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OVERCOATS

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Continued.)

Once on board, the keen, fresh sea-air revived her, the breeze was just strong enough to nicely swell the sails of the Foam Crest, as she cut her way merrily towards the open.

The sunset was glorious after the storm, and Marguerite, as she watched the white cliffs of Dover gradually disappearing from view, felt more at peace, and once more almost hopeful.

Sir Andrew was full of kind attentions, and she felt how lucky she had been to have him by her side in this, her great trouble.

Gradually the grey coast of France began to emerge from the fast-gathering evening mists. One or two lights could be seen flickering, and the spires of several churches to rise out of the surrounding haze.

Half an hour later Marguerite had landed upon French shore. She was back in that country where at this very moment men slaughtered their fellow creatures by the hundreds, and sent innocent women and children in thousands to the block.

The very aspect of the country and its people, even in this remote sea-coast town, spoke of that seething revolution, three hundred miles away, in beautiful Paris, now rendered hideous by the constant flow of the blood of her noblest sons, by the wailing of the widows, and the cries of fatherless children.

The men all wore red caps—in various stages of cleanliness—but all with the tricolour cockade pinned on the left-hand side. Marguerite noticed with a shudder that, instead of the laughing, merry countenances habitual to her own countrymen, their faces now invariably wore a look of sly distrust.

Every man nowadays was a spy upon his fellows; the most innocent word uttered in jest might at any time be brought up as a proof of aristrocatic tendencies, or of treachery against the people. Even the women went about with a curious look of fear and of hate lurking in their brown eyes; and all watched Marguerite as she stepped on shore, followed by Sir Andrew, and murmured as she passed along: "Sacres aristoe!" or else "Sacres Anglais!"

Otherwise their presence excited no further comment, Calais, even in those days, was in constant business communication with England, and English merchants were often to be seen on this coast. It was well known that in view of the heavy duties in England, a vast deal of French wines and brandies were smuggled across. This pleased the French bourgeois immensely; he liked to see the English Government and the English king, both of whom he hated, cheated out of their revenues; and an English smuggler was always a welcome guest at the tumble-down taverns of Calais and Boulogne.

So, perhaps, as Sir Andrew gradually directed Marguerite through the tortuous streets of Calais, many of the population, who turned with an oath to look at the strangers clad in the English fashion, thought that they were bent on purchasing dutiable articles for their own fog-ridden country, and gave them no more than a passing thought.

Marguerite, however, wondered how her husband's tall, massive figure could have passed through Calais unobserved: she marvelled what disguise he assumed to do his noble work, without exciting too much attention.

Without exchanging more than a few words, Sir Andrew was leading her right across the town, to the other side from that where they had landed, and on the way towards Cap Gris Nez. The streets were narrow, tortuous, and mostly evil-smelling, with a mixture of stale fish and damp cellar odors. There had been heavy rain here during the storm last night, and sometimes Marguerite sank ankle-deep in the mud, for the roads were not lighted save by the occasional glimmer from a lamp inside a house.

But she did not heed any of these petty discomforts: 'We may meet Blakeney at the 'Chat Gris,' " Sir Andrew had said, when they landed, and she was walking as if on a carpet of rose-leaves, for she was going to meet him almost at once.

At last they reached their destination. Sir Andrew evidently knew the road, for he had walked unerringly in the dark, and had not asked his way from anyone. It was too dark then for Marguerite to notice the outside aspect of the house. The "Chat Gris," as Sir Andrew had called it, was evidently a small wayside inn on the outskirts of Calais, and on the way to Gris Nez. It lay some little distance from the coast, for the sound of the sea seemed to come from afar.

Sir Andrew knocked at the door with the knob of his cane, and from within Marguerite heard a sort of grunt and the muttering of a number of oaths. Sir Andrew knocked again, this time more peremptorily: more oaths were heard, and then shuffling steps seemed to draw near the door. Presently this was thrown open, and Marguerite found herself on the threshold of the most dilapidated, most squalid room she had ever seen in all her life.

The paper, such as it was, was hanging from the walls in strips; there did not seem to be a single piece of furniture in the room that could, by the wildest stretch of imagination, be called "whole." Most of the chairs had broken backs, others had no seats to them, one corner of the table was propped up with a bundle of faggots, there where the fourth leg had been broken.

In one corner of the room there was a huge hearth over which hung a stock-pot, with a not altogether unpalatable odour of hot soup emanating therefrom. On one side of the room, high up in the wall, there was a species of loft, before which hung a tattered blue-and-white checked curtain. A rickety set of steps led up to this loft.

On the great bare walls, with their colourless paper, all stained with varied filth, there were chalked up at intervals in great bold characters, the words: "Liberte—Egalite—Fraternite."

The whole of this sordid abode was dimly lighted by an evil-smelling oil-lamp, which hung from the rickety rafters of the ceiling. It all looked so horribly squalid, so dirty and uninviting, that Marguerite hardly dared to cross the threshold.

Sir Andrew, however, had stepped unhesitatingly forward.

"English travellers, citoyen!" he said boldly, and speaking in French.

The individual who had come to the door in response to Sir Andrew's knock, and who, presumably was the owner of this squalid abode, was an elderly, heavily-built peasant, dressed in a dirty blouse, heavy sabots, from which wisps of straw protruded all round, shabby blue trousers, and the inevitable red cap with the tricolour cockade, that proclaimed his monetary political views. He carried a short wooden pipe, from which the odour of rank tobacco emanated. He looked with some suspicion and a great deal of contempt at the two travellers, muttered "Sacres Anglais!" and spat upon the ground to further show his independence of spirit, but, nevertheless, he stood aside to let them enter, no doubt well aware that these same Sacrrres Anglais always had well-filled purses.

"Oh, lud!" said Marguerite, as she advanced into the room, holding her handkerchief to her dainty nose, "what a dreadful hole! Are you sure this is the place "

"Aye! 'tis the place, sure enough," replied the young man as, with his laced-edged, fashionable handkerchief, he dusted a chair for Marguerite to sit on; "but I vow I never saw a more villainous hole."

"Faith!" she said, looking round with some curiosity and a great deal of horror at the dilapidated walls, the broken chairs, the rickety table, "it certainly does not look inviting."

The landlord of the "Chat Gris"—by name, Brogard—had taken no further notice of his guests; he concluded that presently they would order supper, and in the meanwhile it was not for a free citizen to show deference, or even courtesy, to anyone, however smartly they might be dressed.

By the hearth sat a huddled-up figure clad, seemingly, mostly in rags; that figure was apparently a woman, although even that would have been hard to distinguish, except for the cap, which had once been white, and for what looked like the semblance of a petticoat. She was sitting mumbling to herself, and from time to time stirring the brew in her stock-pot.

"Hey, my friend!" said Sir Andrew at last, "we should like some supper . . The citoyenne there," he added, pointing to the huddled-up bundle of rags by the hearth, "is concocting some delicious soup, I'll warrant, and my mistress has not tasted food for several hours."

It took Brogard some few moments to consider the question. A free citizen does not respond too readily to the wishes of those, who happen to require something of him.

"Sacrrres aristos!" he muttered, and once more spat upon the ground.

Then he went very slowly up to a dresser which stood in a corner of the room; from this he took an old pewter soup-tureen and slowly, and without a word, he handed it to his better-half, who, in the same silence, began filling the tureen with the soup out of her stock-pot.

Marguerite had watched all these preparations with absolute horror; were it not for the earnestness of her purpose, she would incontinently have fled from this abode of dirt and evil smells.

"Faith! our host and hostess are not cheerful people," said Sir Andrew, seeing the look of horror on Marguerite's face. "I would I could offer you a more hearty and more appetising mead . . . . but I think you will find the soup eatable and the wine good; these people wallow in dirt, but live well as a rule."

"Nay! I pray you, Sir Andrew," she said gently, "be not anxious about me. My mind is scarce inclined to dwell on thoughts of supper."

"Brogard was slowly pursuing his gruesome preparations; he had placed a couple of spoons, also two glasses on the table, both of which Sir Andrew took the precaution of wiping carefully.

Brogard had also produced a bottle of wine and some bread, and Marguerite made an effort to draw her chair to the table and to make some pretence at eating. Sir Andrew, as befitting his role of lacquey, stood behind her chair.

"Nay, Madame, I pray you," he said, seeing that Marguerite seemed quite unable to eat, "I beg you to try and swallow some food—remember you have need of all your strength."

The soup certainly was not bad; it smelt and tasted good. Marguerite might have enjoyed it, but for the horrible surroundings. She broke the bread, however, and drank some of the wine.

"Nay, Sir Andrew," she said, "I do not like to see you standing. You have need of food just as much as I have. This creature will only think that I am an eccentric Englishwoman eloping with her lacquey, if you'll sit down and partake of this semblance of supper beside me."

Indeed, Brogard having placed what was strictly necessary upon the table, seemed not to trouble himself any further about his guests. The Mere Brogard had quietly shuffled out of the room, and the man stood and lounged about, smoking his evil-smelling pipe, sometimes under Marguerite's very nose, as any free-born citizen who was anybody's equal should do.

"Confound the brute!" said Sir Andrew, with native British wrath, as Brogard leant up against the table, smoking and looking down superciliously at these two sacrrres Anglais.

"In Heaven's name, man," admonished Marguerite, hurriedly, seeing that Sir Andrew, with British-born instinct, was ominously clenching his fist, "remember that you are in France, and that in this year of grace this is the temper of the people."

"I'd like to scrag the brute!" muttered Sir Andrew, savagely.

He had taken Marguerite's advice and sat next to her at table, and they were both making noble efforts to deceive one another, by pretending to eat and drink.

"I pray you," said Marguerite, "keep the creature in a good temper, so that he may answer the question we must put to him."

"I'll do my best, but, begad! I'd sooner scrag him than question him. Hey, my friend," he said pleasantly in French, and tapping Brogard lightly on the shoulder, "do you see many of our quality along these parts? Many English travellers, I mean?"

Brogard looked round at him, over his near shoulder, puffed away at his pipe for a moment or two as he was in no hurry, then muttered—

"Heu!—sometimes!"

"Ah!" said Sir Andrew, carelessly, "English travellers always know where they can get good wine, eh! my friend? Now, tell me, my lady was desiring to know if by any chance you happen to have seen a great friend of hers, an English gentleman, who often comes to Calais on business; he is tall, and recently was on his way to Paris—my lady hoped to have met him in Calais."

Marguerite tried not to look at Brogard, lest she should betray before him the burning anxiety with which she waited for his reply. But a free-born French citizen is never in any hurry to answer questions; Brogard took his time, then he said very slowly,—

"Tall Englishman?—Today!—Yes."

"You have seen him?" asked Sir Andrew, carelessly.

"Yes, today," muttered Brogard, sullenly. Then he quietly took Sir Andrew's hat from a chair close by, put it on his own head, tugged at his dirty blouse, and generally tried to express in pantomime that the individual in question wore very fine clothes. "Sacrre aristo!" he muttered, "that tall Englishman!"

Marguerite could scarce repress a scream.

"It's Sir Percy right enough," she murmured, "and not even in disguise!"

She smiled, in the midst of all her anxiety and through her gathering tears, at thought of "the ruling passion strong in death;" of Percy running into the wildest, maddest dangers, with the latest-cut coat upon his back, and the laces of his jabot unruffled.

(To be continued.)

Headaches

Does your head ache? Pain back of your eyes? Sometimes faint and dizzy? Heavy pressure in your head? Bad taste in mouth? Does your food distress you?

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MR. FOSTER TELLS SOME THINGS ABOUT THE DEAL

He Admits He Received About $7,000 From George W. Fowler, but Says it Was Only a Loan---Has a Counter Claim Which Will Offset it.

Toronto, Oct. 3—The result of the examination of the books of the Bank of Nova Scotia was the disclosure before the insurance commission, of the manner in which some of the $55,000 received by Geo. W. Fowler from Peter Ryan in connection with the Kamloops Lumber Company purchase, was disposed of. The names of Foster, Clare, Bennett, Lefurgey, MacKenzie Mann, Pardee, Rufus H. Pope and Peuchen appeared in the bank ledger as recipients of money from Fowler or Pope and Fowler. There was a number of other payments against which the names of recipients did not appear in the books.

Hon. Mr. Foster again gave evidence, and volunteered the statement that the $2,500 which, according to the account produced, he had received from Fowler, was not the only amount he had obtained. The aggregate advances made by Fowler to himself he placed at between $5,000 and $7,500. He had appealed to Fowler for financial assistance, because of pressing obligations, but he claimed that he had a contract claim against that gentleman which was fully equivalent to the total of advances, and that there would be an accounting between them.

Mr. Foster stated that Fowler was acting in the negotiations for the purchase of lumber properties in pursuance of an understanding between McCormack, Irwin and Fowler on the one hand, and the Union Trust Company on the other, and while declining to define the relationship of Fowler as that of "agent," admitted, in reply to Mr. Shepley that he would be likely to ask for an accounting of any profits made by a person in Fowler's position.

Mr. Fowler emphatically denied that he had any interest in the transaction when it was made, but stated that after the deal was closed, Fowler had given him an option on a portion of his interest in the Kamloops Lumber Company, and that option was still outstanding.

Mr. Foster also explained how he and his associates, Wilson and McGillivray, acquired the first half interest, and finally the entire interest in the Pope-Fowler option for C. P. R. lands, as individuals, intending to finance it themselves. Finally believing it was a good thing, they let the Union Trust Company in on it, and borrowed money from the company, giving in return 237½ shares of bonus stock as an inducement. He admitted that the records of the Union Trust directors did not show that the identity of the real owners of the option was disclosed to the directors at the time the transaction took place, but said the facts were well known afterwards.

Mr. Foster was unable to give very clear reasons why, when Dr. Oronhyatekha suggested that 100 shares be put in his name, that a number of shares belonging to Wilson, McGillivray and himself were transferred to Oronhyatekha without any consideration being given.

In reply to Mr. Shepley, Mr. Foster said he had no knowledge of the fact that Pope and Fowler had gone to headquarters of the C. P. R. and secured a reversal of the decision of the land commissioner of the railway company fixing the price of the lands at $5 per acre and setting the option at $3.50. He believed those gentlemen thought they had a good option. Neither was he aware until it came out in the evidence that they had gone to D. M. Mann and obtained secret information regarding the location of the Canadian Northern railway.

From the stock book of the Great West Land Company, it appeared Mr. Foster holds 303 shares. Matthew Wilson 380 shares, Lieut.-Colonel McGillivray 278 shares, J. W. Currie, K. C., five shares, and Pope and Fowler 530 shares of stock.

Mr. Shepley announced that he had received advice by telegraph from George W. Fowler, stating that he was on his way back east. He is expected to arrive here in a few days.

Peter Ryan, who is about leaving the city for a brief period, voluntarily went into the box and gave a detailed statement of his interest in the lumber enterprises which he sold to the Union Trust Company, and emphatically denied that he had received anything more than $170,000 agreed upon for the property. He admitted that the ethics of his action in inserting $225,000 in the transfer to the Union Trust Company as the consideration was open to question, but urged that it was a common thing to name a larger amount than the real consideration in documents. His partners in the ownership of the property had sued for a division of the proceeds on the basis of $225,000, but had been unsuccessful. He regretted that his name had been bandied up and down in connection with the transaction, and, referring to certain rumors, challenged Mr. Shepley if he had any correspondence that would throw light upon the matter, to produce it. For himself, he had nothing to screen or hide.

HOW THEY VIEW THE LAND DEAL

What an Ontario Game Official Thinks of the Proposed Big Game Preserve in New Brunswick.

(Toronto News.)

"An item appearing in a recent issue of the press is one which should be of considerable interest to residents of the Province of Ontario, as it shows the growing necessity of always being on guard to prevent the acquiring by groups of individuals of large tracts of territory for private game reserves."

These remarks were made by Mr. J. Kelly Evans, the secretary of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association, in discussing a despatch from St. John, N. B., to the effect that a syndicate of rich Americans were prepared to employ large areas of the public domain in that Province for their own uses.

"It appears," pursued Mr. Evans, "that 1,700,000 acres of wild forest land in New Brunswick, under lease to the New Brunswick Railway Company, and doubtless land given by the people of the Province as a subsidy for the construction of the railway, had now been handed into the hands of a small number of persons for the purpose of giving them the most magnificent game preserves in the country. No doubt a few rich Canadians will be members, but eventually, following reserves of the same character, will be for the most part in the hands of American millionaires.

"Outside the economic loss the Province will eventually suffer in the keeping away of hosts of visiting tourists who would leave $75 a head, there must be considered the loss of rights to the people of the Province, and for a matter of fact, the whole Dominion.

"We realize no Government in Ontario dare for one moment perpetrate such an outrage. Were this action as reported to remain unnoticed, in Ontario, it might encourage some groups of our rapidly growing rich men to secure rich territory in our own Province.

"Indeed, it is the right time for the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association to have sprung into being as a main clause in its platform reads as follows: That the wild lands of the Province suitable to game, and the waters of the Province suitable to game fish, should be ever kept the property of the public, and the Association must always endeavor to prevent the acquisition by individuals or groups of individuals of large tracts of territory for the purposes of forming private game preserves."

WHY BURN YOUR TOES?

Stop using Acid Corn Salves, use Putnam's Painless Extractor; it costs a little more, but is far the best. Use only "Putnam's," 25c. at all dealers.

Big Pulp and Paper Co.

Fredericton, N. B., Oct. 3.—Geo. McAvity, Henry W. Stetson, of St. John; George C. Cutler, Frederick B. Cutler, of Boston, and John Lysander Cutler, of New York are applying for incorporation as "The St. John Pulp & Paper Company, Ltd." The amount of the capital stock is to be $275,000, all of which has been actually subscribed. The office and chief place of business is to be in the parish of Simonds.

Dr. C.C. Jones was appointed chancellor of the University of New Brunswick by the government this afternoon and he afterwards attended a meeting of the board of education.

Chipman McFarlane and John W. Carter, of Salisbury; John H. Crandall, of Stylesville; George McSweeney and E. Albert Reilly, of Moncton, are seeking incorporation as the Kent Lumber Company, with a capital stock of $10,000.

Moncton St. Railway

Moncton, Oct. 3—(Special)—At the city council meeting tonight, the question of a street railway for Moncton was discussed. Mayor Steeves stated Boston capitalists wanted to build a road next spring.

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In the milling of "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR, the flour passes through special purifying processes which, although they remove all the cellulose and waste matter, retain all the gluten and nutriment unharmed. Consequently this brand is more nutritive and more economical than ordinary flours.

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Montreal. St. John. Winnipeg.

NEW RECORDS FOR McGILL ATTENDANCE

The fame of McGill has travelled so far and wide that the attendance is yearly increasing, and before long some measures will have to be taken either to limit the number in attendance, or provide more accommodation. Even now the need of the latter is apparent.

Up to the end of last month, the most noticeable increase has been in the faculty of Applied Science, where the attendance now recorded is 445, or an increase of fifty-three students over the enrollment at a ten days later date last session. There is also an increase in the faculty of Medicine, and this notwithstanding that the fees have been raised, and that there is prospect of a year being added to the course.

In Arts, there is a decrease in the total enrollment, though, on the undergraduate side, there is an increase of ten, and it is to this, that the greatest importance attaches. In Law, the attendance remains much the same as usual.

Enquiries as to courses and as to the accepting of equivalents for matriculation are still coming into the university offices, and during the next ten days the increase in attendance will assume larger proportions.

ALL OVER TOWN!

Times Want Ads.

Pure Wool

at the Hewson Mills means fresh wool that has never been woven before.

"Pure" wool—in some mills—means rag shoddy (old cloth, torn up and re-woven) and cotton. It is neither pure, clean, fresh nor sanitary.

The Hewson trademark means cleanliness as well as quality.

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