

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1906.

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THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Continued.)
"You will forgive me, Lady Blakeney," said Sir Andrew, now as calm as she was herself, "if I resume the interesting occupation which you had interrupted?"
"By all means, Sir Andrew! How should I venture to thwart the love-god again? Perhaps he would mete out some terrible chastisement against my presumption. Burn your love tokens, by all means!"
Sir Andrew had already twisted the paper into a long spool, and was once again holding it to the flame of the candle, which had remained alight. He did not notice the strange smile on the face of his fair wife, as intent was he on the work of destruction; perhaps, had he done so, the look of relief would have faded from his face. He watched the fatal note, as it curled under the flame. Soon the last fragments fell on the floor, and he placed his feet upon the ashes.
"And now, Sir Andrew," said Marguerite Blakeney, with the pretty nonchalant smile to her face, and with the most winning of smiles, "will you venture to assist the jealousy of your fair lady by taking me to dance the minuet?"

CHAPTER XIII

Either—or?

The few words which Marguerite Blakeney had managed to read on the half-burnt piece of paper, seemed literally to be words of Fate. "Start myself tomorrow..." This she had read quite distinctly; then came a blank caused by the smoke of the candle, which obliterated the next few words; but, right at the bottom, there was a sentence which struck her like a bolt of lightning. "I will start myself tomorrow..."

One o'clock precisely! It was now close upon eleven, the last minutes were being danced, with Sir Andrew Floukes and his beautiful Lady Blakeney leading the couples, through its delicate and intricate figures.

Close upon eleven the hands of the handsome Louis XV. clock upon its ornate bracket seemed to move along with maddening rapidity. Two hours more, and her fate and that of Armand would be sealed. In two hours she must make up her mind whether she will keep the knowledge so cunningly gained to her self, and leave her brother to his fate, or whether she will willingly betray a brave man, whose life was devoted to his inheritance, who was noble, generous, and above all, unsuspecting. It seemed a horrible thing to do. But then, there was Armand! Armand, too, was noble and brave, Armand, who was unsuspecting. And Armand loved her, would have willingly trusted his life in her hands, and now, when she could save him from death, she hesitated. Oh! it was more than her brother's kind, gentle face, so full of love for her, seemed to be looking reproachfully at her. "You might have saved me, Margot!" he seemed to say to her, "and you chose the life of a stranger, a man you do not know, whom you have never seen, and preferred that he should be safe, whilst you sent me to the guillotine!"

All these conflicting thoughts raged through Marguerite's brain, while a smile upon her lips, she glided through the graceful mazes of the minuet. She noted—with that acute sense of hers—that she had succeeded in completely allaying Sir Andrew's fears. Her self-control had been almost perfect—she was a finer actress at this moment, and throughout the whole of this minuet, than she had ever been upon the boards of the Comedie Francaise; but then, a beloved brother's life had not depended upon her histrionic powers.

She was too clever to overdo her part, and made no further allusions to the supposed billet dous, which had caused Sir Andrew Floukes such an agonising five minutes. She watched his anxiety melting away under her sunny smile, and soon perceived that, whatever doubt he may have crossed his mind at the moment, she had, by the time the last bars of the minuet had been played, succeeded in completely dispelling it; he never realised in what a fever of excitement she was, what effort it cost her to keep up a constant ripple of banal conversation.

When the minuet was over, she asked Sir Andrew to take her into the next room.

"I have promised to go down to supper with my Royal Highness," she said, "but before we part, let me... and I forgive you."

"Forgiveness?"

"Yes! Confess, I gave you a fright just now... But, remember, I am not an Englishwoman, and I do not look upon the exchange of billets dous as a crime, and I vow I'll not tell my little Suzanne."

But now, tell me, shall I welcome you at my water-party on Wednesday?"
"I am not sure, Lady Blakeney," he replied evasively. "I may have to leave London to-morrow."
"I would not do that, if I were you," she said earnestly; then seeing the anxious look once more reappearing in his eyes, she added gaily: "No one can throw a ball better than you can, Sir Andrew, we should so miss you on the bowling-green."

He had led her across the room, to one beyond, where already His Royal Highness was waiting for the beautiful Lady Blakeney.

"Madame, supper awaits us," said the Prince, offering his arm to Marguerite, and I am full of hope. The goddess Fortune has frowned so persistently on me at hazard, that I look with confidence for the smiles of the goddess of Beauty."

"Your Highness has been unfortunate at the card tables?" asked Marguerite, as she took the Prince's arm.

"A! most unfortunate, Blakeney, not content with being the richest among my father's subjects, has also the most outrageous luck. By the way, where is that imitable little Ivor, Madam, that little life would be but a dreary desert without your smiles and his sallies."

CHAPTER XIV

ONE O'CLOCK PRECISELY!

Supper had been extremely gay. All those present declared, that never had Lady Blakeney been more adorable, nor that "damned idiot" Sir Percy more amusing.

His Royal Highness had laughed until the tears streamed down his cheeks at Blakeney's foolish, yet funny, remarks. His doggerel verse, "We seek him here, we seek him there," was sung to the tune of "Hail Merry Britons!" and to the accompaniment of loud, nervous laughter against the table. Lord Grenville, moreover, had a most perfect cook—some French nobles, who, having lost their fortune, had come to seek it in the cuisine of the Foreign Office.

Marguerite Blakeney was in her most brilliant mood, and surely not a soul in that crowded supper-room had even an inkling of the terrible struggle which was raging within her heart.

The clock was ticking so merrily on. It was long past midnight, and even the Prince of Wales was thinking of leaving the supper-table. Within the next half-hour the destinies of two brave men would be pitted against one another—the dearly-loved brother and he, the unknown hero.

Marguerite had not even tried to see Chauvelin during this last hour; she knew that his keen, fox-like eyes would surely pierce at once, and indicate the basis of her decision towards Armand. While she did not see him, there still lingered in her heart of hearts a vague, undefined hope that "something" would occur, something big, enormous, epoch-making, which would shift from her young, weak shoulders this terrible burden of responsibility, of having to choose between two such cruel alternatives.

But the minutes ticked on with that dull monotony which they invariably seem to assume when our very nerves ache with their incessant ticking.

After supper, dancing was resumed. His Royal Highness, who, fust, and there was general talk of departing among the older guests; the young ones were indefatigable and had started on a new game, which would fill the next quarter of an hour.

Marguerite did not feel equal to another dance; there is a limit to the most enduring self-control. Escorting by a cabinet minister, she had once more found her way to the tiny boudoir, still the most deserted among all the rooms. She knew that Chauvelin must be lying in wait for her somewhere, ready to seize the first possible opportunity for a tête-à-tête. His eyes had met hers for a moment after the "fore-supper" minuet, and she knew that the keen diplomatist, with those searching pale eyes of his, had divined that her work was accomplished.

Fate had smiled! It so, Marguerite, torn by the most terrible conflict heart of woman can ever know, had resigned herself to its decree. But Armand must be saved at any cost; his first of all, for he was her brother, had been mother, father, friend to her ever since she, a tiny baby, had lost both her parents. And of Armand dying a traitor's death on the guillotine was too horrible even to think upon—impossible, in fact. That could never be, never... As for the stranger, the hero... "well then!" let Fate decide. Marguerite would redeem her brother's life at the hands of the relentless enemy, then let that cunning Scot, let Pimpernel extricate himself after that. Perhaps—vaguely—Marguerite hoped that the daring plotter, who for so many

months had baffled an army of spies, would still manage to evade Chauvelin and remain immune to the end.

She thought of all this, as she sat listening to the witty discourse of the cabinet minister, who, no doubt, felt that he had found in Lady Blakeney a most perfect listener. Suddenly she saw the keen, fox-like face of Chauvelin peeping through the curtained doorway.

"Lord Fancourt," she said to the minister, "will you do me a service?"
"I am entirely at your ladyship's service," he replied gallantly.

"Will you see if my husband is still in the card-room? And if he is, will you tell him that I am very tired, and would be glad to go home soon?"

The commands of a beautiful woman are binding on all mankind, even on cabinet ministers. Lord Fancourt prepared to obey instantly.

"I do not like to leave your ladyship alone," he said.

"New fear! I shall be quite safe here—and, I think, undisturbed—but I am really tired. You know Sir Percy will drive back to Richmond. It is a long way, and we shall not arrive, we do not hurry—get home before daybreak!"

Lord Fancourt had perforce to go. The moment he had disappeared, Chauvelin slipped into the room, and the next instant stood calm and impassive by her side.

"You have news for me?" he said.

An icy hand seemed to have suddenly settled round Marguerite's shoulder; though her cheeks glowed with fire, she felt chilled and numb. Oh, Armand! will you never know the terrible sacrifice of pride, of dignity, of womanliness a devoted sister is making for your sake?

"Nothing of importance," she said, starting mechanically before him. "But it might prove a clue. I contrived—no matter how—to detect Sir Andrew Floukes in the very act of burning a paper at one of these candles, in the very room. That paper I succeeded in holding between my fingers for the space of two minutes, and to cast my eye on it for that of ten seconds."

"Time enough to learn its contents," asked Chauvelin, quietly.

She nodded. Then she continued in the same even, mechanical tone of voice—
"In the corner of the paper there was the usual rough device of a small star-shaped flower. About a foot and two lines, everything else was scorched and blackened by the flame."

"And what were these two lines?"

Her reply was so sudden, so low, so contracted, for an instant she felt that she could not speak the words, which might send a brave man to his death.

"It is lucky that these two lines were not burned," added Chauvelin, with dry sarcasm, "for it might have faced ill with Armand St. Just. What were the two lines, citizen?"

WEDDINGS

Perry-Hunter.

A very quiet but pretty house wedding took place last night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hunter, 74 Dorchester street, when their only daughter, Laura, was married to R. M. Perry. Only a few intimate friends and relatives of the contracting parties witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. E. C. Jenkins, of Queens county, nephew of the groom. There were no attendants. The bride was dressed in gray broad cloth traveling suit with hat to match. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Perry returned to their future residence, 700 Main street. The groom is an employee of the Frank P. Vaughan Co. and that both the young people are very popular with the many friends who were present received.

Williams-Edwards.

Armapolis, Sept. 19.—The home of Mrs. Sarah Edwards, widow of John Edwards, was today the scene of a very interesting event, the occasion being the marriage of her daughter, Annie B. Edwards, and J. Wallace Williams, of Gloucester Bay (C. B.), formerly of Prince Edward Island. The Rev. J. B. Hemmison, of Wolfville, officiated and tied the nuptial knot in the presence of an immediate relative of the bride. The bride was very prettily attired in a blue traveling dress and white hat and looked charming. She was the return of a young lady of handsome and courtly wedding presents, including several amounts in cash, attesting to the popularity and the high esteem in which she is held in the community.

After the ceremony refreshments were served and the happy couple were driven to the railway station, where they boarded the fast express on a wedding trip to P. E. Island. There was a large number at the station to wish them bon voyage. On their return to the island they will reside in Gloucester Bay.

Hickey-McNeill.

Fredericton, Sept. 19.—A happy wedding was celebrated at St. Anthony's church this morning, when Miss Nora McNeill, daughter of James McNeill, of Nashua, and Wesley Hickey, a young resident of the Boiestown, were united in marriage. The nuptial mass was celebrated by Rev. J. J. Ryan, and the ceremony was witnessed by a large number of guests. The bride, who was dressed in a white gown, was escorted by her brother, Leo McNeill, while the groom, who was dressed in a dark suit, was escorted by his brother, John McNeill. The ceremony was a very quiet and intimate affair, and the happy couple were driven to the railway station, where they boarded the fast express on a wedding trip to P. E. Island. There was a large number at the station to wish them bon voyage. On their return to the island they will reside in Gloucester Bay.

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TAFT AND PALMA TALKED IT OVER

American Secretaries Had Interview With Cuban President Yesterday.

Havana, Sept. 20.—In the course of the conversation of the American secretaries with President Palma at the palace yesterday morning, Messrs. Taft and Bacon subscribed to the sentiments set forth in President Roosevelt's letter and expressed the hope that their visit would contribute to the establishment of peace. In reply to the questions of the secretaries, President Palma reviewed the various aspects of the electoral problem in Cuba, asked whether the government had taken steps to effect a compromise the president replied in the negative, saying that the government had limited itself to assisting the efforts of the voters, without taking an active part in the negotiations.

Secretary Taft then asked if any revolutionary demands had been directly affected by these negotiations. President Palma said in reply that the programme of the revolutionists included the absolute annulment of the law of elections, and that by compromise it should be agreed to hold partially new elections, he Palma, would no longer continue to assist the revolutionists, and that he would be a drawback to a constitutional form of government.

Referring to the efforts being made to bring about peace, President Palma said he had left that matter to the political parties. On receipt of President Roosevelt's letter the government had limited itself to suspension of hostilities. The president added that in his judgment congress should pass an electoral law which would simply guarantee both parties, also a municipal law, under which elections would be held next January, the government to preserve strict impartiality.

Santiago, Cuba, Sept. 19.—The first overt act by revolutionists in Eastern Cuba was committed yesterday.

Fifty armed and mounted men, under Captain Yanes, and a detachment of the 10th Cavalry, entered the town of Firmazo, twenty miles east of here, where the insurgents were holed up. They presented to Superintendent of Mines Whitaker, a document bearing the alleged signature of General Hierro, demanding the delivery of two cases of dynamite and two blasting batteries. The superintendent refused to deliver the goods. The insurgents threatened to blow him up, and other supplies, giving their receipt therefor. They promised not to molest further if the company's railroad was not used to transport government troops. The mines are now without protection from the rural guards.

The government today ordered that all explosives be stored at Powder Island, whence daily supplies are shipped.

A fine new building owned by Frederick Pfeiffer, an American stockman, in the town of Firmazo, was burned yesterday. It was not known with certainty who did this, but it probably was out of the hands of the revolutionists.

There is positive evidence here of several bands of revolutionists in different parts of the province, ready to begin operations when so ordered. The nearest band is fifteen miles out from here. It is supposed to number 150 well equipped men. It is commanded by Juan Lopez.

REV. MR. DICKER TO LEAVE OCT. 11th.

Rev. A. G. H. Dicker when asked as to the report from Toronto to the effect that he had accepted the appointment to the rectory of St. Luke's church there, said that he would leave here on Thursday, October 11 for the "Queen City."

Rev. Mr. Dicker is to preach his first sermon in his new charge on Sunday, October 14. He will preach his farewell sermon in St. Paul's (Valley) church here on Sunday, October 7, which will also be the occasion of the annual harvest festival.

Mrs. Dicker will not accompany her husband on his leaving, but will follow later with the other members of the family, reaching Toronto sometime before Christmas.

Rev. Mr. Dicker has been nearly four years in charge of the St. Paul's congregation, holding only one month to round out the fourteen years. He has made many warm friends and admirers, who will regret greatly his departure from St. John.

LECTURE ON PERSIA

An interesting talk on Persia was given at St. Luke's church last evening by Miss McKim, who is enjoying an extended foreign tour.

Miss McKim told of her journey to the mission station, her work among the natives, and the discovery of the ancient ruins of Persia. She will leave shortly for Toronto and the west, and later will proceed to the old country, and in a year's time will return to her home in Canada.

Rev. C. W. Nichol, curate of St. Luke's church who will leave in a day or two for Toronto to study a year at Wyldfield College, was last night presented with a well filled purse by members of the congregation. The presentation, which took place in the school room, was made by Church Warden W. H. Smith in a short address eulogizing the curate for his work among the congregation.

Sydney, N. S., Sept. 19.—Word has been received here that the brigantine Ohio, owned by J. O'Toole & Sons, of Louisville, is a total loss, and that her captain and crew are at Savannah (Ga.). As far as can be ascertained the Ohio left Brunswick (Ga.), on Sept. 8th, with a cargo of hard pine consigned to the Dominion Iron and Steel Company and to be landed at Louisville, and that she was wrecked shortly afterwards off the Georgia coast. The brigantine is 325 tons register and is partly insured.

D. L. Hutchinson went to Halifax yesterday.

H. T. Briggs has gone on a visit to Boston, Lowell, West Somerville and Ayer.

Dr. L. M. Curran, of Fairville, has gone to Boston.

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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.



The First Need

of a cook, in order to insure good bread and pastry on Baking Day, is a good flour, and one which is uniform. A brand which varies in quality and strength, and requires different methods of using every time, is a source of worry to any cook and the cause of much spoiled bread and pastry. "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR is made by a process which insures every barrel and bag of flour which leaves the mills, being of a uniform strength, quality and color. Therefore when once a cook learns to use it she will find that the "FIVE ROSES" way of baking will give the same uniform results—the best—every Baking Day.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

Lake of the Woods Milling Co., Limited.

Montreal. St. John. Winnipeg.

WILL GET WATER FOR PULP MILL

City Will Deepen Lower Outlet From Loch Lomond.

The mayor, with George McArthur, president of the Mispic Pulp mill and Engineer H. G. Hunter, visited Loch Lomond yesterday to see what arrangement could be made to allow the pulp mill to have water enough for running the mill. It was decided to deepen the channel at the lower outlet from Loch Lomond about two feet, which will enable the city to fill Robertson lake quicker than under present conditions as an additional foot of water can be drawn from the big lake. To accommodate the pulp mill, Engineer Hunter had the sluice gates opened at the dam and the Lake Robertson reservoir to a depth of 31-2 feet is now being emptied down the stream.

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THE INSURANCE COMMISSION

Toronto, Sept. 19.—Incidents connected with Hon. Dr. Montague's Australian tour and the celebrated bribery case were the chief features of Dr. Oronhyatekha's evidence before the insurance commission today. The finding of the royal commission of Victoria that the Foresters were guilty of bribery through their agent was absolutely without a tittle of evidence to support it was stoutly maintained by the supreme chief ranger.

He asserted that Dr. Montague had made a subscription privately in return for the acquittal of the Foresters. He said that the Foresters had paid him, and that no part of the amount was charged to the Foresters.

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