

SIX

ALL ALIENS MUST QUIT
THE SOIL OF PRUSSIA

Notice Given to 50,000 to Leave the Country Before December 20.

BERLIN, Oct. 27.—Orders have been given by the Prussian Ministry to expel 50,000 undesirable aliens on the ground that the presence of such large numbers of aliens is undesirable on "general principles."
Nineteen thousand of the aliens are employed as colliers in the coal mines of the Rhensish provinces. The majority of them are single men, but many have wives and families with them in western Germany, and those bringing up the total to be expelled approximately to 50,000.
The Prussian Ministry of the Interior has already sent instructions regarding their expulsion to the provincial authorities at Dortmund, who in their turn have forwarded the necessary orders to the local police authorities throughout the Rhensish provinces.
Every one of these alien workmen must leave Prussian territory by December 20. Any one of them who is found on Prussian territory after midnight on that day will be arrested and forcibly ejected from the country.
Two-thirds of these alien workmen are Austrians, so that they are subjects of a country with which Germany is closely allied. The greater number of the remaining third are Italians, likewise subjects of a country which is allied with Germany.
The remainder are Russians, Dutch and Belgians.

STALE ROLLS SERVED
TO HUNGRY PARISIANS

Weekly Day of Rest Law Adds Fresh Discomfort to the Public.

PARIS, Oct. 27.—The serlo-omic conflict between the Paris master bakers and their journeymen about the best method of conforming to the new Weekly Day of Rest law left Paris without fresh bread last Sunday.
The usual crisp rolls or crescents were missing in the morning, and at luncheon and dinner unpalatable stale bread was all that was to be had.
In one or two bakeries where the masters had insisted on baking a mob of journeymen broke into the shops and threw the bread away or else distributed it among the crowd.
In some restaurants plain boiled potatoes were served in lieu of bread; in others biscuits were provided by the apologetic restaurant keepers, and in some the stale bread was heated, and made a little more appetizing at the expense of the digestion.
It is now more than a week that by next Monday some arrangement will be arrived at by which Parisians will not be inconvenienced so seriously as they were last Sunday.

DR. EDITH CHAMBERS
DIED OF DYSENTERY IN
ALASKAN WILDS.

DAWSON, Oct. 27.—Prof. Frank Hewitt, of Chicago, reached here today with the remains of his lost sister, Dr. Edith Chambers, the search for which he has spent two long years in the Alaskan wilds. The remains of her clothing and camp outfit were buried on the scene of her death by starvation on the upper reaches of Goodpasture Creek, and the few remaining bones of the lost woman, left by the wolves, are being carried home-wards for interment.

RECENT DEATHS

Word was received here Friday of the death of William James, at Butte, Montana, who is a son of Mrs. Laura James, of 48 Summer street, this city. It is known that James was suffering from appendicitis and it is supposed that he did not survive an operation. His employment was that of a railroad conductor. He leaves three sisters and two brothers, besides a wife and several children.

The death of Sarah, widow of the late Arthur Price of Rosindale, Mass., and daughter of the late Robert Townsend Chamcock, took place on the 20th inst., at the residence of Dr. Harry Cove, St. Andrews, of heart failure.

Mary, wife of James Richardson, died at her home in St. Andrews on the 26th, leaving a sorrowing husband and six children, the youngest only four days old. She was a daughter of the late Joseph H. Meers of Bayside, in the parish of St. Croix.

The death occurred at Middleton, Kings county, on Saturday afternoon, of Hannah May, only daughter of William and Margaret Killem. She is survived by her parents and five brothers. The funeral will take place at Middleton this afternoon at half-past one.

Word has been received here of the death of Miss Sarah Elizabeth Hazen at Pegg, Italy, on Oct. 26th. She was the second daughter of the late Robert F. Hazen, formerly of this city. She lived here for a number of years, but lately resided in England and Italy.

She is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Prissick, Mrs. Street, who resides in England, and Mrs. Hansard, who is at present visiting her son in Montreal.
Miss Annie Marie Ethel Killem, the thirteen year old daughter of John Killem, died at her parents' residence, 51 Britain street, last night at 11.30. She had been ill since Monday last, but in spite of every care, and though hope was held out for her till the last, she succumbed to Bright's disease. She was an exceptionally bright girl, and Mr. Killem and his family have the heartfelt sympathies of a wide circle of friends in this their sad bereavement.
Eveline her parents Miss Killem is survived by two brothers, John P. and Thomas L. Killem. The funeral will be held on Wednesday afternoon at 2.30 from her father's residence, 51 Britain street.

The Wooing of Woman

Began in the Garden of Eden and has been going on with all its delicious consequences ever since. It is the starting point of a woman's life, the hour in which the sun really begins to shine.
Be she savage or civilized it is the dawning of the great light for which every woman longs. The story of how the world in every clime has done its wooing is the most fascinating that can be told the children of men and women.
Read "The Wooing of Woman," by Katherine Leckie in the November Number of our new magazine—

WOMAN
Now on Sale at all News-stands
10 cents a Copy \$1.00 a Year
THE FRANK A. MUNSEY CO., New York

INDUSTRIAL BOOM AT DORCHESTER.

DORCHESTER, N. B., Oct. 28.—Dorchester was in holiday attire yesterday and all flags were flying in honor of the first casting in Dorchester's new foundry. A very large company of ladies and gentlemen inspected the works and were shown every possible courtesy by the managers.
Dorchester's industrial awakening will not only include the woodworking factory, the foundry and electric lighting system, but also the Gold Paint Company and a complete water system.
Rev. B. H. Thomas was waited on by nearly 100 of his former parishioners on Friday evening last, it being the sixth anniversary of his call to Dorchester. A flattering address was presented the former minister by Wm. H. Bowers, the senior deacon of the church, accompanied by a generous purse of money.

P. E. I. GIRL DENIES CHARGE.

Declares She Buried Her Infant But Its Body Cannot Be Found—Held For Trial.

CHARLOTTETOWN, Oct. 27.—Sitting Magistrate Iman held an investigation today at Dundas, Kings county, of the charge of infanticide brought by the crown against Fanny Shepherd, a servant. The evidence of witnesses examined showed that about the end of September the girl, who is only sixteen years old, gave birth to a child and concealed the fact. The girl born and that she buried it behind the barn on the farm at which she is employed.
No evidence was forthcoming to refute this statement. It is said that the examination has failed to discover the body and thus rumors of the horrible character of his disposal arose. The girl was remanded to jail to await trial at the supreme court, which meets at Georgetown next month.

DEPRAVED CASE REVEALED IN MONCTON POLICE COURT.

MONCTON, N. B., Oct. 28.—A case of alleged indecent assault in which a married woman was complainant and a man, who is the defendant, was heard by the police magistrate Saturday, revealed rather a depraved state of morals within the precincts of the city.
According to the woman's own story she was married about seven years ago and is still living with a man who already had a wife. Her husband and his first wife, it appears, separated and both married again without going through the formality of a divorce. Wife-number one also married and is now living in the States.
It takes nerve to advertise successfully, but the profitable results are certain to the advertiser who has sufficient faith in printer's ink to wait till—Successful Advertising, London.

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

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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. P. O. Box 187 St. John, N. B.

THE CIRCULAR STUDY.

The Star's New Series of Short Stories.
By Anna Katherine Green.

MYSTERIES

(Continued.)

"Let us retreat," suggested Styles.
"Not because the man is dangerous, but because it is very necessary you should see him before he sees you. He is a very strange-acting man, sir, and if he comes in here, will be sure to do something to incriminate himself. Where can he hide?"
Mr. Gryce remembered the little room he had just left, and drew the officer toward it. Once installed inside, he let the curtain drop till only a small loop-hole remained. The steps, which had been gradually growing louder, kept advancing and presently they could hear the intruder's breathing, which was both quick and labored.
"Does he know that any one has entered the house? Did he see you when you came upon him upstairs?" whispered Mr. Gryce into the ear of the man beside him.
Styles shook his head, and pointed eagerly toward the opposite door. The man for whose appearance they waited had just lifted the portiere and in another moment stood in full view just inside the threshold.
Mr. Gryce and his attendant colleague both stared. Was this the murderer? This pale, lean servitor, with a tray in his hand on which rested a single glass of water?
Mr. Gryce was so astounded that he looked at Styles for explanation. But that officer, hiding his surprise, for he had not expected this peaceful figure, urged him in a whisper to have patience, and both, turning toward the man again, beheld him advance, stop, cast one look at the figure lying on the floor and then let slip the glass with a low cry that at once changed to something like a howl, and then he uttered a cry which Styles interpreted as "Look at him! Look at him!"
Styles, in a hurried whisper, "Watch him he will do no more. You will see a murder at work."
And sure enough, in another instant this strange being, losing all semblance to his former self, entered upon a series of pantomimic actions which to the two men who watched him seemed both to explain and illustrate the crime which had just been enacted there.
With every appearance of passion, he stood contemplating the empty air before him, and then, with one hand held stretched out behind him in a peculiarly cramped position, he plunged with the other toward a table from which he made a feint of snatching something, but he no sooner seized his hand upon that he gave a quick sideward thrust, still in the empty air, which seemed to utter a return, so vigorous was his action and so evident his intent.
The reason following this thrust: thereupon unclosing of his hand from an imaginary dagger; the tottering of his body backward; then the moment when, with wide open eyes he seemed to contemplate in horror the result of his own deed—these needed no explanation beyond what was given by his writhing features and trembling body. Gradually succumbing to the sense of terror of his own crime, he sank lower and lower, until, though with that one arm still stretched out, he lay in an inert heap on the floor.
It was when I saw him do this," murmured Styles into the ear of the amazed detective. "He has evidently been driven insane by his own act."
Mr. Gryce made no answer. Here was a problem for the solution of which he found no precedent in all his past experience.

while with his one disengaged hand (for the other was held to his side by Styles) he touched his ears and his lips, and violently shook his head.
There was but one interpretation to be given to this. The man was deaf and dumb.
The shock of this discovery was too much for Styles. His hand fell from the other's arm, and the man, finding himself free, withdrew to his former place in the room, where he proceeded to enact again the killing of and then the mourning for his master, which but a few moments before had made a deep impression upon them. This done, he stood waiting, but this time with that gleam of infernal joy in the depths of his quick, restless eyes which made his very presence in this room of death seem a sacrifice and horror.
Styles could not stand it. "Can't you speak?" he shouted. "Can't you hear?"
The man only smiled, an evil and gloating smile, which Mr. Gryce thought it his duty to cut short.
"Take him away," he cried. "Examine him carefully for blood marks. I am going up to the room where you saw him first. He is too nearly linked to this crime not to carry some trace of it away with him."
But for once even this time-tried detective found himself at fault. No marks were found on the old servant, nor could they discover in the rooms above any signs by which this one remained occupant of the house could be directly associated with the crime which had taken place within it. Mr. Gryce grew very thoughtful and entered upon another examination of the two rooms which he had held all the clues that would ever be given to this strange crime.
The result was meagre, and he was just losing himself again in contemplation of the upturned face, whose fixed mouth and haunting expression told such a story of suffering and determination, when there came from the dim recesses above his head a cry which rang down with startling clearness in this most unexpected of appeals:
"Remember Evelyn!"
Remember Evelyn! Who was Evelyn? And to whom did this voice belong, in a house which had already been ransacked in vain for other occupants? It seemed to come from the roof, and, sure enough, when Mr. Gryce looked up he saw swinging in a cage strung up nearly to the top of one of the windows a man mentioned, an English starling, which in seeming recognition of the attention it had drawn upon itself, craned its neck as Mr. Gryce looked up, and shrieked again, with fiercer insistence than before.
"Remember Evelyn!"
It was the last uncanny touch in a series of uncanny experiences. With an odd sense of nightmare upon him, Mr. Gryce leaned forward on the study table in his effort to obtain a better view of this bird, when, without warning, the white light, which since his last contact with the electrical apparatus had spread itself throughout the room, changed again to green, and he realized that he had unintentionally pressed a button and thus brought into action another side in the curious lamp over his head.
Annoyed, for these changing hues served a purpose he was as yet too absorbed in other matters to make any attempt to solve, he left the vicinity of the table, and was about to leave the room when he heard Styles' voice rise from the adjoining antechamber, where Styles was keeping guard over the old butler.
"Shall I let him go, Mr. Gryce? He seems very uneasy; not dangerous, you know, but anxious, as if he had forgotten something or recalled some unfulfilled duty."
"Yes, let him go," was the detective's quick reply. "Only watch and follow him. Every movement he makes is of interest. Unconsciously he may be giving us invaluable clues. He approached the door to note for himself what the man might do."
"Remember Evelyn!" rang out the starting cry from above, as the detective passed between the curtains. Irresistibly he looked back and up. To whom was this appeal from a bird's throat so imperiously addressed? To him or to the man on the floor beneath, whose ears were forever closed to the matter of little consequence, and it might be one involving the very secret of this tragedy. But whether important or not, he could not heed to it at this juncture, for the old butler, coming in from the front hall whether he had hurried on being released by Styles, was at that moment approaching him, carrying in one hand his master's hat and in the other his master's umbrella.
Not knowing what this new movement might mean, Mr. Gryce paused where he was and waited for the man to advance. Seeing this, the mute, to whose face and bearing had returned the respectful immobility of the trained servant, handed over the articles he had brought, and then noiselessly, and with the air of one who had performed an expected service, retreated to his old place in the antechamber, where he sat down again and fell almost immediately into his former dazed condition.
"Humph! mind quite lost, memory uncertain, testimony valueless," were the dissatisfied reflections of the disappointed detective as he replaced Mr. Adams' hat and umbrella on the hall rack. "Has he been brought to this state by the tragedy which has just taken place here, or is his present insane condition its precursor and cause?" Mr. Gryce might have found some answer to this question in his own mind if, at that moment, the fitting changing of the front door bell, which had hitherto testified to the patience of the curious crowd outside, had not been broken into by an authoritative knock which at once put an end to all self-communing.
The coroner, or some equally important person, was at hand, and the detective's golden hour was over.

THE MUTE SERVITOR

Meanwhile the man who, to all appearance, had just resumed before them the tragedy which had so lately taken place in this room, rose to his feet, and, with a dazed air as unlike his former violent expression as possible, stooped for the glass he had let fall, and was carrying it out when Mr. Gryce called to him.
"Wait, man! You needn't take that glass away. We don't want it. How do you master comes to be lying here dead?"
It was a demand calculated to startle any man. But this one showed himself totally unmoved by it, and was passing on when Styles hid a detaining hand on his shoulder.
"Stop," said he. "What do you mean by sliding off like this? Don't you hear the gentleman speaking to you?"
This time the appeal took. The glass fell again from the man's hand, mingling its clink (for it struck the floor this time and broke) with the cry he gave—which was not exactly a cry either, but an odd sound between a moan and a shriek. He had caught sight of the men who were seeking to detain him, and his haggard look and cringing form showed that he realized at last the terrors of his position. Next minute he sought to escape, but Styles, gripping him more firmly, dragged him back to where Mr. Gryce stood beside the berserk rug on which lay the form of his dead master. Instantly, at the sight of this recumbent figure, another change took place in the entranced butler. Joy that most hellish of passions in the presence of violence and death—illumined his wandering eye and distorted his mouth; and, seeking no disguise for the satisfaction he felt; he uttered a low but thrilling laugh, which rang in unobeying echo through the room.
Mr. Gryce, moved in spite of himself by an abhorrence which could not be described, turned away from the sight of this man, and, to emphasize, waited till the last faint sounds of this diabolical mirth had faded away in the high recesses of the space above. Then, fixing the glittering eyes of this strange creature with his own, which, as we know, so seldom dwell upon that of his fellow-beings, he sternly said:
"There now! Speak! Who killed this man? You were in the house with him, and should know."
The butler's lips opened and a string of strange gutturals poured forth.

TO BE CONTINUED.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE FROM ST. JOHN.

Effective Oct. 14th, 1906.
Trains Daily Except Sunday—Atlantic Time
DEPARTURES
7.00 A. M. DAY EXPRESS—For Bangor, Portland and Boston; connecting for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock and points North; Presque Isle, Plaster Rock, Edmundston, Etc. Pullman Parlor Car St. John to Boston.
5.05 P. M. FREDERICTON EXPRESS—Making all intermediate stops.
6.05 P. M. EXPRESS—For Montreal and Boston, connecting at Fredericton Junction for Fredericton, and at McAdam Jct. for Woodstock and St. Stephen. At Vancouver train divides: One section going through to Montreal where connections are made for Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Buffalo, Chicago and St. Paul, and with Western and Pacific Expresses for Winnipeg and Canadian Northwest, Vancouver and all Pacific Coast points. Other section goes through to Boston via Bangor and Portland.
Palace Sleeper and first and second class coaches to Montreal.
Pullman Sleeper and first and second class coaches to Boston.
C. P. Dining Car St. John to Mattawamkeag.
ARRIVALS
8.30 A. M. Fredericton Express.
12.05 P. M. Montreal and Boston Express.
11.15 P. M. Boston Express
C. E. USHER, W. B. HOWARD,
G. P. Agent, D. P. Agent,
Montreal, P. Q. St. John, N. B.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, Oct. 14th, 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 Sydney's ... 7.00
No. 28—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 ... 18.00
No. 10—Express for Moncton, the Sydney's and Halifax ... 23.25
TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.
No. 3—From Halifax, Pictou and the Sydney's ... 6.30
No. 7—Express from Sussex ... 6.50
No. 15—Express from Montreal, Quebec and Pt. du Chene ... 12.45
No. 6—Mixed from Moncton ... 15.50
No. 25—Express from Halifax, Pictou, Pt. du Chene and Campbellton ... 17.40
No. 1—Express from Moncton (daily) ... 17.40
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 CARVILLE, C. T. A.

Intercolonial Railway.

Tender—Works at Halifax.

Separate Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside, "Tender for Double-Tracking, Halifax," "Tender for Engine House, Halifax," or "Tender for Pier No. 2, Halifax," as the case may be, will be received up to and including SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3RD, 1906, for Grading and Double-Tracking the Cotton Factory Branch between the old engine house and the Kempt Road, and for Grading and Track-Laying in the new yard between Kempt Road and Windsor Street, the building of a 26-Steel Engine House, and for removal and dredging out of Pier No. 2.
Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the Terminal Agent at Halifax, N. S., at the office of the Secretary of the Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, Ont., and at the Chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., at which places forms of tender may be obtained.
All the conditions of the specifications must be complied with.
D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.
Halifax, N. S., Oct. 16th, 1906.
29-10-06 nov 2

EASTERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY

INTERNATIONAL DIVISION.
Steamers leave St. John at 8 a. m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Lubec, Eastport, Portland and Boston.
RETURNING
From Boston at 3 a. m. via Portland, Eastport and Lubec, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
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.

THE QUEBEC TERCENTENARY

Committee Will Ask That the Day be Made a Dominion Holiday.

QUEBEC, Oct. 29.—The official programme for the celebration of the tercentenary of Quebec was adopted by the executive committee. The celebration will occupy the week beginning June 24th, 1908. The federal authorities will be asked to enact a law next session declaring the 2nd of July, 1908, a public holiday throughout the Dominion, being in celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Quebec and of the establishment of the Canadian colony by Samuel de Champlain.