

Up-River Doings

St. Stephen, N. B., Sept. 19. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Kent, of St. George, were in St. Stephen to attend the Exhibition last Thursday.

Mrs. James McWha has arrived from Sydney, C. B., and has received a most cordial welcome from St. Stephen friends.

Mrs. A. MacNichol and Mrs. Conant, who have been registered at the St. Croix Hotel, in Calais, for several days, have returned to their home in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Grimmer, of Boston, were in St. Stephen recently calling on old friends.

Mr. Frank Riley has returned from a visit at Red Light Cottage, with Mrs. I. W. McAllister, and is again the guest of Mrs. B. Shorten.

The car, which was put up for lottery by the St. Stephen Soldier's Comforts Association, at the Charlotte County Exhibition, was won by J. J. Danforth, of Eastport. The car has since been sold to Mr. John M. Fawcett.

Miss Elsie Lawson is in St. Stephen visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Lawson. Miss Lawson is stenographer in the law office of her uncle, Mr. John M. Stevens, in Edmundston.

Mrs. W. C. Goucher and Miss Jean Goucher have returned from a visit in Truro, N. S.

Mrs. Jack Fraser and her young daughters are visiting relatives on Grand Manan.

Dr. W. W. White, of Houlton, was registered at the Queen Hotel this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wiberly, of Houlton, Me., are in St. Stephen visiting relatives.

The St. Andrews Deacons meet on Grand Manan, on Thursday and Friday. Ven. Archdeacon Newhall and Rev. W. Tomlin are attending the sessions.

Mrs. Wellington Belyes, of Woodstock is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. W. Scovill.

Mrs. E. A. Cockburn, Mrs. Walter Magee and Mrs. George F. Smith, of St. Andrews, were in St. Stephen on Tuesday.

Mrs. Gilbert Genong was "at home" to visitors at Government House, on Tuesday afternoon, from three until six o'clock.

Mr. Thirmore Lyford has gone to Hot Springs, Ark., for the benefit of his health.

Mr. George White, of Fredericton, has been in town during the past week.

Miss Bessie Dinmore entertained very pleasantly at her home, on evening last week, for the pleasure of her friend, Miss Ryan, of Moncton.

Miss Ethel Moore, of Fredericton, has been visiting St. Stephen friends.

Mrs. Harold Goss, of St. George, and her young daughter, Roberta, have been visiting friends in St. Stephen during the past week.

Dr. Charles London, of Montreal, has been a recent visitor in St. Croix towns.

St. Stephen is full of visiting ladies of the W. C. T. U., of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, who are here to attend the Convention of the W. C. T. U.

The first session was held this morning in the Town Council Chamber. This evening, Mrs. Deborah Livingston, of Bangor, a forceful and interesting speaker, is to address the meeting.

A musicale for the benefit of the Red Cross Societies in St. Stephen and Calais, is to be given in the St. Croix Opera House, on Thursday evening, by Miss Anita Carrara assisted by other artists of local fame.

Mrs. Killam, of Vancouver, B. C., and Mrs. C. E. Bates, of Houlton, are visiting their parents, Dr. and Mrs. Deinstedt.

Mrs. John Wall and her little son, Gilbert, have gone to Sussex to visit her mother, Mrs. Snyder.

Mr. Frank T. Rose and his son, Private Walter Rose, U. S. Army, recently motorized to Fredericton and returned.

Mrs. Harold Alorn and her son, Douglas, of Andover are guests of her mother, Mrs. Charles Henderson.

Prof. Upton Hill left on Tuesday for Wolfville, N. S. to take up his duties as Professor of Chemistry at Acadia College.

The Charlotte County Exhibition closed on Friday evening, after four most successful days. The grounds were crowded with thousands of visitors every day. Everybody enjoyed the Fair and it is pronounced by one and all to be quite as good in every way as any previous Exhibition held in St. Stephen.

COSTA RICA SEVERS RELATIONS

San Jose, Costa Rica, Sept. 18.—Diplomatic relations between Costa Rica and Germany are considered severed as the result of steps taken by the Government yesterday. General Tinoco, the President, discovered that German residents here had joined with some of the followers of former President Gonzalez in conspiring against the Government.

Three of the most prominent Germans here—Kumpel, Alschul and Orlich—have been arrested. All Germans residing in Costa Rica ports have been interned. President Tinoco has called Congress into special session, and will lay the matter before it.

Ask for Minard's and take no other

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

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"The rose fell at his feet. 'A rose lasts till morning,' said a voice behind him.

"Turning, M. de Chateaurien looked beamingly upon the face of the Duke of Winterest.

"The color of a blush, my brother," he replied, pointing to the east. "Monsieur, was it not enough honor for you to have met me here, the son of Lady Mary? Lady Bellefontaine told me you did not appear more happy."

"The rose is of an unlucky color, I think," observed the duke.

"The color of a blush, my brother," said the other calmly.

"The color of the veins of a Frenchman. He has cried the young man.

"What price would be too high? A rose is a rose! A good night, my brother, I wish you French roses, fresh ones."

"He took a red bud from his breast for an instant and touched it to his lips.

"M. de Chateaurien!" It was Lady Mary's voice. She stood at a table where a vase of flowers had been placed beside her.

"M. de Chateaurien, we have been waiting very long for you."

"The duke saw the look she did not know she gave the Frenchman, and he lost countenance for a moment.

"I approach a dinner, eh, monsieur?" said M. de Chateaurien.

CHAPTER III

'Twas well agreed by the fashion of Bath that M. le Duc de Chateaurien was a person of sensibility and habit.

in the company of gentlemen, his case was slightly tinged with graciousness (his single equal in Bath being his grace of Winterest), but it was remarked that when he bowed over a lady's hand his air bespoke only a gay and tender reverence.

He was the idol of the dowagers within a week after his appearance. Madame warned to him, Young ladies looked sweetly on him, while the gentlemen were won to admiration or envy.

He was of prodigious wealth. Old Mr. Bicket, who dared not, for his fame's sake, fail to have seen all things, had visited Chateaurien under the present duke's father, and descended to the curious upon the grandeur. The young noble had one fault.

He was so poor a gambler. He cared nothing for the hazards of a die or the turn of a card. Gayly admitting that he had been born with no spirit of adventure in him, he was sure, he declared, that he failed of much happiness by his lack of taste in such matters.

But he was not long wanting the occasion to prove his taste in the matter of handling a weapon. A certain lieutenant, Rohrer by name, notorious for other things, for bearing a dexterous and blood-thirsty blade, came to Bath post haste one night and lodged heartily against him in the pump room on the following morning.

M. de Chateaurien bowed and turned aside without offense, continuing a conversation with some gentleman near by. Captain Rohrer looked to him in a second, and M. de Chateaurien looked him in the eye and apologized pleasantly for being so much in the way. There upon Rohrer pronounced an introduction to him and made some observations derogatory to the valor and virtue of the French.

"Oruel! It is that she will not understand! Have I speak of the ladies of France? No, no, no! It is of the fairest country—yes, 'tis a province of heaven, monseigneur. Do I not renounce my allegiance to France? Oh, yes! I am subject—no, content to be slave to the land of the blue sky, the gold and the snow."

"A very pretty figure," answered Lady Mary, her eyes dancing. "But does it not hint a notable experience in the making of such speeches?"

"I am sure," said M. de Chateaurien, "that the imitation it is to know you."

"We English ladies hear plenty of the like, sir, and we even grow brilliant in the art, sir, rather than your true—your true!" She was herself faltering more, blushing deeply and halting to a full stop in terror of a word. There was a silence.

"Your true-lover," he said laughingly. When he had said that word both trembled. She turned half away into the darkness of the coach.

"I know what make you to doubt me," he said, faltering himself though it was not his art that prompted him.

"They have told you the French do nothing at ways but make love, is it not so? Yes, yes, you are like that. You think I am like that now?"

She made no sign.

"I suppose," he sighed, "I am ungrateful. I would have the snow not so cold for just me."

She did not answer.

"Turn to me," he said.

The fragrance of the fields came to them, and from the distance the faint, clear note of a hunting horn.

"Turn to me."

The lovely head was bent very low. Her little gloved hand lay upon the narrow window ledge. He laid his own gently upon it. The two hands were shaking like twin leaves in the breeze. Here was not drawn away. After a pause, neither knew how long, he felt the warm fingers turn and clasp themselves tremulously about his own. At last she looked up bravely and met his eyes. The horn was wound again—nearer.

"All the good was gone from the snow—long ago," she said.

"My beautiful," he whispered. It was all he could say. "My beautiful!" But she clutched his arm, and started.

"Ware the road!" A wild halloo sounded ahead. The horn wound loudly. "Ware the road!" There

adversary, he whispered. "Naughty man, tell your master find some better quarrel for the next he sent against me."

The conduct of M. de Chateaurien was pronounced admirable.

There was no surprise when the young foreigner fell naturally into the long train of followers of the beautiful Lady Mary Carleton, nor was there great astonishment that he should obtain marked favor in her eyes, almost so plainly that my Lord Townbrake, Sir Hugh Guilford and the rich Squire Bankton, all of whom had followed her through three seasons, swore with rage, and his grace of Winterest stalked from her aunt's house with black brows.

Meeting the duke there on the evening after his second encounter, de Chateaurien smiled upon him laughingly. "It was badly done, oh, so badly!" he whispered. "Can you afford to have me scrip off my name by any but yourself? You, who introduce me? They will say there is some old scandal that I could force you to be my godfather. You must get the courage yourself."

"I told you a rose had a short life," was the answer.

"Oh, those roses! 'Tis the very greatest reason to gather roses, 'tis to gather fresh ones." He took a red bud from his breast for an instant and touched it to his lips.

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CHAPTER IV

There fell a clear September night, when the moon was radiant over town and country, over cobble streets and winding roads. From the fields the mist rose slowly, and the air was mild and fragrant, while distant notes were white and full of mystery. All of Bath that pretended to fashion or condition was present that evening at a fête at the house of a country gentleman of the neighborhood. When the stately junket was concluded it was the pleasure of M. de Chateaurien to form one of the escort of Lady Mary's carriage for the return. As they took the road Sir Hugh Guilford, Mr. Bankton, engaging in indignant but vigorous remonstrance with Mr. Molyneux over some matter, fell shy or more scarce behind when they continued to ride, keeping up their argument. Half a dozen other gallants rode in advance, pushing among themselves, or attended lastly upon Lady Mary's aunt on the other side of the coach, while the happy Frenchman was permitted to ride close to that adorable window which framed the fairest face in England.

He sang for her a little French song, a song of the voyageur, who dreamed of home. The lady listened, looking up at the bright moon, and a warm drop upon her cheek, and he saw the tears sparkling upon her lashes.

"Mademoiselle," he whispered then, "I too have been often absent, but my dreams were not of France, no, I do not dream of that home of that dear country. It is of a dearer country, a dearer country—a country of gold and snow," he cried softly, looking at her white brow and the fair, lightly powdered hair above it.

"Gold and snow and the blue sky of a lady's eyes!"

"I had thought the ladies of France were dark, sir."

"Oruel! It is that she will not understand! Have I speak of the ladies of France? No, no, no! It is of the fairest country—yes, 'tis a province of heaven, monseigneur. Do I not renounce my allegiance to France? Oh, yes! I am subject—no, content to be slave to the land of the blue sky, the gold and the snow."

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thunder of hoof beats. The gentlemen riding idly in front of the coach scattered to the hedge sides, and with frozen eyes, flashing in the moon, a party of horsemen charged down the highway, their cries blasting the night.

"Barber! Kill the barber!" they screamed. "Barber! Kill the barber!" Beaucaire had but time to draw his sword when they were upon him.

"A moi!" his voice rang out clearly as he rose in his stirrups. "A moi, Francois, ouais, barouille moi, Francois!"

The cavaliers came straight at him. He parried the thrust of the first, but the shock of collision hurled his horse against the side of the coach.

"Served us well," he cried bitterly. "To endanger a lady, to make this brawl in a lady's presence! Drive on!" he shouted.

"No!" cried Lady Mary.

The Frenchman's assailants were masked, but they were not highwaymen. "Barber! Barber!" they shouted hoarsely and closed in on him in a circle.

"See how he uses his steel!" laughed M. Beaucaire, as his point passed through a man's breast. For a moment he cut through the ring and cleared a space about him, and Lady Mary cast her eyes, shining in the moonlight. "Gentlemen!" he cried as his horse sank beneath him, and, through grinding his head from the rails, he sprang from above, he managed to drag himself from his saddle the man who had hamstringed the horse. The fellow came suddenly to the ground and lay there.

"Is it not a compliment," said a heavy voice, "to call six large men to subdue a monster?"

"Oh, you are there, my friend! In the rear—a little in the rear, I think."

"Ha, ha!"

The Frenchman's play with his weapon was a revelation of skill, the most extraordinary to be held in his hand only a light dress sword. But the ring closed about him, and his keen defense could not avail him more than a few moments. Lady Mary's outriders, the gallants of her escort, rode up close to the coach and encircled it, not interfering.

"Sir Hugh Guilford!" cried Lady Mary, wildly, "if you will not help me, I will do it myself!"

"Sir Hugh held the door.

"They will not kill him, unless he tries to do it," said he.

"Then, to the man on the box. 'Drive on!'"

"If he does, I'll kill him!" she cried fiercely. "Ah, what a devil! Will you see the duke murdered?"

"The duke?" laughed Guilford. "They will not kill him, unless he is easy, dear madam, 'twill be explained. 'Gad's life!' he muttered to himself. "Before Beaucaire's waist had his laughing 'D'ye hear?'"

"Barber of no barber," answered Molyneux, "I wish I had warned him. He fights as few gentlemen could. Ah—ah! Look at that! 'Tis a shame!"

On foot, his hat gone, his coat sadly rent and his sword flicked, too, with red, M. Beaucaire wary, alert, brilliant, seemed to transform himself into a dozen fencing masters, and, though his skill appeared to lie in delicacy and quickness, his play being continually with the point, his strength failed to beat him down. The young man was laughing like a child.

"Two of his adversaries have the best of it. Two of his adversaries were prostrate, more than one were groaning, and the Frenchman had actually almost beat off the ruffians when, by a trick, he was overcome. One of them, a Frenchman, ran in, suddenly from behind and seized his blade in a thick leather gauntlet. Before Beaucaire could disengage the weapon two others threw themselves from their horses and hurled him to the earth. "A moi, moi, Francois!" he cried as he went down, his sword in fragments, but his voice imbroglio and clear.

"Stunna!" muttered one or two of the gentlemen about the coach.

"'Twas dastardly to take him so," said Molyneux. "Whatever his deservings, I'm nigh of a mind to offer him a rescue in the duke's face."

"Trust him up, lad," said the heavy voice. "Clear the way in front of the coach. There sit those whom we suspect of a presumptuous jockey. Now, Whiffen, you have a full audience, lay on and baste him."

Two men began to move, but Beaucaire towered a great oak by the roadside. Another took from his saddle a heavy whip with three thongs.

"A moi, Francois!"

There was borne on the breeze an answer. "Monsieur!"

"The cry grew louder, suddenly. The clatter of hoofs urged to an earnest of speed sounded on the night. M. Beaucaire's servants had lagged sorely behind, but they made up for it now. Almost before the noise of their own steeds they came riding down the moonlit aisle between the mist. Chosen men, these servants of Beaucaire, and like a thunderbolt they fell upon the astounded cavaliers.

"Chateaurien! Chateaurien!" they shouted, and smote so swiftly that, through lack of time, they showed no proper judgment, discriminating nothing between non-combatants and first into the group about M. Beaucaire and broke and routed it utterly.

Two of them leaped to the young man's side while the other four, swerving, scarce losing the momentum of their onset, bore on upon the gentlemen near the coach. "Who went down beneath the fierceness of the onslaught, cursing manfully.

"Our just deserts," said Mr. Molyneux, his mouth full of dust and philosophy.

Sir Hugh Guilford's horse fell with him, being literally ridden over, and the baronet's leg was pinned under the saddle. In less than ten minutes from the first attack on M. Beaucaire the attacking party had been in disorder, and the patriotic non-combatants choking with expostives, connected with their prisoners, disappeared by the Frenchman's lackeys.

Guilford's discomfiture had freed the doors of the coach. So, it was that when M. Beaucaire, struggling



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