

"C. M. C."

GARTERS FOR MEN

MERCERISED COTTON 25c. PURE SILK 50c.

"C.M.C." MEN'S GARTERS

With new "C.M.C." Midget Clasp. It won't tear. It can't come off. No Pulls or Cord to cut or wear. Made entirely of best English elastic.

Sample pair mailed on receipt of 25 cents. State color required.

MANUFACTURED BY

C. H. WESTWOOD & CO., Limited, 84 Bay St., Toronto

GRAY OR FADED HAIR

is not always desired or admired. The one most successful hair remedy is



PRINCESS HAIR REJUVENATOR

It is perfectly harmless, clear as water, neither greasy nor sticky, restores gray or faded hair to its original color in ten days, making it glossy and

beautiful. Price \$1.00, express paid. Home remedies for falling hair and dandruff \$1 each.

Superfluous Hair, Moles, Etc., eradicated permanently by our method of Electrolysis. Write for booklet "R" or phone M. 831.

Hiscott Dermatological Institute
61 College St., Toronto. Est'd 1892

Berlin Lion Brewery
Wurzburger Beer

See that our label is on every bottle.

Manufactured of pure malt and hops.

C. N. Huether
Berlin Ontario

There are more UNDERWOODS sold in Canada than all other makes combined. It has a larger sale in America than any other typewriter.

Facts are stubborn things—and these are facts.

UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. Ltd.
Adelaide Street East
TORONTO

might all change our minds about these matters. Sir Robert is coming and I am sure that your cousin Barbara will be very disappointed if you do not turn up, for she understands nothing about these city things, which are Greek to her."

At the mention of the name of Barbara Sir Robert Aylward looked up from the papers which he affected to be tidying, and Alan thought that there was a kind of challenge in his eyes. A moment before he had made up his mind that no power on earth would induce him to spend a Sunday with his late partners at the Court. Now, acting upon some instinct or impulse, he reversed his opinion.

"Thanks," he said, "if that is understood, I shall be happy to come. I will drive over from Yarleys in time for dinner to-morrow. Perhaps you will say so to Barbara."

"She will be glad, I am sure," answered Mr. Haswell, "for she told me the other day that she wants to consult you about some outdoor theatricals that she means to get up in July."

"In July!" answered Alan with a little laugh. "I wonder where I shall be in July."

Then came another pause, which seemed to affect even Sir Robert's nerves, for, abandoning the papers, he walked down the room till he came to the golden object on the stand that has been described, and for the second time that day stood there contemplating it.

"This thing is yours, Vernon," he said, "and now that our relations are at an end, I suppose that you will want to take it away. What is its history? You never told me."

"Oh, that's a long story," answered Alan in an absent voice. "My uncle, who was a missionary, brought it from West Africa. I rather forget the facts, but Jeeki, my old negro servant, knows them all, for as a lad my uncle saved him from sacrifice, or something, in the place where they worship these things, and he has been with us ever since. It is a fetish with magical powers and all the rest of it. I believe they call it the Swimming Head and other names. If you look at it, you will see that it seems to swim between the shoulders, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Sir Robert, "and I admire the beautiful beast. She is cruel and artistic, like—like finance. Look here, Vernon, we have quarrelled, and of course henceforth are enemies, for it is no use mincing matters, only fools do that. But in a way you are being hardly treated. You could get £20 apiece to-day for those shares of yours on the market, and I am paying you £1. I understand your scruples, but there is no reason why we should not square things. This fetish of yours has brought me luck, so let's do a deal. Leave it here, and instead of a cheque for £1,700, I will make you one out for £17,000."

"That's a very liberal offer," said Vernon. "Give me a moment to think it over."

Then he also walked into the corner of the room and contemplated the golden mask that seemed to float between the frog-like shoulders. The shimmering eyes drew his eyes, though what he saw in them does not matter. Indeed he could never remember.

"No, thank you," he said presently. "I don't think I will sell the Yellow God, as Jeeki calls it. Perhaps you will kindly keep her here for a week or so, until I make up my mind where to stow her."

Alan was outside at last. The massive granite portal vanished behind him in the evening mists, much as a nightmare vanishes. He, Alan Vernon, who for a year or more had been in bondage, was a free man again. He remembered that this step of his

meant that, sooner or later, within a year or two at most, Yarleys, where his family had dwelt for centuries, must go to the hammer. Why had he not accepted Aylward's offer and sold that old fetish to him for £17,000? There was no question of share-dealing there, and if a very wealthy man chose to give a fancy price for a curiosity, he could take it without doubt or shame. At least, it would have sufficed to save Yarleys, which after all was only mortgaged for £20,000. For the life of him he could not tell. He had acted on impulse, a very curious impulse, and there was an end of it, perhaps because his uncle had told him as a boy that the thing was unique, or perhaps because old Jeeki, his negro servant, venerated it so much and swore that it was "lucky." At any rate, he had declined, and there was an end. But another and a graver matter remained. He had desired wealth to save Yarleys, but he desired it still more for a different purpose. Above everything on earth he loved Barbara, his distant cousin, and the niece of Mr. Champers-Haswell, who until an hour ago had been his partner. Now she was a great heiress, and without fortune he could not marry her, even if she would marry him, which remained in doubt. For one thing, her uncle and guardian, Haswell, under her father's will, had absolute discretion in this matter until she reached the age of twenty-five, and for another, he was too proud.

When Alan had left the office, Sir Robert turned to Mr. Champers-Haswell and asked abruptly, "What the devil does this mean?"

Mr. Haswell looked up at the ceiling and whistled in his own peculiar fashion, then answered, "I cannot say for certain, but I tell you that of late our luck has been too good to last. The boom, the real boom, came in with Vernon, and with Vernon I think that it will go."

"At any rate it must leave something pretty substantial behind it this time, Aylward, my friend. Whatever happens, within a week we shall be rich, really rich for life."

"For life, Haswell, yes, for life. But what is life? A bubble that any pin may prick. Oh! I know that you do not like the subject, but it is as well to look it in the face sometimes. There, let's get out of this before I grow superstitious. Got your hat and coat? So have I, come on," and he switched off the light, so that the room was left in darkness except for the faint glimmering of the fire.

"Good Lord deliver us," chimed in Mr. Haswell in a shaking voice behind him. "What the devil's that?"

Sir Robert looked round and saw, or thought that he saw, something very strange. From the pillar on which it stood, the golden fetish with a woman's face appeared to have floated. The firelight showed it gliding towards them across, but a few inches above, the floor of the great room. It came very slowly, but it came. Now it reached them and paused, and now it rose into the air until it attained the height of Mr. Champers-Haswell and stayed there, staring into his face and not a hand's breadth away, just as though it were a real woman glaring at him.

He uttered a sound, half whistle and half groan, and fell back, as it chanced on to a morocco covered seat behind him. For a moment or two the gleaming, golden mask floated in the air. Then it turned very deliberately, rose a little way, and moving sidelong to where Sir Robert stood, hung in front of his face.

Aylward staggered to the mantelpiece and began to fumble for the switch. He found it at last, and next instant the office broke into a blaze of light.

(To be continued)

BYRRH

BYRRH TONIC WINE taken with Soda or Seltzer is the most refreshing of drinks.

Sold at all Cafes and Stores.

You Want The Best DON'T YOU

The unanimous opinion of Insurance Critics is that our "IMPROVED SECURITY" Accident Policy has reached a degree of perfection never before attained.

There is no reason why you should not have it. Let us send you full particulars

The Sterling Accident & Guarantee Co. of Canada
164 St. James Street, Montreal

WILLIAM THOMSON & CO.,
GENERAL MANAGERS.
Would you care to canvass for us on a liberal commission?

CANADIAN HOTEL DIRECTORY

TORONTO HOTELS

King Edward Hotel
—Fireproof—

Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

Palmer House
200 Rooms. \$2.00 up.
American and European.

Rossin House
European \$1.00 up.
American \$2.00 up.

Accommodation for 500 Guests. Fireproof.

ONTARIO HOTELS

Caledonia Springs Hotel
(C.P.Ry.)

CALEDONIA SPRINGS, ONT.
American Plan, \$3.00 up.
Accommodation for 200 Guests.

Hotel Royal

HAMILTON
Largest, Best and Most Central.
\$2.50 per day and up. American Plan.

MONTREAL HOTELS

The Place Viger (C.P.Ry.)

American Plan, \$3.50 up.
Accommodation for 200 Guests.

QUEBEC HOTELS

The Chateau Frontenac
(C.P.Ry.)

American Plan, \$3.00 up.
Accommodation for 450 Guests.

MANITOBA HOTELS

The Royal Alexandra (C.P.Ry.)
WINNIPEG, MAN.

European, \$2.00. American, \$4.00.
Accommodation for 600 Guests.

BRITISH COLUMBIA HOTELS

Glacier House, (C.P.Ry.)
GLACIER, B. C.

American plan \$3.50 up.
Accommodation for 200 Guests.

Hotel Vancouver (C.P.Ry.)
VANCOUVER, B. C.

American plan \$3.50 up.
Accommodation for 400 Guests.