

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1936.

NEW FALL CLOTHING



AT ATTRACTIVE PRICES

The Exhibition has been a big attraction; but we have been hustling, showing our excellent values in

Men's and Boys' Clothing!

Everybody has been delighted with our display, and we have gained a great many new friends and customers.

If you are a visitor in town, don't go home until you see our display of

Up-to-Date Clothing

At \$6.00 and \$8.00 we have best Suit Values in St. John

...At \$10 and \$12...

we offer something in a Suit that other dealers charge \$12.00 and \$15.00 for.

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Satisfaction, Always

Henderson & Hunt,

40-42 King St., 75 Germain St.

BRANCH STORE,

553-555 Main Street, NORTH END

BOY HAS CHARMED LIFE

BOSTON, Sept. 6.—For the second time in his life, 7-year-old Fred Darcy of Chelsea had a remarkable escape from death falling from a house to the sidewalk last night. While flying a kite from the roof of his home, he walked off the edge and fell a distance of 30 feet. He escaped without injury at that time.

slight scalp wound, he was uninjured. About two years ago, Darcy, while playing on the roof of the old Academy of Music in Chelsea, slipped and fell a distance of 30 feet to another roof. He escaped without injury at that time. Miss Rose Booth, of the staff of Mount Allison conservatory of music, went to Sackville yesterday.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Continued).

And the next moment Lady Blakeney, gently pushing mine host on one side, had swept into the coffee-room.

There are many portraits and miniature copies of Marguerite St. Just—Lady Blakeney as she was then—but it is doubtful if any of these really do her singular beauty justice. Tall, above the average, with magnificent presence and rosy figure, it is small wonder that even the Countess paused for a moment in involuntary admiration before turning her back on so fascinating an apparition.

Marguerite Blakeney was then scarcely five-and-twenty, and her beauty was at her most dazzling stage. The large hat, with its undulating and waving plumes, threw a soft shadow across the classic brow with the aureole of suburban hair—free at the moment from any powder; the sweet, almost child-like mouth, the straight classical nose, round chin and delicate throat, all seemed set off by the picturesque costume of the period. The rich blue velvet robe moulded in its every line the graceful contour of the figure, whilst one tiny hand held, with a dignity all its own, the tall stick adorned with a large bunch of ribbons, which fashionable ladies of the period had been taken to carrying recently.

With a quick glance all round the room, Marguerite Blakeney had taken stock of every one there. She nodded pleasantly to Sir Andrew Blakeney, whilst extending a hand to Lord Antony.

"Hello! my Lord Tony, why—what are you doing here in Dover?" she said merrily.

Then, without waiting for a reply, she turned and faced the Countess and Suzanne. Her whole face lighted up with additional brightness, as she strove out both arms toward the young girl.

"Why if that isn't my little Suzanne over there! How little, little citizeness, how come you to be in England? And Madama too!"

She went up effusively to them both, with not a single word of embarrassment in her manner or in her smile. Lord Tony and Sir Andrew watched the little scene with eager apprehension. English though they were, they had often been in France and had mixed sufficiently with the French, to realize the unending luxury, the bitter hatred with which the old nobles of France viewed all those who had helped to contribute to their downfall.

Armand St. Just, the brother of beautiful Lady Blakeney—though known to hold moderate and conciliatory views—was an ardent republican; his feud with the ancient family of St. Cyr—the rights and wrongs of which no outsider ever knew—had culminated in the downfall, the almost total extinction, of the latter.

In France, St. Just and his party had triumphed, and here in England, face to face with these three refugees driven from their country, living for their lives, bereft of all which the excesses of luxury had given them, there stood a fair scion of those same republican families which had hunted down a throne, and uprooted an aristocracy whose power was lost in the dim and distant vista of bygone centuries.

She stood there before them, in all the unconscious innocence of beauty, stretched out her dainty hand to them, as if she would, by that one act, bridge over the conflict and bloodshed of the past decade.

"Suzanne, I forbid you to speak to that woman," said the Countess, sternly, as she placed a restraining hand upon her daughter's arm.

She had spoken in English, so that all might hear and understand; the two young English gentlemen, as was the common rulekeeper and his daughter. The latter literally gasped with horror at this foreign insolence, this impudence before her husband—who in English, now that she was Sir Percy's wife, and a friend of the Princess of Wales to boot.

As for Lord Antony and Sir Andrew Frouless, their very hearts seemed to stand still with horror at this gratuitous insult. One of them uttered an exclamation of appeal, the other one of warning, and instinctively both glanced hurriedly towards the door, whence a slow, drawling, unpleasant voice had already been heard.

Alone among those present Marguerite Blakeney and the Countess de Tournay had remained seemingly unmoved. The latter, rigid, erect and defiant, with one hand still upon her daughter's arm, seemed the very personification of unshakable pride. For the moment, Marguerite's sweet face had become as white as the soft fish which swathed her throat, and a very keen observer might have noted as little Suzanne, humble and obedient, was about to follow her, the hard, set expression suddenly vanished, and a wistful, almost pathetic and childlike look stole into Lady Blakeney's eyes.

Little Suzanne caught that look; the child's sweet nature went out to the beautiful woman, scarce older than herself; filial obedience vanished before girlish sympathy; at the door she turned, ran back to Marguerite, and putting her arms round her, kissed her effusively; then only did she follow her mother, Sally bringing up the rear, with a pleasant smile on her dimpled face, and with a final curtsy to my lady.

Suzanne's sweet and dainty impulse had relieved the unpleasant tension. Sir Andrew's eyes followed the pretty little figure, until it had quite disappeared, then they met Lady Blakeney's with unassumed merriment.

Marguerite, with dainty affectation, had kissed her hand to the ladies, as they disappeared through the door, then a humorous smile began hovering round the corners of her mouth.

"So that's it, is it?" she said gaily. "La! Sir Andrew, did you ever see such an unpleasant person? I hope when I grow old I shan't look like that."

She gathered up her skirts, and assuming a majestic gait, stalked towards the fireplace.

"Suzanne," she said, mimicking the Countess's voice, "I forbid you to speak to that woman!"

The laugh, which accompanied this sally, sounded perhaps a trifle forced and hard, but neither Sir Andrew nor Lord Tony were very keen observers. The mimicry was so perfect, the tone of the voice so accurately reproduced, that both the young men joined in a hearty, cheerful "Bravo!"

"Ah! Lady Blakeney!" added Lord Tony, "how they must miss you at the Comedie Francaise; and how the Parisians must hate Sir Percy for having taken you away."

"Mad, man," rejoined Marguerite, with a shrug of her graceful shoulders, "it is impossible to hate Sir Percy for anything; his witty sallies would disarm even Madame la Comtesse herself!"

The young Vicomte, who had not elected to follow his mother in her dignified exit, made a step forward, read to champion the Countess should Lady Blakeney sin any further shafts at her. But before he could utter a preliminary word of protest, a pleasant, though distinctly incisive laugh was heard from outside the door, and the next moment an unusually tall and very richly dressed figure appeared in the doorway.

CHAPTER VI.

An Exquisite of '92

Sir Percy Blakeney, as the chronicles of the time inform us, was in this year of grace 1792, still a year or two on the right side of thirty. Tall, above the average, even for an Englishman, broad-shouldered and massively built, he would have been called unusually good-looking, but for a certain leary expression in his deep-set blue eyes, and that perpetual inane laugh which seemed to disfigure his strong classical mouth.

It was nearly a year ago now that Sir Percy Blakeney, Bart., one of the richest men in England, leader of all the nobles, and a favourite of the Prince of Wales, had astonished fashionable society in London and Bath, by bringing home from one of his journeys old Madame de Tournay, his second wife, French wife. He, the sleepiest, dullest, most British Britisher that had ever set foot in a woman's parlour, had secured a brilliant matrimonial prize for which, as all chroniclers aver, there had been many competitors.

Marguerite St. Just had first made her debut in artistic Parisian circles, at the very moment when the greatest social upheaval the world has ever known was taking place in its very midst. Scarcely 18, lavishly gifted with beauty and talent, charmed from one point of view, she had soon gathered round her a brilliant circle of admirers, the Rue Richelieu, a coterie which was as brilliant as it was exclusive—exclusive that is to say, only from one point of view, Marguerite St. Just was from principle and by conviction a republican—equality of birth was her motto—inequality of fortune was in her eyes a mere untoward accident, but the only inequality she admitted was that of talent. "Money and titles may be hereditary," she would say, "but brains are not," and thus her charming salon was reserved for originality and intellect, for brilliant and wit, for clever men and talented women and the entrance into it was soon looked upon in the world of intellect—which even in those days and in those troublous times found its pivot in Paris—as the seal to an artistic career.

Clever men, distinguished men, and even men of exalted station formed a perpetual and brilliant court round the fascinating young actress of the Comedie Francaise, and she glided through republican, revolutionary, bloodthirsty Paris like a shining comet, with a trail behind her of all that was most distinguished, most interesting, in intellectual Europe.

Then the climax came. Some smiled indulgently and called it an artistic eccentricity, others looked upon it as a wise provision, in view of the many events which were crowding thick and fast in Paris just then, but to all, the real motive of that climax remained a puzzle and a mystery. Anyway, Marguerite St. Just married Sir Percy Blakeney one fine day, just like that, without any warning to her friends, without a service de courtois, or dinner de fiancailles or other appearances of a fashionable French wedding.

(To be continued.)

MONTREAL SHIPLABORERS ON STRIKE

Montreal, Sept. 6.—One hundred and fifty ship laborers who have been working for the Canadian Pacific Steamship and the Donaldson lines are at present on strike and there is every reason to believe that, when they are ready to return to work, they will find their places filled.

They have been receiving twenty cents an hour for day work, thirty for night work and forty for Sunday. They demand twenty-five, thirty-five and fifty cents an hour and their demands were refused.

The C. P. R. at once put fifty sailors at work and several carpenters and this afternoon a good sized crowd is going from the railway to the straits. With them the company claims the work can be done and meanwhile men are being hired to permanently replace those who are out. The Donaldson line is also filling the vacancies.

H. Merton, of Penobscot, was registered at the Metropole, Vancouver, Aug. 30.

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Ask your candy man for Stewart's Marshmallows—always fresh.

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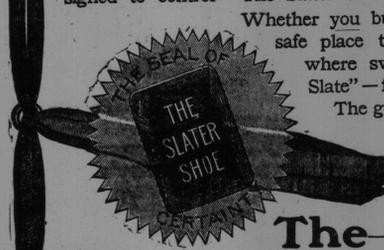
2nd—that it pays its bills promptly, in cash every thirty days, or it couldn't hold "The Slater Shoe" Agency.

3d—that it is satisfied with a reasonable profit on goods or it wouldn't be selling "The Slater Shoe," which is price-controlled by the Makers.

4th—that it sincerely intends to give the best value possible, and to deal "squarely" with its customers every time, or it wouldn't have signed such a contract as must be signed to control "The Slater Shoe."

Whether you buy Slater Shoes or not, a safe place to trade is at the store where swings "The Sign of the Slate"—for the four reasons given.

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Orders will be filled immediately upon receipt and every endeavor will be made to give complete satisfaction to all.

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IN OUR USUAL ASSORTMENT.

P. E. CAMPBELL Seedsman and Grower, 47 Germain Street, Phone 532, Buenos Ayres.

Digby, Sept. 6.—A despatch received from the customs department tonight sustains the seizure of the Italian bark which was made at Digby for not reporting and she will be compelled to pay a fine and all other charges before receiving her clearance papers at Annapolis for Buenos Ayres.