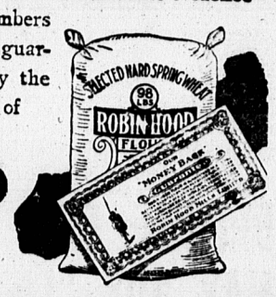
You are to be the Judge

In our "Money Back" guarantee we authorize your dealer to refund not only the full purchase price, but also an added ten per cent as a penalty if after two bakings with Robin Hood Flour you are not *better* satisfied with it than with any other flour you have ever used, and you are to be the judge.

The thrill of pride that comes from a fine baking of light, flaky Bread or Rolls will be sufficient evidence to convince you and the members of your family that such a guarantee is fully justified by the tested and proven quality of



ROBIN HOOD FLOUR

AUCTION SALE

At V. Hudson's Stanhope, on Wednesday, 19th, at 12 o'clock sharp. If story, the following day. My farm of stock, crop and implements as follows:

STOCK—4 cows, 2 to freshen now, 2 in February, 1 fat cow, 4 young cattle, 2 work horses, 13 sheep, 1 sow to farrow in March, 1 sow pure bred York, 3 other pigs, B. P. R. pullets and roosters, R. O. P. dams Other hens, 3 pure bread Toulouse geese, other old geese.

A lot of machinery, 3½ H. P. gasoline engine, 10 cords of wood ready for stoves.

This sale is positive. We are taking up a new line of business. See hand bills. 11 months credit.

P. BRODIE,
Auctioneer

532-12-15-3i.

Conservative Meeting

A meeting of the Conservative electors of Brackley Point Poll, will be held at Mr. Wm. H. Houston's residence Monday evening at 7 p. m. Important business.

Sg'd: SEC. R. W. YOUNKER
PRES. WM. H. HOUSTON

12-15-1i

TENDERS

Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned until December 27th, 1923, for the MacGregor farm, situated at Clifton, New London, containing fifty acres of choice land, well watered and buildings all in good repair. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Address tenders to

LEMUEL J. ORR,
French River,
New London

531-12-15-Smtw.

CLASSES FOR NURSING

The New Hampshire State Hospital School of Nursing, offers to eligible young women a course of Nursing Education. Classes form in January. The School is registered by New York and New Hampshire and is affiliated with a general Hospital..... A generous allowance is offered to students, as well as uniforms, maintenance and laundry. For further information apply to the Directress of Nursing, New Hampshire State Hospital, Concord, N. H. 399-12-10-6i

LIVE STOCK

Alfred Moreside, O'Leary, 1 Ayrshire Bull 6 years.
Earl Ings, Mt. Herbert, 4 Oxford Ram lambs.
Earl Ings, Mt. Herbert, 1 Oxford Yearling.
Earl Ings, Mt. Herbert, Yearling and aged ewes.
John McKinnon, Grandview, 1 Holstein Bull, 3 years.
Albert Younker, Winsloe, 1 Shorthorn bull 2 years.
Harry G. Reid, Murray Harbor North, 1 Oxford Down ram 4 years
H. E. Coffin, Frenchfort, I Dorset Horn ram, 4 years.
H. E. Coffin, Frenchfort, 2 Ram lambs.
James McPhail, Cornwall, 1 Holstein bull 4 years.
Bruce F. Judson, Beaton's Mills, 1 Yorkshire Boar 7 months.
J. S. Cairns, Dunstaffnage, 1 Ayrshire Cow 3 years.
C. M. Arsenault, Abram's Village,1 Hampshire Down ram yearling
C. M. Arsenault, Amram's Vill age, 2 Hampshire Down ram lambs
Fred Godfrey, Suffolk, 1 Berkshire boar 8 months.
Edwin Reid, Rollo Bay, 2 Ayrshire bull calves, 2 months.
Edwin Reid, Rollo Bay, 2 Ayreshire bull calf 2 months.
Edwin Reid, Rollo Bay, 2 Ayrshire heifers 2 months.
Clayton Morrison, Tryon. 6 Yorkshire Pigs, 6 weeks.
W. G. Darke, Bloomfield, 2 Guernsey Bulls 3 years and 8 months.
Peter Holland, Fort Augustus, 1 Ayreshire Bull 5 years.

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"

The years best book by America's best woman writer

by GERTRUDE ATHERTON

SYNOPSIS

At a first night performance in New York a beautiful young woman attracts attention by rising and leisurely surveying the audience through her glasses. Clavering, a newspaper columnist, and his cousin, Dinwiddie, are particularly interested, Dinwiddie declaring she is the image of Mary Ogden, a belle of thiry years ago, who had married a Count Zattiany. He is convinced that this is Mary's daughter, but all efforts to establish her identity prove futile.

Clavering finally manages to meet her, and she tells him she is the Countess Josef Zattiany, a cousin of Mary Ogden's and had married a relative of Mary's husband. Clavering does not believe her story and tells her so.

As time goes on Clavering realizes that he is in love with the mysterious Madame Zattiany, whose first name, he learns, is Mary. He declares his passion and draws from her the admission of a reciprocal warmth of feeling.

Mrs. Oglethorpe, having offered her box, Clavering invites Mary to attend the opera with him one evening. Her appearance there in the Oglethorpe box, regally gowned and the synosure of all eyes, is some what in the nature of a challenge to that forbidding Society which had she realizes the time has come to questioned her credentials, and clear up the mystery. She promises Clavering she will reveal her secret to him the following Saturday night.

Continued

XXXI

He went direct from the office that evening to Mrs. Oglethorpe's house in Gramercy Park. During the morning he had received the following note from her, and he had puzzled over it at intervals ever since:

"Dear Lee:

"Will you dine with an old woman tonight—a rather bewildered and upset old woman? I suppose to the young nothing is too new and strange for readjustment, but I have hardly known where I am these last few days. You are the only friend I care to talk to on the subject, for you always understand. I am probably older than your mother and I look old enough to be your grandmother, but you are the only person living with whom I ever feel inclined to lay aside all reserve. Old men are fossile and young men regard me as an ancient wreck preserved by family traditions. As for women I hate them and always did. Do come and dine with a lonely puzzled old woman unless you have an engagement impossible to break. Don't bother to dress."

'Your affectionate old friend.

"Jane Oglethorpe.'

"What's up?" Clavering had thought as he finished it. 'Mary or Janet?"

It was an extraordinary letter to receive from Mrs. Oglethorpe, the most fearsome old woman in New York. To Clavering she had always shown the softer side of her nature and he knew her perhaps better, or at all events more intimately, than any of her old friends, for she had not treated him as a negligible junior even when he arrived in New York at the tender age of twenty-two. His ingenuous precocity had amused her and she had discovered a keen interest in the newspaper world or whose existence she had hardly been aware; no interviewer had ever dated approach her; and as he grew older, developing rapidly more and more unlike her sons and her sons' friends, they had fallen into an easy pallish intimacy, were frank to rudeness, quarrelled furiously, but fed each other's wisdom and were deeply attached. During the war she was knitted him enough socks and sweaters to supply half his regiment; and when he had left the hospital after a serious attack of infuenza it had been for the house in Gramercy Park, where he could have remained indefinitely had he wished.

But in all the years of their intimacy never before had she "broken," given a hint that she felt the long generation between them. He found her more interesting in talk than any girl, except when he was briefly in love, and her absence of vanity, her contempt for sentiment in any of its forms, filled him with a blessed sense of security as he spent hours stretched out on the sofa in her upstairs sitting room, smoking and discussing the universe. She was not an intellectual woman, but she was sharp and shrewd, a momument of common sense and worldly wisdom. It would be as easy to hoodwink her as the disembodied Minerva, and it was doubtful if any one made even a tentative attempt. Clavering wondered which of those inner secret personalities was to be revealed tonight.

As he stood in the drawing-room waiting for her to come down he examined for the first time in many years the full-length picture of her painted shortly before her marriage of James Oglethorpe. She was even taller than Mary Zattiany and in the portrait her waist was round and disconcertingly small to the modern therapeutic eye. But the whole effect of the figure was superb and dashing, the poise of the head was almost defiant, and the hands were long slender, and very white against the crimson satin of her gown.

She looked as if about to lead a charge of cavalry, although, oddly enough, her full, sensuous mouth with its slightly protruding lower lip, was pouting. Beautiful she had never been; the large bony structure of her face was too uncoverable, her eyes too sharp and sardonic; but handsome certainly, and, no doubt, for many years after she had stood for this portrait in the full insolence of her young womanhood. She retained not a trace of that handsomeness today. Her hands were skinny, large veined, discolored by moth patches, and her large aquiline nose rose from her sunken cheeks like the beak of an old eagle—an indomitable old eagle. Many women of sixty-eight had worn far better, but looks need care, spurred by vanity, and she had a profound contempt for both. No doubt if she had made a few of the well known feminine concessions she would have looked at least ten years younger than her age, for she had never had a day's illness: eight lyings-in were not, in her case, to be counted as exceptions. No doubt, though Clavering, as he turned to greet her, she had thought it quite enough to be imposing.

She certainly looked imposing tonight in spite of her old-fashioned corsets and her iron-gray hair arranged in flat rolls and puffs on the precise top of her head, for although flesh had accumulated lumpily on her back, her shoulders were still unbowed, her head as haughtily poised as in her youth, and the long back velvet gown with yellow old point about the square neck (the neck itself covered, like the throat, with net), and falling over her hands, became her style if not the times.

"Well, Lee!" she said drily. "I suppose when you got my note you thought I had gone bug-house, as my fastidious granddaughter Janet would express it. But that is the way I felt and that is the way I feel at the present moment."

"Dear Lady Jane! Whatever it is, here I am to command, as you see. There is no engagement I wouldn't have broken——"

"'You are a perfect dear, and if I were forty years younger I should marry you.'"

"You are a perfect dear, and if I were forty years younger I should marry you. However, we'll come to that later. I wan't to talk to you about that damnable little Janet first—we'll have to go in now."

When they were seated at a small table at one end of the immense dining room she turned to the butler and said sharply: "Get out, Hawkins, and stay out except when we can't get on without you." And Hawkins, whom a cattaclysm would not have ruffled after forty-five years in Mrs. Oglethorpe's service, vanished.

"Jim said he had a talk with you about Janet, and that you advised him to spank her," she said. 'Well he did."

"What?" Clavering gave a delighted grin. "I never believed he'd do it."

"Nor I. Thought his will had grown as flabby as his body. But when she stood up to him and with a cool insolence, which she may or may not have inherited from me, or which may be merely part and parcel of the new manner, and flung in his face a good deal more than he knew already, and asked him what he was going to do about it, he turned her over his knee and took a hair brush to her."

"It must have been a tussle. I suppose she kicked and scratched?"

"She was so astonished that at first she merely ejaculated: "Oh, by Jimmy! Then she fought to get away and when she found she couldn't she began to blubber, exactly as she did when she was not so very much younger and was spanked about once a day. That hurt his feelings, for he's as soft as much, and he let her go; but he locked her up in her room and there she stays until she promises to behave herself as girls did in his time. I'm afraid it won't work. She hasn't promised yet,a bout merely hisses at him through the keyhole. D'you understand this new breed? I'm afraid none of the rest of us do."

We'll Back Vicks Against Any Cold In Charlottetown

We'll back a jar of Vicks VapoRub against any cold in Charlottetown and vicinity.

Here's our liberal offer.

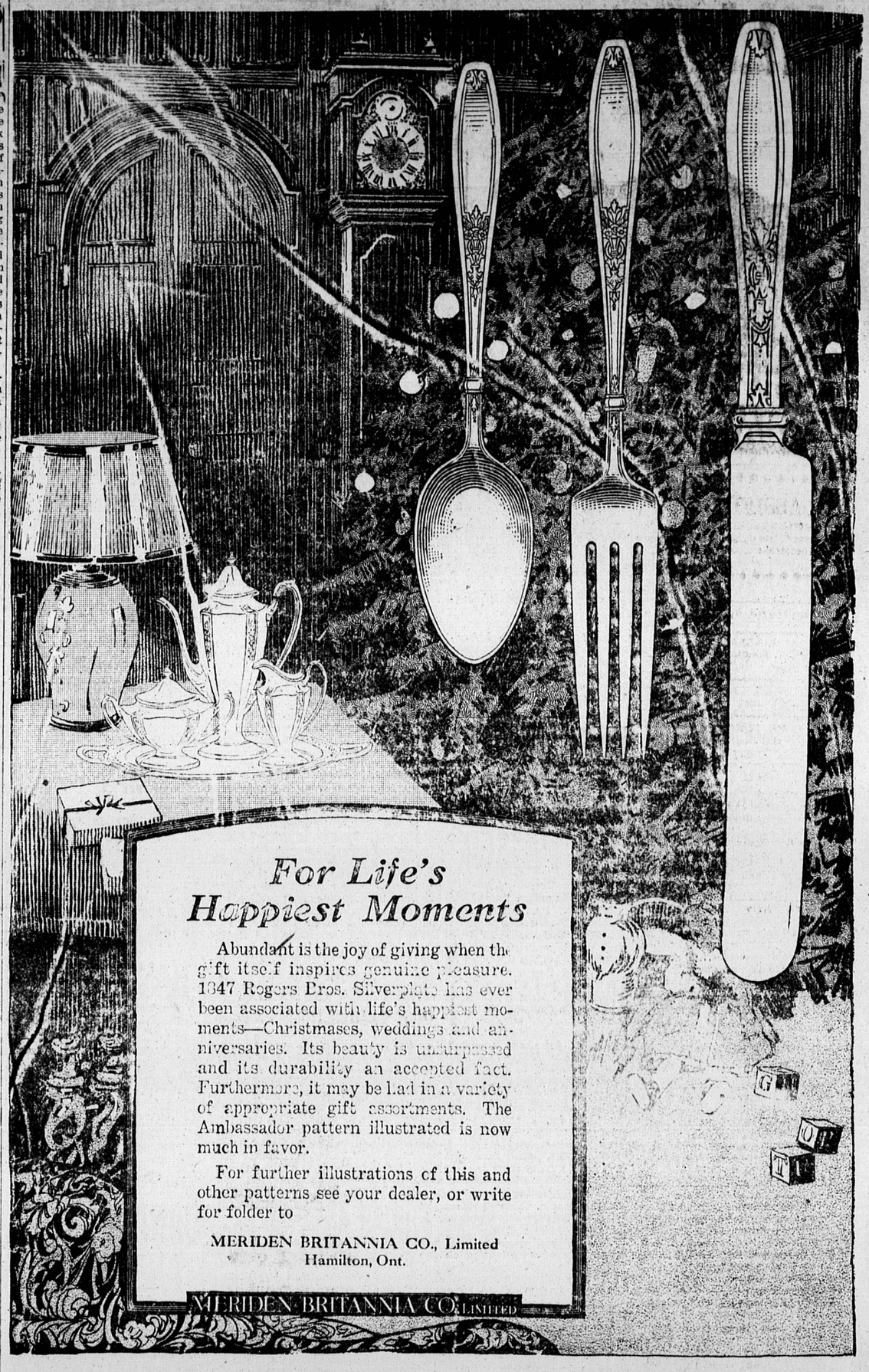
Get a 50c jar of Vicks at your druggist's. Use all or part of it. If you are not delighted with the results mail the top of the carton to Vicks Chemical Company, 344 St. Paul St., W., Montreal, and we will gladly refund the purchase price. We make the above offer because Vicks certainly does give quick relief in the majority of cases.

Miss Amy A. Pond, Apr. 20, 50 King St., Sherbrooke, Quebec, writes: "Vicks VapoRub is one of the best remedies for colds that I have been able to get hold of. I had a very severe cold on my chest and I applied Vicks VapoRub and got great results. The cold seemed to break up, and in a day or so I was almost free from a cold."

Vicks is the external, direct treatment for all cold troubles—rubbed on—absorbed like a liniment—and at the same time, inhale as a vapor.

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

Though Vicks is new in Canada it has a remarkable sale in the



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MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. LIMITED

1847 ROGERS BROS.
SILVERPLATE

The Middle Ground

By Marion Rubincam.

UNDERSTANDING

Chapter 53

Amy had torn open the little package with a half smothered excited laugh. Her mother watched her, anxious to delay reading her own letter as long as possible. From innumerable covering of tissue paper emerged a box with the name of a smart jeweler on it, and from within, in still further layers of white cotton, came out another box, this time satin covered and stamped with gold lettering. And from this Amy drew out a tiny flexible bracelet of emeralds, and held it up.

"It's from Mr. Arnold," she announced, reading the tiny card inside the box.

"Who is Mr. Arnold?" Mrs. Talbot remembered the name—Luther had spoken of him and said he might be a greater source of worry than Donald. But she was clever enough to know the strength that lay in appearing ignorant.

Amy hesitated, and colored a little.

"I've meant to tell you about him, but somehow, I haven't yet. He's—a friend of Jim Clarke's, and I met him, as I've met everyone who has done me any good, through Claire. He's very rich, re-

around, just to show him I'm not ashamed of this shabby home. He's—" she was having a difficult time explaining. "You see, he likes me a lot, and so he sent me this bracelet."

She said this quite as though it was an excellent reason. But she knew it would never satisfy the little old lady who stared at the string of sparkling green stones as though it was a coiled snake.

But still Mrs. Talbot said nothing in protest. Amy was evidently waiting for the storm to descend. Evidently too, she had spent days in thinking of reasons for taking the gift.

And what was the use of protesting? The girl was looking adoringly at this, the first really valuable beautiful thing she had ever owned. Certainly she would not give it up. Amy had once before shown herself capable of refusing flatly to do what she was told.

So Mrs. Talbot, as part of her new plan, made no comment about the bracelet, she used her letter as an excuse for saying nothing. And while she was reading it, Amy went out, the emeralds hidden under her long tan glove, but making her arm tingle with pleasure because she knew they clasped it.

The letter only added to Mrs. Talbot's gloom. It was in Jordan's bitterest manner, and announced that as she had chosen not to come back when she was ordered, she had forfeited her home. She was no longer his wife, she was as bad, if not worse than her daughters. He considered the whole family

It was like a sermon at an old fashioned revival meeting in its general tone. It was so bitter it was ridiculous.

But Amy Talbot, hunched up on the couch, could see only the tragedy, not the humor in the situation. Unconsciously, she had clung to Jordan and his ideas, all along. At the age of 48, when most women have passed the storms of their lives and have settled down to peace and quiet, she had come to the climax. Surely, at nearly half a century, after a life of hard work she had earned rest, nor this breaking up of everything. The further she felt her children drift away from her, the more, subconsciously, she had clung to Jordan, and all he stood for. He had always done her thinking for her, made her decisions, dictated her ideas on every subject.

She once thought there were no ways but Jordan's ways, no standards but those he approved.

Then came the disturbing reunion with the children. Then came the gradual drifting of tcehhidldPr the gradual drifting of the children, and finally her desperate attempt to go to them and bring them back to the old ways.

And she had failed in that!

First of all, there were ways of looking at life, quite different from any she had imagined. And nice people seemed to hold these strange views too, and to be none the worse for them.

With her children, she found herself clinging to Jordan's ways, with Jordan's denunciation in her vision of the narrow little house in the country before her mind, she felt herself changing.

She had promised that she would not disapprove of anything the three children said or did, until she had won their confidence. That was, the first step—perhaps after that, she could bring them around to their old point of view.

So she had thought!

Now, suddenly, she found herself conforming to their point of view. After all, hadn't they been fairly driven to it? To be sure Jordan had clothed and fed them, even grudgingly loaned them money toward their education. But what else had he done for them? What had he ever done for her? The children might be all wrong in their ultramodern ideas—but somehow, she felt they were justified, because it was the inevitable reaction to Jordan's extreme narrowness.

Tomorrow—A Climax

CHILBLAINS

Rub the feet well with Minard's. A few applications and the soreness is gone.

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