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- Miss Korsoff, Soprano**  
of the Opem Comique Paris, with orchestra  
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- Luiza Tetravzini, Soprano**  
Aprile (No. 5207)
- Wilhelm Backhaus, Pianist**  
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Lombardi—Polonaise (No. 7146)
- Herbert Witherspoon, Bass**  
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- Leo Slezak, Tenor**  
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## WELL PLEASED WITH NEW BREAKWATER

## Grand Manan Work Completed in Few Days—New Campbell Wharf—The Fishing

The fisher folk at Seal Cove, Grand Manan, are greatly pleased with the new breakwater on the western side of the cove which is now nearly completed. The structure was built by Contractor E. R. Reid for the Dominion government and J. W. Wooster, of Seal Cove, inspector. It will be finished in four or five days and will be a great improvement to the harbor there.

The fishermen claim that there is need of a breakwater on the eastern side of the harbor as well and the matter will probably be brought to the attention of the public works department.

The present season has been much better for the Grand Manan fishermen, than last year, but it was not as good as some

## OTHERS.

The output of smoked herring from Seal Cove this year will be about 350,000 boxes and a large quantity of salt herring will also be shipped. Early in the season many hogheads of small herring were also sold to the sardine packers at Eastport.

## THAW APPEAL CASE

New York, Oct. 29.—The court of appeals has dismissed Harry Thaw's appeal from the appellate division ruling that he was not illegally committed to the Mattewan State Hospital for the insane.

The appellate division upheld the ruling of Justice Mills when he dismissed a writ of habeas corpus where the only contention set forth was that of the legality of the commitment. Judge Gaynor had held that Thaw was illegally committed and should be discharged from custody.

## A BUSTED HEIRHESS.

He—Will you be—  
She—Before you propose, Harold, I feel I'd better tell you I've spent the dime my uncle gave me.

## WORTH A MILLION, HE WILL SING IN CHORUS

Boston, Oct. 29.—In a desire to acquire a practical knowledge of the theatrical business, Dudley E. Otman, who is reputed to be worth over a million dollars, has begun rehearsing with the chorus of the Anna Held company.

Despite his fortune, Otman, who is twenty-three years old, has signed a year's contract with Manager F. Ziegfeld Jr., and for his services he will receive the standard male chorus salary—\$20 a week. Through the death of his uncle, Fumery Circus, of Denver, a year ago, young Otman fell heir to a million dollars in cash and considerable mining property in Cripple Creek, Colorado. He came east a few months ago and purchased a country place in Tennek, N. J.

Otman is imbued with the idea that he can more than double his fortune in the show business, but asserts it will be necessary to acquire a practical knowledge of it first. He will make his debut as a chorister with the "Miss Innocence" company Monday evening.

## Fashion Hint for Times Readers



A LITTLE "SAILOR" FROCK BY CALLOT.

Very girlish and charming is this pretty little costume of rose-colored moire silk. The frock was designed by the Callots, who have incorporated their grace of drapery and distinction of line into a bona fide sailor dress—loose blouse, broad collar and flowing tie—being cleverly suggested. The black taffeta silk border trimming is a salient style feature of this year's modes. The bodice of this sailor frock is cut without shoulder or arm seam, the sleeve being shaped by a four-cornered gusset set in under each arm.

## Jeanne of the Marshes

BY E. P. OPPENHEIM

(Continued)

"What do you want, Kate?" Cecil asked at last. "What do you mean by coming here like this? If you want to see me you know how, without arousing the whole household at this time of night."

"You are not fool enough," Kate said calmly, "to imagine that I came here tonight to listen to your lies. I came to know whom it is that you are keeping den away in the smugglers' room."

Neither man answered. They looked at one another, and Cecil's face grew once more as pale as death.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed. "What rubbish is this you are talking, Kate?" he added, in a sharper tone. "There is no one there that I know of."

"You lie," she answered calmly. "You lie, as you always do whenever it answers your purpose. Only an hour ago I lay upon the turf in the plantation there, and I heard a man moaning down in the store-room. Now tell me the truth, Cecil de la Borne. I do not wish to bring any harm upon you, although God knows you deserve it, but if you do not bring me the man whom you have down there, and set him free before my eyes at once, I'll bring half the village up to the mound and dig him out."

Forrest stepped forward. His manner was suave and his tone was smooth, but there was a dangerous glitter in his eyes.

"This is rather absurd, Cecil," he said. "I do not know whom this young lady is, but I feel sure that she will listen to reason. There is no one down in the smuggler's store-room. If she heard anything, it was probably the rabbits."

"Lies!" Kate answered calmly. "You are another of the breed; I can see it in your face. I would not trust the word of either of you."

Forrest shrugged his shoulders. He glanced towards Cecil with a slight up-lifting of the eyebrows.

"Your friend, my dear Cecil," he remarked, "is like most of her sex, a trifle unreasonable. However, since she says that she will believe no evidence save the evidence of her eyes, show her the smuggler's room. It would be a quaint excursion to take at this time of night, but I will go with you for the sake of proprieties," he added, with a little laugh.

Cecil looked at him for a moment steadily, and then turned away. There was fear now upon his face, a new fear. What was this thing which Forrest could propose?

"She can come if she insists," he said slowly, "but the place has not been opened for a long time. The air is bad. It is really not fit for any human being."

The girl faced them both without shrinking.

"Perhaps you think that I should be afraid," she answered. "Perhaps you think that when I am there it would be very easy to dispose of me, so that I shall not ask more inconvenient questions. Never mind. I am not afraid. I will go with you."

Cecil shrugged his shoulders as he led the way across the hall.

"There is nothing to fear," he said, "except the bad air and the ghosts of smugglers, if you are superstitious enough to fear them. Only, when you are perfectly satisfied, and you are convinced that your errand here has been fruitless perhaps I may have something to say."

The girl's lips parted. Curiously enough there was a note almost of real merriment in the laugh which followed.

"I am not very brave, my dear Cecil," she said, "but I am not afraid of you. I think that one does not fear the things that one understands too well, and you I do understand too well, much too well."

They reached the empty room. Cecil threw open the hidden door.

"Will you go first or last?" he said to the girl. "Choose your own place."

The girl laughed.

"The door seemed to open easily," she remarked, "considering that it has not been used for so long."

"One of the village girls," Cecil answered, "an old sweetheart of mine. They are strange people, and have few friends. I doubt whether any one knows that she is out tonight."

"If we are going to put our necks into the halter," he muttered, "a little extra trouble won't hurt us."

They paused before the door. The girl was looking at the padlock.

"A new padlock, I see," she remarked. "Listen!"

"They all listened, and now there was no doubt about it. From inside the room they could hear the sound of a man, half singing, half moaning.

"Are those rabbits?" the girl asked, leaning forward, so that her eyes seemed to gleam like live coals through the darkness.

"Cecil, you are being made a fool of by this man. I don't wish you any harm. Do the right thing now, and I'll stick by you. Let this man free, whoever he is. Don't listen to what he tells you," she added, pointing toward Forrest.

Cecil hesitated. Forrest, who was watching him closely, could not tell whether that hesitation was genuine or only a feint.

"It was only a joke, this, Kate," he muttered. "It was a joke which we have carried a little too far. Yes, you shall help me if you will. I have had enough of it. Go inside and see for yourself who is there."

Cecil threw open the door and Kate stepped boldly inside. Forrest entered last and remained near the threshold. Engleton started to his feet when he saw a third person.

"We have brought you a visitor," Forrest cried out. "You have complained of being lonely. You will not be lonely any longer."

Kate turned toward him.

"What do you mean?" she said. "We are going to leave here together, that man and myself, within the next few minutes."

"You lie!" Forrest answered fiercely. "You have thrust yourself into a matter which does not concern you, and you are going to take the consequences."

"And what might they be?" Kate asked slowly.

"They rest with him," Forrest answered pointing toward Engleton. "There is a man there who was our friend until a few days ago. He dared to accuse us of cheating at cards, and if we let him go he will ruin us both. We are doing what any reasonable men must do. We are seeking to preserve ourselves. We have kept him here a prisoner, but he could have gained his freedom on any day by simply promising to hold his peace. He has declined, and the time has come when we can leave him no more. Tonight, if he is obstinate, we are going to throw him into the sea."

"And what about me?" Kate asked.

"You are going with him," Forrest answered. "If he is obstinate fool enough to chuck your life away and his he must do it. Only he had better remember this," he added, looking across at Engleton, "it will mean two lives now, and not one."

Engleton rose to his feet slowly.

"Who is she?" he asked, pointing to the girl.

"I am Kate Caynard, one of the village people, here," she answered. "I heard you working tonight from outside. You heard me shout back?"

He nodded.

"Yes!" he said. "I know."

"I will tell the truth," the girl continued. "I was fool enough once to come here to meet that man—but she pointed to De la Borne—"that is all over. But one night I was restless, and I came wandering through the plantation here. It was then I saw from the other end that the place had been altered, and it struck me to listen there where the air-shift is. I heard voices, and the next day they were all talking about the disappearance of Lord Ronald Engleton. You, I suppose," she added, "are Lord Ronald."

"I believe I was," he answered, with a little catch in his throat. "God knows who I am now! I give it up. De la Borne, if you are going to send the girl after me, I will give it up. I'll sign anything you like. Only let me out of the d—d place!"

(To be continued)

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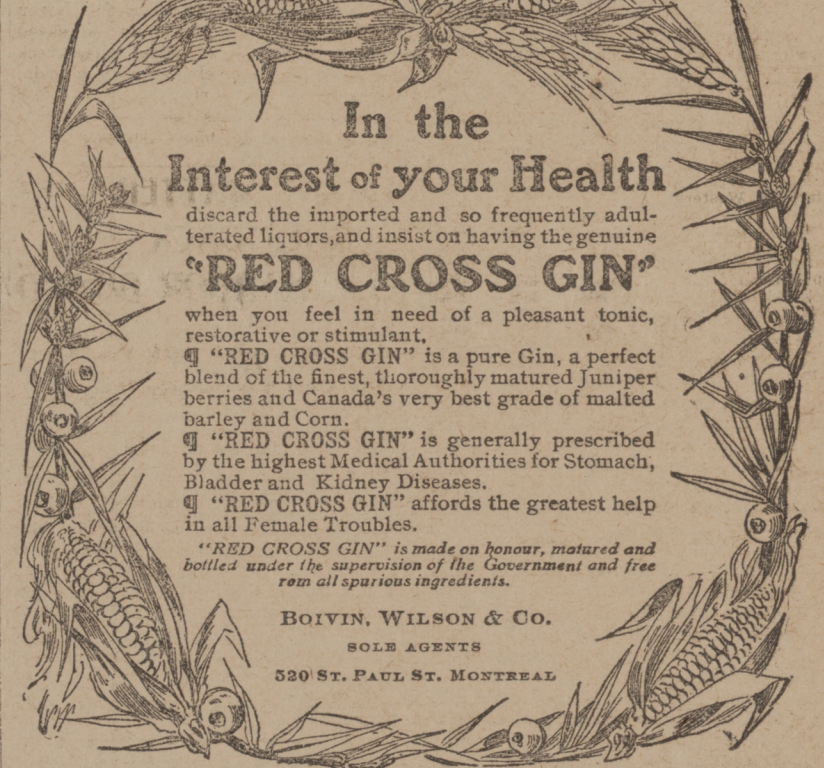
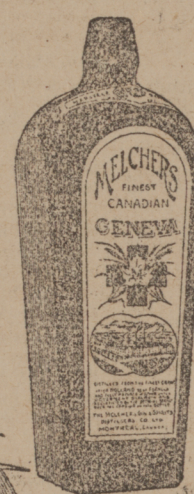
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## The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



## COULDN'T FOOL HIM

Pa Squirrel brought home some wormy nuts  
Long fallen from the tree.  
Said Willie Squirrel, "These nuts are not  
What they're cracked up to be."

Find a dog.

ANSWER TO WEDNESDAY'S PUZZLE

Left side down, nose under arm.