

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1906.

## —THEY SAY!—

YES, they are saying all over town that our stock of Fall and Winter Clothing, Haberdashery, etc., is the finest display of the kind made in this section of the Province.

Our elegant Overcoats, in the different styles, our Swaggar Suits in all cuts, smart Furnishings, and our New Hats cannot be excelled in any way.

Our store is fairly abloom with Fall newness—everything you'll like to wear is here, and every price we quote will be a satisfactory one to you. What everybody says is so.

MEN'S OVERCOATS from \$7.50 to \$22.00  
MEN'S SUITS from 4.00 to 20.00  
MEN'S TROUSERS from 1.25 to 6.00

Special for Today—All-Wool Fleeces Underwear, regular 75c. quality, at 49c. per garment. Men's Colored Shirts, regular \$1.00 and \$1.25 value, at 65c. A few left yet.

UNION CLOTHING CO., - - St. John, N. B.  
26-28 Charlotte Street, ALEX. CORBET, Manager.  
Old Y. M. C. A. Building.

## THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Continued.)  
But now, in the moonlight, she could not catch the expression of the lady's eyes; she could only see the outline of the firm chin, the corner of the strong mouth, the well-cut massive shape of the forehead; truly nature had meant well by Sir Percy; his faults must all be laid at the door of that poor, half-crazy mother, and of the distracted heart-broken father, neither of whom had cared for the young life, which was sprouting up between them, and which, perhaps, their very carelessness was already beginning to wreck.

Marguerite suddenly felt intense sympathy for her husband. The moral crisis she had just gone through made her feel indignant towards the faults, the delinquencies, of others.

How thoroughly a human being can be buffeted and overmastered by Fate, had been borne in upon her with appalling force. Had anyone told her a week ago that she would stoop to spy upon her friends, that she would betray a brave and unassuming man into the hands of a relentless enemy, she would have laughed at the idea as absurd.

Yet she had done these things anon, perhaps the death of that brave man would be at her door, just as two years ago the Marquis de St. Cyr had perished through a thoughtless word of hers; but in that case she was morally innocent—she had meant no serious harm—fate merely had stepped in. But this time she had done a thing that obviously was base, had done it deliberately, for a motive which, perhaps, high moralists would not even appreciate.

And as she felt her husband's strong arm beside her, she also felt how much more she would dislike and despise her, if he knew of this night's work. Thus human beings judge one another, superficially, casually, throwing contempt on one another, with but little reason, and no charity. She despised her husband for his inhumanity and vulgar, unscrupulous occupations; and he, she felt, would despise her still worse, because she had not been strong enough to do right for right's sake, and to sacrifice her brother to the dictates of her conscience.

Buried in her thoughts, Marguerite had found this hour in the breezy summer night all too brief, and it was with a feeling of keen disappointment, that she suddenly realized that the boys had turned into the massive gates of her beautiful English home.

Sir Percy Blakeney's house on the river has become a historic one; palatial in its dimensions, it stands in the midst of exquisitely laid-out gardens, with a picturesque terrace and frontage to the river. Built in Tudor days, the old red brick of the walls look eminently picturesque in the midst of a bower of green, the beautiful lawn, with its old sundial, adding the true note of harmony to its foreground. Great secular trees lent cool shadows to the grounds, and now, on this warm early autumn night, the leaves slightly turned to russet and gold, the old garden looked singularly poetic and peaceful in the moonlight.

With unerring precision, Sir Percy had brought the four boys to a standstill immediately in front of the fine Elizabethan entrance hall; in spite of the lateness of the hour, an army of grooms seemed to have emerged from the very ground, as the coach had chundered up, and were standing respectfully round.

Sir Percy jumped down quickly, then helped Marguerite to alight. She lingered outside for a moment, whilst he gave orders to one of his men. She skirted the house, and stepped on to the lawn, looking out dreamily into the silvery landscape. Nature seemed exquisitely at peace, in comparison with the tumultuous emotions she had gone through; she could faintly hear the ripple of the river and the occasional soft and ghost-like fall of a dead leaf from a tree.

All else was quiet round her. She had heard the horses prancing as they were being led away to their distant stables, the hurrying of servants' feet as they had all gone within to rest; the house also was quite still. In two separate suites of apartments, just above the magnificent reception-rooms, lights were still burning; they were her rooms, and his, well divided from each other by the whole width of the house, as far apart as their own lives had become. Involuntarily

she sighed—at that moment she could really not have told why.  
She was suffering from uncomprehensible heartache. Deeply and achingly she was sorry for herself. Never had she felt so pitifully lonely, so bitterly in want of comfort and sympathy. With another sigh she turned away from the river towards the house, vaguely wondering if, after such a night, she could find rest and sleep.

Suddenly, before she reached the terrace, she heard a firm step upon the creaking gravel, and the next moment, her husband's figure emerged out of the shadow. He, too, had skirted the house, and was wandering along the lawn, towards the river. He still wore his heavy driving coat with the numerous lapels and collars he himself had set in fashion, but he had thrown it well back, hurrying his hands, as was his wont, in the deep pockets of his satin breeches; the gorgeous white costume he had worn at Lord Grenville's ball, with its jabot of priceless lace, looked strangely ghastly against the dark background of the house.

He apparently did not notice her, for after a few moments' pause, he presently turned back towards the house, and walked straight up to the terrace.

"Sir Percy!"  
He already had one foot on the lowest of the terrace steps, but at her voice he started, and paused, then looked searchingly into the shadows whence she had called to him.

"At your service, Madame!"  
But his foot was still on the step, and in his whole attitude there was a remote suggestion, distinctly visible to her, that he wished to go, and had no desire for a midnight interview.

"The air is deliciously cool," she said, "the moonlight, peaceful and poetic, and the garden lovely. Will you not stay in it awhile; the hour is not yet late, or in my company so distasteful to you that you are in a hurry to bid yourself of it?"

"Nay, Madame," he rejoined placidly, "but 'tis on the other foot the shoe happens to be, and I'll warrant you'll find the midnight air more poetic without my company; no doubt the sooner I remove the obstruction the better your ladyship will like it."

He turned once more to go.  
"I protest you mistake me, Sir Percy," she said hurriedly, and drawing a little closer to him, "the estrangement, which alas! has risen between us, was none of my making, remember."

"Regard! you must pardon me there, Madame," he protested coolly, "my memory was always of the shortest."  
He looked her straight in the eyes, with the lay nonchalance which had become second nature to him. She returned his gaze for a moment, then her eyes softened, as she came up quite close to him, to the foot of the terrace steps.

"Of the shortest, Sir Percy? Faith! how it must have altered! Was it three years ago or four that you saw me for one hour in Paris, on your way to the east? When you came back two years later you had not forgotten me."

She looked divinely pretty as she stood there in the moonlight, with the fur-cloak sliding off her beautiful shoulders, the gold embroidery of her dress shimmering around her, her childlike blue eyes turned up fully at him.

He stood for a moment, rigid and still, but for the clenching of his hand against the stone balustrade of the terrace.

"You desired my presence, Madame," he said frigidly, "I take it that it was not with a view of indulging in tender reminiscences."

His voice certainly was cold and uncompromising; his attitude before her, stiff and unbending. Womanly decorum should return coldness for coldness, and should sweep past him without another word, with only a curt nod of the head; but womanly instinct suggested that she should remain—that keen instinct, which makes a beautiful woman conscious of her powers long to bring to her knees, the one man who pays her no homage. She stretched out her hand to him.

"Nay, Sir Percy, why not? The present is not so glorious but that I should not wish to dwell a little in the past."  
He bent his tall figure, and taking hold of the extreme tips of the fingers which she still held out to him, he kissed them ceremoniously.

"If faith, Madame," he said, "then you will pardon me, if my dull wit cannot accompany you there."

Once again he attempted to go, once more her voice, sweet, childlike, almost tender, called him back.

"Sir Percy."

"Your servant, Madame."

"Is it possible that love can die?" she said with sudden, unreasoning vehemence. "Methought that the passion which you once felt for me would outlast the span of human life. Is there nothing left of

that love, Percy, which might help you... to bridge over that sad estrangement?"

His massive figure seemed, while she spoke thus to him, to stiffen more, the strong mouth hardened, a look of relentless obstinacy crept into the habitually lazy blue eyes.

"With what object, I pray you, Madame? he asked coldly.

"If do not understand you."

"Yet 'tis simple enough, he said, with sudden bitterness, which seemed literally to surge through his words, though he was making visible efforts to suppress it, "I humbly put the question to you, for my slow wit is unable to grasp the cause of this, your ladyship's sudden new mood. Is it that you have the taste to renew the devilish sport which you played so successfully last year? Do you wish to see me once more a love-sick suppliant at your feet, so that you might again have the pleasure of kicking me aside like a troublesome dog?"

She had succeeded in rousing him for the moment; and again she looked straight at him, for it was thus she remembered him a year ago.

"Percy! I entreat you!" she whispered, "can we not bury the past?"

"Pardon me, Madame, but I understand you to say that your desire was to dwell in it."

"Nay! I spoke not of that past, Percy!" she said, understandingly, "I married you, hoping in my heart that you would love me as I loved you, but alas!"

"The moon had sunk low down behind a bank of clouds. In the east a soft grey light was beginning to chase away the heavy mists of the night. He could only see her graceful outline now, the small, queenly head, with its wealth of reddish golden curls, and the glittering gems forming the small, white-shawer, which she wore as a diadem in her hair."

"Twenty-four hours after our marriage, Madame, the Marquis de St. Cyr and all his family perished on the guillotine, and the popular rumor reached me that it was the wife of Sir Percy Blakeney who helped to send them there."

"Nay! I myself told you the truth of that odious tale."

"Not that I had been reconciled to me by strangers, with all its horrible details."

"Alas! you believed them then and there," she said with great vehemence, "with out a proof or question—yet you loved more than life, when you perished, you worshipped, that I could do a thing so base as these strangers chose to recount."

You thought I meant to deceive you about it all—that I ought to have spoken before I married you; yet you listened, I would have told you that up to the very morning on which Sir Percy went to the guillotine, I was dreading every nerve, using every influence I possessed, to save him and his family. But my tears cooled my lips, and my heart ceased to perspire, as if under the knife of that same guillotine. Yet I would have told you now I was duped! Alas! I, whom that same popular rumor had endowed with the sharpest wit in France! I was tricked into doing this thing, by men who were low in the eyes of my love for one brother, and my desire for revenge. Was it unnatural?"

(To be continued.)

### MYSTERIOUS MURDER

New York, Sept. 23.—A burly, big-stamped man, named "Z. K. Mano," a strip of a woman's skirt and an old cloth coat, were found floating in the harbor, the body of the man, who was the landing of Columbus, are the only immediate clues to the perpetrators of a red-hot murder committed in the early hours of this morning and accidentally revealed by a gruesome discovery in West 36th street today.

The body of a man, apparently an Italian, wrapped in the tarpaulin bag was found in a hole twenty-four feet from the shore, and was found floating in the harbor, the body of the man, who was the landing of Columbus, are the only immediate clues to the perpetrators of a red-hot murder committed in the early hours of this morning and accidentally revealed by a gruesome discovery in West 36th street today.

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### LIKELY DROWNED

A. J. Gorham, Buyer for Peter McSweeney Company of Moncton Disappeared Saturday.

Moncton, N. B., Sept. 23.—A sensation has been caused here by the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Albert J. Gorham, buyer for the large departmental store of Peter McSweeney Co., Ltd. Mr. Gorham left the store about 10 o'clock on Saturday morning saying to one of the clerks he was going out for a few minutes. Since that time no member of the firm has since seen him and no trace of his whereabouts has since been ascertained.

Today a Mr. Wharf, an elderly man, reported Mr. Gorham's disappearance to Chief Chappell and requested him to investigate the matter. Chief Chappell has been busy on the case all day and up to midnight but has not found the missing man.

All sorts of stories are afloat, the general opinion being he is not in the land of the living. Chief Chappell traced Gorham's movements as near as possible from the time he left the store until he was left at Winter's wharf.

A. P. Porter, a well known traveler for a Toronto dry goods house in the Maritime provinces, met Gorham in the Minto Hotel about 11 o'clock Saturday morning and in the course of conversation mentioned to him, he intended going down to the wharf to see the bore arrive. Gorham said he would accompany him and shortly after they went down Robinson street and by way of the wharf track to Winter's wharf. They were about twenty minutes too early for the bore and remained on the wharf. An elderly man, Porter didn't know, was there also and the three men discussed the bore phenomenon, the peculiar action of the tide, etc.

While waiting for the bore Gorham went into a coal shed near by several times and acted very strangely so much so that Porter thought something very much was wrong with him. The bore arrived five or ten minutes after twelve, shortly after it passed up Porter says Gorham disappeared again into the coal shed, he thought and he came away from the wharf thinking he had gone up town. He said he went into the coal shed, but Porter thought he was acting very queerly, but seeing nothing of him proceeded up town followed a few seconds after by the elderly man who was with them.

This, so far as can be ascertained, was the last seen of Gorham. About 12:30 five or six boys, among whom were William Morley and William Arthing, who were fishing about 300 yards above Winter's wharf, saw the body of a man floating up river. They were down the beach, and were within 25 feet of the body and are positive they could not be mistaken as to the object. They saw the side of his legs and arms sticking up. A few minutes after the body passed a hard hat floated past. The boys followed the body and the police were notified, but the body was not recovered.

Chief Chappell, although being unaware of the circumstances of the case, drove to the river to find the body, but after the boys told him of it it was never seen again.

The police and friends have been busy collecting all the facts possible and at 12 o'clock tonight the coincidence of Gorham being last seen at Winter's wharf and the boys seeing the body corresponding in some respects to the missing man make it almost certain Gorham met his fate in the river.

SCOTT ACT IN  
FREDERICTON

Dr. McLeod Scores City Council and Magistrate for State of Affairs—Calls Enforcement a Farce.

Fredericton, Sept. 23.—The seventh annual convention of the order of King's Daughters closed this afternoon with a well attended and interesting convention service held by Misses Brown and Bar.

The selection of the next place of meeting was left to the executive.

Yesterday afternoon the delegates enjoyed a pleasant drive about the city as guests of the local circle. At last evening's session Miss Melish, of Charlottetown; Miss Armstrong, of St. John, and Miss Hood, of Halifax, were elected district secretaries. Considerable unfinished business was disposed of and votes of thanks were tendered to President Misses Brown and Bar.

The King's Daughters' delegates from New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island Saturday morning agreed upon maritime union, the report of the committee on the question being adopted by a unanimous vote after the matter had been taken up, and thoroughly discussed yesterday afternoon and this morning.

It was then agreed that each province should be a district of the territory, and the following list of officers will be decided on: Maritime secretary, recording secretary, three district secretaries, executive committee of nine members. The election of officers was held and partly completed yesterday afternoon and this morning.

Maritime secretary, Miss Helen Barker, St. John; recording secretary, Miss Louise Purvis, St. John.

The first of a series of mass temperance meetings under the auspices of the W. G. T. U. held today at the Opera House, attracted a large audience. Rev. Dr. McLeod was the principal speaker and entered into a strong protest against what he termed the loose and vicious manner in which the Scott act is enforced here. He claimed that those who violated the law were treated more leniently and were only fined in their regular turn once a month. He said from three to five hundred dollars were paid on the police magistrate at his office and acknowledged an offence under the Canada Temperance Act. A fine of \$50 was imposed and the police magistrate very considerably gave the offenders until the end of the month to pay up.

The reverend doctor claimed that the Scott act was mal-administered in this city and that funds derived from fines were not used to enforce the act as the law stipulated but went to support the police force. He was inclined to lay the blame for this condition of affairs upon Police Magistrate Marsh and the city council. He thought the time had arrived when citizens should demand the more rigid enforcement of the law.

In Trinity church yesterday the Right Rev. Thomas A. Jaggar, rector of St. Paul's, Boston, preached to large congregations at both services. The reverend gentleman, who is regarded as one of the foremost preachers in the American church, was formerly bishop of Southern Ohio. He is on his way home with his wife and children, after a vacation spent at Nippon (N. S.).

The closing services of the mission to men was held in St. Peter's church last evening and was very largely attended. Rev. Father Parr delivered a powerful address on the Occasions of Sin. The mission which has just concluded is regarded as the most successful ever held in connection with the church.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Smith left Saturday evening for Boston.

## The Canadian Drug Co.

### Is Ready for Business

Our new premises are completed and an entirely new stock of goods is ready for our patrons.

Orders will be filled immediately upon receipt and every endeavor will be made to give complete satisfaction to all.

We are headquarters for all that is best in

## Drugs, Patent Medicines

## Toilet Articles

## Druggist's Sundries, Etc.

Give the CANADIAN DRUG CO. your business and be assured of high-quality of goods and prompt service.

Address all correspondence to  
**THOMAS GIBBARD, Manager**

## The Canadian Drug Co., Ltd.

70-72 Prince William St. P. O. Box 187 St. John, N. B.

### FOUND DEAD ON

#### HALIFAX SIDEWALK

Halifax, Sept. 23.—O. E. Smith, of Yarmouth, was killed by falling from a window in the house of Mrs. Arthur on Russell street, where he was a boarder.

Smith had come to Halifax on Saturday for the Dominion Exhibition. Whether his death is suicide or accidental is not known. The man had been drinking.

In his pocket was his card as representing C. & E. McMichael, 40 Dock street, St. John, and a book of rules for employees of the St. John Street Railway.

Smith went down town Saturday night and returned home at 11. He went to his room, the window of which was open. At midnight one of the young men of the house came home and went in to share the room with Smith. He found him on the bed partially undressed. The young man left him there and retired.

Nothing more was heard till 6 o'clock this morning when a passerby saw the body of a dead man on the sidewalk. He raised an alarm when it was found that the body was that of Smith, but whether he had thrown himself out of the window or fallen out no one knows.

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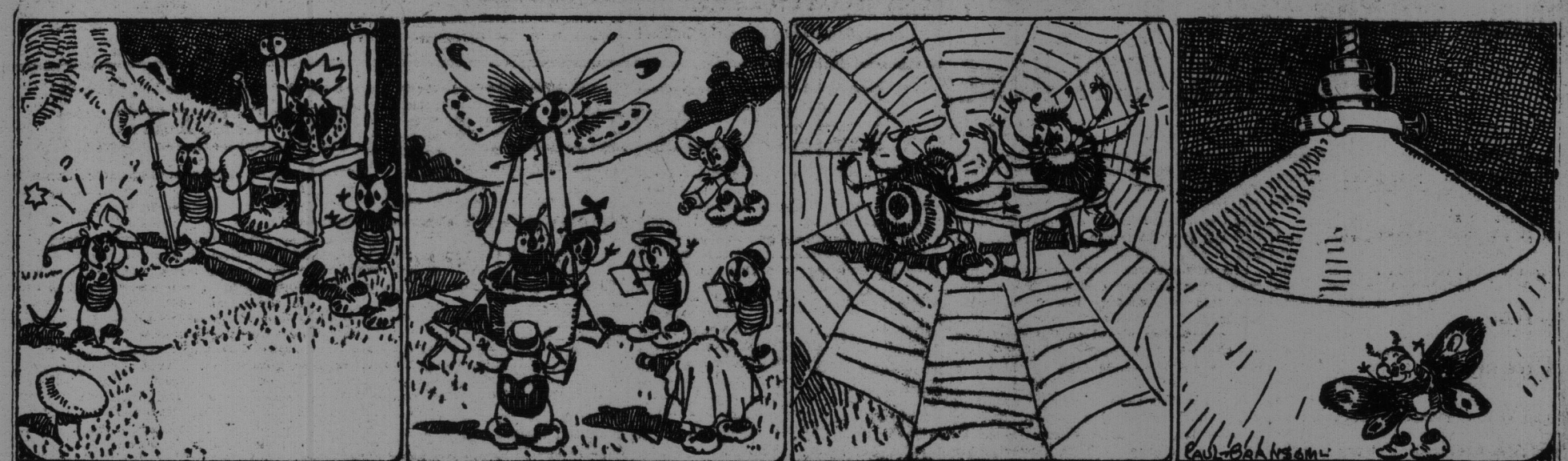
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## THE FOLKS OF BUGVILLE.



THE KING—Say, think up something funny. Bugville. Bugville. Bugville.

The Bugville Aero Club makes an ascension. Bugville. Bugville. Bugville.

MR. SPYGLASS—My goodness, times are getting hard. Bugville. Bugville. Bugville.

MR. MOTH—Well, well! Who'd-a-thought I'd gettin' awash. Bugville. Bugville. Bugville.

