DOES IT HURT TO BEND OVER?

IF YOUR BACK ACHES RUB ON NERVILINE

Every drop of NERVILINE penetrates to the sore, aching muscles. Thought to be five times stronger than ordinary liniments, it quickly drives out the pain; it is composed of several of the most noted pain-destroying substances known to medical science, and can be relied upon for Sore Back, Strained Muscles, Stiff or Swollen joints, Lumbago, Sciatica, Toothache, or other muscular or joint pains. Remember — when you rub in NERVILINE, you rub out the pain — Get NERVILINE from your druggist today and learn what a powerful Liniment it is.

QUICK RELIEF NERVILINE

PERTH, Australia—(CP)— R. Biddulph, N. P. Ryan and R. Wilshire were invited by the South African Swimming Union to make a two-month tour of the country giving swimming exhibitions.

When in Halifax stop at the "Nova Scotian", 170 splendidly appointed guest rooms, all with tub and shower; exceptionally fine public rooms; service of metropolitan standard; and an unsurpassed cuisine, with the sea-foods of the province a specialty.

Immediately adjacent to railway station eliminating taxi and baggage transfer charges.

Rates from $3.50 per day. Ask our C. N. R. Agent for booklet or write: Manager, The Nova Scotian, Halifax, N. S.

CANADIAN NATIONAL Hotels

Professional Cards

D. F. ARCHIBALD
Chartered Accountant
140 Richmond Street
Phone 47. P. O. Box 12

MCLEOD & BENTLEY
W. E. BENTLEY, K.C.
J. A. BENTLEY, K.C.
C. F. BENTLEY, LL.B.
Barristers and Attorney-at-Law
MONEY TO LOAN
180 Richmond Street

MacGUIGAN & TRAINOR
MARK R. MacGUIGAN, K.C.
C. ST. CLAIR TRAINOR, B.A.
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
MONEY TO LOAN
Office: Over Provincial Bank, Richmond Street, Charlottetown

PALMER & HASLAM
H. J. PALMER, K.C.
A. J. HASLAM, B.A., LL.B.
BARRISTER, ETC.
Bank of Nova Scotia Chambers, Charlottetown, P.E.I.
MONEY TO LOAN
Phone 85 P.O. Box 127

CUTCLIFFE & ANDREWS
FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS
Hunter River and Bradalbane
Day and Night Service

H. F. McPHEE, B. A., K. C.
NOTARY, &c.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR
Coley Building Charlottetown

BELL & MATHIESON
MONEY TO LOAN
Cameron Block, Charlottetown, PE.I.
R. R. Bell D. L. Mathieson, LL.B.
Barristers and Solicitors

CHRISTABEL

By PEARL BELLAIRS

CHAPTER XXIX

HEWITSON IN GENEVA

He was carrying a parcel of books under his arm, and as they were waiting for the launch at the little private quay at the foot of the cliff, Professor Schluster showed her a thick green bound volume.

"I have something very interesting here—not a new publication, but a very interesting one."

Christabel took it in her gloved hand and read: "Criminal Psychology, by G. Hewitson."

The hand holding the book shook, and Christabel was far more affected than she had been by all Professor Schluster's conversation about prisons.

She turned the pages, but too confusedly to gather much from them, but it was the book, it must be the book that she had nearly burned.

"It's a very highly praised work," remarked the Professor naively. "But I suppose you'd find a book like that kind of dry."

Christabel recovered enough to feel a little irony in her own reply.

"I happen to know a certain amount about the subject."

And then, as the pages fell over, the dedication suddenly lay under her eyes. "To C. C. for sparing this effort."

She stared—unable to speak. She felt the blood leave her face. She closed the book quietly, and held it out to Schluster, with a smile which masked her decomposure.

"As a matter of fact I knew the author at one time."

She did not know whether she was angry, touched, or merely unhappy.

The Professor was talking, and with the relentlessness of ignorance, delivered another shock.

"Why, that's very interesting! Hewitson is an old friend of mine. We're at the same hotel—as a matter of fact I'm on my way to meet him now at the Cafe International, for a cup of coffee."

Utterly astounded, Christabel managed to say faintly: "Is Mr. Hewitson in Geneva?"

"He's attending the conference. Didn't you know?"

"No. I don't know him very well—I—"

"Why, yes! The theories he puts forward in this book have been under discussion at the conference."

"Oh, I see!"

The boatman with his boy had the launch ready alongside. Mechanically Christabel moved towards it, in the cold wind which blew from mountain tops already touched with the first winter snow. Her mind groped to find balance. . . .

Hewitson in Geneva. It had never once occurred to her that he might be attending the Criminal Law Conference.

She stepped unsteadily to her seat amidships in the little cabin of the rocking launch. The Professor sat down beside her. The engine started, the launch moved off.

She looked ahead through the swaying window towards the Geneva shore, with new dubious feelings.

The city seemed to have altered for her, as a summer day alters when a distant peal of thunder echoes in the blue sky.

"Why has he come here?" thought Christabel, uneasily, much as she might have asked herself. "Is the storm moving this way?"

The Professor was leaning towards her to make himself heard.

"It's interesting that you should be acquainted with Hewitson. Would you care to come with me to the Cafe International for a cup of coffee, Miss Collet? Hewitson and I will only be discussing yesterday's conference."

"I have an appointment with my hair-dresser," said Christabel. "I'm afraid I'll have to keep it."

She was thankful that she had an excuse at hand. She gazed over the water towards the more distant mountains with eyes that saw nothing. The thought of him so near made him seem intensely real and vivid to her; his face was before her, his voice was in the wind which came from the first winter snows.

The Professor was talking again, trying to pitch his voice above the noise of the launch engine. He was saying something about "unlucky."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I was just saying that Hewitson had a piece of very bad luck six months ago."

"Oh, really?"

"Yes; he was a man of independent means, as I expect you know. One of the well-known English legal families. Six months ago his investments crashed and he lost everything. But perhaps you heard?"

"No. I did not hear."

"It was in that big smash which upset the English stock market last March."

She felt suddenly blank, all her previous notions reversed. Hewitson a poor man. Hewitson unlucky! Somehow she had never thought of him as a possible victim of misfortune.

A POOR MAN NOW

As she didn't speak the Professor went on:

"He's got a job now, in a London mental hospital, but I understand he's likely to get a professorial chair at one of the universities. It isn't the same as being free to do the work he wants, and I guess he's felt it a lot. I hadn't seen him for 18 months, and I've never seen a man change so much!"

In answer to the look of startled inquiry which flashed into her eyes, the Professor explained:

"Maybe I'm exaggerating. We all get quieter as time goes on, Miss Collet. But Hewitson used to have so much zest. He still has plenty of vitality; he's still interested in his work, still has the same clear mind. But he looks as though life has struck him a blow!"

The noise of the engine saved her from having to speak. But though she didnt look at him the tensity of her pose encouraged the Professor to go on.

"If he returned to his old legal work there's no doubt he'd make a fortune at it in time. A lawyer said to me in London that if Hewitson went back to the Bar they'd be falling over each other to give him briefs. But he won't do that, Miss Collet. He said to me himself the other day: 'Nothing would induce me to enter a law court again!'"

Christabel murmured something. It was impossible to speak in a normal, intelligible voice.

"It's a point of conscience, I think," the Professor added. "I guess now he's taken so much interest in the criminal character as a therapeutist, he doesn't want to deal with it as a lawyer!"

Christabel knew what point of conscience it was. Blinded with sudden pain, she turned away, afraid of showing what she felt. Already she fancied that the Professor must have noticed something more than usual in her interest.

But as the launch veered to its mooring his solemn face showed no signs of any particular interest in her reactions.

She had time to wonder how long Hewitson would be in Geneva, and to ask, as she stepped ashore, and Professor Schluster followed her.

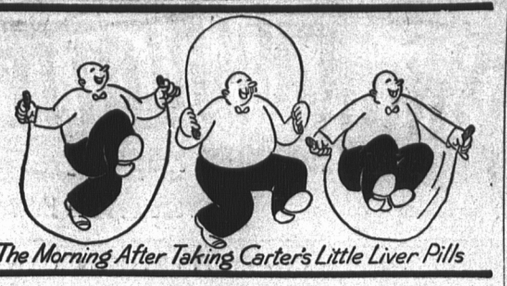
"How long does the Criminal Law Reform conference last?"

He was not, apparently, so dull that he could not see the implication of the remark.

"We have our last session tomorrow. It's too bad you can't come to the Cafe International. Hewitson and I are both staying at the Bellevue Hotel. I'd count it a great pleasure if you would care to have dinner or maybe luncheon with us tomorrow, and I'm sure I can speak for Grant in that respect—though maybe you wouldn't like to leave Mr. Cavanagh?"

She shook her head immediately. "I'm afraid not. Thank you very much, but it would be quite impossible."

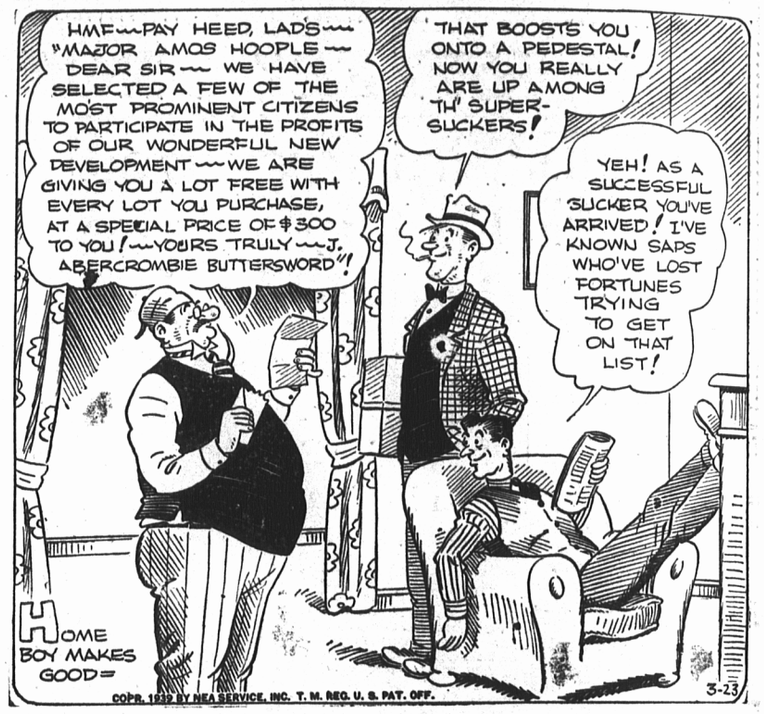
(To be Continued)


The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

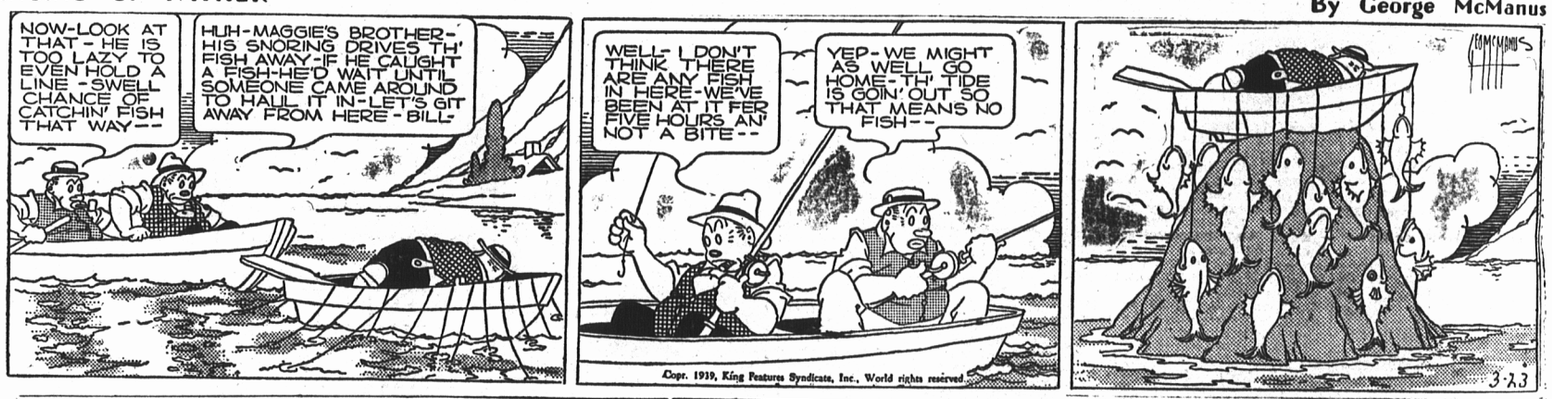
Fortify against colds and other infections by the regular use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food CONTAINS VITAMIN B1

OUT OUR WAY — By J. R. Williams

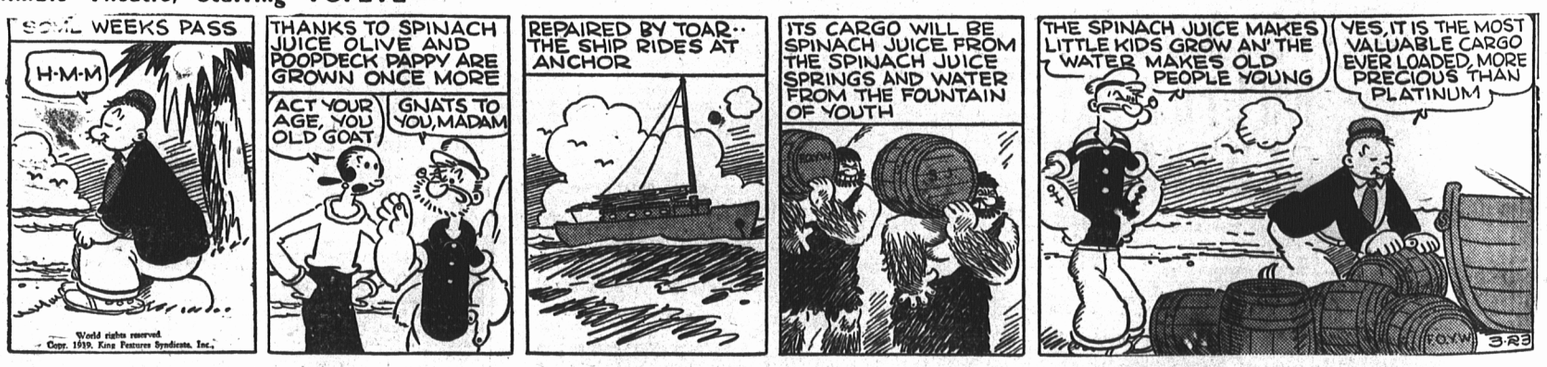
OUR BOARDING HOUSE — With — Major Hoople



BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus



Thimble Theatre, Starring POPEYE—



TIPPIE and "CAP" STUBS — By Edwina

TILLIE THE TOILER — MAC'S "FATAL" GIFT. — By Westover

"Let's start housekeeping RIGHT"

"MOTHER says that a real homemaker is first of all a good cook. You can't bake well unless you use a good flour, so I'm going to start right out with a bag of REGAL. All the best cooks I know use nothing but REGAL Flour, so I'm going to benefit by their experience. We'll always have good bread in the house, whatever else we may lack."

REGAL FLOUR