

Don't Fuss With Mustard Plasters!

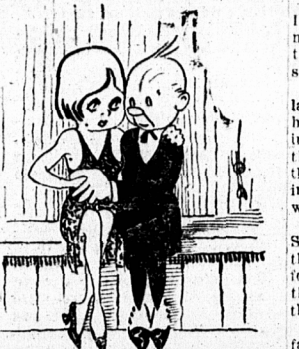
Musterole Works Without the Blister—Easier, Quicker Don't mix a mess of mustard, flour and water when you can relieve pain, soreness or stiffness with a little clean, white Musterole.

Musterole is made of pure oil of mustard and other helpful ingredients, in the form of a white ointment. It takes the place of mustard plasters, and will not blister. Musterole usually gives prompt relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest (it may prevent pneumonia).

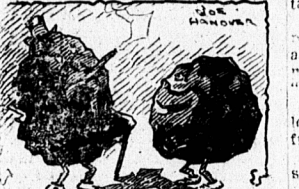


Angry Customer: "You call these safety matches. Why, none of 'em will strike!" Shopkeeper: "Well, you couldn't have anything safer than that, could you?"

SMILES



He: Did you ever love anyone like this before. She: Er-yes-but I can't remember who it was.



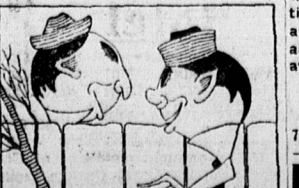
GOOD WORK The Haughty Lump of Anthracite: Why you're nothing but a lump of coal, mon soft coal! The Bituminous One: Yes, that's true, but I'm keeping a lot of folks in this winter!



EVEN CHANCES Excited Passenger: Captain, is it all up with us? Are we going down? Cap: Can't say—we're as likely to blow up as sink!



NO DRESS WORN "What dress did you wear to the dance last night?" "I didn't wear any dress to the dance last night." "Great heavens! Have you come to that?" "I didn't go to the dance last night."



DRUG STORE IN FRONT "From which side of the house does she get her beauty?" "Neither side—the drug store is light in front."

AUCTION SALE AT VILLAGE GREEN Of Stock, Crop and Farm Implements, on January 11th at One O'clock. If stormy first fine day. CLAUDE HORTON, Village Green. J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer. 7075-8-1M31.



BARDELYS The Magnificent

INSTALMENT 21 I was doomed. I realized it fully and very bitterly. I was to go out of the ways of men unnoticed and unmourned; as a rebel, under the obscure name of another and bearing another's sins upon my shoulders. I was to pass almost unheeded to the gallows. Bardelys the Magnificent—the Marquis Marcel Saint-Pol de Bardelys, whose splendour had been a by-word in France—was to go out like a guttering candle.

The thought filled me with the awful frenzy that so often goes with impotency—such a frenzy as the damned in hell may know. I forgot in that hour my precept that under no conditions should a gentleman give way to anger. In a blind access of fury I flung myself across the table and caught that villainous cheat by the throat, before any there could put out a hand to stop me. He was a heavy man, if a short one, and the strength of his thickest frame was a thing abnormal. Yet at that moment such nervous power did I gather from my rage, that I swung him from his feet as though he had been the puniest weakling. I dragged him down on to the table, and there I ground his face with a most excellent goodwill and relish.

"You liar, you cheat, you thief!" I snarled like any cross-grained mongrel. "The King shall hear of this, you knave! By God, he shall!" They dragged me from him at last—those lapdogs that attended him—and with much rough handling they sent me sprawling among the sawdust on the floor. It is more than likely that but for Castleroux's intervention they had made short work of me there and then. But with a bunch of Mordious, Sangdious, and Po' Cap de Dieux, the little Gascon flung himself before my prostrate figure, and bade them in the King's name, and at their peril, to stand back. Castleroux, sorely shaken, his face purple, and with blood streaming from his nostrils, had sunk into a chair. He rose now, and his first words were incoherent, ragged gasps.

"What is your name, sir?" he belatedly asked, addressing the Captain. "Amedee de Mironnac de Castleroux, of Chateau Rouge in Gascon," answered my captor, with a grand manner and a flourish, and added, "Your servant."

"What authority have you to allow your prisoners this degree of freedom?" "I do not need authority, monsieur," replied the Gascon. "Do you not?" blazed the Count. "I shall see to it that I am in Toulouse, my malapert friend." Castleroux drew himself up, straight as a rapier, his face slightly flushed and his glance angry, yet he had the presence of mind to restrain himself, partly at least, by having my orders from the Keeper of the Seals to effect the apprehension of Monsieur de Lesperon, and to deliver him up, alive or dead, at Toulouse. So that I do this, in the manner of it is my own affair, and who presumes to criticize my methods censurously impugns my honor and affronts me. And who affronts me, monsieur, he he whosoever he may be, renders me satisfaction. I beg that you will bear that circumstance in mind."

CHAPTER XII The Tribunal of Toulouse. I had hoped to lie some days in prison before being brought to trial, and that during those days Castleroux might have succeeded in discovering those who could witness to my identity. Conceivably, therefore, something of my dismay when on the morrow I was summoned at an hour before noon to go present myself to my judges.

From the prison to the Palace I was taken in chains like any thief—for the law demanded this indignity to be borne by one charged with the crimes they imputed to me. The distance was but short, yet I found it over-long, which is not wonderful considering that the people stopped to line up as I went by and to cast upon me as hower of opprobrious derision—for Toulouse was a very faithful and loyal city. It was within some two hundred yards of the Palace steps that I suddenly beheld a face in the crowd at the sight of which I stood still in my amazement. This earned me a stab in the back from the butt-end of the pike of one of my guards.

"What ails you now?" quoth the man irritably. "Forward, Monsieur le Traitre!" I moved on, scarce remarking the fellow's roughness; my eyes were still upon that face—the white, piteous face of Roxalanne. I smiled reassurance and encouragement, but even as I smiled the horror in her countenance seemed to increase. Then, as I passed on, she vanished from my sight, and I was left to conjecture the motives that had occasioned her return to Toulouse. Had the message that Marsac would yesterday have conveyed to her caused her to retrace her steps that she might be near me in my extremity; or had some weightier reason influenced her return? Did she hope to undo some of the evil she had done? Alas, poor child! If such were her hopes, I sorely feared me they would prove very little.

The undersigned will address the electors of 3rd district of King's at the following places on dates mentioned: New Perth, Friday, January 8th; Montague, Monday, January 11th. All meetings commence at 7.30 p.m. sharp. Signed H. FRANCIS McPHEE MICHAEL J. POWER 7000-31-11.

POLITICAL MEETINGS The undersigned will address the electors of the 4th District of Kings at the following places and on the dates mentioned. All meetings will open at 7.30 p. m. Murray Harbor, Friday 8th Montague, Monday 11th. Heatherdale, Tuesday 12th. NORMAN McLEOD BRUCE BUTLER dt-Jan12

to avoid further unpleasantness, Castleroux conducted me to a private room, where we took our meal in gloomy silence. It was not until an hour later, when we were again in the saddle and upon the last stage of our journey, that I offered Castleroux an explanation of my seemingly mad attack upon Chatellerault. "You have done a very rash and unwise thing, monsieur," he had commented reproachfully, and it was in answer to this that I poured out the whole story. I had determined upon this course while we were supping, for Castleroux was now my only hope, and as we rode beneath the stars of that September night I made known to him my true identity.

I told him that Chatellerault knew me, and I informed him that a wager lay between us, withholding the particulars of its nature—which had brought me into Languedoc and into the position wherein he had found and arrested me. At first he hesitated to believe me, but when at last I had convinced him by the vehemence of my assurances as much as by the assurances themselves, he expressed such opinions of the Comte de Chatellerault as made my heart go out to him. "You see, my dear Castleroux, that you are now my last hope," I said.

"A forlorn one, my poor gentleman!" he growled. "Nay, that need not be. My friend Rodenard and some twenty of my servants should be somewhere betwixt this and Paris. Let them be sought for, monsieur, and let us pray God that they be still in Languedoc and may be found in time."

"It shall be done, monsieur, I promise you," he answered me solemnly. "But I implore you not to hope too much from it. Chatellerault has it in his power to stop your way, and you may depend that he will waste no time after what has passed." "Still, we may have two or three days, and in those days you must do what you can, my friend." "You may depend upon me," he promised. "And meanwhile, Castleroux," said I, "you will say no word of this to any one."

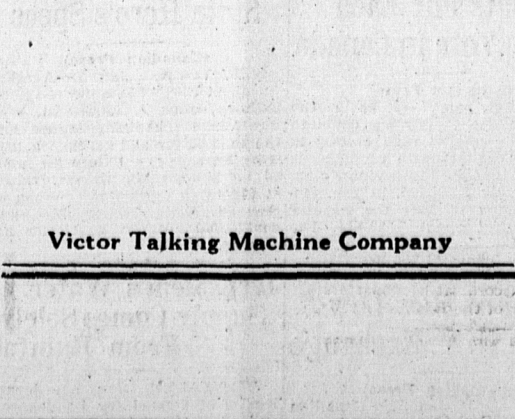
That assurance also he gave me, and presently the lights of our destination gleamed out to greet us. That night I lay in a dank and gloomy cell of the prison of Toufouse, with never a hope to bear me company during those dark, wakeful hours.

A dull rage was in my soul as I thought of my position, for it had not needed Castleroux's recommendation to restrain me from building false hopes upon his chances of finding Rodenard and my followers in time to save me. Some little ray of consolation I culled, perhaps, from my thoughts of Roxalanne. Out of the gloom of my cell my fancy fashioned her sweet girl face and stamped it with a look of gentility, of infantile sorrow for me and for the hand she had had in bringing me to this.

That she loved me I was assured, and I swore that if I lived I would win her yet, in spite of every obstacle that I myself had raised for my undoing.

EVERY HOUR of the twenty four, we are carefully, deftly, expertly completing Orthophonic Victors already spoken for. In the entire Dominion, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, music lovers whose requests have been placed far in advance are fondly waiting for their model of this famous new instrument; waiting because they have determined not to compromise,—determined not to be content with less than the miracle revealed to them at the demonstration.

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NOTICE Second Annual Meeting of the Prince Edward Island Publicity Association Board of Trade Rooms January 11th, 8 p. m. All interested in the encouragement of Tourist Traffic are urged to attend. JOSEPH CARMICHAEL, President. 7100-8-1M41.