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THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Continued.)

She looked round her quite aimlessly now: she was horribly puzzled, and a nameless dread, before all this strange, unaccountable mystery, had begun to seize upon her. She felt cold and uncomfortable suddenly in this severe and dark room. There were no pictures on the wall, save the fine Boucher portrait, only a couple of maps, both of parts of France, one of the North coast and the other of the environs of Paris. What did Sir Percy want with those, she wondered.

Marguerite tore open the envelope. Already her instinct had told her what it contained, and her eyes only glanced at it mechanically.

It was a letter written by Armand St. Just to Sir Andrew Ffoulkes — the letter which Chauvelin's spies had stolen at "The Fisherman's Rest," and which Chauvelin had held as a rod over her to enforce her obedience.

Now he had kept his word—he had sent her back St. Just's compromising letter . . . for he was on the track of the Scarlet Pimpernel.

Marguerite's senses reeled, her very soul seemed to be leaving her body; she tottered, and would have fallen but for Suzanne's arm round her waist. With super-human effort she regained control over herself—there was yet much to be done.

"Bring that runner here to me," she said to the servant, with much calm. "He has not gone?"

"No, my lady."

The groom went, and Marguerite turned to Suzanne.

"And you, child, run within. Tell Lucile to get ready. I fear I must send you home, child. And—stay, tell one of the maids to prepare a travelling dress and cloak for me."

Suzanne made no reply. She kissed Marguerite tenderly, and obeyed without a word; the child was over-awed by the terrible, nameless misery in her friend's face.

A minute later the groom returned, followed by the runner who had brought the letter.

"Who gave you this picket," asked Marguerite.

"A gentleman, my lady," replied the man, "at 'The Rose and Thistle' inn, opposite Charing Cross. He said you would understand."

"At 'The Rose and Thistle?' What was he doing?"

"He was waiting for the coach, your ladyship, which he had ordered."

"The coach?"

"Yes, my lady. A special coach he had ordered. I understood from his man that he was posting straight to Dover."

"That's enough. You may go." Then she turned to the groom: "My coach and the four swiftest horses in the stables, to be ready at once."

The groom and runner both went quickly off to obey. Marguerite remained standing for a moment on the lawn quite alone. Her graceful figure was as rigid as a statue, her eyes were fixed, her hands were tightly clasped across her breast; her lips moved as they murmured with pathetic heart-breaking persistence:

"What's to be done? What's to be done? Where to find him?—Oh, God! grant me light."

But this was not the moment for remorse and despair.

She had done—unwittingly—an awful and terrible thing—the very worst crime, in her eyes, that woman ever committed—she saw it in all its horror. Her very blindness in not having guessed her husband's secret seemed now to her another deadly sin. She ought to have known! she ought to have known!

How could she imagine that a man who could love with so much intensity as Percy Blakeney had loved her from the first?—how could such a man be the brainless idiot he chose to appear? She, at least, ought to have known that he was wearing a mask, and having found that out, she should have torn it from his face, whenever they were alone together.

Her love for him had been paltry and weak, easily crushed by her own pride; and she, too, had worn a mask in assuming a contempt for him, whilst, as a matter of fact, she completely misunderstood him.

But there was no time now to go over the past. By her own blindness she had sinned; now she must repay, not by empty remorse, but by prompt and useful action.

Percy had started for Calais, utterly unconscious of the fact that his most relentless enemy was on his heels. He had set sail early that morning from London Bridge. Provided he had a favorable wind, he would no doubt be in France within twenty-four hours; no doubt he had reckoned on the wind and chosen this route.

Chauvelin, on the other hand, would post to Dover, charter a vessel there, and undoubtedly reach Calais much about the same time. Once in Calais, Percy would meet all those who were eagerly waiting for the noble and brave Scarlet Pimpernel, who had come to rescue them from horrible and unmerited death. With Chauvelin's eyes now fixed upon his every movement, Percy would thus not only be endangering his own life, but that of Suzanne's father, the old Comte de Tournay, and of those other fugitives who were waiting for him and trusting in him. There was also Armand, who had gone to meet de Tournay, secure in the knowledge that the Scarlet Pimpernel was watching over his safety.

All these lives and that of her husband, lay in Marguerite's hands; these she must save, if human pluck and ingenuity were equal to the task.

Unfortunately, she could not do all this quite alone. Once in Calais she would not know where to find her husband, whilst Chauvelin, in stealing the papers at Dover, had obtained the whole itinerary. Above everything, she wished to warn Percy.

She knew enough about him by now to understand that he would never abandon those who trusted in him, that he would not turn back from danger, and leave the Comte de Tournay to fall into the blood-thirsty hand that knew no mercy. But if he were warned, he might form new plans, be more wary, more prudent. Unconsciously, he might fall into a cunning trap, but—once warned—he might yet succeed.

And if he failed—if indeed Fate, and Chauvelin, with all the resources at his command, proved too strong for the daring plotter after all—then at least she would be there by his side, to comfort, love and cherish, to cheat death perhaps at the last by making it seem sweet, if they died both together, locked in each other's arms, with the supreme happiness of knowing that passion had responded to passion, and that all misunderstandings were at an end.

Her whole body stiffened as with a great and firm resolution. This she meant to do, if God gave her wits and strength. Her eyes lost their fixed look; they glowed with inward fire at the thought of meeting him again so soon, in the very midst of those deadly perils; they sparkled with the joy of sharing these dangers with him—of helping him perhaps—of being with him at the last—if she failed.

The childlike sweet face had become hard and set, the curved mouth was closed tightly over her clenched teeth. She meant to do or die, with him and for his sake. A frown, which spoke of an iron will and unbending resolution, appeared between the two straight brows; already her plans were formed. She would go and find Sir Andrew Ffoulkes first; he was Percy's best friend, and Marguerite remembered with a thrill, with what blind enthusiasm the young man always spoke of his mysterious leader.

He would help her where she needed help; her coach was ready. A change of raiment, and a farewell to little Suzanne, and she would be on her way.

Without haste, but without hesitation, she walked quietly into the house.

CHAPTER XX.

THE FRIEND.

Less than half an hour later, Marguerite, buried in thoughts, sat inside her coach, which was bearing her swiftly to London.

She had taken an affectionate farewell of little Suzanne, and seen the child safely started with her maid, and in her own coach, back to town. She had sent one courier with a respectful letter of excuse to His Royal Highness, begging for a postponement of the august visit on account of pressing and urgent business, and another on ahead to bespeak a fresh relay of horses at Faversham.

Then she had changed her muslin frock for a dark travelling costume and mantle, had provided herself with money—which her husband's lavishness always placed fully at her disposal—and had started on her way.

She did not attempt to delude herself with any vain and futile hopes: the safety of her brother Armand was to have been conditional on the imminent capture of the Scarlet Pimpernel. As Chauvelin had sent her back Armand's compromising letter, there was no doubt that he was quite satisfied in his own mind that Percy Blakeney was the man, whose death he had sworn to bring about.

No! there was no room for any fond delusions! Percy, the husband whom she loved with all the ardour which her admiration for his bravery had kindled, was in immediate, deadly peril, through her hand. She had betrayed him to his enemy—unwittingly 'tis true—but she had betrayed him, and if Chauvelin succeeded in trapping him, who so far was unaware of his danger, then his death would be at her door. His death! when with her very heart's blood, she would have defended him and given willingly her life for his.

She had ordered her coach to drive her to the "Crown" in; once there, she told her coachman to give the horses food and rest. Then she ordered a chair, and had herself carried to the house in Pall Mall where Sir Andrew Ffoulkes lived.

Among all Percy's friends, who were enrolled under his daring banner, she felt that she would prefer to confide in Sir Andrew Ffoulkes. He had always been her friend, and now his love for little Suzanne had brought him closer to her still. Had he been away from home, gone on the mad errand with Percy, perhaps, then she would have called on Lord Hastings or Lord Tony—for she wanted the help of one of these young men, or she would be indeed powerless to save her husband.

Sir Andrew Ffoulkes, however, was at home, and his servant introduced her ladyship immediately. She went upstairs to the young man's comfortable bachelor's chambers, and was shown into a small, though luxuriously furnished, dining-room. A moment or two later Sir Andrew himself appeared.

He had evidently been much startled when he heard who his lady visitor was, for he looked anxiously even suspiciously—at Marguerite, whilst performing the elaborate bows before her, which the rigid etiquette of the time demanded.

Marguerite had laid aside every vestige of nervousness; she was perfectly calm, and having returned the young man's elaborate salute, she began very calmly,—

"Sir Andrew, I have no desire to waste valuable time in much talk. You must take certain things I am going to tell you for granted. These will be of no importance. What is important is, that your leader and comrade, the Scarlet Pimpernel . . . my husband . . . Percy Blakeney . . . is in deadly peril."

Had she had the remotest doubt of the correctness of her deductions, she would have had them confirmed now, for Sir Andrew, completely taken by surprise, had grown very pale, and was quite incapable of making the slightest attempt at clever parrying.

"No matter how I know this, Sir Andrew," she continued quietly; "thank God that I do, and that perhaps it is not too late to save him. Unfortunately, I cannot do this quite alone, and therefore have come to you for help."

"Lady Blakeney," said the young man, trying to recover himself, "I . . ."

"Will you hear me first?" she interrupted, "this is how the matter stands. When the agent of the French government stole your papers that night in Dover, he found amongs them certain plans, which you or your leader meant to carry out for the rescue of the Comte de Tournay

(To be continued.)

Weak Lungs

It is the old story of a weak throat, a tendency to weak lungs in the family. You no sooner get rid of your old cold than a new one takes its place. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral breaks up this taking-cold habit. It strengthens, heals. Ask your doctor, the very next time you see him, what he thinks of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for weak lungs.

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FR. McAULEY ADDS TO CHAIN OF EVIDENCE ENFOLDING COLLINS

Hopewell Cape, Sept. 28—The preliminary examination of Thomas F. Collins, charged with the murder of Mary Ann MacAuley, was not concluded today, as was expected on account of the absence of two witnesses, said to be out of the country at present. The most important evidence today was given by Detective Killen and Father McAuley, the priest at whose house the murder occurred.

Detective Killen told an interesting story of the search for and subsequent capture of Collins near St. George, and the detailed statement made to him by Collins, which was taken down in writing. Killen also produced the articles taken off Collins and related the different conversations he had with the prisoner before he was handed over to the Albert county authorities.

A number of witnesses whose testimony was largely of a corroborative character, were examined by Mr. Tweedie, and the climax to the chain of evidence woven by the prosecution came when Father McAuley was called as the last witness of the day and identified nearly all the articles found in Collins' valise left at Dean's as belonging to him or Miss McAuley and as having been stolen.

If possible, the prisoner showed more concern during the priest's testimony, and sat in a stooped position beside his counsel, closely following Father McAuley's story of meeting the prisoner in Elgin subsequent to the discovery of the crime, and a detailed description of the state the house and premises were in.

Father McAuley was on the stand more than an hour. The counsel for the accused declined to cross-examine Father McAuley. At the conclusion of Father McAuley's evidence the hearing was adjourned for a week to secure two witnesses.

Frank Keough, the man who captured Collins, told an interesting story: "I met Collins," he said, "on August 24th about two miles from Bonny River. He was going up the road in the direction of St. Stephen. Shortly after he had passed by, Taylor came and in consequence of what he told me I hitched up my horse and we started after the man who had passed. James Hills got into the wagon with us and about eight miles from Bonny River Hill called out that he had sighted Collins. He came along the road and we came out of the bushes and went out on to the road and asked him where he was going and he answered to St. Stephen. I said you will have to come back with us to Bonny River. Then Collins started to run. Hill had in his hand a rifle and started out on to the road. Hill fired the rifle into the air. Collins did not appear to mind that and kept on running. In the meantime Taylor had gone some distance ahead and when he saw Collins coming he jumped out on the road. Collins dashed into the ditch to avoid Taylor and he stumbled and fell. I was close behind him and jumped on his back. When we brought him to his feet he looked so pale and pitiful that we did not place any ropes on his hands as we intended to do. I said 'we are going to take you back to Bonny River and if you have committed no crime it will be all right.' Collins just repeated the word, 'Crime' in a questioning way and made no other answer. Hill remarked, 'you did not think I was going to shoot you when I fired the gun?' Collins said: 'I do not know what you would shoot me for.' As we drove back in the direction of Bonny River we met a team in which was Detective Killen and Marshal McAdam, of St. George. Detective Killen said: 'Hello, Tommy, come down here. What did you leave your valises at Dean's for?' Collins just repeated the word, 'Dean's' in a gasping sort of way and was very pale. Then he fell back into Detective Killen's arms and the detective had to support him.

Detective Killen, St. John, then took the stand. He told of being sent out to capture Collins and of the search made in the vicinity of St. George. Speaking of his meeting with Collins he said I jumped out and said "Hello, Tommy, jump out." He then proceeded to confirm preceding witness' testimony. Detective Killen had a small note book in which he had written the story as told him by Collins and he read it to the court. The story in effect was that Thursday preceding the tragedy Collins had gone fishing but had met with poor success, securing only four fish. When he returned Mary Ann MacAulay had scolded him. Monday morning Miss MacAulay said that she wanted Collins to hitch up the horse as she wanted to go to town. He had got up about 6 in the morning and hitched up the horse. About 7 o'clock Miss MacAulay came down stairs and said that it was too hot to go to town and he could put the horse back in the barn. He did this and as he was in the stable Miss MacAuley came in and said something about cleaning the horse. Collins said to her: "You are trying to make a fool of me," and she replied, "You are trying to make a fool of me." He said that he was getting tired of this place and going into the house got his clothes and left about 8 Monday morning. He proceeded to tell of the journey to Petitcodiac, and from there to St. John and Musquash. The gold watch which Collins was seen to display at Spruce Lake was not in his possession when arrested by Detective Killen and the detective asked him what had become of it. At first he denied ever having such a watch but later he called the detective back and said: "I lied about the watch. I did have it but lost it." Detective Killen said that he had thoroughly searched the vicinity in which Collins had said he lost the watch but had not been successful in finding it.

Detective Killen produced in court a small parcel of things which he had taken from Collins. They consisted of four red handkerchiefs, a couple of white ones, silver watch, piece of brass chain, lead pencil and some collar buttons and cuff links. On the back of the watch was roughly scratched, "From Dad to Tom," with a date of August, 1905. Detective Killen said there had been a piece of shoe lace attached to the watch when he took it.

Father McAuley's evidence was to the effect that he hired Collins at Albert and took him to his home August 13. Collins' work was attending the horse, splitting wood and doing other chores. The Thursday following he let him go to the lake fishing. He stayed all day, and when he returned in the evening with A. J. Gross, of St. John, he spoke to him about the length of his absence. Mr. Gross explained Collins was cutting some bushes at the lake and the priest replied that was all right. Friday afternoon Father McAuley left for Albert en route to Fredericton road, to hold services Sunday, leaving his housekeeper and second cousin, Mary Ann McAuley, well. Collins was there and he had heard of no trouble between them. The housekeeper got $2 before he left to buy groceries in Albert on the following Monday. Father McAuley was in Elgin Monday afternoon on his way home. While going to attend a sick call he saw Collins on the verandah of Garland's Hotel. He accosted him and asked him how he came there. Was the horse and Miss McAuley there?. Collins said he walked there and had left because the housekeeper found fault with him fishing so long and catching nothing. Father McAuley asked Collins if he would go back and he said yes. They went to a house near by and the priest made arrangements for Collins to stay all night, and also arranged with a man to give him a drive to New-Ireland. He learned that Collins had been seen going to the station with two grips. Tuesday afternoon he went home, being driven the latter part of the journey by James Doyle. On his arrival he immediately noticed an unusual state of things, certain blinds being up and other down; he also found the house open, went into the barn and about the premises, and he sent Doyle to the nearest neighbors to look for her without success. Miss Kate Duffy was brought over to prepare supper, and while Doyle was after wood in the woodshed he discovered the body.

The priest described the condition of the body and told of other discoveries about the house, the rooms being ransacked and his closet door being broken, apparently with an axe.

He missed clothing and other articles, and identified the things found in the valise left by Collins at Dean's, as having been stolen from him. It was a dramatic moment as Chief Clark lifted from the valise article after article, and the priest positively identified them as his.

MICHAELMAS FESTIVAL

The festival of Michaelmas, or St. Michael and All Angels, is being observed in the Roman and some of the Anglican churches in the city, and elsewhere.

A silent yet gentle reminder of the feast is the pretty Michaelmas daisy which occupies a prominent position among the wild flowers of the season.

Senator Domville is a passenger by the steamer Empress of Ireland, which arrived at Quebec yesterday.

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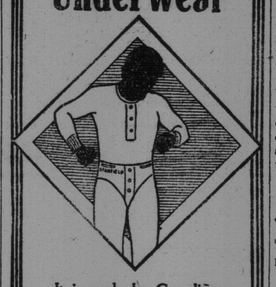

It is made by Canadians—for Canadians—in sizes to fit all figures—and weights to suit all Canadian climates.

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Just ask your dealer to show you STANFIELD'S—the Underwear that won't shrink. Every garment guaranteed. 87

CHIPMAN NEWS

CHIPMAN, Sept. 27.—The Orange flag at Briggs' Corner is flying at half-mast, as a token of respect to a worthy member, who left here six weeks ago on the harvest excursion for the wheat fields of the northwest, only to be garnered himself in the early stage of blossoming manhood.

The deceased was the eldest son of the late Byron Stilwell, who met such a tragic death a year ago last April in Sayre & Holly's mill, in Chipman.

Alfred Stilwell was probably the most promising young man of the fifteen harvesters who left here last month.

From Winnipeg the deceased went to Prince Albert and in the near vicinity worked a few days harvesting, when he was taken down with typhoid fever, to which he succumbed yesterday morning at five o'clock. His remains will be brought home for interment.

Besides a widowed mother, the deceased leaves a brother, William, and an only sister, married to Leslie McInnis.

Rev. Milton Addison is holding a series of revival meetings in the hall at Upper Gaspereau this week and several converts are expected to receive the ordinance of baptism next Sabbath.

The ideal harvest weather has allowed all the grain to arrive at maturity, even Jack Frost has not laid his finger on the most tender vines until a night or two ago, when everything had well night arrived at perfect fruition.

The threshing machine is yet busily engaged in separating the grain from the straw.

The early oats are lighter this fall, but later oats are yielding better. The same may be said of potatoes, the early planted matured too quickly, while others are growing yet and will turn out well.

WEDDINGS

Brown-Jones.

On Wednesday afternoon at the residence of L. D. Jones, Norton (N. B.), was solemnized the marriage of his daughter Annie L. and Geo. C. Brown, formerly of Bridgewater (Me.), but now of Boston. The bride was becomingly attired in a dress of white oriental silk, with chiffon ribbon trimmings, and carried a bouquet of white sweet peas and maiden hair ferns. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Adria V. Jones, while the groom was supported by Geo. C. Kierstead, of St. John. The house was prettily decorated for the occasion with potted plants and flowers. After partaking of a wedding supper the happy couple left for Bridgewater (Me.), where a reception will be held at the house of the groom's parents. After a short stay in Bridgewater they will go to Boston where they will reside.

Among the guests present were Mr. Brown and Miss Laura Brown, of Bridgewater. T. N. McLean, of Boston; George F. Kierstead and Mrs. F. W. Kierstead, of St. John.

Chadwick-Winchester.

At the home of Mrs. W.W. Winchester, 138 Sydney street, the marriage of her youngest daughter, Edytha A., to Stanley A. Chadwick, took place. The nuptial knot was tied by Rev. D. Hutchinson. The bride looking very charming in a dress of blue crepe de chene and carrying a bouquet of roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Jennie Winchester. Geo. M. Comeau acted as best man. After the ceremony a wedding supper was served. Among the presents received was a rocker from Mr. Chadwick's fellow employes in the Williams Manufacturing Company; a marble mantle tea service from friends in Haverhill (Mass.), and a check from the bride's mother.

Medley Siddall returned from Winnipeg yesterday and proceeded to his home at Port Elgin.

. . . FOR . . .

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Stomach Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Seasickness, Summer Complaint,

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is an instantaneous cure. It has been used in thousands of homes for sixty years, and has never failed to give satisfaction. Every home should have a bottle so as to be ready in case of emergency.

MRS. GEORGE N. HARVEY, Roseneath, Ont., writes: "I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as the best medicine I have ever used for Diarrhœa and all summer complaints. I always keep it in the house and praise it highly to all my friends."

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CIVIC DELEGATION WILL LEAVE FOR OTTAWA AT ONCE

The board of works at a special meeting yesterday afternoon decided that a delegation should leave for Ottawa today to consult Hon. C. H. Hyman as to what course the city should pursue to secure the necessary dredging at Sand Point, and to obtain his views as to what assistance the government would be prepared to give in regard to purchasing a dredge. A communication from E. T. P. Shewen requesting that all communications to his department should in future be in writing, and should reach him through the mayor, brought forth some remarks from the chairman to the effect that the resident engineer had no further use for the board of works. The consensus of opinion appeared to be that a second dredge must be secured to cope with the work required before the season opened. H. B. Schofield and W. Frank Hatheway, on behalf of the committee from the board of trade, strongly endorsed this view, and also spoke of the necessity of having the cribs moved from No. 4 berth next week. A plan of soundings on the site for No. 1 crib was shown, and indicated that the depth varied from 26 feet to 33 feet in places.

Ald. McGoldrick occupied the chair and the mayor, Ald. Lewis, Tilley, Holder, Sproul, Rowan, Hamm, Vanwart, Baxter, Bullock and Christie were present with the director, consulting engineer and common clerk. H. B. Schofield and W. Frank Hatheway a delegation from the board of trade, also took part in the proceedings.

The chairman said he had called the meeting with reference to the dredging business. The aldermen would be aware that on the previous day it was announced that the dredging on the site for No. 1 crib was all finished and that the crib could be sunk at once. Further examination disclosed a large boulder and a few piles of mud which together might take two or three days to remove. He understood that Mr. Shewen had been bothered so much by the aldermen about the matter generally that he had sent a communication requesting that all future communications should be sent in writing and through the mayor. The chairman then read Mr. Shewen's letter:

Sept. 28, 1906.

My Dear Mr. Mayor:

Will you kindly arrange that any further communications between the corporation and this department shall be in writing, and, as a matter of business, shall come through the representative of the city, yourself, the proper channel.

Yours sincerely,
E. T. P. SHEWEN,
Resident Engineer.

"Virtually," resumed the chairman, "this means that Mr. Shewen has no further use for the board of works. The matter now rests between the government engineer and the contractor, who must settle the affair between themselves." Referring to the purchase of a dredge, he said the harbor master was still in Boston, and as no telegram had come to hand from Mr. Hyman it would appear that the city would have to take some active steps to procure a machine.

After some discussion as to whether the harbor master should remain in Boston, Ald. Baxter said he was strongly in favor of a delegation consisting of the mayor and one or two representatives of the board of trade going to Ottawa at the city's expense. There was a great difference between a report of an interview with a minister and the reception which would be accorded a delegation. There seemed to be a species of panic, he thought, as to the condition of affairs, for which there was no need. The press were perhaps partly responsible for the idea people had outside, that things were in a muddle and that the aldermen would be unable to straighten them out. That, however, remained to be seen. If there were sufficient need the minister could raise funds on warrants signed by the governor general. "We want 1, 2, 3 and 4 berths in first class condition," continued the alderman. "Permission has already been given the city to use the Beaver for one month. All we asked then stands good today, and if we take the alternative of sinking the cribs or preparing the existing berths there could be no disagreement as to our giving the existing berths the preference."

Continuing Alderman Baxter said he entirely agreed with Ald. Lewis that a dredge costing $75,000 or $100,000 was what the city should buy if anything were done. It was open to them to ask Mr. Hyman if in the event of the city being able to buy such a dredge the government would take it over after parliament met. The Bothfield had never been able to dig hard pan at Sand Point, this work having been done by the Cape Breton. He had looked up the records and was satisfied the dredge would not prove satisfactory.

Ald. Rowan said he was surprised that anyone should say they could depend on the dredge Beaver doing the work. He was in Carleton four weeks ago and had been assured by Mr. Mayes the site for the crib was ready. It was not ready yet. Mr. Mayes had been digging nearly 12 months and not a crib was sunk and now members of the board stood up and asked that this dredge should do other work. The only thing to do was to secure another dredge and not to depend on Mr. Mayes whose contract was nearly up with only three-quarters of the work done. A dredge could be brought here in fourteen days which would leave a month for the berths to be put in order. He moved an amendment that the city purchase a dredge at once.

Mr. Schofield in reply to the chairman said the committee of the board of trade, consisting of W. H. Thorne, T. H. Estabrooks, Mr. Hatheway and himself, had met Mr. Clark that morning and seen the diagram of the soundings as taken by him and endorsed by Mr. Shewen as correct. It was a surprise to them, and it appeared that it would be difficult to determine when the crib site would be ready. They had come to a conclusion which he was directed to convey to the board, that the city could make no possible mistake in securing another dredge.

Ald. Holder and Vanwart spoke in favor of buying a first class dredge.

After some discussion Ald. Rowan consented to withdraw his amendment to purchase a dredge in view of the delegation going to Ottawa.

The motion that the delegation should leave today for Ottawa was then carried unanimously, and the board adjourned.

WAREHOUSE BURNED

WINNIPEG, Sept. 28.—(Special).—Fire damaged Boyce's carriage warehouse, Rose Avenue, last night to the extent of $25,000. It started in the basement and worked through a heating flue to the fifth floor.

The marriage of Thomas A. Robinson, county president of A. O. H., Lewiston (Me.), and Miss Frances E. Doyle, county secretary Ladies' Auxiliary A. O. H., of Calais, is announced to take place at St. George (N.B.), during the week of October 14.

Conductor M. Burgess, of the C. P. R., is in the public hospital, suffering from appendicitis.

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