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THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Continued.)

"I have been down to the shore already," he said, "and had a talk to one or two skippers. It is quite impossible to set sail tonight, so every sailor secured me. No one," he added, looking significantly at Marguerite, "no one could possibly put out of Dover tonight."

"Marguerite at once understood what he meant. No one included Chauvelin as well as herself. She nodded pleasantly to Jelliband."

"Well, then, I must resign myself," she said to him. "Have you a room for me?"

"Oh, yes, your ladyship. A nice, bright, airy room. I'll see to it at once. And there is another one for Sir Andrew—both quite ready."

"That's brave now, mine honest Jelliband," said Sir Andrew, gaily, and clapping his worthy host vigorously on the back. "You unlock both these rooms and leave our randles here on the dresser. I vow you are dead with sleep, and your ladyship must have some supper before she retires. There have no fear, friend of the rufled countenance, her ladyship's visit, though at this unusual hour is a great honor to this house, and Sir Percy Blakeney will reward thee doubly, if thou seest well to her privacy and comfort."

Sir Andrew had no doubt guessed the many conflicting doubts and fears which were in Jelliband's head, and as he was a gallant gentleman, he tried by his brave hint to allay some of the worst of the innkeeper's suspicions. He had the satisfaction of seeing that he partially succeeded. Jelliband's rubicund countenance brightened somewhat, at mention of Sir Percy's name.

"I'll go and see to it at once, sir," he said with alacrity, and with less frigidity in his manner. "Has her ladyship everything she wants for supper?"

"Everything, thanks, honest friend, and as I am fatigued and dead with fatigue, I pray you see to the rooms."

"Now tell me," she said eagerly, as soon as Jelliband had gone from the room, "tell me all your news."

"There is nothing else much to tell you, Lady Blakeney," replied the young man. "The storm makes it quite impossible for any vessel to put out of Dover this tide. But, what, seemed to you at first a terrible calamity, is really a blessing in disguise. If we cannot cross over to France to-night, Chauvelin is in the same quandary."

"He may have left before the storm broke out."

"God grant he may," said Sir Andrew, merrily, "for very likely he'll have been driven out of his counsel. Who knows? He may now even be lying at the bottom of the sea, for there is a furious storm raging, and it will face ill with all small craft which happen to be out. But I fear we cannot build our hopes upon the shipwreck of that cunning devil, and of all his murderous plans. The sailors I spoke to all assured me that no schooner had put out of Dover for several hours; on the other hand, I ascertained that an stranger had arrived by coach this afternoon, and had, like myself, made some inquiries about crossing over to France."

"Undoubtedly. Shall I go waylay him and run my sword through him? That were indeed the quickest way out of the difficulty."

"Nay! Sir Andrew, do not jest! Alas! I have often since last night caught myself wishing for that fiend's death. But what you suggest is impossible! The laws of this country do not permit of murder! It is only in our beautiful France that wholesale slaughter is done lawfully, in the name of Liberty and of brotherly love."

Sir Andrew had persuaded her to sit down to the table, and to partake of some supper and to drink a little wine. This enforced rest of at least twelve hours, until the next tide, was sure to be terribly difficult to bear in the state of intense excitement in which she was. Obeying in these small matters like a child, Marguerite tried to eat and drink.

Sir Andrew, with that profound sympathy born in all those who are in love, made her almost happy by talking to her about the daring escapes the brave Scarlet Pimpernel had contrived for the poor French fugitives, whom a relentless and

bloody revolution was driving out of their country. He made her eyes glow with enthusiasm by telling her of his bravery, his ingenuity, his resourcefulness, when it meant snatching the lives of men, women and even children from beneath the very edge of that murderous, ever-ready guillotine.

He even made her smile quite merrily by telling her of the Scarlet Pimpernel's quaint and many disguises, through which he had baffled the strictest watch set against him at the barricades of the Conterse. This last time, the escape of Paris, a veritable masterpiece—Blakeney disguised as a hideous old market-woman, in filthy cap and straggling grey locks, was a sight fit to make the gods laugh.

Marguerite laughed heartily as Sir Andrew tried to describe Blakeney's appearance, whose gravest difficulty always consisted in his great height, which in France made disguise doubly difficult.

Thus an hour went on. There were many more to spend in enforced inactivity in Dover. Marguerite rose from the table with an impatient sigh. She looked forward with dread to the night in the red upstairs, with terribly anxious thoughts to keep her company, and the howling of the storm to help chase sleep away.

She wondered where Percy was now. The Day Dream was a strong, well-built, sea-going yacht. Sir Andrew had expressed the opinion that no doubt she had got in the lee of the wind before the storm broke out, or else perhaps had not ventured into the open at all, but was lying quietly at Gravesend.

Brigadier was an expert skipper, and Sir Percy handled a schooner as well as any master mariner. There was no danger for them from the storm.

It was long past midnight when at last Marguerite retired to rest. As she had feared, sleep sedulously avoided her eyes. Her thoughts were of the blackest during these long, weary hours, whilst that incessant storm raged which was keeping her away from Percy. The sound of the distant breakers made her heart ache with melancholy. She was in the mood when the sea has a saddening effect upon the nerves.

It is only when we are very happy, that we can bear to gaze merrily upon the vast and limitless expanse of water, rolling on and on with such persistent, irritating monotony, to the accompaniment of our thoughts, whether grave or gay. When they are gay, the waves echo their gaiety; but when they are sad, then every breaker, as it rolls, seems to bring additional sadness, and to speak to us of hopelessness and of the pettiness of all our joys.

CHAPTER XXII.

Calais.

The weariest nights, the longest days, sooner or later must perform some to an end.

Marguerite had spent over fifteen hours in such acute mental torture as well-nigh drove her crazy. After a sleepless night, she rose early, wild with excitement, dying to start on her journey, terrified lest further obstacles lay in her way. She rose before anyone else in the house was astir, so frightened was she, lest she should miss the one golden opportunity of making a start.

When she came down stairs she found Sir Andrew Floukes sitting in the cotteage. He had been out half an hour earlier, and had gone to the Admiralty Pier, only to find that neither the French packet nor any privately chartered vessel could put out of Dover yet. The storm was then at its fullest, and the tide was on the turn. If the wind did not abate or change, they would perform have to wait another ten or twelve hours until the next tide, before a start could be made.

And the storm had not abated, and the tide was rapidly drawing out.

Marguerite felt the sickness of despair when she heard this melancholy news. Only the most firm resolution kept her from totally breaking down, and thus adding to the young man's anxiety, which evidently had become very keen.

Though he tried to disguise it, Marguerite could see that Sir Andrew was just as anxious as she was to reach his comrade and friend. This enforced inactivity was terrible to them both.

How they spent that wearisome day at Dover, Marguerite could never afterwards say. She was in terror of showing her

CANON RICHARDSON CHOSEN AS THE COADJUTOR BISHOP

Fredericton, N. B., Oct. 3.—At 2.30 o'clock this morning, after the synod had been in session for twelve hours, Canon Richardson was elected coadjutor bishop of the diocese of Fredericton. A decision was not reached until the eleventh ballot had been cast when thirty-five clergy and forty-five laity, making a total of eighty, voted for the rector of Trinity church, St. John, and seventeen clergy and thirteen laity, numbering thirty in all, recorded their ballots for the archdeacon of Woodstock.

When the result was made known there was an outburst of applause in which a number of ladies, who were present, joined.



Rev. Canon Richardson, the Newly Elected Coadjutor Bishop.

As soon as quiet was restored Archdeacon Neales extended his hearty congratulations to Canon Richardson and requested the members of the synod to make the vote unanimous.

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meeting over the financial arrangements in connection with the appointment of a coadjutor bishop, the committee had asked the bishop if he could surrender a portion of his episcopal income towards paying the coadjutor's stipend. As a result of the conference the bishop placed at the disposal of the synod the entire income arising from the focal endowments of the diocese, amounting to \$700.00 per annum. The committee thereupon reported that the income arising from said capital fund is at the disposal of the synod, and that the amount proposed to be debited to the mission fund of the diocese may be reduced by the sum of \$700.00 per annum, instead of \$1,200 as proposed. This change was suggested by the committee in deference to the wishes of those who urge that a contribution should be made by his lordship. The report added that the personal preference of the committee is that the original proposal should stand, but the change was agreed to with the hope that it would facilitate the election of a coadjutor.

On motion of Rev. Dr. Raymond, seconded by Judge Hanington, the rule was suspended and Rev. G. M. Campbell was permitted to address the synod on behalf of the Canadian auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The reverend gentleman, who was most cordially greeted, delivered a spirited address of fifteen minutes' duration, in which the object and needs of the Bible society were most eloquently set forth. He told of the great field for work which the Canadian north-west provided for the society, and incidentally mentioned that a copy of the New Testament printed in his own language was handed to every immigrant as he stepped upon the wharf at Quebec or Montreal.

A motion by Chancellor Allen that the synod proceed to the election of coadjutor was then carried.

The candidates voted upon were the same as at the July meeting, viz: Revs. Archdeacon Neales, Pentworth and Armistead, Canons Richardson, Newnam, Montague, Parbury, Rev. J. DeWolfe Cowie, Dr. Norman Tucker and Dean Williams.

First ballot resulted as follows, the clerical vote being given first in each case: Richardson, 21-33; Neales, 23-22; Pentworth, 2-3; Tucker, 2-1; Williams, 1-1; Cowie, 1.

Rev. John Andrew Richardson, whose election to the high office of coadjutor bishop of this diocese, is given above, was born Oct. 30th, 1868, in Warwick, England, being a son of Rev. John Richardson, who came to Canada in 1877, and in 1891 entered St. John's College, Winnipeg, from which institution he graduated in 1895. He was ordained deacon the same year and priest in 1896, when he became rector of St. Luke's church, Fort Rourke, Winnipeg, which position he had carried on as a mission. In 1899 he received a call from Trinity church of this city, and entered upon his duties as rector in August of that year. Since coming to the city Canon Richardson has been prominently identified in social and philanthropic work, and has given much valuable assistance to various societies that have for their object the alleviation of distress and the uplifting of the people. In his church work he has been singularly successful, being an earnest and thoughtful preacher and indefatigable in his efforts among the younger element of his congregation.

Since he became rector of Trinity there have been large accessions to the membership, and the parish has flourished in every respect.

THE INSURANCE COMMISSION

Toronto, Oct. 2.—When the insurance commission resumed today C. A. Masten, representing the Bank of Nova Scotia, submitted a long legal argument raising the question of the jurisdiction of the commission in regard to the production of the books and accounts of the bank in which George W. Fowler is concerned. Mr. Masten said Mr. Fowler was not in town, and the bank had not been able to communicate with him to learn whether there is any arrangement possible by which he would concur. Under the circumstances the Bank of Nova Scotia had no alternative but to submit to the commission what they were advised is their legal position in the matter.

Mr. Masten contended that the commission being engaged in the investigation of the investment of funds of the I. O. F. and other allied questions, could not go into the private affairs of the Okeanogan Lumber Company, a separate and independent entity. The Union Trust Company, he admitted, was in some measure a subsidiary branch of the I. O. F. for investment of their funds and the affairs of that company had been investigated to some degree and to some extent so far as they appear to affect the funds of the Foresters, after that there was a second subsidiary corporation known as the Kamloops Lumber Company, the nature of the relations of which to the Union Trust Company he had not been advised.

G. W. Shepley, K. C., for the government argued that the fact remained that monies belonging to the I. O. F. had been entrusted in the hands of a creature of the I. O. F., the Union Trust Company, by hands of the Union Trust Company those funds had found their way through

self, lest Chauvelin's spies happened to be about, so she had a private sitting-room, and she and Sir Andrew sat there hour after hour, trying to take, at long intervals, some pertunatory meals, which little Sally would bring them, with nothing to do but to think, to conjecture, and only occasionally to hope.

The storm had abated just too late; the tide was by then too far out to allow a vessel to put off to sea. The wind had changed, and was settling down to a comfortable northwesterly breeze—a veritable godsend for a speedy passage across to France.

And there those two waited, wondering if the hour would ever come when they could finally make a start. There had been one happy interval in the weary day, and that was when Sir Andrew went down once again to the pier, and presently came to tell Marguerite that he had chartered a quick schooner, whose skipper was ready to put to sea the moment the tide was available.

From that moment the hours seemed less wearisome; there was less hopelessness in the waiting; and at last, at five o'clock in the afternoon, Marguerite, dressed in a long, flowing gown, with a white flounce, who in the guise of her lacquyer, was carrying a number of impediments, found her way down to the pier.

To be continued.

F. BLAKE CROFTON GIVES UP OFFICE

Provincial Librarian of Nova Scotia Was Superannuated by the Government on Saturday.

(Halifax Chronicle.)

F. Blake Crofton, who has been provincial librarian since January 1st, 1888, retired from office on Saturday. At the last session of the legislature an act was passed providing for Mr. Crofton's superannuation, as he had intimated that it was his intention to resign the office. In addition to his duties as librarian, he was for about seventeen years secretary of the Nova Scotia Historical Society. Mr. Crofton has also found opportunity for much literary work of real merit. In 1897 he was made one of the vice-presidents of the second International Library Conference held at Guildhall, London. At that conference he read by request a paper of a humorous nature. His reputation as an author has been for some time assured. He is one of the vice-presidents of the Canadian Society of Authors for 1896. Dr. Goldwin Smith being president. His publications include: The Bewildered Quakers, 1875; The Major's Big-Talk Stories, 1881; Hairbreadth Escapes of Major Mendax, 1889; For Closer Union, 1897; Is It Too Late? (a pamphlet published by the Imperial Federation Committee of London), 1902; Sombre Time, 1904. Mr. Crofton has also contributed to many Canadian and American reviews. Mr. Crofton will continue to reside in Nova Scotia, though he severs his official connection with the library, and has been appointed acting librarian by the government, pending a permanent selection.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Lannon left yesterday for Boston, New York and Bangor.

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NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

The monthly meeting of the Natural History Society was held last evening, the president, Senator Ellis, in the chair. A large number of valuable books were received for the library. A walrus tusk from Miscon Island was presented by Orne Green, of Boston, and mineral specimens by J. A. Bailey.

The following ordinary and associate members were elected: James F. Robertson, James Manchester, R. B. Emerson, R. Walter Emerson, Dr. Stanley L. Emerson, Hedley V. McLaughlin, M. G. Atkin, Mrs. H. Colby Smith, Mrs. Atkin, Mrs. H. Hawker, Mrs. John McMillan, Miss Isabel Stewart, Mrs. T. Merriam, Miss A. S. H. Linton, Miss Elsie Murchie, Mrs. F. Lane, Mrs. McCully, Mrs. W. C. Purvis, Mrs. H. L. Spangler, Mrs. F. Coghill, Miss Hazel Merritt.

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