

# POOR DOCUMENT

## M C 2 0 3 4

ST. JOHN STAR, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1906.

### -EXHIBITION-

IN LESS THAN  
**THREE WEEKS**

... THE ...

### EXHIBITION

WILL BE HERE!

And then you and your wife and all the children will want to attend.

The little ones will be bothering you every day for a quarter to pay their admission fee, and you will have to shell out steadily.

How much better off would you be if you had a

### SEASON TICKET

which gives Thirteen Admissions, and which you can secure for nothing?

All you have to do is to pay **THREE DOLLARS** for One Year's Subscription to

**The St. John Star**

AND YOU WILL RECEIVE A

### Season Ticket Free!

This is simply getting a Dollar for nothing.

The offer is open to everyone, and already many have taken advantage of it.

### Remember--

One Year's subscription carries with it a SEASON TICKET.

This is no guessing competition, no prize story scheme, but a simple offer--

### FREE TO ALL

—ONLY—

### Three Weeks More

### Get Your Tickets Now

## 101. A Story of France in the days of Louis XV., and how the work of a traitor was foiled by the energy of Madame Pompadour.

"It is useless to destroy the papers," the Princess remarked placidly. "That will only send Madame de Pompadour to the Bastille. Madame de Pompadour is a great and beautiful woman, but like all really ambitious men and women she has no mercy, and she naturally does not wish to take her places in the cells. She is fighting for her life and love as you are. Come, Vicomte, be reasonable. In five minutes it will be all over and you will return a hero to Versailles. Remember what awaits you there."

Every sentence in this calmly terrible speech made Andre feel more misery than he could have believed a man could endure. "Why be in any doubt?" she began again. "Oh, for God's sake—" he pleaded. "For God's sake—" "No, you must hear me out. The proof of my treachery is here; they, these men, will find it on me," she had drawn a paper from her breast. Do you know what that is? It is a copy of the secret despatch; it is addressed to the agent who would convey it to England, and it is signed."

She held it up and in the flickering light Andre could see the red mystic sign of the crossed daggers and the cipher number. He shivered as she replaced it in her bosom. "The game is up for me," she said in her impassive voice. "That paper will send me to the scaffold, and unless you arrest me it will send you too."

"You are mad," he cried incoherently, and he really believed what he said. "You are mad."

"Was the woman mad who tricked you at Fontenoy, who has tricked and befuddled you at every turn since you came back? I have betrayed your country, your King, your army, and yet you, a noble hating treason, loving France, hesitate to arrest the traitress whom you have sworn to bring to justice. It is you who are mad, my friend, not I; or shall I say, she had dropped her eyes and had curried. "Monsieur is too good."

"You are mad," he cried, leaning heavily on a chair and peering down into her eyes. "Yvonne, of course; Yvonne of the Spotted Ankles," she lifted her dress a few inches. "Yvonne whom at the bidding of another woman you were to make your tool. Did you? I think not for the Vicomte de Nerac can be more easily tricked by women than I can."

Yvonne! Andre's brain reeled. Yvonne who had saved his life, was a traitress, the traitress whose crimes merited condign punishment, whom now, by the devilish device of fate, he must arrest and send to a felon's death to save himself and Denise.

He seized her arm. "Who and what are you?" he cried, beside himself, for the torture of the fascinating, yet riddle-racked him beyond endurance.

"That," she replied with her slow smile, "is my secret and it will perish with me. Do your duty, Vicomte, and return to Versailles. Madame de Pompadour awaits you; the blood of the noblesse, her foes, will alone in her eyes. She has triumphed, and so have you. Go back to your King, tell him the proof of his royal intrigues, destroy

the noble traitors who would have destroyed him, and in revenge, the sweetest things the world can give a man, are yours. Are they not enough?" She was coolly taunting him, and out there in the court-yard saved my life once, more than once, for you could have killed me in the cabin at Fontenoy; you and the Chevalier—God rest his soul—enabled me to save the honor of Denise—Denise!" He paused for emotion. "You have enabled me to save my own honor. Why you did these things I do not know. But I would tonight, and now, take you past the Barrier of St. Louis, and I would then bid Versailles and you adieu forever. God alone can judge you, not I—but Denise—there is Denise—"

"Then Denise herself must decide," she was mad after all; stark mad. He stood helplessly picking at the embroidered upholstery of the chair. Mad, mad; they were all mad.

The woman had glided towards the door on the right. Andre looked up excitedly. Ha! She was gone—fled. Then he, too, must escape at once. He snatched up the papers, seized his cloak, and darted towards the window, only to start back with a cry.

On the threshold of the doorway stood Denise.

He stood spellbound. Yes, it was Denise.

CHAPTER XXX. She came forward with outstretched hands. "Andre," she asked with passionate eagerness, "you are safe?"

He took her to his breast, looking into her eyes. "Sweetheart," he whispered, "why are you here?"

"Because you sent for me," she began innocently. "Sent for you?" he repeated in dull bewilderment. "Mad," he muttered, "mad, mad." His brain was beginning to break down.

"Yes," she whispered, for his face frightened her, "you sent for me. See, read."

Andre took the strip of paper from her. After a few minutes he was able to spell out these words: "I am in great danger. You alone can save me. Come at once to Paris, Carrefour de St. Antoine No. 3. Andre."

The paper dropped. The writing was his, at least it appeared to be. Could he have written it? He searched his whirling thoughts recalling the events of this awful night following on the heels of the discovery of waiting in Madame de Pompadour's room after the scene at the inn, the discovery of Denise, the interviews that followed, the finding of the Chevalier and Mont Rouge, the gallies to Paris, and their flight that had happened in this salon. He snatched at the paper again; he had not written it, no, it was clever, the work of the only woman who could do it—"No. 101."

Denise was watching him in terror, for his lips moved, yet he said nothing. "A girl called Yvonne," she whispered, "brought it to me at midnight; she conducted me to this house, and I have been waiting here ever since, waiting for you. Yvonne has disappeared and the doors were all locked. There is only the woman who—"

They both turned sharply at the rustle of a dress and stood hand in hand gazing in silence, for there had entered the girl whom Andre had seen gliding with Gustave at "The God with the Spurs of Gold."

Andre mechanically whipped off his hat. Denise mechanically answered the courtesy of the lady who had entered, for this was a gentlewoman of their own rank, whose beauty would have adorned the great hall in the Chateau de Beau Sejour.

"We agreed," she began quietly, "that Madame de la Marquise was to decide. Monsieur le Vicomte, what I have to say is for the ears of Madame de la Marquise alone. Permit me to show you where you can wait. I shall not keep you long. She pointed with her fan to the door and then held out her fingers.

Andre walked out of the room like one in a dream. The door closed. The two women were alone.

"I can be trusted," the stranger said quietly. "You have heard of 'No. 101'; you know of the stealing of the secret despatch. I am the thief. I am 'No. 101'."

Denise recoiled with a cry of horror, her eyes fixed on the girl's face with an expression of indignant stupefaction. "The Vicomte de Nerac," the stranger proceeded, "knows what you know now, and he will return to Versailles a hero," she paused. "If he will arrest me. He has the despatch; he has a letter which will convict the Comte de Mont Rouge, who, Madame de la Marquise de Pompadour will also send you to the Bastille, for she has proof that you were in her room this night. The Vicomte is in great danger, and you were summoned here to save him for at your bidding alone will he do his duty and arrest the traitress—me!"

Denise's indignation had already begun to melt. She freed the necklace at her throat as if it were choking her.

"Shall I now ask the Vicomte to return?" The girl moved towards the door.

"Wait—one moment! You are—" "Wait—one moment!" "You are—" Yvonne," she whispered.

The stranger sat down and unconsciously began to tear up one of the sheets of paper littering the floor. "I am," she answered quietly.

"He took it from the English agent," she said to Denise, "the fact that the secret despatch which you stole!"

"He took it from the English agent," she said to Denise, "the fact that the secret despatch which you stole!"

"Ah! Again Denise had guessed the truth. "You once saved the Vicomte's life," she went on.

"I helped to do so."

"Yet you are a traitress?"

"And you gave the Vicomte de Nerac a should have continued to be if you and the Vicomte de Nerac had not been in this house, and I have been waiting here ever since, waiting for you. Yvonne has disappeared and the doors were all locked. There is only the woman who—"

The other looked up quickly. "Was my brother," she corrected gently. "The Chevalier de St. Amant is dead."

"Ah!" she cried with sudden conviction. "The Chevalier de St. Amant is your brother?"

The other looked up quickly. "Was my brother," she corrected gently. "The Chevalier de St. Amant is dead."

"Ah!" she cried with sudden conviction. "The Chevalier de St. Amant is your brother?"

The other looked up quickly. "Was my brother," she corrected gently. "The Chevalier de St. Amant is dead."

"Ah!" she cried with sudden conviction. "The Chevalier de St. Amant is your brother?"

The other looked up quickly. "Was my brother," she corrected gently. "The Chevalier de St. Amant is dead."

"Ah!" she cried with sudden conviction. "The Chevalier de St. Amant is your brother?"

The other looked up quickly. "Was my brother," she corrected gently. "The Chevalier de St. Amant is dead."

"Ah!" she cried with sudden conviction. "The Chevalier de St. Amant is your brother?"

The other looked up quickly. "Was my brother," she corrected gently. "The Chevalier de St. Amant is dead."

"Ah!" she cried with sudden conviction. "The Chevalier de St. Amant is your brother?"

## RIOT AND DEATH ON BROOKLYN STREET CARS.

Several Inspectors Arrested Yesterday--Police Aid in Assaults on the Public, and 1,000 Deputies Are Sworn in to Protect Passengers--Hospitals Filled With People Injured by Thugs.

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—An outcome of the rioting over the ten cent fare to Coney Island and the arrest today of a number of their inspectors on the charge of brutal assault, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit discontinued operating the surface cars to Coney Island below Kings highway tonight. Sheriff Michael Flaherty of Brooklyn is swearing in one thousand parties tonight to be placed on the cars going to King's highway for the purpose of arresting any B. R. T. employee who places a hand on a passenger. The police have shown themselves utterly incapable of dealing with the situation, and in fact are openly winking at and assisting in the assaults on the general public. Sheriff Flaherty, in an interview tonight, censuring the situation said: "I am advised by the district attorney of the county that Judge Gaynor's decision that five cents is the legal fare to Coney Island is the law and that every time a passenger is ejected for refusing to pay extra fare there is a case of assault. The police are doing nothing to protect the people of this borough, and as the chief police officer, it is my duty to step in. I have instructed these deputies to arrest every B. R. T. employee who lays his hand on a passenger. I expect the assistance of the police; if they don't choose to assist me however, I will tackle the situation alone. The conditions today constitute a public disgrace. Murder and riot are imminent. The temper of the people is strained to the breaking point and something must be done immediately."

Brooklyn today is in a pent up state and business everywhere is practically at a standstill. The hospitals are filled with people who have been brutally assaulted by thugs in the employ of the car company. Already two deaths have occurred as a result of injuries received. Hundreds are walking about with black eyes and general contusions. The action of the police in assisting the thugs caused the arrest of the fare and then refusing to arrest the ruffians who openly assaulted passengers is said to be due to the fact that many of the prominent Tammany politicians are large holders of B. R. T. securities and would suffer pecuniary loss in the reduction of fare. District Attorney Clarke of Kings county tonight has caused the arrest of Chief Inspector Maybury and five of his men on the charge of assaulting passengers. The situation is one of extreme gravity and there is talk of the military being called out should it not improve within the next twelve hours.

A typical outrage was the treatment accorded Jacob Greenblatt, a youth, today by Col. Roberts, a B. R. T. lawyer, who advocated the killing of passengers who refused to pay the second fare. Col. Roberts threw the lad down, knelt on his chest and choked him so severely that when Roberts was pulled

off and Greenblatt got on his feet he fell unconscious to the ground. Instead of arresting Roberts, Sergeant Callahan took Greenblatt before Magistrate Voorhees at the Coney Island police court, who held him in \$100 bail on a charge of assault. This eminent jurist from the first stepped into line with the B. R. T. thugs.

(Associated Press.) NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—Following the arrest tonight of three division inspectors of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Co. on charges of assault in the third degree, the company shut off entirely all of its surface lines leading to Coney Island, taking the position that this was the only way to stop rioting which has been in progress since Sunday morning at the points where a second fare was demanded by the company's employees. The elevated and express trains service to the seashore resort were augmented. The arrested inspectors are Wm. Hefferman, Wm. C. Newberry and Frederick J. Dulliver, all of whom were taken into custody on warrants sworn out by passengers who had been ejected from cars. The employees were bailed in the sum of \$500 each.

The stoppage of the surface car traffic had the effect of quieting the disturbances tonight and the company declares it will not attempt to run the surface cars through to Coney Island at rush hours until the danger of rioting is past.

Counsel for the company today wrote to the acting corporation council declaring that the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company's line was not affording police protection. He declared the company is a legal one according to the laws of New York state, is doing a legal business and is entitled to police protection when its rights are assaulted.

The surface cars which were stopped tonight, were run during the morning and early afternoon on a regular schedule, or half hour headway. There were many disputes at Neck road and Gravesend avenue, and a number of passengers were dragged, protesting, from the cars. Sheriff Flaherty of Kings, said today he was prepared to swear in 1,000 deputies if the situation should demand such a course, and he did issue commissions to several scores of whom he sent to the scene of the recent disorders. The stoppage of traffic tonight meant the employment of further deputies at this time necessary.

The company has experienced but little difficulty in collecting second fares from elevated railroad passengers to Coney Island. The Brooklyn Rapid Transit stops its surface cars at the second fare limits despite threats that the small that actions to annul the charter for these roads from Neck road to Coney Island would be instituted.

## HON. MR. TEMPLEMAN SPEAKS OF THE PROSPERITY WHICH NOW EXISTS ALL OVER CANADA--REFERS TO HIS VISIT TO MONCTON, GLACE BAY AND OTHER GROWING TOWNS.

East He Says is Sharing in the Great Prosperity Which Now Exists all Over Canada--Refers to His Visit to Moncton, Glace Bay and Other Growing Towns.

OTTAWA, Aug. 14.—Hon. William Templeman, minister of inland revenue, has returned from a trip to the Maritime provinces. He visited St. John, Halifax, Sydney, Charlottetown, Moncton and other points.

"Notwithstanding the rush to the wheat fields of the Canadian west," said Mr. Templeman, "the east is sharing in the great prosperity which now exists all over Canada. There are evidences of a beautiful harvest in all the provinces down by the sea, and the prices the farmer is obtaining for his produce are in advance of previous years."

"The great cry is the scarcity of men to do the work. This applies to almost all branches of trade. The Dominion Coal Co. in Cape Breton is probably the greatest sufferer in this regard. Some hundreds of miners were imported from Britain and still the demand for coal is greater than the output can meet. Under the auspices of this great industrial concern new cities have sprung up. The latest example is that of Glace Bay, which has a population of anywhere from 12,000 to 16,000. The Sydney steel works is particularly busy. Between Sydney and the Soo

enough of rails can be turned out to lay 4,000 miles of road each year. The quality seems to be excellent. The company is shipping rails to Vancouver by water for the Victoria, Vancouver and Eastern railway. The Vancouver street railway has also purchased rails from Sydney. When this can be done there is no need for importing."

"Yesterday I was present at the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new I. C. R. work shops at Moncton. The whole city took part in the demonstration, showing how the people appreciate the successful efforts of the minister of railways to improve the people's road. The passenger train service on all the government railways cannot be surpassed in Canada. As a consequence the tourist traffic is heavy and the trains and the hotels well filled. The outlook is that Mr. Emerson will be able at the close of the financial year to make a still better showing than last year, and that he will carry out his promise to make deficits a thing of the past."

Mr. Templeman leaves for the Pacific coast at the end of the week. He goes by way of Toronto.

Opens Sept. 1  
Closes Sept. 8  
1906

## ST. JOHN EXHIBITION

The Best Fair in Eastern Canada!

The Amusements and Attractions of the St. John Exhibition are the Biggest and Best Ever Shown In Canada.

THE FOLLOWING ARE SOME OF THEM:—

- Barlow's Plunging Elephants
- Wormwood's Animal Theatre
- Montague's Cockatoo Circus
- Dida
- Holmann, the Man of Mystery and Magic
- "The Pike," with Laughter at Every Turn
- Loading Ladies' Band of America
- Best Display of Fireworks.
- Grand Motor and Motor Boat Show
- Manual Training in Actual Illustration
- Domestic Science Schools—All Branches
- Great Art and Fancy Work Exhibit.
- Five Aquariums Full of Live Fish
- Wireless Telegraphy Demonstrated
- Natural History Exhibit
- The Best Dog Show Ever Held in These Provinces.

Splendid Industrial, Moving Machinery, Carriage, Poultry and live Stock Exhibits combine to make a Fair you Cannot Afford to Miss

THIRTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN PRIZES FOR LIVE STOCK

Horse Races Sept. 5th and 6th at Moosepath.

Cheapest Rates Ever Offered by Railway and Steamboat Lines from all points....

Entry Forms Will Be Sent On Application

A. O. SKINNER, President.

C. J. MILLIGAN, Manager.

What you want and what you will get are two things which grow to resemble each other only after you have used a "STAR WANT AD."