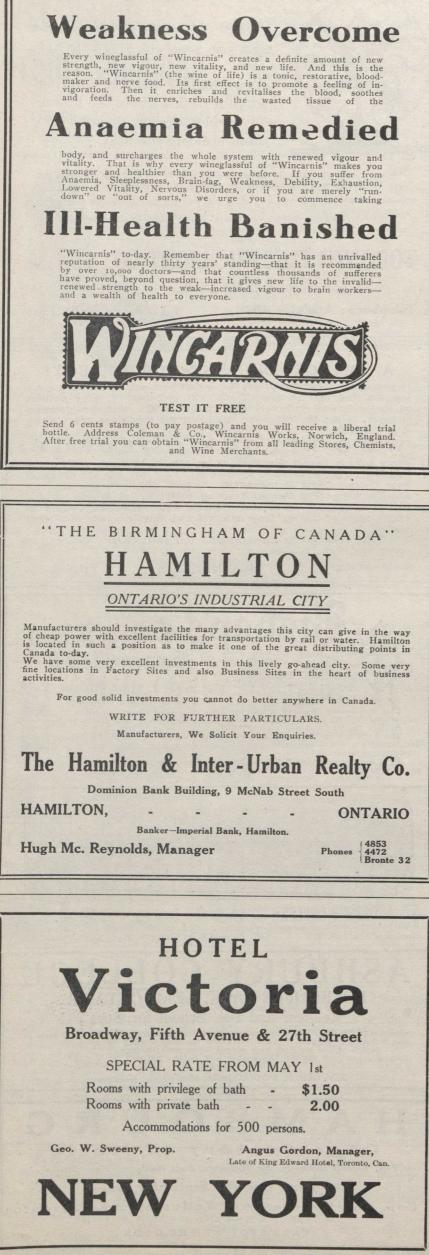
CANADIAN COURIER.



IN ANSWEPING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

on his way to Warwick Gardens. The maid who answered his knock told him that her mistress was engaged, but showed him into a little study.

"Take her a note," said Amber, and scribbled a message in his pocket book, tearing out the leaf.

When the twisted slip of paper came to her, Cynthia was engaged in a fruitless and so far as Lambaire was concerned, a profitless discussion on her brother's projected expedition. She opened the note and coloured. "Yes," she said with a nod to the maid, and crumpled the note in her hand. hand.

"I hardly think it is worth while continuing this discussion," she said; "it is not a question of my approval

or disapproval: if my brother elects to take the risk, he will go whatever my opinions are on the subject." "But, my dear young lady," said Lambaire eagerly, "you are wrong; it isn't only the chart which you have placed at our disposal—"

"At my brother's," she corrected. "It isn't only that," he went on, "it's the knowledge that you are in sym-pathy with our great project: it means a lot to us, ye know, Miss Cymthia.........." Cvnthia-

Cynthia—" "Miss Sutton," she corrected again. "It means more than you can im-agine; I've made a clean breast of my position. On the strength of your father's statement about this mine, I floated a company; I spent a lot of money on the expedition. I sent him out to Africa with one of the best caravans that have been got together —and now the shareholders are bothering me. "Where's that mine of yours?" they say. Why"—his voice sank to an impressive whisper—"they talk of prosecuting me, don't they. Whitey?"

"They do indeed," said his responsive companion truthfully.

"So it was a case of fair means or foul," he went on. "I had to get the plan, and you wouldn't give it to me. I couldn't burgle your house for it, could I?"

could 1?" He smiled pleasantly at the ab-surdity of taking such a course, and she looked at him curiously. "It is strange that you should say that," she replied slowly, "for remark-ably enough this house was burgled twice after my refusal to part with the little map." "Remarkable!" said Lambaire. "Astoundin'!" said Whitey, no less surprised.

surprised.

She rose from her chair. "Since the matter has been settled —so far as I have anything to do with it," she said, "you will excuse my presence." She left the room and Amber sit

She left the room, and Amber, sit-ting in the little study, heard the swish of her skirts and rose to meet her.

There was a touch of pink in her cheeks, but she was very grave and self-possessed, as she favoured him with the slightest of bows and mo-tioned him to a seat. "Good of you to see me, Miss Sut-ton," said Amber.

She noted, with a little pang, that he was quite at ease. There could be little hope for a man who was so lost to shame that he gloried in his misspent career rather than showed some indication of embarrassment in the presence of a woman who knew him for what he was.

"I felt I owed you this interview at

"I felt I owed you this interview at least," she replied steadily. "I wish——" She stopped. "Yes?" Amber perked his head on one side inquiringly. "You were go-ing to say that you wished——?" "It does not matter," she said. She felt herself blushing.

"You wish you could do something for me," he said with a half-smile, "but, my lady, half the good people in the world are trying to do something for me. I am hopeless, I am incor-rigible; regard me as that." Nevertheless, lightly as he dis-cussed the question of his regenera-

cussed the question of his regenera-tion, he eyed her keenly to see how she would take the rejection of help. To his relief, and somewhat to his annoyance also, be it admitted, he ob-





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