mother, "to attend the funeral ser vice."
Phoebe rose excitedly and scanned the printed cards.
"Admit bearer to the South Portal of the Domkirche. No. 854." The second card was a replica of the first, save that it was numbered 855.

Phoebe
ever sent them?" asked
"Mr. Saunders probably," said Mrs. Perowne.
"Whose signature is this?" Phoebe went on, trying to decipher a highly illegible scrawl on the card. "Why! it's signed Fritz of Friedrichsheim, and countersigned by the Lord Chamberlain!'
"Fritz of
Mrs. Predrichsheim!" serowne, "so it is Mrs. Perowne, "so it is. What an extraordinary signature. It looks as if he had written it with his left hand."
"Anyway, it will take us into the Cathedral. How perfectly lovely!" "I thought you had no desire to see the Cathedral," said Mrs. Perowne.
"This is the one occasion on which I should like to see it-when it is not an architectural show-place, but the living shrine of a great and solemn ceremony."
"Then we must start at once."
Both ladies were already clothed in black, in sympathetic accord with the nation they were dwelling among, and the addition of Russian sables enriched their appearance without detracting from its note of mourning.
They chartered a sleigh and proceeded at once to the sacred edifice. Their cards of admission were produced, and they were ushered by a gigantic and flamboyantly uniformed official to seats in the south transept. The great heipht of the build ing, the scanty light, of the buildincense, and the vast hush of closely packed cose duced an impression of almost prowhelming solemnity The Chur overSt. Ursula was draperies of wo robed in the toneless araperies or woe. The spandrels between the pointed Gothic arches were hung with black velvet, on which huge silver tears were diapered in lachry mose profusion. The high altar was veiled with crepe, and before it, sur rounded by a veritable forest of can dles, was the great sarcophagus con taining the mortal remains of the late Monarch.

A body-guard of household troops stood with bowed heads and reversed arms, lining the central nave and transepts. Ambassadors, legates, Cour functionaries and officers, all lent colour to the sad pageantry of death but with Phoebe the spectacular was swallowed up in the human interest. A man's corpse was lying in that flagman's corpse was lying in that flag-
draped coffin, that man a king; a good king said coffin, that man a king; a good king said some, a strong king said all and surely if a king is strong he is a good king, and if he is a good king he is in essentials a good man. Crude philosophy of a girl's changing mind!
The organ pealed out the old Gregorian chant, tuneless yet infinitely pathetic in its archaic solemnity. The diapason thundered in her ears, and the vox humana plucked at hor heart strings, and she strove fiercely with the impulse to cry, not realizing that many a war-bitten soldier and hardened diplomatist let fall the tear that honoured alike the memory of the departed and the cheek of the mourner. The Cardinal Archbishop wearing the plain mitra simplex pro seribed for the occasion, intoned the ancient words that constitute the Church's last offices for the dead, and commend the soul of the sleeper to Him Who fashioned the clay. The troops presented arms at the Elevation of the Host, the Papal Nuncio prinkled the last aspersions on the royal catafalque, the drums of the Guards rolled out their last salute to the twenty-second Karl, and the serine was at an end.

## CHAPTER XIX.

The Triumvirate.

ATER the ceremony Saunders, Meyer, and von Bilderbauni united forces on the Cathedral steps. A great body of people was in the big Platz, and troops lined the cire of the road to give a free
avenue for the returning cortege. Saunders was wearing his right arm inside his fur overcoat, and his companions both addressed polite inquiries as to the wounded member.
"It's really a very small matter," said Saunders lightly. "The wound healthy and small, and clean me a bad five minut whe It gave being dressed, but now-well, I hardly notice it."
"I suppose," said Meyer, "that you feel a certain un-Christian desire to get even with von Lacherberg.'

Saunders shook his head.
"Lacherberg is only a tool, and besides I did get even with him. He winged me, and I knocked out his best molars. On the exchange I had the best of it. No," Saunders went on with a setting of the jaw, "the man I'm feeling un-Christian about is Cyril of Wolfsnaden. He's the man who pays the unclean hand, and by Hays the unclean hand, he made me the unhappiest man on earth for an infernal halfman on earth for an infernal hall," hour last night-and he's got to pay." Bilderbaum hotly, "and when a man doesn't fight fair-"
"Pah!" Meyer interrupted. "Does anyone fight fair in Grimland? Do we? Is there any rule of combat save one in any country in the world-kill your enemy."
Meyer turned for confirmation of his cynical theory to Saunders, bui the Englishman was speaking in low hurried tones to someone who hap pened to be near him on the steps and who was lost to sight instantaneously in the press.
The man in question was the mys terious albino Langli, and he had called Saunders' attention to something that was taking place. Saunthing that was taking place. Saunders, whose brain was never asleep had given a quick instruction and then turned unconcernedly to his companion again.
"What is it?" asked Meyer
FOR answer Saunders pointed below them to the road. Young Karl was at that moment entering the rch-duke's sleigh.
That there was something unusual in this struck even von Bilderbaum. What does that mean? he asked Meyer's face darkened. Then he shugged his shoulders.
"It means," he said, "that instead of an Arch-duke we have a Regent; instead of an ex-Queen, a Queen Mother; instead of an heir anmarent a marionette."
"But this is
prevent" blurt what we've sworn to "Dent," blurted out the old General Do not grudge them the appea "ance of a trinmph," said Saunders "The ex-Queen is as nervous as a kitten and as pale as a sheet. Cyri is no better at ease, for all his fierc air and brist:ing moustache. As fo the marionette, as you call him, is training his limbs to move whe the string pulls-an excellent discip line for one who will have to pull himself some day."
"May that day come suon!" breathed Bilderbaum
"It will come in God's good time," said Saunders. "I am now goin" round to Fritz's rooms. Will you two accompnay me?"
"You are not going to Einfalt?" asked Meyer.
"No, there will only be actual rela tions of the deceased present when the coffin is set in its last resting place. We can hest honour the dead man's memory by taking thought of his boy."
In silence the three men descended the steps ard walked to the not dis tant Gerade-strasse, where Fritz's rooms were situated. There was work to be done, schemes to be threshed out, decisions to be taken but for the period of this brief journev they gave their thoughts to grief They were friends, their sorrow was mutual, and beause it was deep their mutual, and beause it
They found Fritz seated in an easy chair, reading the daily paper and smoking a cigarette. His head was bandaged and his arm in a sling He greeted them cheerfully.
"How are you-after lasí night?" asked Saunders.
(To be contimued.)

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