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POOR DOCUMENT

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Out of town customers should write, wire or 'phone immediately the length, quality and color required to avoid disappointment through goods being sold.

SEE WINDOW DISPLAY OF SALE SILKS.

MACAULAY BROS & CO.

The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON

THERE is a certain reform which I should very much like to see some fashion magazine take up. I call for it as spokesman of many similarly minded folks. We would like to see at least one fashion magazine banish the ranks of deceitfully beautiful ladies who now adorn their pages, and fill their places with just ordinary folks. Then perhaps we might get a notion how all these gowns would really look on us—the common people.

Of course, you have noticed how beautiful all these ladies are. They always have wonderful figures, fascinating wavy hair, and charming oval faces, and such a style! A meal bag draped on any one of them would look attractive. Consequently, if you are not a very discriminating person, and do not thoroughly understand the subject of clothes, you are in danger of being seriously ensnared by these charming deceivers, and of confusing their gowns with themselves.

For instance, you see a sweet little lady in a crisp blue and white morning gown, a pink rose thrust in her belt and one on each cheek, her hair in a soft mop at the nape of her neck with little ringlets escaping here and there; she is pictured as sitting in a comfortable veranda chair with a book in her lap and a box of candy on the wicker table beside her. Enchanted by the tout ensemble of the picture, the crispness, the freshness, the summer-morning-ness of the whole thing, you decide that you must have a blue and white morning gown like that, and buy the pattern. And alas, it is only when your dressmaker has the gown cut that you begin to realize that the lovely lines which the svelte lady of the rose displayed belonged to her and not to the gown, and that there is altogether too much fullness in the model for your already redundant figure—in short that you have been grossly deceived by a pretty face and a clever artist.

We were looking at a magnificently dressed young person on the cover of one of the recent fashion magazines. "What a lovely gown!" someone said. And then, as we examined it more closely to see what made the gown so pretty, two of us actually chanted together, as they do on the stage, "It isn't the gown. It's the dimple in the lady's elbow." And it was.

Another fashion magazine is very fond of pointing out that it is bad taste for us women to wear all these rats and puffs to which we are prone. How much more attractive, we are assured, it would be for us all to do our hair in the simple styles. The magazine then gives pictures of the ways in which hair can be simply dressed and still be becoming. And, of course, all the ladies who display their coiffures to us are the possessors of perfectly regular features which could stand the most severe styles of coiffing, and are furthermore blessed with masses of luxuriantly curling hair which would look well if wound up and fastened with three hair pins.

We don't ask for homely ladies in the fashion magazines. We are not that ourselves, or at least we don't think so. What we want is some common ordinary folks just like us, with figure deficiencies to conceal and with faces such as you might see on the street. Maybe we wouldn't like them if we got them. It is said that's a characteristic of our sex, but it might pay some fashion magazine to try.

It's Against Our Rule

To Fail To Please a Customer!

We buy goods with the intention to suit all comers. When you require anything from a pair of Overalls to an Umbrella and you want the kind that wear well you won't make any mistake by coming here.

Glance Through Those Offerings and Make Your Selection While The Opportunity is Yours.

MEN'S HARD HATS, latest styles, ... from $2.00 to $3.00
MEN'S SOFT FELT HATS, ... from 75 cts. to $2.75
MEN'S PANTS, ... from $1.25 to $5.00
MEN'S NEGLIGEE SHIRTS, ... from 75 cts. up.
MEN'S SUITS, ... from $5.00 up
MEN'S SUITS, (made to order), ... $15.50

TIES, GLOVES, BRACES AND CAPS.

Corbet's, 196 Union St.

The YELLOW LETTER

A Fascinating Mystery Story—

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON

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Harding, the hero, who has been impatiently awaiting a telephone message from Louise Farrish with whom he is in love, decides to go to her home in Madison Avenue. Just as he reaches the house Doctor Wilcox, the family physician, arrives in haste and Harding learns that Katherine Farrish, sister of Louise, has just attempted to kill herself. General Farrish, the father of the girls, is summoned, and is in great distress.

Harding and Louise seek to unravel the mystery and find a piece of a yellow letter, with the word disgrace, accident and sister, in Katharine's rooms. At sight of it the general is seized with a stroke of paralysis. Harding sets out to find Hugh Crandall, a former suitor for the hand of Katherine.

Harding visits the rooms of Crandall but is told that he has left town. In a paper which Harding picks up he notices an account of the mysterious suicide of an aged lawyer, named Elser, in a boarding-house.

Harding calls on Postmaster Inspector Davis and asks him to aid in clearing up the mystery that hangs over the Farrish home. While the two are talking, a torn paper, similar to the one which caused General Farrish's agitation, is brought into the inspector's office as having come from Elser's room.

Davis thereupon issues an order to all railway mail clerks on New York and New Jersey routes to report from what office they have been receiving letters in yellow envelopes. The two visit Elser's boarding house.

Davis comes to the conclusion that whoever mailed the yellow letter was left-handed. He does not, however, take Harding into his confidence.

Katherine Farrish recovers her reason for a moment and shrieks out a plea to Hugh Crandall in the presence of Davis.

In Crandall's room a hypodermic syringe is found. Davis finds an address and decides that the yellow letters come from Ardway, New Jersey.

Harding goes to Ardway and visits the local post-office, which, strange to say, he finds empty. One box, No. 17, alone is not listed among the boxholders.

A third suicide, which appears to have some connection with the mystery, takes place in the Ardway hotel, when a middle-aged woman, whom nobody knows, hangs herself.

It is learned that the postmaster of Ardway has disappeared. His substitute, Miss Cox, arrives and takes charge of the office.

In the course of going through the premises, five thousand dollars is found concealed. Harding concludes that Hugh Crandall is the guilty person, but the inspector reserves judgment. By means of a garment which the dead woman in the hotel has worn, Davis succeeds in establishing her identity, and it seems probable that she too has received the yellow letter.

Harding gets a peremptory telephone message from Louise to drop the case. He hurries to New York and while waiting in the park finds in the water the body of a woman suicide. In her hand, and in the water are scraps of another yellow letter.

When he finally goes to the Farrish home he is told that Louise can not see him. Just before him he has seen Hugh Crandall admitted to the house. Harding returns for a second attempt and this time is admitted. Louise in great agitation tells him that the yellow letter which she had been saving has been stolen, that Katherine is better and denies that Hugh Crandall was in the house.

Later, he sees Louise pass with Crandall on the car and feels that she has not told him the truth. Harding returns to Ardway resolved to continue the investigation and, with Davis, tracks Aleck Young, whom Davis believes to be guilty, to a deserted cottage. To his astonishment he encounters Louise with Crandall on the way.

Young proves to be a drug fiend, Davis develops his reasons for believing him the author of the yellow letters, and that Rouser was working with him. Rouser is shot in the capture of the cottage.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Forty-Ninth Hour.

Two days—two unforgetable days—we passed there in the hut, Davis and I and our self-tortured prisoner. Each day the constable came and went, the first day to tell us that the inspector's plan for disposing of the postmaster's body had been successful and that no suspicion had been aroused. The second day a pleasanter mission brought him to deliver telegrams from Crandall and Louise that all was well, that the general was slowly improving and that Katharine was recovering rapidly.

And all the while Young lay there bound, defying us, now cursing, now pleading, now in brilliant phrases striving to convince us by logical arguments so deft, so forceful, so cunning that a weaker and less wise man than Davis might have been convinced by them.

His logic failing, he would turn to merciless invective and ribald threats, his penetrating voice making the whole hut hideous as he prophesied for us both grotesque horrible deaths, brain-breaking punishments in this world and the next. Then, overcome once more by the intensity of his unsatisfied desire for the drug that had long been his master, he would moan and plead and weep for morphine. At times delusions would seize his brain. By the hour he would rave of beautiful cities and wonderfully fair women and pleasant pastimes. Majestic lines of poetry would flow from his fevered lips, to end in a shriek of agony as his quivering, knotted muscles all but tore his nerves apart. Again the weird morphine fantasies would take hold of him and a rush of horrible grotesque ribaldries would foul the air.

At times he dozed, moaning in agony even in his sleep. Three times a day we offered him food, and once or twice he took a little water, but the one thing only he craved, the one thing he hungered and thirsted for was morphine, and that Davis would not let him have, though all the while it lay there almost within his reach, where he could see it.

And still he defied us.

But after forty-eight hours of this terrible torture nature would be put off no longer. She demanded rest. Young had sunk into a troubled, uneasy sleep about seven in the morning. Davis and I, having spelled each other as guards during the night, sat talking about our prisoner. I happened to remark that it was a pity that capital punishment could not remove such criminals as Young from the earth. The inspector, in spite of the rigorous way he had kept up the torture, seemed to have strong sympathy for Young.

"I don't believe in capital punishment at all," he said explosively. "Our whole system is wrong. It took us a good many centuries to discover that insane persons didn't need prisons, but doctoring. They just can't help being criminals. Stand behind a line of prisoners as they march in to breakfast in the penitentiary. Not one of them will have a normal head. Is that their fault? It is the fault of society. It's our fault. This poor devil here, his father a drug fiend and his mother drinking herself into insanity, what chance did he have? Yet who knows, some day this marvelous new surgery may be able to take the children of even such parents as his were, reshape their skulls and make them honest, useful citizens."

There was a stir on the couch and Young opened his eyes. The fire of the drug-madness and the look of hate seemed to have vanished.

"I give up," he said. "I can't stand the strain any longer. I'll tell you anything you want to know."

He spoke quietly and calmly. Yet there was something in his voice that rang true. I felt that this time he meant what he said. Apparently Davis, too, realized that at last Young's spirit was broken. Without hesitation, he seized the hypodermic syringe and plunged it into Young's arm. The prisoner breathed a long sigh of relief. The color came back into his face and strength to his voice. His muscles stopped twitching.

"Now," said Davis gently, "where are the yellow letters hid?"

"In a tin-box under a flat stone near the spring," Young replied.

"Which stone?"

"It's the third from the spring coming this way."

Davis was up like a shot and out the door, re-appearing quickly with an ordinary document box.

"And the Farrish papers—where are they?" he asked sharply.

"They are in the box, too," said Young wearily. "May I have another shot?"

Davis studied his face and felt his pulse and then reached for the syringe.

"Where's the key?" he asked as he finished administering the morphine.

"In my left trousers' pocket," Young answered apathetically.

Quickly Davis possessed himself of the key and opened the box. In the top tray were perhaps fifty letters, type-written on yellow paper, with a blank left for the name to be filled in. Without stopping to read the letters, which seemed to be all after the same form, Davis lifted the tray. In the bottom of the box was a type-written list of names and a bulky sealed legal envelope, marked on the outside "Papers in the Farrish case."

"Here, Kent," said Davis, handing me the envelope, "take charge of these and give them to Miss Louise or Miss Katharine. You're entitled to that."

Joyfully I stowed the envelope in my breast pocket, my heart bounding at the thought of the relief the sight of the package would bring to the Farrish family. But as yet the whole affair was a blind puzzle to me and I waited eagerly for further developments.

"Now, Young," said the inspector, "tell me all about your scheme."

"If the damn thieves hadn't been such cowards as to go and kill themselves," said Young with a glow of enthusiasm, "I would have been a millionaire within a year. Read one of the letters and you can see for yourself just how good the scheme was."

Lifting the topmost sheet the inspector read the yellow letter aloud:

Lock Box 17.
Ardway, N. J., Feb. 8, 1910.

Dear Sir:

I am writing to you in pursuance of my duty as executor of the late Edwin Green, who died here recently, leaving his entire estate, amounting to some $880,000, in my hands for what he was pleased to term a "Defaulters' Fund."

I can best explain its purpose by briefly summarizing the founder's life. In his early youth Mr. Green was employed for a short time in a bank in a small city in another state. Becoming involved in speculation he used several hundred dollars of the bank's funds. He had no relatives but a sister, to whom he knew it was useless to apply for aid. As discovery seemed inevitable he was contemplating suicide, seeing nothing but prison and disgrace ahead of him. But an old friend of his father, who entirely by accident learned of his plight, advanced him the money he needed to make good his defalcation, exacting from him a promise that he would help others in similar plight whenever he had opportunity.

His subsequent life was of the highest rectitude. Though he amassed a fortune he never found opportunity to aid any one in a plight similar to the one in which he once found himself. It became almost a mania with him and resulted in his leaving his entire fortune to aid first offenders in turning back into the right path.

I know of no way of reaching the persons he intended to aid. I am sending out this letter to persons employed in banks and positions of trust, hoping that you or others who receive it may know of some man, young or old, who has made the first mis-step and is wrongfully using funds belonging to others, but is desirous of making good his peculations. If you should know of any such I will gladly make good his defalcation and endeavor to save him from exposure, disgrace and imprisonment, asking only his word that he will not err again, for Mr. Green, in the deed of trust, expressly specifies that this is the only security to be exacted.

I am, sir,

Very truly yours,
HENRY MALCOLM STEWART.

As Davis finished reading the letter I took it from his hand and carefully reread it. There could be no doubt that it was the same in form as the scrap Louise and I had found. As I scanned the lines, the words at the beginnig of each, from the seventh on to the thirteenth, were the same as those over which we had racked our brains. The context now made them plain enough, but still I failed to see

(Continued on page 10, fourth column)

Daily Hints For the Cook

HAM BAKED IN CRUST

Soak a medium-sized smoked ham over night, then hang it up for an hour to dry. Cut off the skin and some of the fat leaving about a finger thickness of fat on the ham, sprinkle with ground allspice and nutmeg, then make a dough of rye flour and water. Roll it out to the thickness of about two fingers. Cover the ham completely with this dough, place in a roasting pan and bake from 2 12 to three hours. After the crust is cooled a little, break it off.

MOCK OYSTER SOUP

Peel and cut into cubes two small oyster plants and cover with cold water, seasoning with a scant teaspoonfull of salt, a pinch of pepper, one bay leaf and a cupful of chopped celery tops; cook until the oyster plant is very tender, and then press through a puree sieve. Reheat in a granite saucepan, pouring in two cupfuls of boiling milk, and stir in a tablespoonful of butter; serve very hot accompanied by oyster crackers.

BANANA FLUFF

Red bananas should be selected for this, as they have a richer flavor than those with yellow skins. Peel four and cut them into dice, squeezing over a little lemon juice and covering with a small cupful of ginger syrup that has been drained rom a jar of preserved ginger; allow the fruit to remain covered for at least two hours, and then mash to a paste with a wooden spoon, gradually folding in half a pint of cream beaten solid, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and the stiffly whipped white of one egg; serve immediately heaped in wide-rimmed glasses that have been lined with macaroons

La MARQUISE de FONTENOY

A Prince and His Title and His Reported Engagement to a Girl in the United States

(Copyright, 1912, by the Brentwood Company).

To what extent Prince Ludovico Pignatelli d'Aragona is personally responsible for all the foolish and manifestly mendacious stories that have been circulted about him, ever since he arrived in the United States last summer, to seek in marriage an American heiress, it is difficult to say. If it is to his friends that he is indebted for the fairy tales concerning him, then I can only say that he is exceedingly unfortunate in the choice of his acquaintances.

The last story, published on Sunday, is the climax of them all. It is one to the effect that Don Ludovico has sailed for Europe to obtain the permission of King Alfonso of Spain to contract a marriage with Miss Mary Duke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin N. Duke, of Fifth Avenue, New York, it being intimated that that monarch is taking a very active interest in the affair and does not view what he is said to regard as the impending "mesalliance," with approval.

Of course this palpably false story has been circulated with the object of confirming the reports diligently circulated by the friends of the prince during the first few months of his stay, to the effect that he is a cousin of King Alfonso, and a relative of the royal family, sharing with them the title of d'Aragon, since Alfonso XIII is not only King of Spain, but also of Castile and of Aragon, and all the members of his house are Infants of Spain, Castile and Aragon.

Now, in my letter in these columns on March 5, I declared, in reply to inquiries, that Prince Ludovico Pignatelli d'Aragona was, although of Spanish birth, not a Spanish noble, and that he did not belong to the Spanish aristocracy, moreover, that he had never been admitted to the Spanish grandozza, to which genealogical qualifications of a rather exacting character, and much blue blood, undiluted by any plebian strain, are indispensable, though not title. For there are a number of grandees belonging to the oldest Spanish aristocracy who have no titles of nobility, and have never been willing to accept any.

I also added that, in permitting his friends to style him "Prince Pignatelli d'Aragona," and sometimes "Prince d'Aragon," Don Ludovico was rendering himself party to a deception, since he had no right whatever to the royal Spanish name of the kingdom of d'Aragon, but had merely a right to the Sicilian name of d'Aragona, which is that of an impoverished townlet of Sicily, with which the Pignatellis were formerly connected. Finally, I said that the prince, far from being a cousin or relative, no matter how remote, of King Alfonso, was not even his titular chamberlain, that is to say, an honor which goes to every grandee.

In reply to this statement, I received indignant letters from several of his New York friends, calling my attention to the fact that he is a born Spaniard, instead of an Italian, referring me to the Almanach de Gotha for 1911. Quite so. But I never denied his Spanish citizenship. I merely denied that his title is a Spanish one or that he belonged in any sense of the word to the Spanish aristocracy. The prince's friends admitted in their letters to me that the prince did not belong to the Spanish court as a grandee and titular chamberlain, but ascribed this to the fact that he and his family are ardent Carlists, and regard Alfonso XIII., as a usurper. I hold their letters asserting this in the most positive fashion.

Now if the prince is a Carlist and regards King Alfonso as a usurper, why should he consider it necessary to obtain that monarch's sanction to his marriage?

The assertion that the prince and his family are leading Carlists is something entirely new and slightly amazing. Don Jaime, the present head of the Carlist line was born under my uncle's roof, and from 1875 until 1881 I was in frequent intercourse with the late Don Carlos, with his first wife, the Royal Duchess of Madrid, and with their entourage, and I do not recall the Pignatellis as being among the latter. Don Carlos, moreover, was far too proud of his lineage, as is his son today, to tolerate the action of any mere Pignatelli in appropriating the royal Spanish name and title of Aragon, which is that of a kingdom, in lieu of the name of the little Sicilian town of Aragona.

Benjamin Duke, who is far too sound an American business man not to thoroughly investigate the fiscal, moral and social standing of any suitor for his daughter's hand before giving his sanction to a marriage, will do well to inquire whether Don Ludovico has any actual right to the designation of "prince" In order to have any right to bear the title as a Spanish citizen, he must previously obtain a patent to that effect from the royal department of heraldry in Madrid, which is granted only in the form of a patent bearing the sign manual of the sovereign, in the event of a claim thereto by right of primogeniture in the male line, is firmly established; or else he must obtain a similar document bearing the signature of the King of Italy, from the state department known as the Consulta Heraldica, in Rome.

Without either of these, he cannot use the title in either Spain or Italy, the two countries with which his family has any associations, while of course no other foreign court would recognize the title, unless it were guaranteed by the Crown of Spain or of Italy.

Certain branches of the Pignatellis, but not all, have obtained the right from the Consulta Heraldica in Rome and there is no mention of that branch to which Don Ludovico belongs, as having obtained it. In that event he would have no right even to the title of prince.

He is only very moderately well off, for his father, Don Luigi left little or nothing, while his mother is equally badly off. She is an Englishwoman named Cavendish, a thirtieth cousin (about) of the Duke of Devonshire. She was born soon after her mother's divorce from her father, her mother, (a sister of Horace Rumbold, English ex-ambassador) then married Count Gaston La Rochefoucauld, who owns the pretty villa La Rochefoucauld, at Biarritz.

Prince Pignatelli's American friends, who in writing their letters are particularly careful to crave that their names and addresses should not be printed, complain that I have assailed the prince by "inuendo." It seems to me that the statements I have made are frank and outspoken enough in all conscience.

I have been fortunate enough, by means of these letters, to prevent many so-called international alliances, which would certainly have proved unfortunate, by urging the parents of a girl or the relatives of a woman, if a widow, to make a thorough investigation of a foreign suitor's status and antecedents, placing at their disposal whatever knowledge I might possess, and which has sometimes been of an exhaustive nature, as I am endowed with a somewhat systematic memory.

I would merely conclude this letter by urging upon Mr. Duke, before giving his consent to the marriage of his daughter, to ascertain from perfectly independent sources the names of the principal clubs to which the aspirant for his daughter's hand belongs in Madrid, Paris, London, and in Rome. They would prove instructive. They might also give food for reflection to some of the principal clubs that have accorded to Don Ludovico hospitality while in the United States.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

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 1835-21.

Fenwick D. Foley

CHOOSE YOUR BABY'S CARRIAGE

FROM OUR IMMENSE LINES

We show a complete line of English Carts, Ideal Sleepers and Collapsibles, finished in Green, Blue or Tan.

Note This One Full-Size, One Motion Folding Go-Cart $4.95

A Few of Our Handsome Models

We Re-Tire Baby Carriages.

J. MARCUS

'PHONE 1373 30 DOCK ST.

5 "ORANGE LILY SAVED MY LIFE"

These words or expressions having the same meaning are contained in hundreds of the letters I have received during the past year. Many were from women who had suffered agonies from falling of womb; others from women who had escaped dangerous surgical operations, as the tumors and cysts had been removed by the action of Orange Lily; and others who had suffered from suppressed menstruation, leucorrhoea, painful periods, etc. For all these and the other troubles known in general as Women's Disorders, Orange Lily furnishes a positive scientific, never-failing cure. It is applied direct to the suffering organs, and its operation is certain and beneficial. As a trial actually proves its merit, I hereby offer to send, absolutely free, a box worth 35c., sufficient for ten days' treatment, to every suffering woman who will write for it. Enclose 3 stamps. MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

SHIPPING

ALMANAC FOR ST. JOHN, MARCH 23.

	A.M.		P.M
High Tide	2.14	Low Tide	8.53
Sun Rises	6.26	Sun Sets	6.36

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Sailed Yesterday.

Stmr Empress of Ireland, 8,028, Forster, for Liverpool via Halifax.

Stmr Waimate, 3,629, Ryley, for Melburne, Australia.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Halifax, March 22—Ard stmr Ivernia, from Liverpool for Boston—put in short of coal.

Ingramport, N S, March 22—Ard schr Willie L Maxwell, Belyea, from Rockland (Me.)

Vancouver, B C, March 20—Steamed stmr Makura, Gibbs, for Sydney (N S.W.)

Victoria, B C, March 19—Ard stmr Keemun, from Yokohama, etc.

Steamed 20th—Stmrs Protesilaus, for Liverpool via Yokohama, etc; Panama Maru (Jap), for Yokohama, etc.

Liverpool, N S, March 15—In port, schr H R Silver, for Trinidad, ldg.

BRITISH PORTS.

Liverpool, March 22—Sld stmr Empress of Britain, for St John.

Queenstown, March 20—Steamed stmr Harpeake, Daniels, from Cardiff for Sydney (C B.)

FOREIGN PORTS.

New York, March 22—Sld schr James William, for Halifax (N S.)

Boston, March 20—Sld schr T W Cooper, for St John.

Sld March 18—Schrs A J Sterling, for St Andrews (N B); Basile, for Belleveau Cove.

Calais, Me, March 18—Ard schr Rebecca M Walls, from Port Reading.

Newport News, March 20—Ard stmr Bornu, from Vera Cruz, and steamed for Halifax.

Portsmouth, N H, March 18—Ard schrs Harry Miller, from St John for New York; Herald, do for do.

Cienfuegos, March 15—Sld previously, schr Mary Hendry, from Norfolk, to load for Demarara.

MARINE NOTES.

Schooner Two Sisters, Captain Pritchard, has been fixed to load soft coal for Eastport.

Schooner Leonard Parker, Captain Wilkie, arrived at Gulfport yesterday from Havana, Cuba.

Schooner J. Arthur Lord, Capt. Smith, which sailed for Boston on Monday and returned to the Island Wednesday on account of heavy weather, sailed again yesterday.

William Skinner of Proctirsville, Vt., has been feeding the birds in the vicinity of his home all winter, and they have become so tame they will eat out of his hands. Mr. Skinner has taken several photographs of the birds eating in this way. He operated the camera with one hand while feeding the birds with the other.