

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N.B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1906.

THEY SAY!—LIFE NOW A PERPETUAL FEAST

BY NEWELL DWIGHT HILLS.

YES, they are saying all over town that our stock of Fall and Winter Clothing, Haberdashery, etc., is the finest display of the kind made in this section of the Province.

Our elegant Overcoats, in the different styles, our Swagger Suits in all cuts; smart Furnishings, and our New Hats cannot be excelled in any way.

Our store is fairly abloom with Fall newness—everything you'll like to wear is here, and every price we quote will be a satisfactory one to you. What everybody says is so.

MEN'S OVERCOATS from \$7.50 to \$22.00
MEN'S SUITS from - - - 4.00 to 20.00
MEN'S TROUSERS from - 1.25 to 6.00

Special for Today--All-Wool Fleece Underwear, regular 75c. quality, at 49c. per garment. Men's Colored Shirts, regular \$1.00 and \$1.25 value, at 65c. A few left yet.

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

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Continued.)
CHAPTER XV.
Doubt.

Marguerite Blakeney had watched the slight smile of Chauvin, as he worked his way through the ball-room. Then perfume had to wait, while her nerves tingled with excitement.

Lately she sat in the small, still deserted boudoir, looking out through the curtained doorway on the dancing couples beyond; looking at them, yet seeing nothing, hearing the music, yet conscious of naught save a feeling of expectancy, of anxious, weary waiting.

Her mind conjured up before her the vision of what was, perhaps at this very moment, passing downstairs. The half-dressed dining-room, the faithful hour—Chauvin on the watch—then, precise to the moment, the entrance of a man, the Scarlet Pimpernel, the mysterious leader, who to Marguerite had become almost unreal, so strange, so weird was his hidden identity.

She wished she were in the supper-room, too, at this moment, watching him as he entered; she knew that her woman's penetration would at once recognize in the stranger's face—whoever he might be—that strong individuality which belongs to a leader of men—a hero; to the mighty, high-sounding eagle, whose daring wings were becoming entangled in the red net.

Woman-like, she thought of him with unmitigated ardour; the irony of that fate seemed so cruel which allowed the fearless lion to succumb to the gnawing of a rat! "Ah! had Armand's life not been at stake!"

"Faith! your ladyship must have thought me very remiss," said a voice suddenly close to her elbow. "I had a deal of difficulty in delivering your message, for I could not find Blakeney anywhere at first."

Marguerite had forgotten all about her husband and her message for him; his very name, as spoken by Lord Fancourt, sounded strange and unfamiliar to her, so completely that she in the last five minutes had lived her old life in the Rue de Richelieu again, with Armand always near her to love and protect her, to guard her from the many subtle intrigues which were for ever raging in Paris in these days.

"I did find him at last," continued Lord Fancourt, "and gave him your message. He said that he would give orders at once for the horses to be put to."

"Ah!" she said, "I am so glad, my dear; you found my husband and gave him my message?"

"Yes; he was in the dining-room fast asleep. I could not manage to wake him up at first."

"Thank you very much," she said mechanically, trying to collect her thoughts. "Will your ladyship honor me with the contraband until your coach is ready?" asked Lord Fancourt.

"No, I thank you my lord, but—an you will forgive me—I really am too tired, and the heat in the ball-room has become oppressive."

"The conservatory is deliciously cool; let me take you there, and then get you something. You even said, Lady Blakeney."

"I am only very tired," she repeated wearily, as she allowed Lord Fancourt to lead her, where subdued lights and green plants lent coolness to the air. He got her a chair, into which she sank. This long interval of waiting was intolerable. Why did not Chauvin come and tell her the result of the watch?

Lord Fancourt was very attentive. She scarcely heard what he said, and suddenly started him by asking abruptly: "Lord Fancourt, did you perceive who was in the dining-room just now besides Sir Percy Blakeney?"

"Only the agent of the French government, M. Chauvin, equally fast asleep in another corner," he said. "Why does your ladyship ask?"

"I know not . . . I . . . Did you not notice the time when you were there?"

"It must have been about five or ten minutes past one. . . I wonder what your ladyship is thinking about," he added, for evidently the lady's thoughts were very far away, and she had not been listening to his intellectual conversation.

But indeed her thoughts were not very far away; only one story below, in this same house, in the dining-room where sat Chauvin still on the watch. Had he failed? For one instant that possibility rose before her as a hope—the hope that the Scarlet Pimpernel had been warned by Sir Andrew, and that Chauvin's trap had failed to catch the bird; but that hope soon gave way to fear. Had he failed? But then—Armand!

Lord Fancourt had given up talking since he found that he had no listener. He wanted an opportunity for slipping away; for sitting opposite to a lady, however fair, who is evidently not heeding the most vigorous efforts made for her entertainment, is not exhilarating, even to a cabinet minister.

"Shall I find out if your ladyship's coach is ready," he said at last, tentatively.

"Oh, thank you . . . thank you . . . if you would be so kind . . . I fear I am in a sorry company . . . but I am really tired . . . and, perhaps, would be best alone."

She had been longing to be rid of him, for she hoped that the coach might be so assembled. Chauvin would be prowling round, thinking to find her alone.

But Lord Fancourt went and still Chauvin did not come. Oh! what had happened? She felt Armand's fate trembling in the balance; she feared—now with a deadly fear—that Chauvin had failed, and that the mysterious Scarlet Pimpernel had proved elusive once more; then she knew that she need hope for no pity, no mercy, from him.

He had pronounced his "Fishes—er—er" and nothing else would content him; he was very spiteful, and would affect the belief that she had wilfully misled him, and having failed to trap the mouse again, his revengeful mind would be content with the humble prey—Armand!

Let her had done her best, she showed every nerve for Armand's sake. She could not bear to think that all had failed. She could not sit still; she wanted to go and hear the worst at once; she wondered even that Chauvin had not come yet, to vent his wrath and entire upon her.

Lord Grenville himself came presently to tell her that her coach was ready, and that Sir Percy was already waiting for her—without her hand. Marguerite said "Farewell" to her distinguished host; many of her friends stopped her, as she crossed the room, to talk to her, and exchange pleasant remarks.

The minister only took final leave of beautiful Lady Blakeney on the top of the stairs, below, on the landing, under the array of gallant gentlemen were waiting to bid "Good-bye" to the queen of beauty and fashion, whilst outside, under the massive portico, Sir Percy's magnificent bays were impatiently pawing the ground.

At the top of the stairs, just after she had taken final leave of her host, she suddenly saw Chauvin; he was coming up the stairs slowly, and rubbing his thin hands very softly together.

There was a curious look on his mobile face, partly amused and wholly puzzled, and as his keen eyes met Marguerite's they became strangely excited.

"M. Chauvin," she said, as she stopped on the top of the stairs, bowing elaborately before her, "my coach is outside; may I claim your arm?"

As gallant as ever, he offered her his arm and led her downstairs. The crowd was very great, some of the minister's guests were departing, others were leaning against the banisters watching the throng as it filed up and down the wide staircase.

"Chauvin," she said at last desperately, "I must know what has happened."

"What has happened, dear lady?" he said, with affected surprise. "Where? When?"

From the summer's travel we have harvested many new experiences and valuable lessons. Other summers have strengthened hope and fed the springs of optimism. But the outlook for the people and their country has never been so bright with promise. Life is a widening and deepening river. Once for the working man and the common people the dominant color was grey or dull brown; now comes a time when the colors are many and brilliant. Each day life is a perpetual feast, spread with rich viands. Our fathers dwelt in tents, ate bread and kissed the earth; their children lived in cold houses, and those servants named inventors, authors, reformers, educators, are making the house to be a palace. The knowledge of the good fortune that has overwhelmed all of one's fellows leads a new note of happiness to the work of all men who are knitted in with their fellows.

LIFE WIDENING IN ITS INDIVIDUAL ASPECTS.

We return from a look abroad for from our sojourn and travels through our own country with a new sense of the increasing richness of the life of the common people. Men are ceasing to be specialists as farmers or carpenters or engineers. The man is now something more than a modified merchant. As never before the occupations are making strong men. Work is becoming a kind of college. The new tools are pushing back the horizon for the common people. The spinner has ceased to be a mere accident of his loom. The ignorant man can hoe corn or pick cotton; men who handle the new electrical machines are intelligent. In Alabama the horse now pulls a machine through the cotton fields and steel fingers pick the cotton from the boll.

The boy has been awakened by necessity, and the new era is working a similar transformation upon the immigrants that have just come to our shores. Once the ignorant man of the world of his own profession. One youth moved in a deep rut, worn by the feet of physicians; another walked in a path worn by theologians; neither knew anything outside of his own profession. Life's way was then a narrow way. Peasants were walled about with ignorance. Gone now the horizon! Flight and freedom! The average man is becoming a strong man first, and incidentally he follows a plough and runs an engine, or sells goods.

This summer I have travelled many thousands of miles, lectured in many states, visited many cities, and have not seen a single drunken man. I have not met one workman, one farmer, one citizen in store or factory or shop, who was not standing on tiptoe with expectation, who was not an optimist to his finger tips. The few pessimists I met were out of touch with life, were retired dreamers, living with their thoughts in a world of their own making.

LIFE WIDENING IN ITS POLITICAL ASPECTS.

One returns from the summer travel with the conviction that life is growing

"You flatter me, citoyenne." She had detained him for a while, mid-way down the stairs, trying to get at the thoughts which lay beyond that thin, fox-like mask. But Chauvin remained unshaken, serene, mysterious; not a line of his face betrayed the poor, anxious woman whether she dared to hope.

Downstairs on the landing she was soon surrounded by a crowd of men, who were sped from any house into her coach, without an escort of strolling human moths and all the dancing light of her beauty had before she finally turned away from Chauvin, she held out a tiny hand to him, with that pretty gesture of the hand which was so essentially her own.

"Give me some hope, my little Chauvin," she pleaded. With perfect gallantry he bowed over that tiny hand, which looked so dainty and white through the delicately transparent lace of her gloves, and kissing the tips of her fingers—

"Pray heaven that the thread may not break," he repeated, with his enigmatic smile.

And stepping aside, he allowed the moths to flutter more closely round the candle, and the brilliant dancing of the immense dorse, eagerly attentive to Lady Blakeney's every movement, hid the keen, fox-like face from her view.

CHAPTER XVII. RICHMOND. A few minutes later she was sitting wrapped in cozy furs, near Sir Percy Blakeney on the box-seat of his magnificent coach, and the driver's hand had thumped down the quiet street.

The night was warm in spite of the gentle breeze which fanned Marguerite's face, and the brilliant dancing of the immense dorse, eagerly attentive to Lady Blakeney's every movement, hid the keen, fox-like face from her view.

The river wound in and out in its pretty delicate curves, looking like a silver serpent beneath the glittering rays of the moon. Long shadows from overhanging trees spread occasional deep pale right across the road. The bays were rushing along at breakneck speed, half led and half pulled by Sir Percy's strong, unerring hands.

The nighty drives after balls and suppers in London were a source of perpetual delight to Marguerite, and she appreciated her husband's eccentricity keenly, which caused him to adopt this mode of taking her home every night, to their beautiful home by the river, instead of living in a stuffy London house. He loved driving his spirited horses along the lonely, moonlit roads, and she loved to sit on the box-seat, with the soft air of an English late summer's night fanning her face after the hot atmosphere of a ball or supper-party.

The drive was not a long one—less than an hour, sometimes, when the bays were they have been effective in forcing French very fresh, and Sir Percy gave them their rein.

Tonight he seemed to have a very devil in his fingers, and the coach seemed to fly along the road beating the river. As usual he did not speak to her but stared straight in front of him, the ribbons seeming to lie quietly in his slender, white hands. Marguerite looked at him tentatively once or twice; she could see his handsome profile, and one lazy eye, which lay straight in his brow and drooping heavily lid.

The face in the moonlight looked singularly earnest, and recalled to Marguerite's aching heart those happy days of courtship, before he had become the lazy nincompoop, the effete fool, whose life seemed spent in card and supper rooms.

(To be continued.)

Wider and richer in its political aspects. A universal springtime seems to be moving over the earth. The very upheavals are now becoming signs of growth. Revolution itself is but the red-hot ploughshare turning up the soil and burying the seed of old evils.

Even from Spain comes the news of a better era. A new patriotism is sweeping over old Castile. The new Italy is here also with the Austrians and the new Japan and the new China, and best of all, the new Russia.

The people of the whole earth are being emancipated during these summer days. Peasants in Austria and Russia, people in Italy and Spain and Norway are waking from their long sleep. Their outlook upon political institutions is new, world wide. Of a truth the river of politics is a deepening and widening river.

LIFE RICHER BY ITS INDUSTRIAL ASPECTS. Wider and richer still the industrial movement. Less than a century ago the London Times published 400 copies every morning. The millions of English people would buy no larger edition. After the victory of Napoleon in the Austrian Tyrol the London Times and Railway and Home and Home for bringing the news to London. On the morning of the fifth day of the battle of Austerlitz London widened and heard about Napoleon's achievement. The battle was less than five days old. All England plumed itself on the journalistic achievement of the Times. But this morning's New York newspaper makes the old London Times ridiculous.

The myriad uses of electricity make Benjamin Franklin's idea of lightning seem childlike. The modern factory and loom make the old New England farmhouse, the spinning wheel and shoe, with the cruel winters, the fourteen hours of poorly paid toil, the scant food, the narrow life, the isolation and dreariness loneliness seem almost unbearable, even in thought. Penicillin, wearing a palace, makes up a beautiful event—in a poem. In actual life the girls who leaved about the spinning wheel in the English severity years ago live in the modern world of money, and are starved. It is this that explains the insanity in the New England of a hundred years ago. How drearful the sentence in John Todd's biography, that nearly every large family, soon or late, had one member that was starved!

Industrially never was life so broad, so rich, so happy. Once John Stuart Mill expressed a fear lest the art of music be reached because there were only eight notes in the scale. Since then Wagner and Liszt have shown us that there are more notes for the world of music. Once Malthus feared lest the limit of food and culture would be reached. But now we know that what was once looked upon as a wall is only a gate that opens into a new Eden of happiness, comfort, wealth, prosperity and universal good fortune for the common people.

CUSHING PULP MILL

Bid of Thos. McAvity Accepted by Liquidators and Judge.

The bid of Thomas McAvity for the equity of redemption of the Cushing pulp mill property has been accepted. His offer was \$30,000 and it was the highest of the several sent in to the liquidators—Messrs. T. B. Blair, H. H. McLean and W. E. Vroom. The bids were opened on Thursday, and announcement was withheld pending consultation with Judge McLeod. Yesterday the judge was consulted and gave his assent to the acceptance of Mr. McAvity's tender.

As explained by one who is in touch with the Cushing case proceedings, Mr. McAvity by paying \$30,000 and paying the amount of the mortgage and interest and other sums, will be put in possession of the property which is described in the advertisement of the equity of redemption as a certain mortgage between the Cushing Sulphate Fibre Co. and the Eastern Trust Co., including the pulp mill, machinery, fixtures and plant of the company and all the contents thereof.

The sum total is not a possibility at the present time. First of all the face of the mortgage is \$200,000. About the interest there is a dispute. The liquidators say it should be 10 per cent to the time due and 5 per cent thereafter, while the contractor claims 10 per cent from start to finish. This is a matter which has yet to be settled, but roughly stated, the principal and interest on bonds is placed at about \$40,000. Besides this there came into question the costs of the Cushing suit, which it may be believed will total a fairly large sum.

The company has been in possession of the property, and it is claimed work has been carried on at a profit and that these earnings must be reckoned with. Account of them is now being taken. In all it will be seen there is a large sum to pay in addition to the \$20,000 if the successful tenderer would come into possession, or he may bid in the property at the foreclosure sale Oct. 20.

It was said yesterday that Mr. McAvity was not willing for himself in making the tender and that he represented Capt. Farrington, of England, head of the Cushing company, but there was no authoritative statement on this point to be had.

Frank Hogan, son of Michael Hogan, left on the C. P. R. last evening on his return to Harvard.

GET INCREASED PAY

Moncton, N.B., Sept. 21—The minister of railways spent today in the I. C. R. offices taking up the question of pay to the junior clerks. A number of increases have been granted to the stenographers and they range from \$5 to \$15. It is stated that the junior machinists in the shops are also to get increases at once. T. C. Burpee's salary as engineer of maintenance has been increased to the amount paid W. B. McKenzie. Four district superintendents are also to get increases of \$30 each per annum.

SUED BY WIFE

Ottawa, Sept. 21—Judge Anglin will open the high court of Ontario jury sittings in the Ottawa court house next Tuesday. Among the cases listed for trial Commander Spain is the defendant. Through W. B. A. Ritchie, acting as trustee for Mary Beatrice Spain, suit is made for \$1,200, being six quarterly allowances of \$20 each, alleged to be in arrears, the allowances being provided for in an agreement between plaintiff and defendant. She claims \$4,200, alleging it is owing her for insurance premiums paid, and money loaned to her husband. She claims to have loaned \$6,000 and that but \$1,750 has been paid.

G. D. Robinson, of the general freight department, C. P. R., left last evening for Montreal, Boston, etc.



PURITY FLOUR

Essentials of good bread are just three—common sense, a good oven and Purity Flour. Produced entirely from the choicest Western Canada Hard Wheat. That's why Purity Flour makes most delicious bread with least trouble.

Sold Everywhere in The Great Dominion

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., Limited Mills at Winnipeg, Odebrecht and Brandon

Advertisement for Stanfield's Underwear, featuring an illustration of a man in a suit and the text 'The One Sure Unshrinkable Underwear'.

Advertisement for Lake of the Woods Milling Co., Limited, featuring an illustration of a flour barrel and the text 'The First Need of a cook, in order to insure good bread and pastry on Baking Day, is a good flour, and one which is uniform.'

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FLIES CARRY CONTAGION

Wilson's Fly Pads

Wilson's Fly Pads

Kill the flies and disease germs too

Advertisement for Nestle's Food, featuring an illustration of a baby and the text 'Babies Thrive on Nestle's Food, because it contains all the food properties of rich, creamy cow's milk—in a form that tiny babies can assimilate by adding water—no milk required to prepare it.'

Advertisement for Wilson's Fly Pads, featuring an illustration of a fly and the text 'Flies Carry Contagion. Wilson's Fly Pads. Kill the flies and disease germs too.'