BUCKLEY'S BRONCHITIS MIXTURE "SAVED My Life"

Read this true statement

"I, Mrs. Clayton, have suffered from Bronchitis for years and found relief only in Buckley's Bronchitis Mixture. I consider this to be a wonderful remedy and wouldn't be without it in the house, and I am firmly convinced that it saved my life." Mrs. W. Clayton, 90 Uxbridge Ave., Toronto.

Buckley's is guaranteed to relieve with the very first dose, coughs, colds and bronchitis. Get a bottle at your druggist's today.

W. K. BUCKLEY, LIMITED
142 MUTUAL ST., TORONTO 18c

MORTGAGE SALE

To be sold by Public Auction, at the Court House, in Charlottetown, in 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 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. Haszard, 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 568.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortage, bearing date the 24th day of July, A. D., 1922, and made between the Springton 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 Queens 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 Chalottetown, in 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 Numebr Thirty, in Queen's County, in Prince Edward Island, bounded as follows, that is to say:—Bounded on the north by the division line between Lots Numbers Thirty and Sixty-seven, on the east by a stream known as the Ross Mill Stream, on the south by a brook flowing from the property formerly owned by Allan Martin into the said Ross Mill Stream, and on the west by a road known as the Ross Road, and containing four and one-half acres of land a little more or less: ALSO ALL that parcel of land situate, lying and being in Springton, Township Number Sixty-seven, in Queens County aforesaid, bounded and described as follows:—On the north by land formerly owned by Murdock Lamont, and now in the possession of Donald Lamont, and land owned by William Clifford Wood, formerly the "Glebe Land," on the west by the road leading from the Anderson Road to Lot Thirty, known as the Ross Road, and land owned by Donald A. McIntosh, on the east by land owned by Donald A. McIntosh, and on the south by the boundary line between Lots Thirty and Sixty-seven, containing one hundred and thirty acres of land a little more or less, being a tract of land formerly owned by the late Angus Ross, saving and reserving thereout and therefrom that portion of the above described tract of land lying west of the Ross Road above mentioned and containig two acres of land more or less.

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 May, A. D., 1920, and made between Patrick Duffy, of East Royalty, in Queens County aforesaid, farmer, Joseph Gaudet, of Charlottetown aforesaid, carpenter, and Marguerite Ann Duffy, wife of the said Patrick Duffy, of the one part, and Annie M. Fulton, of Truro, in the Province of Nova Scotia, married woman, of the other part, default having been made in payment of the principal money and 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.

ANNIT M. FULTON,
Mortgagee

You Should Take Care of digestion—because Good Health is largely a matter of Good Digestion. A wise person should use Beecham's Pills to relieve digestive ills and correct stomachic disorders. On account of their service and reputation for reliability—TAKE

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere in Canada.

Largest Sale of any Medicine in the World

The year's best book by America's best woman writer

"BLACK OXEN"

by GERTRUDE ATHERTON

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, 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 Steinch gland operation.

To Clavering she tells the whole story—of her unhappy marriage, her subsequent love affairs abroad, her husband's death, of her war work and its toll of her health, and finally of the operation in Vienna which had brought back her youth, 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)

"I fancy a good many American women develop very slowly sexually. You were merely one of them. I wonder you had the climacteric so early. But nature is very fond of taking her little revenges. You defied her and she smote you."

"Oh, yes, she smote me! But I never fully realized it until you came."

"I hardly follow you."

"Oh, don't you see? You have shown us that women can begin life over again, undo their awful mistakes. And yet I don't dare—don't dare—"

"Why not, pray? Better come with me to Vienna if you haven't the courage to face the music here."

"Oh, I haven't the courage. I couldn't carry things off with such a high hand as you do. You were always high and mighty, they say, and have done as you pleased all your life. You don't care a pin whether we approve of what you've done or not. It's the way you're made. But I—couldn't stand it. The admission of vanity, of—of—after the life I've led. The young woman would say, in their nasty slang, that I was probably mad—crazy."

"And aren't you?" asked Mary coolly. "Isn't that just what is the matter? The sex-imagination often outlives the withering of the sex-glands. Come now, admit it. Forget that you are a pastel-tinted remnant of the old order and call a spade a spade."

"There's something terrifying about you, Mary." Miss Trevor had flushed a dark purple, but she had very honest eyes, and they did not falter. "But I respect you more than any woman I have ever known. And although you are not very sympathetic you are the only person on earth to whom I could even mention such a subject."

"Well, go ahead," said Mary resignedly. "If you want my advice, take your courage in your hands and do it. However people may carp, there is nothing they so much admire as courage."

"Yes, but they make you suffer tortures just because they do admire it—or to keep themselves from admitting it."

"True enough. But after all, they don't matter. Life would be so much simpler if we'd all make up our minds that what other people think about us does not signify in the least. It's only permitting it to signify that permits it to exist."

"That's all very well for you, but it's really a question of temperament. Do you think I'd dare come back here looking like a girl again—and I suppose I should. I'm sixteen years younger than you . . . . You must know how many of the woman hate you."

"That sort of hate may be very stimulating, my dear Agnes," said Madame Zattiany drily.

"I can understand that. But I should return to what it is hardly an exaggeration to call a life of a thousands intimacies. The ridicule! The contempt! The merciless criticism! I don't want to live anywhere else. I can't face it! But, oh, I do so want it! I do so want it!"

"But just think of the compensations. No doubt you would marry immediately. If you were happy and with a man to protect you, how much would you care?"

"Oh!" Once more the thin ascetic face was dyed with an unbecoming flush. "Oh!" And then the barriers fell with a crash and she hurried on, the words tumbling over one another, as her memory, its inhibitions shattered, swept back into the dark vortex of her secret past.

"Oh, Mary! You don't know! You don't know! You, who've had all the men you ever wanted. Who, they say, have a young man now. The nights of horror I've passed. I've never slept a wink the nights our girls married. I could have killed them. I could have killed every man I've met for asking nothing to me. It seems to me that I've thought of nothing else for twenty years. When I've been teaching, counselling good thoughts, virtue, good conduct, to those girls down there, it's been in the background of my mind every minute like a terrible obsession. I wonder I haven't gone mad. Some of us old maids do go mad. And no one knew until they raved what was the matter with them. When Hannah de Lacey lost her mind three years ago I heard one of the doctors telling Peter Vane that her talk was the most libidinous he had ever listened to. And she was the most forbidding old maid in New York. I know if I lose my mind it will be the same and that alone is enough to drive any decent woman mad. . . . . I thought I'd get over it in time—I used to pray—and fight with my will—but when the time came when I should have been released I was afraid I would, and then I deliberately did everything I could to keep it alive. I couldn't lose my right—It was my right. I couldn't tell you all the things I've—Oh, I tell you that unless I can be young again and have some man—any man—I don't care whether he'll marry me or not—I'll go mad—mad!"

Her voice had risen to a shriek. She would be in hysterics in another moment. Mary, who was on the point of nausea, went hastily into her dressing-room and poured out a dose of sal-volatile. "Here!" she said peremptorily. "Drink this. I'll not listen to another word. And I don't wish to be obliged to call an ambulance."

Miss Trevor gulped it down, and then permitted herself to be led to a sofa, where she lay sprawled, her immaculate hat on one side, giving her the look of a debauched gerontic virgin. She lay panting for a few moments, while Madame Zattiany paced up and down the room.

She turned as she heard a groan. Miss Trevor was sitting up, straightening her hat. "Feel better?" she asked unsympathetically.

"Oh, yes—my nerves better! But what have I said? What must you think of me? I never expected to give way like that when I came. I thought I could put it all to you in a few delicate hints, knowing that you would understand. What have I said? I can hardly remember."

"Better not try! I'll promise to forget it myself." She sat down besides the sofa. "Now, listen to me. It would not be wise for you to go to Vienna. They would suspect, if not at once, then certainly when you returned. It can be done here. The rejuvenescence is so gradual that it would hardly be noticed. Fully a year. You do not have to go into a hospital, nor even to bed. You are not spied on, so no one would suspect that you were taking the treatment. At your age success is practically assured. Take it, and don't be a fool. If you don't it's only a question of time when that superb self control you have practised for so many years will go again. And, too posibly, in the wrong place . . . . . It is quite likely that you will never be suspected, because women often bloom out in their forties, take on a new lease of life. Begin to put on a little make-up—"

Miss Trevor interrupted with a horrified exclamation.

"It would be judicious. If they criticize you, remember that nothing they can say will be as bad—from your point of view—a their finding out the truth. They will lay it to that, and to the fact that you have grown a little stouter. And

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

let me tell you, you won't care in the least, even if conservatism attacks you in solid battalions, for your mental attitude to life will be entirely changed. Remember that you will be young again, and too gay and happy to mind what people think of you. Now, promise me that you will take my advice, and then go home and to bed."

Miss Trevor got up and went to the mirror. "Yes, I'll do it." And then she said, no doubt for the first time in her life: "And I'll not give a damn, no matter what happens."

When she had left Mary Zattiany stood for a few moments striking her hands together, her face distorted. A wave of nausea overwhelmed her. She felt as if there had been an earthquake in her own soul and its muck were riding the surface. She loathed herself and all women and all men. She knew that the violence of the revulsion must be temporary, but for the moment it was beyond her control. She went to the telephone and called up Clavering and told him that she had a severe headache and was going to bed. And she cut short both his protests and his expression of sympathy by hanging up the receiver. And then she picked up a vase and hurled it to the floor and smashed it.

"And then she picked up a vase and hurled it to the floor."

XLIII

Clavering stood on his high balcony and looked down upon Madison Square. Spring had come. The Square looked like an oasis in a rocky gorge. The trees were covered with the tender greens of the new birth, and even President Arthur and Roscoe Conkling, less green than in winter, looked reconciled to their lot. A few people were sunning themselves on the benches, many more were on top of the bussesover on yFifth avenue, and even the hurrying throngs, preoccupied with crass business, seemed to walk with a lighter step, their heads up, instead of sullenly defying winds and sleet. The eight streets that surrounded or debouched into the Square poured forth continuous streams of figures, constantly augmented by throngs rising out of the earth itself. There was a vivid color running like ribbons through the crowds, for it was nearly nine o'clock and the doors of offices and shops and business houses were open to women as to men. Overhead a yellow sun shone in a pale filmy sky and the air was both warm and sharp. The doves were circling and settling.

The prize-fighters had taken their prowess elsewhere, and a circus had come to Madison Square Garden. Clavering had heard the roar of lions in the night. A far different crowd would stand under the arcade in a few hours, but the peanut venders would ply thejr trade, and a little booth for candies and innocuous juices had been erected in an alcove in the front wall, presided over by a plump pretty blonde. She alternated "jollying" and selling with quiet intervals of beading a bag, undisturbed either by ogling or the hideous noises of Twenty-sixth street.

In spite of his disappointment two nights before he found it impossible to feel depressed in that gay spring sunshine. He did not believe in the headace, but she had written him a charming note and he supposed that a man must get accustomed to the caprices of women if he intended to live with one. And a month from now they would be in the Dolomites, and she would be his. Let her have her caprices. He had his own. There were times when he didn't want to see her.

Moreover, he was still too jubilant over his play to feel depressed for long over anything the warm and constantly manifested enthusiasm of his friends had kept his spirits from suffering any natural reaction. Their demand for his companionship was almost peremptory, and his thoughts turned to them as he stood on his balcony looking down on the waning throngs; the great stone buildings were humming like hives, and bigures were passing busily to and fro behind the open windows. It astonished him a little. True, it was his first play and he was very popular. But he had a vague uneasy idea they were overdoing it. They talked of nothing else: his play, his brilliant future, his sure place in th ecrack regiment "if he hung on"; and they insisted that he must also express himself at least once through the medium of the novel. The great New York novel had yet to be written. They fairly dinned his gifts into his ears, until he was almost sick of them, and wondered if Mary were not also.

She had seen a good deal of the Sophisticates lately, and from what she had let drop he inferred that even when he had not been present they had talked of little else. They had by no means waited for his play to be finished and read to a select few. Hogartand Scores had assured them long before it was finished that it would be a great play.

Once or twice there was a rusytling in the back of his mind. They were not given to wild enthusiasm of this sort. They thought too highly of themselves. He realized how genuinely fond they were of him, but he had not hoped for more than critical appreciation, from the men, at least. Could it be possible . . . . . .

But he was still in the first flush of his triumph, his brain hummed with pleasant memories of those hours at Gora Dwight's three nights ago. He had cleared the base of the pedestal on whose narrow and unaccommodating top he was soon to have his foothold, and it was not in human nature, at this stage of his progress, to suspect the sincerity of the adulation so generously poured at his feet.

And Mary, during this past fortnight (when he had been present, at least), had seemed to bask contentedly in reflected glory, and smiled sympathetically while they talked of the many Clavering first-nights they would attend in the sure anticipation of that class of entertainment up to which the Little Theatres and the Theatre Guild were striving to educate the public. They took it as a matter of course that he was to abide in the stimulating atmosphere of New York for the rest of his days. And they invariably insisted that "Madame Zattiany" must always sit in a stage box and be a part of the entertainment. They were too well bred (and too asute) to hint at the engagement they were positive existed, but "hoped" she would be willing to add to the prestige of one who was now as much her friends as theirs. It was a curious position in which to place a woman like Mary Zattiany, but Sophisticate New York was not Diplomatic Europe, and he thought he saw her smile deeply into humor once or twice; no doubt she was reflecting that she had lived long enough to take people as she found them.

His reverie was interrupted by a buzzing at the end of his hall and he went to the door quickly, wondering who could have sent him a special delivery letter or a note at this hour. It proved to be a cablegram. He read it when he returned to his living room. It was dated Rome, Italy, and read:

"I'll have you yet. Janet."

Clavering swore, then laughed. He tore the message into strips and sat down to read his newspapers; he had merely glanced at the headlines and his column. His eye was arrested by the picture of a man at the top of the first page of his own newspaper. Although smooth-shaved and very regular of feature, with no pronounced racial characteristics, it was, nevertheless, a foreign face, although difficult to place. From its distinction it might be Austrian, but the name below, "Prince Hohenhauer," might as easily be German. Still, it was not a German face, and Clavering studied it for a moment before reading the news text, wondering faintly at his interest.

It was unmistakably the face of a statesman, and reminded him a little of a picture of Prince Schwarzenberg, prim minister when Franz Josef ascended the throne, he had been lately in a history of Austria. There was the same broad placidity of brow, the long oval face the thin long slightly curved nose, the heavy lids, the slim erectness, the same suave repose. But this man's large beautifully cut mouth was more firmly set, bad a faintly satiric expression, and the eyes a powerful and penetrating gaze. It was the face of a man who was complete master of himself and accustomed to the mastery of men.

Clavering read the story under the headlines:

Prince Honhenhauer Arrives in New York
Goes at Once to Washington

"Prince Hohenhauer, a distinguished political factor under the old Austrian Empire, arrived yesterday morning on the Noordam. He refused to be interviewed, but it is understood he was a large amount of money invested in the United States and has come to New York at the request to his lawyers to attend to certain necessary formalities. He was, in fact, met at Quarantine by Judge Trent, one of the most distinguished members of the New York Bar since his retirement from the Bench, and they went at once to the Prince's stateroom and remained there until it was time to leave the ship. It is significant, however, that the Prince, after engaging a suite at the Ritz-Carlton, and lunching there with Judge Tent, took the afternoon train for Washington. As he recently left his estate in Switzerland to return to Vienna and accept a position in the Cabinet, and as it is well known that Austria desires the backing of the American Government to enable her to overcome the opposition of France to her alliance with Germany, or, it is whispered, with a kingdom farther south, it is not unreasonable to infer that he has come to the United States on a special, if secret, mission.

"The Prince was the subject of lively interest on the boat and of much speculation, but he took his meals in his suite and walked the deck only in the company of his secretary.

"He is a man of striking appearance, quite six feet in height, with a spare erect figure, fine features, and hardly looks his sixty years, in spite of his white hair."

Then followed a brief biography, which illustrated the efficiency of the newspaper "morgue," for the statesman's reputation was, so far, wholly European:

"Prince Moritz Franz Ernest Felix von Hohenhauer was born October 6th, 1862, on his ancestral estate in what was then known as Galicia. His mother was a princess of the House of Schwarzenberg. He has been the head of his own historic house for the last forty years, and has one son and two daughters. His wife, a member of the Kalnoky family, died several years ago. 'Hohenhauer' was one of those almost unbelievably vast estates of sixteen million acres possessed by a few of the Austrian noblemen under the old regime. In spite of the fact that Prince Hohenhauer was one of the greatest landlords in all Christendom he was a liberal in politics from the first and the author of several of the reform laws in behalf of the people which from time to time were forced upon the most conservative monarch in Europe. He was in sympathy with the revolution and offered his services at once to the new Government. They were declined, and he retired to Switzerland, where he has an estate near St. Mortiz, and, it is understood, considerable money invested. His vast estates in what is now Poland were confiscated, but he was one of the wealthiest men in the Empire and is said to have transferred immense sums to the United States before the war."

Clavering dropped the newspaper. Liberal in politics. Immense sums invested in the United States. Judge Trent. There could be no possible doubt as to who the man was. The floor seemed unsteady for a moment.

And yet there was as little doubt that Mary Zattiany had long since ceased to care for him. That was over fifteen or sixteen years ago. They had known each other in later years, both equally indifferent to the other and to the past. . . . Yes . . . but she had then completely lost the beauty and the charm that had enthralled him, while he was still a man in his prime, who, with that appearance, no doubt had other young and beautiful women in his life.

He may or may not have heard of the metamorphosis. At all events they had been political allies. He would call on her as a matter of course. And possibly out of more than politeness; he may have brought her an important message. Or he might find it expedient to confer with her on his present mission. That he had coml on an important mission did not admit of a doubt; but at least he had not gone to her at once. His interest in her, so far, was still impersonal.

Clavering had too much of the arrogance of youth and he was too sure of Mary Zattiany's love for himself to be apprehensive of the charms of a man of sixty, but he was invaded by a nameless and almost sickening fear. He had very swift and often very sure intuitions, and he was shaken by a premonition that in some manner, which, in his ignorance of the facts he was unable to define, this man's presence in America boded no good to himself.

But Clavering was also a man of swift decisions and resource, and he knew this was no time to lose his head, or even to play a waiting game. And he must tread warily. Impulsive as he was by nature he could be as wary as a Red Indian when wariness would serve his purpose. He called up Mr. Dinwiddle on the telephone and asked if he might see him at once. It was only half past nine and Mr. Dinwiddle was just finishing his breakfast in bed, but he told his favorite cordially to "come along."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Dinwiddle, as Clavering entered his bedroom fifteen minutes later. "This is an early call. Thought you didn't get up till noon."

"Went to bed early last night for a change. I've come to ask a favor. I'll smoke, if you don't mind."

He took a chair beside the bed, where Mr. Dinwiddie, in skull cap and decorous pyjamas, leaned against high pillows, happily digesting his breakfast, with the newspapers beside him. Clavering smoked for a few moments in silence, while his host watched him keenly. He had never seen his young friend in quite this mood. There was a curious deadly stillness about him.

"What is it, Lee?" he asked when curiosity finally got the better of him. "Nothing wrong between you and Mary, I hope? Of course you know it's all over town that you're engaged to her. Don't mind my saying this, do you? And you know you can trust me. Nothing like an old gossip for keeping a confidence sacred."

"Well, I am. But she chooses not to announce it and that is her right. And here is where you can help me. I want you to open your camp in the Adirondacks and give Mary a house party. I suppose Larsing and his wife are still there?"

"Yes, but it's too early——"

"Spring is early this year. The ice must have gone out. And the house is always comfortable; we've often had fires there when people were having sunstroke in New York. I want you to get busy, so that we can leave tomorrow morning——"

"Tomorrow morning? You young dynamo. It can't be done."

"It can. I'll call up the people I want in a few minutes—from here. You can telephone to the camp. Provisions can go tonight. I'll see to that also—"

"But can you get away yourself?"

"I'd get away if I had to resign, but I shan't. I shall break away for two months later anyhow. We have planned to marry in Austria in about a month from now."

"Then why in thunder do you want to run off to the woods with her now? I never heared of anything so unreasonable. She has friends here who'd like to see her until the last minute, you selfish young beggar—"

"It's the most reasonable thing I ever did. Don't insist upon an explantion, Din. Just accept my word that it's a vital matter to me."

"Ah! But I know!" Mr. Dinwiddle's eyes glittered. "Hohenhauer is here. That's the milk in the cocoanut."

Clavering scowled. "What do you mean by that?"

"I—I—well—there was a good deal of talk at the time—but then you know, Lee, I told you the very first time we both saw, her that there had been stories about Mary."

"Well, as it happens, she told me about this man, although not his name. Enough, however, for me to know at once this morning who he was. I don't intend she shall see him."

"You don't mean to tell me that you are jealous of Honhenhauer. Why, that was nearly twenty years ago, and he is almost as old as I am."

"I'm not jealous, but I've got a hunch." He scowled again, for he fancied he could see that old story unrolling itself in Dinwiddie's mind. It is one thing to dismiss the past with a lordly gesture and another to see it rise from the dead and peer from old eyes. He went on calmly, however. "I've no faith, myself, in the making of bonfires out of dead ashes, but all the same I scent danger and I intend to get her away and keep her away until the day before she sails; and I'll marry her the morning she does. I'll take no chances of their travelling on the same steamer."

"I see. Perhaps you are right. He's a damn good-looking chap, too, and has that princely distinction peculiar to Austrians. Some European princes look like successful business-men of the Middle West. I was once stranded at Abbazia, Austria's Riviera, during a rainy spell, and as there were only two other people in the vast dining-room I thought I'd speak to them. I took for granted they were Americans. He was a big heavy man, with one of those large, round, fat, shrewd, weary faces you see by the hundreds in the lobbies of Chicago hotels. She looked like a New England schoolmarm, and wore a red plaid waist. Well—he was the reigning prince of Carlstadt-Rudolfstein, one of those two by-six German principalities, and she was an Austrian archduchess. She was the only Austrian I ever saw that didn't look like one, but her manners were charming and we became great friends and they took me home with them to their beautiful old castle . . . . . Ah, those wonderful old German castles! Profiteers living in them today, I suppose. But Hohenhauer is a perfect specimen of his class—and then some. I met him once in Paris. Intensely reserved, but opened up one night at a small dinner. I never met a more charming man in my life. And unquestionably one of the ablest men in Europe. . . . . However, he's sixty and you're thirty-four. If he has any influence over her it's political, and in Europe politics one never knows what dark business is going on under the surface. Good idea to get Mary away. I'll get some fun out of it, too. Who'll you ask?"

"None of your crowd. How many bedrooms have you? I don't remember."

"Ten. If you want a large party you can turn in with me. There are twin beds in every room. I don't know how Mary'll like it; she's a luxurious creature, you know and we don't go to the woods to be comfortable—"

"You forget she got pretty well used to worse while she was running that hospital. And hardly people never mind."

"True. I'll give her a room to herself, for I don't see her doubling-up, at all events. That would leave eight good-sized rooms. Don't ask all married couples. Lee, for heaven's sake. Let's have two girls at least. But the season is still on. Sure you can get anybody?"

"Of course. They're not all pinned down to regular jobs, and will be only too glad to get out of New York after a grinding winter. The novelty of a house party in the mountains at this season will appeal to them. I'll call up Gora first."

He was crossing the room to the telephone when Mr. Dinwiddie said hesitatingly: "And so—so—you're really going to marry Mary? Have you thought what it means? It mean your own career. She'll never live here—she's out of the picture and knows it."

Clavering took down the receiver and called Miss Dwight's number. Mr. Dinwiddie sighed and shrugged his shoulders. But his eyes were bright. He would have a love drama under his very nose.

(To Be Continued)

" 'Ah! But I know!' Mr Dinwiddie's eyes glittered. 'Hohenhauer is here. That's the milk in the coconnut.' "

B.C. GIN PILLS FOR THE KIDNEYS
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
THE WORLD'S BEST REMEDY FOR ALL KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES
B60 B

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"
and extra good is the ORANGE PEKOE QUALITY
T-3

Lobster Fishermen Attention

We are open to contract to purchase Live Lobsters for delivery at our Tignish Run and Sea Cow Pond factories, during Spring Season 1924.

THE STRAITS FISH COMPANY, LIMITED
Point de Chene, N. B.
A. F. Davison, Managing Director.
824-1-7-10i.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeeting of the share holders of the Hazelbrook Dairying Co., Ltd., will be held at Hazelbrook on Wednesday, January 16th at 2 p. m. All patrons are cordially invited to attend.

A. W. JONES
Secretary

819-1-5-10i.

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the Orwell Dairy Co., will be held in the Orwell Cove Hall on Tuesday, an. 15th, 1924 at 1.30 p. m.

F. F. DREELAN, Secy.

890-1-11-3i.

FROST BITES

Are often dangerous. Rub well with Minard's. It eases pain and heals.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

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.
116-1-3-tst-6i

For Fire Insurance
Consult
H. M. SIMPSON
156 Richmond Street
Phone 869-J.