

A REMARKABLE SALE

Is Now Going on At 32 Mill Street, St. John, N. B.

Where everybody can get marvelous bargains in seasonable wearables.

Men's, Women's and Boys' Boots, Shoes and Slippers are almost given away.

Men's Clothing, Pants, Raincoats, etc.

You can get a pair of Trousers here for little or nothing. Take a run in.

DON'T MISS THIS SALE.

There are great bargains here for you. Don't forget the place

32 MILL ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Store closed. On account of new stock arriving, this store will be closed Saturday, but will open at 7 o'clock the same evening.

Big sale now going on at 32 Mill st. Store closed all day Saturday, but will open Saturday evening at 7 o'clock.

Jeanne of the Marshes

—BY—
E. P. OPPENHEIM

(Continued.)

By his side sat Forrest, the Sphinx, more than middle-aged, a man who had wandered all over the world, and who had tried very many things without ever achieving prosperity, and was searching always, with tired eyes, for some new method of clothing and feeding himself upon an income of less than nothing a year. He had met the Princess at Marren, had years ago, and silently took his place in her suite. Why, no one seemed to know, not even at first the Princess herself, who thought him chic, and adored what she could not understand. Curious Flotsam and Jetsam, these four of society which had something of the Continental flavor, personages, every one of them, with claim to recognition, but without any notable hallmark.

There remained the girl, Jeanne herself, half behind the curtain now, her head thrust forward, her beautiful eyes contracted with the effort to penetrate that veil of darkness. One gift at least she seemed to have borrowed from the woman who gambled with life as easily and readily as with the cards which fell from her jewelled fingers. In her face, although it was still the face of a child, there was the same inscrutable expression, the same calm languor of one who takes and receives what life offers with the indifference of the cynic, or the imperturbability of the philosopher. There was little of the joy or the anticipation of youth there, and yet behind the dark, thin filmy phosphenes, and the roar of the lashed sea broke like thunder upon the pebbled beach. She leaned a little forward, and straight away with her fancy—the shrill grinding of the pebbles was indeed the scream of human voices in pain.

CHAPTER VI.

With the coming of dawn the storm passed away northwards, across a sea snow-flecked and still panting with its fury, and leaving behind many traces of its violence even upon those waste and empty places. A lurid sunrise gave little promise of better weather, but by six o'clock the wind had fallen, and the full tide was swelling the creeks. On a sand-bank, far down amongst the marshes, Jeanne stood hatless, with her hair streaming in the breeze, her face turned seaward, her eyes full of an unexpected joy. Everywhere she saw traces of the havoc wrought in the night. The tall rushes lay broken and prostrate upon the ground, the beach was strewn with timber from the breaking up of an ancient wreck. Eyes more accustomed than hers to the outline of the country could have seen inland dismantled cottages and unroofed sheds, groups of still frightened and restive cattle, a snapped flagstaff, a fallen tree. But Jeanne knew none of these things. Her face was turned towards the ocean and the rising sun. She felt the sting of the sea wind upon her cheek, all the nameless exhilaration of the early morning sweetness. Far out seaward the long breakers, snow-flecked and white crested, came rolling in with a long, monotonous murmur towards the land. Above, the grey sky was changing into blue. Almost directly over her head, rising higher and higher in little circles, a lark was singing. Jeanne half closed her eyes, and stood still engrossed by the unexpected beauty of her surroundings. Then suddenly a voice came travelling to her from across the marshes.

By a smoothly flowing tidal wave more than twenty yards across. Along it a man in a flat-bottomed boat was punting his way towards her. She stood and waited for him, admiring his height and the long powerful strokes with which he propelled his clumsy craft. He was very tall, and against the flat background his height seemed almost abnormal. As soon as he had attracted her attention he ceased to shout, and devoted all his attention to reaching her quickly. Nevertheless, the salt water was within a few feet of her when he drove his pole into the bottom, and brought the punt to a momentary standstill. She looked down at him smiling.

"Shall I get in?" she asked. "Unless you are thinking of swimming back," he answered drily, "it would be as well."

"You are not English," he remarked, a little abruptly. She shook her head. "My father was a Portuguese," she said, "and my mother French. I was born in England, though. You, I suppose, have lived here all your life?" "All my life," he repeated. "We villagers, you see, have not much opportunity for travel."

CLEVER DODGE OF LUNATIC ALLOWS CHUM TO SUICIDE

Montreal, Sept. 23.—Knowing that James Granger, a fellow lunatic confined at the Verdun Hospital, was tired of life and wanted to kill himself, a comrade hatched a scheme whereby the attendants of the asylum were outwitted and the would-be suicide had sufficient time to accomplish his designs.

MONTREAL WITNESS SUFFERS BY FIRE

Montreal, Sept. 23.—The Montreal Witness office was completely gutted by fire tonight, which broke out about 6.30. The damage is estimated at from \$50,000 to \$75,000. Several neighboring stores and offices also suffered. The fire was discovered by men in the job room, but how it originated is a mystery. It is thought, however, that a match may have been lit by a smoker as he was leaving the building.

LAWN ROLLER KILLS LAD

Boston, Sept. 23.—While returning from school on Tuesday, 6-year-old John Everett Sinclair, son of William Sinclair of 145 Walnut street, Neponset, was killed almost instantly near his home.

YOU CANNOT POSSIBLY HAVE A BETTER COCOA THAN

EPPS'S COCOA

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in 1-lb. and 4-lb. Tins.

TRADES AND LABOR CONGRESS DISCUSSES IMPORTANT MATTERS

Quebec, Sept. 23.—At this morning's session of the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, child labor and long hours in the cotton factories of the provinces of Quebec were discussed. Delegate Ainey, of Montreal, informed the congress that men, women and children were forced to work sixteen hours per week, which, he said, was altogether too long for the health of the workers. It was decided to ask the legislature to amend the law, reducing the hours of labor and providing for improved sanitary conditions.

CANADIAN FIRMS SWINDLER'S VICTIMS

Vancouver, B. C., Sept. 23.—A remarkable series of frauds has been discovered here in which Vancouver firms are interested, but where eastern Canadian and American wholesale houses have been victimized.

TIMBER LIMIT TRANSFER IN KENT

S. E. Vaughan & Co. have sold their large saw mills and timber lands, comprising ninety-three square miles, in Kent county, to the Swedish & Canadian Lumber Company, of which Mr. Nordien, of Rosebank, Northumberland county, is the manager.

BIG RECEPTION FOR PEARY; BANQUET TOO FOR DR. COOK

Portland, Me., Sept. 23.—Crowding, pushing, jumping, 50,000 eager men, women and children, their path ablaze with red fire, cheered Commander Robert E. Peary, the Arctic explorer, from the Maine Central Railroad station, a mile across the city, to the spacious auditorium here this evening, where a public reception, one of the greatest in the history of the State of Maine, was held. It was indeed a grand welcome home.

CANADIAN NEWS NOTES

Toronto, Sept. 23.—Pearl Ward, the eleven-year-old daughter of Thomas Ward, of Amherstburg, was driving along the river road when she met a runaway team. She drew up to the side of the road to give the animals room to pass. Instead, the team split and the pole of the wagon struck her leg, throwing her into the air.

HUGH FLETCHER OF GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, DEAD

Halifax, Sept. 23.—(Special)—The death occurred at Lower Cove, Cumberland county, today, of Hugh Fletcher, of the Geological Survey of Canada, in the service of which he had been engaged for thirty-seven years. Death was the result of pneumonia. His reports are voluminous and marked by extreme accuracy, as well as profound knowledge. He had charge of the Nova Scotia district of the survey and had been engaged of late in mapping out the coal sections of Cumberland county.

BURGLARS BIND WOMAN

Boston, Sept. 24.—Dorchester police are searching for two burglars who on Monday afternoon entered the home of Mrs. Martin A. Kilduff, 303 Bodwin street, seized the woman, bound and tied her to an ice box, ransacked the house and went off with property valued at \$150.

PILES

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. 6c. at all dealers or CHASE'S OINTMENT, TORONTO.

BIG SHIPBUILDING PLANT PLANNED BY CANADIANS

A big Canadian Ship Building Company is being formed. Canadian defence warships will be built in Montreal. Canadian capital is to finance it; and Canadians are organizing it, and will carry it on. The officers of the company will be Canadians.

ONCE RICH BROKER MAY BE BURIED IN PAUPER'S GRAVE

New York, Sept. 24.—Thirty years ago Wallace Scott, a wealthy Virginia plantation owner, came to New York and opened a brokerage office at No. 53 Exchange Place, with the intention of making himself a power in Wall street. On Tuesday he was found dead of apoplexy in Mills Hotel, at Rivington and Chrystie streets. He was penniless.

JUDGE SPEAKS OF MATTER OF COSTS

In order to settle a difference of opinion as to whether the verdict in the Lovell vs. Grey case in the circuit court carried costs or not, a Telegraph reporter asked Mr. Justice White about the matter last evening. His honor said that an application would probably be made to him to assess costs, and it was optional with him to order either of them to pay full costs of the suit, or direct that each pay his own costs.

HIS WAY OUT

Mrs. Oldwied—But you said you'd love me as long as I lived. Mr. Oldwied—No. I said I'd love you until you died.

A DRINK OF COLD WATER NEARLY CAUSED HIS DEATH

But Father Morrissy's Treatment Saved Francis Cassidy. Here is his story:—Burden, York Co., N.B., Dec. 3, 1908. "At the age of 18, while having on a very hot day, I got thirsty and took a drink from a spring. I was taken suddenly ill, and consulted a skilful doctor, who treated me for indigestion for four months. But I grew worse, got so weak I could not walk, had no appetite, could not digest anything, and lost 30 pounds. I was almost dead, but as a last hope went to Father Morrissy. He gave me two months' treatment, and from the first day I began to recover. Now I am 21 years old and a very strong, healthy man. Only for the Rev. Father Morrissy I would have been dead now."

FRANCIS CASSIDY

Thousands of people have used Father Morrissy's "No. 1" Tablets for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sick or Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Belching of Wind and other Stomach Troubles, with most satisfactory results. One "No. 1" Tablet will digest 1/2 pounds of food. 50c. at your dealer's, or from Father Morrissy Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 47

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
RHEUMATISM, BRONCHITIS, DIABETES, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, BACKACHE, AND ALL THE URINARY AFFECTIONS.