

THE AHERNS

Clever Acrobats Now Appearing in the Hippodrome at the Exhibition.

ACTRESS KILLED BY ELEVATOR

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Sept. 4.—Miss Charlotte Dean, leading woman of the Vallamont Park Stock Company, was kill-



MISS CHARLOTTE DEAN.

ed late Wednesday night in the elevator shaft of the Park Hotel.

Miss Dean attempted to take the elevator to get to her room before it had stopped on the first floor.

She was caught between the elevator and the side of the shaft and was carried to the second floor, from where she dropped to the basement.

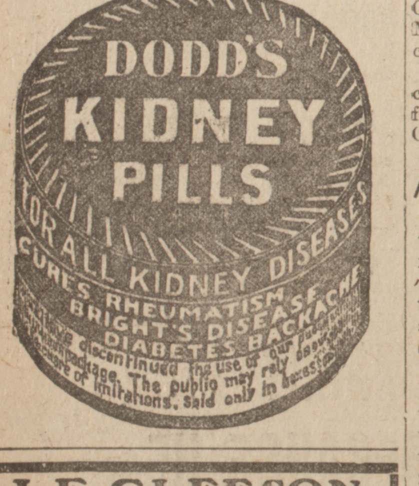
Miss Dean was from New York city, and was thirty years old.

TO STUDY IN AMERICA

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif., Sept. 5—Among the passengers on the Toyenm Kisen America, which arrived here yesterday from China, were Chen Shei Ting and Ten Fong Ten, two Chinese boys. They are en route to Annapolis, where they will enter the U. S. Naval Academy.

Accompanying the students were Drs. S. W. Tchan, Chow Kwai Sang and Ho Kan Luen, who are en route to Buffalo to attend a convention of the military surgeons.

Rev. H. E. Thomas, of Moncton, is in the city.



J. F. GLEESON,

REAL ESTATE AND FINANCIAL AGENT AND AUDITOR.

It will be to the advantage of parties having property for sale to communicate with me.

OFFICE: 56 Prince William Street. Bank of Montreal Building.

'Phone 1,721.

—WHEN AT THE—

Exhibition

be sure and see JAMES MASSON'S Pungs, and Gray's High Grade Waggons.

ROYAL INSURANCE CO.

Of Liverpool, England.

Total Funds Over $65,000,000

KAYE, TENNANT & KAYE,

Agents, 85 1-2 Prince William St, St. John, N. B.

THE HYGIENIC BAKERY.

WHEN YOU NEED BROWN BREAD, buy the best; mother's make.

Will keep moist six days. Sold by all grocers.

HYGIENIC BAKERY, 134 to 138 Mill St. 'Phone 1,167. Branch 231 Brussels street.

FOR ADVERTISERS

(From Printers' Ink, Aug. 8)

The Printers' Ink man brought specimens of the St. John dailies home with him and submitted them to the inspection of an advertiser who has had a good deal of experience in dealing with and valuing newspapers; asking him to look them over carefully, note the news, general reading matter, market reports, society, base ball, etc., together with a consideration of the advertising columns, and make known his decision by marking the papers 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 in the order of merit as it appeared to him. The papers were returned marked as directed which led to their being arranged in the following order:

The Daily Telegraph, the Evening Times, St. John Star, St. John Globe, the Sun.

For classified advertisements he reported The Daily Telegraph to be materially in advance of any of the others.

THINK IT OVER.

PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENT

Today's Royal Gazette contains the following appointments:

Northumberland—Marion E. Salter, to be an issuer of marriage licenses.

Westmorland—Severin Gallant, Shediac, to be justice of the peace.

Carleton—Dr. Thomas W. Griffin, Woodstock, to be a member of and chairman of the local board of health, in room of T. F. Sprague, M. D., resigned; Holland S. Broad, Holmville, justice of the peace.

Restigouche—George H. Seely, inspector of liquor licenses for the town of Dalhousie.

York—John L. Marsh, to be justice of the peace and small debt court of Fredericton in room of George S. Peters, deceased; George A. Cronkhite, justice of the peace.

Kent—Duncan Callander, to be revisor for the parish of Carleton.

Incorporation is granted the following companies: "The Perth Milling Company," capital, $10,000; "New Brunswick Fish & Game Company," capital, $5,000, and "The McMurray Book & Stationery Company," capital, $25,000.

E. & J. Robichaud, of Shippegan, Gloucester county, have made an assignment for the benefit of their creditors to George Gilbert, of Bathurst.

AGAINST FOREIGN DEGREES

Montreal, Sept. 5.—The Canadian Dental Association began its session this morning shortly after the Dominion Dental Council had finished its business. Between 200 and 300 delegates, among whom are several eminent dentists of the world, are to be present during the sessions.

The chief matter of business before the Dominion Dental Council was the question of accepting foreign degrees. Heretofore the council has refused to accept these on the ground that they were of inferior standard and because Canadians are not given any standing in foreign countries. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick favored accepting foreign degrees of a standard equal to our own but the council negatived the proposition, they holding that reciprocity could not be obtained by yielding all our privileges for nothing.

BIG AND LITTLE GAME

(Fredericton Herald).

Mr. and Mrs. Dale Bumstead, of Wilmington, Del., arrive at Fredericton today en route to the Crooked Dead water, where they will remain until the end of September. They expect good sport fishing trout until the big game season opens on September 15th. Henry Braithwaite and Alex. Turnbull will guide the party.

A party, composed of J. B. Kinghorn, J. G. Seattle and George H. Ferguson, left Friday evening for Suspoke Lake on a duck shooting expedition. J. A. Reid will join them at Rusigornish.

The duck and woodcock season is open and quite a number of local sports spent Labor Day on the marshes.

MARRIED IN HALIFAX

HALIFAX, N. S., Sept. 5 (special)—The marriage took place at St. Paul's this afternoon of Cyril B. Clarke, son of H. B. Clarke, and Alberta Sturmey, daughter of A. W. Sturmey; Rev. J. L. Donaldson officiated.

Miss Mary Quinn, of Moncton, is in the city.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Continued).

"Yes, that is so," assented Lord Antony.

"Then he will have received one such paper today?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Oh! I wonder what he will say!" said Suzanne, merrily. "I have heard that the picture of that little red flower is the only thing that frightens him."

"Faith, then," said Sir Andrew, he will have many more opportunities of studying the shape of that small scarlet flower."

"Ah! monsieur," sighed the Comtesse, "it all sounds like a romance, and I cannot understand it all."

"Why should you try, Madame?"

"But, tell me, why should your leader—why should you all—spend your money and risk your lives—for it is your lives you risk, Messieurs, when you set foot in France—and all for us French men and women, who are nothing to you?"

"Sport, Madame la Comtesse, sport," asserted Lord Antony, with his jovial, loud and pleasant voice; "we are a nation of sportsmen, you know, and just now it is the fashion to pull the hare from between the teeth of the hound."

"Ah, no, no, not sport only, Monsieur . . . you have a more noble motive, I am sure, for the good work you do."

"Faith, Madame, I would like you to find it then; as for me, I vow, I love the game, for this is the finest sport I have yet encountered. Hair-breadth escapes . . . the devil's own risks!—Tally ho!—and away we go!"

But the Comtesse shook her head, still incredulously. To her it seemed preposterous that these young men and their great leader, all of them rich, probably well-born, and young, should for no other motive than sport, run the terrible risks, which she knew they were constantly doing. Their nationality, once they had set foot in France, would be no safeguard to them. Anyone found harboring or assisting suspected royalists would be ruthlessly condemned and summarily executed, whatever his nationality might be. And this band of young Englishmen had, to her knowledge, bearded the implacable and bloodthirsty tribunal of the Revolution, within the very walls of Paris itself, and had snatched away condemned victims, almost from the very foot of the guillotine. With a shudder, she recalled the events of the last few days, her escape from Paris with her two children, all three of them hidden amid a heap of turnips and cabbages, not daring to breathe, whilst the mob howled "A la lanterne les aristos!" at that awful West Barricade.

It had all occurred in such a miraculous way; she and her husband had understood that they had been placed on the list of "suspected persons," which meant that their trial and death was but a matter of rays—of hours, perhaps.

Then came the hope of salvation; the mysterious epistle, signed with the enigmatical scarlet device; the clear, peremptory directions; the parting from the Comte de Tournay, which had torn the poor wife's heart in two; the hope of reunion; the flight with her two children; the covered cart; that awful hag driving it, who looked like some horrible evil demon, with the ghastly trophy on her whip handle!

The Comtesse looked round at the quaint, old-fashioned English inn, the peace of this land of civil and religious liberty, and she closed her eyes to shut out the haunting vision of that West Barricade, and of the mob retreating panic-stricken when the old hag spoke of the plague.

Every moment under that cart she expected recognition, arrest, herself and her children tried and condemned, and these young Englishmen, under the guidance of their brave and mysterious leader, had ricked their lives to save them all, as they had already saved scores of other innocent people.

And all only for sport? Impossible! Suzanne's eyes as she sought those of Sir Andrew plainly told him that she thought that he at any rate rescued his fellow-men from terrible and unmerited death, through a higher and nobler motive than his friend would have her believe.

"How many are there in your brave league, Monsieur?" she asked timidly.

"Twenty all told, Mademoiselle," he replied, "one to command, and nineteen to obey. All of us Englishmen, and all pledged to the same cause—to obey our leader and to rescue the innocent."

"May God protect you all, Messieurs," said the Comtesse, fervently.

"He has done that so far, Madame."

"It is wonderful to me, wonderful!—That you should all be so brave so devoted to your fellow-men—yet you are English!—and in France treachery is rife—all in the name of liberty and fraternity." 2

"The women even, in France, have been more bitter against us aristrocats than the men," said the Vicomte, with a sigh.

"Ah, yes," added the Comtesse, whilst a look of haughty disdain and intense bitterness shot through her melancholy eyes. "There was that woman, Marguerite St. Just, for instance. She denounced the Marquis de St. Cyr and all his family to the awful tribunal of the Terror."

"Marguerite St. Just?" said Lord Antony, as he shot a quick apprehensive glance across at Sir Andrew. "Marguerite St. Just?—Surely. . ."

"Yes!" replied the Comtesse, "surely you know her. She was a leading actress of the Comedie Francaise, and she married an Englishman lately. You must know her—"

"Know her?" said Lord Antony. "Know Lady Blakeney—the most fashionable woman in London—the wife of the richest man in England? Of course, we all know Lady Blakeney."

"She was a school-fellow of mine at the convent in Paris," interposed Suzanne, "and we came over to England together to learn your language. I was very fond of Marguerite, and I cannot believe that she ever did anything so wicked."

"It certainly seems incredible," said Sir Andrew. "You say that she actually denounced the Marquis de St. Cyr? Why should she have done such a thing? Surely there must be some mistake——"

"No mistake is possible, Monsieur," rejoined the Comtesse, coldly. "Marguerite St. ust's brother is a noted republican. There was some talk of a family feud between him and my cousin, the Marquis de St Cyr The St Justs are plebeian, and the republican government employs them as spies. I assure you there is no mistake. . . .You had not heard this story"

"Faith, Madame, I did hear some vague rumors of it, but in England no one would credit it. . . Sir Percy Blakeney, her husband, is a very wealthy man, of high social position, the intimate friend of the Prince of Wales . . and Lady Blakeney leads both fashion and society in London."

"That maye be, Monsieur, and we shall, of course, lead a very quiet life in England, but I pray God that while I remain in this beautiful country, I may never meet Marguerite St. Just."

The proverbial wet-blanket seemed to have fallen over the merry little company gathered round the table. Suzanne looked sad and silent; Sir Andrew fidgeted uneasily with his fork, whilst the Comtesse, encased in the plate-armour of her aristocratic prejudices, sat, rigid and unbending, in her straight-backed chair. As for Lord Antony, he looked extremely uncomfortable, and glanced once or twice apprehensively towards Jellyband, who looked just as uncomfortable as himself.

"At what time do you expect Sir Percy and Lady Blakeney?" he contrived to whisper unobserved, to mine host.

"Any moment, my lord," whispered Jellyband in reply.

Even as he spoke, a distant clatter was heard of an approaching coach; louder and louder it grew, one or two shouts became distinguishable, then the rattle of horses' hoofs on the uneven cobble stones, and the next moment a stable boy had thrown open the coffee-room door and rushed in excitedly.

"Sir Percy Blakeney and my lady," he shouted at the top of his voice, "they're just arriving."

And with more shouting, jingling of harness, and iron hoofs upon the stones, a magnificent coach, drawn by four superb bays, had halted outside the porch of "The Fisherman's Rest."

CHAPTER V.

Marguerite.

In a moment the pleasant oak-raftered coffee-room of the inn became the scene of hopeless confusion and discomfort. At the first announcement made by the stable boy, Lord Antony, with a fashionable oath, had jumped up from his seat and was now giving many and confused directions to poor bewildered Jellyband, who seemed at his wits' end what to do.

"For goodness' sake, man," admonished his lordship, "try to keep Lady Blakeney talking outside for a moment, while the ladies withdraw. Zounds!" he added, with another emphatic oath, "this is most unfortunate."

"Quick, Sally! the candles!" shouted Jellyband, as hopping about from one leg to another, he ran hither and thither, adding to the general discomfort of everybody.

The Comtesse, too, had risen to her feet; rigid and erect, trying to hide her excitement beneath more becoming sangfroid, she repeated mechanically,—

"I will not see her! — I will not see her!"

Outside, the excitement attendant upon the arrival of very important guests grew apace.

"Good-day, Sir Percy!—Good-day to your ladyship! Your servant, Sir Percy!"—was heard in one long, continued chorus, with alternate more feeble tones of—"Remember the poor blind man! of your charity, lady and gentleman!"

Then suddenly a singularly sweet voice was heard through all the din.

"Let the poor man be—and give him some supper at my expense."

The voice was low and musical, with a slight sing-song in it, and a faint soupcon of foreign intonation in the pronunciation of the consonants.

Everyone in the coffee-room heard it and paused, instinctively listening to it for a moment. Sally was holding the candles by the opposite door, which led to the bedrooms upstairs, and the Comtesse was in the act of beating a hasty retreat before that enemy who owed such a sweet musical voice; Suzanne reluctantly was preparing to follow her mother, whilst casting regretful glances towards the door, where she hoped still to see her dearly-beloved, erstwhile school-fellow.

Then Jellyband threw open the door, still stupidly and blindly hoping to avert the catastrophe, which he felt was in the air, and the same low, musical voice said, with a merry laugh and mock consternation,—

"B-r-r-r-r! I am as wet as a herring! Dieu! has anyone ever seen such a contemptible climate?"

"Suzanne, come with me at once—I wish it," said the Comtesse, peremptorily.

"Oh! Mama!" pleaded Suzanne.

"My lady . . . er . . . h'm! . . . my lady! . . . ." came in feeble accents from Jellyband, who stood clumsily trying to bar the way.

"Pardieu, my good man," said Lady Blakeney, with some impatience, "what are you standing in my way for, dancing about like a turkey with a sore foot? Let me get to the fire, I am perished with the cold."

(To be continued.)

Wants Carleton Street Railway Completed

Action looking to the completion of the street railway circuit in Carleton is being taken on the urging of Ald. Baxter. On Saturday last he asked H. M. Hopper, secretary-treasurer of the company, when it was proposed to extend the line along Union street and complete the circuit through Brooks ward. Mr. Hopper replied that Director Cushing had refused to give them a line in Union street and Mr. Earle, manager of the company, gave the alderman the same reply.

Yesterday Ald. Baxter brought up the matter at the board of works meeting and Director Cushing said the reason no line had been given the company in Union street was that he was waiting until matters were decided relative to the N. B. Southern railway station. It had been decided by a committee some time ago that the street railway track in Union street should lie west of all the other tracks and to run it so now would place it where the New Brunswick Southern railway station and platform are.

The board decided to instruct Mr. Cushing to give the street railway their line so that they could go on with the work.

Pale? Thin? How is it with the children these days? Have they plenty of grit, courage, strength? Or are they thin, pale, delicate? This reminds you of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It does great things for children. It gives them a good appetite, improves their digestion, builds up their general health. Ask your doctor if he endorses this. We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines! J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

The Canadian Drug Co.

Is Ready for Business

Our new premises are completed and an entirely new stock of goods is ready for our patrons.

Orders will be filled immediately upon receipt and every endeavor will be made to give complete satisfaction to all.

We are headquarters for all that is best in

Drugs, Patent Medicines

Toilet Articles

Druggist's Sundries, Etc.

Give the CANADIAN DRUG CO. your business and be assured of high-quality of goods and prompt service.

Address all correspondence to

THOMAS GIBBARD, Manager

The Canadian Drug Co., Ltd.

70-72 Prince William St. St. John, N. B.

P. O. Box 187

An Invitation to Exhibition Visitors

When you visit the city you are cordially invited to inspect the newspaper offices of THE TELEGRAPH and TIMES. As you know, these papers have the most up-to-date equipment, and the largest circulations, east of Montreal.

We will take pleasure in escorting you about the building, and explaining the different steps in the making of a modern newspaper, and showing you in operation the finest printing press in this part of Canada.

You are welcome to make our offices your headquarters while in the city. Stop at our booth on the grounds and receive the little souvenir of the Exhibition we have prepared for you.

Remember, our entire plant will be thrown open to visitors during Exhibition Week. All our friends are requested to call.

The Daily Telegraph

The Evening Times