Thanksgiving Day

CELEBRATE IT IN A NEW WINTER OUTFIT

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THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Continued.)

Oh! think! think! think! of what she should do. The minutes flew on; in this awful stillness she could not tell how fast or how slowly; she heard nothing, she saw nothing; she did not feel the sweet-smelling autumn air, scented with the briny odour of the sea, she no longer heard the murmur of the waves, the occasional rattling of a pebble, as it rolled down some steep incline. More and more unreal did the whole situation seem. It was impossible that she, Marguerite Blakeney, the queen of London society, should actually be sitting here on this bit of lonely coast, in the middle of the night, side by side with a most bitter enemy; and oh! it was not possible that somewhere, not many hundred feet away, perhaps, from where she stood, the being she had once despised, but who now, in every moment of this weird, dreamlike life, became more and more dear—it was not possible that he was unconsciously, even now walking to his doom, whilst she did nothing to save him.

Why did she not with unearthly screams, that would re-echo from one end of the lonely beach to the other, send out a warning to him to desist, to retrace his steps, for death lurked here whilst he advanced? Once or twice the screams rose to her throat—as if by instinct: then, before her eyes there stood the awful alternative; her brother and those three men shot before her eyes, practically by her orders: she their murderer.

Oh! that fiend in human shape, next to her, knew human—female—nature well. He had played upon her feelings as a skilful musician plays upon an instrument. He had gauged her very thoughts to a nicety.

She could not give that signal—for she was weak, and she was a woman. How could she deliberately order Armand to be shot before her eyes, to have his dear blood upon her head, he dying perhaps with a curse on her, upon his lips. And little Suzanne's father, too! he, an old man! and the others!—oh! it was all too, too horrible.

Wait! wait! wait! how long? The early morning hours sped on, and yet it was not dawn: the sea continued its incessant mournful murmur, the autumnal breeze sighed gently in the night: the lonely beach was silent, even as the grave.

Suddenly from somewhere, not very far away, a cheerful, strong voice was heard singing "God save the King!"

CHAPTER XXX.

The Schooner.

Marguerite's aching heart stood still. She felt, more than she heard, the men on the watch preparing for the fight. Her senses told her that each, with sword in hand, was crouching, ready for the spring.

The voice came nearer and nearer; in the vast immensity of these lonely cliffs, with the loud murmur of the sea below, it was impossible to saw how near, or how far, nor yet from which direction came that cheerful singer, who sang to God to save his King, whilst he himself was in such deadly danger. Faint at first, the voice grew louder and louder; from time to time a small pebble detached itself apparently from beneath the firm tread of the singer, and went rolling down the rocky cliffs to the beach below.

Marguerite as she heard, felt that her very life was slipping away, as if when that voice drew nearer, when that singer became entrapped . . .

She distinctly heard the click of Desgas' gun close to her. . . .

No! no! no! no! Oh, God in heaven! this cannot be! let Armand's blood then be upon her own head! let her be branded as his murderer! let even he, whom she loved, despise and loathe her for this, but God! oh God! save him at any cost!

With a wild shriek, she sprang to her feet, and darted round the rock, against which she had been cowering: she saw the little red gleam through the clinks of the hut; she ran up to it and fell against its wooden walls, which she began to hammer with clenched fists in an almost maniacal frenzy, while she shouted,—

"Armand! Armand! for God's sake fire! your leader is near! he is coming! he is betrayed! Armand! Armand! fire in Heaven's name!"

She was seized and thrown to the ground. She lay there moaning, bruised, not caring, but still half-sobbing, half-shrieking,—

"Percy, my husband, for God's sake fly! Armand! Armand! why don't you fire?"

"One of you stop that woman screaming," hissed Chauvelin, who hardly could refrain from striking her.

Something was thrown over her face; she could not breathe, and perforce she was silent.

The bold singer, too, had become silent, warned, no doubt, of his impending danger by Marguerite's frantic shrieks. The men had sprung to their feet, there was no need for further silence on their part; the very cliffs echoed the poor, heart-broken woman's screams.

Chauvelin, with a muttered oath, which boded no good to her, who had dared to upset his most cherished plans, had hastily shouted the word of command,—

"Into it, my men, and let no one escape out of that hut alive!"

The moon had once more emerged from between the clouds: the darkness on the cliffs had gone, giving place once more to brilliant, silvery light. Some of the soldiers had rushed to the rough, wooden door of the hut, whilst one of them kept guard over Marguerite.

The door was partially open; one of the soldiers pushed it further, but within all was darkness, the charcoal fire only lighting with a dim, red light the furthest corner of the hut. The soldiers paused automatically at the door, like machines waiting for further orders.

Chauvelin, who was prepared for a violent onslaught from within, and for a vigorous resistance from the four fugitives, under cover of the darkness, was for the moment paralyzed with astonishment when he saw the soldiers standing there at attention, like sentries on guard, whilst not a sound proceeded from the hut.

Filled with strange, anxious forbodings, he, too, went to the door of the hut, and peering into the gloom, he asked quickly,—

"What is the meaning of this?"

"I think, citoyen, that there is no one there now," replied one of the soldiers imperturbably.

"You have not let those four men go?" thundered Chauvelin, menacingly. "I ordered you to let no man escape alive! —Quick, after them, all of you! Quick, in every direction!"

The men, obedient as machines, rushed down the rocky incline towards the beach, some going off to right and left, as fast as their feet could carry them.

"You and your men will pay with your lives for this blunder, citoyen sergeant," said Chauvelin viciously to the sergeant who had been in charge of the men; "and you, too, citoyen," he added turning with a snarl to Desgas, "for disobeying my orders."

"You ordered us to wait, citoyen, until the tall Englishman arrived and joined the four men in the hut. No one came," said the sergeant sullenly.

"But I ordered you just now, when the woman screamed, to rush in and let no one escape."

"But, citoyen, the four men who were there before, had been gone some time, I think . . ."

"You think?—You . . ." said Chauvelin, almost choking with fury, "and you let them go. . ."

"You ordered us to wait, citoyen," protested the sergeant, "and to implictly obey your commands on pain of death. We waited."

"I heard the men creep out of the hut, not many minutes after we took cover, and long before the woman screamed," he added, as Chauvelin seemed still quite speechless with rage.

"Hark!" said Desgas suddenly.

In the distance the sound of repeated firing was heard. Chauvelin tried to peer along the beach below, but as luck would have it, the fitful moon once more hid her light behind a bank of clouds, and he could see nothing.

"One of you go into the hut and strike a light," he stammered at last.

Stolidly the sergeant obeyed: he went up to the charcoal fire and lit the small lantern he carried in his belt; it was evident that the hut was quite empty..

"Which way did they go?" asked Chauvelin.

"I could not tell, citoyen," said the sergeant; "they went straight down the cliff first, then disappeared behind some boulders."

"Hush! what was that?"

All three men listened attentively. In the far, very far distance, could be heard faintly echoing and already dying away, the quick, sharp splash of half a dozen oars. Chauvelin took out his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"The schooner's boat!" was all he gasped.

Evidently Armand St Just and his three companions had managed to creep along the side of the cliffs, whilst the men, like true soldiers of the well-drilled Republican army, had with blind obedience, and in fear of their lives, implicitly obeyed Chauvelin's orders—to wait for the tall Englishman, who was the important capture.

They had no doubt reached one of the creeks which jut far out to sea on this coast at intervals; behind this, the boat of the Day Dream must have been on the look-out for them, and they were by now safely on board the British schooner.

(To be continued.)

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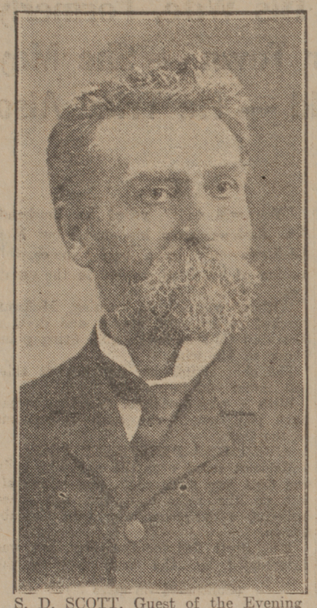
BANQUET TO S. D. SCOTT WAS A PARTY SUCCESS

Warm Tributes of Praise for the Guest---Addresses by Messers Borden, Foster, Hazen, Maxwell, Thorne and Others.

In honor of S. D. Scott, who lately retired from the editorial chair of the Sun because of that paper's change of ownership and policy, representatives of the Conservative party in New Brunswick to the number of nearly 100 gathered last evening at a banquet in his honor in the Union Club. The gathering was also marked by the presence of R. L. Borden, the opposition leader, and Hon. Geo. E. Foster. Eloquent speeches were heard, and while no new lines of policy were laid down, there was close following of the speakers' remarks and generous applause for the sentiments expressed. The reception given Mr. Scott as he arose to respond to the toast in his honor was such as to show him the warm place he has won in the regard of his party.



S. D. SCOTT, Guest of the Evening

The first toast proposed by the chairman was the King and was acknowledged with musical honors, all rising and singing God Save the King. Mr. Hazen then asked W. H. Harrison, chairman of the banquet committee to read a number of letters which had been received from those unable to attend the function. They were from R. C. Weldon, Senator Poirier, E. R. Chapman, Daniel Morrison and O. S. Crockett.

Robert Maxwell, M. P. P., vice-president of the Liberal-Conservative Association, proposed the toast of the Governor-General, to which Senator Wood and G. W. Ganong, M. P., replied. All paid high tribute to Mr. Scott. Lionel Hannington of Dorchester sang acceptably.

J. D. Hazen, chairman, and W. H. Thorne in proposing the toast of the guest of the evening, spoke in words of praise of his work in the interests of the Conservative party.

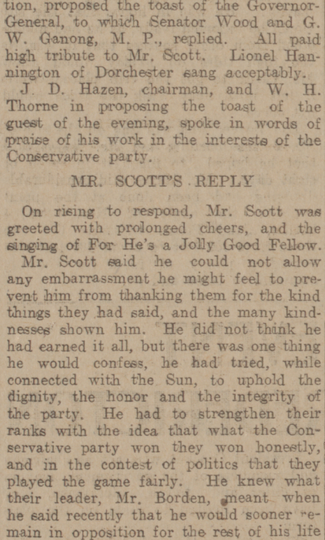
MR. SCOTT'S REPLY

On rising to respond, Mr. Scott was greeted with prolonged cheers, and the singing of For He's a Jolly Good Fellow.

Mr. Scott said he could not allow any embarrassment he might feel to prevent him from thanking them for the kind things they had said, and the many kindnesses shown him. He did not think he had earned it all, but there was one thing he would confess, he had tried, while connected with the Sun, to uphold the dignity, the honor and the integrity of the party. He had to strengthen their ranks with the idea that what the Conservative party won they won honestly, and in the contest of politics that they played the game fairly. He knew what their leader, Mr. Borden, meant when he said recently that he would sooner remain in opposition for the rest of his life than obtain the reins of power by improper means. (Cheers).

Mr. Scott went on to speak of the work on a newspaper, of the haste with which it had to be done and of his surprise at so little criticism. Referring to the gathering, he said it was not to him all pleasure, as he could not forget that it was the material sign of coming separation at the end of twenty years, during which they had been associated They had been in many political fights together; some had been won and some lost. The party had won the last three elections here, and had given to the house of commons two of its ablest representatives. (Cheers).

St. John was the only real home he had known except the log house on the hillside where he had grown up. In the city he had married, his children had been born, and been educated. He had come to know many kind and generous hearts and formed enduring friendships which would last to the end of the chapter. He would have been willing to end his days in St. John and to have cast in his lot with this community.



J. D. HAZEN, M. P. P., Chairman

Mr. Scott then made reference to his pleasant associations with W. H. Thorne while on the Sun and spoke in high terms of the press of the city generally.

Turning to the future of the Conservative party, he said that while he was no prophet, yet he saw signs that the party would be soon called upon once more to undertake the duty of governing the country. He would urge the Conservative members of the province to hold meetings among the people before parliament began. The people would be anxious to hear all they had to tell, and all they had heard and seen during the last session. Two important commissions rested with the party—to secure honest and decent elections, and also an honest and prudent administration. They had the right leaders and the time had come when the Conservative party should take the reins of power, and that, he believed, was the thing they were going to do. (Loud cheers).

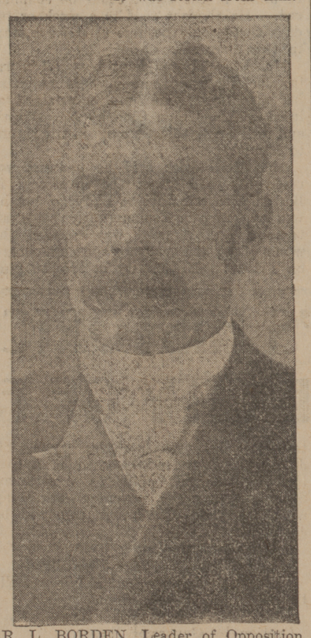
George V. McInerney, in proposing the Conservative party, spoke of its past achievements and said much yet remained to be done. He coupled with the toast the name of R. L. Borden, (cheers,) than whom no man in Canada was held in high esteem, and also the name of an old friend, George E. Foster (renewed cheering), by whose activity and eloquence many of the revelations in parliament at the last session had been brought about. Mr. McInerney said, he regarded it as unfortunate at this time that everything in the press came colored through the glasses of the opposite party, and, in the absence of a journal he would call on them all to go out into the province and let the intelligent yeomen know the true principles for which the Conservative party stood.

MR. BORDEN

Mr. Borden was greeted with great cheering. After a reference to the eloquence of Mr. McInerney and the way he had spoken of Mr. Foster and himself, Mr. Borden said he joined heartily in the tribute of admiration, respect and personal affection for Mr. Scott, which had been recapitulated by all the speakers at the board. He was the type of a press man of whom Canada might well be proud. A journalist was a public man inasmuch as he was in touch with the people, and Mr. Scott in all he had done or said had been true to himself and his country as well. His work, whether in the Sun or in the press gallery, had been of a wide and comprehensive nature. He agreed with Senator Wood that Mr. Scott's work, while moderate and fair, was at no time less than effective in its criticism of his opponents. He was glad to know that their political opponents in St. John, through the medium of their journalists, had borne tribute to Mr. Scott's fairness and he ventured to think that this quality would still be seen in his work in perhaps a wider field in the future.

Referring to the proposer of the toast, Mr. Borden said there was not one of the defeats the party sustained in 1904 which they more greatly deplored than that of Mr. McInerney. He had lost the seat in 1900 and was nearly restored in 1904. If he had gone into the field a little earlier

Mr. Powell—"It was stolen from him."



R. L. BORDEN, Leader of Opposition

Mr. Borden—"Well, as long as the party let elections be stolen from them they will remain in opposition."

Continuing, Mr. Borden said elections would not be won in any province in Canada unless the Conservative party began to organize in good time. They had lessons enough in the past to teach this, and while they might have the majority of the honest votes they could not be returned to power unless the votes were recorded. Mr. Powell had said Mr. McInerney's election had been stolen; then it was their duty to see to it that elections could not be stolen, and they would not be if the Conservatives were true to themselves. The Liberal machine was unable to take away the record of the party. In Canada they were a Democratic institution—a government by the people. If a political machine changed five or six votes at each election they would have a parliament not representing the will of the people, but that of the men who hired the bribers to bring about the result.

They wanted no better representatives at Ottawa than those sent from New Brunswick, but if their work was to have proper effect they must have organization. The party was not fortunate enough to have a great organ like the St. John Sun had been in the past, but perhaps they would be able to do better in the future. They had the Gleaner and the Moncton Times, which were doing excellent work. The Sun had been the great organ of the party in New Brunswick; it remained to be seen what would happen in the future, but for the present they could organize a campaign and endeavor to convey to the electors the work done by the Conservative party in opposition and expose the maladministration of the last session

Mr. Borden then referred to the attitude of the Conservative party on the Transcontinental railway in 1904, and said they had no cause to take back any word then uttered. In the session of 1905, on the difficult and delicate question of organizing the two new provinces, the party's policy had been to take the constitution and apply it in its entirety to the new provinces and stand or fall by it. Their position, he declared, had been much misrepresented by their political opponents. Coming to the record of the past session, Mr. Borden said no session had brought so much maladministration to the attention of Canada as that of 1906. Supplies had been bought on the middle man system for which there was no justification, and the government told their supporters that all was well. The speaker then referred in detail to the Montcalm, the cruise of the Arctic, and the North Atlantic Trading Company. In the case of the trading company he said that by the end of this year $300,000 of the public money would be paid under this contract to people whose names were yet unknown to the people of Canada, and would remain unknown if the government had its will.. Such exposures, he contended, had a cumulative effect. In several of the provinces the people were not impressed with the administrative record of the government, and he foresaw a great change at the next election. The party had a great opportunity for work today, and should not forget that in the near future they might be called to office with still greater work ahead.

In conclusion Mr. Borden said he had been glad to come to St. John on the present occasion, not only to renew old acquaintances, but to do honor to the guest of the evening. He had not been in the city of St. John as often as he could wish, but hoped to be here more in future. He would urge them in closing to open up an educative campaign that the words of Mr. Scott might not be in vain. (Cheers).

HON. MR. FOSTER

Hon. Mr. Foster said he didn't propose at that hour of the morning to take up much time. He paid a tribute to the worth of Mr. Scott. The history of the Conservative party remained to be written so far as details are concerned, but as for the broader achievements their past was well known and honorable. The record of the Conservative party had been that of progress and successful administration, but they could not live on the record of the past.

The work of the future was for the young men. The parliament of twenty-five years ago had questions of difficulty and perplexity, but the parliament of twenty-five years hence would have greater difficulties and perplexities. He referred to remarks made about politicians. "I wish we had some strong financial power to put money into the training of our young men for carrying on the affairs of the country," he said. "Politicians are largely made as a result of chance or circumstances. There would be better work done if the men were specially trained for the work. I know my limitations, I feel my limitations when matters of mighty import come up, and I feel unable to cope with them. What we need are specialists in this matter. If one man in a thousand would say he would fit himself for political life, it would give us one of the grandest parliaments we could have.

"The politician's work is the highest on earth. I dont' except the church or the bishop. The statesmen's work is the highest of all. They make the laws and are the real rulers of the country. No ambition is nobler or greater than that of being a statesman. The creator of the parliament is the people of the country. We must have pure elections if we are to have pure parliaments."

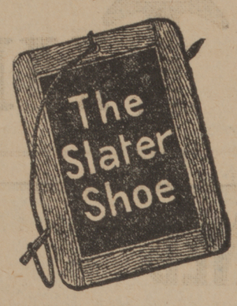
He referred to the election scandals of Toronto, where he claimed an organized conspiracy had been formed to steal the vote or switch it in the wrong direction. He also spoke of Liberal victories in the maritime provinces which, he said, were won on the same plan. "The Conservatives," he said, "must stick to honesty as in the past, and we will make no mistake. We must stand for pure elections. In trade policy both parties are about alike on principle. The great principle is honest administration from honest elections."

He spoke of the speech made by Mr. Scott and hoped his hearers would give heed to his remarks. He had listened to him with great interest. Mr. Scott is over and above all an orator. An orator is one who has something to say and says it; therefore I say Mr. Scott is an orator. He expressed his pleasure at meeting his friends here in New Brunswick, and in conclusion he said: "Before God and my conscience I have tried to keep myself clear and I know that in the hearts of my friends I have kept myself clear." (Applause).

Dr. Thomas Walker proposed the toast of the local legislature, coupled with the names of Robert Maxwell, M. P. P., and W. A. Mott, ex-M. P. P. They referred to the good work done by Mr. Scott.

J. J. Stewart, editor of the Halifax Herald, referred to his friendly relations with Mr. Scott and wished him success in the future.

After singing Auld Lang Syne, cheers were given for Messrs. Scott, Borden, Foster and Hazen, and the gathering broke up at 1.40 o'clock.



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CANDIDATES NOMINATED

Quebec, Oct. 16—(Special)—As was expected, George E. Amyot and L. Robitaille were nominated today at Sillery to fill the vacancy in Quebec county caused by the nomination of Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick to the chief justiceship. The other two candidates, Mr. Martineau and Colonel Neilson, withdrew.

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