

THE SCARLET Pimpernel

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Conclusion.) "I do think father might get the beer for them," muttered Sally, as Jimma, stolidly and without further comment, took a couple of foam-crowned jugs from the shelf, and began filling a number of pewter tankards with some of that home-brewed ale for which "The Fisherman's Rest" had been famous since the days of King Charles. "He knows 'ow busy we are in 'ere."

"Your father is too busy discussing politics with Mr. 'Empseed to worry 'imself about you and the kitchen," grumbled Jimma under her breath. Sally had gone to the small mirror which hung in a corner of the kitchen, and was busily smoothing her hair and setting her trilled cap at its most becoming angle over her dark curls; then she took up the tankards by their handles, three in each strong brown hand, and, laughing, grumbling, blushing, carried them through into the coffee-room.

There, there was certainly no sign of that bustle and activity which kept four women busy and hot in the glowing kitchen beyond. The coffee-room of "The Fisherman's Rest" is a show place now at the beginning of the twentieth century. At the end of the eighteenth, in the year of grace 1792, it had not yet gained that notoriety and importance which a hundred additional years and the course of the age have since bestowed upon it. Yet it was an old place, even then, for the oak rafters and beams were already black with age—as were the paneled walls, with their tall backs, and the long polished tables between, on which innumerable pewter tankards had left fantastic patterns of many-colored rings. In the leaden window, high up, a row of pots of scarlet geraniums and blue larkspur gave the bright note of color against the dull background of the oak.

That Mr. Jellyband, landlord of "The Fisherman's Rest" at Dover, was a prosperous man, was of course clear to the most casual observer. His gewgaws on the fine old dressers, the brass above the granite hearth, shone like gold and silver—the red-tiled floor was as brilliant as the scarlet geranium on the window sill—this meant that his servants were good and plentiful, that the custom was constant, and that of order which necessitated the keeping up of the coffee-room to a high standard of elegance and order.

As Sally came in, laughing through her frowns, and displaying a row of dazzling white teeth, she was greeted with shouts and choruses of applause. "Why, here's Sally! What ho, Sally! Hurrah for pretty Sally!" "I thought you'd grown dead in that kitchen of yours," muttered Jimmy Pitkin, as he passed the back of his hand across his very dry lips.

"All right, all right!" laughed Sally, as she deposited the freshly-filled tankards upon the table, "why, what a 'urry, to be wery! And is your gran'mother a-dyin', an' you want to see the pore soul of grace she's gone! I never see'd I such a mighty ruddy!"

A chorus of good-humored laughter greeted this witty remark, which was the company there present food for many jokes for some considerable time. Sally now seemed in less of a hurry to get back to her pots and pans. A young man with fair curly hair, and eager, bright blue eyes, was engaging most of her attention and the whole of her time, whilst Jimmy Pitkin, who was seated next to her, looked on with a heavy frown of discontent.

Flushing the cheeks, his legs wide apart, a long clay pipe in his mouth, stolid Jimma, worthy Mr. Jellyband's landlord, looked on with a heavy frown of discontent. "The Fisherman's Rest," as his father had been before him, and his grandfather, and his great-grandfather too, for that matter. Fortly in build, jovial in countenance and somewhat bald of pate, Mr. Jellyband was indeed a typical rural John Bull of those days—the day of his best prepurchased immortality was at its height, when an Englishman, be he lord, yeoman, or peasant, the whole of the continent of Europe was a den of immortality, and the rest of the world an unexploited land of savages and cannibals.

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TO DOUBLE TRACK I. C. R. Among the plans of Hon. H. R. Emmerson, minister of railways and canals, for improving the I. C. R. and which will be of special interest to St. John are the double tracking of the road eastwards from this city, which is to be commenced next spring and the proposal to establish a frequent service of steam motor cars to give increased facilities for suburban passenger traffic to and from St. John.

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Mr. Emmerson said both these important improvements would be started next spring. With regard to the double track it would necessarily take some time, but he hoped to see the rails as far as Rothesay, even if Hampton could not be reached during the first year. The motor car service would not be dependent on the progress made in the double tracking but would be put in operation as early as possible.

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