

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1906



THE AHERNS

Clever Acrobats Now Appearing in the Hippodrome at the Exhibition.

ACTRESS KILLED BY ELEVATOR

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Sept. 4.—Miss Charlotte Dean, leading woman of the Wallmont Park Stock Company, was killed

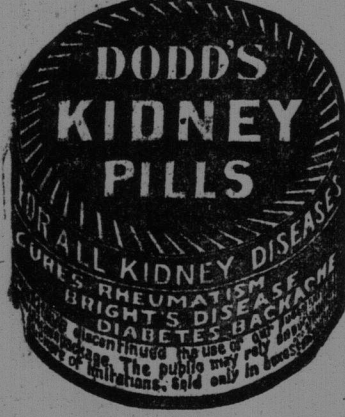


late Wednesday night in the elevator shaft of the Park Hotel. Miss Dean attempted to take the elevator to get to her room before it had stopped on the first floor. She was caught between the elevator and the side of the shaft and was carried to the second floor, from where she dropped to the basement. Miss Dean was from New York city, and was thirty years old.

TO STUDY IN AMERICA

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif., Sept. 5.—Among the passengers on the Toyama Kisen America, which arrived here yesterday from China, were Chen Shi Ting and Ten Pong Ten, two Chinese boys. They are en route to Buffalo to attend a convention of the military surgeons.

Accompanying the students were Drs. S. W. Tchan, Chow Kwai Sang and Ho Kan Luen, who are en route to Buffalo to attend a convention of the military surgeons.



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THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Continued).

"Yes, that is so," assented Lord Antony. "Then he will have received one such paper today."

"Undoubtedly," said Suzanne, merrily. "I have heard that the picture of that little red flower is the only thing that frightens him."

"Faith, then," said Sir Andrew, "he will have many more opportunities of studying the shape of that small scarlet flower."

"Ah! monsieur," sighed the Comtesse, "it all sounds like a romance, and I cannot understand it all."

"Why should you try, Madame?"

"But, tell me, why should your leader—why should you all—spend your money and risk your lives—for it is your lives you risk, Messieurs, when you set foot in France—and all for us French men and women, who are nothing to you?"

"Sport, Madame la Comtesse, sport," asserted Lord Antony, with his jovial, loud and pleasant voice; "we are a nation of sportsmen, you know, and just now it is the fashion to pull the hare from between the teeth of the hound."

"Ah, no, no, not sport only, Monsieur. . . . you have a more noble motive, I am sure, for the good work you do."

"Faith, Madame, I would like you to find it then; as for me, I row, I love the game, for this is the finest sport I have yet encountered. Hair-breadth escapes . . . the devil's own risks!—Tally ho!—and away we go!"

But the Comtesse shook her head, still incredulously. To her it seemed preposterous that these young men and their great leader, all of them rich, probably well-born, and young, should for no other motive than sport, run the terrible risks, which she knew they were constantly doing. Their nationality, once they had set foot in France, would be no safeguard to them. Anyone found harboring or assisting suspected royalists would be ruthlessly condemned and summarily executed, whatever their nationality might be. And this band of young Englishmen, so to her knowledge, bearded the implacable and bloodthirsty tribunal of the Revolution, within the very walls of Paris itself, and had, as she had just heard, condemned and executed, almost from the very foot of the guillotine. With a shudder, she recalled the events of the last few days, her escape from Paris with her two children, all three of them hidden amid a heap of turnips and cabbages, not daring to breathe, whilst the mob howled "A bas les aristocrates!" at that awful West Barrière.

It had all occurred in such a miraculous way, she and her husband had been deceived that they had been placed on the list of "suspected persons," which meant that their trial and death was but a matter of days—of hours, perhaps.

Then came the hope of salvation; the mysterious epistle, signed with the enigmatical scarlet device; the clear, peremptory directions; the parting from the Comte de Tourville, which had torn the poor wife's heart in two; the hope of reunion; the fight with her two children; the covered cart; it, who looked like some horrible evil demon, with the ghastly trophy on her whip handle!

The Comtesse looked round at the quaint, old-fashioned English inn, the peace of this land of civil and religious liberty, and she closed her eyes to shut out the haunting vision of that West Barrière, and of the mob retreating panic-stricken when the old hag spoke of the plague.

Every moment under that cart she expected recognition, arrest, herself, and her children tried and condemned, and these young Englishmen, under the guise of their brave and mysterious leader, had risked their lives to save them all, as they had already saved scores of other innocent people.

And all only for sport? Impossible! Suzanne's eyes as she sought those of Sir Andrew plainly told him that she thought that he at any rate rescued his fellow-men from terrible and unmerited death, through a higher and nobler motive than his friend would have her believe.

"How many are there in your brave league, Monsieur?" she asked timidly.

"Twenty all told, Mademoiselle," he replied, "one to command, and nineteen to obey. All are ex-Englishmen, and all pledged to the same cause—to obey our leader and to rescue the innocent."

"May God protect you all, Messieurs," said the Comtesse fervently.

"It is wonderful to me, wonderful!—That you should all be so brave and so devoted to your fellow-men—yet you are English!—and in France treachery is life—all in the name of liberty and fraternity."

"The women even, in France, have been more bitter against us aristocrats than the men," said the Vicomte, with a sigh. "Ah, yes," added the Comtesse, whilst a look of laughy disdain and intense bitterness shot through her melancholy eyes. "There was that woman, Marguerite St. Just, for instance. She denounced the Marquis de St. Cyr and all his family to the awful tribunal of the Terror."

"Just, for instance," she denounced the Marquis de St. Cyr and all his family to the awful tribunal of the Terror."

"Marguerite St. Just?" said Lord Antony, as he shot a quick apprehensive glance across at Sir Andrew. "Marguerite St. Just?—Sunday . . ."

"Yes!" replied the Comtesse, "surely you know her. She was a leading actress of the Comedie Francaise, and she married an Englishman lately. You must know her."

"Know her?" said Lord Antony. "Know Lady Blakeney—the most fashionable woman in London—the wife of the richest man in England? Of course, we all know Lady Blakeney."

"She was a school-fellow of mine at the convent in Paris," interposed Suzanne, "and we came over to England together to learn your language. I was very fond of Marguerite, and I cannot believe that she ever did anything so wicked."

"It certainly seems incredible," said Sir Andrew. "You say that she actually denounced the Marquis de St. Cyr? Why should she have done such a thing? Surely there must be some mistake—"

"No mistake is possible, Monsieur," rejoined the Comtesse, coldly. "Marguerite St. Just's brother is a noted republican. There was some talk of a family feud between him and my cousin, the Marquis de St. Cyr. The St. Justs are plebeian, and the republican government employs them as spies. I assure you there is no mistake. . . . You had not heard this story?"

"Faith, Madame, I did hear some vague rumors of it, but in England no one would credit it," Sir Percy Blakeney, her husband, is a very wealthy man, of high social position, the intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, and Lady Blakeney leads both fashion and society in London."

"That may be, Monsieur, and we shall, of course, lead a very quiet life in England, but I pray God that while I remain in this beautiful country, I may never meet Marguerite St. Just."

The provincial wet-shakes seemed to have fallen over the merry little company gathered round the table. Suzanne looked sad and silent. Sir Andrew looked uneasily with his fork, whilst the Comtesse, enmeshed in the plate-armour of her aristocratic prejudices, sat, rigid and uncomfortable, and glanced once or twice apprehensively towards Jollyband, who looked just as uncomfortable as himself.

"At what time do you expect Sir Percy and Lady Blakeney?" he contrived to whisper unobserved, to miss host.

"Any moment, my lord," whispered Jollyband in reply.

Even as he spoke, a distant clatter was heard of an approaching coach; louder and louder it grew, one or two shouts became distinguishable, then the rattle of horses' hoofs on the uneven cobble stones, and the next moment a stable boy had thrown open the coffee-room door and rushed in excitedly.

"Sir Percy Blakeney and my lady," he shouted as the top of his voice, "they're just arriving."

And with more shouting, jingling of harness, and iron hoofs upon the stones, a magnificent coach, drawn by four superb bays, had halted outside the porch of "The Fisherman's Rest."

CHAPTER V.

Marguerite.

In a moment the pleasant oak-paneled coffee-room of the inn became the scene of hopeless confusion and discomfort. At the first announcement made by the stable boy, Lord Antony, with a fashionable coat, had jumped up from his seat and was now giving many and confused directions to poor bewildered Jollyband, who seemed as if he were what to do.

"For goodness' sake, man," admonished his lordship, "try to keep Lady Blakeney talking outside for a moment, while the ladies withdraw. Zounds!" he added, with another emphatic oath, "this is most unfortunate."

"Quick, Sally! the candles!" shouted Jollyband, as hopping about from one leg to another, he was hither and thither driving the guests to the general discomfort of everybody.

The Comtesse, too, had risen to her feet; rigid and erect, trying to hide her excitement beneath a more becoming sangroid, she repeated mechanically—

"I will not see her!—I will not see her!"

Outside, the excitement attendant upon the arrival of very important guests grew apace.

"Good-day, Sir Percy!—Good-day to your ladyship! Your servant, Sir Percy!"—was heard in long, quantified shouts which alternated more feeble tones of—"Remember the poor blind man! of your charity, lady and gentleman!"

Then suddenly a singularly sweet voice was heard through all the din.

"Let the poor man be—give him some supper at my expense."

The voice was low and musical, with a slight sing-song in it, and a faint suggestion of dissonant intonation in the pronunciation of the consonants.

Everyone in the coffee-room heard it and paused, instinctively listening to it for a moment. Sally was holding the candles by the opposite door, which led to the bedroom upstairs, and the Comtesse was in the act of heading a hasty retreat before that enemy who owed such a sweet musical voice; Suzanne reluctantly was preparing to follow her mother, whilst casting regretful glances towards the door, where she hoped still to see her dearly-beloved, snarling school-fellow.

Then Jollyband threw open the door, still stupidly and blindly hoping to avert the catastrophe, which he felt was in the air, and the same low, musical voice said, with a merry laugh and mellow condescension—

"Here!—I am as wet as a herring! Dine! dine anyone ever seen such a contemptible climate?"

"Suzanne, come with me at once—I wish to," said the Comtesse, peremptorily.

"Oh! Mama!" pleaded Suzanne.

"My lady . . . e . . . s'm'l . . . my lady!" came feeble accents from Jollyband, who stood dumbly trying to bar the way.

"Perdieu, my good man," said Lady Blakeney, with some impatience, "what are you standing in my way for, denouncing about like a turkey with a sore foot? Let me get to the fire, I am perished with the cold."

(To be continued.)

Wants Carleton Street

Railway Completed

Action looking to the completion of the street railway circuit in Carleton is being taken on the urging of Ald. Baxter. On Saturday last he asked H. M. Hopper, secretary-treasurer of the company, when it was proposed to extend the line along Union street and complete the circuit through Brooks ward. Mr. Hopper replied that Director Cushing had refused to give them a line in Union street and Mr. Earle, manager of the company, gave the alderman the same reply.

Yesterday Ald. Baxter brought up the matter at the board of works meeting and Director Cushing said the reason no line had been given the company in Union street was that he was waiting until matters were decided relative to the N. B. Southern railway station. It had been decided by a committee some time ago that the street railway track in Union street should lie west of all the other tracks and to run it so now would place it where the New Brunswick Southern railway station and platform are.

The board decided to instruct Mr. Cushing to give the street railway their line so that they could go on with the work.

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The Daily Telegraph

The Evening Times

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MARRIED IN HALIFAX

HALIFAX, N. S., Sept. 5 (special).—The marriage took place at St. Paul's this afternoon of Cyril B. Clarke, son of H. B. Clarke, and Alberta Sturmy, daughter of A. W. Sturmy; Rev. J. L. Donaldson officiated.

Miss Mary Quinn, of Moncton, is in the city.