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

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Continued.)

"Hey! Chloven Brogard! Hold!" Marguerite could not see the newcomers, but through a hole in one of the curtains, she could observe one portion of the room below.

She heard Brogard's shuffling footsteps, as he came out of the inner room, uttering his usual string of oaths. On seeing the stranger, however, he paused in the middle of the room, well within range of Marguerite's vision, looked at them, with even more withering contempt than he had bestowed upon his former guests, and muttered, "Sacrez sainte!"

Marguerite's heart seemed all at once to stop beating; her eyes, large and dilated, had fastened on one of the newcomers, who, at this point, had taken a quick step forward towards Brogard. He was dressed in the soutane, broad-brimmed hat and buckled shoes, habitual to the French cure, but as he stood opposite the innkeeper, he threw open his soutane for a moment, displaying the rictus of a scowling official, which sight immediately had the effect of transforming Brogard's attitude of contempt, into one of cringing obsequiousness.

It was the sight of this French cure, which seemed to freeze the very blood in Marguerite's veins. She could not see his face, which was hidden by his broad-brimmed hat, but she recognized the thin, bony hands, the slight stoop, the whole gait of the man. It was Chauvelin!

The horror of the situation struck her as with a physical blow; the awful disappointment, the dread of what was to come, made her very senses reel, and she needed almost superhuman effort, not to fall senseless beneath it all.

can be back in ten minutes. Go!" Desgas saluted and went to the door. As Marguerite, sick with horror, listened to Chauvelin's directions to his underlings, the whole of the plan for the capture of the Scarlet Pimpernel became appallingly clear to her.

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ORDER MORE SOUNDINGS TAKEN

After hearing the mayor and H. B. Schofield report on their recent visit to Ottawa, the council decided Saturday afternoon that Director Chabing and the harbor master should personally take soundings at the Sand Point berth, that the city dredge should be put to work continuously during daylight and that the board of works should test a digging machine offered by S. Gibbo which it was stated was capable of removing 200 yards a day.

In reply to a question by the alderman as to whether he had been correctly reported, the director replied that he had not seen anything wrong with the report. It was not the first time he had made such a statement. Approving further questions, Mr. Chabing said he estimated there remained about 3,000 or 4,000 yards to be removed from berths 2, 3 and 4, of which 1,000 yards was between Nos. 2 and 3. The dredge was removing on an average 200 yards a day, and digging to a width of seventy feet.

The director—"No, but I have first class men engaged on this work." The mayor—"In view of the director's statements it does seem that it is hardly necessary for the city to worry very much about another dredge. I suggest to Ald. Baxter that if the city could be well if the engineer of the C. P. R. were asked to verify the soundings.

The director—"I understand you want me to go out in the boat myself, and I am not willing to do anything of the sort. All says, but it will be no additional guarantee of the correctness of the readings. I have always employed first class men on the work and their statements have not been proved incorrect. If you want me to go, however, well and good. This work was always done by the city engineer, and it was given to the harbor master and now to the director. I only call attention to this. I do not object."

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FUNERALS YESTERDAY

A very large cortege followed the body of Conductor Melbourne Burgess to its last resting place in Fernhill cemetery yesterday afternoon.

RECENT DEATHS

The death of Rebecca, wife of Samuel Robertson, occurred in this city Saturday.

THE HOLY NAME SOCIETY

The monthly meetings of the Holy Name Society of the Cathedral parish were resumed last evening after having been discontinued for the summer months.

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Sunday School Anniversary

The forty-seventh anniversary of the Sunday school of Exmouth street Methodist church was celebrated yesterday by a very large gathering.

The evening service was very largely attended, and the choir, under the direction of Mr. J. J. Blaney, sang in good voice.

The receipts and expenditures for the year were: Cash on hand at beginning of year, \$7.73.

Of this amount, \$38.00 was given on Christmas Sunday for the Sunday school fund, \$81.21 was contributed by the members, \$105.90 was paid over to the committee in charge of the Wain property, and \$23.72 was contributed by the members, etc., leaving a balance of \$90.87.

The library contains 327 Bibles and 100 books for reading, and 322 books for circulation among the members of the school.

Superintendent J. A. Adams, in his report, also said that the Wain property was purchased by the school two years ago, and after making considerable repairs, the debt had been reduced about \$400.

On Saturday, Charles A. Coster, bookkeeper with T. McDevity & Sons, received word from Wainport (Mass.) that his brother, Frederick, had died of typhoid fever in the hospital there.

The death of Mr. Coster was a shock to his relatives here. The first intimation they had of his sickness was a telegram Friday evening. Mr. Coster was a son of George Coster, formerly of this city, but now resident in New York.

Mr. Coster was married and leaves four children, besides his wife. Burial took place in Westfield yesterday. Many in this city will have kindly remembrance of Mr. Coster, who while living in St. John, was a very popular man.

Shediac, N. B., Oct. 6.—Many friends of Mrs. A. M. Bourgeois will be painfully shocked to read of her death, which occurred at an early hour this morning. The deceased, who was a daughter of the late W. B. Deacon, of this town, was favorably known to many people throughout the province and had a wide circle of friends who will be deeply grieved to learn that she has passed away.

MONTREAL, Oct. 8.—Henri Beaudry, former mayor of Montreal, a former editor and proprietor of La Patrie, died at his home here last night. He had been in ill health for some years. A eulogium was caused a few months ago by the news that he had been reconciled to the Roman Catholic church after having for many years been widely known as a free thinker.

The bereaved family consists of her mother, two sisters, Miss Lettis, at home, and Mrs. G. M. Blaney, of Cambridge (Mass.), and one brother, C. B. Deacon, of Wainport.

A very large cortege followed the body of Conductor Melbourne Burgess to its last resting place in Fernhill cemetery yesterday afternoon. The funeral was held under the auspices of the Order of Railway Conductors. At 2:30 o'clock Rev. A. J. Froscher conducted the services at the residence of the deceased, 129 Waterloo street.

In the procession the following orders marched in a body: Order of Railway Telegraphers, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, and the Order of Railway Conductors.

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CHAPTER XXV. The Eagle and the Fox. Marguerite's breath stopped short; she seemed to feel very light standing still, as if she were floating in air. She looked at the stranger who stood before her, and she recognized her husband, Chauvelin, too, had heard it, for he darted a quick glance towards the door, then hurriedly took up his broad-brimmed hat and slipped it on his head.

The voice drew nearer; for one brief second the wild creature seized Marguerite to rush down the steps and fly across the road, to stop that song at any cost, to beg the cheerful singer to fly away for his life, before it was too late. She checked the impulse just in time, Chauvelin would stop her before she reached the door, and moreover, she had no idea if he had any soldiers posted within his hall. Her impetuous act might prove the death-signal of the man she would have died to save.

"Long to reign over us. God save the King!" "Absolutely clear, citizen."

"Very well, then. Go and see Juliet at once. See the reinforcements start off for the patrol duty, then ask the captain to let you have half a dozen more and bring them here with you. You

can be back in ten minutes. Go!" Desgas saluted and went to the door. As Marguerite, sick with horror, listened to Chauvelin's directions to his underlings, the whole of the plan for the capture of the Scarlet Pimpernel became appallingly clear to her.

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