

**The BAYER STUDIO**  
Wish You All A Merry Xmas

**Notice to Creditors of First Meeting Where Assignment Made**

**The Bankruptcy Act**

In the Estate of Donald Francis Keays of Prince Edward Island, Authorized Assignor.

Notice is hereby given that Donald Francis Keays of Prince Edward Island, did on the 17th day of December, A. D. 1923, make an authorized assignment of all his property for the benefit of his creditors, and that Mr. H. L. Palmer, Official Receiver has appointed as Custodian of the Estate of the Debtor, until the Creditors at their first meeting, shall select a Trustee to administer the Estate of the Debtor.

Notice is further given that the first meeting of Creditors in the above Estate will be held at the Law Library, in the Law Courts Building, at Charlottetown, P. E. Island, on the 4th day of January, A. D. 1924, at two o'clock in the afternoon.

To entitle you to vote thereat, proof of your claim must be lodged with me before the meeting is held.

Proxies to be used at the meeting must be lodged with me prior thereto.

And further take notice that if you have any claim against the Debtor for which you are entitled to rank, proof of such claim must be filed with me within thirty days from the date of this notice, for from and after the expiration of the time fixed by sub-section 3 of section 87 of the said Act, I shall distribute the proceeds of the Debtor's Estate among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which I have then notice.

Dated at Summerside, P. E. Island, this 21st day of December, A. D. 1923.

**THE CANADIAN CREDIT MEN'S TRUST ASSOCIATION, LTD.**

(Maritime Division)  
Per F. E. WRIGHT,  
Representative for Prince Edward Island, Custodian  
632-12-26-Jan. 22.

**DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND**  
14th George V., A. D. 1923  
IN RE ESTATE of Charles E. McNeill, late of Lower Montague in King's County in the said Province deceased testate.

By The Honourable A. BANNERMAN WARBURTON, Surrogate Judge of Probate &c. &c.

To the Sheriff of the County of King's County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

**GREETING**  
WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of James M. Hewitt of Lower Montague aforesaid, Farmer and Lobster Packer, the Executor of the above named Estate, praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose herein after set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held at the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Tuesday the Eighth day of January next coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the said Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition.

I've been in love with you since I was six ask daddy. Daddy, didn't I always say I was going to marry him?"

"Yes, when you were little more of a baby than you are now. Can't you imagine how astounded you'll be of such an undignified performance as this?"

"I'm ashamed. Not much. I always intend to do just as I please and damn the consequences."

"A fine wife you make for Lee or any other man."

"I'd make him the best wife in the world. I'd do everything he told me. No, I wouldn't. Yes, I would. Sheer femaleness and the spirit of the age seewawed inconclusively. "Anyhow, I'd make you happy, because I'd be happy myself," she added naively. "Much happier than your grandmother."

"Perhaps you will oblige me by making no further allusion to Madame Zattiany."

"No, I won't. And the first time I see her when there's a lot of people round I'll tell her just what she is to her face."

"If you dare!" Clavering advanced threateningly and she swung herself behind her father, who, however, took her firmly by the arm and marched her to the door.

"Enough of this," he said. "You come home and pack your trunk and tomorrow we take the first steamer out of New York. If there isn't one, we'll take the train for Canada."

"I won't go."

"It's either that or a sanitarium for neurotics. I'll have you strapped down and carried there in an ambulance. You may take your choice. Good night, Lee. Forget it if you can."

As Clavering slammed the door behind them he envied men who could tear their hair. He had wanted to spend all evening alone thinking of Mary Zattiany, dreaming of those vital hours be-

lieved to be his. He had wanted to spend all evening alone thinking of Mary Zattiany, dreaming of those vital hours be-



**BLACK OXEN**  
Published by arrangement with Associated First National Pictures, Inc. Watch for the screen with Corinne Griffith as Countess

**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 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 Ogden, restored to youth by the famous Steinhach gland operation.

Summoning all her courage she pours forth to Clavering the whole story of her girlhood, her unhappy marriage with Zattiany, her subsequent love affairs abroad, of her 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 he receives a summons from his old friend, Mrs. Oglethorpe, a contemporary of Mary Ogden'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 find her. Her plan to force Clavering to marry her by being "com-promised" is completely frustrated by her father's presence, and she is wild fury.

Continued  
I knew there was no chance for Marian and Anne, they're old maids, and I'm young—young. I'd cut out the fun and concentrated on you I'd have got you. I wish I had! I wish I had! You were such an old flat tire I thought you were safe."

"What in heaven's name makes

him so engaged with you? You're an old woman. And she's really a beautiful blonde—once more. Poor Lee." As for Gora and Suzan Forbes—well, Gora would understand and impale them sympathetically in her next novel, and Suzan would read up on endocrinology, blend them adroitly with psychology, and write an article for the Yale Review.

He avoided the office and wrote his column at home. Luckily a favorite old comedian had died recently. He could fill it up with reminiscence and anecdote. But it was

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

noisome morass. He had used equally caustic phrases when some young man he knew had married a woman only ten years his junior. "But old men had taken to themselves young wives. And meant them, for he was fundamentally as conventional and conservative as all men."

But he cared less that he would be the laughing stock of New York than that his own soul felt like boiling pitch and that he was ashamed of himself.

He looked at the clock. It was twenty minutes to four. There was neither love nor desire in him and he would have liked to throw himself on the divan and sleep. But he set his teeth and got to his feet. He would go through it, play up, somehow.

He felt better in the nipping air and soon began to walk briskly. And then he crossed Park Avenue and entered her apartment. There were two men coming down her steps. They were Mr. Dinawiddle, and the extremely good-looking young man whom Osborne had brought to the box Monday night. The young man was smiling intently.

"Such a beautiful young woman," she said, "that she's a thousand years old and nobody cares what she does."

"That rejuvenated old dame who's granny's age if she's a day," "Such a happier than your grandmother," the phrases flashed into her mind when he awoke and echoed in his ears all day. No doubt similar phrases, less crude, but equally scorching, were being tossed from one end of New York society to the other. I Janet knew of his devotion to Madame Zattiany others meant, for it could only have come to her on the wings of gossip. He was being ridiculed by people who grasped nothing beyond the fact that the woman was fifty-eight and the man thirty-four. Of course it would be but a nine days' wonder and like all other social phenomena grows too stale for comment, but meantime he should feel as if he were unruled discipline in her room, frying on a gridiron, Anne Goodrich would merely exclaim: "Abominable." Marian Lawrence would draw in her nostrils and purr: "Lee was always an erratic and impressive boy. Just like him to fall in love with an old woman. And verily to marry her by being 'compromised' is completely frustrated by her father's presence, and she is wild fury."

Continued  
I knew there was no chance for Marian and Anne, they're old maids, and I'm young—young. I'd cut out the fun and concentrated on you I'd have got you. I wish I had! I wish I had! You were such an old flat tire I thought you were safe."

"What in heaven's name makes

him so engaged with you? You're an old woman. And she's really a beautiful blonde—once more. Poor Lee." As for Gora and Suzan Forbes—well, Gora would understand and impale them sympathetically in her next novel, and Suzan would read up on endocrinology, blend them adroitly with psychology, and write an article for the Yale Review.

He avoided the office and wrote his column at home. Luckily a favorite old comedian had died recently. He could fill it up with reminiscence and anecdote. But it was

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

to be continued

**'The Middle Ground'**  
By Marion Rubinow.

(Continued)  
"Like a tour of the world to go through here," Jane whispered, strangely excited and laughing, then as they crowded through a doorway with other guests. "We go from a Venetian bathroom to a Jacobean bedroom, and from a French boudoir to an early Colonial breakfast room. I'm getting positively dizzy."

"I can't give you this sort of luxury," Donald whispered slyly. "Thank heaven," Jane replied.

Mrs. Talbot, always looking for signs indicating Jane's changes of feeling, wondered whether she meant that the girl was going to consent to marry Donald. It sounded so domestic.

Then, all the guests having come, Amy left the tea table and joined her family for a moment.

"There's one suite of rooms I want to show you," she said. "Adam isn't showing it to the other guests."

"Yes, but I shall change it to suit myself—perhaps," Amy answered and smiled impishly at her sister.

"Fearfully ornate," Jane said, looking contemptuously at the frills of chiffon and real lace on couch covers and candelabra.

"Yes, but I shall change it to suit myself—perhaps," Amy answered and smiled impishly at her sister.

"Fearfully ornate," Jane said, looking contemptuously at the frills of chiffon and real lace on couch covers and candelabra.

"Yes, but I shall change it to suit myself—perhaps," Amy answered and smiled impishly at her sister.

"Fearfully ornate," Jane said, looking contemptuously at the frills of chiffon and real lace on couch covers and candelabra.

"Yes, but I shall change it to suit myself—perhaps," Amy answered and smiled impishly at her sister.

"Fearfully ornate," Jane said, looking contemptuously at the frills of chiffon and real lace on couch covers and candelabra.

"Yes, but I shall change it to suit myself—perhaps," Amy answered and smiled impishly at her sister.

"Fearfully ornate," Jane said, looking contemptuously at the frills of chiffon and real lace on couch covers and candelabra.

"Yes, but I shall change it to suit myself—perhaps," Amy answered and smiled impishly at her sister.

"Fearfully ornate," Jane said, looking contemptuously at the frills of chiffon and real lace on couch covers and candelabra.

"Yes, but I shall change it to suit myself—perhaps," Amy answered and smiled impishly at her sister.

"Fearfully ornate," Jane said, looking contemptuously at the frills of chiffon and real lace on couch covers and candelabra.

"Yes, but I shall change it to suit myself—perhaps," Amy answered and smiled impishly at her sister.

"Fearfully ornate," Jane said, looking contemptuously at the frills of chiffon and real lace on couch covers and candelabra.

"Yes, but I shall change it to suit myself—perhaps," Amy answered and smiled impishly at her sister.

"Fearfully ornate," Jane said, looking contemptuously at the frills of chiffon and real lace on couch covers and candelabra.

"Yes, but I shall change it to suit myself—perhaps," Amy answered and smiled impishly at her sister.

"Fearfully ornate," Jane said, looking contemptuously at the frills of chiffon and real lace on couch covers and candelabra.

"Yes, but I shall change it to suit myself—perhaps," Amy answered and smiled impishly at her sister.

"Fearfully ornate," Jane said, looking contemptuously at the frills of chiffon and real lace on couch covers and candelabra.

"Yes, but I shall change it to suit myself—perhaps," Amy answered and smiled impishly at her sister.

"Fearfully ornate," Jane said, looking contemptuously at the frills of chiffon and real lace on couch covers and candelabra.

"Yes, but I shall change it to suit myself—perhaps," Amy answered and smiled impishly at her sister.

"Fearfully ornate," Jane said, looking contemptuously at the frills of chiffon and real lace on couch covers and candelabra.

"Yes, but I shall change it to suit myself—perhaps," Amy answered and smiled impishly at her sister.

"Fearfully ornate," Jane said, looking contemptuously at the frills of chiffon and real lace on couch covers and candelabra.

"Yes, but I shall change it to suit myself—perhaps," Amy answered and smiled impishly at her sister.

"Fearfully ornate," Jane said, looking contemptuously at the frills of chiffon and real lace on couch covers and candelabra.

"Yes, but I shall change it to suit myself—perhaps," Amy answered and smiled impishly at her sister.

So that, for some reason she could not explain, made it necessary for her not to speak to Claire—even though she really liked her in spite of her treatment of Luther!

But Claire came up to her, as she entered the drawing room downstairs again.

"You are looking perfectly splendid, Mother," she said—the word "Mother" came as a shock. "What's the matter with you? Of course Claire and Luther were married still—and what else could Claire call her? Certainly not Mrs. Talbot—that was too absurdly formal."

In her usual charming gushing way, Claire went on to admire the new dress which Amy, it appeared, had explained in detail to her. "And you look so much younger. The set has done you good," Claire went on.

A new idea, this! Rest—perhaps winter had been a rest. Physically it had been. The work in the flat was a trifle compared to the long hours of hard labor on the farm. But mentally she had never been so disturbed and unhappy.

"I want to talk to you. I want to see you," Claire went on. "I'm tired after they had talked stiffly about the weather and the new house. 'Will you come to my place tomorrow afternoon?'"

Seeing an objection in the little woman's eyes, she hastened on— "I can't come to you. They're so busy with the moving. We'll be alone at my apartment."

So the next day, feeling very strange and ill at ease, Mrs. Talbot actually found herself sitting opposite Claire once more in the luxurious little place where she and Luther had lived, and that Claire new had alone. The visitor comforted it mentally with the tiny flat Luther shared with his family, where everything, as Amy said, pretended to be something else and was obviously a clever makeshift to cover up poverty. This had been Luther's home, should be his home now!

Perhaps, she thought, with a sudden sense of relief, perhaps Claire wanted her help in bringing Luther back to her! That would be then, and how happy she would be then. But Claire's blue eyes were as cold as a winter sky.

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

Tomorrow—What Claire Wanted

**JAMES ALEXANDER MACMILLAN**

True greatness is not alone found in the fulfillment of some noble purpose in the cause of humanity. Remembrance oftentimes lingers fragrantly around that person who, in the task of every day life approaches his duties with fidelity of vision and cheerfulness of thought whether or not the work to be done is of an irksome or pleasant nature.

Such was the life and character of him who passed on to his eternal reward at midnight Friday, November 16th, 1923 at the home of his son-in-law E. Fulton Thomson. He has left behind a memory that will ever be dearly cherished by relatives and friends alike. The last few days of his earthly pilgrimage are replete with many beautiful thoughts and expressions that exemplify the simple trust and abiding faith he possessed in the saving power of a loving God. His soul was ever reaching out in prayer for those he loved on the earth that each and every one should "so live" that when called from this scene of action they would "come with me" to that home prepared for those who put their trust in the Lord. His last message to his family, "Live right and you will die right" will find a place in their memory that will never be effaced. Such thoughts as these clearly indicate the moral, spiritual and character of "Alec" Macmillan. They are the natural growth of his viewpoint upon life and its manifold responsibilities. He greeted his associates with a hearty word and a hearty hand. He possessed a happy and charitable disposition and it ever unable to spend the kind word he refrained from expressing any unkindly thought. His charity in this respect was most beneficent and to those who may at times have acted unfriendly his attitude was an exemplification of the spirit of our Master.

During the summer of 1907 he sold his interest in the home he had established to his eldest child and only son, Vernon, who still resides upon the old homestead. With his wife and two daughters, Lillian and Sybil he came west that fall and settled in High River, Alberta opening up in the general store business on Fourth Street east of the railway track. For eight years he was an integral part of the business life of that town when he accepted an opportunity to sell and retire from active life.

From early life he was a faithful and consistent member of the Presbyterian Church. In politics he was a staunch liberal, always taking an intelligent part in any project which he sincerely felt was in the best interest of the state and good citizenship.

He leaves to mourn his demise a devoted wife, one son, Vernon

Do You Often Wonder What It Is In Some Pictures That Makes Them Echo in Your Heart?—Like "The Miracle Man" or "Over the Hill" or "Humoresque"—You Pay to See It!—But You Can't See It! It Doesn't Show On the Screen!—But It's There—and It Will Get You! "Mighty Lak" a Rose" Has It—In a Different Way

**STRAND**  
See It At The  
Tomorrow and Thursday

Do You Often Wonder What It Is In Some Pictures That Makes Them Echo in Your Heart?—Like "The Miracle Man" or "Over the Hill" or "Humoresque"—You Pay to See It!—But You Can't See It! It Doesn't Show On the Screen!—But It's There—and It Will Get You! "Mighty Lak" a Rose" Has It—In a Different Way

Do You Often Wonder What It Is In Some Pictures That Makes Them Echo in Your Heart?—Like "The Miracle Man" or "Over the Hill" or "Humoresque"—You Pay to See It!—But You Can't See It! It Doesn't Show On the Screen!—But It's There—and It Will Get You! "Mighty Lak" a Rose" Has It—In a Different Way

Do You Often Wonder What It Is In Some Pictures That Makes Them Echo in Your Heart?—Like "The Miracle Man" or "Over the Hill" or "Humoresque"—You Pay to See It!—But You Can't See It! It Doesn't Show On the Screen!—But It's There—and It Will Get You! "Mighty Lak" a Rose" Has It—In a Different Way

Do You Often Wonder What It Is In Some Pictures That Makes Them Echo in Your Heart?—Like "The Miracle Man" or "Over the Hill" or "Humoresque"—You Pay to See It!—But You Can't See It! It Doesn't Show On the Screen!—But It's There—and It Will Get You! "Mighty Lak" a Rose" Has It—In a Different Way

Do You Often Wonder What It Is In Some Pictures That Makes Them Echo in Your Heart?—Like "The Miracle Man" or "Over the Hill" or "Humoresque"—You Pay to See It!—But You Can't See It! It Doesn't Show On the Screen!—But It's There—and It Will Get You! "Mighty Lak" a Rose" Has It—In a Different Way

Do You Often Wonder What It Is In Some Pictures That Makes Them Echo in Your Heart?—Like "The Miracle Man" or "Over the Hill" or "Humoresque"—You Pay to See It!—But You Can't See It! It Doesn't Show On the Screen!—But It's There—and It Will Get You! "Mighty Lak" a Rose" Has It—In a Different Way