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BE SURE AND COME

THE QUEEN'S ROBES

Queen Mary's gowns and robes are divided into two categories—State and ordinary—and are kept in two separate apartments at Marlborough House known as the robe rooms, which open into each other; the walls of these rooms are lined with solid mahogany wardrobes each wardrobe containing from four to eight gowns, says M.A.P. The robe rooms are in charge of three maids, who, on the instructions of one of the Queen's Ladies, bring whatever gowns or dresses her Majesty may intend to wear to the Royal dressing room.

The instructions are sent to the head robe maid overnight; they are written on a card on which are set out the gowns that will be required by the Queen the following day and time each is to be left in the Royal dressing room. Each gown, by the way in the Royal wardrobes is numbered and is referred to by its number in the instructions to the robe maid.

Every gown and robe in the Royal wardrobe is entered in a book, with the date when it was ordered. When it is sent to the Royal dressing room the words "In use" are written against it and as a general rule, after an ordinary gown has been worn a dozen times it leaves the Royal wardrobe. When the Queen desires to order a new gown the proprietor or manager of the firm of modistes who is to receive the order is instructed that her Majesty will call at his establishment on a certain date and hour, when he is expected to be ready to attend on her Majesty.

He must, of course, receive his Royal customer in a private room. Several firms who are patronized by Royalty always arrange for a Royal customer to enter their establishment by a private door when they are honored with a Royal visit; neither the Queen-mother nor Queen Mary have insisted on such an arrangement, though they both undoubtedly like it to be made.

The Queen is shown a number of model gowns which are generally exhibited on a living model but this is mainly done for the purpose of showing materials to her Majesty and how they look when they are made up for as a matter of fact, the new Queen, like the Queen-mother, practically never orders a copy or at all events an exact copy, of a model gown.

Her Majesty after she had inspected various models indicates very exactly how she desires the gown she may order to be made up; her instructions are taken down by a shorthand writer, and are then read over to her Majesty to see that her orders have been properly and correctly noted. The gown is usually fitted on the Queen at Marlborough House and it is always understood that she desires to have a gown fitted only once so that the greatest care has to be

taken to avoid the necessity of making any alteration in a Royal gown after it has been fitted on.

ROYALTIES AND THE FASHION
Royalties need not by the way, trouble to think of what is or is not fashionable, for whatever they may choose to wear becomes at once the mode. But, at the same time, one very rarely sees a lady dressed quite like the Queen except Royalties. The reason of this is obvious.

In matters of dress Royalties are a law unto themselves and desire to remain so. It has been understood among the ladies of the Queen-mother's and Queen Mary's entourage that their dress must not follow too closely, or so closely as to be noticeable, the style and character of the Royal gowns and the wishes of Royalty, of course, have been observed by the Ladies of the Household, and among their immediate friends and society in general follows their example.

The Queen's mode of dressing is, of course, far from being conspicuously different from that of any English gentlewoman in good society but there is, nevertheless a difference to the observant eye, at all events, between the fashions adopted by Royalty and those of their subjects and it is right and proper that this difference, finely and delicately drawn as it is, should exist.

The Queen, of necessity, spends upon her State robes a great deal of money, but on ordinary attire her Majesty's annual outlay is, comparatively speaking, by no means large. Queen Mary's yachting costumes, for example, though made of the best navy blue serge, are very simply cut, and do not cost more than six or seven guineas.

Her Majesty has several hats which did not cost more than three or four guineas apiece. Three guineas is the usual price which the Queen pays for boots which are made of the best kid. Of course, her Majesty has several almost priceless possessions which find a permanent place in the Royal wardrobe and which could not be purchased for money. For instance, there are various examples of exquisite lace which have been used to adorn many of the Queen's gowns, and some magnificent Indian embroidery work which the Queen has worn on several of her dresses.

At regular intervals a certain number of gowns and robes are removed from the Royal wardrobe, some of which are given to the robe maid or some near dependent of Royalty and others are sold and the proceeds given away to charity. The Royal gowns are usually sold through a dress agency and the transaction is conducted, as a rule, by the head robe maid. One strict condition of the sale to the dress agency is that the Royal gowns are never to be sold to anyone in this country.

This condition has been rigorously insisted upon since some few years ago a lady in society was seen at a wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square, in a gown that had unmistakably once belonged to the Queen-mother.

Her Majesty was present at the wedding and was greatly annoyed at the incident; ever since, the strictest orders have been given that the Royal gowns must never be sold for wear in this country.

When the Queen travels her gowns are packed in long robe trunks. A list is given to the robe maid of the dresses the Queen desires to take with her, and the list is returned to one of the Queen's ladies when the packing of the robes has been finished, signed by the robe maid, who is responsible for the packing of the dresses and gowns mentioned in the list.

IN A LIGHTER VEIN

"Oratory is, indeed, a lost art," said 'Jack' Collier the other day. "I used to go down to the courts just to hear the lurid speeches. Nothing doing in that line any more. The lawyers do not talk about flowers, rainbows, and sunbeams any more."

"There was a lawyer in Cleveland years ago—Bill Robinson was his name—whose addresses to a jury always attracted a crowd. I will forever remember one of his sentences. The man he was fighting in the suit had a reputation as something of a miser."

"Who is this man, who is he?" thundered Robinson. You know and I know that he boils his potatoes in widows' tears."

This phrase caught the jury and Robinson won his case, but one

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3306
GIRLS' YOKE DRESS.
Paris Pattern No. 3306

All Seams Allowed.
The passion for yokes is one of the dominating features of all styles of the present season, whether for old or young. In the dress which we illustrate herewith we show a very pretty little dress which has as the principal feature of the waist a small yoke, extending slightly in a tab at the center of the front. In the back the yoke is shallow and rounded. At each side of this yoke and also below it, in both front and back, there are a number of small tucks to provide fullness. In the center of the front is a small box pleat, which produces the effect of a panel and continues to the bottom of the skirt. Beginning at this panel the small skirt is gathered all around and joined to the waist. The small sleeve has a puff at the upper part and a deep gauntlet cuff at the wrist. Such a dress as this may be used for brilliantine, serge, cheviot, volles, linen, gingham and mercerized cotton fabrics, the yoke being made of lace or all-over embroidery, or even of fancy net. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes 6 to 12 years. To make the dress in the medium size will require 1½ yards of material 44 inches wide, ½ yard of 18-inch all-over, 2 yards of braid and 1½ yards of ribbon.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

The Mail, Fredericton, N. B.
Enclosed find ten cents, for which you will have sent to the following address:

Pattern No.
Name.....
P. O.
County
Province

doesn't hear any such "oratory" as that nowadays.—Cleveland Leader.

Too Ready Relief.—A man went into a druggist's shop and asked for something to cure a headache. The druggist held a bottle of haetshorn to his nose, and he was nearly overpowered by its pungency.

As soon as he recovered he began to rail at the druggist, and threatened to punch his head.

But didn't it ease your headache?" asked the apothecary.
"Ease my headache?" gasped the man. "I haven't got any headache. It's my wife that's got the headache."—Tit-Bits.

Editorial Work.—Former Employer—And so you are a newspaper man now, Thompson?

Thompson—Yes, Sir; I'm the editor of the job department.

Former Employer—Editor of the job department?
Thompson—Yes, sir; I carries in coal, and scrubs the floor, and cleans the windows, and all such editin' as that, sir.—London Graphic.

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MISS MORGAN
YORK STREET

A MILLION A MINUTE

A ROMANCE OF MODERN NEW YORK AND PARIS
BY HUDSON DOUGLAS.

(Continued.)
CHAPTER XXIV.

FATE OPENS A NEW ACCOUNT
WITH QUAINANCE—AT THE
NIGHT AND DAY BANK.

On a crisp winter's afternoon the gardens of Madison Square were all bedecked in white, as if for a bridal. The leafless trees wore festoons of crystal and ropes of pearl. From the fountain rose a solid column of silver, wet, glistening.

The buildings about it were brave with diamond-like pendants which sparkled and shone as they dripped under a brilliant blink of late sunshine. Only the paths and streets where the traffic flowed showed black against winter's robe, their uproar an octave lower under the carpet which covered them.

Frost and snow and sunshine together had turned the drab park into fairyland, or so thought Quainance, at any rate, as he stepped out onto the pillared porch of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, his wife on his arm. They paused for a moment to look thankfully out at the scene there and then, crossing Broadway, in haste, turned up Fifth Avenue, carefully because of the cold.

Only an hour ago they had stepped ashore from the steamer which had brought them over from France and, even on the voyage across, they had not, somehow, succeeded in shaking off the remembrance of all they had undergone there. But now, at least, they could realize that their troubles were at an end, could turn their backs on that nightmare past.

The murder of the Duc des Reves had made a nine days' sensation in Paris. The trial, at that capital charge, of Seager and Arendsen, provided the papers with scare-headlines for a full month, but, when all the formalities of the law had been fulfilled and the two sent to the galleys to expiate the crime they had not contemplated, the public drew a long breath of relief, passed on to the next cause celebre with a cynical shrug of the shoulders which was Monsieur's epitaph. For Etienne Duc des Reves, Vicomte Aiglemont, Seigneur de La Roche-Segur, was also held to have met with his due deserts.

With him no one sympathized either, and, since Madame la Duchesse, his widow, was quite unknown to the world at large, she escaped sympathy and censure alike. O'Ferral's influence public and private, a factor much more powerful than had been apparent, had served to save her all undesirable notoriety. Quainance had engaged on her behalf and his own the best legal talent at the French bar. In the end they came scatheless out of a situation unenviable in the extreme. And, as soon as it could conveniently be accomplished, Quainance had brought her back home.

Small wonder then, that they looked about them with thankful hearts and glad eyes as they threaded the hurrying throng on the avenue.

At thought of their late independence they smiled happily to each other, and two or three of the passers-by, observing the couple, turned to look back at them over their shoulders. They were very good to look at, and their glad faces were very well worth a second glance on a winter's day.

"Where are we going, dear?" she asked him, and he gazed lovingly down at the radiant features upturned from their nest of furs. She was his wife now, this delicate, dainty creature, for whom he had fought and suffered as a man must to know the true value of victory. And it seemed the more miraculous when he recalled the last time he had sauntered up the avenue, alone, with no least thought of what fate held in store for him. He laughed aloud as he spoke, but by no means because he thought the conjunction of fate and Fifth Avenue in any way incongruous.

"We're going as far as 'The Night and Day Bank, sweetheart,'" he informed her, "to get you a small wedding-present I've had stowed away there ever since I first met you. It's a long way uphill, and it will be dark, before we get there. Let's take a cab."

"Oh no," she protested, "I'd much rather walk. And you must remember, Stephen, how poor we are. We must be much more economical now. I've cost you such a lot already."

"All right," he assented with a cheerful smile, "we'll walk if you want to, and—"

"We'll have to be much more economical now," she repeated wisely,

"and everything's so expensive here in New York."

They passed up the hill together, on foot. At the top Quainance bade her turn and look back.

"It's good, isn't it?" he said, staring down at the long, crowded, lamp-lit vista with a sight of sheer content. She made no reply, but the hand nestling warmly in the crook of his elbow moved in quick, affirmative pressure.

"Come on now," he ordered. "It will be dinner-time before we know where we are."

"It was here I first saw you," he said, halting her again on the steps of the bank.

"And I saw you," she admitted, blushing. "You were looking at me so strangely. And I didn't understand. Jules Chevreil was waiting for me in the cross street. I was horrible frightened then."

"The dog!" said he, explosively. "If I ever come across him again, it will be a bad day for him."

"And yet, but for him you'd never have seen me," she reminded him.

He shook his head solemnly over that undeniable fact.

"True for you," he agreed. "It's a queer thing that his rascally machinations should have been the means of my meeting you. And that reminds me, I must pay you back the thousand dollars he charged you for the introduction."

"I think it's been worth that to me, dear," she whispered, and he slipped an arm round her waist while he led her through the swing-door into the bank.

His former acquaintance there greeted him with great deference.

(To Be Continued.)