

with full, rich, delicious fragrance, redolent of the spicy tropics.

Tea is grown high up on the mountains of Ceylon—with its native delicacy and fragrance held captive in the sealed lead packages. BLACK, GREEN or MIXED

## **Don't Suffer Needlessly**

If you suffer from Anæmia, Sleeplessness, Brain Fag, Weakness, Nerve Troubles, Exhaustion, etc., "Wincarnis" Weakness, Nerve Troubles, Exhaustion, etc., "Wincarnis" will give you prompt relief. You need suffer no longer. Commence taking "Wincarnis" to-day. You will find yourself getting stronger after each wineglassful. And as you continue taking your "Wincarnis" you will feel it surcharging your whole system with renewed Health, Vigour, Vitality and New Life. The reason is that



is a tonic, restorative, blood maker and nerve food. Its is to stimulate the heart, revitalize the blood first effect and soothe the nerves. Then it creates new and rich blood, which is carried by the circulation all over the body to repair the wasted tissue, restore the lost vitality, feed the nerves, and make the whole That is why "Wincarnis" invalid, renewed strength to to brain workers, and a Will Give You system pulsate with new life. Give You wealth of health to everyone.

## **Renewed Health, Vigour,** Vitality and New Life.

"Wincarnis" can be obtained from all leading Stores, Chemists and Wine Merchants.



IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

with interest. I have the honor to thank you." "Your Highness the Arch-duke,

have the pleasure of saying to your face what I recently said behind your back; not that you are a villain—that would be indeed a platitude—but that you are a cad."

"Gentlemen, auf Wiedersehn!"

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## One Possessed.

S AUNDERS walked swiftly away from the Freiherr's house in the Roderick-strasse, but not be cause he feared pursuit. Neither was he congratulating himself very heart-ily on a hair-breadth escape. He had he congratulating himself very heart-ily on a hair-breadth escape. He had not, in truth, been very highly alarmed under the muzzle of the Arch-duke's revolver. He was reasonably confi-dent that Cyril would have missed him with his first barrel, and unreas-onably confident that in that case Cyril would have been a dead man. Saunders was an optimist with a su-perb trust in his own physical and Cyril would have been a dead man. Saunders was an optimist with a su-perb trust in his own physical and mental infallibility, and however irri-tating such people may be in times of peace they are invaluable assets in time of war. Just now he strode rap-idly over the snowy pavements be-cause it was necessary to harmonize his steps with the vigorous gait of his marching thoughts. Karl was a prisoner somewhere in the Krippel-Thor. Fritz, mishandled and sense-less, had been sent to the same dis-reputable den. What was Meyer do-ing? Was Drechsler meeting bold-ness with equal boldness, or was he failing at the crisis, as some men with the best intentions are apt to fail, not from want of physical cour-age, but from pure lack of morale? There was no suggestion of excite-ment in the streets. In fact, they were surprisingly empty. He turned into the Bahnhofstrasse, expecting here at any rate to meet with way-farers and lighted cafes. To his astonishment the main thoroughfare was even more conspicuously empty than the side street. From the cen-tral line of iron standards hung the endless chain of white arc lights, but not a shop was lighted, not a vehicle was in the roadway, or a soul on the pavement. The solitude of the usually busy thoroughfare was abnor-mal, alarming almost, more subtly suggestive of tragic events than a

usually busy thoroughlate was about mal, alarming almost, more subtly suggestive of tragic events than a crowded square of shouting citizens. Suddenly a patrol of Dragoons came trotting down the middle of the empty road.

Saunders' presence seemed to act Saunders' presence seemed to act on the soldiers as the view of a fox acts on huntsmen. The trot quick-ened to a gallop, and the troop bore down on him with a rush. Saunders stood his ground, because it seemed to him the safest thing to do under the circumstances. When

it seemed to him the safest thing to do under the circumstances. When the Dragoons drew near, he held up his uninjured arm, and the men reined in their horses. "Saunders, by the powers!" cried the officer at the head of the patrol, who was no other than Nolda. "I believe so," replied the English-man, "though I fancied for the mo-ment I was a stag at bay." "Himmel! I'm glad you did not think to run. You'd have been shot or cut down for a certainty. It's dangerous being abroad to-night." "So I am beginning to discover. May I ask why this excess of mili-tary zeal?" "Whose orders?"

"Whose orders?"

"Orders." "Whose orders?" "Meyer's--Meyer's and Drechsler's. Martial law has been proclaimed. You know what that means." "I have a rough idea. No crowds are allowed to assemble in the streets. After sunset one or more persons constitutes a crowd. I was perilously near constituting a crowd myself." Nolda laughed, and then grew quickly serious again. "Go back to the Palace," he said. "We've had our hands forced, and are bound to be brutal. Cyril dodged us on his re-turn from the Schlect Weg, and has gone to ground with his royal booty somewhere in the heart of the Mor-ast. Fritz has been kidnapped, and Meyer has had a narrow-escape." "So much I know. What I want to learn is what our side has been doing."

"So much I know. What I want t learn is what our side has been doing. "A mighty lot—on paper," said said



