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**MORTGAGE SALE 2 1-2 Year Old Speed Colt For Sale**

To be sold by Public Auction in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, on Tuesday, the 15th day of January, A. D., 1924 at the hour of twelve o'clock noon:—

ALL that tract, piece and parcel of land situated lying and being on Township Number fifty-five in King's County in Prince Edward Island, bounded and described as follows, that is to say:—COMMENCING at a point in the shore of Boughton Bay, five chains north from the northern boundary line of one hundred acres of land now or formerly in possession of Donald McPherson and running thence west parallel with Donald McPherson's northern boundary line for the distance of one hundred chains or to the eastern boundary line of land now or formerly in the possession of John Walker, thence north five chains or to the southern boundary of land formerly in possession of Peter Warner, thence east along said said mentioned boundary one hundred chains to the shore of Boughton Bay aforesaid and thence following the various courses of the same southerly to the place of commencement containing fifty acres of land a little more or less, being the northern moiety or half part of one hundred acres of land conveyed by Michael J. McCosmack, Sheriff of King's County to Francis J. McDonald by Deed dated the 13th day of January, A. D., 1884.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the 3rd day of January, A. D., 1916 and made between Charles McPherson of Charlottetown in King's County, Farmer and Mary J. McPherson his wife and Angus McPherson of the same place, Partner of the one part and the undersigned Mortgagee of the other part, default having been made in the payment of the principal and interest.

For further particulars apply at the office of J. D. Stewart, 84 Great George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Dated the 14th day of December, A. D., 1923.

MARY RAFUSE, Mortgagee.

**Annual Meeting of J. R. Dinis Fox Company Ltd.**

The Annual Shareholders' Meeting of the John R. Dinis Fox, Limited, will be held on Monday, Jan. 14th, 1924 at 7.30 p.m., in the Board of Trade rooms, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Sgd., John R. Dinis, President.

**NOTICE**

Prince Edward Island Pharmaceutical Association Examinations.

The Board of Examiners shall meet for the Examination of Candidates in the City of Charlottetown on Wednesday, January 23rd, 1924. Candidates must give notice to the Secretary-Registrar in writing of their intention to present themselves for examination at least fifteen days before the date fixed for the examinations, all notices must be accompanied by the examination fee of five dollars and by certificates to the satisfaction of the Council that the candidates possess the qualifications prescribed in the fifth section of the Pharmacy Act. Any person entering his name and not presenting himself for examination shall forfeit his fee to the Association.

F. P. HENNESSEY, Sec'y-Registrar, P. E. I. Pharmaceutical Association, 116-13-tst-61.

**MORTGAGE SALE**

To be sold by Public Auction, at the Court House in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, on Saturday, the 19th day of January, A. D., 1924, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, ALL THAT parcel of land, situate, lying and being on Township Number Thirty, in Queen's County, in Prince Edward Island, bounded as follows:—Commencing at a square post fixed on the south side of the Anderson or Bedeque Road leading from Bedeque to Charlottetown, at the eastern boundary of a tract of land formerly owned by Peter Stewart and now by Donald Nicholson, thence running south for the distance of eighty-nine chains to the north boundary of Lot or Township Number Thirty, thence running in said Township boundary east for the distance of twenty-three chains and twenty-five links, thence north to the said Road, thence following the various courses of said Road westwardly to the place of commencement, containing two hundred acres of land a little more or less, as per plan on file in the Court of Chancery of said Province, being thus described in a Deed of Conveyance from Francis L. Hazard, Master in Chancery, to Cyrus Martin, bearing date the 18th day of September, A. D., 1906, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds, at Charlottetown aforesaid, in Liber 54 folio 588.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the 24th day of July, A. D., 1922, and made between the Springtown Lumber Company, Limited, a body corporate, incorporated under the laws of the Province of Prince Edward Island, of the one part, and Ellen Maria Webster, of Dunstaffnage, in Queen's County aforesaid, executrix, and Joseph Webster, of Dunstaffnage aforesaid executor, of the other part, default having been made in payment of interest secured thereby.

For further particulars apply to McLean & McKinnon, Solicitors, Royal Bank Building, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Dated this 20th day of December, A. D., 1923.

Ellen Maria Webster & Joseph Webster, Mortgagees.

**MORTGAGE SALE**

To be sold by Public Auction, at the Court House in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, on Saturday, the 19th day of January, A. D., 1924, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, ALL THAT parcel of land, situate, lying and being on Township Number Sixty-seven, in Queen's County, bounded and described as follows:—Commencing at a square post fixed on the south side of the Anderson or Bedeque Road leading from Bedeque to Charlottetown, at the eastern boundary of a tract of land formerly owned by Peter Stewart and now by Donald Nicholson, thence running south for the distance of eighty-nine chains to the north boundary of Lot or Township Number Thirty, thence running in said Township boundary east for the distance of twenty-three chains and twenty-five links, thence north to the said Road, thence following the various courses of said Road westwardly to the place of commencement, containing two hundred acres of land a little more or less, as per plan on file in the Court of Chancery of said Province, being thus described in a Deed of Conveyance from Francis L. Hazard, Master in Chancery, to Cyrus Martin, bearing date the 18th day of September, A. D., 1906, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds, at Charlottetown aforesaid, in Liber 54 folio 588.

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**SYNOPSIS**

All New York society is talking of the beautiful young woman who has been seen at every first night performance recently. She is said to be the image of Mary Ogen, a belle of thirty years ago who had married a Count Zattiany; but all attempts to establish her identity prove futile. Clavering, a newspaper columnist finally manages to meet her and immediately falls in love. As time goes on he discovers that she reciprocates his feeling. He asks her to marry him and this finally forces her to reveal her identity. She herself is Mary Ogen, restored to youth by the famous Steinhach gland operation. Summons to all her loving the whole story of her girlhood, her unhappy marriage with Zattiany, her subsequent love affairs abroad, of her war work and its toll of her health and finally of the amazing operation which has brought back her youth, of body if not of mind. Clavering is shocked by the revelation, but still in love.

Next morning she receives a summons from his old friend, Mrs. Oglethorpe, a contemporary of Mary Ogen's. She is worried about her flapper granddaughter, Janet, who has declared her intention of marrying Clavering. Jim Oglethorpe, who, in a tardy attempt at discipline, has locked his unruly daughter in her room, bursts in with the news that Janet has escaped. After an unsuccessful search of Janet's haunts Clavering and Oglethorpe proceed to Clavering's rooms—and there they find her. Her plan to force Clavering to marry her by being "compromised" is completely frustrated by her father's presence, and she is wild fury.

Published by arrangement with Associated First National Pictures, Inc. Watch for the screen version produced by Frank Lloyd with Corinne Griffith as Countess Zattiany.

cently at Clavering, in whom he instantly recognized a rival. But there was nothing to do but go and "win."

When Madame Zattiany heard the front door close she told the butman on duty in the hall to put out the lights and go to bed.

Then she walked down the room to the library door. "Will you put out these lights," she asked Clavering. "I believe we still have a fire in here."

Clavering, expecting to find her dissolved in tears, and violent as his sympathy for her was, rejecting that she was the part to comfort her, followed her precipitately. But she was standing by the table with scornful lips and eyes.

"I thought you'd be all broken up," he stammered. Tears of disappointment almost rose to his own eyes.

She laughed shortly. "If you suppose I would pay them so great a compliment? But what a ridiculous exhibition they made of themselves. It seems incredible."

"But surely you must have been hurt—and stabbed. It isn't possible that you weren't!"

"Oh, yes, I was stabbed, but I



"Can't you imagine what it meant to me to have you... there?" she asked softly.

He thought I was even more amused. I felt sorry for the poor things. I certainly never saw a more comically naked exhibition of human nature. It was worth coming to America for. Nor do I blame them. No doubt I should have felt the same at their age—although I hope I should even then have expressed myself in a fashion a trifle more subtle, a little less primeval.

"Good God. Are you always so so national?"

She smiled slightly. "If I deliberately unlearned the more valuable things a long life taught me there would be no object beyond civility in being young again. And don't you suppose I was grateful tonight for my years—those years so crowded with training and experience? Who better prepared than I to hold my own against a lot of raw Americans?"

"That is the first human thing you've said. Raw? Wasn't it Darwin who said that we are all such a short distance, in time, removed from our common savage ancestors that it is a wonder we don't revert oftener than we do? They were plain unadorned females. I believe men are more civilized than women."

"Oh, no, but they revert on the grand scale. . . . I cannot say I was totally unprepared—not for such a concerted and shocking exhibition, of course; but I've felt their antagonism and expected to be dropped gradually from their set. Of course, this is the end, definitely. However," she shrugged her shoulders again. "I have enjoyed the New York which seems to have changed in so many ways since my day, and all dramas should have a proper 'curtain' should they not? Is your own play finished, by the way?"

"Oh!" He turned his back on her and leaned on the mantelpiece, dropping his head on his arms. He had never felt so far away from her when he had been unable to learn even her name. What need had she of him or any man?

Mary gave him a quick comprehending glance, and came out of her stony mood. She went over to him, turned him around, and took his face between her hands.

"Can't you imagine what it meant to me to have you there?" she asked softly. "It seemed to me that nothing else mattered. We two are in a world of our own. How could they seem more to me than the buzzing of so many brains, low insects? Forget it, and I shall."

But although he was consoled, he wondered, as he left the house, if he would ever feel more depressed in his life. She might love him, but what else could he ever be to her but a lover? His manhood rebelled. If she had only flung herself weeping into his arms, if for once he could have felt himself stronger than she—indispensable.

During the long walk back to the ferry she talked with a certain excitement. But it was all of the woods of Austria, the carefully tended woods with their leaping fags, the winding paths where no trolley-cars overlaid with commuters rushed shrieking by, their enchanting vistas with a green lake at the end, or a monastery, or a castle on a lofty rock. She told him of the river Inn roaring through its gorges, with its solitary mills, its clustered old villages huddled at the foot of the heavy silent woods and forgotten by the world. The millers were all old men now, no doubt, and the poor villages inhabited only by women and children, or blinded and broken men who had dragged themselves back from the war to exist where they once had given life and energy to that quiet valley of the Inn. If this made her sad for a moment, she was purely an impersonal sadness, and when they parted on the New York side of the ferry Clavering had forgotten his doubts and went back to his work with a light heart and an untroubled mind.

The play was almost finished, and its chances for swift production were far greater than is usually the case with the new adventurer into the most inhospitable of all fields of artistic endeavor. Adrian Horzarth, who had a play on Broadway every year, and Edwin Scores, who had recently exchanged the esteem of the few for the enthusiasm of the Public, had read it act by act and given him the practical advice he needed. A dramatic critic always believes he knows more about plays than any one else until he attempts to write one, but Clavering, at least, if not unduly modest, was too anxious to succeed not to welcome all the help he could get.

They even "sat in" with him during the final revision, and the dispute was hot over the last act, an act so daring in technique they were loath to believe that even Clavering, whose striking gifts they had always recognized, could "put it over." Moreover, there was only one woman on the American stage who could act it and that was Margaret Anglin. If it didn't appeal to her he might as well drop it. The younger actresses, clever as some of them were, had so far given no evidence of sustained emotional power.

During the entire act no one was on the stage but the woman and she sat at a telephone talking with the man who controlled her destiny. Not only must that one-sided dialogue give as sharp and clear an idea of what the man was saying as if he had been present, with the vivid personality, the must have for the part, but the conversation, beginning in happy confidence, ran the gamut of the emotions, portraying a war of wills and souls, and raising to inexorable spiritual tragedy. It was a scene whose like had never before been attempted without both protagonists on the stage, and it last-

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**Annual Meeting**

Hillsboro Dairying Company.

The Annual Meeting of the Hillsboro Dairying Co. will be held at the factory on Wednesday, Jan'y 9th, 1924, at 2 p. m.

ANNIT M. FULTON, Secretary.

775-13-4-tue81

ed twenty-five minutes; a scene as difficult to write as to act; but the two playwrights admitted that in the left use of words which, without repetitions by the woman, left the audience in no doubt what the man was saying, made it almost possible to see him, and in the rising scale of emotion, the act was a surprisingly brilliant piece of work. Clavering rewrote it four times and Hoarath and Scores were finally almost as excited as himself, although it was the last sort of thing either would have "tackled." Whatever the originality of their own ideas they were careful to stick to the orthodox in treatment, knowing the striking lack of originality in audiences. Gora Dwight was more enthusiastic than he had ever known her to be over anything, and one night he read the play to a select few at her house. Abbott was there and two other critics, as well as Susan Forbes and her distinguished consort, De Witt Turner.

The critics preserved their ferocious and frozen demeanor common to first-nights and less common where cocktails were plentiful. Not for them to encourage a tyro and a conferee, as if they were mere friends and well-wishers. They left that to the others, but after the last act had been discussed with fury, Abbott arose and said with a yawn:

"Oh, well, what's the use? It's about the hardest play for actors ever written and the audience will either crack on that last or pass away of their own emotions. It would be the former if any one else had written the damn thing, but it'll go because it isn't time yet for the Clavering luck to break. You'll get it in the neck, old man, one of these days, and when you least expect it, you're one of Fate's pets, her pampered pup, and she'll purr over you until she has you besotted, and then she'll give you such a skinning that you'll wish you were little Jimmy Jones, cub reporter, with a snub nose and freckles. I only hope to be in the death of it."

She smiled again. "You look so happy. But you're such a peculiar creature that you'll probably wake up to-morrow morning with your soul steeped in indigo."

"Oh, no, I won't. It is as if I

man, where she sat starkly, as usual, and smoking cats. But her cold gray eyes were softer than usual. She knew exactly how he felt and rejoiced within, but her expression in the long-silence grew more and more thoughtful. Finally she threw away a cigarette and said abruptly:

"Clavering."

"Yes, Gora." He had in wondering about the room but he halted in front of her, sitting.

She smiled again. "You look so happy. But you're such a peculiar creature that you'll probably wake up to-morrow morning with your soul steeped in indigo."

"Oh, no, I won't. It is as if I

Gora watched him from her otto-

To Be Continued

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Snow and ice in one, tropical foliage, flowers and sunshine in the other.

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**Canadian National Railways**

Effective Monday, Dec. 31st, trains number 211 and 212 operating between Summerside and Tignish will resume tri-weekly service as shown in Folder "D"—No. 7, instead of daily as heretofore. DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENT'S OFFICE

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had nothing else in my life." Gora alone knew of his engagement to Mary Zattiany.

**Price Changes of Dr. Chase's Medicines**

By increasing the contents of the boxes the cost to the user mains unchanged

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