

ST. JOHN STAR, MONDAY, AUGUST 13, 1906.

SEVEN

-EXHIBITION-

IN LESS THAN
THREE WEEKS

... THE ...

EXHIBITION

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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.

Blood, human blood! Blood still fresh and scarcely dried. They had been here, the traitors; they had not left long, for blood does not take long to dry, and they had determined to flout their dupe with this ghastly mummery. To Paris! to Paris! They could still be caught before the October dawn was reddening the roofs of the Conciergerie and the battlements of the Bastille.

Andre wheeled with a hoarse command, and then something, what he could not say, a swift intuition or feeling, arrested him as he left the room. He hurried the screen aside. Ah! Ah! A cry of horror broke from him. A man was lying behind it, face downwards, his blood stained the mouse-gnawed boards. The man was the Chevalier de St. Amant.

Andre saw in a moment from the Chevalier's position as he lay face downwards on the bare boards what had happened. The unhappy boy had been stabbed from behind; and he bore plain signs of having been searched after he had been stabbed, for his clothes were rumpled, his boots wrenched off, his stockings ripped up, his shirt torn open. The searcher had then calmly left him to bleed to death. Had the Chevalier been the robber of the estate? If so had the secret despatch been taken from him and the second thief escaped with it? Who could say?

Andre knelt down and gently lifted the prostrate body on to the sofa. "Go, two of you, at once to Versailles," he cried to his men, "and bring a doctor. Ride for your lives."

He returned to the couch, but as he did so his foot kicked against something that jingled. An English guinea! George Onslow had been here, then. Andre recognised with the intuition that is stronger than proof that Onslow was the second thief, as well as the man who had stabbed the Chevalier in the back.

The Chevalier was not dead! A low moan from the couch had echoed through the room, and Andre poured brandy down his throat, stanching the wound, and waited with feverish passion, for the Chevalier's lips were moving. His eyes opened—he saw who it was at his side.

"Marie," came the faint words, "Marie—the Chevalier—" His head fell back.

Andre waited, overwhelmed by a wave of passion, repentance, remorse. The Chevalier was no foe—he was trying to tell him something, something of vital importance to both of them. Would he have the strength to do it? Denise's and his own fate hung on that.

"Marie," tricked the feeble words, "Carrefour de St. Antoine No. 2—" again he swooned. Andre was trying almost enough. It was time to leave him, cruel as it seemed, for every half hour now was a precious one. "Wait—wait—save her—Onslow," the Chevalier was making a great effort. Andre rushed to the door, but the Chevalier's hand moved pleadingly. He was asking for a promise—"save her," he repeated and his lips ceased to move.

Andre took the young man's hand. He scarcely knew what he was saying, he knew not who Marie was, but in the presence of death, death inflicted by that dastard stab in the back, a man who was inspired by love might well feel a great pity, the desire to forgive and atone.

"I promise," he whispered, "I promise." Moved by the beautiful peace that those two words brought into the young man's face, Andre knelt beside him. No doctor, no doctor, save the Chevalier de St. Amant now, but he, too, had loved Denise; he, too, had been charged by the side of the Chevalier de la Garde at Fontenoy. And him at least an assassin's dagger had delivered from the Justice of the King of France and of Madame de Pompadour.

Scarcely as he was, Andre whispered a brief prayer, and, as Denise would have wished him to do, reverently made the sign of the Cross, commending his soul to the God whose eyes are upon the truth, and whose mercy is infinite. An he stepped outside, and the Chevalier's eyes followed him, and he saw him hurrying thither.

"Curse you, let me go, scum!" were the words he heard, followed by a sharp scuffle.

"Good-evening, Monsieur le Comte," Andre said, with icy sarcasm, "but the scum will not let you go."

Mont Rouge's livid face paled at his rival's voice. De Nere last of all men had he expected to discover at "The Cock with the Spurs of Gold."

"You will keep Monsieur le Comte de Mont Rouge a prisoner," Andre commanded the guards who had caught the Count, "until I return, and you will answer with your heads for his safety."

"By what right—" Mont Rouge began, savagely.

"That, Monsieur le Comte," Andre interrupted, politely, "you will learn when it suits you. But tomorrow his majesty will require to know by what right an exiled gentleman is still at Versailles," he paused, "and why a noble of France trades under the title of 'Lut' with traitors in the pay of the English government?"

It was a bold thrust, but it went home. The mingled fear and rage in Mont Rouge's cynical eyes revealed the correctness of Andre's guess.

"His majesty," Andre continued, "you will be interested to know, has returned to Versailles to take summary vengeance on all traitors."

HAYHURST TALKS ABOUT BISLEY

Says Canadian Team Did Well Under Circumstances

Considers Prominent Military Writer who Criticised Team Does Not Take Everything Into Consideration

MONTREAL, Aug. 12.—Major S. J. Huggins and Sergt. T. H. Hayhurst of the 13th regiment and Capt. E. Skedden of the 91st Hamilton, members of the Bisley team, arrived here Saturday. Sergt. Hayhurst, who won the King's prize at Bisley in 1905, said that the year's Bisley meet had been remarkable in many ways. For the first time an Indian team had competed for the Kolapore cup, which originally had been offered for competition by one of their countrymen, the Rajah of Kolapore. This year, too, the Australian government had not seen fit, for some reason, to send an Australian team to Bisley, with the result that competition for the cup was confined to teams representing the motherland, Guernsey, India and Canada. In the third place the weather conditions, except on the final day of the meet, had not been favorable to high scoring, heavy winds being encountered on each day.

"On the whole, however," said Sergt. Hayhurst, "the Canadian team did fairly well. Our wins were fully up to the average of previous years and our individual work at the different ranges was quite as good as that of any other shot. As for my own work it was not as good as I have expected it would be. In the competition for the King's prize I fell behind at the 600 yards range, and what I lost there proved a severe handicap during the remainder of the match."

Sergt. Hayhurst, when informed that a prominent military writer in Canada had recently deprecated the sending of a Canadian team to Bisley each year, on the ground that the results achieved were not commensurate with the expenses incurred, said the critic did not appreciate the advertising Canada received from sending over the team.

A YOUNG LADY TERRIBLY BURNED

Miss Emma Sherwood of Jacksonville, N. C. Meets With Painful Accident

WOODSTOCK, N. B., Aug. 12.—Miss Emma Sherwood, aged 25 years, was seriously burned at Jacksonville yesterday. Miss Sherwood was working in the kitchen of her home when in some way she fell against a boiler of hot water, upsetting it, and spilling the contents over her body. She was frightfully burned and grave fears are entertained as to her recovery. Dr. Keirstead of Woodstock was summoned. What adds to the sadness of the case is the fact that at the time of the accident the young lady's mother was lying at the point of death from consumption, in an adjoining room.

SUDDEN DEATHS

SYDNEY, N. S., Aug. 11.—John Powell, a wealthy tourist from North Carolina, who has spent the past fifteen summers in Cape Breton, always staying at the Grand Narrows hotel, was found dead sitting in a chair in his room at that place yesterday. His wife is now summering in the White Mountains. The remains will be sent home for interment.

Mrs. Mary Henderson, formerly of Glasgow Scotland, but lately of New York, where she lived with her son-in-law, John Robertson, a wealthy builder, died rather suddenly in this city yesterday. She was 63 years old and had two sons here.

Can't Eat Enough of



Appetite comes with eating and each square of crisp deliciousness seems but to make room for more.

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

are different from any other cracker. Nothing heavy or doughy about them but so light and crisp that they are transparent. Mooney's biscuits will be a regular dish on your table if you will try them.

Say "Mooney's" to your grocer.

BIG STEAMER STRIKES PIER

Demolished a Span of Inter-State Bridge

Navigation Blocked so Even a Tug Can not Pass Through—Bridge Owned by the G. N. R.

DULUTH, Minn., Aug. 11.—At one o'clock this morning the steamer Troy, a 6,000 ton steel packet freighter owned by the Western Transit Co., ran into the span of the inter-state bridge and threw it from the pier on which it rested. Navigation to and from the upper harbor, the most active portion of the head of the lakes, is blocked. It is impossible for even a tug to pass. Street railway and team traffic between Duluth and Superior is also cut off.

The bridge is owned by the Great Western railroad.

The draw span was 500 feet in length, one of the largest here. Forty steamers now in the upper harbor are cut off from returning to the lake or to the Duluth side of the harbor. Most of the coal docks are on the upper harbor, also many of the grain elevators, merchandise docks and the shipyards on the Superior side. Water communication with all this is cut. The greater part of the tonnage of the Duluth-Superior harbor originates in St. Louis Bay, where the docks of the Duluth, Missabe and Northern road, are located. Therefore many thousands of tons of ore will be held up until the channel is cleared. The steamer is badly damaged, her bow being stove in and the hull cracked. The bridge tender was asleep and that repeated blowings of the steamer's whistle failed to arouse him. It is ascertained that this bridge cannot be put in commission again this season, although the span now blocking the movement of many steamers will be removed probably by Monday.

ITALIAN BARK ASHORE AND FLOATED

The Torrens Hard Aground Three Miles East of Yarmouth—Will Hold Survey

HALIFAX, N. S., Aug. 12.—At four o'clock Sunday morning the Italian bark Torrens, bound from Montevideo to Tusket Wedge, to load lumber for Buenos Ayres, went ashore off Sunday Point, three miles east of Yarmouth, and remained hard and fast until high tide Sunday afternoon, when the united efforts of the tugs Marina and Freddie released her from her dangerous position and towed her to Yarmouth. The Torrens is a vessel of 1300 tons, and left Montevideo on June 8. She had been off Yarmouth for several days, and on Friday took a pilot on board and proceeded in a dense fog which continued until she went on the rocks. Captain McAvity, who was the pilot, who, however, did everything in his power under the circumstances. A survey will be held and repairs effected here or at Metehan. The vessel's bottom is considerably damaged.

ACTED PROMPTLY ON JUDGE'S DECISION

Scenes of Disorder on Trolley and Elevated Roads to Coney Island

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—Scenes of disorder were witnessed on a number of the trolley and elevated roads leading to Coney Island today when passengers, guided by an opinion handed down by Supreme Court Justice Gaynor, refused to pay a second fare. At one period during the afternoon the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company refused to convey its passengers beyond Neck road, their second fare boundary, so long as any of the passengers refused to pay the additional five cents. The result was a block of cars and trains a mile long. Great crowds of excited passengers gathered at the second fare points, held indignation meetings and promised to bring many suits for damages against the company. The police authorities had taken precautions to prevent serious trouble at those places, although the police were instructed not to interfere in disputes between passengers and employees on the second fare question.

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In the reports concerning Bridget Mahoney of Sheffield street, who was taken to the hospital ill on Friday, it was stated that Dr. Bishop had the ambulance ordered and gave an order to have the patient admitted to the hospital. Dr. Bishop did not give an order not to let him summon the ambulance. He went to see the woman at the request of the officer of the beat and after looking at her made out an application, not an order, to have her admitted to the hospital.

John Evans, a sailor on board the steamer Eretia, of the Battle line, fell from the rigging Saturday afternoon and sustained injuries about the head and shoulder. The ambulance was summoned and he was taken to the hospital. His injuries are not of a serious nature and he will probably be able to resume his duties today.

STAR FASHIONS.

HOW TO OBTAIN PATTERN.

To obtain Star patterns of accompanying design fill out the following coupon and send it to:

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THE WORK-DAY APRON.

6323.—What would we do without the big apron to save our gowns from the dust and soil of household duties? One does not always want to change her apron to get dinner nor to do a little dusting and the apron which covers one from top to toe is a "friend in need." Every housekeeper values it as her best friend and is not content to possess one but several must be counted among her belongings. The best of these aprons cover one completely and here is one filling just this requirement. The neck is low enough to be easy and not interfere with the collar, the sleeves are generous enough to take in any kind of a dress sleeve and a large pocket offers its environs for handkerchief, keys and the odds picked up about the house. The garment is made of the best quality of cotton dress and is full enough to allow for the ripple of the skirt. The design is especially liked by artists and craftsmen. It is very easy to make and any of the gingham or percale are appropriate.

6329.—Size 32 to 40 inches bust measure.

LAME BACK

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