mother, "to attend the funeral ser-

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

'Who ever sent them?" asked

Phoebe. "Mr. Saunders probably," said Mrs.

"Mr. Saunders probably."
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 Friedrichsheim!" said Mrs. Perowne, "so it is. What an extraordinary signature. It looks as if he had written it with his left hand."

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 one?"

"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.

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 height of the building, the scanty light, the odour of incense, and the vast hush of the closely packed congregation, produced an impression of almost overwhelming solemnity. The Church of St. Ursula was robed in the toneless draperies of wee. The spandrels between the pointed Gothic arches were hung with black velvet, on which huge silver tears were diapered in lachrymose profusion. The high altar was veiled with crepe, and before it, surrounded by a veritable forest of candles, was the great sarcophagus containing the mortal remains of the late Monarch. Monarch.

Monarch.

A body-guard of household troops stood with bowed heads and reversed arms, lining the central nave and transepts. Ambassadors, legates, Court 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 flag-draped 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 her heart strings, and she strove fiercely with

diapason thundered in her ears, and the vox humana plucked at her 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 proscribed 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 sprinkled the last aspersions on the royal catafalque, the drums of the Guards rolled out their last salute to the twenty-second Karl, and the service was at an end.

CHAPTER XIX

The Triumvirate.

A FTER the ceremony Saunders,
Meyer, and von Bilderbaum
united forces on the Cathedral
steps. A great body of people was in
the big Platz, and troops lined the
centre 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

panions both addressed polite inquiries as to the wounded member.

"It's really a very small matter," said Saunders lightly. "The wound is all that a wound should be—healthy and small, and clean. It gave me a bad five minutes when it was being dressed, but now—well, I hardly notice it."

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 Heaven! he made me the unhappiest man on earth for an infernal half hour last night—and he's got to pay."

"He doesn't fight fair," said von 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, but

Meyer turned for confirmation of his cynical theory to Saunders, but the Englishman was speaking in low, hurried tones to someone who happened to be near him on the steps and who was lost to sight instantaneously in the press.

The man in question was the mysterious albino Langli, and he had called Saunders' attention to something 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.

"What is it?" asked Meyer.

Cor answer Saunders pointed below them to the road. Young Karl was at that moment entering the Arch-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 apparent, a marionette."

"But this is what we've sworn to prevent," blurted out the old General "Do not grudge them the appearance of a triumph," said Saunders.

"The ex-Queen is as nervous as a kitten and as pale as a sheet. Cyril is no better at ease, for all his fierce air and bristling moustache. As fo the marionette, as you call him, is training his limbs to move when the string pulls—an excellent discipline for one who will have to pull himself some day."

"May that day come soon!" breathed Bilderbaum.

"May that day come soon!" breathed Bilderbaum.
"It will come in God's good time," said Saunders. "I am now going round to Fritz's rooms. Will you two accompnay me?"
"You are not going to Einfalt?" asked Meyer.
"No, there will only be actual relations of the deceased present when

tions of the deceased present when the coffin is set in its last resting-place. We can test honour the dead man's memory by taking thought of

his boy."

In silence the three men descended In silence the three men descended the steps and walked to the not distant 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 silence was unbroken.

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 last night?" asked Saunders.

(To be continued.)

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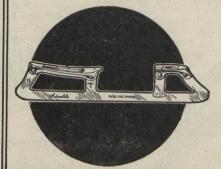
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