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YES, they are saying all over town that our stock of Fall and Winter Clothing, Haberdashery, etc., is the finest display of the kind made in this section of the Province.

Our elegant Overcoats, in the different styles, our Swaggar Suits in all cuts; smart Furnishings, and our New Hats cannot be excelled in any way.

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MEN'S SUITS from - - - 4.00 to 20.00
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Special for Today—All-Wool Fleece Underwear, regular 75c. quality, at 49c. per garment. Men's Colored Shirts, regular \$1.00 and \$1.25 value, at 65c. A few left yet.

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26-28 Charlotte Street,
Old Y. M. C. A. Building.

ALEX. CORBET,
Manager.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Continued.)
CHAPTER XV.

Doubt.

Marguerite Blakeney had watched the slight smile and figure of Chauvin, as he worked his way through the ball-room. Then perforce she had to wait, while her nerves tingled with excitement.

Little she sat in the small, still deserted room, looking out through the curtained doorway at the dancing couples beyond; looking at them, yet seeing nothing, hearing the music, yet conscious of naught save a feeling of expectancy, of anxious, weary waiting.

Her mind conjured up before her the vision of what was, perhaps at this very moment, passing downstairs. The half-deserted dining-room, the fateful hour—Chauvin on the watch!—then, precise to the moment, the entrance of a man, he, the Scarlet Pimpernel, the mysterious leader, who to Marguerite had become almost unreal, so strange, so weird was this hidden identity.

She wished she was in the supper-room, too, at this moment, watching him as he entered; she knew that her woman's penetration would at once recognize in the stranger's face—whoever he might be—that strong individuality which belongs to a leader of men—to a hero; to the mighty, high-sounding eagle, whose daring wings were becoming entangled in the ferret's trap.

Woman-like, she thought of him with unmixt sadness; the irony of that fate seemed so cruel which allowed the fearless lion to succumb to the cunning of a rat! Ah! had Armand's life not been at stake!

"Faith! your ladyship must have thought me very remiss," said a voice suddenly, close to her elbow. "I had a deal of difficulty in delivering your message, for I could not find Blakeney anywhere at first."

Marguerite had forgotten all about her husband and her message for him; his very name, as spoken by Lord Fancourt, sounded strange and unfamiliar to her, so completely that she in the last five minutes had lived her old life in the Rue de Richelieu again, with Armand always near her to love and protect her, to guard her from the many subtle intrigues which were for ever raging in Paris in these days.

"I did find him at last," continued Lord Fancourt, "and gave him your message. He said that he would give orders at once for the horses to be put to."

"Ah!" she said, still very absently, "you found my husband and gave him my message?"

"Yes; he was in the dining-room fast asleep. I could not manage to wake him up at first."

"Thank you very much," she said mechanically, trying to collect her thoughts. "Will your ladyship honor me with the condolence until your coach is ready?" asked Lord Fancourt.

"No, I thank you my lord, but—an you will forgive me—I really am too tired, and the heat in the ball-room has become oppressive."

"The conservatory is deliciously cool; let me take you there, and then get you something. You seem ailing, Lady Blakeney."

"I am only very tired," she repeated wearily, as she allowed Lord Fancourt to lead her, where subdued lights and green plants lent coolness to the air. He got her a chair, into which she sank. This long interval of waiting was intolerable. Why did not Chauvin come and tell her the result of the watch?

Lord Fancourt was very attentive. She scarcely heard what he said, and suddenly startled him by asking abruptly, "Lord Fancourt, did you perceive who was in the dining-room just now besides Sir Percy Blakeney?"

"Only the agent of the French government, M. Chauvin, equally fast asleep in another corner," he said. "Why does your ladyship ask?"

"I know not . . . I . . . Did you notice the time when you were there?"

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LIFE NOW A PERPETUAL FEAST

BY NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

From the summer's travel we have harvested many new experiences and valuable lessons. Other summers have strengthened hope and fed the springs of optimism. But the outlook for the people and their country has never been so bright with promise. Life is a widening and deepening river. Once for the workingman and the common people the dominant color was grey or dull brown; now comes a time when the colors are many and brilliant. Each day life is a perpetual feast, spread with rich viands. Our fathers dwell in tents, ate bread and bitter herbs; their children dwell in cold houses, and those servants named inventors, authors, reformers, educators, are making the house to be a palace. The knowledge of the good fortune that has overwhelmed all of one's fellows lends a new note of happiness to the work of all men who are knitted in with their fellows.

LIFE WIDENING IN ITS INDIVIDUAL ASPECTS.

We return from a look abroad or from our sojourn and travels through our own country with a new sense of the increasing richness of the life of the common people. Men are ceasing to be specialists as farmers or carpenters or engineers. The man is now something more than a modified merchant. As never before the occupations are making strong men. Work is becoming a kind of college. The new tools are pushing back the horizon for the common people. The spinner has ceased to be a mere accident of his loom. The ignorant man can hoe corn or pick cotton; men who handle the new electrical machines are intelligent. In Alabama the horses now pull a machine through the cotton fields and steel fingers pick the cotton from the boll.

There the boy has been awakened by necessity, and the new era is working a similar transformation upon the immigrants that have just come to our shores. Once the college boy read nothing outside of his own profession. One youth moved in a deep rut worn by the feet of physical; another walked in a path worn by theologians; neither knew anything outside of his own profession. Life's way was then a narrow way. Peasants were walled about with ignorance. Gone now the horizon! Flew away the limitations! The average man is becoming a strong man first, and incidentally he follows a plough and runs an engine, or sells goods.

This summer I have travelled many thousands of miles, lectured in many states, visited many cities, and I have not met one workingman—I have not met one citizen in store or factory or shop who was not standing on tiptoe with expectation, who was not an optimist to his finger tips. The few pessimists I met were out of touch with life, were retired dreamers; living with their theories.

LIFE WIDENING IN ITS POLITICAL ASPECTS.

One returns from the summer travel with the conviction that life is growing

wider and richer in its political aspects. A universal springtime seems to be moving over the earth. The very upheavals are now become signs of growth. Revolution itself is but the red-hot ploughshare turning up the soil and burying the seed of old evils.

Even from Spain comes the news of a better era. A new patriotism is sweeping over old Castile. The new Italy is here also with the new Austria and the new Japan and the new China, and best of all, the new Russia.

When the harvest is poor and the winter threatens famine the starving people glean the wheat field and search the ground for every head of grain. But oh, how rich the harvest must be when golden sheaves lie all about in such profusion and richness that one must become an eclectic and choose the ripest intellectual sheaf and pass by many forms of wealth. The people of the whole earth are being emancipated during these summer days. Peasants in Austria and Russia, people in Italy and Spain and Norway are waking from their long sleep. Their outlook upon political institutions is new, world wide. Of a truth the river of politics is a deepening and widening river.

LIFE RICHER IN ITS INDUSTRIAL ASPECTS.

Wider and richer still the industrial movement. Less than a century ago the London Times published 500 copies every morning. Thirty millions of English people would buy no larger edition. After the victory of Napoleon in the Austrian war the London Times used relays of horses and boats for bringing the news to London. On the morning of the fifth day of the battle of Austerlitz London awakened and heard about Napoleon's achievement. The battle was less than five days old. All England plumed itself on the journalistic achievement of the Times. But this morning's New York newspaper makes the old London Times ridiculous.

The myriad uses of electricity make Benjamin Franklin's idea of lightning seem childish. The modern factory and looms make the old New England farmhouse, the spinning wheel and shoe, with the cruel winters, the fourteen hours of poorly paid toil, the scant food, the narrow life, the isolation and dreadful loneliness seem almost unbearable, even in thought. Penelope, weaving in a palace, makes up a beautiful event—in a poem. In actual life the girls who leaped above the spinning wheel in New England seventy years ago lived a life indescribably narrow, sad and starved. It is this that explains the infancy in the New England of a hundred years ago. How dreadful that sentence in John Todd's biography, that nearly every large family, soon or late, had one member that was chained!

Industrially never was life so broad, so rich, so happy. Once John Stuart Mill expressed a fear lest the end of music be reached because there were only eight notes in the scale. Since then Wagner and Dvorak have shown us that there is no horizon for the world of music. Once Malthus feared lest the limit of food and culture would be reached. But now we know that what was once looked upon as a wall is only a gate that opens into a new Eden of happiness, comfort, wealth, prosperity and universal good fortune for the common people.

CUSHING PULP MILL

Bid of Thos. McAvity Accepted by Liquidators and Judge.

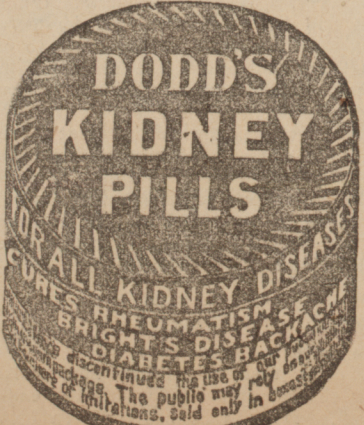
The bid of Thomas McAvity for the equity of redemption of the Cushing pulp mill property has been accepted. His offer was \$30,000 and it was the highest of the several sent in to the liquidators—Messrs. T. B. Blair, H. H. McLean and W. E. Vroom. The bids were opened on Thursday, but announcement was withheld pending consultation with Judge McLeod. Yesterday the judge was consulted and gave his assent to the acceptance of Mr. McAvity's tender.

As explained by one who is in touch with the Cushing case proceedings, Mr. McAvity by paying \$30,000 and paying the amount of the mortgage and interest and other sums, will be put in possession of the property which is described in the advertisement of the equity of redemption as the mortgaged lands and premises named in a certain mortgage between the Cushing Sulphite Fibre Co. and The Eastern Trust Co., including the pulp mill, machinery, fixtures and plant of the company at Union Point. Computing the sum total is not a possibility at the present time. First of all the face of the mortgage is \$230,000. About the interest there is dispute. The liquidators say it should be 10 per cent to the time due and 5 per cent thereafter, while the company claim is 10 per cent from start to finish. This is a matter which has yet to be settled, but roughly stated, the principal and interest on bonds is placed at about \$400,000. Besides this there came to question the costs of the Cushing suit and it may be believed will total a fairly large sum.

The company has been in possession of the property, and it is claimed work has been carried on at a profit and that these earnings must be reckoned with. Account of them is now being taken. In all it will be seen there is a large sum to pay in addition to the \$30,000 if the successful tenderer would come into possession, or he may bid in the property at the foreclosure sale Oct. 20.

It was said yesterday that Mr. McAvity was not acting for himself in making the tender and that he represented Capt. Partington, of England, head of the Cushing company, but there was no authoritative statement on this point to be had.

Frank Hogan, son of Michael Hogan, left on the C. P. R. last evening on his return to Harvard.



Essentials of good bread are just three—common sense, a good oven and Purity Flour. Produced entirely from the choicest Western Canada Hard Wheat. That's why Purity Flour makes most delicious bread with least trouble.

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WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., Limited
Mills at Winnipeg, Goderich and Brandon



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So perfect was, and is, this process that Stanfield's is known from one end of the Dominion to the other, as the Underwear "that does not shrink."

You can always depend on it.

Buy Stanfield's now—and after keeping you snugly warm all winter—you will find it just as easy—just as shapely—as the day you bought it.

If you want Underwear that won't shrink—that can't shrink—INSIST on having Stanfield's—the one sure Unshrinkable Underwear.

Sizes to suit all figures.

Weights to suit all climates.

96

UNDERWEAR

The First Need

of a cook, in order to insure good bread and pastry on Baking Day, is a good flour, and one which is uniform. A brand which varies in quality and strength, and requires different methods of using every time, is a source of worry to any cook and the cause of much spoiled bread and pastry. "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR is made by a process which insures every barrel and bag of flour which leaves the mills, being of a uniform strength, quality and color. Therefore when once a cook learns to use it she will find that the "FIVE ROSES" way of baking will give the same uniform results—the best—every Baking Day.

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Lake of the Woods Milling Co., Limited.

Montreal.

St. John.

Winnipeg.

GET INCREASED PAY

Moncton, N.B., Sept. 21.—The minister of railways spent today in the I. C. R. offices taking up the question of pay to the junior clerks. A number of increases have been granted to the stenographers and they range from \$5 to \$15. It is stated that the junior machinists in the shops are also to get increases at once. T. C. Burpee's salary as engineer of maintenance has been increased to the amount paid W. B. McKenzie. Four district superintendents are also to get increases of \$300 each per annum.

The announcement was made recently that no general increase would be granted clerks till the end of the fiscal year; therefore, the news came as a glad surprise to the officials and junior clerks, the latter being considered underpaid.

SUED BY WIFE

Ottawa, Sept. 21.—Judge Anglin will open the high court of Ontario jury sittings in the Ottawa court house next Tuesday. Among the cases listed for trial Commander Spain is the defendant. Through W. B. A. Ritchie, acting as trustee for Mary Beatrice Spain, suit is made for \$12,260, being six quarterly allowances of \$200 each, alleged to be in arrears, the allowances being provided for in an agreement between plaintiff and defendant. She claims \$1,250, alleging it is owing her for insurance premiums paid, and money loaned to her husband. She claims to have loaned \$6,000 and that but \$1,750 has been paid.

G. D. Robinson, of the general freight department, C. P. R., left last evening for Montreal, Boston, etc.

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Wilson's Fly Pads

Kill the flies and disease germs too.

Babies Thrive

on Nestlé's Food, because it contains all the food properties of rich, creamy cow's milk—in a form that tiny babies can assimilate.

Ready for the bottle by adding water—no milk required to prepare it.

Nestlé's Food

makes sturdy, healthy babies. FREE SAMPLE (sufficient for 8 meals) sent to mothers on request.

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