

## If we should print some of the Enthusiastic Outbursts to be Heard on Every Side

any of the days the past week you would surely be justified in thinking it was all "Just Advertising Talk." To say we are showing the best values in

**FLANNELETTES, WHITE SHIRTINGS, SHEETINGS, TABLE LINEN and CURTAIN NETS**

In St. John's sounds like mere platitude, but any of your friends who have paid us a visit for these goods the past two weeks will tell you this is so.

# Marshall Bros.

## Our Orders for Invictus Shoes of Geo. A. Slater Fame also the Faultless-Fitting DOROTHY DODD SHOES

have been placed. We expect to show our new stock early in the Spring. Wait! You'll be interested.

THE WEARER OF

INVICTUS SHOES

has a perfect understanding as to what constitutes

"THE BEST GOOD SHOE."

He has the double proof—one on each foot.

DOROTHY DODD SHOES

combine

THE VIRTUES OF BEAUTY,

COMFORT AND VARIETY.

They are also

ECONOMICAL SHOES.

## The Clue of the Five Yellow Hairs.

HOW AN EXPERT CRIMINOLOGIST BROUGHT A MURDERER TO BOOK WITH THE AID OF SOME HAIRS FROM A MOUSTACHE, AND THE KNOWLEDGE THAT A SUICIDE NEVER SHOOTS HIMSELF THROUGH THE EYE.

(By JOHN LAWRENCE.)

"Good-night, Conrad!" "Cheer up, Conrad!"

"Never mind the old man, he'll change his mind to-morrow!"

The scene was one night in June, 1911, outside one of the big hotels in Berlin, not far from the Unter den Linden, Berlin's most famous street. A dozen convivial spirits, dressed in uniform, were parting from one of their number, who, a few minutes later, had disappeared into the hotel and, after a last drink, was heard by the hotel servants to slam his bedroom door behind him.

He was Lieutenant Conrad von Herrlichhausen. But though he had entered his bedroom, it was not to sleep. Feverishly he paced up and down, muttering to himself:

"The miserable old psalm-singer! Why shouldn't I talk to a pretty girl if I like? Everybody else does! The old sinner did so a thousand times before Heinrich got round him. I'll swear!"

A Drinker and a Flirt.

A little explanation of Lieut. Conrad's anger is necessary. He and his cousin Heinrich were the nephews of Count Herrlichhausen, a wealthy member of German aristocracy. Heinrich, the Count's favorite nephew, was steady-going, straightforward, and helped his uncle in the management of his estates. He was looked upon as the Count's successor.

Lieut. Conrad, though the heir to the title, was just the opposite of his cousin. Nothing delighted him more than drinking bouts, or flirting in cafes with a certain class of women of expensive tastes and little morals.

That evening the Count had entered the same cafe as his nephew and found the Lieutenant with one of these women on his knees, uproariously toasting her and her companions. Then and there there had been a violent row.

"From this moment," shouted the enraged Count, as he left the cafe, "you are no longer my heir. I will disinherit you to-night!"

That was why Lieut. Conrad was in a bad temper. He knew only too well that his uncle would keep his word.

For over a couple of hours he paced up and down the room. At last a grim smile broke over his face. Rapidly he took off his gorgeous uniform and slipped on muffs.

A moment later he had crept cautiously out of his bedroom, and had disappeared down one of the dark passages of the hotel.

"My Master's Been Murdered!"

No one saw him leave the hotel, no one saw him as he hurried along in the direction of the Unter den Linden.

Next morning a terrified servant rushed out of the Count, Herrlichhausen's house and cried to a passing policeman:

"My master's been murdered! My master's been murdered!"

Immediately the Chief of the Police was communicated with, and he discovered that not only had the Count been murdered—he had been strangled—but that the Count's nephew Heinrich had been found shot in an adjoining room.

He elicited the following facts: On the previous night Heinrich and his uncle had quarrelled violently. They had been overheard talking excitedly about the Count's will, the contents of which Heinrich had declared were unjust. He had left his uncle's room apparently in an uncontrollable rage.

The Chief of the Police read the will, which was found in the Count's bureau, and to the surprise of everyone it only left ten thousand marks to Heinrich, while the dissolute nephew, Lieut. Conrad, came into possession of the whole of the Count's remaining property.

"There is no doubt," reflected the Chief of the Police, "that Heinrich had discovered the meagre amount left him, and in a moment of passion had strangled his uncle. He was afterwards stricken with remorse and shot himself!"

To make quite sure of his theory he called in Dr. Gross, the famous German criminologist.

First of all, Dr. Gross examined the body of Count Herrlichhausen. The hands were clenched tightly and on the throat were a number of tiny indentations. In each of these small marks the skin had been broken.

The detective forced open the dead man's fingers. Clenched in the left hand were five short yellow hairs. These he carefully placed in a piece of paper.

Inch by inch he examined the room, the carpet, the door, the windows, and the bed itself. Then he went into the room where Heinrich lay and searched it as he had done the other.

The Count's nephew, a man of about thirty, was lying on the bed partly dressed. In his right hand he still held a pistol, one chamber of which had been fired. He was shot clean through the right eye.

He Plucked Five Yellow Hairs.

Heinrich had a yellow moustache and beard. Dr. Gross plucked five yellow hairs from the dead man's beard and compared them under the microscope with the five found in the Count's hand.

"The hairs on the paper," he said, turning to the Chief of the Police, "did not come from Heinrich's moustache, or beard, though they are of the same color."

"But—" began the official.

"Tell me," interrupted Dr. Gross, "what is the Count's nephew Conrad like? Has he a yellow moustache?" "Yes," replied the Chief of the Police; "but it was impossible for him to have murdered the Count. He was seen to go into his hotel at eleven last night, and came down to breakfast at his usual time. He is waiting downstairs if you wish to see him, but it is impossible."

"Nothing is impossible," said Dr. Gross. "This is what happened last night: Both Heinrich and the Count were murdered! Whoever committed



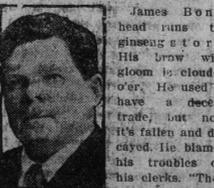
## What do You Know about Us?

We are countless little brothers and we live in companies of 5 and 10 in little red houses. First of all we were only leaves; we were grown way down in "Ole Virginny," picked, cured and packed there, sent a long voyage to your country and here we were dressed in little white dresses and made into cigarettes.

We are sweet, cool and pleasing to smoke; we're sold everywhere at 5 and 10 cents a packet, and we have one coupon in every packet of 5 and two in every packet of 10. Our coupons can be exchanged for valuable Premiums—Why don't you try us? Buy a packet of 10 for 10 cents with two coupons—You'll like us SURE!

Imperial Tobacco Co., (Nfld.) Ltd.

### The Cave of Gloom.



James Bonehead runs the ginseung store. His brow with gloom is clouded over. He used to have a decent trade, but now it's fallen and decayed. He blames his troubles on "his clerks." They are a set of life shirks," he often says, "and that's no dream; not one of them has any steam. When I go up into other stores and see the clerks skin around the floors, with vim in every move-

they make, I feel as though my heart would break. Why am I doomed to have employed cheap skates whose heads are but a void? If I had bright and active clerks you'd see my blasted old ginseung works get back the trade that once it had, and take in buck and bong and scand." James Bonehead soon might cease to fret if he would an example set; if he would hump around his shack, and smile clear round his face and back, and look and act as though he thought the world a pretty decent spot, he'd find his clerks would do the same; they'll always play the boss's game. No man with wormwood in his chest can front his hirelings get their beat.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

### Household Notes

Thoroughness is what counts in sweeping.

If a chimney catches fire, throw salt on the fire.

Never keep endive in water—it will become bitter.

Lace should be ironed while damp, with mullin over it.

Iron holders should be round instead of square shaped.

The young leaves of Swiss chard are excellent as a salad.

If you cannot have both salad and sweet at a meal, omit the sweet.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

the murders entered the house by that window, first of all shot the nephew, and then entered the next room and murdered the uncle."

"I can't understand why you should think Heinrich was murdered. It seems to me a plain case of suicide," interrupted the other.

Why It Was Not Suicide.

"For several reasons," replied the detective. "The first thing which made me suspicious was that he was shot through the eye. Now, suicides have a horror of damaging their eyes in any way. In fact, I do not know of a single case of suicide, whether the man was insane or not, where the victim had shot himself through the eye."

"Now, the bullet had gone clean through Heinrich's right eye. That told me either it was a unique case of suicide or it was murder."

"But when I examined the way he was holding the revolver I knew it was murder. When a man shoots himself, the sudden shock to his nerves makes him grip the revolver extremely tightly. This grip cannot be imitated, however quickly the weapon is placed in a man's hand after death. The dead man, though gripping the weapon in his hand, was holding it comparatively loosely. If he had shot himself, I should have had considerable difficulty in releasing his hold."

"The man who carried out the murders has a yellow beard and particularly long finger nails. You can see that by the way the skin has been torn in the dead man's throat. We can soon test whether it is Conrad or not. Have him brought in!"

The Lieutenant came into the room between two police officers.

"Hold out your hands!" said Dr. Gross, sharply.

Eagerly the Chief of the Police bent forward. The nails on the Lieutenant's fingers were much longer than usual, and each one had been fashioned to a sharp point!

Dr. Gross led the Lieutenant, who made a vain effort to hide his trembling anxiety, over to the bed, and taking hold of one of his hands, placed it on the dead man's throat. The fingers exactly fitted the indentations the detective had pointed out to the Chief of the Police!

"But what is the motive?" cried the latter. "The Count has left everything practically to this man, so why should he murder his uncle?"

"That we shall see," said the detective, taking the Count's will out of the bureau. It was very short, and part of it read:

"It is my wish that my nephew HEINRICH shall receive from my estate the sum of ten thousand marks, and that my beloved nephew CONRAD shall receive all the balance of the real and personal property which I possess after the sum of ten thousand marks is paid. The will was signed and properly witnessed."

Dr. Gross, who always brought his assistants with him, turned to one and said:

"Give me the alcohol lamp and the iodine."

He carefully poured a little iodine into a shallow dish and heated it over the lamp.

"This will probably tell me whether any part of the will has been tampered with since it was written," he explained to those who were watching him.

He held the will in the steaming fumes of the iodine. The paper

where the words Heinrich and Conrad were written turned a violet blue, while the rest of the paper was coloured brown by the iodine!

The Motive.

"Ah!" cried Dr. Gross, triumphantly. "There you have the motive! Heinrich and Conrad in the original will have been rubbed out and interchanged. The ink used to write the will is what is known as iron gallic ink. This ink always soaks well into the paper. Even when apparently erased, what was originally written can be detected."

"How?" asked the Chief of the Police.

"By means of sulphide of ammonia."

After he spoke he rapidly washed the names Heinrich and Conrad out with warm water, dried the paper, and then moistened the blank space with the ammonia.

Faintly, but clearly, the name of Heinrich appeared where Conrad had been, and Conrad where Heinrich had! The will read now:

"It is my wish that my nephew CONRAD shall receive from my estate the sum of ten thousand marks, and that my beloved nephew HEINRICH shall receive all the balance of the real and personal property which I possess after the sum of ten thousand marks is paid."

"There's the motive," said Dr. Gross. "Lieutenant Conrad, knowing his uncle had disinherited him, left his hotel secretly in the night, shot his cousin and strangled his uncle, altered the names in the will, and went back to his hotel in time for breakfast."

Almost before he had finished speaking the Lieutenant was kneeling on the floor at his feet.

"Yes! Yes!" he cried. "I murdered them both. They robbed me of my birthright."

Before he could say more he was led away by the two policemen.

## Healthy and Unhealthy Lighting.

Gas, it may be said, vitiates the atmosphere. True. But it also helps to purify it. Its purifying power is greater than its vitiating power. Electricity does not vitiate, nor does it purify. Hear what three eminent men have said:—

"Much evidence has lately been adduced to show that gas is more useful than the electric light in promoting efficient ventilation of air. It is for this amongst other reasons, that gas is being frequently substituted for the electric light. The latest example is, perhaps, the Society of Medical Officers of Health, which has recently installed gas on its premises, after experience with the electric light.—Dr. Jamieson B. Hurry.

He would merely add that no member who had experience of their meeting room under the old conditions could deny the improvement that had taken place since gas had been substituted for the electric light and the new system of heating and ventilation had been installed.—Dr. Reginald Diphfield, before the Society of Medical Officers of Health.

"I have in my mind's eye, at the moment a hall which, in the old days, was lighted by gas, and in which a large audience could, with comfort, sit through an hour's lecture, or with pleasure through a three hours' entertainment, but which, with the march of civilization, had its illumination changed from gas to electricity, the latter being employed with the latest refinements to effect the highest under the best conditions, with the result that any large gathering within its walls leads to a state little short of asphyxiation.—Vivian B. Lewis, Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.—Nov. 11.

## Editor Let Cat Out

Beck Says D. Lorne named the Whole Burns Detectives.

Quebec, Jan. 30.—Five hours this morning Editor president of the Montreal Publishing Company, chief of the Montreal ed to the members of investigation committee tive Assembly how det Burns' agency came to uncover corruption in ture.

The Journalist told overheard through the twenty minute conversation, O. Mousseau, ex-chief private bills committee Mr. Sampson, in the Montreal, and with J. counsel, and A. E. R. of the Montreal Tram who are members of a committee listening, d sleuths had been em- strate tramways and which it had been re- presented.

The proceedings were their interest, and occasional clashes be- chal, counsel for Mess Nichols, and Mr. Per-

McGibbon's G

At the commencement, Mr. Marechal ex- ing to indisposition. was unable to appear mittee as ordered. The a postponement of the explained they would to their witnesses in- come to Quebec until safe conduct had been

One of the interest- closed by Mr. Beck was cial costs of the whi- carried on both in Q- treat had been gna- Lorne McGibbon, form Montreal Herald, who proached by Mr. Beck such investigation was public interest and L- bon, was kept out of- go ahead and take u- liked to investigate.

Not Afraid of In

On the motion of this afternoon the Le- bly unanimously agreed safe-conduct under c- to the Burns detecti- might come to Queb- dence before the spe- which are conducting ing of the charges against Messrs. Bera- Mousseau.

In presenting his n- said that he had pr- one could say the B- bec had been afraid of- ges which had been- members of its Legis- interviewed later, said that the detecti- probability be here to- day.

## Thick, Glossy all Dandruff

Girls! Try It! Hair G- and luxuriant at ou- falling hair.

If you care for be- glitens with beauty- with life; has an inc- ness and is fluffy a- Danderine.

Just one applicati- beauty of your hair,- diately dissolves eve- dandruff; you can- heavy, healthy hair- dandruff. This de- robs the hair of its lu- and its very life, and- it produces a feverish- of the scalp; the ha- loosens and die; then- fast.

If your hair has be- is thin, faded, dry, e- only, get a 25 cent o- ton's Danderine at ap- toilet counter; apply- ed and ten minutes a- this was the best inv- made.

We sincerely belie- everything else adv- desire lots of it—- hair—you must u- Danderine. If even- new?