

sently at having an object of such popular hatred under his roof. At midnight we were turned with ignominy from his door. Muffling my face, and turning aside from every passer-by, we three tramped the purlieus of the Morast, looking for some humble and insignificant chamber where we could find shelter from the bitterness of the night and the fury of the populace. At last in the Krippe-Thor—"

"THE Krippe-Thor!" repeated Saunders, his interest at length aroused.

"Yes, a disreputable thoroughfare, the haunt of murderers and thieves and other abominable persons; we found a dilapidated tenement having on a broken window-pane a filthy piece of paper on which was written the words 'A good dry cellar to let.' We entered timorously, and bargained with a savage-looking landlord. The sum asked was infinitesimal and the accommodation villainous. For a Mayor of Weidenbruck it was pathetic. Still it was better than freezing in the streets or being torn to pieces by Jews. We took possession. There was no heating apparatus, and the description of the cellar as 'dry' was not warranted by facts. Huddling together for warmth we tried to sleep, but, as far as I was concerned, without success. I had lost my nerve, and daylight brought with it little restoration of my courage. I dared not go out and show myself abroad. My wife and daughter, however, sallied forth and bought food. All the morning and afternoon I lay bemoaning my fate and cursing my folly in not having acted more loyally towards your redoubtable Excellency."

"Get along," broke in Saunders.

"At about four o'clock, or it may have been half-past, something happened. There was a noise of people entering the room overhead. It was possible to hear very plainly, for there was no ceiling between us, merely bare joists, and rotten floor-boards with big gaps between them. I heard a voice I recognized."

"Yes," said Saunders eagerly, "whose?"

"The Arch-duke's. I was astonished and terrified, especially terrified. I feared that he had come to exact some vengeance on me. Not knowing what to do, I did nothing. I listened. I heard everything, almost as plainly as if it had been happening in the same room. His Highness spoke quickly and peremptorily, as if in a very bad temper. At times his language was positively appalling. Something—I could not exactly gather what—had occurred to thwart his schemes. I heard him speak of a verdompte shlag-lawine and the impossibility of fighting Fate. Then another voice joined in."

"Yes, yes," said Saunders, whose excitement was growing momentarily deeper. "Whose voice was this?"

"The ex-Queen's. She, too, was querulous. She spoke of discomforts and dangers, and rebuked His Highness for lack of foresight. He retorted bitterly that she could leave him if she were dissatisfied, and get someone else to look after her. She said she would go if she might take her son with her."

"Her son—Karl—he was there, too?"

"Yes. But the Arch-duke said that on no account was Karl to leave. He had given instructions for him to be closely guarded. He intimated plainly that he was a prisoner in an anarchist's house, and that any attempt to escape would be attended with fatal results."

"What did Karl say?" asked Saunders breathlessly.

"He said that he was very comfortable where he was, and that he had no intention of trying to leave. He said he was sure his dear cousin Cyril was acting entirely in his interests."

"Bravo!" cried Saunders enthusiastically. "The boy's a chip of the old block. What a king he'll make some day!"

"Then the Arch-duke announced his intention of going out," resumed Neumann, "and he left the ex-Queen and Karl to themselves. They debated together in low tones, the ex-Queen sobbing a little at intervals. I heard them try the door, which they rattled in

vain. A minute later I heard a gruff voice—the voice of the landlord—threatening them with the most brutal penalties if they did not remain quiet. For a considerable time there was silence."

"That is when you should have come to me," said Saunders.

"My courage was only coming back to me slowly," rejoined the brewer. "I was weak and sick with past anxieties and misfortunes, and could not summon up the necessary resolution. Presently there was the sound of more footsteps and voices above. Something heavy was dumped down with a thud on the floor, and the men who had brought it went out. 'Fritz of Friedrichsheim!' cried the ex-Queen. 'Beautiful!' echoed Karl. 'He looks well-nigh dead.' Between them I think they paid him such attention as was in their power. A little later my returning courage waxed stronger. I made a heroic resolve. I would flee from that abominable cellar. I would seek the redoubtable Herr Saunders, entreat his mercy, and place my information at his service."

"It was the wisest thing you have ever done," said Saunders, with scarcely suppressed enthusiasm. "Heavens above! there is the working of Providence here, or I am an atheist. Cyril is right. He is fighting against Fate. It was Fate who sent your wandering steps to the identical cellar above which the Arch-duke was hiding his royal prisoners. I begin to see daylight."

"What am I to do, Excellency?"

"Have a meal, you look as if you need it. A wash, too—you need that. Anything you like, but don't leave the Neptunburg."

"But my wife and daughter—"

"I am glad you think of them," said Saunders. "It shows that though you are contemptible you are not altogether vile. But they are safe where they are for the present."

"And if your plans succeed—"

"If I can unravel this angle— If! Of course I can. The insoluble situation is solving itself. We are winning! In twenty-four hours I shall be saying 'We have won!'"

"If, as seems likely, you are the humble instrument of our success, your brewery is as good as rebuilt. The State will do it. There will be no difficulty about that. If there is, I will rebuild it at my own expense."

"Oh, Excellency!"

"Yes, yes, thank me when you have something to thank me for. Now go and feed and wash—especially wash."

"And what are you going to do, Excellency?"

"I am going to think—and think—and think."

(To be continued.)

Mistaken Identity.—A story is told of a log-roller who, while working on a log drive, fell into the water.

He struggled for a while, and at last, dizzy and nearly exhausted, managed to grasp a big log and hold on to it.

The current was so strong and swift that it carried his body under the log, until his feet stuck out on the other side.

Just as a comrade grasped him by the shoulders he caught sight of his own feet protruding on the other side of the log.

"I can hold on a bit longer!" he gasped. "Save the chap that's in head first, if you can."—Weekly Scotsman.

Advertising Pays.—"Does advertising pay? I lost a five-dollar bill on the street."

"Well?"

"I advertised, and so far I have received three five-dollar bills."—Pittsburgh Post.

Foiling Chris.—Columbus had returned to Spain bringing news of wonderful new lands across the sea.

"How much shall I write on it?" queried the maritime reporter of the Cadiz Evening Bulletin, who had brought in the story.

"Don't write anything," replied the editor. "Let Columbus pay for his advertising if he wants any. It's probably a real estate promotion scheme."—Newark News.

Electric Light, Eyestrain, and the Growing Child

Specialists tell us that most modern ailments are the direct result of eyestrain.

It is a crime to allow a child to read and play under unmitigated electric light.

By the use of MOONSTONE globes and dishes the harsh light is diffused and softened.

It is cheaper, too, than the old way, for less candlepower will produce more illumination, so great is the deflecting and diffusing effect of this chemically perfect glass.



No. 9070. Grecian Lantern.

MOONSTONE BULLETIN No. 1

will prove interesting and instructive reading. Give us your room dimensions and our engineering department will tell you, without cost to you, how to light your whole house with a clear and mellow effulgence that will save eye and nerve strain, and work out a material economy at the same time.

Made in Canada.

Jefferson Glass Company, Limited

388 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto

The Standard of Excellence by Which All Others Are Judged is

WHITE LABEL ALE

YOU realize it as a better ale, especially when your palate is weary of the everyday beers—it has individuality, life, a delightful 'Old English Ale' taste you find irresistible. Its flavor made its favor so it leads most everywhere.

Order at dealers.

Also served at hotels.

Get some!

Brewed and bottled by

DOMINION BREWERY CO., LIMITED
TORONTO



WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

à la Quina du Pérou

STOMACH TROUBLES

The food we eat is responsible, to a great extent, for the many distressing ailments to which the average person is subject, and great care should be taken to ensure its proper digestion and assimilation.

WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

220

(à la Quina du Pérou) taken before or after meals, exerts a restorative influence upon every tissue and organ of the body, and aids materially in preparing the food for absorption, also spreads its vitalizing force over the whole system.

BIG BOTTLE

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

ALL DRUGGISTS

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."