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"See British Medical Journal, September 16th, 1911.

The YELLOW LETTER

A Fascinating Mystery Story—

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON

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CHAPTER I.

o the Maelstrom.

They say that coming events cast their shadows before, but certainly I had no intimation when I left my office on the afternoon of April twelfth, of the maelstrom of mystery and tragedy into which I was about to plunge. I was worried and anxious it is true, but only as every young man is who finds himself for the first time deeply in love. There was no portent of evil, no foreshadowing of the terrible chain of events that all but destroyed my belief in my fellow-man, and left its mark so deep upon my memory that I do not believe time ever can wholly efface it.

Even now that it is all ended, and the shadow which hung so heavily over the household of my sweetheart has been dispelled and the fiend whose devilish ingenuity brought shame and grief and wreck to so many innocent lives is paying the penalty behind prison bars—even now I shudder at the sight of anything yellow. A scrap of yellow paper vividly recalls—and I fear will always recall—the painful events of the last few weeks.

I had been waiting ever since my return from court for a telephone message that had not come—the word from Louise which I felt would decide my fate. I had written to her the night before, asking if I might go to her in the afternoon to speak on a subject of importance. I knew she would understand the importance of my letter, though all that I had asked was that she would telephone me earlier than four whether she would be at home.

From my window I had watched the great hand on the Metropolitan tower clock creep slowly to twelve. As the chimes began to sing the hour of four I felt that I could bear the suspense no longer. Message or no message I would go to her at once. Before the vibrant note of "On-n-n-e" had died away I closed my desk with a bang. As the fourth stroke reverberated I stood with hat and overcoat on, my hand on the knob of my office door, hoping yet to hear my telephone ring. Impatiently I waited a minute and dashed toward the elevator. The telephone I learned afterward, rang almost the minute I was out of the room and Louise's voice called frantically for me, but I was not there to hear.

It was only a short walk up Madison Avenue to the home of General Farrish, the father of Louise. With the doubt that possesses every lover on such a mission as this, I walked it, now laggardly, as misgivings filled my heart, now quickening my pace as hope routed my fears. As I turned the corner into the street where the Farish home is situated my steps were leaden. What right had I to ask Louise Farrish to be my wife? The daughter of a man worth many millions, a girl of exquisite beauty and of many accomplishments, one who could choose a husband where she willed—what right had I to hope that she would ever consent to become the wife of a struggling young lawyer such as I? To be sure my family was of the best. With my earnings and the modest little fortune my father had left me I would be able to provide for her. But as yet, though my prospects were bright, I amounted to nothing in my profession. It would be years before I could hope to give my wife the luxuries to which Louise Farrish had been accustomed.

On the other hand, I felt that with Louise as my wife I could do great things. I loved her with a great love. I felt that her affection and companionship would be inspiration enough for any man to conquer the world. I hoped that she loved me. I recalled the many trifles which seemed to show, at least, that she found pleasure in my society. I tried to comfort myself, too, by remembering that General Farrish was a self-made man, that when he married he was as poor as I, if not poorer. I knew that he liked me and had confidence in me. Was it then, after all, I asked myself, presuming in me to hope that Louise would listen to me and that her father would consent to her becoming my wife—yet, why had she not telephoned?

As I dragged my hesitating feet across the street I was aroused from my reverie by the rush of an automobile that all but knocked me over. With an angry imprecation at such reckless driving I glanced up and recognized the man who occupied it. He was standing beside his chaffeur, as if ready to leap out. It was Doctor Wilcox, a noted practitioner who attended the Farrish family, and whom I had met at their house. I plunged forward in anxious dismay as I saw the machine halt before the Farrish door and the doctor jump out and run up the steps.

My first, my only thought, was of Louise. What could have happened? She must be ill—desperately ill, as the doctor's haste suggested. Did not this explain her failure to telephone? Could it be that she was dead? What thoughts flashed through my mind I can not analyze further. I only know I reached the house but a step behind the doctor. He had hardly passed through the door when I, too, flung myself into the hall and stood there swaying with not voice enough to ask a question of the white-faced, horror-stricken maid who had answered the doctors' ring.

"Where is she?" I heard the doctor ask as he flung his coat to the maid and started up the stairs. Before she could answer him there were hurried footsteps on the upper landing and Louise peered down, the anxiety in her face lessening at the welcome sight of the doctor.

I gave a little silly cry of joy and started up the stairs. Doctor Wilcox was ahead of me, three steps at a time, and, following Louise's silent direction, had disappeared in a room on the second floor, when I, with outstretched arms, approached her. I did not think to ask what had happened or who was ill or what the matter was. My only thought was one of joy that she was alive and wel. What mattered if Louise was safe? And the emotion that filled me was still more intensified when she ran to me, and throwing herself into my arms, cried out:

"Oh, Harding, thank God, you've come!"

It was almost the first time she had called me by my name, certainly the first that she ever had given herself to my embrace, and I held her closely thrilled through at the thought that it was to me she turned in time of trouble. Then, all at once, I was aroused by the opening of the door through which Doctor Wilcox had gone and the appearance of a maid who ran along the hall.

"What is it? What has happened?" I asked.

"Katherine," moaned Louise, "Katherine—she has killed herself!"

For a moment I was stunned. The first thought that came to me was the impossibility of it. What place had tragedy in this happy, quiet home? Familiar enough though I was, with deeds of violence, with self-murder as it thrust itself forward in the courts and in the lurid head-lines of the newspapers, that such a thing could intrude on the peace of this well-ordered household seemed beyond my comprehension.

"I telephoned to you, but you were not in your office," sobbed Louise, still clinging to me in the abandonment of grief.

"When did you telephone?" I asked, even under such circumstances rejoicing to learn that she had telephoned.

"Just after she did it—I don't know when it was—it seems ages ago. I couldn't—get you and—I thought—you would never come—then—then—I telephoned for the doctor and father."

Just after she did it! I had been trying to make myself believe it must have been an accident, though from Louise's manner I feared the worst. Yet Katherine Farrish was the last person in the world of whom one would think in connection with suicide. A quiet, reserved girl of great strength of character, several years older than Louise, her dignity and her well-considered actions had led me to believe her far less emotional than her younger sister.

"It was an accident, of course," I said, though doubtfully.

"No," gasped Louise, shuddering anew at the thought of the horror she had witnessed. "I heard the shot and found her on the divan in her room. The revolver was still in her hand—her own revolver."

For the first time it came to me with sudden vivid force that in the elder sister's life, behind the smiling mask of reserve she always wore, was hidden some secret sorrow. I understood, now, that far-away look in her eyes. I felt there may have been—there must have been—concealed the knowledge of some mystery that impelled her to this awful deed. Yet little did I suspect whither my efforts to find why Louise's sister had shot herself would lead me. Little did I imagine in what a web of criminal cunning, of baffling crime, of hidden evil, I would find myself.

As I strove to soothe Louise's agitation the doctor appeared ot the doorway and imperiously beckoned me. I tried to persuade Louise to wait outside, but she clung to me like a frightened child and insisted on accompanying me into the room.

"Here," said the doctor in the curt tones of authority, "I want you to help me carry her into a quieter place before I operate."

"This way," said Louise, recovering herself as soon as she saw the opportunity to be useful, "into my rooms. They are off the street and much quieter."

I saw the look with which she tried to read the doctor's face and put the question she dared not ask.

"Will she live?"

"Doctor Wilcox shook his head gravely. "She is just alive and that is all. I can not tell yet whether or not we can save her. There must be absolute quiet. I am going to probe for the bullet and see what course it has taken. Please telephone at once for these two men. They are my hospital aides. As soon as they arrive I will operate."

As quickly as we had laid the senseless girl on Louise's bed, I telephoned for Dr. Wilcox's assistants, and was fortunate in being able to reach both immediately. Louise and the maids meanwhile were kept busy by the doctor preparing for the operation, so it fell to my lot to break the news to General Farrish when he arrived. Louise had merely told him over the telephone that Katherine had met with an accident, so he entered the house almost wholly unprepared for the shock my news gave him.

(To be continued).

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

Your druggist will refund money if Paze Ointment fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

It is quite possible for a man to be hotheaded and still get cold feet.

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is Laxative Bromo Quinine

Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

E. W. Grove on Box. 25c

La MARQUISE de FONTENOY

May Be New German Ambassador To Court of St. James — The Metternich Family

(Copyright, 1912, by the Brentwood Company).

While the reports of the transfer of Count Bernstorff from Washington to London are premature, there is no doubt that the post of German ambassador to the Court of St. James is about to become vacant, and that he has a very fair chance of realizing his ambition of returning as chef de mission to the land of his birth. He came into the world on the banks of the Thames, where his father was German ambassador at the time, and where he spent the first six years of his life, a fact to which he is indebted probably for his rather English than Teuton sense of humor.

If there is an opening for Bernstorff in the British metropolis, where he spent some years after his marriage, as secretary of the Germany embassy, it is because the position of the present German ambassador there, Count Paul Wolff-Metternich, has become untenable. In Germany he is taxed with two great partiality for the English, and was handicapped by this when first accredited to England as ambassador. Indeed, his appointment was attacked on that score.

To relieve himself of this imputation, he has, particularly in moments of crisis, been obliged to show a greater degree of stiffness than the occasion warranted, and has managed to offend the English authorities, in particular Sir Edward Grey, to such an extent as to find it difficult to do business with him any longer. In fact, the emperor has been given to understand that the efforts to restore friendly relations between London and Berlin will be benefitted by the appointment of some other diplomat in the place of Wolff-Metternich; and Lord Haldane's visit to Berlin last week is believed to have had amongst its objects, that of convincing the Kaiser that it would be better for both countries if the count were recalled.

That Emperor William is certain to lend ear to this suggestion, may be gathered from the fact that much dissatisfaction prevails against the count in official circles in Berlin, where, rightly or wrongly, he is credited with not having kept either William II. or his government acquainted with the true character of the situation in England and with having allowed it to become envenomed to such a degree that the emperor suddenly found himself on the very brink of war with Great Britain.

The Wolff-Metternich should have ceased to be persona grata in England is altogether amazing; for it is generally understood that he owed his appointment, in the fall of 1901, largely to King Edward, who had mentioned him to the Kaiser, not only as being most agreeable to himself, but also as enjoying very widespread popularity and universal confidence in English society and among the English people. Much of the earlier portion of his diplomatic career was spent in London and in 1909 he returned to England as first secretary of the embassy, where, owing to the constant illness of his chief, the late Count Paul Hatzfeldt, he virtually conducted the affairs of the embassy. Like Bernstorff, he went from London to Cairo as minister plenipotentiary, and then was accredited to the Hanseatic cities with residence in Hamburg, a post which is almost invariably given to the diplomat who represents the department of foreign affairs in the suite of the Kaiser, when the latter undertakes his yachting expeditions or visits foreign courts. In this way he was brought very closely into touch with the Kaiser. He was again sent back to London to assume the duties of Count Paul Hatzfeldt, when the latter's condition of health became absolutely critical. When Hatzfeldt died he was appointed his successor. He has held the place ever since, for eleven years.

The Family

Count Wolff-Metternich has still another disadvantage, in the eyes of many people at Berlin both at court and in official circles. He is a Catholic, and as such it is held that he is disqualified to represent a Lutheran Power at the Protestant Court of St. James. The origin of his family is the same as that of the reigning house of England; for he is descended in a direct line from Guelphus, of Metternich, a place across the Moselle, looking north from Coblenz. Eventually the name of Guelph was modernized, somewhere about the fourteenth or fifteenth century, into Wolff, for a tomb of the sixteenth century in the Cathedral of Treves bears the inscription of Lothar Wolff Metternich, who was Prince Bishop of that place.

The Wolff Metternichs of those days were magnates of the Moselle rather than of the Rhine. Their estates commanded the Palatinate, and consequently they suffered heavily when the French invaded that province in the time of Louis XIV., and destroyed everything on which they could lay hands. The ruins of these castles are still extant. Beilstein stands as a picturesque shell above the Moselle, at one of the most striking points of that beautiful river, and the tower of the Winneburg forms a landmark on the highest point behind Goehem and is generally regarded as the principal, if not original, seat of the family.

It is from the latter that the Austrian Metternichs take their designation of Metternich Winneburg. Of that branch, the most prominent and distinguished member in the later part of the 18th century was Count George Metternich Winneburg The treaty of Lunneville robbed him of his estaates on the Moselle and in compensation he received the Abbey of Ochsenhausen, while in 1803, at the very last meeting of the old imperial diet, he was presented to its members by the last of the Hapsburg emperors of Germany, and recognized as a prince of the now defunct Holy Roman Empire.

His son was the still more famous Prince Clement Metternich, Austrian chancellor, to whose diplomacy the downfall of Napoleon was largely due. Rewarded with the chateau and the world-famous vineyards of Johannisberg, the Metternichs of the Winneburg branch became exclusively Austrian and are now represented in Austria by Prince Clement Metternich, nephew of the celebrated Princess Pauline Metternich, and married to Isabel de Silva, daughter of the Duchess of San Carlos, who is the grand mistress of the palace to the Queen of Spain.

The main branch, however, never moved from the Palatinate, retained the old patronymic of Wolff in addition to the name of Metternich and made its headquarters at Gracht, now in the possession of the ambassaodr's elder brother, married to Princess Flaminia Salm-Salm, opposite Bingen.

The ambassador is also descended from Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, daughter of Andrew, King of Hungary, and through her daughter Sophia, who married Henry II., the Magnanimous, Duke of Brabant. His family tree can show alliances with the reigning house of Hesse, with that of Hohenzollern, with the Nassaus, the Salms and the Stolbergs.

The Guelph origin of the ambassador's family does not constitute his only English connection. His mother was Baroness Hompesch, whose father's sister married the third Lord Bolingbroke. The Hompesch family is one of much distinction in Germany. The grand master of the Knights of Malta, who surrendered that stronghold of the Mediterranean to Napoleon, was a Hompesch.

Count Paul Wolff-Metternich, who bears an extraordinary resemblance to Vandyke's famous portrait of Lord Strafford in Castle Wentworth, the country seat of Lord Fitzwilliam, is a great sportsman, was formerly an enthusiastic member of the Quorn and Cottesmore Hunts, and bears on his body the scars of a bad mauling which he received from a lion while hunting big game in Africa some twenty years ago. The count had very imprudently stalked the lion on foot and suddenly found himself face to face with his quarry which, rearing up in front of him struck him a blow with his paw which knocked him senseless to the ground. As the lion stood over his victim, growling ominously, his Arab gunbearer took careful aim at the beast with the remaining rifle and by a fortunate shot managed to kill the beast on the spot. It fell dead by the side of Metternich. Many weeks elapsed before Metternich was restored to health.

The Count, who has been much distressed and mortified during the last two years through the scandals provoked by the behavior of his nephew, Count Gisbert Wolff-Metternich; which has led to a term of imprisonment after one of the most unsavory trials that have taken place in Berlin in recent years.

THE NURSES AT HOME.

The Alumnae Association of the Nurses of the General Public Hospital was host at a delightful assembly at Keith's assembly rooms last night. While the nurses have given several functions of the kind, last night's was the first given by the alumnae. The programme included sixteen dances and music was furnished by O'Hara's orchestra. The reception committee were: Miss Mitchell, Mrs. Donald C. Malcolm, Mrs. W. O. Dunham, Mrs. E. A. White and Mrs. Minnie Armstrong.

A fussy man is like a camel—always going around with his back up.

"77"

Humphreys' Seventy-Seven Breaks up Colds and

GRIP

Don't wait till your bones begin to ache, take "Seventy-seven" at the first feeling of a Cold and the attack will not be prolonged—

So much depends on the first few doses to get best results, that you should keep "Seveny-seven" handy, in the pocket when possible; surely in the house.

A small vial of pleasant pellets, fits the vest pocket. At Drug Stores 25c or mailed.

Humphreys' Homeo. Medicine Co., Cor. William and Ann Streets, New York.

Stoves Lined with Fire Clay

Linings Put In and Grates Supplied For All Stoves

"Don't let the fire burn thru to the oven"

Make appointment by mail or telephone Main 1885-21.

Fenwick D. Foley

WHEN USED TO DRINKING DUSTY TEAS DROP THE HABIT, JUST TRY THESE

"SALADA"

Teas are a Revelation in Tea Goodness. Sealed Packets only—Never in bulk. Send for sample—"Salada," Montreal.

The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON

"ABOUT once in so often my postman brings me a certain letter. Not materially the same letter of course, but especially the same. That is it paints for me the same situation and makes the same eager plea that I suggest some remedy.

And the situation is that of the woman with a man friend who shows her in every way he cares for her but never puts it into words.

Listen to a sentence or two from my most recent letter.

"He will show me in every way possible that he cares yet he will not say the words. A girl is supposed to know when a man cares and I feel sure that he does but it would do me more good to hear the plain words than anything."

I have absolutely no use for that kind of man.

Even when he has that favorite excuse of masculine dilly dallers who waste a girl's time without giving her any guarantee for her future—that he is not ready to support a wife, and until he is, he feels that it is more chivalrous not to tell her that he loves her.

It seems to me that when a man loves a woman, is sure of it, sure he wants to marry her as soon as he is financially able to do so, he should share that knowledge with her.

He should tell her at the same time how long it will be before he can make a home for her. He should not, of course, insist on her binding herself to him, either formally or informally, but he should let her know that he cares.

If she cares for him she will probably know no greater joy than to wait. If she doesn't care or doesn't want to wait, there is surely nothing to prevent her saying so.

Where this much vaunted chivalry comes in, in forcing a girl if she cares to either wait in wretched uncertainty or waste herself on a man she doesn't care so much for, merely because she didn't dare risk a loveless future, I can't see.

And as for the man—no cad I mean—who has no such motive, who selfishly absorbs a girl's time and while flattering her into caring by making her think in every way that he cares, hangs back from putting it into words, because he doesn't want to be bound—well I've much less use for him than his "intentions."

And if a girl isn't willing to have anything of this sort done—which ten to one she isn't—the best remedy I can suggest is to make things a little less easy for him, to stimulate a healthy doubt in his mind as to her affection and give some competitor a chance to enter the race.

There may be some better way of making a man hurry up and find out what he wants and ask for it, but up to the present time of writing I haven't been informed of it.

INDIGESTION AND ALL STOMACH MISERY IS ENDED

Diapepsin Makes Your Out-of-Order Stomach Feel Fine in Five Minutes

Nothing will remain undigested or sour on your stomach if you will take a little Diapepsin occasionally. This powerful digestive and antacid, though as harmless and pleasant as candy, will digest and prepare for assimilation into the blood all the food you can eat.

Eat what your stomach craves, without the slightest fear of Indigestion or that you will be bothered with sour risings, Belching, Gas on Stomach, Heartburn, Headaches from stomach, Nausea, Bad Breath, Water Brash or a feeling like you had swallowed a lump of lead, or other disagreeable miseries. Should you be suffering now from any stomach disorder you can get relief within five minutes.

If you will get from your pharmacist a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin you could always go to the table with a hearty appetite, and your meals would taste good, because you would know there would be no Indigestion or Sleepless nights or Headache or Stomach misery all the next day; and, besides, you would not need laxatives or liver pills to keep your stomach and bowels clean and fresh.

Pape's Diapepsin can be obtained from your druggist, and contains more than sufficient to thoroughly cure the worst case of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. There is nothing better for Gas on the Stomach or sour odors from the stomach or to cure a Stomach Headache.

You couldn't keep a handier or more useful article in the house.

SHIPPING

ALMANAC FOR ST. JOHN, FEB. 17.

	A.M.	P.M.
High Tide	11.18	Low Tide ... 5.32
Sun Rises	7.27	Sun Sets ... 5.50

The time used is Atlantic standard.

BRITISH PORTS.

Liverpool, Feb 16—Ard stmr Caledonian, from Boston.

Bermuda, Feb 16—Ard stmr Bermudian, from New York.

Glasgow, Feb 16—Ard stmr Indrani, from St John and Halifax.

Browhead, Feb 16—(Signalled)—Steamer Empress of Britain, from St John.

Liverpool, Feb. 16—Sld stmr Tunisian, for St John.

Turks Island, Feb 3—Ard schr Ainslie, from Barbados (was expected to sail about 12th for Lunenburg, N S.)

Melbourne, Feb 14—Ard stmr Waiwera, Charman, from St John via St Vincent (C V.)

Antwerp, Feb 16—Steamed Eretria, Purdy, for Rosario and Santa Fe.

FOREIGN PORTS:

Gloucester, Mass, Feb 16—Ard schr Rhoda Holmes, from New York.

Portland, Me, Feb 16—Ard schr Moama, from St John.

MARINE NOTES.

Schooner Rescue, Captain Weldon, chartered to load for New York, was towed above the bridges yesterday.

Schooner Bluenose, Captain McNamara, chartered to load for Boston or Sound, was towed above the bridges yesterday.

Word has been received from the schooner Luella, Captain Scott, at Bass Harbor. He reported that weather conditions had been most unfavorable.

The West India liner Rhodesian, Captain Forrest, is expected Sunday.

St. John Company Charter

Ottawa, Feb. 16—(Special)—Incorporation has been granted to the Maritime Nail Company with its chief place of business in St. John. The capital is $250,000, and the incorporators are Stanley Edward Elkin and Frederick Eugene Marvin, nail manufacturers; Edward Caldwell Elkin, ship broker; Harry Albert Marvin, superintendent, and Clarance Pettingill Nixon, accountant, all of St. John.

A POINTER

When you buy anything be sure that you get your money's worth. When you want anything in the way of Men's Wear such as Shirts, Gloves, Hats, Umbrellas or even Clothing, just bear in mind the fact that your money goes farther if you spend it here.

Men's Suits from	$4.85 up.
Men's Pants from	1.39 up.
Men's All Wool Coat Sweaters regular	$1.00 now 73c.
Men's All Wool Top Shirts from	85c. up
Men's Hard Hats Latest Styles from	$2.00 to $3.50

Special Values in Men's Overcoats To-day.

CORBET'S

196 UNION STREET

Proving by Actual Experiment

This experiment will always interest the children, and will provoke a good deal of thinking. The explanation, of course, is, that the lighted piece of paper which is inserted into the inverted glass drives out most of the air, so that when the mouth of the glass is quickly put down into the water there is very little air, and, consequently, very little pressure above the water within the glass. Hence, the weight or pressure of the air on the water outside the glass drives the water up into the glass to occupy the space from whence the air was driven by the burning paper.

A practical demonstration of this kind is always more convincing than any mere statement. This is particularly true of medical remedies.

The effect of the anti-toxin treatment for diphtheria is noticeable within a few hours, so that everyone must believe in its virtue. In a similar way, the treatment known as ORANGE LILY gives a practical proof of the progress it is making in curing women's disorders, and that, too, within a few days after commencing its use.

All authorities agree that in every case of women's disorders there exists a congested condition of the womanly organs. The circulation in these parts is sluggish or stagnant, and the result is that the broken-down tissue or waste matter which should be carried off in the blood was circulating freely, remains in these parts, causing inflammation, irritation, oppression of the nerves, etc. ORANGE LILY is not taken internally, but is applied direct to the suffering organs. It is absorbed into the circulation, and its antiseptic properties at once act on the waste matter referred to above. The consequence is that this waste matter, which is causing the inflammation, ulcers, nervous troubles, etc., begins to be discharged, and it continues to be discharged until all the foreign matter is removed from the circulation. At the same time the blood vessels and nerves are toned and strengthened, the nervous trouble disappears, the circulation is restored and good Health follows.

Toronto, Ont., June 2, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Currah,—I wish to tell you that Orange Lily is doing me a great deal of good. Those ulcers come away one or two every week, and I have less pain and fewer headaches. I feel sure I will be perfectly cured in a little longer time.

MRS. D. S. T.

The explanation of the wonderful cures performed by ORANGE LILY is very simple. It is a scientific remedy, based on the discoveries of Pasteur and Lister. The conditions existing in all female troubles are alike in character, differing in degree and development only, so that a positive remedy, as ORANGE LILY is, acts with all the certainty of a chemical experiment. In order to convince every suffering woman that ORANGE LILY will cure her, I make the following

Free Trial Offer

I will send to every reader of this notice who suffers in any way from any of the troubles peculiar to women, if she will send me her address, enough of the ORANGE LILY treatment to last her 10 days. In many cases this trial treatment is all that is necessary to effect a complete cure, and in every instance it will give very noticeable relief. If you are a sufferer you owe it to yourself, to your family and to your friends to take advantage of this offer, and get cured in the privacy of your home, without doctor's bills or expense of any kind.

ORANGE LILY

Enclose 2 stamps, and address, MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

Daily Hints For the Cook

MOCK STEAK.

Put a pound of lean beef through meat chopper, add a level teaspoonful of salt, dash of pepper, two tablespoonfuls of water; mix thoroughly and form into a cake the size and shape of a sirloin or porterhouse steak. Put an iron pan on the stove and grease it, when hot put in the steak. Cook for a moment on one side, then turn with pancake turner and sear the other side; then push it over a moderate fire or put in the oven to cook slowly for 15 minutes, turning once or twice. Transfer to heated platter, baste with a little butter and serve at once.

ORANGE PUDDING.

Soak 1 1-2 cups stale bread crumbs in 1 cup cold water for 20 minutes, then add 1 cup sugar, 1 cup orange juice, juice of 1-2 lemon, yolks 2 eggs slightly beaten, 1 tablespoon melted butter and 1-4 teaspoon salt. Beat till thoroughly mixed, pour in a buttered pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven until the pudding firm. Allow it to cool slightly and cover with a meringue made from the whites of the eggs, 2 tablespoons powdered sugar and 1-4 teaspoon extract. Brown delicately and serve hot or cold.

Lost His Hair, Beard and Moustache

Terrible Plight of a Pennsylvania Man Reported by a Prominent Citizen:

"About two years ago my hair, beard and moustache started to come out in spots. These spots were entirely bare of hair.

Seeing PARISIAN SAGE advertised, I purchased four bottles and after using two of the bottles, the hair came in until now I have as good a head of hair as I had before this trouble started.

I can truthfully recommend this preparation to any one for what it is recommended for. Sam Galder, Jamison City, Col. Co., Pa. Oct. 11, 1911.

Please bear in mind that PARISIAN SAGE is not guaranteed to grow hair on bald heads.

In Mr. Galder's case the hair root was not dead and there is no good reason why PARISIAN SAGE should not do just what he writes it did.

"The next time Mr. Galder came into my store after purchasing the PARISIAN SAGE," writes the druggist who sold him, "his appearance was so changed I did not know him."

PARISIAN SAGE is without doubt the most efficient hair grower, beautifier and dandruff cure in the world, and people who are wasting time with ordinary commercial tonics should wake up.

PARISIAN SAGE will banish dandruff, stop falling hair and itching scalp; will put life, lustre and beauty into faded hair, or money back. It is a most delightful and refreshing tonic for men, women and children. Large bottle 50 cents at A. Chipman Smith's, and druggists the country over.