



Dear Marie,
Shrubs 'trills'!
We won again!
And I felt so
proud sitting
out beside the
'lars'. But I
nearly concealed
between periods.
And then afterwards
there was a fright-
ful blizzard raging
outside. But I just
decided on some
Campania's
Italian Balm
and fearlessly
faced it. I also
find Campania's
good for chills
and burns

Peggy.



**Anti Fascisti
Are Unable to
Oranize**

NEW YORK, Jan. 24.—The first spark of opposition against Premier Mussolini has flickered and gone out.

Ex-Premier Giolitti, who attempted to create a personal national party to oppose the Fascisti in the coming elections, has given up his effort. It is understood, however, that he will support all minor parties which will place candidates in the field against the Fascisti.

TENDERS

Are asked for erection of new house at Hunter River, P. E. I.

For plans and information apply

ROBERT A. BAGNALL,
Hunter River

1168-1-25-31.

Annual Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Farmers Silver Fox Co., will be held at the Ranch, Mermaid, on Monday, 28th at 2 p. m.

JOHN J. MCCARTHY,
President

1166-1-23-41.

Short Courses in Agriculture

An Agricultural Short Course will be held in the Hall at Eldon, beginning Monday, January 28th at 7.30 until Friday, February 1st, at 7.30, and in the Hall at Flat River from Tuesday, January 29th at 7.30 until Friday, February 1st, at 7.30. Subjects of local and general interest will be discussed. Everybody welcome.

1166-1-25-41.

LIVE STOCK

D. J. Carmichael, Elliotvale, 1 Imported Holstein Bull 3 years.
Chas. N. Black, Bedouque, 1 Shorthorn Bull, 4 years.
Dan G. McCormack, Launching, 1 Ayrshire Bull, 3 years.
McRae Bros., Wiltshire, 1 Ayrshire Bull, 21 months.
R. Roy Howlett, Annandale, Lot 56, 1 Shropshire Ram Lamb.

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 Corlaine Griffith as Countess Zattiana.

(Continued)

"That will answer. And I'll give Hohenhauser a piece of my mind."

"But Mary, you don't suppose that one of the most important men in Europe, with limited time at his disposal, would take that journey unless he had something very important indeed to say to you? Not even for your beaux asked Trent to get him an invitation to spend several days at the camp. I must say I'm devoured with curiosity."

Mary shrugged her shoulders. "I'm too sleepy for curiosity. What time must we start?"

"About nine, if the car gets here on time. It is takes two hours to come up the mountain, and they'll hardly be induced to start before seven. I'll tell Larsing to telephone at six."

"It's now eleven. We have eight hours for sleep. Good night, and believe that I am immensely grateful. You've arranged it all wonderfully."

She stamped her foot as Mr. Dinwiddie silently closed the door. "Moritz! What does he want? Why has he followed me here? But he has no power whatever over my life, so why should I care what he wants? ... But that this—this—should be interrupted!"

She undressed without calm and slept ill.

The flight next morning proved simpler of accomplishment than she had anticipated. The men were going to a neighboring lake to fish. Larsing having excited them with the prospect of abundant trout, and why fish in your own lake when you may take a tramp of several miles through the woods to another? They begged Clavering to go with them, and as Clavering cannot exist for long in the rarefied atmosphere of the empyrean without growing restive, he was feeling rather let down, and cherished a sneaking desire for a long day alone with men.

But he told Mary that he did not want to go out of their woods and down to that hideous village for any such purpose as to watch her sign papers, and he stood on the landing waving his hat as she and Mr. Dinwiddie crossed the lake in the motor boat to the waiting Ford. For once his intuitions failed him, and he was trapped off with the other men, his heart as light as the mountain air, and his head empty of a woman.

Mary looked back once at the golden-brown lake, set like a jewel in its casket of fragrant trees, and wondered if she would see it again in the same eyes. She was both still and uneasy, although she still was unable to guess what harm could come of this interview. If Hohenhauser wanted her to go to Washington she could refuse, and he had long since lost his old magnetic power over her.

But as the Ford bumped down the steep road between the woods she felt less like Mary Ogden every moment. ... those mists of illusion to withdraw from her practical brain. ... returning to the heights were they beloved. ... she wondered how she could have dared to be so unthinkingly happy. ... sentimental folly that she had called exaltation? After all! After all!

Could she recapture that mood when she returned? Certainly whatever this man wanted of her, it would be hard facts, not illusions. He would invite her to deal with. Even when he had been the most passionate of lovers, his brain had always seemed to stand aloof, luminous and factual. He had not an illusion. He saw life as it was, and although his manners were suave and polished, and his voice the most beautiful she had ever

heard, he could be brutally direct when it suited his purpose. For a moment she hated him as ardently as she had for a time after he left her.

They descended into lower and lower altitudes until the air grew intensely hot, physically depressing after the cold wine of the mountains; finally, ten minutes ahead of time, they drove into the doubly depressing village of Huntersville. It was no uglier than thousands of other villages and small towns that look as if built to demonstrate the American contempt for beauty, but the fact mitigated nothing to eyes accustomed to the picturesque of mountain villages in Europe, where the very roofs are artistic and the peasants have the grace to wear the dress of their ancestors.

There were a few farms in the valley, but if Huntersville had not been a junction of sorts, it is doubtful if it would have consisted of anything but a "general store," now that the saloons were closed. There was one long crooked street, with the hotel at the end, the store at the other (containing the post office), and a church, shops for automobile supplies, two garages, a drug store, and a candy store; eight or ten cottages filled the interstices. Men were working in the fields, but those in Huntersville proper seemed to be exhausted with loathsome Campers going in and out of the woods needing shelter for a night, and people demanding meals between trains, kept the dismal looking hotel open and reasonably clean.

The situation was very beautiful, for the mountains rose behind and there was a beautiful stream.

Mr. Dinwiddie having ascertained that "Mr. Hohenhauser" had received his message and gone for a walk, leaving word he would return at ten o'clock, Mary went into the hotel parlor to wait for him. The room was seldom used, parlors, local and otherwise, preferring the Mr. of happy memories, and it smelled musty. She opened the window and glanced over distastefully. The walls were covered with a faded yellow paper, torn in places, and the ceiling was smoked and fly-specked. The worn thin carpet seemed to have been chosen for its resemblance to turtle soup swimming with vermicelli. Over the pine mantel, painted yellow, were the inevitable antlers, and on a marble-topped table were badly executed water lilies under a glass. The furniture was horse hair, and she wondered how she and the Austrian statesman were to preserve their dignity on the slippery surface. Then she heard his voice in the hall as he stopped to speak to Mr. Dinwiddie, and she glanced out curiously. It was a man she had never seen, even for a year before the war, but he was little changed; improved if anything, for there was more color in his formerly pale face. He was as straight and as thin as ever, his head erect, without haughtiness, his dark eyes under their heavy lids, but the same eagle glance. He was still, the same eagle dispassionately, the handsomest man she had ever seen, even for an Austrian, the handsomest race on earth, he combined high intelligence, grace, dignity; and when she with a classic regularity of the firm lips relaxed, he had a delightful smile. If it had not been for his hair, very thick white hair, he would have passed for a little over forty. He wore loose gray traveling clothes, and every detail was as quietly faultless as ever.

She went hastily to the speckled mirror beneath the antlers and surveyed herself anxiously. Her own traveling suit of dark green tweed, with its white silk shirt, was as carefully perfect as his own, and the little green turban, with its shaded, drooping feather, extreme fairness like green, but she turned away with a sigh. It was not the eyes of the past three days that looked back at her.

And then she remembered that he had not seen her since the renaissance. The moment was without its excitement.

Their meeting was excessively formal.

"Frau Grafin."

"Excellent."

She lifted her hand. He raised it to his lips.

And then he drew back and looked at her with penetrating but smiling eyes.

"I had heard, of course," he said gallantly, "but I hardly was prepared, May I say, Frau Grafin, that you look younger than when I had the pleasure of meeting you first."

"I assure you that I feel many years younger," she replied lightly. "May I add that I am delighted to see that you are in the best of health? Your rest in Switzerland would have been better for Austria had it been shorter. Shall we sit down?"

She was not a woman to be trifled with. Her own traveling suit of dark green tweed, with its white silk shirt, was as carefully perfect as his own, and the little green turban, with its shaded, drooping feather, extreme fairness like green, but she turned away with a sigh. It was not the eyes of the past three days that looked back at her.

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Says Vicks Is Only Remedy For Croup

Quebec Moth Enthusiastic Over Vaporizing Salve

Every mother wants her children to be active and to grow strong through outdoor play. But frequent colds sap their vitality, cause loss of school standing, and keep youngsters puny and delicate.

Mother who use Vicks Vapor Rub for children's colds find that the kiddies can play outdoors and that their cold troubles can usually be checked overnight.

Applied externally, Vicks acts like a liniment or poultice. In addition, the ingredients are vaporized by the body heat and are inhaled directly into the inflamed air passages. This double action quickly loosens up a croup.

Mrs. Leon Crandall, Box 247, Lake Megantic, Quebec, writes: "I used Vicks Vapor Rub for my little girl when she had croup, and I found that it relieved her at once. It is the only remedy for croup, and I would not be without it."

At all drug stores 50c a jar. For a free test size package, write Vicks Chemical Company, 344 St. Paul St., Montreal, P. Q.

Though Vicks is new in Canada, it has a remarkable sale in the States. Over 17 million jars used yearly.

ABSORBINE

WILL REDUCE Inflamed, Strained, Swollen Tendons, Ligaments or Muscles. Stops the lameness and pain from Splint, Side Bone or Bone Spavin. No blister, no hair gone, and horse can be used. \$2.50 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and interesting BOOK 2 FREE.

W. F. Young, Inc., 141 Lyman Bldg., Montreal

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Good home-made bread is the finest food on earth—the one food that everybody eats—that everybody likes—and that agrees with everybody.



MADE IN CANADA

Luther went off to his office, leaving his mother sitting before an untouched cup of coffee, with the discarded newspaper tossed aside for Amy's perusal later in the morning.

Claire's letter was in Luther's pocket—that was so Amy would not see it and recognizing the writing, begin to ask questions. There was not the sympathy between Luther and his critical little sister, that existed between Luther and Jane.

Mrs. Talbot was thinking. Even though she still frowned, as she concentrated on her problem, her forehead was not as deeply lined as it once was all the time; her cheeks had filled in a trifle; her skin was fresher in texture; her hands, resting on the table, lay, they did not knot themselves into fists.

Claire would be alone that afternoon.

And Luther was not going. If she went, what would she say to this pretty, petulant girl? Once before she had tried to heal the breach, and she had failed. She would try again—but all she wanted to do now was to understand Claire's point of view.

She had no idea what she would say, but she sat there thinking until sounds came from Amy's room, the eternally blue clad figure trailed down the hall and Amy's sleepy voice called hello through the dining room door.

Mrs. Talbot decided.

Claire received her in a discouragingly hostile manner. She was dressed for the street in a trim little black satin frock, the care-less style so much in vogue that winter, a garment apparently cut from a single piece of material with sleeves only as long as the width of the material allowed.

Mrs. Talbot knew enough to know that simplicity is deception, and that this dress which seemed to have cost nothing at all, was probably the most expensive in Claire's whole wardrobe.

"I thought the telephone boy made a mistake when he said 'Mrs. Talbot,'" Claire remarked rudely. "I wanted Luther to come. Did he sent you?"

"No, and he won't come—he's afraid of you."

Claire's pretty lip curled, her eyes were triumphant. A woman loves to think a man is afraid of her! Claire thought she would have her way now.

"I can't do anything for you," Mrs. Talbot went on. "I've done my best. I've tried to make him consent to a divorce—"

"You! But you don't believe in it!"

"I don't. But we can't have the world as we want it, we have to take it as we find it. Jane was right when she said that. The trouble isn't that they make divorce too easy, they make it too difficult. If there had been as many difficulties in the way of your marriage with Luther as there will be in the way of your divorce from him, you'd have appreciated him more when you got him. Just as you'll appreciate being free when you get free."

"On that theory, Luther will appreciate being free to—if he ever consents to take steps toward freedom."

"Luther's case is different."

"I suppose you mean he appreciates me more as a wife now that he doesn't live with me!"

"Yes," the mother answered unexpectedly. "Luther's been mostly to blame in this affair." Claire looked at her wide eyed. She could not accuse Luther of faults—for here all his faults were admitted beforehand! It was no use even commiserating them, her whole argument was taken away from her.

Mrs. Talbot went on.

"You've often told me various reasons why you could not live with Luther. He was jealous of other friendships—yes, that's wrong. In an ideal world, perhaps one woman should be satisfied with the sole companionship of one man—but in that case every man and every woman would have to have all sorts of interests and the most complex personality."

"The perfect mate doesn't exist," Claire supplied.

"If he did," Mrs. Talbot rejoined, "the woman could appreciate his perfection more by seeing the contrast between him and other less perfect men."

Claire laughed.

"Why do you want to get away from Luther entirely?" Mrs. Talbot



The Middle Ground

By Marion Rubincam.

Chapter 85

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Clear Your Complexion With Cuticura

Bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water to free the pores of impurities and follow with a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal. They are ideal for the toilet, as is also Cuticura Talcum for powdering and perfuming.

See Dr. Ointment 25 and Soap 25c. Sold Everywhere. Manufactured by Cuticura, Limited, 344 St. Paul St., Montreal.

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

W. J. Y.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 25 (Late Program)

7:30 p. m.—Program furnished through the courtesy of the National Biscuit Company.

Band selection, "Fantastique" ... Fucks National Biscuit Company Band

Band selection, "William Tell Overture" ... Rossini Soprano solo, "A Spirit Flower" ... Clementine Pardi

Band selection, "Songs for the Old Folks" ... Lake Soprano solo, "Hilora Vinlor" ... from "Aida" ... Verdi

Clementine Pardi

Band selection, "Dance of the Hours" ... Ponchielli

Address, "Production of Quality Biscuit" ... Frederick Beers, Manager, Production Dept., National Biscuit Co.

Band selection, "A Hunting Scene" ... Buccalossi

Cornet solo, "Estancia" ... Brun C. Alessio

Band selection, "War March of the Priests" ... Mendelssohn

Soprano solo, "Calm as the Night" ... Bohn

Clementine Pardi

Band selection, "Ballet Egyptian" ... Luigini

M. Ricci

Band selection, "Orpheus" ... Offenhach

Band selection, "American Patrol" ... Meachen

CHRISTMAS CONCERT.

A very successful concert was held in Graham's Road Hall Thursday, Dec. 20. The audience was large, the order good, and each number was acted splendidly by the pupils, which showed the careful training they had received from the teachers, Miss Enman and Miss McGregor.

Mr. Thomas Wigmore presided, and the following program was well received:

Chorus, school; recitation, Jim McKinnon; motion song, ten little girls; recitation, Glen Wigmore; dialogue, Mary McLean, Sterling Williams, James Williams and John McKay; song, Hilda Murray, Grace Campbell and Ada McKinnon; recitation, Hazen Wigmore; parol drill, ten little girls; recitation, Christine Wigmore; dialogue, waiting for the 240 Tams, Jean Glover, Sterling Williams, Beatrice Campbell, Marion Dawes, Jean Warren, Leighton Warren, Jenny McKinnon and Robina Whitehead; recitation, Leighton Warren; intermission. Sale of candy; chorus, school; Star drill, ten girls; recitation, Margaret McLeod; song, Beulah Campbell, Marion Dawes and Beatrice Campbell; motion song, ten little boys; recitation, Elmer Wigmore; United Workmen, twelve boys; motion song, Olive Campbell, Dorothy Brown and Beatrice Whitehead; monologue, Jean Warren; chorus, school. Shortly after the close of the program Santa Claus appeared and distributed the gifts from the Xmas Tree. A very pleasant evening was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

(Patriot please copy.)

Mrs. Talbot went on.

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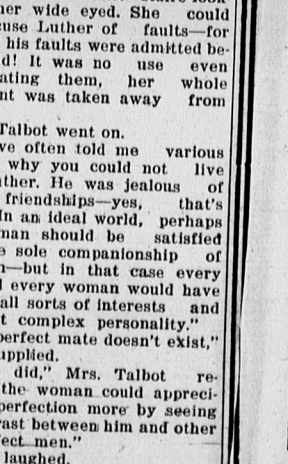
Claire laughed.

"Why do you want to get away from Luther entirely?" Mrs. Talbot

TICKLING THROAT

Always an annoyance, worse when it afflicts you at night. You can stop it quickly with CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY. Every user is a friend.

MA JONG



This Set Contains 144 Playing Pieces, 64 Counters, 4 Racks, 1 Book of Directions. All in Attractive Box 7 1/2" x 5 1/2" x 3 3/4".

50c

and the Ma Jong coupons (printed elsewhere.)

It Is Not Hard To Play

The two popular fallacies about the game is that it is expensive to purchase and difficult to play. By introducing this 50c set we have brought the game within the reach of everyone, thereby eliminating the objection of high cost, while the book of directions which accompanies our game makes the rules clear and the game ready to master.

Ask The People Who Play

They will tell you that it requires no special talent to play—no technical skill is needed. The people who play will tell you too, how fascinating it is to match the playing pieces to make three or four of a kind or three of a sequence, how satisfying it is to "pung" a piece, and to win the game.

Understand What People Mean

when they talk of the "loose tiles", the "East Wind", "forming and opening the wall", "chowing", and the few other terms of the game.

There is one thing sure—if other people can play it, you can—and all you need to do in order to become an expert is to buy and use this 50c set we are now offering.

Our Supply Is Becoming Exhausted

In contracting for an unusually large number of the games, we felt we had gauged the local demand but we evidently were mistaken. The interest in the game and the desire for a popular-priced set were much greater than we anticipated. The result is that our supply is diminishing rapidly, and as we are not sure we will be able to get more of them at the advantageous rate of the first lot, we urge you to use the coupon at once.

BETTER COME IN TODAY.

The Charlottetown Guardian

PEPS

the real breathable tablets, made the throat, chest, and lungs cold resisting. When a nasty cold or coughing bout foretells the revival of your old bronchial troubles, the best thing to do is to take Peps at once to strengthen and

PROTECT

the chest. When a Peps tablet is taken from its preserving silver wrapper and allowed to dissolve in the mouth, it gives off powerful medicinal and germicidal fumes that immediately circulate with the breath through all the air passages, and destroy any germs that have got into

YOUR

nostrils and throat. At the same time the sore, inflamed membrane is soothed, healed, and protected, phlegm is released from the bronchials, breathing is made easy, and that distressing cough and throat soreness disappear.

By this direct treatment Peps keeps trouble off the

CHEST

and lungs, and the worst weather can be faced without fear of consequences. It is the safest plan to always have a few Peps handy to arrest a cold, and prevent it reaching the lungs or starting bronchitis and chest weakness.

Peace Prize Plain Offer Duplicated

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—An offer to duplicate his \$100,000 peace plan to the author of any peace plan selected by the Senate select committee investigating propaganda as the best to come within its notice was made today by Edward F. Bok, in a letter to Senator Moses Republican, New Hampshire, chairman of the committee.