

Soothes and Heals While It Cleanses

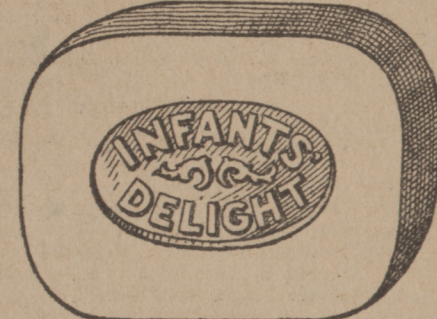
You could eat and relish every ingredient used in making *Taylor's Infants' Delight*. The Olive Oil is the first pressing from perfect fruit, and is far choicer than is usually served on our tables. Coconut oil, because of its purity and palatability, is used for butter in warm climates. It is far too expensive to be used for this purpose away from the tropics.

Soaps made from coarse animal fats are rank poison to baby's tender skin. Much of the chafing, burning and discomfort could be avoided if more care were taken in the selection of soap for baby's bath.

Infants' Delight Soap

will be found wonderfully soothing by those whose skin is roughened, chafed or tender from any cause, and so healing in its action that after a few days' use, the skin will be white as snow and soft as velvet.

You owe it to yourself and to the comfort of your little ones to use this soap for baby's bath today.



10 Cents a Cake At All Druggists

John Taylor & Co., Ltd.

Toronto

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

Jeanne of the Marshes

BY E. P. OPPENHEIM

(Continued) CHAPTER XVII.

Jeanne was sitting in the garden of the Caynard farm. The excitement of the last twenty-four hours had left her languid. For once she lay and watched with idle, almost with indifferent eyes, the great stretch of marshes riven with the incoming sea. She saw the fishing boats, that were a few hours ago dead inert things upon a bed of mud, come gliding up the tortuous waterways. On the horizon was the sea bank, with its long line of poles, and the wires connecting the coastguard stations. They stood like silent sentinels, clean and distinct against the empty background. Jeanne sighed as she watched, and the thoughts came crowding into her head. It was a restful country this, a country of timeworn, mouldering grey churches, and of immemorial landmarks, a country where everything seemed fixed and restful, everything except the sea. A wave of self-pity swept over her. After all she had lived a very little time to know much happiness. Worse than all, this morning she was filled with self-loathing. She feared something. She scarcely knew what, or from what direction it might come. The song of the larks brought her no comfort. The familiar and beautiful places upon which she looked pleased her no more. She was glad when Kate Caynard came out of the house and moved slowly towards her. Kate, too, showed some of the signs of the recent excitement. There were black lines under her wonderful eyes, and she walked hesitatingly, without any of the firm splendid grace which made her movements a delight to watch. Jeanne was afraid at first that she was going to turn away, and called to her.

"Kate," she exclaimed, "I want you. Come here at once and talk to me."

Kate threw herself on the ground by Jeanne's side.

"All the talking in the world," she murmured, "will not change the things that happened last night. They will not even smooth away the evil memories."

Jeanne was silent. There was a thought in her head which had been there twisting and biting its way in her brain through the silent hours of the night and again in her waking moments. She looked down towards her companion stretched at her feet.

"Kate," she said, "how did Mr. Andrew get the message that brought him to the Red Hall last night?"

"I sent it," Kate answered. "I sent him word that there were things going on at the Red Hall which I could not understand. I told him that I thought it would be well if he came."

"You knew his address?" Jeanne asked, a little coldly.

"Yes!" Kate answered.

"You have written him before, perhaps?" Jeanne asked.

"Yes!" the girl answered absently.

There was a short silence. Each of the two seemed occupied in her own thoughts. When Jeanne spoke again her manner was changed. The other girl noticed it, without being conscious of the reason.

"What has happened this morning, do you know?" Jeanne asked.

"They are all at the Red Hall still," Kate answered. "Major Forrest tried to leave this morning, but Mr. Andrew would not let him. He will not let either of them go away until Lord Ronald is well enough to say what shall be done."

"I wonder," Jeanne said, "what would have happened if Mr. Andrew had not arrived last night?"

"God knows!" Kate answered. "He is a wily brute, the man Forrest. How was it that you," she added, "found Mr. Andrew?"

"I waited on the mound in the plantation," Jeanne said, "with my ear to the ground, and presently I heard a pistol shot and then a scuffle, and afterwards silence. I was frightened, and I made my way to the road and hurried along toward the village. Then I saw a cart and I stopped it, and inside was Mr. Andrew, on his way from Wells. I told him something of what was happening, and he put me in the cart and sent me back. Then he went on to the Red Hall."

Kate nodded slowly.

"I am glad that I sent for him," she

said. "I am afraid that last night there would have been bloodshed if he had not come. When he was there there was not one who dared speak or move any more, except as he directed. He is very strong, my dear Jeanne, I think, to command men."

Jeanne's lips quivered for a moment. Her eyes were fixed upon the distant figure, motionless now, upon the raised sandbanks. Kate had turned her head toward the Red Hall, and was looking at one of the windows, as though her eyes would pierce the distance.

"Tell me," Jeanne asked, "I have seen you once with Mr. de la Borne. He is a great friend of yours?"

"He was," the girl at her feet whispered.

Jeanne found herself shaking. She stooped down.

"What do you mean?" she whispered.

Kate looked up from the ground. She raised herself a little. For a moment her eyes flashed.

"I mean," she said, "that before you came he was more than a friend. It was you who drove his thoughts of me away. You with your great fortune, and your childish, foreign ways. Oh, I talk like a fool, I know!" she said, springing up, "but I am not a fool. I do not hate you. I have never tried to do you any harm. It is not your fault. It is what you are. You are a creature of the sea. You are a creature of the coast there in a house larger than the Red Hall, and our lairs were richer. Generation after generation of us have been pushed by fortune downwards and downwards. The men lose lands and money, and the women disgrace themselves, or creep into some corner to die with a broken heart. I talk to you as one of the villagers here. I know very well that I speak the dialect of the peasants, and that my words are ill-chosen. How can I help it? We are all paupers, every one of us. That is why I cannot be a friend to you."

"That is why I do mad things, and people believe that I am indeed out of my mind," she sprang to her feet. Jeanne tried to detain her.

"Let me talk to you for a little time, Kate," she begged. "You are none of the things you fancy, and I am very sure that Mr. de la Borne does not care for me, or for my fortune. Stay just for a minute."

But Kate was already gone. Jeanne could see her speeding down to the harbour, and a few minutes later gliding down the creek in her little cat-boat.

The Comte de Brensault was angry, and he had not sufficient dignity to hide it. The Princess, in whose boudoir he was regarded him from her sofa as one might look at some strange animal.

"My dear Count," she said, "it is not reasonable that you should be angry with me. Is it my fault that I am plagued with a step-daughter of so extraordinary a temperament? She will return directly, or we shall find her. I am sure of it. The wedding can be arranged then as speedily as you wish—I give her to you. I consent to your marriage. What could woman do more?"

"That is all very well," the Count said, "all very well indeed, but I do not understand how it is that a young lady could disappear from her home like this, and that her guardian should know nothing about it. Where could she have gone to? You say that she had very little money. Why should she go? Who was unkind to her?"

"All that I did," the Princess answered, "was to tell her that she must marry you."

The Count twirled his moustache.

"Is it likely," he demanded, "that that should drive her away from her home? The idea of marriage, it may terrify these young misses at the first thought, but in their hearts they are very, very glad. Ah!" he added softly, "I have had some experience. I am not a boy."

The Princess looked at him. Whatever her thoughts may have been, her face remained inscrutable.

"No!" the Count continued, drawing his chair a little nearer to the Princess' couch, and leaning towards her, "I do not believe that it was the fear of marriage which drove little Jeanne to disappear."

"Then what do you believe, my dear Count!" the Princess asked.

"Perhaps," he said significantly, "you may have thought that with her great fortune, and seeing me a little foolish for her time, and that you had not driven quite a good enough bargain, eh?"

"You insulting beast!" the Princess remarked.

The Count grinned. He was in no way annoyed.

"Ah!" he said, "I am a man whom it is not easy to deceive. I have seen very much of the world, and I know the ways of women. The woman who wants money, my dear Princess, is very, very clever, and not too honest."

"Your experiences, Count," the Princess said, "may be interesting, but I do not see how they concern me."

"But they might concern you," the Count said, "if you were to speak plainly; if for instance, I have seen very much of the world, and I know the ways of women. The woman who wants money, my dear Princess, is very, very clever, and not too honest."

"Do you mean to insinuate," the Princess remarked, "that I know where Jeanne is now? That is I who have put her out of the way for a little time, in order to make a better bargain with you?"

"The Count loved his head.

"A very clever scheme," he declared, "a very clever scheme indeed."

"The Princess drew a little breath. Then she looked at the Count and suddenly laughed. After all, it was not worth while to be angry with such a creature. Besides, if Jeanne should turn up, she might as well have the extra money."

"You give me credit, I fear," she said, "for being a cleverer woman than I am, but as a matter of courtesy, supposing I am able to hand you over Jeanne very shortly, would you agree to double the little amount we have spoken of?"

"I will double it," the Count declared solemnly. "You see when I wish for a thing I am generous. I can only hope," he added, with a peculiar smile, "Miss Jeanne may soon make her reappearance." There was a knock at the door. The Princess looked up, frowning. Her maid put her head cautiously in.

"I am sorry to disturb you, madam, against your orders," she said, "but Miss Jeanne has just arrived."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Count opened his mouth. It was his way of expressing extreme astonishment. The Princess sat bolt upright on her couch and gazed at Jeanne with wide-open and dilated eyes. Curiously enough it was the Count who first recovered himself.

"Is it it a game this?" he asked softly.

"You press the button and the little girl appears. That means that I increase the stakes and the prize pops up."

The Princess rose to her feet. She crossed the room to meet Jeanne with outstretched arms.

"Shut up your fool," she said to the Count in passing. "Jeanne, my child," she added, "is it really you?"

Jeanne accepted the proffered embrace without enthusiasm. She recognised the Count, however, with a little wave of color.

"Yes," she said quietly, "I have come back. I am sorry I went away. It was a mistake, a great mistake."

"You have driven us nearly wild with anxiety," the Princess declared. "Where have you been to?"

Jeanne behaved with a composure which astonished them both. She calmly unbuttoned her gloves and seated herself in the easy chair.

"I have been to Salthouse," she said.

"What! back to the Red Hall?" the Princess exclaimed.

Jeanne shook her head.

(To be continued.)

"CAUGHT COLD."

Had a Distressing, Tickling Sensation in the Throat

Mr. Albert MacPhee, Chignecto Mines, N. S., writes: "In Oct. 1908, I caught cold by working in water, and had a very bad cough and that distressing, tickling sensation in my throat so that I could not sleep at night, and my lungs were so very sore I had to give up work. Our doctor gave me medicine but it did me no good so I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and by the time I had used two bottles I was entirely cured. I am always recommending it to my friends."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup combines the potent healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Pain or Tightness in the Chest, and all Throat and Lung Troubles.

There are many imitations of "Dr. Wood's" so be sure and get the genuine when you ask for it.

Put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



A COLLEGE DRESS IN COLLEGE COLORS

The pretty undergraduate now has her characteristic regalia—a charming frock in exactly the most comfortable and convenient style for work and play, and in the colors of her own alma mater. The college dress has a jaunty, kitted skirt with a yoke top, and over this falls a loose tunic, buttoned at the side in Russian fashion. Collar, cuffs and a hem turned up at the bottom of the tunic are faced with contrasting color, and an emblem in this color is embroidered on the tunic. The maid who wears this frock is interested in Annapolis, and she wears the navy blue and old gold, with jolly anchors on her tunic.

CUSTOMS REVENUE FOR OCTOBER SHOWS NEARLY MILLION INCREASE

Vancouver Dry Dock Project Falls Through — McBride and the C. P. R.—Doctor to Prison for Five Years—Whitney and Temperance

Ottawa, Oct. 31.—Canada's customs collections during October show a gain of almost \$1,000,000 over the returns of October last year. "The collections during the month totalled \$5,236,737, a betterment of \$920,263.

During the first seven months of the year the customs revenue was \$34,017,806, a gain of \$6,838,614, which is over \$1,000,000 a month. The indications are that the gain in collections will continue and that the closing of the year will show an improvement of not less than \$12,000,000.

The arrivals of Chinese in Canada show a considerable decline during the year. The number of arrivals for the twelve months was only 467, which is about half the number which came the year before.

The project for a dry dock at Vancouver has fallen through. The company, which obtained the approval of the government as to the location of its proposed floating dock at Vancouver and the statutory three per cent bonus, has been unable to make arrangements to raise the capital and has abandoned the plan.

It is thought that one of the companies which is looking for dry dock sites on the Atlantic coast will take up the Vancouver proposition. It may be that it will be taken up by Vickers Sons & Maxim, who, it is understood, will interview the government next week with regard to the establishment of shipbuilding on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

Toronto, Oct. 31.—There has come to me what comes to the lives of most men who have passed middle age, a longing to do something or be identified with something that will be of lasting advantage to the world. It was the declaration of Sir James Whitney, who presided at the gathering which assembled in Massey Hall this afternoon to commemorate the twenty-first anniversary of the commencement of the

Canadian Temperance League's work in Toronto.

"I desire as a citizen of Ontario," continued the premier, "to join in every reasonable effort to diminish and minimize the terrible evils of the drink habit. I will not say that has been my position for many years, but it has been my desire for some time past, and I appreciate the opportunity."

"I say to you, frankly, I am prepared to join in every reasonable movement which is shown to me to have for its object the minimizing and ultimate doing away with the evils of the drink habit, and having said that, let me add, with the earnestness of one who has seen and knows, that if the time comes when the most ardent advocate of doing away with everything associated with the liquor evil will join hands with those of his fellows, perhaps some of them not even total abstainers, who are prepared to do at least something to lessen it, a coalition will be formed which will enable the cause of temperance to make more progress in one year than was ever dreamed possible."

Victoria, B. C., Oct. 31.—Agents of the C. P. R. have had repeated conferences with Premier McBride protesting strongly against aid being given to parallel their line down the Fraser River.

The indications now point to open rupture between the premier and the C. P. R., and at the opening of the campaign McBride may be expected to openly declare himself at war with the C. P. R.

Toronto, Oct. 31.—(Special)—Dr. Pollard was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary on Saturday for performing a criminal operation.

Fred W. Irons, a lacrosse player, who struck George Kalls, another player, with a club during a game, went to prison for ten days.

Toronto, Oct. 31.—(Special)—W. J. McKee was nominated for the commons by the Liberals of North Essex on Saturday. He is a well known Windsor publisher, and is nominated to succeed Ex-Speaker Sutherland, appointed judge.

SCHR. LAVONIA IS WRECKED AT ENTRANCE TO HALIFAX HARBOR

Halifax, Oct. 31.—Within sight of her destination and after a voyage from New York of sixty hours, the tern schooner *Lavonia* this morning struck "The Sisters" four miles southwest by south one-half south from Chebucto Head at the entrance to this harbor. Later in the day she got off the rock and was finally towed into port and beached at Dartmouth, where she now rests on the bottom with amidships and under water.

The schooner, laden with 479 tons of coal, took only forty-eight hours to traverse the stretch of ocean between New York and Sable Island, and sixty to Halifax.

Capt. N. Atkinson, who commands the schooner, speaking with your correspondent felt the accident keenly. He attributed the affair to the compass which was loose in the box. He thought it had shifted in the box about three-quarters of a point.

The *Lavonia* is a three-masted schooner, 265 tons register, six years old. Her owner is J. Willard Smith, of St. John (N. B.).

STEAMER PREMIER SOLD

The steamer *Premier*, owned by the Clifton S. S. Company, was sold by balliff's sale at Rothesay on Saturday to Henry Gilbert, of Rothesay. Sheriff Freeze, of Hampton, sold the steamer to the highest bidder for \$1,100. This steamer was put on the Rothesay-Clifton route about three years ago.

\$5,000 Limerick Prize.

The winning of it can't ease the pain of the corn, but "Putnam's" will ease, cure and prevent corns and warts. Guarantee goes with every bottle of "Putnam's." Use no other.

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**
- Out Size, Vests and Drawers **45c. Each**
- Heavy Fleeced Vests, white only **50c. Each**
- Fine Wool Vests and Drawers **50c. Each**
- 40c. Heavy White Knit Corset Covers **29c. Each**

I. CHESTER BROWN
32 and 36 King Square.

WARM FINISH TO ELECTION CAMPAIGN IN NEW YORK

New York, Oct. 31.—While Wm. J. Gaynor and Otto T. Bannard, the Democratic and Republican candidates for mayor, respectively, rested tonight and will put the finishing touches on their campaign tomorrow, Wm. Randolph Hearst, running for the second time independently, closed his campaign at Madison Square Garden where he was cheered for thirty-two minutes. The cheering was spontaneous and enthusiastic. It broke with great roar as Hearst entered the hall, and increased with swelling volume as he made a difficult progress through the crowded aisles escorted by two policemen. Women threw their shawls from the balconies, men tossed their hats in the air and every inch of bunting in the hall was a flutter.

For the first ten minutes Hearst smiled and bowed. During the next ten minutes he made deprecatory gestures—whereat the crowd only laughed and acted more noisily. Finally, he began to scowl, in evident desire to be heard and slowly the tumult and the shouting died down.

In his speech Hearst summed up the issues on which he has made his campaign and upon which Greater New York will vote on Tuesday.

The Hearst gathering was the principal political meeting of the evening, although minor Democratic and Republican meetings were held throughout the city. Among the more prominent of these was a mass meeting on the Bowery, addressed by Tammany leaders, including both "Big Tim" and "Little Tim" Sullivan.

Former Police Commissioner Bingham denounced Tammany from the pulpit again today and Herbert Parsons, chairman of the Republican county convention, issued a statement late tonight which he said was his final forecast of the election. He estimates the vote for Bannard will be 289,000; that for Gaynor 190,000 and that for Hearst 140,000. The leaders of the other two candidates profess equal confidence in the outcome. At most of the churches in New York today sermons dealing with the election were listened to by large congregations. As on last Sunday, Tammany Hall was scathingly denounced by inference if not by name.

Announcement was made from the pulpit of All Saints' Church by the rector, the Rev. Geo. S. Platt, that holy communion will be celebrated early on election morning and that prayers will be offered for the benefit city.

Legal precaution preceding the election resulted today in an invasion of lodging houses on the East Side by Superintendent of Election Leary and forty deputies. In the score of lodging houses visited, about 4,000 sleep nightly and 1,200 registered.

COLL'S SOAP

You get about 2 ozs. of Soap for every cent you pay for wrapped soaps. You get 2 2/3 ozs. of COLL'S SOAP for every cent. Insist on getting it.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



HOPE

We're looking forward to the day When war shall be no more, That frightful monster of the past Whose reign good men deplore. Find answer to Saturday's puzzle

And after we have conquered that And made the warrior tame, Perhaps we'll get around to see About the football game.

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE
Left side down, behind witch.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.