind cease to be soldiers or fighters in the world, that they do decay and become rotten. It is so with the De la Bornes, or rather with one of them."

"Mr. Andrew," Jeanne remarked timidly.

"Mr. Andrew," the girl interrupted, "is a great gentleman, but he is never one of those who would stop the rot in a decaying race. He is a great strong man is Mr. Andrew, and deceit and littleness are things he knows nothing of. I wish he were here today."

The girl's face wore a troubled expression. Jeanne began to suspect that she had not as yet come to the real object of this interview.

"Why do you wish that Mr. Andrew were here?" Jeanne asked. "What could he do for you that Mr. Cecil could not?"

A strange look filled the girl's eyes.

"I think," she said, "that I would not go to Mr. Cecil whatever might betide, but there is a matter—"

She hesitated again. Jeanne looked at her thoughtfully.

"You have something on your mind, I think, Miss Caynsard," she said. "Can I help you? Do you wish to tell me about it?"

The girl seemed to have made up her mind. She was standing quite close to Jeanne now, and she spoke without hesitation.

"You remember the young lord," she said, "of whom there has been so much in the papers lately? He was staying at the Red Hall when you were, and is supposed to have left for London early one morning and disappeared."

"Lord Ronald Engleton," Jeanne said. "Yes, I know all about that, of course."

"Sometimes," Kate said slowly, "I have had strange thoughts about him. Mr. Cecil and the other man, Major Forrest, they call him, are still at the Hall, and the servants say that they do little but drink and swear at one another. I wonder sometimes why they are there, and why Mr. Andrew stays away."

Jeanne leaned a little forward in her chair. Something in the other's words had interested her.

"There is something," she said, "behind in your thoughts. What is it?"

The girl was silent for a moment.

"Tonight," she said, "if you have the courage to come with me, I will show you what I mean."

"I am afraid," Jeanne declared, "that I cannot go on. I have not the eyes of a cat. I cannot see one step before me."

Her companion laughed softly as she turned round.

"I forgot,' she said. "You are town bred. To us the darkness is nothing. Do not be afraid. I know the way, every inch of it. Give me your hand."

"But I cannot see at all," Jeanne declared. "How far is this place?"

"Less than a mile," Kate answered. "Trust to me. I will see that nothing happens to you. Hold my hand tightly, like that. Now come."

Jeanne reluctantly trusted herself to her companion's guidance. They made their way down the rough road which led from the house of the Caynsards, half cottage, half farmhouse, to the lane at the bottom. There was no moon, and though the wind was blowing hard, the sky seemed everywhere covered with black clouds. When Kate opened the wooden gate which led on to the marshes, Jeanne stopped short.

"I am not going any farther," she declared. "Even you, I am sure, could not find your way on the marshes tonight. Didn't you hear what the fisherman said, too, that it was a flood tide? Many of the paths are under water. I will not go any farther, Kate. If there is anything you have to tell me, say it now."

She felt a hand suddenly tighten upon her arm, a hand which was like a vice.

"You must come with me," Kate said. "As to the other things do not be foolish. On these marshes I am like a cat in a dark room. I could feel my way across every inch of them on the blackest night that ever was. I know how high the tide is. I measured it but half an hour since by Treadwell's pole. You come with me, miss. You'll not miss your way by foot. I promise you that."

Even then Jeanne was reluctant. They were on the top of the grass-grown dyke, now, and below she could dimly see the dark, swelling water lapping against the gravel bottom.

"But you do not understand," she declared. "I do not even know where to put my feet. I can see nothing, and the wind is enough to blow us over the sides. Listen! Listen how it comes booming across the sand dunes. It is not safe here. I tell you that I must go back."

Her companion only laughed a little wildly.

"There will be no going back tonight," she said. "You must come with me. Set your feet down boldly. If you are afraid, take this."

(To Be Continued)

Rev. F. H. Wentworth, of Andover, has accepted a call to Waterloo street Baptist church pastorate and will take up the work on the first Sunday in December.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" that is **Laxative Bromo Quinine** Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days. E. W. Grove on every box. 25c

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

THE NEW SHORT LOUIS COAT

Some of the extremely dressy suits for calling and other afternoon wear have these little hip coats, jauntily built and much trimmed with braiding. This suit of pale amethyst satin cloth has a moderately full skirt—not as long as last season's trailing models—and the gay little coat, cut away in front to reveal a waistcoat of flowered velvet in mauve and violet shades. A cream lace jabot shows above the coat opening. The hat is a cavalier model of amethyst colored moire silk, a velvet facing of the same color showing in the roll of the brim. A velvet bow and long plume are the only trimming.

CERTAINLY ENDS STOMACH MISERY

Heartburn, Gas and Indigestion Vanish and you Feel Fine in Five Minutes.

You can eat anything your stomach craves without fear of Indigestion or Dyspepsia, or that your food will ferment or sour on your stomach if you will take a little Diapepsin occasionally.

Your meals will taste good, and anything you eat will be digested; nothing can ferment or turn into acid or poison or stomach gas, which causes Belching, Dizziness, a feeling of fullness after eating, Nausea, Indigestion (like a lump of lead in stomach), Biliousness, Heartburn, Water brash, Pain in the stomach and intestines or other symptoms.

Headaches from the stomach are absolutely unknown when this effective remedy is used. Diapepsin really does all the work of a healthy stomach. It digests your meals when your stomach can't. A single dose will digest all the food you eat and leave nothing to ferment or sour and upset the stomach.

Get a large 50-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from your druggist and start taking now, and in a little while you will actually brag about your healthy, strong stomach, for you can eat anything and everything you want without the slightest discomfort or misery, and every particle of impurity and Gas that is in your stomach and intestines is going to be carried away without the use of laxatives or any other assistance.

Should you at this moment be suffering from Indigestion or any stomach disorder, you can get relief within five minutes.

MONCTON NEWS

Damage By Rain—Funeral Directors Meet—Miss Joughins Injured.

Moncton, Oct. 25—With almost a steady downpour of rain today and yesterday the country round about is almost inundated. Streams have been swollen so as to overflow their banks and farmers complain that root crops, especially potatoes, are rotting in the ground. In consequence of the steady rain all outdoor amusements were off today. The horse races to have been held on the local speedway, previously postponed on account of rain, had to be cancelled. The holiday was one of the most disagreeable in some time.

The New Brunswick Funeral Directors' Association met here today and elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: A. D. Jonah, Petitcodiac, president; A. A. Tuttle, Moncton, first vice-president; Wm. Campbell, Sackville, second vice-president; F. W. Wallace, Sussex, secretary; O. K. Black, Richibucto, treasurer; Lewis Brenan, St. John, chaplain; Otty Tuttle, Moncton, sergeant-at-arms. The association will meet at St. John in August next.

At the annual meeting of the Fox Creek Agricultural Society today it was decided to pay more attention in future to raising sheep and thoroughbreds are to be purchased at once. E. T. Charters was elected president; Geo. Tingley, treasurer; D. D. Legere, secretary.

Miss May Joughins, daughter of G. R. Joughins, superintendent of motive power, I. C. R., was thrown from a horse Saturday afternoon while horseback riding and seriously injured. She sustained a bad scalp wound and was unconscious some time. Her condition is improved today.

Arthur Stockall, jr., while putting on double windows at his home on St. George street this morning, fell from a verandah, cutting his head severely and bruising his hip and arm. He will be laid up some time.

A BIG BEQUEST

Tacoma, Wash., Oct. 25—The will of Wm. Vilas, formerly United States senator from Wisconsin, bequeathing the bulk of his estate, said to be worth $2,000,000, to the University of Wisconsin, was admitted to probate today, and J. T. Gregory was appointed administrator.

More Than 20

Ingredients give to Hood's Sarsaparilla its great curative power— power to cure many and varied complaints, including diseases of the blood, ailments of the stomach, troubles of the kidneys and liver.

Many of the ingredients produce what the profession prescribe for the ailments named, but the combination and proportions are peculiar to this medicine and give it curative powers peculiar to itself.

Therefore, there can be no substitute for Hood's. Get it today.

U. S. PAPER MEN'S EFFORTS FAIL OF FEDERAL SUPPORT

Treasury Department Removes Discriminating Rates on Product Derived From Timber Grown on Private Lands in Ontario and Quebec

Washington, Oct. 25—Much significance is attached here to the action of the treasury department in notifying the collector of customs at Detroit not to collect retaliatory duties upon paper made from wood pulp derived from wood cut on private lands in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, notwithstanding he is to continue to charge the higher rate on paper made from wood cut on the crown lands on which the discriminating duty is charged by the provincial governments. The action taken comes at a time when the domestic paper interests have been hard at work to secure the application of more severe discriminating rates than those which have heretofore been applied, and the decision adverse to their claims is regarded as pointing to a disposition to be lenient in the application of the discriminating rates to the goods of foreign countries.

There is no doubt that the language of the act was craftily prepared by certain members of congress in the expectation that it would prove to open the way for the application of high discriminating rates as indicated. That the letter to the collector is the forerunner of such rates is the interpretation that has most erroneously been accorded to it by some superficial observers during the past day or two, but entirely without foundation.

The letter to the collector not only practically refuses to consider the application of the discriminating rates to paper manufacturers of pulp derived from other provinces, but it, as already noted, declines to apply the higher rates to the paper derived from the products of private lands in these two provinces themselves. This by implication points to a decision next spring that the action of the two provinces in continuing to collect the dues on the exported paper derived from crown lands will not be considered an "undue" discrimination of a character which would subject the goods of Canada generally to the minimum rates of our tariff unless, of course, there were other discriminations that would warrant such action independent of the duties on wood pulp or paper.

Of course, there is no assurance that the president and his advisers will not take a different view from that asserted in this letter by the treasury authorities, but it should be remembered that he will undoubtedly be guided by the advice of the tariff board, one member of which is former Assistant Secretary J. B. Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds is now away on a vacation. The letter to the collector at Detroit has been worked up with great care, and the chief ideas in it were discussed in conjunction with Mr. Reynolds before his departure.

Mr. Reynolds some time ago received a long and elaborate brief from the domestic paper interests stating their side of the case, and insisting upon the imposition of the higher duties on all paper coming from the two provinces in question and from Canada generally. The domestic interests also asked to have the proportion of wood pulp allowed in estimating the amount required for the production of a ton of paper increased on the ground that the treasury authorities who followed the report of the Mann committee had been led to put the proportion or equivalent too low.

This claim has now been investigated with the result that it has been disallowed by the department, and the duties will continue to be assessed on the paper at the lower basis of equivalence as indicated by the Mann committee. It is added that the department expects to investigate further and should it appear that the present estimate is too low to raise it later on. The fact is, however, that there is no apparent expectation that the results of the investigation will lead to action of this sort.

The indication of this case, therefore, is that there is a disposition to be moderate in the application of the discriminating rates of the new tariff and also to go rather slowly next spring in retaliation. This fact is proving somewhat irritating to the ultra-protective group, as is being felt here.

AFTER SUFFERING TEN YEARS

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

MARLTON, N.J.—"I feel that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given me new life. I suffered for ten years with serious female troubles, inflammation, ulceration, indigestion, nervousness, and could not sleep. Doctors gave me up, as they said my troubles were chronic. I was in despair, and did not care whether I lived or died, when I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; so I began to take it, and am well again and relieved of all my suffering."—Mrs. GEORGE JORDY, Box 40, Marlton, N.J.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

Sale of Ladies' Winter Underwear

Turnbull's Unshrinkable.
White or Natural Color.

Vests and Drawers, all sizes **25c. Each**
Extra Heavy Vests and Drawers **38c. Each**
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When you wash your windows, for instance, little streaks of "dirt" seem so hard to get off—it's really the soap—not the dirt—that's the trouble. With Taylor's Borax Soap you wash and rinse, dry once and your glassware sparkles like crystal.

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Taylor's Borax Soap

The soap removes the grease—the borax removes the soap—and there you are!

It's fine for woolens, too. It positively will not shrink them. It brings them out of the wash as soft and fresh as new. Thousands of Canadian women are using Taylor's Borax Soap today. Try a cake at once and know the reasons why.

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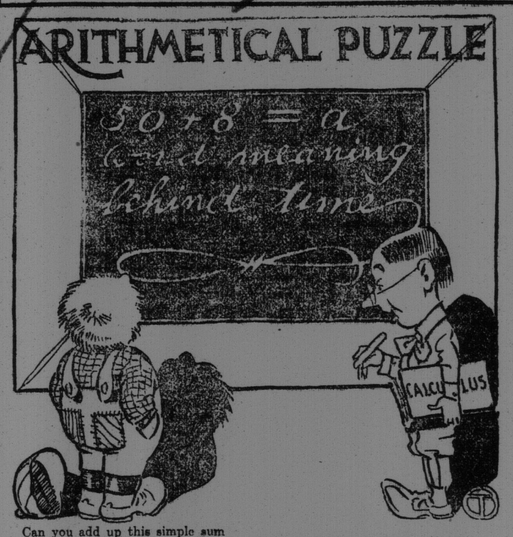
Coll's Soap

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



Can you add up this simple sum

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE

Left side down, in lady's sweater.