

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Continued). To which obvious fact the stranger heartily assented. It was certainly a preposterous suggestion...

CHAPTER III. The Refugees

Feeling in every part of England certainly run very high at this time against the French and their doings...

The execution of the Princess de Lamballe, Marie Antoinette's young and charming friend, had filled every one in England with unspeakable horror...

Yet with all that, no one dared to interfere. Burke had expounded all his eloquence in trying to induce the British Government to fight the revolutionary government of France...

But only for a moment; the next he had turned to Mr. Henswood, who was respectfully touching his forehead...

"Well, Mr. Henswood, and how is the fruit?" "Badly, my lord, badly," replied Mr. Henswood, dolefully...

"Old's life!" retorted Lord Antony, "so they would, honest Henswood, at least those they can get hold of, worse luck! But we have got some friends coming here tonight, who at any rate have evaded their clutches..."

It almost seemed, when the young man said these words, as if he threw a defiant look towards the quiet strangers in the corner.

"Thank you, my lord, and to your friends, so I've heard it said," said Mr. Jellyband.

But in a moment Lord Antony's hand fell warningly on mine host's arm. "Hush!" he said peremptorily, and instinctively once again looked towards the strangers.

"Oh! Lord love you, they are all right, my lord," retorted Jellyband; "don't you be afraid. I wouldn't have spoken, only I know we were among friends. That gentleman over there is as true and loyal a subject of King George as you are yourself, my lord, saving your presence. He is but lately arrived in Dover, and is settling down in business in these parts."

"In business? Faith, then, it must be an undertaking, for I vow I never beheld a more respectful countenance."

"Nay, my lord, I believe that the gentleman is a widower, which no doubt would account for the melancholy of his bearing—but he is a friend, nevertheless. I'll vouch for that—and you will own, my lord, that who should judge of a face better than the landlord of a popular inn?"

"Oh, that's all right, then, if we are among friends," said Lord Antony, who evidently did not care to discuss the subject with his host. "But, tell me, you have no one else staying here, have you?" "No one, my lord, and no one coming, either, leastways."

"No one your lordship would object to, I know?" "Who is it?" "Well, my lord, Sir Percy Blakeney and his lady will be here presently, but they ain't a-going to stay."

"Lady Blakeney?" queried Lord Antony, in some astonishment. "Aye, my lord, Sir Percy's skipper was here just now. He says that my lady's brother is crossing over to France today in the Day Dream, which is Sir Percy's yacht, and Sir Percy and my lady will come with him as far as here to see the last of him. It don't put you out, do it, my lord?"

"No, no, it doesn't put me out, friend; nothing will put me out, unless that supper is not the very best which Miss Sally can cook, and which has ever been served in 'The Fisherman's Rest.'"

"You need have no fear of that, my lord," said Sally, who all this while had been busy setting the table for supper. And very gay and jivying it looked, with a large bunch of brilliantly colored dahlias in the centre and the bright pewter goblets and blue china about.

"How many shall I lay for, my lord?" "Five places, pretty Sally, but let the supper be enough for ten at least—our friends will be tired, and, I hope, hungrily of beef tonight."

"Here they are, I do believe," said Sally, excitedly, as a distant clatter of hooves and wheels could now be distinctly heard, drawing rapidly nearer.

There was general commotion in the coffee-room. Everyone was curious to see who Lord Antony's swell friends from over the water. Miss Sally cast one or two quick glances at the little bit of mirror which hung on the wall, and worthy Mr. Jellyband bustled out in order to give the first welcome himself to the distinguished guests, who by the way were in the corner did not participate in the general excitement. They were calmly finishing their game of dominoes, and did not even look once towards the door.

"Straight ahead, Comtesse, the door on your right," said a pleasant voice outside. "Aye! there they are, all right enough," said Lord Antony, joyfully; "off with you, my pretty Sally, and see how quickly you can dish up the soup."

The door was thrown wide open, and preceded by Mr. Jellyband, a party of four—two ladies and two gentlemen—entered the coffee-room.

"Welcome! Welcome to old England!" said Lord Antony, effusively, as he came eagerly forward with both hands outstretched towards the newcomers.

"Welcome! Welcome to old England!" I think," said one of the ladies, speaking with a strong foreign accent.

"At your service, Madame," he replied, as he ceremoniously kissed the hands of both the ladies, then turned to the men and shook them both warmly by the hand.

(To be Continued)

ARM CUT OFF NEAR ELBOW

James Ruhlín Met With a Frightful Accident on I. C. R. Tracks Yesterday.

A man whose name is said to be James Ruhlín, of Norton, had his right arm cut off near the elbow last night by the C. P. R. suburban engine No. 9, which entered the depot at 10.20 o'clock.

When the train went by where the accident occurred William McGowry, a young man, was on the engine, and stated that he believed something had been run over. Immediately cries from the unfortunate man could be heard and yard men carried him to the yard office and summoned the ambulance.

BABY'S BODY FOUND

Policeman Lawson Discovered Body of Dead Girl Baby in Fairville Yesterday.

Policeman Lawson, of Fairville, made a peculiar discovery yesterday while searching at Lacrosse in the vicinity of the reservoir where the box that had contained J. R. Clarkson's money had been found by some boys.

At the foot of one of the largest rocks he came upon a place where the turf had been recently disturbed. Not doubting that he had here the solution of the mystery he commenced digging and to the depth of about a foot uncovered the lid of a tin box.

Mr. Lawson, very carefully if somewhat hurriedly, deposited the box in the hole again and, covering it up, hurried to Fairville and returned to the spot with Corporal Macfarland and Albert Taylor, a special policeman.

The coroner, after viewing the body, expressed the opinion that it had been prematurely born. On returning to his office he was called upon by a doctor who told him that he had attended a premature birth in a Fairville family and the child had been buried there at the expense of the parents.

DROWNED OFF GRAND MAANN

Hit by a swinging boom, Bedford Moses, of Grand Manan, aged about twenty-one years, was knocked overboard from the darning packet Shig Said No, while sailing with a party of ladies off the island about 11 o'clock Saturday morning last.

Word reached the city yesterday. "Although able to swim, it is said that he sank before assistance could be sent him. His body has not been recovered. He was the youngest son of John Moses, of Grand Manan, a respected and prosperous fisherman."

All told, there were four people on board. The ladies had come from the United States, and were of the island as tourists. Saturday forenoon, it is understood that Mr. Moses was engaged by the party to take them sailing. He was managing the boat alone, and had reached the North Head of Long Island without mishap. There was a sudden gust of wind, and the boom, which was lying loose in the crotch, swung around and struck Mr. Moses with such force that he was hurled into the water.

The accident had been witnessed from the shore and help was soon at hand. Mr. Moses' deplorable death aroused much sympathy in the island.

HAVE A CLOSE CALL

Hampton, N. B., Sept. 3.—At an early hour this morning, Roy Whelpley, of Moncton, and Perkins, of Hampton Station, took their guns and went to Lakeside on a duck shooting excursion. Procuring a flat bottomed boat or duck canoe, they paddled up and down the shore and finally started across the lake.

The boat leaked so badly that it sank by the bow, and Whelpley, standing up as a small stroke caught them, the boat capsized and threw both into the water.

Wet and cold, the young men held on for about half an hour, when Dr. Murray and his brother, William, who had gone to the lake also for a few hours' sport, saw their dangerous condition and pulled out to their relief. Happily no serious results, other than the shock, the drenching and consequent chill, were experienced.

Arthabaska, Que., Sept. 3.—Henri Laurier, prothonotary and clerk of the court of the district of Arthabaska, died last night after supper. Deceased was 45 years of age and leaves two brothers, Sir Wilfrid and Charlemagne Laurier, M. P., and a wife and two children.

Bathurst, N. B., Sept. 3.—Leo Godin, of Petit Rocher, brakeman on No. 10 train, had his shoulder badly dislocated while shunting at Gloucester Junction on Saturday. Godin was stepping from the engine when he slipped and fell. He was brought to Bathurst and attended by the district railway doctor, R. G. Daneau.

There have been evidences of ignorance of Canadian geography in England, but E. B. Williams, of this city, in a letter from Boston, proves that much nearer neighbors have hazy ideas on the subject. He writes that he saw in the window of the Maine Central railroad office in Boston a large picture of the Cantilever and Suspension bridges, Fairville. The pictures were very fine, and on a brass plate underneath was this inscription: "This is a picture of the Cantilever and Suspension bridges over the St. John river, and they connect Maine and New Brunswick."

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WE believe in "The Slater Shoe!" Otherwise the sign pictured here would never swing from our store.



Our faith in Slater Shoes is based upon full knowledge and personal wear of them.

We had to sign a rigid contract in order to secure the exclusive control for this town.

Naturally we "went slow," and investigated thoroughly before we signed it.

We bought several pairs of Slater Shoes and wore them personally.

We knew a score of people who had worn Slater Shoes regularly, and we consulted them confidentially, on the fit and service given.

Then we visited the factory to see just how carefully they were made, and what sort of materials were put under the finish.

After we were convinced that no other shoes in Canada, at the price, were so carefully and uniformly well-made, we signed the contract which gave us control.

Then we placed a large order for a full range of Slater Shoe shapes, sizes and widths.

It had to be a large order for we must sell a raft of Slater Shoes in order to make a fair profit out of the line.

Because, the Makers' stamp their own retail price on the lining of every Slater Shoe, and that price doesn't leave any fancy margin for the Retailer.

But, we have seen that the actual difference in profit has been put into the shoes, and that what we lose in profit the Wearer gets in extra service, style and comfort.

We rely upon that extra value to increase our sales, so that the volume will make up for the small profit per pair.

Our new Slater Shoes are now in stock, and we are proud of them.

Come and tell us what you think of the new styles, and of our judgement in making this radical "move" in our business.

Look them over, and try them on, even if you don't want to buy at once.

If you are hard to fit, better choose while the stock is fresh—while sizes and widths are complete, and perhaps we'll lay aside for you the pair you select, till you want them.

Now don't defer—Come along today, or tomorrow, and see what we've got for you in—

Advertisement for Slater Shoe featuring the logo, text 'The Slater Shoe', 'GOODYEAR PROCESS', and 'THE SLATER SHOE STORE, E. G. McCOLOUGH, 81 KING STREET.'

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TEN PER CENT DISCOUNT OFF OUR NEW STOCK OF MEN'S FALL OVERCOATS, WINTER OVERCOATS, FALL SUITS, FALL TROUSERS.....

MEN'S HIGH-GRADE RAINCOATS AT DISCOUNTS OF 10 TO 30 PER CENT Lines of Raincoats of which but two or three remain are cut particularly low.

We are sole agents for 20th CENTURY BRAND CLOTHING, the best tailored and most stylish ready-to-wear clothing made in Canada—manufactured by a progressive wholesale tailoring firm of young men for young men who want clothing that has style and fit.

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