

TAYLOR'S

TUB

TALKS

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One cake of Taylor's Borax Soap goes twice as far as any other soap. In a year's time that means several dollars' saving. But that isn't all. You save on the clothes, too. For you don't have to rub them so hard nor so long. They'll go more times to the tub.



So Taylor's Borax Soap saves you money in every way. Make us prove it. Buy a cake today.

TUB TALK
No. 4

Soiled ribbon, light colored silk and delicate laces may be very successfully cleaned at home with Taylor's Borax Soap. Shave up fine half a bar of Taylor's Borax Soap, add a little boiling water and let it stand until it forms a thick jelly. Wet the articles to be cleaned with lukewarm water, then spread on a flat surface and run in the soap jelly with a fine, soft old tooth brush. Go over the entire piece in this way without rubbing at all until thoroughly clean.

Rinse and spread on the top of a table, smooth out every wrinkle with the hand, and let remain until dry. A glass wash board and two or three extra small sized tubs will be found a great convenience in every laundry.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Limited, TORONTO
MARITIME BRANCH: J. W. ARNOLD, Representative, Royal Bank Bldg, St. John, N.B.
Phone 2148.

Jeanne of the Marshes

BY E. P. OPPENHEIM

(Conclusion)

"It was probably late, when I was for De la Borne," Forrest said wearily. "Perhaps so," the Princess assented, but listen to this. It will surprise you. She came back and she told De Brensault in this room only a short while ago that her supposed fortune was a myth. De Brensault took it like a lamb. He wants to marry her still."

Forrest looked in amazement. "And will he?" he asked.

"Oh, I do not know," the Princess answered. "Nigel, I am sick of life myself. There are times when everything you have been trying for seems not worth while, when even one's fundamental ideas seem tottering down. Just now I feel as though every stone in the foundation of what had seemed to me to be life, is rotten and insecure. I am tired of it. Shall I tell you what I feel like doing?"

"Yes!" he answered.

"I have a little house in Silesia, where I am still a great lady, half-a-dozen servants, perhaps farms which bring in a trifle of money. I think I will go and live there. I think I will get up in the mornings as Jeanne does, and try to love my mountains, and go out amongst my people, and try to spell life with different letters. Come with me, Nigel. There is shooting and fishing there, and horses wild enough for you even to find pleasure in riding. We have tried many things in life. Let us make one last throw, and try the land of Acready."

He looked at her, at first in amazement. Afterwards some change seemed to come into his face. He called her, perhaps, by what he saw in her eyes, "Jeanne."

"Ena," he said, "you mean it?"

"Absolutely," she answered. "Fortunately we are both free, and we can set our peasants an absolutely respectable example. You shall be farmer and I shall be housewife. Nigel, it is an inspiration."

He bent over her fingers.

"I wonder," he murmured, "if there is good enough left in me to make it worth your while."

Late that afternoon another caller thundered at the door of the house in Berkeley Square. The Duke of Westminster desired to see Miss Le Mesurier. The butler was respectful but doubtful. Miss Le Mesurier had just arrived from a journey and was lying down. The Duke, however, was insistent. He waited twenty minutes in a small back parlor, and presently Jeanne came to him.

He held out his hands.

"Little girl," he said, "you know what you promised. I am afraid that you have forgotten."

She smiled pitifully.

"No," she said, "I have not forgotten. I went away alone because I had to go, because I wanted to be quite alone and quite quiet. Now I have come home, and there is no one who can help me at all."

"Rubbish!" he answered. "There was never trouble in the world where a friend couldn't help. What is it now?"

She shook her head.

"I cannot tell you," she said, "only I am going to marry the Count de Brensault."

"I'm hanged if you are!" the Duke declared vigorously. "Look here, Miss Jeanne. This is your step-mother's doing. I know all about it. Don't you believe that in this country you are obliged to marry anyone who you don't want to."

"But I do want to," Jeanne answered, "or rather I don't mind whom I do marry, or whether I marry any one or no one."

The Duke was grave. "I thought," he said, "that my friend Andrew had a chance."

Her face was suddenly burning. "Mr. Andrew," she said, "does not want me. I mean that it is impossible. Oh, if you please," she added, bursting into tears, "won't you let me alone? I am going to marry the Count de Brensault. I have quite made up my mind. Perhaps you have not heard that it is all a mistake about my having a great fortune. The Count de Brensault is very kind, and he is going to marry me although I have no money."

The Duke stared at her for several moments. Then he rang the bell.

"Will you tell your mistress," he said to the servant, "that the Duke of Westminster would be exceedingly obliged if she would spare him five minutes here and now."

The man bowed and withdrew. The Princess came almost at once.

"Madam," the Duke said, "I trust that you will forgive my sending for you, but I am very much interested in the happiness of our little friend, Miss Jeanne here. She tells me that she is going to marry the Count de Brensault, that she has lost her fortune, and she is evidently very unhappy. Will you forgive me if I ask you whether this marriage is being forced upon her?"

The Princess hesitated.

"No," she said, "it is not that. Jeanne told him of her loss of fortune. She told him, too, without any prompting from me, that she would marry him if he still wished it. That is all that I know."

The Duke bowed. He moved a few steps across towards the Princess.

"Princess," he said, "will you make a friend? Will you let me take your little girl to my waters for say one week? You shall have her back then, and you shall do as you will with her."

"Willingly," the Princess answered. "I am only anxious that she should be happy."

The Duke marvelled then at the sincerity in her tone. Nevertheless for fear she should change her mind, he hurried Jeanne out of the house into his brougham.

CHAPTER XX.

"So this," the Duke said, "is your wonderful land."

"Is there anything like it in the world?" Jeanne asked as she stood bareheaded on the grass-banked dyke with her hair turned seaward.

Above their heads the larks were singing. To their right stretched the marshes and pasture land, as yet untouched by the sea, glorious with streaks of color, fragrant with the perfume of wild lavender and mosses. To their left, through the opening in the sandbanks, came streaming the full tide, rushing up into the land, making silver waterways of muddy places, bringing with it all the salt and freshness and joy of the sea. Over their heads the seagulls cried. Far away a heron lifted its head from a tuft of weeds, and sent his strange call travelling across the level distance.

"Oh, it is beautiful to be here again!" Jeanne said. "Even though it hurts," she added, in a lower tone, "it is beautiful."

A little boat came darting down the shallows. Kate Caynsard stood up and waved back. A sudden flush of color stained her cheeks. Her sudden impulse seemed to be to turn away. She conquered it, however, and beckoned to the girl, who ran her boat close to them.

"My last sail," the girl cried, as she stepped to land. "I am saying goodbye to all these wonderful places, Miss Le Mesurier," she added. "Tomorrow we are going to sail for Canada."

Jeanne looked at her in amazement. "You are going to Canada?" she asked. The girl, too, was surprised. "Have you not heard?" she said. "I thought, perhaps, that Mr. Andrew might have told you. Cecil and I are sailing tomorrow, directly after we are married. He has bought a farm out there."

Jeanne felt for a moment that the beautiful world was spinning round her. She clutched at the Duke's arm.

"You are going to Canada with Cecil?" she exclaimed.

"Of course," Kate replied, a little shyly. "I thought, in fact, I was sure I had told you about him. Won't you wish me joy," she added, holding out her hand a little timidly.

Jeanne grasped it and to the girl's surprise Jeanne's eyes were full of tears.

"Oh, I am so foolish," she declared. "I have been so mad. I thought—"

"Mr. De la Borne," the Duke exclaimed, "I believe you thought that she meant our friend Andrew. Don't you know that half the world here half the time calls Cecil, Mr. De la Borne, and Andrew, Mr. Andrew?"

Kate looked behind her and touched the Duke on the sleeve.

"Wouldn't you like, sir," she asked, a little timidly, "to come for a sail with me?"

The Duke saw what she saw, and notwithstanding his clothes splashed with black mud, gazed at her as though she were an apparition. Then he saw something in her face which told him so much, that he forgot the little cat-boat, barely out of sight, he forgot the little red-roofed village barely a mile away, he forgot the lone figures of the shrimpers, standing like sentinels far away in the salt pools. He took Jeanne into his arms, and he felt her lips melt upon his.

"The Duke was right, then," he murmured a moment later, as he stood back for a moment, his face transformed with the new thing that had come into his life.

"Dear man!" Jeanne murmured. They watched the boat gliding away in the distance.

"I believe," he declared, "that they went away on purpose."

She laughed as they scrambled down to the marsh, and turned toward the place where he had first met her.

"I believe they have," she answered.

END.

Dr. de Van's French Female Pills the Wife's Friend

A reliable regulator; never fails. While these pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system, they are strictly safe to use. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at \$5.00 a box, or three boxes for \$10.00. Mailed to any address. The Scotch Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont., or at your druggist.

HE OPENED HER EYES.

Grace, who Emmaline was going to get a divorce, "Why, I thought love was blind. Clara—Emmaline married an oculist, you doubtless remember."

Headache and Neuralgia From Colds. LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine, the world wide Cold and Grip remedy removes cause. Call for full name. Look for signature E. W. Grove, etc.

Miss Oldgirl. The photographer told me that I look a very nice picture did you take!

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Fashion Hint for Times Readers

Through correctly tailored in every detail, this handsome coat and frock are a bit more elaborate in style than would be selected for ordinary street use. The material is satin cloth in one of the new marine blues, black being introduced in satin trimmings and buttons. This black and blue combination is one of the smartest winter styles. The coat is very long, and the Russian belt is simulated at the hip, huge pocket flaps falling over this. The style in general is Louis XVI. with the Russian features which have crept into the season's Louis types. The hat is a velvet model, showing the new combination of fur with airy lace.

JUDGE GAYNOR IS ELECTED
MAYOR OF GREATER NEW YORK

Tammany, However, Loses Control of Spending Departments—Republicans Carry Massachusetts But Cut Down—Tom Johnson is Defeated

New York, Nov. 2.—Tammany elected another mayor of Greater New York today but lost its grip on city finances. William J. Gaynor, of Brooklyn, swept the five boroughs for mayor by at least 70,000 plurality, defeating Otto T. Bannard, Republican-Fusion, and William Randolph Hearst, Independent. He failed, however, to carry his ticket with him and the Republican-Fusion forces will absolutely control the board of estimate and apportionment, which will disburse approximately a billion dollars during the administration. This is more than half a defeat for Tammany, for the control of the board of estimate was one of the principal issues of the campaign.

In addition, the Republican-Fusionists elected Charles W. Whitman, district attorney of New York county, who defeated George Gordon Battle, the Democratic nominee, by at least 13,000 plurality and John S. Shea for sheriff over Christopher D. Sullivan (Democrat) by approximately 10,000.

Reform control of the board of estimate is insured by the election of the following Republican-Fusion nominees: Comptroller—William A. Prendergast, defeated Robert L. Moore by approximately 65,000.

President of the board of aldermen—John P. Mitchell, defeated John F. Calvin by approximately 54,000.

President of the borough of Manhattan—George McAneny defeated Joseph Haas by approximately 18,000.

President of the borough of Brooklyn—Alfred E. Sters defeated John H. McCoskey by approximately 14,000.

In addition to the foregoing, indications point to the election of the following Republican-Fusion nominee, though the race was close up to a late hour tonight: President of the borough of the Bronx—Cyrus C. Miller, defeating A. H. Murphy, President of the borough of Richmond—George Cromwell, defeating McCormack. The elections held yesterday throughout the country show that Massachusetts and Rhode Island have re-elected Republican governors, while Virginia has returned a Democrat to this office. New York city has elected the Democratic candidate, Judge William J. Gaynor, to the office of mayor, while in Philadelphia the efforts of the reformers to break the Republican organization have failed.

In New Jersey the Republicans held their own everywhere.

The latest returns from San Francisco indicate that Francis J. Heney, Democrat, has been defeated for district attorney.

In Maryland, the paramount issue was the so-called disfranchising amendment, designed to eliminate the negro as a political factor. The returns in this state came in slowly and the result is still uncertain. The indications are, however, that the amendment has been defeated.

In Indiana the Republicans, where Samuel Lewis Shant, Republican, was elected mayor and the entire Republican ticket returned.

The Republicans carried Massachusetts by the narrowest margin in the history of the Bay State for nearly a quarter of a century. The entire party was re-elected, but Governor Eben S. Draper's plurality was cut down from 63,000 last year to 8,000.

It is apparent that Governor Aram J. Pothier, Republican, has been re-elected over Olney Arnold, Democrat, in Rhode Island, by several thousand majority.

Cleveland, Nov. 2.—Tom L. Johnson, for four terms mayor of Cleveland, was defeated today for a fifth term by Herman C. Bauer, Republican county recorder. Unofficial returns from approximately half of the city indicated that Bauer's plurality over Johnson is at least 4,000 and may run to 6,000.

At 10 o'clock Johnson conceded his own defeat by 1,500. With him probably went the bulk of the Democratic ticket, those councilmen who have been conspicuous in their support of his street railway programme suffering most. A possibility es-

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 Fleece Vests, white only 50c. Each

Fine Wool Vests and Drawers 50c. Each

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Gold Dust Stands Alone

In the washing powder field—it has no substitute. You must either use

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or something inferior—there is no middle ground. Buy GOLD DUST and you buy the best.

OTHER GENERAL USES FOR GOLD DUST

Scrubbing floors, washing clothes and dishes, cleaning wood-work, oil cloth, silverware and linens, polishing brass work, cleaning bath room, pipes, etc., and making the finest soft soap.

Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Montreal, P. Q.—Makers of FAIRY SOAP.

GOLD DUST makes hard water soft

McDOUGALL CASE TO COME UP FRIDAY

The Driscoll Beer Case—Divorce Case Finished

Fredericton, Nov. 2.—The divorce case of Guy vs. Guy was taken up and finished by Judge McKewen in chambers this afternoon. Two witnesses were called and proved the charge of adultery against the defendant husband and his honor reserved judgment. O. S. Crockett appeared for the plaintiff and the case was undefended.

Supreme Court

Ex parte Timothy Driscoll—J. A. Barry moved for rule nisi for a mandamus to compel Police Magistrate Ritchie to deliver a certified copy of the proceedings and conviction of the applicant under the liquor license act to the clerk of the St. John county court. Rule nisi returnable the second Friday to be served on the police magistrate.

King vs. Joseph Daley—A. LeBlanc for an order directing the county court judge of Restigouche to reserve certain points. Ordered as moved to be heard next Friday.

Ex parte J. F. Whalen—A. R. Slipp moved for a rule absolute for certiorari and rule nisi to quash a conviction made by Police Magistrate Maltby under the C. T. Act. Court considers.

The King vs. McDougall, a crown case reserved, was set down for argument on Friday next, on motion of J. B. M. Baxter.

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16 ozs. of Coll's Soap for 6c; 10 ozs. of the average wrapped soap for 5c. That means considerable in a year and it also lightens your work. Insist on getting Coll's Soap.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

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AUTUMNAL

The orchard's on the hillside, The apples shimmer red, The cider's by the mill side Or barreled in the shed.

Find another Willie.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

1. Eel. 2. Line. 3. Carp. 4. Shad. 5. Weever.