



WHEN OUR BARGAINS ARE EXHAUSTED

you will say with the others that you have seen some of the cheapest selling of

STANDARD MEDICINES, TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.,

that you ever saw.

But really there is no "give out" to our bargains. Things sold today are immediately replaced by other just as good and just as cheap. Look for a perch upon great value at all times.

Alonzo Staples

York Street Drug Store

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 16, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 21 years of age, to the extent of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated. The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following classes:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior
N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.
Mag 8-6dmd6mos.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

ATLANTIC DIVISION

ALL RAIL LINE THE SHORT LINE
To Boston, etc. To Montreal.

IMPERIAL LIMITED ROUTE

TO THE PACIFIC COAST

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS
In Effect Oct. 14th, 1906.

Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated.

DEPARTURES.

6.25 a. m.—Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points North; Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, Plaster Rock and Edmundston; Bangor, Portland and Boston. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jct. to Boston.

6.05 a. m.—Mixed, via Gibson Branch, for Woodstock and North; Presque Isle, Plaster Rock, Edmundston, etc. Leaves St. Mary's 8.35 a. m.

9.50 a. m.—Express for Fredericton Junction connecting with Atlantic Express for St. John and points East. Palace Sleeper, Fredericton Jct. to Halifax, N. S. Dining Car, Fredericton Jct. to Truro, N. S.

5.50 p. m.—Mixed for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Short Line Express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and with Western and Pacific Expresses from Montreal for the West, Northwest and Pacific Coast; also connects for Yarmouth, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. St. Stephen, and Woodstock. Palace Sleeper, Fredericton Jct. to Montreal. C. P. R. Dining Car, Fredericton Jct. to Matawamkeag. Pullman Sleeper, Fredericton Jct. to Boston.

9.00 p. m.—Express for St. John and points East. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jct. to St. John.

ARRIVALS.

9.20 a. m.—From St. John and East.

11.45 a. m.—From Montreal and West. Boston, St. Stephen, Woodstock and Houlton.

8.10 p. m.—From St. John and East.

4.50 p. m.—From Woodstock and points North, via Gibson Branch. Arrives at St. Mary's at 8.18 p. m.

8.00 p. m.—From Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton.

W. B. HOWARD,

Act District Passenger Agent, St. John, N. B.

C. E. E. USSHER,

General Passenger Agent, Montreal.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 N. MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Up-to-date UNDERTAKER

COFFINS, CASKETS AND FUNERAL FURNISHINGS, HEARSE IN CONNECTION, AVAILABLE AT ALL HOURS. PICTURES FRAMED AND MOUNTED PROMPTLY

Geo. W. Adams,

UP TOWN, OFF. PEOPLES' BANK

JOHN G. ADAMS,

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER. Prompt and careful attention to all orders. The only complete line of Funeral Furnishings in the City and the Best Equipment.

Downtown, Next above Queen Hotel. Phone 26

YOU USE
EDDY'S PAIRS AND TUBS,
OR

EDDY'S FIBREWARE.

Use EDDY'S WASH-BOARDS, too.

Ask for 2 in 1, or, 3 in 1.

COMBINATION BOARDS—Easy on Clothes.

Schofield Bros.

Selling Agents, ST. JOHN, N. B.

...FOR.

JOB PRINTING

That will Suit You

come to the

Herald Office.



INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

There was a real "No. 101." Unpublished M.S. despatches now in the Record Office of the British Museum reveal an interesting fact that more than one occasion the British Government obtained important French state secrets through an agent known to the British Ministers as "No. 101." Who this mysterious agent was, whether it was a man or a woman, why and how he or she so successfully played the part of a traitor, have not, so far as is known to the present writer, been discovered by historians or archivists. The references in the confidential correspondence supply no answer to such questions. If the British Ministers knew all the truth they kept it to themselves and it perished with them. Doubtless there were good reasons for strict secrecy. But it is more than possible that they themselves did not know, that the secret they were dealing with a cipher, whose secret they never penetrated. It is, however, clear that "No. 101" was in a position to discover some of the most intricate designs in the policy of the French court, and that the British Government, through agents, was satisfied of the genuineness of the secrets for which it paid handsomely.—W. C.]

CHAPTER I.

One evening in the January of 1745, the critical year of Fontenoy and of the great Jacobite rising, a middle-aged gentleman, the private secretary of the Secretary of State, was working as usual in the room of a house in Cleveland Row. The table at which he sat was littered with papers, but in this precise moment he had leaned back in his chair with a puzzled expression and his left hand in perplexity pushed his wig away.

"Extraordinary," he muttered, "most extraordinary." The remark was apparently caused by an official letter in his other hand—a letter marked "Most Private," which came from The Hague, and the passage which he had just read ran:

"I have the honor to submit to you the following important communication in cipher, received through our agent at Paris, from 'No. 101,' etc."

On the table lay the cipher communication together with a decoded version which the secretary now studied for the third time. In explicit language the despatch supplied detailed information as to certain highly confidential negotiations between the Jacobite party in Paris and the French King, Louis XV., a revelation in short of the most weighty state secrets of the French Government.

"No. 101," the secretary murmured, scratching his head, "always 'No. 101.' It is marvellous. Possible. How the devil can it be done?"

But there was no answer to this question, save the fact which provoked it—that closely ciphered paper with its disquieting information so curiously and mysteriously obtained.

"Ah!" he jumped up and hurriedly straightened his wig. "Good evening to you."

The new-comer was a man of about five-and-thirty, tall, finely built, and of a muscular physique, with a face of considerable power. Most noticeable, perhaps, in his appearance was his air of disciplined reserve, emphasized in his strong mouth and chin, but almost belied by the glow in his large, dark eyes, which looked you through and through with a strangely watchful innocence.

"There is work to be done, sir?" he asked as he took the chair offered.

"Exactly. To-day we have received most gratifying and surprising information from our friend 'No. 101'—and we have the promise of more."

"Yes." The brief monosyllable was spoken almost softly, but the dark eyes gleamed, as they roamed over the room.

"The communications from 'No. 101' have been an absolute treasure to us. I am sure that in itself is interesting. The Secretary of State therefore desired me to send at once for you, the most trustworthy secret agent we have. In a very few minutes Captain Statham of the First Foot Guards will be here."

"Sent, I think, from the Low Countries at the request of our agents at The Hague?"

"Ah, I see you are as well informed as usual. You are quite right. Are you," he laughed, "ever wrong?"

"The spy hunted. The communications then from 'No. 101' concern the military operations?" was all he said.

"Not yet. But," he almost laughed, "we have a promise they will. You know the situation. This will be a critical year in Flanders. Great Britain and her allies propose to make a great, unprecedented effort; his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland will have the supreme command. Unhappily the French under the Marechal de Saxe apparently propose to make even greater efforts. With such a general as the Marechal against us we cannot afford to neglect any means, fair or foul, by which his Royal Highness can defeat the enemy."

"Then you wish me to assist 'No. 101' in betraying the French plans to our army under the Duke of Cumberland?"

"Not quite," the other replied; "we cannot spare you as yet. But you have had dealings with this mysterious cipher, and we ask you to place all your experience at the disposal of Captain Statham."

"I agree most willingly," was the prompt answer.

"This curious 'No. 101,' continued the secretary slowly, "you do not know personally, I believe?"

The other was looking at him carefully but with a puzzled air.

"I ask because—because I am deeply curious."

"I am as curious as yourself, sir. 'No. 101' is to me simply a cipher number, nothing more, nothing less."

"I agree most willingly," was the prompt answer.

"This curious 'No. 101,' continued the secretary slowly, "you do not know personally, I believe?"

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WHO SHE WAS

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LYDIA E. PINKHAM

And a True Story of How the Vegetable Compound Had Its Birth and How the "Panic of '73" Caused it to be Offered for Public Sale in Drug Stores.

This remarkable woman, whose maiden name was Estes, was born in Lynn, Mass., February 9th, 1819, coming from a good old Quaker family. For some years she taught school, and became known as a woman of an alert

their mother, combined forces to restore the family fortune. They argued that the medicine which was so good for their woman friends and neighbors was equally good for the women of the whole world.

The Pinkhams had no money, and little credit. Their first laboratory was the kitchen, where roots and herbs were steeped on the stove, gradually filling a gross of bottles. Then came the question of selling it, for always before they had given it away freely. They hired a job printer to run off some pamphlets setting forth the merits of the medicine, now called Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and these were distributed by the Pinkham sons in Boston, New York, and Brooklyn.

The wonderful curative properties of the medicine were, to a great extent, self-advertising, for whoever used it recommended it to others, and the demand gradually increased.

In 1877, by combined efforts the family had saved enough money to commence newspaper advertising and from that time the growth and success of the enterprise were assured, until to-day Lydia E. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound have become household words everywhere, and many tons of roots and herbs are used annually in its manufacture.

Lydia E. Pinkham herself did not live to see the great success of this work. She passed to her reward years ago, but not till she had provided means for continuing her work as effectively as she could have done it herself.

During her long and eventful experience she was ever methodical in her work and she was always careful to preserve a record of every case that came to her attention. The case of every sick woman who applied to her for advice—and there were thousands—received careful study and the details, including symptoms, treatment and results were recorded for future reference, and to-day these records, together with hundreds of thousands made since, are available to sick women the world over, and represent a vast collaboration of information regarding the treatment and accuracy with which for authenticity and accuracy can hardly be equaled in any library in the world.

With Lydia E. Pinkham worked her daughter-in-law, the present Mrs. Pinkham. She was carefully instructed in all her hard-won knowledge, and for years she assisted her in her vast correspondence.

To her hands naturally fell the direction of the work when its originator passed away. For nearly twenty-five years she has continued it, and nothing in the work shows when the first Lydia E. Pinkham dropped her pen, and the present Mrs. Pinkham, now the mother of a large family, took it up. With womanly assistance, some as capable as herself, the present Mrs. Pinkham continues this great work, and probably from the office of no other person have so many women been advised how to regain health. Sick women, this advice is "Yours for Health" freely given if you only write to ask for it.

Such is the history of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; made from simple roots and herbs; the one great medicine for women's ailments, and the fitting monument to the noble woman whose name it bears.

"How do these new football rules compare with the old ones?"
"Well, last season at this time my boy had a stiff neck, a bruised head and a twisted ankle. This year he has a sprained wrist, a broken rib and a lot of wrenched tendons. I guess the rules are about the same."

A young thing of some fifty summers was playing the piano before the open window and said to her maid:

"Marie, do you think that Signor Stuzzini opposite hears me?"
"Yes, signorina, I am sure, as he is shutting his window."

McGale's Butternut Pills

are safe to take in any season—in any climate. No calomel, no mercury—just the concentrated extracts, combined with other vegetable ingredients—very gentle in effect. They quickly

Cure Stomach, Liver and Kidney Disorders

—strengthening the organs to healthy action.
25c. a box—at drug stores or by mail.

Sole Proprietors,
THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., Ltd.
MONTREAL, Can.



and investigating mind, an earnest seeker after knowledge, and above all, possessed of a wonderfully sympathetic nature.

In 1843 she married Isaac Pinkham, a builder and real estate operator, and their early married life was marked by prosperity and happiness. They had four children, three sons and a daughter.

In those good old fashioned days it was common for mothers to make their own home medicines from roots and herbs, nature's own remedies—calling in a physician only in specially urgent cases. By tradition and experience many of them gained a wonderful knowledge of the curative properties of the various roots and herbs.

Mrs. Pinkham took a great interest in the study of roots and herbs, their characteristics and power over disease. She maintained that just as nature so bountifully provides in the harvest-fields and orchards vegetable foods of all kinds; so, if we but take the pains to find them in the roots and herbs of the field there are remedies expressly designed to cure the various ills and weaknesses of the body, and it was her pleasure to search these out, and prepare simple and effective medicines for her own family and friends.

Chief of these was a rare combination of the choicest medicinal roots and herbs found best adapted for the cure of the ills and weaknesses peculiar to the female sex, and Lydia E. Pinkham's friends and neighbors learned that her compound relieved and cured and it became quite popular among them.

All this so far was done freely, without money and without price as a labor of love.

But in 1873 the financial crisis struck Lynn. Its length and severity were too much for the large real estate interests of the Pinkham family, as this class of business suffered most from fearful depression, so when the Centennial year dawned it found their property swept away. Some other source of income had to be found.

At this point Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was made known to the world.

The three sons and the daughter, with

on those ministers, on his ambassadors, generals, and their agents, to receive privately instructions wholly different from what the King has officially sanctioned, and frequently directly to thwart, check, annul, and defeat by intrigue and diplomacy the official policy of their sovereign."

"Is it possible?"

"It is a fact," Onslow said emphatically. "But the King, 'No. 101,' you and I and one or two others alone know it. Let me give you a proof. To-day officially Louis through his ministers has disavowed the Jacobites. The ministers believe their master is sincere; many of them regret it, but their instructions are explicit. In truth, through those private agents I spoke of, the King is encouraging the Jacobites in every way—and is actually thwarting the steps and the policy which he has officially and publicly commanded."

"And the ministers are ignorant of this?"

"Absolutely. But mark you, unless the King is very careful, some day there will come an awkward crisis. His Majesty will be threatened with the disclosure of this secret policy which has his royal authority, but which gives the lie to his public policy, equally authentic. And unless he can suppress the first he must be shown to be doubly a royal liar—not to dwell on the consequences to France."

"What a curious king!" Statham

exclaimed.

"Every word you say sharpens my surprise and my curiosity."

"Yes, and every transaction you will have with the cipher will sharpen it more and more. I have been fifteen years in the Secret Service, but this business is to-day as much a puzzle as it ever was, for 'No. 101' has taught me a very important secret, one unknown even to the French King's ministers, which, so jealously guarded as it is, may never be discovered in the King's lifetime or at all. Can you really believe that Louis, while professing to act through his ministers, has stealthily built up a little secret service of his own whose work is to spy

"I am sure not." The tone was conviction itself.

"At this moment Capt. Statham was ushered in, a typical English gentleman and officer, ruddy of countenance, blue-eyed, frankness and courage in every line of his handsome face and of his athletic figure."

"Captain Statham—Mr. George Onslow of the Secret Service—the secretary began promptly, adding with a laugh as the two shook hands: "Ah, I see you have met before. I am not surprised. Mr. Onslow knows everybody and everything worth knowing." He gathered up a bundle of papers. "That is the communication from 'No. 101' and the covering letter. And now, gentlemen, I will leave you to your business." He bowed and left the room.

Onslow took the chair he had vacated and for a quarter of an hour Captain Statham and he chatted earnestly on the position of affairs in the Low Countries and the war then raging from the Mediterranean to the North Sea, on the vast efforts being made by the French for a great campaign in the coming spring, the military genius of the famous Marechal de Saxe, the Austrian and Dutch allies of Great Britain, and the new English royal commander-in-chief who was shortly to leave to take over the work of saving Flanders from the arms of Louis XV. Onslow then briefly explained what the Secret Service agents of the Duke of Cumberland were to expect and why.

"Communications," he wound up, "from this mysterious spy and traitor, 'No. 101,' invariably come like bolts from the blue. They are, of course, always in cipher and they will reach you by the most innocent hands—a peasant, a lackey, a tavern wench—sometimes you will simply find them, say, under your pillow, or in your boots. No one can tell how they get there. But never neglect them, however strange or unusual their contents may be, for they are never wrong—never! The genuine ones you will recognize by this mark—" he took up the ciphered paper and put his fingers on a sign—"two crossed daggers and the figures 101 written in blood—you see so?"

Captain Statham stared at the sign, entranced.

"A soldier," Onslow remarked with his slow smile, "can always distinguish blood from red ink—is it not so?" Statham nodded. "Remember, then, those crossed daggers with the figures in blood are the only genuine mark. All others are forgeries—reject them unhesitatingly. Let me show it to you again." He produced from his pocket book a paper with the design in the corner, which, when compared with the one on the table, corresponded exactly.

"I warn you," Onslow added, "because the existence of this 'No. 101' is becoming known to the French—they suspect treachery—their Secret Service is clever and they may attempt to deceive you. As they do not know the countersign, though they may have guessed at the treachery of 'No. 101' they cannot really hoodwink you. Cipher papers which come in the name of 'No. 101' without that remarkable signature are simply a nom de guerre, of politics, of love, of anything you like, but they are either a forgery or a trap; so put them in the fire."

Statham sat pondering, his eyes riveted on the crossed daggers. "You, sir," he began, "have had dealings with this mysterious person. Is it a man or a woman?"

"Ah!" Onslow laughed gently. "Every one asks that, every man at least. I cannot answer; no one, indeed, can. My opinion? Well, I change it every month. But these are the facts: It is absolutely certain that the traitor insists on high, very high pay; absolutely certain that he or she has access to the very best society in Paris and at the Court, and is at home in the most confidential circles of the King and his ministers. We have even had documents from the private cabinet of Louis XV. Furthermore, the traitor can convey the information in such a way as to baffle detection. If it is a woman she is a very remarkable one; if it be a man he is one who controls important women. Perhaps it is both. Such knowledge, so peculiar, so accurate, so extensive, such skill and such ingenuity scarcely seem to be within the powers of any individual man or woman."

"Every word you say sharpens my surprise and my curiosity."

"Yes, and every transaction you will have with the cipher will sharpen it more and more. I have been fifteen years in the Secret Service, but this business is to-day as much a puzzle as it ever was, for 'No. 101' has taught me a very important secret, one unknown even to the French King's ministers, which, so jealously guarded as it is, may never be discovered in the King's lifetime or at all. Can you really believe that Louis, while professing to act through his ministers, has stealthily built up a little secret service of his own whose work is to spy

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