

ST. JOHN STAR, FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1906.

SEVEN

UNION CLOTHING COMPANY,

26-28 CHARLOTTE ST., Old Y. M. C. A. Building,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Great Money Saving Values.

We are determined to make a thorough clearance of all Summer Goods before the end of this month—our Lightweight Clothing has vanished immensely these last few days, it's the prices that does it. You will still be able to find here some exceptionally good values in Summer Clothing if you do not delay much time, but come at once and share in the good profits which are all yours!—

JUST A FEW REMINDERS.

Men's Blue Cheviot Suits, regular \$10.00 value, now \$7.50.
Men's Fine Worsteds Suits, regular \$14.00 value, now 10.50.
Men's Fine Black Clay Worsteds Suits, regular \$15.00 value, now 12.00.

Boys' 3-piece Blue Serge Suits, regular \$5.00 & \$6.00 values, now \$2.98 and \$3.98.
Boys' 2-piece Suits in Fancy Tweeds, only sizes 23 to 26, regular \$3.00 & \$4.00 values, now \$1.98.

Men's Light Summer Coats are greatly reduced.

Men's White Duck Trousers, 98c. to clear.

Don't forget still another shipment of Men's Half Hose which we will sell at 12 1-2c. a pair, regular 25c. Hose.

UNION CLOTHING COMPANY,

26-28 Charlotte St., Old Y. M. C. A. Building, St. John, N. B.

ALEX. CORBET, Manager.

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.

Just as the company were breaking up a swarming horse dashed into the stables of the palace, Andre flung himself from the saddle. He had hidden from "The Cock with the spurs of Gold" at a break-neck gallop and his spurs were red. He now hurried off to Madame de Pompadour's salon, bursting in from the secret staircase. Madame gave him one look. "Eggs! quick, hurry," she cried to the maid who was packing. The scared girl fled from the room. "Well! Madame held out her arms in awful suspense. "Is the secret despatch?" Andre panted, "still in your keeping?" "Yes, yes, what of it?" "He sat down and wiped his face. "Ah! thank God!" he muttered. "Madame knelt down beside him. "What is it?" she asked, in a caressing voice. "Does the King want it?" "The King has already left Versailles; he is now on his way to Rambouillet."

A cry of despair was wrung from her. "Then I am indeed ruined!" she moaned. "You have come to tell me so. Ah!" she sobbed, her head in her hands on his knees. "No," he faltered, "I have come to save you."

She stared at him stupefied, incredulous. "Yes, Madame. You must leave Versailles at once, but you must go to Rambouillet!" "You are mad or drunk," she pushed him away angrily. "No—no. He almost forced her into a seat and began to talk rapidly and with intense conviction. Madame listened at first sullenly, then gradually became interested, then excited; the lights began to blaze in her eyes, the color rose in her cheeks. She interrupted sharply with questions. When Andre had finished his tale, thinking the Queen of Love, unconquerable, immortal, "I can do it and I will."

"Leave the rest to me, Madame," Andre said. She put a hand to his shoulder. "And your reward?" She was wooing him unconsciously, as she wooed all men. "I will ask for it when I have succeeded."

"And you shall have it, I promise."

An hour later the palace heard with rapture that Madame de Pompadour had fled to Paris. In such fear for her life that she had not had time to take even her jewels with her. Her household was to follow her as soon as possible. In the Queen's antechamber the joy was inexpressible. A third miracle! a third miracle! The grisette had vanished. Ah! if she returned now to one of the King's castles it would be to the Bastille, not Versailles.

CHAPTER XXVI.

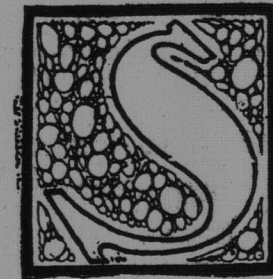
What had Andre discovered? When he had reached the stables he could not find Yvonne, but at "The Cock with the Spurs of Gold," whither he hurried, he was not disappointed. And Yvonne had news to give him as thrilling as unexpected. The English spy she had learned was coming to the salon that very afternoon to meet a strange woman, and the meeting was to be kept a solemn secret. Yvonne had felt sure M. de Nemours ought to know, and had ventured as far as the palace in search of him. Andre's heart leaped at the chance that fate, which had buffeted him so sorely, had now by a miracle put in his way. The spy could be no other than George Onslow, with whom he had crossed swords in the wood the night before. Fontenoy; and the woman? The Galloway and the Three Crowns, the crystal-gazer, the mysterious "princess," whose dancing had first stirred him blood in London, the woman who had said she loved him? Or would it be some other unfortunate, caught like himself in the

terrible toils of a mystery which bid fair to be the ruin of them all? What did it matter? Andre was sure of one thing. Could he but hear what passed at that meeting he would be many steps nearer to the solution of the blood-stained riddle of "No. 101." Perhaps he could save Madame de Pompadour, yet win Denise, yet take vengeance on his foe. The hand of fate aided by the acts of the unknown traitor; with "No. 101" it was clearly sealed to end. Despair, inevitable, would be the blind impetus of forces he could not control, alike steered him to make the attempt.

Yvonne was easily persuaded; indeed, she had already schemed for it, and with her help he lay concealed in the woin of meeting and awaited with a beating pulse the arrival of the traitors. The spy proved to be George Onslow, as he had guessed, and Andre studied his able, sleuth-hound face, the dark eyes of slumbering passion, and the sensual lips, with the very yet joyous shiver of one who feels that here is an opponent with whom reckoning would be made before life is over. The woman, however, was unknown to him. She was certainly not the crystal-gazer, for she had a black hair and black eyebrows, the creamy skin, of that mysterious enchantress could not be imagined. For this was a lady who today we should say had stepped straight from the pages of La Fontaine, or, at least, from the Salon de Venus at Versailles, a girl with the figure of Diana and that indefinable grace of air which only centuries of high birth and the company of such court beauties could give. The quiet pose of head were not more characteristic of the quality than the noblesse of the ancient regime rightly claimed as their monopoly, than were the blues eyes and innocent insolence of the stranger. And yet Andre felt that in the most mysterious and irritating way she reminded him of some one. But of whom? Of whom? And then he almost laughed out loud. Or Yvonne!

They both talked in English as English was talked in London, without a trace of a foreign accent. Now if one thing was certain Yvonne did not know a word of English, for he had tried her by many pitfalls in the past and she had simply showed boorish but natural ignorance. Nor could it be the crystal-gazer, for he remembered her English was not the English of the salons. Once only did they drop into French, and then Andre was more puzzled than ever. Onslow spoke it extraordinarily well, yet his accent betrayed him at once; the girl, however, revealed to a noble's sensitive ear the idiom and tone so much more difficult to acquire than mere accent of the Faubourg St. Germain. Had the Comtesse heard that sentence she would have said it might have been spoken by the Duchesse de Pontchartrain. Strange, but true.

Much of the conversation was quite unintelligible. There was a reconciliation to begin with, and Andre marvelled at the subtle way in which the woman soothed the man's anger, and then with enchanting nuances of provocation, of look, of gesture, quietly reduced him to helpless and adoring submission. And George Onslow was not the only man in the room who at the end of that half-hour felt as clay in her hands. They talked, too, of incidents, of persons, of things which to Andre were a closed book. But the main substance was perfectly clear and deliciously enthralling to the concealed hearer. That very night Andre despatched in Madame de Pompadour's handwriting, which the court had tried to win by murder, was to be stolen from the scutcheon in which it still reposed, and in which the King's



Society

Miss Bertha Huddell was hostess at an informal tea on Thursday afternoon at her home Sydney street.

Mrs. Crandon, of Boston, is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. P. Foster at her summer home Ragged Point.

Miss Ethel Collins, Leinster street, returned on Thursday from Fredericton, where she had been visiting her friend Miss Edwards.

The following members of the St. John Golf Club went to Halifax last night to play a match: Geo. McAvity, J. M. Magee, E. A. Smith, P. Longley, J. D. Hagen, H. Stetson, Andrew Jack, Dr. Fraser, J. L. McAvity, J. M. Thomas, V. T. Raymond, L. V. Norman and Thomas Bell.

Hon. A. G. Blair paid a week end visit here with his family who are summering at Duck Cove.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Alwood, of Boston, are visiting in town the guests of Mrs. A. H. Merrill, Orange street.

Mrs. George Botsford, of Dorchester, Mass., is the guest of Mrs. C. H. L. Johnson, German street.

Miss Mitchell, of Boston, is the guest of Mrs. A. H. Merrill, Orange street.

The marriage of Miss Agnes Clifton Taber, youngest daughter of Mrs. Clifton Taber, of Fredericton and J. H. A. L. Fairweather, of this city, will take place in Fredericton on Wednesday, August 29th.

Mr. Robert Magee and daughter, of Los Angeles, Cal., are visiting relatives here. Mr. Magee was formerly in business in St. John, but has been living in California for nearly twenty years.

Miss Elizabeth Miller and her friend Miss Irwin, of New York, are spending a few days in Halifax.

Miss Tiffin, of Moncton, is spending this week at the Royal.

Capt. Marshall, district staff adjutant to Lt. Col. G. Rolt White, D. O. C., has resigned his position and left on Tuesday for Hamilton, Ont., where he intends going into business with his father. Capt. Marshall has been living here for the past two years and was very popular in military and social circles.

Miss Gertrude McDonald returned on Tuesday from a trip to California.

A number of visiting clergymen occupied city pulpits on Sunday. Rev. A. H. C. Moore, of Brooklyn, New York, preached at both services in Brussels street Baptist for the Rev. A. B. Cohen, Rev. P. Henderson, of Moncton, conducted both services in St. Andrew's (Presbyterian) church. Mr. Henderson is a very clever speaker and delighted those who were fortunate enough to hear him. He expects to remain for another Sunday.

Rev. W. W. Macdonald, the new pastor of German street Baptist church,

commenced his pastorate on Sunday and was well liked by the large congregations who gathered to hear him.

Commodore Thomson with a party of friends sailed on the flag ship Scandola on Saturday on a pleasure cruise to Bar Harbor. The guests included Dr. J. W. Daniel, M. F. A. C. Fairweather, W. W. Allan, B. C. B. Boyd, R. S. Leavitt and Dr. J. E. March.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Burielgh and family, of Houlton, Me., are occupying their summer cottage at Lancaster Heights.

Miss Jean Nell and Miss Wilson, of Fredericton were the guests of friends here this week.

Miss Jean Nixon, has returned from a lengthy visit with friends in Boston and New York.

Miss Edna Lavoie, is visiting her cousin, Miss Stone, Germaln street.

Mrs. C. Walker Craibe and son, of Reading, Mass., arrived on the Calvin Austin on Tuesday and are the guests of Mrs. Andrew Raimnie, Wright street.

Mrs. R. Downing Paterson gave a very pleasant At Home at her residence on Crown street Wednesday afternoon. The affair was given in honor of a number of strangers who are visiting in the city and was very largely attended.

A tennis tournament is arranged for Saturday between the Fredericton club and the St. John club to be played on another Sunday.

FRATERNAL ORGANIZATIONS.

COMPLETE LIST OF OFFICERS ELECTED BY KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

MONTREAL, Aug. 8.—The Knights Templar concluded the deliberations to day at 1 p. m., after the election of officers. The following is a complete list of those who are to guide the affairs of the society for another year:—

Supreme grand master—J. B. Theobald, Montreal, re-elected.

Deputy grand master—A. A. Campbell, London, Ont., re-elected.

Grand chancellor—W. H. Whyte, Montreal, re-elected.

Grand chaplain—W. Richardson, Kingston, re-elected.

Grand treasurer—C. F. Mansell, Toronto.

Grand constable—P. T. Gordon, Montreal.

Grand registrar—W. McKellar, Stratford.

Provincial Grand Priors.

Quebec district—E. A. Evans, Quebec.

London district—Geo. Massey, Chatham.

Hamilton district—A. E. Savage, Niagara Falls.

Toronto district—R. E. Forsythe, White Bay.

Kingston district—K. D. Wey, Brockville.

New Brunswick district—W. Wallace, St. John.

Prince Edward Island district—Dr. Darroch, Kensington.

Algonia district—D. J. H. Brown, Sault Ste Marie.

GRAND LODGE OF ODD FELLOWS ELLECTS OFFICERS.

STONEY, N. S., Aug. 8.—The election of officers of the Grand Lodge of Odd-fellows resulted as follows: Dr. Smith Walker, Truro, grand master; W. St. John Rogers, Halifax, deputy grand master; John Johnson, Sydney Mines, grand warden; Dr. G. W. Hadden, Antigonish, grand secretary; J. H. Balcorn, Halifax, grand treasurer; Rev. Canon Newnam, St. Stephen, grand chaplain; James A. Bayne, Moncton, representative to the Sovereign Grand Lodge for two years; C. W. Segge, St. John, grand conductor; R. H. Morrison, Charlottetown, grand marshal; Dr. Goodwin, Bass River, N. S., grand herald; H. E. Skimmer, St. John, junior past grand master. The Grand Lodge will consider the matter of revision of the constitution, and laid it over till the next grand session. The subjects of the fellow's home and educational scheme were disposed of in the negative for the present. Full reports show condition to be in a very flourishing condition, and the outlook for the present year is bright.

CODDLING RICH PRISONERS.

(Toronto Star.)

It is said that Thaw is indulged in all kinds of luxuries in the Tombs prison. A costly Smyrna rug covers the cell floor. Pictures and photographs adorn the walls. A heavy curtain hides him from the gaze of the curious visitors. Thaw spends \$150 a day to be comfortable. He has a dozen pair of shoes, three or four suits, and a change of silk underwear and of silk pajamas daily. He has a manouring set and various other toilet accessories denied to other prisoners.

This story, told by a fellow prisoner, may be exaggerated. If substantially true, it reveals a disgusting state of affairs. Whatever excuses may be offered for Thaw, he undoubtedly committed a crime deserving heavy punishment, and it cannot be said that justice is done when he is coddled with all sorts of luxuries.

It is charged that poor and friendless prisoners, while awaiting trial, are cruelly misused and tortured in order to compel them to confess. That is the other extreme. A prisoner awaiting trial, though presumed to be innocent, must always suffer in mind and body. He ought to receive as nearly as possible cold justice, neither suffering persecution nor enjoying luxury.

Some Irish members of parliament who were imprisoned for political offenses when Ireland was greatly disturbed, insisted upon being treated like other prisoners and refused all special indulgences. They were ridiculed by some shallow people, but their action was proper and dignified, and stands out in refreshing contrast with the course pursued by Thaw.

See The Great Exhibition Free!

A Season Ticket to the St. John Exhibition, good for Thirteen Admissions—two admissions each day for the entire week, will be given to every person who pays to this office, during the next few days, three dollars for one new yearly subscriber to the ST. JOHN STAR. There is no limit to the number of tickets which may be earned. The young people are now given a chance to see the great Fair at the cost of only a few minutes work. Let the boys and girls, and their parents as well, secure new subscribers and get season tickets free.

This offer will also apply to old subscribers, paid up to date, who subscribe for the paper for another year.

This offer will hold good for a short time only. Secure your tickets at once.

IF IT CAN BE DONE ASTAR WANT AD. WILL DO IT.	IF IT CAN BE HAD ASTAR WANT AD. WILL GET IT.	IF A MAN IS WANTED ASTAR WANT AD. WILL FIND HIM.
	IF IT CAN BE SOLD ASTAR WANT AD. WILL SELL IT.	

(To be Continued.)