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THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL
 BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Continued.)
 "Then I am sure you need have no fear. What the league have sworn, that they surely will accomplish. Ah!" added the old diplomatist with a sigh, "If I were but a few years younger."
 "A, man!" interrupted honest Lady Portarles, "you are still young enough to turn your back on that French scoundrel that sits enthroned in your box tonight."
 "I wish I could . . . but your ladyship must remember that in serving our country we must put prejudices aside. M. Chauvein is the accredited agent of the government."
 "Ode's fish, man!" she retorted, "you don't call those bloodthirsty ruffians over there a government, do you?"
 "It has not been thought advisable as yet," said the Minister, guardedly, "for England to break off diplomatic relations with France, and we cannot therefore refuse to receive with courtesy the agents she wishes to send us."
 "Diplomatic relations be damned, my lord! That is little fox over there is nothing but a spy, I'll warrant, and you find—on I'm much mistaken, that he'll concern himself little with diplomacy, beyond trying to do mischief to royalist refugees—to our historic Scarlet Pimpernel and to the members of that brave little league."
 "I am sure," said the Comtesse, punning up her thin lips, "that if this Chauvein wishes to do us mischief, he will find a faithful ally in Lady Blakeney."
 "Bless the woman!" ejaculated Lady Portarles, "did ever anyone see such perversity? My lord Grenville, you have the gift of the gab, will you please explain to Madame la Comtesse that she is acting like a fool. In your position here in England, Madame," she added, turning a wrathful and resolute face towards the Comtesse, "you cannot afford to put on the hoity-toity airs your French aristocrats are so fond of. Lady Blakeney may or may not be in sympathy with those ruffians in France; she may or may not have anything to do with the arrest and condemnation of St. Cyr, or whatever the man's name is, but she is the leader of fashion in this country; Sir Percy Blakeney has more money than any half-dozen other men put together, he is hand and glove with royalty, and you trying to snub Lady Blakeney will not harm her, but will make you look a fool. Isn't that so, my lord?"
 "But what Lord Grenville thought of this matter, or to what reflections this homely tirade of Lady Portarles led the Comtesse de Tourmay, remained unspoken, for the curtain had just risen on the third act of "Orpheus," and announcements to attendance came from every part of the house.
 Lord Grenville took a hasty farewell of the ladies and slipped back into his box, where M. Chauvein had sat all through this act, and with his keen pale eyes intently fixed upon a box opposite to him, where, with much iron-frown of silken skirts, much laughter and general air of curiosity amongst the audience, Marguerite Blakeney had just entered, accompanied by her husband, and looking divinely pretty beneath the wealth of her golden, reddish curls, slightly sprinkled with powder, and tied back at the nape of her graceful neck with a gigantic bow. Always dressed in the very latest vagary of fashion, Marguerite alone among the ladies that night had discarded the cross-over fichu and broad-lapelled overdress, which had been in fashion for the last two or three years. She wore the short-waisted, classical-shaped gown, which so soon was to become the approved mode in every country in Europe. It suited her graceful, regal figure to perfection, composed as it was of shimmering stuff which seemed a mass of rich gold embroidery.
 As she entered, she leant for a moment out of the box, taking stock of all those present whom she knew. Many bowed to her as she did so, and from the royal box there came also a quick and gracious salute.
 Chauvein watched her intently all through the commencement of the third act, as she sat enthralled with the music, her exquisite little hand toying with the small jewelled fan, her regal head, her throat, arms and neck, covered with magnificent diamonds and rare gems, the gift of the adoring husband who sprawled jealously by her side.
 Marguerite was passionately fond of music, Orpheus charmed her tonight. The very joy of living was written plainly upon the sweet young face, it sparkled out of the merry blue eyes and lit up the smile that lurked around the lips. She was after all but five-and-twenty, in the heyday of youth, the darling of a brilliant throng, adored, fêted, petted, cherished. Two days ago the Day Dream had returned from Calais, bringing her news that her idolised brother had safely landed, that she thought of her, and would be prudent for her sake.
 "What wonder for the moment, and listening to Gluck's impassioned strains, that she forgot her disillusionments, forgot her vanished love-dreams, forgot even the laid-up, good-humored nonentity who had made up for his lack of spiritual attain-

ments by lavishing worldly advantages upon her.
 He had stayed beside her in the box just as long as convention demanded, making way for His Royal Highness, and for the host of admirers who in a continual procession came to pay homage to the queen of fashion. Sir Percy had strolled away, to talk to more congenial friends probably. Marguerite did not even wonder whether he had gone—she cared so little; she had had a little court round her, composed of the jeunesse dorée of London, and had just dismissed them all, wishing to be alone with Gluck for a brief while.
 A discreet knock at the door roused her from her enjoyment.
 "Come in," she said with some impatience, without turning to look at the intruder.
 Chauvein, waiting for his opportunity, noted that she was alone, and now, without pausing for that impatient "Come in," he quietly slipped into the box, and the next moment was standing behind Marguerite's chair.
 "A word with you, citoyenne," he said quietly.
 Marguerite turned quickly, in alarm, which was not altogether feigned.
 "Lad, man! you frightened me," she said with a forced little laugh, "your presence is entirely inopportune. I want to listen to Gluck, and have no mind for talking."
 "But this is my only opportunity," he said, as quietly, and without waiting for permission, he drew a chair close behind her—so close that he could whisper in her ear without disturbing the audience, and without being seen, in the dark background of the box. "This is my only opportunity," he repeated, as she said this to no reply. "Lady Blakeney is always so surrounded, so fetted by her court, that a mere old friend has but very little chance."
 "Faith, man!" she said impatiently, "you must seek for another opportunity then. I am going to Lord Grenville's ball tonight after the opera. So say you, probably, I'll give you five minutes then."
 "Three minutes in the privacy of this box are quite sufficient for me," he rejoined placidly, "and I think the sooner would be wise to listen to me, Citoyenne St. Just."
 Marguerite instinctively shivered. Chauvein had not raised his voice above a whisper; he was now quietly taking a pinch of snuff, yet there was something in his attitude, something in those pale, fiery eyes, which seemed to freeze the blood in her veins, as would the sight of some deadly hitherto unguessed peril.
 "Is that a threat, citizen?" she asked at last.
 "Nay, fair lady," he said gallantly, "only an arrow shot into the air."
 He passed a moment, like a cat which sees a mouse running heedlessly, by ready to spring, yet waiting with that feline sense of enjoyment of mischief about to be done. Then he said quietly—
 "Your brother, St. Just, is in peril."
 Not a muscle moved in the beautiful face before him. He could only see it in profile, for Marguerite seemed to be watching the stage intently, but Chauvein was a keen observer; he noticed the sudden rigidity of the eyes the hardening of the mouth, the sharp, almost paralysed, tension of the beautiful, graceful figure.
 "Lad, then," she said, with affected merriment, "since 'tis one of your imaginary plots, you'd best go back to your own seat and leave me to enjoy the music."
 And with her hand she began to beat time nervously against the cushion of the box. Selma Storace was singing the "Die Frau" to an audience that hung spell-bound upon the prima donna's lips. Chauvein did not move from his seat; he quietly watched that tiny nervous hand, the only indication that his shaft had indeed struck home.
 "Well," she said suddenly and irrelevantly, and with the same feigned unconcern, "and with the same feigned unconcern."
 "About my brother?"
 "I have news of him for you which, I think, will interest you, but first let me explain . . . May I?"
 The question was unnecessary. He felt, though Marguerite still had her head steadily averted from him, that her every nerve was strained to hear what he had to say.
 "The other day, citoyenne," he said, "I asked for your help. . . France needed it, and I thought I could rely on you, but you gave me your answer. . . Since then the exigencies of my own affairs and your own social duties have kept us apart . . . although many things have happened."
 "To the point, I pray you, citizen," she said lightly; "the music is entrancing, and the audience will get impatient of your talk."
 "One moment, citoyenne. The day on which I had the honor of meeting you at Dover, and less than an hour after I had your final answer, I obtained possession of some papers, which revealed another of those subtle schemes for the escape of a batch of French aristocrats—that traitor de Tourmay amongst others—all organised by the arch-mediator, the Scarlet Pimpernel. Some of the threads, too, of this mysterious organization have fallen into my hands, but not all, and I want you—nay! you must help me to gather them together."
 Marguerite seemed to have listened to him with marked impatience; she now shrugged her shoulders and said gaily:
 "Bah! man. Have I not already told you that I care naught about your schemes or about the Scarlet Pimpernel. And had you not spoken about my brother . . ."
 "A little patience, I entreat, citoyenne," he continued impetuously. "Two gentlemen, Lord Antony Dewhurst and Sir Andrew Fionlkes were at 'The Fisherman's Rest' at Dover the same night."
 "I know. I saw them there."
 "They were already known to my spies as members of that accursed league. It was Sir Andrew Fionlkes who escorted the Comtesse de Tourmay and her children across the Channel. When the two young-

MUST QUELL ANARCHY

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Sept. 14.—The following letter from President Roosevelt to Senor Quesada, Cuban Minister to the United States, was given out tonight:
 Oyster Bay, N. Y., Sept. 14.
 "My Dear Senor Quesada:
 "In this crisis in the affairs of the Republic of Cuba, I write you, not merely because you are the Minister of Cuba accredited to this government, but because you and I were intimately drawn together at the time when the United States intervened in the affairs of Cuba with the result of making her an independent nation. You know how sincere my affection, admiration and regard for Cuba are.
 "You know that I never have done and never shall do anything in reference to Cuba save with such sincere regard for her welfare. You also know the pride I felt because it came to me as president, to withdraw the American troops from the island of Cuba, and officially to proclaim her independent and to wish her God speed on her career as a free republic.
 "I desire now through you to say a word of solemn warning to your people, whose earnest wish I am, for seven years Cuba has been the condition of profound peace and of steadily growing prosperity. For four years this peace and prosperity have been under the shadow of an independent government. Her peace, prosperity and independence are now menaced, for of the possible evils that can befall Cuba the worst is the evil of anarchy in which civil war and revolutionary disturbances will assuredly throw her.
 "Whoever is responsible for armed revolution and butchery, whoever is responsible in any way for the condition of affairs that leaves me in ignorance of the identity of the Scarlet Pimpernel."
 "Unfortunately, though they have given me confidence of certain names . . . certain movements . . . enough, I think, to thwart their projected coup for the moment, and still leave me in ignorance of the identity of the Scarlet Pimpernel."
 "I, my friend," she said, with the same assumed flippancy of manner, "then you are where you were before, aren't you? and you can let me enjoy the last strophe of the act. Faith!" she added, ostentatiously smothering an imaginary yawn, "had you not spoken about my brother . . ."
 "I am coming to him now, citoyenne. Among the papers there was a letter to Sir Andrew Fionlkes, written by your brother, St. Just."
 "Well? And?"
 "That letter shows him to be not only in sympathy with the cause of France, but actually a helper, if not a member, of the League of the Scarlet Pimpernel."
 The blow had been struck, but all along, Marguerite had been expecting it; she would not show fear, she was determined to remain unconcerned, flippant even. She wished, when the shock came, to be prepared for it, to have all her wits about her—those wits which had been nicknamed the "kennet in Europe. Even now she did not flinch. She knew that Chauvein had spoken the truth; the man was too earnest, too blindly devoted to the misguided cause he had at heart, too proud of his countrymen, of those makers of revolutions, to stoop to low, unscrupulous falsehoods.
 (To be continued.)

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BY-ELECTION DELAYED
 Halifax, N. S., Sept. 14.—There can be no by-election in Shelburne-Queens, till the appeal from Chief Justice Westerbe's decision ruling out the evidence to establish personal bribery by Hon. W. S. Fielding, is decided by the supreme court of Canada.
 A letter was forwarded this week from the chief justice and Justice Russell to the speaker of the house of commons, explaining their reasons for inability to send a certificate to the speaker of the voiding of the election in that constituency. The letter was simply an informal explanation of their position in the matter.
 It will be remembered that Chief Justice Westerbe held that a certificate of vacancy should be sent to the speaker. Justice Russell's opinion was that, in view of the appeal, the certificate should be sent to the supreme court of Canada. It is understood that no certificate has been forwarded, either to the speaker or to the supreme court. The supreme court will sit early in October, and in all likelihood this case will be the first taken up, with the probability that a decision will be rendered forthwith.
 This would make a by-election possible early in November.

FRUIT INSPECTOR IN CITY YESTERDAY
 G. R. Sangster, of Moncton, fruit inspector, spent yesterday in the city inspecting shipments of apples arriving here. Mr. Sangster says that some which came from river he found of good quality but badly packed. Nova Scotia Gravenstein and Pippins are not up to the mark this year so far and it looks as if the proportion of No. 1 apples will be not more than one in four. Winter apples, though, look well.
 The fruit marks act has been amended and the X's done away with, the markings now being No. 1, 2 and 3. Also, in addition to No. 1 being defined by the law, the requirements for No. 2 quality are also laid down and there is to be special watch against "over-filling," which means a fine looking top layer giving false hopes about the fruit below.
 The teachers' institute for the counties of York and Sunbury will be held in the High school building, Fredericton, on Thursday and Friday, Oct. 11 and 12. The following subjects will be discussed: History—A. S. MacFarlane, M. A. Arithmetic—J. T. Horseman, M. A. Geography—J. W. Hill, B. A. Addresses will be delivered by H. V. B. Bridges, M. A., principal of the Normal school, the president and others. Arrangements will be made with the river steamers for reduced fares.
 Miss Lou McIntyre, who has been visiting Mrs. John McDonald, Jr., Woodside, has returned home to Moncton.



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