

Fiction And
Story

JOURNAL'S MAGAZINE PAGE

Timely And
InterestingTriumphs of
M. Jonquilleby MELVILLE DAVISSON POST
© 1922 NEA Service, Inc.

THE MOTTLED BUTTERFLY

Begin Here Today

Seated in the opera box of the MARQUIS DE CHANTELLE, impoverished husband of a wealthy American woman.

M. JONQUILLE, greatest detective in France, is discussing the mystery of the theft of the diamond necklace of the Marquise. Before them, on the stage, is the beautiful

MME. ZIRZENOFF, idol of Paris. Before entering the Marquis box, M. Jonquille halted an usher who was leaving and managed to secure for a moment a bouquet of orchids which the Marquis was sending to the singer.

M. Jonquille reviews the theories of the theft. The Marquis de Chantelle, who led to the arrest and confession of Jean Lequex, Lequex was sentenced but did not tell where the jewels could be found.

"It was my assistant Foreneau who followed your theories," M. Jonquille told the Marquis.

Go on With the Story

CHAPTER III

"It now occurred to Foreneau that this robbery had been committed by some one of the hotel thieves of Paris, who were accustomed to enter any building which they were able to get into, and to search any apartment that they happened to find open," continued M. Jonquille.

"But the Marquis reminded Foreneau that the person committing this robbery had brought with him a piece of paper from the basement, that more thieves entering on the chance of finding some valuables would not have taken this precaution."

"This theory pleased Foreneau, and he adopted every excellent suggestion which the Marquis was able to make. But in penmanship, he wondered from what source the thief had been able to obtain the combination to the safe, since it was known only to Mme. de Marquise."

"The Marquis was again able to indicate a valuable suggestion. Women, he ventured to suggest, had always the penmanship of a thief. He did not trust their memories for anything that required an accuracy of numbers. The Marquis would have somewhere this memorandum written down. He suggested that Foreneau make a search of her writing-table."

"To their surprise they found the lock to the drawers of this table broken, and among some papers hastily turned over, at the back of one of these drawers, a small book with a red leather cover. One leaf last page, in penmanship, was exactly the same memorandum which the Marquis had picked up on the slip of paper under the door—the combination to the safe of the Marquise de Chantelle, and following the four columns of four figures."

"The problem which now presented itself was to discover what employee in the building could have written this memorandum. Foreneau and the Marquis had before them the handwriting. With the histories and associates of the valet, the concierge and the older employees they were familiar, and were convinced that it was not one of these persons; but there were other employees in this apartment, and the problem was how to obtain specimens of their handwriting without incurring suspicion. In his perplexity Foreneau asked the opinion of the Marquis de Chantelle."

"The Marquis suggested the following clever device: The Service de la Surte should send an agent to the building pretending to be an official of the government concerned with certain mental tests required, in order to register citizens for the electorate. Among other tests, he should require them to write the names of the president of France and that of the premier at the close

of the war. This would include the names of Millerand and Clemenceau, and by this means they could obtain the M of the word Marquis and the C of the word Chantelle, which had been written by the unknown thief upon the memorandum which contained the combination of the safe."

The Prefect of Police stopped. The attention of the Marquis de Chantelle seemed to have passed from the narrative to a contemplation of the opera.

Mme. Zirzenoff was at the point of her greatest scene. Her voice filled the immense house like a silver bell, like innumerable silver bells—a quality of the human voice that no other diva had ever brought to Paris. Her youth, her alluring beauty, added to the enchantment.

Monsieur le Marquis de Chantelle was looking at her, one hand fingering his mustache, the other turning the monocle at the end of the silk cord. The Prefect of Police did not



"MAY I TROUBLE YOU TO PRESENT THEM TO MADAME LA MARQUISE?"

Interrupt the absorption, but he continued to speak.

"And as it happened," he said, "it was the ingenuity of this device suggested by the Marquis de Chantelle that enabled Foreneau to locate the one who had committed the robbery. He found an employee lately taken on by the concierge because he offered to assist in cleaning the building at a lower cost. The agent from the Service de la Surte came to this person in the course of his interview with the employees of the building."

"Monsieur," he said, "I am compelled to ask you to submit to some mental tests, but I will make them brief. Tell me the form of government under which we live and write down for me the name of the president of France and that of the premier who conducted the peace terms in the Great War, and I will give you no further annoyance."

The man replied that France was a republic and wrote the name of Alexander Millerand. But when he came to write the C in Clemenceau, he hesitated. The agent seized him at once, snatched a pair of handcuffs on him and confronted him with Foreneau. He was shown the slip of paper which the Marquis had picked up in his apartment. He was told the details of the crime as he had carried it out, and in his confusion he confessed."

The Prefect of Police continued to speak, slowly, without a change of accent, as if to himself.

"Monsieur le Marquis will remember the Apache's confession: he had obtained a position in the building and had watched the Marquis' apartment. As it happened the night of the robbery was not the first time

that the Marquis had left the door unlocked; a week before, he had left it unlocked in the afternoon. It was then that this man had gone taking with him a slip of paper from the basement—broke open the Marquis' desk and searched for the combination, which he finally found and wrote down. The search had required a very long time, and he had not time on this day to open the safe. He had taken the paper with him and waited until this night on which the Marquis had again gone out, leaving the door unlocked."

"Then he had opened the safe and removed the necklace. He thought that in putting the necklace into his pocket he must have pulled the slip of paper out, and by this means it had fallen to the floor where the Marquis had picked it up."

"The man made no defense and waived all legal procedure. He confessed and has been sentenced to a term of imprisonment. But he refused to say what he had done with the necklace."

M. Jonquille, watching the Marquis, took a box of cigars out of his pocket and slipped his thumb-nail around the stamp, but he did not open the box. He spoke suddenly to the Marquis de Chantelle; his voice was sharp, clear, and its tones arrested the man's attention.

"Monsieur le Marquis," he said, "Mme. Zirzenoff will not be pleased with her bouquet of orchids." The Marquis turned suddenly on him; his eyes were now contracted with an intense expression.

"You know, monsieur, that I have sent a bouquet of orchids to Mme. Zirzenoff?"

"Surely, monsieur," replied the Prefect of Police. "I passed the boy departing with them when I entered. They were very lovely, superb, exquisite, the Mottled Butterfly! How easily adapted to last flower to Monsieur le Marquis!"

The Marquis continued to regard him.

"And why, monsieur, do you compare me with this variety of orchid?"

"If you will tell me, Monsieur le Marquis," replied the Prefect of Police, "why Jean Lequex refused to say where the necklace was that he had stolen, I will answer your question."

The haughty in the Marquis' voice was now distinctly audible.

"Monsieur," he said, "it was you who promised to tell me that."

"And I shall tell you," replied Jonquille. "Jean Lequex refused to say where the necklace was for the very good reason that he did not know where it was."

It was as if he had spoken the words steadily in the face.

"The agent of the Surete neglected to mention to monsieur an item or two of their discovery: the writing on the slip of paper had been made with the left hand; and the concierge, as it happened, seeing the Marquis de Chantelle go out leaving his door ajar, closed it."

"Ah, monsieur, we have been engaged in a bit of comedy. Pardon us if we have deceived you..."

It was as if he had spoken the words steadily in the face. The Marquis regarded the Prefect of Police with an amazed expression, his lips parted, his eyes wide. "Then, monsieur," he stammered, "you have discovered neither the thief nor the necklace."

"Ah, yes," replied M. Jonquille, in the modulated voice of one who bids another adieu. "We have discovered both."

He took a mass of jewels out of his waistcoat pocket and handed them to the Marquis.

"I found these in the bouquet of orchids which you were sending to Mme. Zirzenoff. May I trouble you to present them to Madame la Marquise when she shall return from America tomorrow?"

"The Man With Steel Fingers," another thrilling adventure of M. Jonquille, will begin in our next issue.

THE CATHOLIC
WOMEN'S LEAGUESt. John Sub-Division Meets
at Home of Mrs. Michael
Coll and Later in K. of C.
Hall—Clergy Speak.

The St. John sub-division of the Catholic Women's League met at the call of the St. John North sub-division at the home of Mrs. Michael Coll, Douglas Avenue, yesterday afternoon and was presided over by the diocesan president of the society, Mrs. D. P. Chisholm, supported by her officers, Mrs. James Friel, of Moncton, 1st vice-president, Miss M. H. McCloskey, 2nd vice-president, Mrs. W. J. Devine, Sussex, treasurer, and Mrs. James McMurray, corresponding secretary. The delegates were: Mrs. Frank McCafferty, Mrs. H. Sullivan, Mrs. A. L. Gibb, Miss Catherine O'Neill, Mrs. J. D. Maher, Miss Helen Murphy, Mrs. M. Durick, Mrs. Gallant, Mrs. F. Fitzgerald, Mrs. E. Walsh, Mrs. Richard O'Brien, and Mrs. John Owens, 3rd National vice-president of the Canadian League, and Mrs. John O'Neill of Moncton, who was one of the party at the luncheon upstairs. The afternoon session was devoted to interesting business of a routine nature, and tea was served at five o'clock, the hostesses being members of the North sub-division.

The evening session of the League was held in the Knights of Columbus Hall and was very largely attended, being presided over by Miss M. H. McCloskey, president of the North St. John sub-division of the League. She addressed the meeting, welcoming the delegates and visitors, and was followed by Mrs. James McMurray, who read a most interesting report of the year's activities of the social service and girls' work. There was a pleasing solo by Miss F. Kieran, who is a general favorite, who was accompanied by Mrs. M. A. Quinlan.

The report of the great meeting at Winnipeg then absorbed the attention of the meeting, as Mrs. D. P. Chisholm, president of the League, and with clearness of detail the story of her trip and its portents as regards the work of the C. W. L. She reported 50,000 members in the second year of the organization and of the encouragement of the church to the League that had been sent by His Holiness Pope Pius XI.

Immigration was dealt with comprehensively by Mrs. John Owens, who is convener of the National board of immigration for all Canada.

Welcomed by Father Duke

Rev. William Duke, chaplain of the St. John League, complimented the members on their numbers and welcomed the delegates on behalf of His Lordship, Bishop LeBlanc, who was unable to be present. His message was urging the League to strengthen the membership and encouraging them to realize the wonderful possibilities of the work for social service and immigration.

The keynote of the excellent address given by Rev. Father Coffin, C. S. S. R. chaplain of the North St. John sub-division spoke delightedly of progress of the League and said that the present occasion augured well for the future in growth and interest. He urged co-operation and said that they should make this their slogan, which spells success.

As the motto of the League is "For God and Canada," the singing of "O Canada," was made a feature of the meeting before the formal session broke up to participate in a social hour, the out-of-town delegates going on at the late train north. Mrs. Richard O'Brien announced the tea and sale that will be carried on in the near future. Mrs. D. P. Chisholm gracefully thanked the hostesses for their excellent entertainment and congratulated them upon their splendid organization. The conveners and assistants were as follows: Conveners, Mrs. F. Fitzgerald and Mrs. J. D. Maher; servers, Misses Hortense Maher, Mary McDonnell, Helen Murphy, Olive Dever, Marion Murphy, Irene O'Connor, F. Byron, F. Kieran, Katie Coughlan, Alice Phillips, Mary Quinn, Greta Coll, Margaret Grannan, Mrs. Mary O'Regan, Mrs. John Burke, Mrs. E. Walsh, Miss Isabelle Gormerly and others. All were handsomely gowned, the combination of business and sociability being delightful.

NEW CROSSING BEING LAID
A new crossing is being laid at the C. N. R. tracks at Reed's Point.Photographs
For
ChristmasLUGRIN STUDIO
38 Charlotte St.
FreeIf you bring this advt.
ONE LARGE PHOTO
Value \$5.00
with every dozen Cabinets
ordered.Our home folks in these Provinces by
the sea naturally ask for RED ROSE TEA
when they want the very best.RED ROSE COFFEE is free of dust—
settles clear as a bell—no egg needed.BOY FIGHTERS
AND TACTFUL
SUPERINTENDENT

Just recently the efficient director of the Boys' Club at East End had a demonstration of how boys settle difficult and the boys have learned that they have a most understanding leader in Miss Heffer, who always thought she could never manage boys.

There are a number of the larger members of the club, who are linked up with the league games of basketball in the city and who one evening lately went forth to try their prowess with another team, leaving behind about fifty of the smaller lads. Somewhat to the surprise of Miss Heffer a large proportion of these youngsters quietly donned their caps and coats and filed out. (The surprise of the vice, giving an exposition of the story of the visit of the young lawyer to our Lord, in Luke 10: 25. The thought was impressed that true fellow workers with God must follow the law of love as directed by our Lord, when He said to the young man, "Go thou, and do likewise," referring to the example set by the good samaritan, Mrs. Charles Dickenson led in prayer, with others following, after which a collection was taken for missions, and Mrs. W. H. Humphrey read "The Hour," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. One visitor, Mrs. Humphrey, from Maine, was gladly welcomed.

Mrs. George Colwell, county president, reminded all present of the annual county convention that will be held on December 12.

Those who have professed a desire to assist with the work of the Protestant Orphanages will have an opportunity at the next sale of home cooking and aprons that will be held by the Union in the lobby of the Imperial on the morning of the 25th of

W. C. T. U. AND
THE VENDORS

A report was brought to the meeting of the W. C. T. U. yesterday afternoon to the effect that those drugists who are opposed to selling liquor feel that the present system of the vendishore reflects upon the respectable men of this profession. Because of this they are intending to advocate having vendors handled in some other way. Though no solution was brought forward at the meeting, as to what the substitute method would be, it was felt that something must be done to remedy matters.

Mrs. Hope Thomson, president of the W. C. T. U. presided over the largely attended meeting in the Orange hall, in its regular weekly session. She led the devotional service, giving an exposition of the story of the visit of the young lawyer to our Lord, in Luke 10: 25. The thought was impressed that true fellow workers with God must follow the law of love as directed by our Lord, when He said to the young man, "Go thou, and do likewise," referring to the example set by the good samaritan, Mrs. Charles Dickenson led in prayer, with others following, after which a collection was taken for missions, and Mrs. W. H. Humphrey read "The Hour," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. One visitor, Mrs. Humphrey, from Maine, was gladly welcomed.

Mrs. George Colwell, county president, reminded all present of the annual county convention that will be held on December 12.

Those who have professed a desire to assist with the work of the Protestant Orphanages will have an opportunity at the next sale of home cooking and aprons that will be held by the Union in the lobby of the Imperial on the morning of the 25th of

MANY CHILDREN SICK,

HOW TO TREAT THEM

The kiddies will get their feet wet, catch cold, get croup and give their mothers lots of trouble. With the first cough or sneeze, rub the little one's chest with Nerviline, rub it on plentifully, it can't harm. Then make a gargle with Nerviline and water, and have the child gargle for five minutes. (Just at bed time, give the child ten drops of Nerviline in hot sweetened water. The result is fine, and next morning child is better. Nerviline is a great protection in the home. Large 35c. bottles at all dealers.

It's truly astonishing how quickly it acts, relieving the child of all the passage of the throat and lungs—loosens and raises the phlegm, soothes and heals the membranes, and gradually but surely the annoying throat tickle and draught cough disappear entirely. Nothing better for bronchitis, spasmodic croup, hoarseness or bronchial asthma. Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its healing effect on the membranes. Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Got Your Diary and Calendar Pad
for 1923?

You'll find here exactly what you need, with the additional advantage of large variety to select from, including Pads, Desk Diaries and Diary Calendar Pads from leading makers.

Come in and have a look at them.

BARNES & CO., LIMITED

Editorial Staff in County Jail

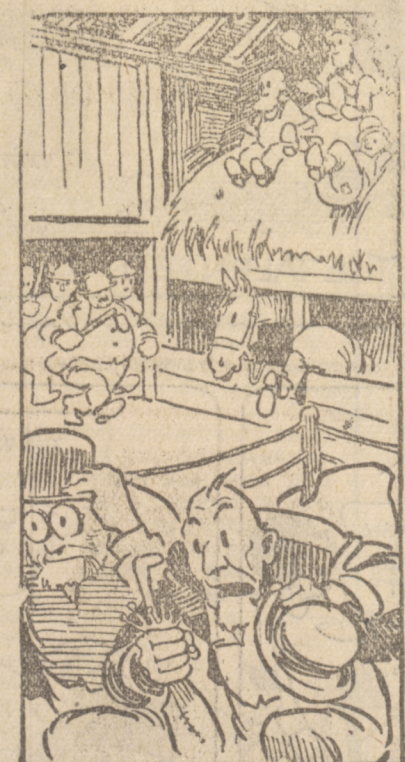
(By Kitchie Pixley—Our Own
Correspondent)

Mogadore, Nov. 10.—At this writing our new county jail contains the entire editorial staff of The Mogadore Reform Clarion, both sextons of First church, our worthy postmaster, nine of us leadin' citizens and a miscellaneous assortment of Fairville's chamber of commerce members who ain't tellin' who they are.

Ye see, us leadin' citizens, desirous to keep good little old Mogadore abreast the times, arranges a prize fight for last eve. It's between our white hope, Lem Pitts, better known as "Batlin'" Pitts, weight 136 lbs., chest expansion 7 inches, and Rastus Taft Roosevelt Perkins, weight 236 lbs., chest expansion 7 inches, known in ring circles as "The Fairville Black Bird." There was some discrepancy in the weights, but we figures that the chest expansion bein' equal would make it a fair go.

Praiseworthy Dille's big barn was just packed, all of us leadin' citizens able to sneak out after supper, bein' present. It would be a classy battle, too, only we selected Oscar Melrose, from Carleton as referee. We sure aches with remorse over selectin' Melrose.

"Gents," says Melrose, in startin' things, "this is to be a unlimited number of rounds, maybe furdur. No hittin' in clinches, and the boys must break away on orders. The rules will be strictly adhered to, I give my word, conscientious. I thank you." He was the most conscientious referee I ever saw, all right.



Round 1—Lem spars around hot-footed for an opening. Don't find any. Slams the Black Bird on nose with both fists amongst loud applause. Black Bird clinches. Lem bits off part of Bird's ear. Loud cries of "Foul!" The Carleton seconds shows Referee Melrose the piece of the Bird's ear. Melrose decides the rules simply pro-

hibits hittin' in the clinches and he can't conscientiously consider extraneous points. Lem's round.

Round 2—The Bird expands his chest 1 inches and floors Lem. Lem resooms at count of nine. Rastus has the shade this round. He looked it.

Round 3—Lem slams the Bird in the midriff awfully. Cries of "Foul!" "Heh it below the belt!" "Foul!" "Foul!"

Referee Melrose stops 'em and finally says, "Gents, I have conscientiously examined Rastus for signs of foul blow below the belt. Rastus has no belt on and he's no built I cannot conscientiously tell where a belt would be if he had one on. Mr. Pitts is warned against hittin' low. It's the decision I must render conscientiously. Proceed!"

This causes a leadin' Chamber of Commerce banker from Fairville to pull the nose of our worthy postmaster, who is the smallest Mogadoreite he can reach, and they starts a unlimited number of rounds over, in, on, and under the big cat bin.

Round 4—The Bird seizes our Batlin', lays him on the floor and sits on him. "Break away!" yells Referee Melrose. "I can't conscientiously permit it. Break away!" But it wasn't no use. The 236 lbs. of Black Bird is anchored on our white hope for keeps and 10 referees can't raise him.

Of course, us leadin' citizens favors haulin' Rastus off, while Carleton favors lettin' him sit till ten's counted, and just as both sides git busy, in comes the sheriff and 14 deputies, and those departs for home who can,