



For Meatless Days

It is economy to let the butcher drive past once in a while.

Oxo Cubes take the place of butcher's meat in soups and savory dishes and open up a hundred and one dainty ways of using up today what was left over from yesterday.

Oxo Cubes are time and money savers—more than that, they add nutrition to other foods.

Tins of 4, 10, 50 and 100 Cubes.



Oxo Vegetable Dish
Soak 1/2 lb. haricot beans overnight. Fry 1/2 lb. onions in saucepan with a little margarine or fat. When brown add 1/2 Oxo Cubes, dissolved in 1 1/2 pints of hot water. Grate or mince 1 carrot, add a little turmeric or paprika. Simmer for one hour. Serve with toast or mashed potatoes; a little thickening added improves it.

For Sale By Auction MORTGAGE SALE

The Sims Packing Co. Building

The following will be sold by Auction on Thursday, January 31st, at noon: 2 Roll Top Desks, 1 Platform Scales, 1 Safe in best condition, 1 Adding Machine, 1 Remington Typewriter, 2 High Desks, 2 Typewriter Desks, 1 Postal Scale, 1 Table and Chairs and other office furniture, 6 Fire extinguishers, 1 wagon.

THE EASTERN TRUST CO. Trustee Estate of the Sims Packing Company, Limited.

WOOD SALE

We will sell for Mr. Albert Hyde on his farm, Cornwall, on Wednesday, January 30th at 2 o'clock p. m., a quantity of lumber, comprised of soft wood, logs and scantling. All in lots to suit purchaser. Terms at sale.

BENJ. CARTER & SON Auctioneer.

E. BRUCE DAWSON, Mortgagee.

LIVE STOCK

- J. Wallace MacNutt, Darnley, 1 Holstein Bull, 8 1/2 months old.
- Stead Bros, Charlottetown, R. R. No. 6, 1 Jersey Bull, 5 months old.
- Stead Bros, Charlottetown, R. R. No. 6, 1 Jersey Bull, 2 years old.
- Michael McManus, New Haven, 1 Ayrshire Bull, 2 1/2 years old. (Registered)
- Percy O. Tredenic, West Devon, 1 Holstein Bull, 8 months old. (Registered)
- Percy A. Tredenic, West Devon, 1 Holstein Bull, 10 months old. (Registered)
- W. A. McQuarrie, Hampton, 1 Shorthorn Bull, 4 years old.
- B. H. Newson, Kingston, 1 Ayrshire Bull, 2 years old.
- Gordon A. Newsom, Kingston, 1 Holstein Bull, 15 months old.
- W. Jas. Cairns, Freetown, 1 Shorthorn Bull, 21 months old.
- W. Jas. Cairns, Freetown, 1 Shorthorn Bull, 6 months old.
- W. Jas. Cairns, Freetown, 1 Shorthorn Cow, 3 years old.
- W. Jas. Cairns, Freetown, 1 Shorthorn Cow, 4 years old.
- Ludlow Jenkins, Marshfield, 2 Yorkshire Sows, 5 years old.
- Kenneth McMillan, Covehead Road, 1 Yorkshire Sow, 4 months old.
- Charles McFadyen, Riverdale, 1 Yorkshire Boar, 2 years old.
- Frank Halliday, Eidon, 2 Yorkshire Sows, 10 months old (bred).
- Gordon Newson, North River, 1 Registered Holstein Bull, 15 mths. old.
- B. H. Newson, North River, 1 registered Ayrshire Bull, 2 years old.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

MA JONG COUPON

From the Charlottetown Guardian

Please find enclosed 50c for the Ma Jong Game as announced.

Name _____ Address _____

BLACK OXEN

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

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 Ogden, 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 they immediately fall in love. He asked her to marry him and this finally forces her to reveal her identity. She herself is Mary Ogden, her youth restored by the famous Steinhil gland operation.

To Clavering she tells the whole story—of her unhappy marriage, her subsequent love affairs abroad, her husband's death, of her work and its toll of her health, and finally of the operation in Vienna which had brought back her youth, of body if not of mind. Clavering is shocked at the revelation, but his love is undiminished. He wants her to marry him immediately, but finally consents to wait two months. Meanwhile, he settles down to writing a play, while Mary enters again into the social life of which she had been a leader in her youth. The papers are full of her story and she becomes quite the rage.

Her popularity among the men, however, arouses the resentment of the younger women, those of her own apparent age, and they take the occasion of one of her dinner parties to manifest their hostility.

(Continued)

"That's healthy. Give her a piece of your mind, have a good row and then make it up. But let me tell you, my dear boy, that she is a little bit of a nut. I don't think that man coming up here, and she only refrained from telling you of the summons, so to speak, because she wanted to spare you any anxiety. There's no doubt in my mind that she's as much in love with you as you are with her. . . . You have none, I suppose."

"None. Particularly lately. I hadn't told you, but I had intended, in a day or two, to ask you if you would let me have the camp for a few weeks. We intended to marry in Huntersville the day the rest of you went out."

"Mr. Dinwiddie whistled. 'No wonder she was furious at having her preliminary honeymoon disturbed. But if that is the case of course she'll return. You're more than welcome to the camp, and I'll send you whatever you need from time to time. You're only to command me. . . . It makes it all the more comprehensible. What ever it was that man said to her, she wanted to get over it by herself before coming back to the place where she had forgotten the existence of her own existence. I could see how it was with her here. She looked exactly as she used to in the old days, and I don't doubt she felt like it, too. No wonder she resented being forced back into the role of Madame Zattiany, or Graff—countess or whatever. You must let her thresh it out by herself."

"You believe she will come back?"

"If that's your plan, I assuredly do. There isn't a spark of human affection between those two. Mary never placed her trust in any man's power. I am more and more inclined to believe that he appealed to her for help in his mission here, whatever it is—and it's not so difficult to guess—and out of her love for Austria, she consented."

"It's no use to speculate. There's the supper bell. I'll decide in the morning whether I go off for a tramp or not."

LVII

Clavering slept when he first went to bed, for he was healthy

Chapter 89

tired, but he awoke suddenly at midnight with body refreshed and mind abnormally clear. He knew that he would sleep no more that night, and he put on his trousers and coat over his pyjamas, thrust his feet into bedroom slippers and went out into the living room. There he put a log on the fire and paced up and down, not unlike a tiger round its cage.

He felt as if black bats were flying about his brain, each charged with a different portent of disaster. Once more the unreality of the whole affair overwhelmed him. How could he have been so fatuous as to believe that he had really won such a woman? He remembered his first impression: that she was on a plane above, apart. They hadn't an interest in common, not even a memory that ante-dated their meeting. A few short weeks ago she had lived a life of which he knew nothing outside of European novels and memoirs. She had known nothing of any other world until he had introduced her to his friends, and he made no doubt that her interest in them was about as permanent as a highly original comedy on the stage would inspire. There was nothing, literally, between them but a mutual irresistible attraction, and that bond recognized so unerringly by both.

Would it hold? Had this man offered her something that would make love seem insignificant and trivial? She, who had had a surfeit of love long since? Whose eyes had looked a thousand years old until he had introduced her to the youth of the great Vienna biologist had rejuvenated her body.

He was entirely indifferent to her old love affair with Hohenauer. It was those years of political association and mutual interdependence in Vienna that he feared. He had, when he first met her, admired her as a woman to whom power was the breath of life. Ambition—in the grand manner—in her. She had all the appearance and the air of a woman to whom the wielding of power, however subtly, was an old story. He recalled that terrifying suggestion of concealed ruthless forces behind those charming manners, those feminine wiles, had almost made him resolve to "avoid her like the plague." And then he had loved her in the way which he had forgotten everything but the woman.

He had divined even before these last miraculous days that she had looked upon love with abhorrence for almost half a century. He had lived an abhorrence rooted in a profound revulsion of body and mind and spirit. For nearly twenty years that revulsion had endured and eaten into the very depths of her being. . . . He had a sudden blaze of enlightenment. He had seen the truth. He had seen her and her together, but always in the terms of romance. . . . She had never given him a glance of understanding. . . . And she had put off the wedding until the last possible moment. . . . He had been as eager as himself she would have left her power of attorney with Trent and started for Austria six weeks ago. Or the papers could have been sent to her to sign, if her signature was imperative. . . . And in spite of the fact she had been so taken with engagement for granted, she had, with wholly insufficient reasons—as he saw, now that he was removed from the influence of her plausible and dominating self—refused to announce it. Could it be that in some deathly way she had admitted by her consciousness she had never intended to marry him? Was that old revulsion paramount? . . . Sixteen years! . . . A long time, and nothing in life is more corroding than habit. . . . Perhaps as long as his mere presence would have made the world down here. That he would be willing to swear. There had been another revolution, involuntary perhaps, but the stronger for that; and every shackle that memory and habit can force had dropped from her. She had been free, and she had taken the oath. The proof was in her joyful consent to marry him immediately and remain in the mountains. . . . and then her complete surrender of the future into his hands. . . . She had during those three brief days been as long as his shadow in her soul, and without a shadow in her soul for her.

But now? What ever had happened, she was not Mary Ogden tonight, hastening to New York, nor would she be when in her own house on the morrow. She might hate Hohenauer, but his mere presence would have made the past live again. She must have known when she went down that mountain that even with her strong will and powers of self-delusion, things could not be quite the same again. Not even if she had returned with Dinwiddie. Why hadn't her name had been so mad as to go? She could have sent Hohenauer a peremptory refusal to see him and then gone off on a camping trip that could have lasted until he gave up the game. She must have been mad—mad.

And he did not believe for a moment that she had gone to Washington. She had gone home to think. And if he followed Dinwiddie's advice and remained here he might think too long. And if he followed results might be more fatal still. He knew nothing of those personalities who may have concealed from him. For all he knew she might have depths in her nature as black as the bottomless pit.

(To be Continued.)

The Middle Ground

By Marion Rubincam

BEING ENGAGED

Chapter 89

Of all the people who may have been surprised at the announcement of the engagement, none was more so than Amy herself.

On the way home in Adam's car, packed with the other guests, she began to think about it.

How had it stated—oh yes, the silver paper crown, which Dave had cut out and which clearly called for a head to put it on!

That's what suggested to the mischievous "Dum" sister that they should hold a mock court and Adam should have a queen. "Dum" knew well enough the little black-eyed girl was to quote her "nuts over Adam"—so she manoeuvred it with her sister to have him catch Amy. She disliked the black-haired girl.

So the crown started it. Dave was a young illustrator who amused himself sometimes by cutting animals out of paper, folding the paper ingeniously to give a more lifelike appearance to his "barnyard." He had been doing this—cutting up paper, making them guess what it would be when folded. It never came out: the animal they expected when a few wrinkles and creases made a strangely shaped piece of paper into a very clever dachhund or lion or ape.

So Dave had started it, really.

Her mother simply said, when they entered the apartment together. "Why didn't you tell me before, Amy? Surely you can confide in me now—I haven't opposed you for a great many months."

Amy nearly wept, she was so "I would have told you, honestly mother. But I didn't know—really I didn't. Adam has played around—but he never said anything definite."

She leaned against the wall, pulling off a long glove. It was very late, and there was shadowy under the girl's eyes. Her ceaseless activity was beginning to tell on even her buoyant strength. Amy still kept up her French and Italian lessons, though she had been compelled to drop dancing classes and piano study.

Mrs. Talbot followed her daughter down the dark hallway, walking softly so as not to waken Luther. In Amy's room they stopped. Amy began unwinding the scarf that kept her hair from blowing, when she was in the car.

"I know you and lots of other people, thought we were secretly engaged," she said. "I never said to believe that. Adam is rich, he's a good catch, a lot of women were after him. He knew it too—that's why he held off."

"But he wasn't sure of himself for all that. He was always just afraid the girls he liked might turn him down. He was even afraid of Dick—he was afraid to ask me, for fear I would say no, and that would hurt his vanity."

"I suppose that's why he took this way of announcing it."

"But Amy—if it wasn't true, why didn't you deny it?"

"I haven't. I was awkward enough—being told I was engaged. Besides, Adam honestly believes we have been all along—only he was just afraid to ask me outright, for fear I might refuse him."

The pretty, filmy dress had slipped from her shoulders, showing all the soft curves of her neck and her arms, the white skin that lay so smooth as polished marble, all her youngness, her slimmest—Mrs. Talbot choked so she could not speak. Amy was so young and tender and innocent for all her carefully hoarded knowledge of the world's wickedness! She was sacrificed to her mother, mentally and physically—and this man was so well!

"She should say something, she felt. She should kiss her daughter and wish her happiness—that was always everything within her was crying out against this marriage?"

She did not dare to weep openly, that would only hurt her mother worse. Amy seemed to be taking

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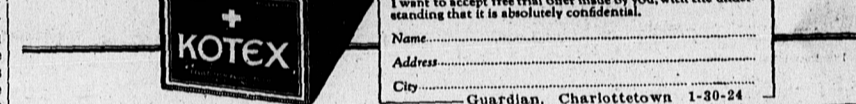
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Kotex has become a health habit among all womanhood. And I believe every woman should at least be allowed to try it. So I have appealed to the Kotex Laboratory. And they have consented for a short time at least—that I offer women a trial of Kotex, without charge.

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I want to accept free trial offer made by you, with the understanding that it is absolutely confidential.

Name _____ Address _____ City _____

Guardian, Charlottetown 1-30-24

To The Electors of the City of Charlottetown

Ladies and Gentlemen:— I shall be a candidate for the Mayoralty of the forthcoming Civic Election and I take this opportunity of soliciting your support once again.

I have the distinction of being one of the first councillors to be elected in the history of the City of Charlottetown. I have again consented to do me the honor of electing me again, I can assure you that the interests of the City and Citizens will receive my time and best attention.

Yours respectfully, P. S. BROWN, 31 Sat. Wed. Sat.

To The Electors of Ward Five

Ladies and Gentlemen:— Having decided to enter the contest for a seat at the Council Board I take this opportunity of soliciting your kind consideration and support. Should you elect me, I shall be my aim to assist in giving all sections of the ward the best possible services.

To support measures for the up building of the city and furtherance of good government. To maintain an efficient and economical administration in all departments.

To favor the completion of the permanent street programme in due time and not undertake other expenditures that will add to our civic debt unless an annual saving may be effected or the revenue increased thereby.

Thanking you in anticipation, I remain W. ALLAN STEWART

TENDERS

Tenders for remodeling Brick Store on Queen Street will be received by the undersigned up till noon Friday, February 1st. Plans and specification may be seen at the offices of C. B. Chapelle, Architect and Fennell & Chandler.

Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. CHAS. H. CHANDLER 1222-1-29-31.

Professional Cards

Mark R. McGuigan B.A. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. Money to Loan Cameron Block Charlottetown, P. E. Island

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BOOKLET OF CHOICE RECIPES SENT FREE

The Best Cough Syrup is Home-made.

Here's an easy way to save 25, and get the best cough remedy you ever tried.

You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? When you do, you will understand why thousands of families, the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will quickly earn it a permanent place in your home.

Put in a 16-oz. bottle, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex, then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the bottle. Or if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup instead of sugar syrup.

Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you 16 ounces of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the phlegm, heals the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, croup, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded.

The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

(To be Continued.)

Tomorrow—Trials

Ladies and Gentlemen:— As I have been approached by a number of the Electors of the City to nominate as a Commissioner of Sewers and Water Supply, I have decided to enter the contest as such. And if you see your way clear to elect me to that position I can assure you that I will do my best to serve the best interest of the Citizens as a whole in that capacity. And as it will be impossible for me to call upon every Elector I take this opportunity of soliciting your influence and support on Election day.

I am yours respectfully, HENRY CRASWELL, 1255-1-30-wm fl.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF CHARLOTTETOWN.

Ladies and Gentlemen:— I will support permanent Civic improvement with the understanding that strict economy be practiced in every Civic department, so as to keep from my higher rate of taxation. I am also in favor of supporting any forward movement, the betterment and beautifying of our city, consistent with our revenues. The welfare of the city means our welfare.

It is impossible to make a complete house to house canvass and I cannot expect a personal interview with all the electors, if therefore take this medium to solicit your favorable support.

(Thanking you in anticipation, I am,

Respectfully yours, T. WILLIAM L. PROWSE 1241-1-30-wthnDkd.

TENDERS

Will be received by the Orwell Dairy Co., until Tuesday, February 5th, 1924, for a cheese and butter maker for season 1924. Must find own help, (one man.) Lowest tender not necessarily accepted. Address tenders (marked Tenders) to T. T. DREELAN, Secy., Orwell Cove

1241-1-30-61.

AUCTION SALE

We will sell on THE MARKET SQUARE on Friday Feb. 1, commencing at 11:30 o'clock, 4 high box sleighs (new), 3 driving sleighs, 1 full speed sleigh, Harness, and other articles. Terms at sale.

BENJ CARTER & SON, Auctioneer 1252-1-30-31.