POOR DOCUMENT

MC2034

THE DOLL LADY.

BY EDNA KENTON.

Miss Caton settled back in her chair and drew a long sigh of weariness as the curtain went down on the first act. After all, it didn't pay to be so good-natured. She was not the dramatic critic of the "Evening Probe," and she had shown no common sense in her unresisting acquiescence to the city editor's doubtful suggestion that, in view of Vincent's message, she take his work for the afternoon, and cover this absurd matinee exploiting of an actress's favorite protegee, Dirke Vincent was too prone to indisposition when unimportant dramatic assignments were afoot. She called herself a coward of the first degree, too, as she uncompromisingly owned to herself her reasons for unresisting acquiescence. The "Evening Probe" was in the throes of acquiring a new technic, so to speak, a new maestro having just taken whirlwind charge, and Miss Caton had her eye open for some special dispensation in the way of out-of-door work. For the last year she had been in rebellius the last year she had been in rebellious charge of the "Woman's Page," and she felt herself drying up with inanition and inaction. Hence her docile consent, for Rawson, city editor under the new management, was even more of a power than under the old.

Yet this exhibition was a fearful thing. Miss Caton now and then indulged the notion that she was past pure enjoyment of anything any more, but she could still on occasion muster up primitive rage, and this mincing child, this too ambitious Nora, had got on her nerves tremendously, from her first appearance with bundles and bags and too buoyant breeziness. It added considerably to Miss Caton's rage, too, to know that, owing to various causes which need not be entered into, this young stage debutante was to receive great praise; that if blame were bestowed, Ibsen and his "Doll's House" must bear it. This afternoon she did not feel like faking her story. She was in a mood to write brutal truth, and her knowledge that on this story her paper would not stand for it enraged her.

She looked resentfully about her. The audience was representative of the usual matinee crowd, — Miss Caton hated matinee crowds and matinee performances,—plus a large social element indicative of the strong influence back of thme immature amateur who dared to lay sacreligious hands upon serious drama. She took in the boxes with a disgusted sweep of her fine eyes, and memoralized a few of the names. If worst came to worst, she could write up the afternoon from a social rather than from a dramatic standpoint. That would doubtless please Miss Isobel Coulter, debutante actress, best of all.

She frowned savagely at the buzz of matinee talk going on about her. "There ought to be a competitive examination," she muttered to herself, "for admission to Ibsen or Shaw or Maeterlink, except for this, that it would relegate those three and their works to an endowed theatre of nothing. And they called the mad King of Bavaria maddest when he sat alone in a theatre!"

"But she did eat a macaroon, didn't she?"

Miss Caton turned quickly toward the voice. It belonged to her neighbor, a little woman, perhaps twenty-five years old, with lovely, childlike eys and an undeveloped mouth. She was beautifully gowned, and her furs were superb. She wore a rather wonderful necklace that caught Miss Caton's trained eye. It evidently had been made outside of a conventional goldsmith's shop, and was curiously built of copper and tawny-orange stones. Miss Caton hunted earnestly for the name of the stones, and meantime contented himself with a monosyllable "Yes."

"But she told her husband she did n't," persisted the childish voice.

Miss Caton nodded again. "Yes," she said.

"Then it was a lie she told. Why?"

Miss Caton quoted a bit of Oriental philosophy. "It is better to lie a little than to suffer much," she remarked genially, without crediting her statement to its source.

"Why ,why did she lie to her husband?"

Miss Caton turned square about and looked her neighbor over. Of the picture she had looked on before there still remained the lovely gown, the rich furs, the odd chain of tawny stones and copper, and the childish face; but the brow above the puzzled brown eyes was drawn and knotted into unaccustomed lines. Miss Caton scented novelty ahead.

"Do you know Ibsen?" she inquired gently.

The tiny lady shook her head. "Not much," she confessed. "We just took him up in the club last fall. We studied 'Ghosts,'—I saw that played,—it's perfectly dreadful, is n't it? We had n't begun 'A Doll's House' when I left —my husband's business brought him to Chicago rather suddenly—but it was a chance to hear it played this afternoon, and I came. No; I don't know much about Ibsen. But why did she tell that sort of funny lie?"

"'It is better to lie a little than to suffer much.'" Miss Caton quoted again, with an odd smile playing about her lips. "Have n't you seen enough of Helmer to know the only way a woman could live in peace with him would be by lying? What woman wouldn't lie about eating forbidden macaroons, unless she were the sort, indeed, who could calmly buy them by the pound and stuff on them. But the Helmers take care never to pick that sort of wife."

"But, all the same, he told her not to eat them," her questioner murmured doubtfully.

Miss Caton glanced at her again. If she were not careful, she would find herself feeding this child of the bottle too strong meat.

"But what of it?" she demanded gently. "What right has any man to command any woman as if she were a child? Nora was commanded too much, and Nora—very properly—lied."

"Yes," assented the childish voice, grievedly; "she lied!"

Miss Caton's eyes lighted up at the finality of the tone. She decided on a little strong meat.

"But everybody lies," she asserted. "I lie, you lie, everybody lies."

The brown eyes before her widened and darkened an amazement and dismay.

"Why," the voice came at last in reply—"yes. Yes, I lie. I lie."

"Everybody lies," said Miss Caton again, more in comfort than in assertion.

A sudden flash of resentment leaped into the brown eyes. "Not my husband," the tiny lady asserted loyally—"not George. George never lies. George could n't lie, not even in trifles—I told a lie to my little boy this morning. It was something he could never find out wasn't true, and it saved him from a frightful crying spell, and came true right away, as I knew it would. Do you think that was wrong? But was it right? I just said it. I never thought about it at all. I just said it because it seemed best. Is the best thing always the right thing? I'd never tell a lie just to tell one or because I was afraid to tell the truth. Do you think Nora lies because she likes to or because she's afraid?"

"Wait," urged Miss Caton, gently. "I just saw the curtain-signal—there it goes up now. See whether you think she was afraid."

Miss Caton was intensely interested in the second act. She had long combated Dirke Vincent's pet theory that Ibsen is an actor-proof playwright. She had longed to make that theory the text of her "write-up" of this fearful performance, and, through Miss Isobel Coulter, knock it into a cocked hat; yet was she not watching that stilted young person strike Ibsen straight home to one awakening soul? Vincent's theory, before her unbelieving eyes, was being proved. As the curtain fell, she heard again an eager question:

"Do you think a woman is ever right in telling any sort of lie to her husband?"

Miss Caton answered, perforce, according to her light, which was of the world.

The brow of her interlocutor wrinkled perceptibly. "I don't know about it," she confessed doubtfully. "It seems to me that when a woman has such a good husband as I have, even as Helmer was—he was good to her, you know he was."

"Certainly he did not beat Nora," assented Winnifred Caton, reflectively.

"No, indeed he didn't," said the tiny woman, swiftly. "He told her the truth, too, just as George tells me. Perhaps—I don't know—I don't know. I never thought so hard in all my life. I wish she wouldn't lie so much to him."

"Wait a bit, my dear," urged Miss Caton. "You'll soon hear Nora telling some truths—"

"And I must do the same thing," murmured this small doll with a stirring soul. "I must tell George I lie—why, how much I lie you have no idea. It's just like her, just like her. And I must tell him all about it."

Miss Caton leaned over quickly and put her hand over her neighbor's quivering one. She looked into the bright eyes—brighter with a sudden rush of brave tears.

"Don't," she said with tender merriment—"don't you do that. Don't tell George."

"Why not?"

Miss Caton sighed. "Because," she explained patiently, "one should never choose for a judge one who can't sin her sin. If George can't lie, don't tell George. Don't."

The brown-clad woman bent forward suddenly. "Are you married?" she asked swiftly.

"No," smiled Winifred Caton; "I'm not married. But don't tell George."

The tiny lady sank back distressed. "I thought you were," she murmured. "I was sure you were. You talked all along like you knew so many things—about men, you know. I don't know what I've said to you that I oughtn't to have said—"

Miss Caton laughed a little. "Don't be troubled," she said cheerfully. "Ah, now you are going to hear Nora tell the whole truth—with the sad consequences thereof."

She smiled merrily to herself as the curtain rose on the last act—a smile the merriness of which became tinged with grimness in exact ratio to the deepening of the vital ethical problem which suddenly presented itself. Had she or had she not a right to purloin an involuntary interview? She frowned a bit as the negative side of the question presented itself, for a wonderfully inspiring path out of her maze of trouble over the afternoon's assignment was opening up. What critic could want greater "stuff" than this innocent spectator had unwittingly given? The opening sentence of her story flashed into her mind—the first words her new acquaintance had uttered. What a stunning thing it would be: "But she did eat a macaroon, didn't she?" A Doll Lady at "A Doll's House!" With that much of her story accounted for, Miss Caton's tiny ethical qualms vanished. In any case, the "Evening Probe" would never be perused by the wife of such a man as the truthful George, she told herself. It would be consigned to the side alley just before George entered the house. At all events, she had material for a story such as she had not felt inspired to write for a long time.

So absorbed in its possibilities did she become that she had neither eyes nor ears for any part of the last act, whose Nora grew more and more stilted as the tragedy deepened. All her thought was concentrated on the leaping soul growth beside her, and she watched with fascination the little lady's wide eyes, and her cheeks, which flushed and paled at inconsequent cause. When the lights flared up again, and the audience began its irritatingly fussy exit, Winifred Caton and her neighbor of the afternoon sat unconsciously, and talked, pelting question and swift answer, lingering until the lights were again turned off, leaving them to stumble in darkness toward the door. It was just before they reached the glare of the outer day, the sunny aspect of which shocked them both, that the tiny, conscience-stricken wife turned with brave finality upon Winifred Caton.

"I want to say good-by to you, here," she said. "I don't know you—I never talked to anybody before—and never to a stranger—but ou have understood me—wonderfully. Still, I've never seen you before today, and I hope I'll never see you again."

The first edition of the "Evening Probe" was already lying on Miss Caton's desk when she reached her office the next morning, and she picked it up with a faint interest in the fate, editorial and typographical, of the only story she had written in months which was vitalized by any sort of personal sympathy. Before she began to write it, the afternoon before, she had gone over to Rawson, city editor, with a question put unusually. She did not ask, "How much do you want on this story?" but "How much space can I have?"

(To be Continued.)

S. S. CANADA HAD HEAVY WEATHER

Brought Out Party of Nestorians Bound to North West—Left for Portland

HALIFAX, Jan. 4.—The Dominion liner Canada, Captain R. O. Jones, arrived in port this afternoon from Liverpool at 4.50 p. m., and it just took her one hour and forty minutes to dock and disembark 80 passengers and their luggage, the latter amounting to a couple of hundred packages, the steamer leaving for Portland, Me., at 6.30 p. m.

On the passage from Liverpool the Canada encountered extremely boisterous weather, gales being principally from the west and northwest, with heavy high seas. On Wednesday and Thursday the wind blew with terrific force, causing the ship to pitch and toss badly, but no damage was sustained.

The Canada on this voyage is fitted for the first time with wireless telegraphy, which was found to act splendidly.

Among the steerage was a party of Nestorians, about fifty men, women and children, who are being assisted out by the Salvation Army and are bound to North Battleford, Sask., to take up land for farming.

GENERAL BOOTH TO VISIT CANADA

To Start in February on Last Tour of World — A Month in This Country.

LONDON, Jan. 5.—General Booth, head of the Salvation Army, will start in the middle of February on his tour of the world, which was announced some time ago. He says it is the last trip of the kind he will make. He will go first to New York where he will stay a week, and confer with the leaders of the Army. He will go to Canada for a month. He will embark at Seattle on April 2 for Japan, where he will also remain for a month. The remainder of his itinerary has not yet been mapped out. He expects to reach home at the end of June, when he will have entered his eightieth year.

The Suicide Bureau established by General Booth, as announced in The Mail and Empire's despatches, has already received several applications for admittance.

KEITH'S

The Great Houdon Today—Occultism Telepathy and Psychic Phenomena.

It is more than probable that Keith's will be filled for the balance of the week with an audience eager to see and investigate the varveious manifestations of psychic, spiritualistic and occult phenomena as presented by the world famed Houdon from Calcutta, India, whose 'Religio-Scientific Test Seance" is spoken of in all the leading state exchanges as being far in advance of anything of the kind ever seen in this part of the country.

The famous Arlington four are another big feature act which will furnish something in the nature of a surprise for the audience. Music, singing, dancing and comedy are all included. The lady is a pianist of note and is probably as well and favorably known as any artiste in the public eye today. She also plays the banjo and violin. The male members are in turn specialists on the banjo, mandolin, etc., and each boasts a fine voice. They present their act in the form of a sketch and introduce the largest organ chimes in the world.

James Murray, the comedian, is also in this week's bill. Of the cycling brunette little need be said, for a demonstration on the "wheel" is necessarily new and interesting. Another amusing act will be that of Ward and Raymond, who quickly establish themselves as favorites with the audience. An entirely new series of animated pictures will bbe reproduced on the bioscope.

There will be a matinee performance daily.

C. P. R. TRAIN WRECKED NEAR FORT WILLIAM; TWO KILLED

Transcontinental Express Left the Rails and is Lying in the Ditch Near the Track---Several Injured -- Details of the Wreck are Still Meagre

WINNIPEG, Jan. 6.—The transcontinental express which left here Saturday evening for the East was wrecked this afternoon at 3.30 one half mile west of Kaministiqua, on the C. P. R., twenty-five miles west of Fort William. Two men were killed and six injured. The wreck was due to a broken rail, which threw the mail car and five coaches following off the track. Several of them rolled into the ditch. The dining car and sleepers kept the rails. The injured are: Lewis Konar, employe, Montreal, cut about the head; A. M. Ferguson, Winnipeg, mail clerk, head and shoulders cut; G. B. Keyes, Owen Sound, shoulder hurt; W. Marstland, Northampton, England, left arm and hand cut; H. Thompson, Sheffield, England, head cut; R. Barber, London, Eng., shoulder and head cut and bruised. The injured were removed to Fort William hospital.

FORT WILLIAM, Jan. 6.—Train No. 2 of C. P. R. was derailed one mile west of Kaministiqua station this morning. Reports received here state that the whole train is in the ditch and may be in the river, as the track is very close to the water there.

It is also reported that two first class coaches are totally wrecked and that four persons are dead and about thirty seriously injured. A wrecking train has gone out with a hospital outfit, but is not yet back. All the available doctors were taken to the scene of the disaster and another train is leaving tonight with further medical help from Port Arthur. The names of the dead are not given out here.

TORONTO, Jan. 6.—H. Smith and M. Campbell, dining car waiters, both of Montreal, were killed in the railway wreck at Kaministiqua.

SEAMAN ON ETRURIA KILLED AND OTHERS INJURED IN STORM

NEW YORK, Jan 6.—One of her crew was killed and six others seriously injured when the Cunard liner Etruria was fighting her way through a severe storm on Friday night. The body of the man killed was buried at sea. The others injured were in her hospital when the steamer arrived today from Queenstown.

Captain Potter had ordered reduced speed and the watch was sent forward to secure the lashings.

Just as the men had completed their task a huge wave swept over the bow, knocking them right and left. James Walker, able seaman, was swept the full length of the forecastle deck and his spine was broken. Others of the crew were summoned to the forecastle deck, which they found strewn with unconscious men. The seriously injured were:

William Newell, leg broken and head crushed.

John McMullen, head cut and right leg broken.

John Mills, contusions about the head and internal injuries.

James Feeley, contusions of head and body.

Peter O'Mara, leg sprained.

A. Brockhardt, contusions of body.

Newell was the most dangerously injured, and was taken to St. Vincent's hospital when the ship reached port. He will probably die.

DIED FROM LOCKJAW AS RESULT OF INJURY

GLACE BAY, Jan. 6.—James Jess of Sydney Mines, died in St. Joseph's hospital tonight from lockjaw as a result of injuries inflicted by the accidental discharge of a shot gun. Deceased was shooting at Little Bras d'Or when the accident occurred, the weapon being discharged as he was entering the wagon, the entire charge entering his thigh. He was removed to St. Joseph's hospital on Dec. 20, and after examination by physicians, the shot was successfully removed, and up to yesterday he was doing well, but tetanus set in.

FIRE ON CITY ROAD

Started in Elderkin's Mattress Factory —Damage Slight.

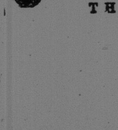
An alarm from box 51 called out the fire department on Saturday night about eleven o'clock. The fire was in the factory of C. J. Elderkin, City road. The damaged building was owned by John Hannah and occupied by him, Mr. Elderkin and the City Fuel Company. Practically no loss was sustained on the building, but Mr. Hannah's stock of wire suffered some slight damage. Insurance is carried upon both stock and building.

What started the fire is not known. It began in the section of the building in which Mr. Elderkin has his place of business, in an empty five gallon varnish tin which was cased in wood. This varrish can was some distance from any source of fire. A stove pipe ran below it on the next floor, above it was another pipe, but unused at the time.

The blaze was first observed by a man named Donovan, who called the attention of James Whelly to it. The former broke open the door of the building and then rang in an alarm. The first dash of water ended the fire.

The City Fuel Company and C. J. Elderkin, manufacturer of mattresses and furniture, sustained no loss. The building was insured for $1,500, $500 in the Traders' Company, $500 in the Keystone and $500 in the Royal. In the last company $300 is also carried on the stock.

PATERSON'S COUGH DROPS



Take one when you feel the cold coming on,—take one when that cough troubles,—they give throat comfort and they CURE. Recommended by the medical profession. Ask for the three-cornered kind in the red and yellow box. 5

THEY WILL CURE

PRESENTATIONS

In the basement of St. Peter's church yesterday shortly before noon, at the conclusion of the morning services, an interesting presentation took place, the recipient being J. D. Morel, the organist, who will leave this evening for Montreal for a six months' course of study in his chosen vocation. Afterwards Mr. Morel may also study on the other side. At yesterday's presentation Hugh Campbell occupied the chair. Father Scully first made a few remarks about their feeling of loss at Mr. Morel's departure and then called upon A. T. Moore, who made the presentation and read the following address:

"To J. D.Morel—It is with deep regret that we, your associates of St. Peter's church choir, learn that you are about to sever your connection as organist, the responsible position which you so expertly and satisfactorily filled, and that you intend leaving St. John.

"We wish to take advantage of this opportunity by presenting you with this locket as a slight token of the regard and esteem in which you are held by each and every one of us.

"Since being organist in St. Peter's church you have specially endeared yourself to us by your many kind services and genial disposition. The present efficiency of the choir is due in a great measure to your untiring efforts combined with the continued interest which you have always shown toward our advancement.

"In conclusion we express our sincere wishes that you may continue to enjoy success and prosperity in your future undertakings, and while we know that you will make many new friends, be assured that none will take greater pleasure in watching your progress than the members of St. Peter's church choir..

Yours with best wishes,

THE MEMBERS OF ST, PETER'S CHURCH CHOIR.

Mr. Morel made a suitable reply, expressing his sincere gratitude at the kindness shown him.

The members of the Holy Name Society of the Cathedral congregation yesterday presented their chaplain, Rev. W. J. Meahan, and Miss Lawlor, the organist, each with a purse of gold.

St. Ann's Society and the Children of Mary of the Cathedral parish, as usual, did not forget their chaplains this New Years. Rev. A. W. Meahan, chaplain of the former, was presented with $30, and Rev. Father F. J. Lockery, chaplain of the Society of the Children of Mary, was presented with $20.

MONUMENT UNVEILED IN HONOR OF BRAVE MEN

TORONTO, Ont., Jan. 6.—In honor of brave men who fell in defense of Little York between 1812 and 1815 a monument was unveiled Saturday afternoon in Memorial Park by Hon. Dr. Pyne, minister of education, on behalf of Premier Whitney, who had to leave for New York. The monument has been erected through efforts of the Army and Navy Veterans' Association at a cost of $3,800, with the assistance of the government and citizens.

One hundred and ten Ontario municipalities will vote on the local option tomorrow.

TUG WRECKED ON LAKE ERIE

TORONTO, Jan. 6.—Frederick Dane, of Toronto, a grocery broker, has been appointed to the vacancy on the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario railway commission caused by resignation of C. B. Smith.

The tug Skylark is a total wreck. She left Port Colborne Thursday afternoon for Port Stanley in a dense fog, ran ashore off Port Maitland, and being unable to get assistance, went to pieces in Friday night's gale. The rare attempt to navigate Lake Erie in winter ended in disaster.

SHANGHAI, Jan. 4.—Native newspapers report that the Chinese foreign office is considering the question of declining to accept American contributions to famine relief as a measure of retaliation for American rejection of Chinese subscriptions to the relief of the San Francisco earthquake sufferers.

T. S. SIMMS WILL BE BANQUETTED

Address Wishing Him "Bon Voyage" Presented by Germain St. Baptist Sunday School

After the regular Sunday school exercises at Germain street Baptist church had been concluded yesterday afternoon the following address, read by W. C. Cross, the superintendent of the school, was presented to T. S. Simms, who will leave in a few days for a tour of the world:

ST. JOHN, N. B., Jan. 4, 1907.

T. S. Simms, city:

Dear Sir and Brother—The teachers and officers of the Germain street Baptist Sunday school have learned with much pleasure of your intended trip around the world and wish to take this opportunity of extending their hearty congratulations that you have found it possible to make such an extended holiday excursion. We believe that you will cover ground that you have already visited on the continent of Europe, and, in addition, many new lands and scenes will demand your attention and study during your absence from home, including the Holy Land and the foreign mission field in India, in which our Sunday school is so deeply interested.

Sights that many of us have longed to see, cities and places we have visited in imagination only will to you become very real and tangible as you go from place to place in your journey around the world, and we are very glad that the privilege has come to you and that you are able to take this well earned holiday. We shall follow you in thought and prayer during your absence from home, and on your return we look forward with great pleasure to the interesting stories you will have to tell us regarding your experiences as a globe trotter.

We wish you bon voyage and commit you to His loving care, who will guide, guard and protect you in all your journey.

Yours in Christian fellowship "until we meet again."

W. C. CROSS, Supt.

Mr. Simms replied, thanking them for their good wishes. He had a map with him on which he pointed out the different places he would visit.

This evening the N. B. and P. E. I. Sunday School Association will tender a complimentary dinner to Mr. Simms at White's.

FREDERICTON FIRM CLAIMS DAMAGES

M. Fickler & Company Will Proceed Against H. Venning & Co., of Montreal

FREDERICTON, Jan. 5.—Moses Fickler of M. Fickler & Co. this morning stated that as a sequel to the case brought against him by H. Vineburg & Co. of Montreal, he intended instituting a case for a large amount of damages against the Vineburg concern.

In the case of H. Vineburg & Co. v. M. Fickler & Co. the plaintiffs claimed $4,000 due on promissory notes.

Yesterday Mr. Fickler with his counsel was in court and ready to proceed with the case, when the counsel for the plaintiffs moved to withdraw their record. This met with strong objections on the part of the defendant's counsel, but finally it was decided to allow the withdrawal of the record, thus standing the case over for another term.

Mr. Fickler said this morning that he was ready and willing to have the case go on yesterday. He has had his books in court, while H. Vineburg & Co. had their books there too. Mr. Fickler's books had been gone over by an accountant, J. A. Reid, who knew just how they stood. Mr. Fickler wanted to have the case tried out yesterday, and if he had lost he had the money to pay up with.

Concerning the case Mr. Fickler stated that during many years past there had been transactions between himself and H. Vineburg & Co. He had been buying from them and had been giving them accommodation paper bearing his name, and for some time he had been trying to have the Montreal firm come to a settlement with him.

Mr. Fickler's counsel are A. J. Gregory, K. C., and R. W. McLellan, while H. A. Powell, K. C., and Slipp & Hanson have represented H Vineburg & Co.

MELBOURNE, Jan. 6.—According to the Age missionaries in the Pacific Islands declare that France has ceded Tahiti to Great Britain in consideration of territorial concessions in Burma or Farther India . (Indo-China.)

Does fit
Doesn't
shrink

Pen-Angle Underwear has the soft warm feel the skin enjoys. Doesn't itch. Made for men, women and little folks, in a variety of styles, fabrics and prices.

202

We authorize every dealer in Pen-Angle Underwear to replace, at our cost, any garment faulty in material or making.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS

Lowest One-way First-class Fare

FOR ROUND TRIP

Going Dec. 21, 1906, to Jan. 1, 1907, inclusive, good to return until Jan. 3, 1907.

Between all stations on Atlantic Division, and Eastern Division to and including Montreal.

Also, from and to stations on the D. A. R. and I. C. R.

To Stations West of Montreal

LOWEST ONE-WAY FIRST-CLASS FARE

Dec. 24, 25, 1906, good for return until Dec. 26, 1906. Also, on Dec. 31, 1906, and Jan. 1, 1907, good for return until Jan. 2, 1907.

LOWEST ONE-WAY FIRST-CLASS FARE TO MONTREAL, ADDED TO LOWEST ONE-WAY FIRST-CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD FROM MONTREAL.

Dec. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25; also Dec. 28, 29, 30 and 31, 1906, and Jan. 1, 1907, good for return until Jan. 3, 1907.

Full particulars on application to W.H.C. MACKAY, St.John, or W.B. HOWARD, D.P.A., C.P.R., St.John, N. B

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, Oct. 14th, 24th, 1906, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

No. 6—Mixed train to Moncton .. 6.30
No. 2—Express for Halifax, Campbellton, Pt. du Chene and the Sydneys 7.00
No. 26—Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou 12.25
No. 8—Express for Sussex 17.10
No. 134—Express for Quebec and Montreal, also Pt. du Chene 19.00
No. 10—Express for Moncton, the Sydneys and Halifax 23.25

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

No. 9—From Halifax, Pictou and the Sydneys.. .... 6.20
No. 7—Express from Sussex.. .. .. 9.00
No. 133—Express from Montreal, Quebec and Pt. du Chene.. .. ..12.45
No. 5—Mixed from Moncton 16.30
No. 25—Express from Halifax, Pictou, Pt. du Chene and Campbellton 17.40
No. 1—Express from Moncton 21.20
No. 11—Mixed from Moncton (daily) 4.00

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time. 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

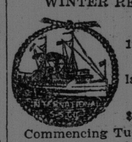
CITY TICKET OFFICE, 3 King street, St. John, N. B. Telephone 271.

GEORGE CARVILL, C. T. A.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY

INTERNATIONAL DIVISION

WINTER REDUCED RATES



Effective to May 1, 1907.

St. John to Portland $3.00.

St. John to Boston $3.50.

Commencing Tuesday, Nov. 13, steamers leave St. John Tuesdays and Fridays at 6.30 p. m. for Lubec, Eastport, Portland and Boston.

RETURNING

From Boston at 9 a. m., Mondays and Thursdays, via Portland, Eastport and Lubec.

All cargo, except live stock, via the steamers of this company, is insured against fire and marine risk.

W. G. LEE, Agent, St. John, N. B.

NOTICE TO ADVERTSERS.

Owing to the Increased Patronage which Advertisers are giving to the Star, we are Compelled to request those who require changes in their Advertisements to have their Copy in the Star Office Before 9 to'clock in the Morning, to Ensure Insertion Same Evening.

Scotch Coal, and Broad Cove Soft.

C. E. COLWELL has on hand a stock of Scotch Coal, and is expecting, daily, some Broad Cove Soft.

Telephone West End, No 17,

C. E. COLWELL,

6in Old Fort, West End

C. P. R. LINER LAKE MICHIGAN SEIZED BY CUSTOMS PEOPLE

HALIFAX, Jan. 6.—The C. P. R. liner Lake Michigan, which arrived here Friday night from St. John to load for Antwerp and London, was seized by the customs authorities for an infringment of the customs laws. The agents put up a deposit of $400 and the ship was released and sailed Saturday night. It is understood her seizure was due to the fact that the seal placed on her storeroom by the St. John customs had been broken while the ship was on her way here from that port, she being then coastwise, and stores taken out, this being contrary to customs laws.

The value of advertising is universally conceded.—Col. Albert A. Pope, founder of the American Bicycle Industries.