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SHIPPING

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Sailed Yesterday.

Stmr Manchester Trader, 2,136, Cabot, Manchester via Halifax.

Stmr Astarte, 717, Young, for Parrsboro.

Schr Wanola, 272, Williams, for Parrsboro.

Schr J Arthur Lord, 189, Smith, for Boston.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Halifax, N S, March 19—Ard stmrs Pretorian, from Glasgow for Philadelphia; Barcelona (German), from Hamburg—short of coal and sailed for New York.

BRITISH PORTS.

Liverpool, March 19—Ard stmrs Canada, from Portland; Mauretania, from New York.

FOREIGN PORTS.

New York, March 19—Ard Ausonia, from Southampton; Ionian, from Glasgow.

Rockland, Me, March 19—Ard schr John J Perry, from New York.

Calais, Me, March 19—Ard schs Seth W Smith, and Maggie Todd, from New York.

Vineyard Haven, March 19—Sld schr Rothesay, for Jacksonville.

Ponce, P R, March 12—Ard schr Stanley, from Lunenburg.

Havana, March 12—Ard schrs Margaret G, from Gulfport; Perseis A Colwell, from Norfolk.

Sld 13th—Schr Leonard Parker, for Gulfport.

Havre, March 16—Steamed stmr Corinthian; Rennie, from London for St John.

In the police court yesterday afternoon Mrs. P. Kane of West St. John, was fined $10 for keeping liquor on her premises without a license. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Singer, charged with keeping a house of ill repute in Sheffield street and also with selling liquor, were further remanded. Two young men reported for fighting in Pond street were fined $20 each. The fines were allowed to stand.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

Genuine Merit Required to Win The People's Confidence

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfil the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been cured, to those who are in need of it.

In an interview on the subject a prominent local druggist says, "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows immediate results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy that I know of has so large a sale."

The success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact that it fulfils every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder diseases, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

A free trial bottle will be sent by mail absolutely free. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and mention this paper. Regular size bottles sold at all druggists in Canada, 75c. and $1.25.

The YELLOW LETTER

A Fascinating Mystery Story—

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON

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Arding, 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, but 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 words 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, similiar 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 box owners.

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.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued).

"I still fail to see," I said stubbornly, "why you did not suspect Crandall. There were many things that seemed to point to him—his telephoning to Katharine just before she shot herself, his sudden disappearance, the finding of the morphine syringe in his rooms, the Ardway address in his note-book, coupled with the fact that General Farrish had forbidden him the house. I do not see how you could help suspecting him."

"I'll admit that on the surface these things all did look damaging, but against this was the one important fact that he was too well-balanced—too sane, if I might put it that way. I quickly learned that he was a reputable business man, that he was one of the governors in two clubs, and you yourself informed me that Katharine Farrish had thought highly of him. No well-balanced man commits crimes of this sort. You might find an insane man conducting a successful business and getting away with it, but it is highly improbable that he could succeed in not betraying his mental condition to his club-fellows or his women friends. On the other hand, a man might be sane enough in society, but you would find the vagaries of his brain manifesting themselves in business. As soon as I convinced myself that Crandall was sane and well-balanced, I felt that all possibility of his being the criminal was eliminated."

"Do you mean to tell me," I cried angrily, "that all criminals are insane?"

"Yes," said Davis thoughtfully, "I mean exactly that. The time will come when our courts will not be punitive but curative. Men are criminals because they can not help it. The great well-balanced majority of people see that in the observance of the laws the community has made for itself lies the only hope of a happy, regular life. The unbalanced few, the unhealthy product of unfit parents, in their poor misshapen brains are unable to comprehend this. They become the rebels against authority, the slaves of alcohol and narcotics, like that poor devil in there. They can not help themselves. It's the fault of their parents, it's the shape of their heads, it's the diseased condition of their nerves It's our fault for not taking the same care in breeding the human race that we would in breeding horses or dogs."

"Oh, bosh!" said I. "I ask you how you account for the hypodermic syringe in Crandall's rooms and I get a sermon."

"Lawyer though you are," retorted Davis, "I'm afraid that you are weak in logic. Having decided that Crandall had no criminal connection with the case, what then? I set up the theory that his connection was exactly the same as your own. You were in love with Louise and were determined to trace the hidden danger that was threatening her father. He was in love with Katharine and was trying to do the same thing. In fact, he had several weeks the start of you. Every one of his actions which you regarded as so suspicious and damnatory was perfectly explicable on this theory."

"Yes," I grudgingly admitted as I hastily reviewed them in my mind, "I suppose they could all be explained in that way."

"The question then came to me," continued Davis, "how could Crandall have known of the hidden danger that threatened General Farrish? It was highly improbable that the general would confide a thing of this sort, either to his daughter or to her fiance. He must have come on it in some other way. I judged that when he revealed his knowledge to the general, the latter, in fear that his daughter might learn what he had been trying to keep from her, in rage ordered Crandall from the house.

"The only logical way for Crandall to be restored to favor was for him to clear up the mystery that was menacing the general. As he had been at work on it for some time, I felt sure that in his rooms we would find a clue to the address of the persons we were seeking. I was confident, too, that affairs were approaching a crisis. Crandall apparently had taken Katharine into his confidence. It looked as if some plan they might have made had failed and that this failure had driven Katharine to despair. With the lock box in Ardway as a clue, with the left-handed stamp as evidence and with Crandall's movements to watch, I felt certain that we could quickly solve the whole mystery."

"But how about the morphine syringe?" I asked again.

"I hardly gave it a second thought. For all I knew, it may have come there by accident, yet Crandall quickly explained its presence in the talk that I have just had with him. He kept this chap, Young, there in his rooms for two weeks, trying to worm out of him the secret with which Young had been trying to blackmail the old general. When Young disappeared he left the syringe behind him."

"So," I exclaimed in excitement, "the mystery of the yellow letter was a blackmailing plot against General Farrish."

"No," said Davis, "I don't think the Farrish case had anything to do with the other chain of suicides, unless it was that both devilish plots originated in the drug-fevered, malevolent brain of the poor fellow in yonder. It is true that General Farrish got yellow letters. Once a week for months and months he has found one in his mail, each more threatening, more menacing, than its predecessors. He has for a long, long time been living in daily dread that the anonymous writer of these letters might at any moment carry out his threats and expose him to public shame, and disgrace him in the eyes of his beloved daughters."

"But how did you learn all this?" I asked.

"Young boasted to Crandall about the weekly letters. So sure did he feel that General Farrish would not dare openly to prosecute him that with fiendish malignity he took delight in retailing to Crandall the dread-inspiring phrases he had employed and in dilating on the terror they undoubtedly were causing the general. It is small wonder that the sight of you and Louise examining a scrap of one of the yellow letters, coming as it did right on top of Katharine's desperate act, brought on a stroke of paralysis."

"Poor old man," I said, "how he must have suffered!"

"Far more than we can imagine," said Davis. "I do not think any one but a half-crazed drug fiend, either, could have conceived of such refinement of torture as of always using the same peculiar yellow stationery. Think what a shock it must have given General Farrish each time he saw one of those yellow envelopes lurking among his morning mail! Think what a strain it must have been as he waited morning after morning for them, bearing the burden of his awful fear in silence! Think what horrible specters in yellow must have haunted his brain as he tried to sleep! No wonder he collapsed when he did."

"It must have been terrible," I said as I tried to picture to myself the agony that had been General Farrish's for months and months. "No one but a mad drug fiend would have thought of it. I wonder why he chose yellow."

"There is perhaps a scientific reason why yellow appeals to the criminal and the insane," said Davis thoughtfully, "but the higher significance of color has not yet been satisfactorily explained. A crazy woman often delights to deck herself in yellow. The color appeals, too, to the lower orders of the human race, an illiterate negro, for instance. It is the color of gold, over which thousands and thousands have gone mad. It is the color of the moon, which the ancients believed to have a peculiar influence on mad persons. Some day, I hope, some scientist will be able to tabulate the psychic effect of the spectrum on the human race. It would be well worth doing. Everybody realizes, even now, in a general way, that colors do directly affect the senses. What a jar discordant combinations give us!"

"But are you sure Young wrote all the yellow letters?"

"Certainly," said the inspector, getting up from the bench and entering the cottage.

When he returned a few minutes later he had in his hand a bundle of yellow paper and envelopes. As I examined them I saw that they were of exactly the color and texture of all the fragments of yellow letters that I had seen.

"Where did you find them?" I asked.

"In a cupboard over there by the fireplace. I don't know whether you noticed it or not, but over there, too, is the type-writer on which Young wrote the letters that he gave Rouser to mail for him."

"What makes you think Rouser mailed them?"

"There are six different things that prove Rouser's connection with Young's fiendish plots. The stamps were put on by a left-handed man, and Rouser was left-handed. The answers were received in the Ardway post-office, where Rouser was post-master. Lock Box No. 17, to which they were addressed, was not entered in the list of box-holders. You yourself found a large sum of money in the post-office cash-drawer that had no business being there. Rouser himself mysteriously disappeared when he found that some one was on the trail of the yellow letters. And lastly, Rouser and Young for weeks have been together most of the time."

Story Twenty-Five

"Young, it seems,' 'the inspector continued, "is well known in Ardway, his boyhood having been spent in the town. His father was a well-to-do-lawyer who became addicted to drugs. His mother died in the state asylum for the insane. The constable, Dodds, has known him for many years. He went to Harvard and there was a classmate for a while of Crandall. He has been going from bad to worse, each time he returned to Ardway on his periodic visits seeming to be more and more addicted to morphine. His inheritance was spent long ago and it has been a mystery to every one where he got considerable sums that he has had at times. With all his faults, he has much magnetism and a plausible tongue and makes friends readily. So far as I can discover, after he had concocted his plot against General Farrish he had some difficulty in obtaining satisfaction and tried to enlist she aid of Crandall. Crandall went at once to General Farrish and was ordered out of the house. Crandall, despite his treatment by the general, was determined to solve the mystery, and for months kept track of Young, trying to worm out the secret and render him powerless. At times he gave Young small sums and for a while, as I have said, had him in his rooms. One day Young disappeared, taking with him some jewelry of Crandall's, and it was only a few days ago that Crandall succeeded in finding him here in Ardway. Young having failed to blackmail General Farrish, tried to open up negotiations for the sale of his document through Crandall. Crandall, of course, could not communicate with General Farrish, so he called Katharine on the telephone and made an appointment with her. Evidently he explained the whole affair to her, and when the negotiations failed it was more than she could bear."

(To be continued).

La MARQUISE de FONTENOY

Baroness Beaumont to Come of Age in August—Family History is of Interest

(Copyright, 1912, by the Brentwood Company.)

Young Baroness Beaumont, one of the very few British peeresses in her own right, will attain her eighteenth birthday and incidentally her majority in August, but will be presented at Buckingham Palace before that time, probably at one of the courts held after Easter. That will, indeed, constitute the only official ceremony of her becoming endowed with the full enjoyment of the prerogatives of a peeress in her own right, unless Queen Mary, following the precedent of Queen Victoria, may summon her to a private audience for the purpose of personally congratulating her and offering her good wishes.

Young Lady Beaumont is one of the two daughters of the tenth Lord Beaumont, who was a colonel of hussars, and who served on the staff in Canada in the latter seventies, and who was killed through the accidental discharge of his gun while trying to get through a hedge. His head was almost entirely blown to pieces. As he left no son, but only a little daughter—true, another was born three months after his death—the peerage fell into abeyance.

There is scarcely one of the British "Peerages" published, either officially or otherwise, which gives the date of the birth of the ladies mentioned therein, so that it is difficult to know, with any degree of certitude, the precise number of years that have passed over the head of the feminine scion of the British aristocracy.

It will scarcely be believed that this old-time chivalry extends to the government itself, which, like most corporate bodies, is generally supposed to be devoid of soul or feeling. Thus, the crown declines to recognize any such thing as primo-geniture among women. Certain British peerages descend through the female as well as through the male line; that is to say, when a baron by writ dies, in case he leaves two girls and a boy, then the latter, even if he be the youngest of the three, succeeds to the title. But if the peer in question leaves only two daughters, the crown declines to take any cognizance of the respective ages of these damsels, and the title remains in abeyance, that is to say, unused, until one or another dies, whereupon the survivor of the two succeeds to the title. Often this abeyance continues through centuries. Sometimes, but in relatively rare cases, the crown, usually with the consent of the entire family, terminates the abeyance in favor of one of the daughters, who is not necessarily the elder, but sometimes the younger.

Thus, the Beaumont peerage has been several times in abeyance. Created by writ of summons in 1309, it fell into abeyance in 1507, and so remained until 1840, when the father of the late peer at last recovered possession, as the lineal descendant of a long line of female ancestors. Queen Victoria was very fond of calling peerages out of abeyance and the case of the little daughters of Colonel Lord Beaumont, whom she had known and liked and of the widowed Lady Beaumont, who is a most charming woman, appealed to her strongly. So a year after Lord Beaumont's death she called by means of letters patent, the Barony of Beaumont out Stapleton, just two years of age at the time.

The young peeress is now coming of age Of course she has no vote in the House of Lords, but she possesses by birth, or rather, I should say, by virtue of Queen Victoria's patent, all the honors non-legislative privileges and prerogatives of a peeress of the realm, instead of being indebted for them to marriage. If she weds a peer of her own rank, she will retain her title, and the same thing will occur in the event of her wedding a commoner, who will have no share in her honors. These will become merged in those of her husband, if she is led to the altar by a peer of superior rank to her own. At her death her peerage will pass to her eldest son, if she has male issue, while if she leaves only daughters it will again fall into abeyance.

It has occasionally occurred that a peeress of the realm married to a commoner husband has predeceased the latter, and in that event there was created the somewhat paradoxical situation of a man who was a commoner having a son who was a peer, and being compelled to yield the "pas" to the latter, on all official and social occasions.

The original patronymic of the Lords and Ladies Beaumont was De Brienne. It was Henri de Brienne, Vicomte de Beaumont, of the French province of Maine, and grandson of John de Brienne, one of the last kings of Jerusalem, who may be said to have founded the English branch of his family. He accompanied Edward I. to the Holy Land, and afterwards served under him during the wars in Scotland, was appointed joint warden of Scotland by his cousin Edward II., and was summoned to parliament as Lord Beaumont, baron by writ, in 1308.

Among other offices which he held were those of lord high constable of England, king of Man, and justiciar of Scotland. In the year 1440 the sixth Lord Beaumont, Lord High Constable and Grand Chamberlain of England, was advanced by Henry VI. to the rank of Viscount Beaumont, this being the first instance of the creation of a viscountcy in England. His son, the seventh baron, and the second Viscount Beaumont, died without issue while his viscountcy, which was a peerage by creation, became extinct, his barony being by writ, merely fell into abeyance among the descendants of his only sister and remained in abeyance until Queen Victoria consented to terminate it in favor of Miles Thomas Stapleton, as the senior of all the heirs.

The eighth baron had two sons—one who succeeded him, and who contracted an extraordinary marriage with Miss Violet Isaacson, whose mother was the original "Madame Elise, "who kept the well-known dressmakers and modiste's shop, in Regent street, London. There was no issue of this marriage, and the ninth Lord was succeeded by his younger brother, father of the young baroness.

There has always been a good deal of cofusion between Violet, Lady Beaumont, nee Isaacson, daughter of "Madame Elise," and Ethel Lady Beaumont, daughter of the late Sir Charles Tempest, last of his line and head of one of the finest old Catholic families in England. I need hardly add, that Ethel, Lady Beaumont, like her two daughters the young Baroness Beaumont, and the Hon. Ivy Stapleton, are devout members of the Catholic church, to which the young girl's father and grandfather belonged.

The ancestral home of Baroness Beaumont is Carlton Towers, near Selby, in Yorkshire. Carlton has been in the possession of the Stapletons ever since Joan, granddaughter of the seventh Lord Beaumont, and his heiress, married Sir Brian Stapleton in the middle of the fifteenth century. It contains a splendid collection of Italian old masters, and a superb library, which is rich in French literature and rare editions. The entrance hall, the broad marble staircase, and the superb Venetian drawing-room, are said to have cost more than a million dollars. From the flagstaff tower, there is one of the finest views in Yorkshire. There is a subterranean passage at Carlton Towers, which formerly led to Selby Abbey, close by.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

COLDS CAUSE HEADACHE

LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine, the world wide Cold and Grip remedy removes cause. Call for full name. Look for signature, E. W. GROVE. 25c.

Daily Hints For the Cook

BROWN BREAD

One cup of rye meal, 1 cup of graham, 1 cup of Indian meal, 2 3 tablespoon of soda, 1 teaspoon of salt, 2-3 cup of molasses, 2 cups of sour milk, steam three hours.

BREAD PUDDING

One cup of bread crumbs, 1 pint sweet milk, rind of 1-2 lemon, yolks of 2 eggs, beaten and mixed with 1-2 cup of sugar. Bake half an hour, spread with jelly and frost with meringue made by adding two tablespoons of sugar to the whisked egg whites. Brown in oven.

BROILED HALIBUT

Broil one side of a slice of halibut until heated through; then turn and spread the other side with a paste of butter and flour, flavor with minced onion and tomato pulp. Cook till brown and serve with the crust side up.

CELERY CROQUETTES

Cut the outer green stalks of a bunch of celery into small pieces, and boil in slightly salted water until very tender; drain and mash to a paste, adding a small cupful of grated bread crumbs, a high seasoning of salt and pepper, the yolk of one hard boiled egg, blended with a quarter of a teaspoonful of French mustard, one tablespoonful of cream sauce and the beaten yolk of one egg; mix the ingredients thoroughly and with floured hands form into small pyramidal croquettes frying in deep fat (any vegetable oil) to a golden brown; serve on a folded napkin, inserting in the top of each a sprig of parsley, attached to a small toothpick.

WELL WORTH KNOWING

There are many imitations of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes. None of them equal the genuine. Look for the signature and be sure of satisfaction. Order Kellogg's today.

Tom Reynolds is the new manager of the Royal Hotel, St. John. His appointment is popular with the traveling public and with the house staff. Mr. Reynolds has grown up in the service of the Royal and knows his work and the needs of the business thoroughly.—Maritime Merchant.

An excellent concert was given in the Seamen's Institute last night by clever entertainers of the crews of the steamers Empress of Ireland and Corsican. The hall was crowded.

. If You Are Interested In .

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Here is a Grand Opportunity of Getting a Folding Go-Cart, Full Size, All-Steel Frame, Well Riveted and Adjustable Hood, Wheels are 10 inches, Tires 3-8 in.—for

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J. MARCUS

Phone 1373 30 Dock Street.

The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON

THERE is a certain type of woman, for whom all her sisters will work their fingers to the bone. Because they love her so well, you ask? Ah no, my friend, quite to the contrary. Because they are afraid of her, afraid of her roving eye, in awe of her critical mind, frightened to death of her pitiless tongue.

A friend of mine was about to open her home for a week-end house-party. The day before the guests were to arrive, she and her maid spent at least eight solid hours scrubbing and polishing and generally putting in order what seemed to me in the first place, a thoroughly well-scrubbed and polished and orderly home.

"Why am I so absurdly particular about half a dozen old friends?" she answered my query. "It isn't for half a dozen old friends. It's for one of them. Do you know Mrs. M.? Well, if you did you'd understand. My dear, I believe that woman could see a grain of dust behind a picture in an unlighted room at midnight. If a single picture in the house isn't hung exactly straight, if there's a worn place in one of my chairs or carpets, or a single finger mark anywhere on the paint—and you know how hard it is to keep all that white paint clean—that woman will know it and talk about it for months. She can tell at a glance just what every article in the house cost from the napkins to the piano. If a gown doesn't fit just right she knows it in a minute and can hardly keep her eyes off of it. I once wore a waist to her house that was too big in the collar and I could see that she ached to speak about it. Just wait until she comes, and you'll see why I'm so 'absurdly particular' as you call it.

I waited and I saw. After the first five minutes of our acquaintance, during which Mrs. M.'s roving eye took me in from head to foot, set down my style, of hair-dressing as antiquated, reckoned the price per yard of my gown, decided that the collar was real Irish, sighted a little wrinkle in the yoke, and made me uncomfortably conscious of every inch of myself, I understood.

I think we all know one or more women of this type. We have all worked ourselves weary before opening our homes to them. A visit from such a one is not a visit. It is a tour of inspection.

And yet, after all, who shall say but that we need them. Mrs. M.'s tours of inspection are sometimes unpleasant, but they are apt to be healthful. My friend says that in anticipation of Mrs. M.'s visit, she cleared out a closet which had been needing attention for at least two years, And for my part I had that wrinkle in my yoke attended to the very next day.

Although we may not love the critics who lash us towards perfection, let us still give them "honor due."

But I certainly wouldn't want to be one of them. Would you?

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