

Kills Colds - Quick!
 Guaranteed Relief in 5 Hours
 Why hang onto a Head Cold for a week when Dr. Fick's Rinex Prescription is guaranteed to knock it in 5 hours? It costs you nothing. Rinex gets at the internal cause in the blood and nose.

Go Rinex today and just try it. Costs a little more than ordinary remedies, but far more economical because one dose is often enough. And remember, you may have to take it in a bottle. Rinex is in a box. Be sure to get the genuine Rinex. © C. Lab. Co. 1925

**Canadian Pacific
 Compartment - Observation Sleepers**

A most attractive feature of Canadian Pacific service between Saint John and Montreal is provided by the Compartment Observation Sleepers which are now running on train 15, leaving Saint John at four o'clock in the afternoon and on train 16 leaving Montreal at seven o'clock in the evening.

Each of these cars contains one drawing-room, three compartments, a large observation room and an observation platform. The latter of course being always placed at the rear end of the train. The observation room which is fitted with large windows, giving a practically unobstructed view on three sides, is intended as a lounge for the benefit of all sleeping car passengers on the train. It is supplied with the latest magazines, as well as with stationery and a writing desk.

Each compartment contains one lower and one upper berth, and all toilet facilities, much like a drawing-room. Patrons travelling alone or in parties of two, who are unable to secure a drawing-room, will find a compartment most convenient, as well as distinctly lower in price.

SMILES

He: I was just wondering if you'd give me a kiss?
 She: The fellows who "wonder" never get 'em.

SHOWERS BEFORE RAIN
 "I never knew a girl to have so many showers before she married."
 "Didn't she though—and she still signs."

A MATTER OF COURSE
 She: I wouldn't marry the finest man living.
 He: Then, as a matter of course, that gives me a chance.

ARBOREAL PUP
 "Yes, my dog often trees the same."
 "And then?"
 "Barks and sometimes roars."
 "And if he gets nothing?"
 "Leaves and branches off in another direction."

SOAKING THE SOAK
 1st Bootlegger: Why does Bill water the hooch?
 2nd Ditto: Gittin' ready to soak somebody, of course.

Cuticura Should Be In Every Home
 Daily use of Cuticura Soap keeps the pores active and the skin clear and healthy, while the Ointment heals pimples and other irritations. Cuticura Talcum is a delicately medicated antiseptic powder of pleasing fragrance.

NORTH WILTSHIRE DAIRYING CO.
 The Annual General Meeting of the North Wiltshire Dairying Co., will be held in Wiltshire Hall on Monday, January 11th, 1926 at 2 P. M.
 W. K. ROGERS, City Ticket Agent
 L. P. RITCHIE, Ticket Agent, Station

BARDELYS The Magnificent
 RAFAEL SABATINI

(Continued)

Thus ended that angry, fire-breathing episode. I refolded it thoughtfully, then, having taken my resolve, I leaped from the bed and desired Anatole to assist me to dress.

I found the Vicomte much exercised in mind as to the meaning of Marsac's extraordinary behaviour, and I was relieved to see that he, at least, could conjecture no cause for it. In reply to the question with which he very naturally assailed me, I assured him that it was no more than a matter of misunderstanding; that Monsieur de Marsac had asked me to meet him at Grenade in two days' time, and that I should then, no doubt, be able to make all clear.

From what Anatole had said, I had already concluded that Marsac had exercised the greatest reticence. But the interview between his sister and Roxalanne filled me with the gravest anxiety. Women are not wont to practise the restraint of men under such circumstances, and for all that Mademoiselle de Marsac may not have expressed it, in so many words that she was her faithless lover, yet women on are quick to detect and interpret the signs of disorders springing from such causes, and I had every fear that Roxalanne was come to the conclusion that I had lied to her yesterday. With an uneasy spirit, then, I went in quest of her, and I found her walking in the old rose garden behind the chateau.

She did not at first remark my approach, and I had leisure for some moments to observe her and to note the sadness that dwelt in her profile and the listlessness of her movements. This, then, was my work—mine, and that of Monsieur de Chateaufort, and those other merry gentlemen who had sat at my table in Paris high upon a month ago.

I moved, and the gravel crunching under my foot, whereupon she turned, and, at sight of me advancing towards her, she started. The blood mounted to her face, and she again upon the instant, leaving it paler than it had been. She made as if to depart; then she appeared to check herself, and stood immovable and outwardly calm, awaiting my approach.

But her eyes were averted, and her bosom rose and fell too swiftly to lend colour to that mask of indifference she hurriedly put on. Yet, as I drew nigh, she was the first to speak, and the triviality of her words came as a shock to me and—for all my knowledge of women's ways—caused me to doubt for a moment whether perhaps her calm were not real, after all.

"You are a laggard this morning, Monsieur de Lesperon." And, with a half laugh, she turned aside to break a rose from its stem.

"True," I answered stupidly; "I slept over-late."

"A thousand pities, since thus you missed seeing Mademoiselle de Marsac. Have they told you that she was here?"

"Yes, mademoiselle. Stanislas de Marsac left a letter for me."

"You will regret not having seen them, no doubt?" quoth she.

I evaded the interrogative note in her voice. "That is their fault. They appear to have preferred to avoid me."

"Is it a matter for wonder?" she flashed, with a sudden gleam of fury which she as suddenly controlled. With the old indifference she added, "You do not seem perturbed, monsieur."

"On the contrary, mademoiselle; I am very deeply perturbed."

"At not having seen your betrothed?" she asked, and now for the first time her eyes were raised, and they met mine with a look that was a stab.

"Mademoiselle, I had the honour of telling you yesterday that I had plighted my troth to no living woman."

At that reminder of yesterday she winced, and I was sorry that I had uttered it, for it must have set the wound in her pride a-bleeding again. Yesterday I had as much as told her that I loved her, and yesterday she had as much as answered me that she loved me, for yesterday I had sworn that Saint-Eustache's story of my betrothal was a lie. To-day she had had assurance of the truth from the very woman to whom Lesperon's faith was plighted, and I could imagine something of her shame.

"Yesterday, Monsieur," she answered contemptuously, "you lied in many things."

"Nay, I spoke the truth in all. Oh, God in heaven, mademoiselle, I exclaimed in sudden passion, "will you not believe me? Will you not accept my word for what I say, and have a little patience until I shall have discharged such obligations as will permit me to explain?"

"Explain?" quoth she, with withering disdain.

"There is a hideous misunderstanding in all this. I am the victim of a miserable chain of circumstances. Oh, I can say no more! These Marsacs I shall easily pacify. I am to meet Monsieur de Marsac at Grenade on the day after tomorrow. In my pocket I have a letter from this living sword-blade, in which he tells me that he will give himself the pleasure of killing me then. Yet—"

"I hope he does, Monsieur!" she cut in, with a fierceness before which I fell dumb and left my sentence unfinished. "I shall pray God that he may!" she added.

"You deserve it as no man deserved it yet!"

For a moment I stood stricken, indeed, by her words. Then, my reason grasping the motive of that fierceness, a sudden joy pervaded me. It was a fierceness breathing that hatred that is a part of love, than which, it is true, no hatred can be more deadly. And yet so eloquently did it tell me of those very feelings which she sought jealousy to conceal, that moved by a sudden impulse, I stepped close up to her.

"Roxalanne," I said fervently, "you do not hope for it. What would your life be if I were dead? Child, child, you love me even as I love you." I caught her suddenly to me with infinite tenderness, with reverence almost. "Can you lend me ear to the voice of this love? Can you not have faith in me a little? Can you not think that if I were quite as unworthy as you make-believe to your very self, this love could have no place?"

"It has no place!" she cried. "You lie—as in all things else. I do not love you, I hate you. Dieu! How I hate you!"

She had lain in my arms until then, with upturned face and pitiful, frightened eyes—like a bird that feels itself within the coils of a snake, yet whose horror is blent with a certain fascination. Now, as she spoke, her will seemed to reassert itself, and she struggled to break from me. But as her fierceness of hatred grew, so did my fierceness of resolve gain strength, and I held her tightly.

"Why do you hate me?" I asked steadily. "Ask yourself, Roxalanne, and tell me what answer your heart makes. Does it not answer that indeed you do not hate me—that you love me?"

"Oh, God, to be so insulted!" she cried out. "Will you not release me, miserable? Must I call for help? Oh, you shall suffer for this! As there is a Heaven, you shall be punished!"

But in my passion I held her despite entreaties, threats, and struggles. I was brutal, if you will. Yet think of what was in my soul at being so misjudged, and deal not over-harshly with me. The courage to confess which I had lacked for days, came to me then. I must tell her. Let the result be what it might, it could not be worse than this, and this I could endure no longer.

"Listen, Roxalanne!"

"I will not listen! Enough of insults have I heard already. Let me go!"

"Nay, but you shall hear me. I am not Rene de Lesperon. Had these Marsacs been less impetuous and foolish, had they waited to have seen me this morning, they would have told you so."

She paused for a second in her struggles to regard me. Then, with a sudden contemptuous laugh, she renewed her efforts more vigorously than before.

"What fresh lies do you offer me? Release me; I will hear no more!"

"As Heaven is my witness, I have told you the truth. I know how wild a sound it has, and that is partly why I did not tell you earlier. But your disdain I cannot suffer. That you should deem me a liar in professing to love you—"

Her struggles were grown so frantic that I was forced to relax my grip. But this I did with a suddenness that threw her out of balance, and she was in danger of falling backwards. To save herself, she caught at my doubtless, which was torn open under the strain.

"We stood some few feet apart, and, white and palpitating in her anger, she confronted me. Her eyes lashed me with their scorn, but under my steady, unflinching gaze they fell at last. When next she raised them there was a smile of quiet but unutterable contempt upon her lips.

"Will you swear," said she, "that you are not Rene de Lesperon? That Mademoiselle de Marsac is not your betrothed?"

"Yes, by my very hope of Heaven!" I cried passionately.

She continued to survey me with that quiet smile of mocking scorn.

"I have heard it said," quoth she, "that the greatest liars are ever those that are readiest to take oath." Then, with a sudden gasp of loathing, "I think you have dropped something, monsieur," said she, pointing to the ground. And without waiting for more, she swung around and left me.

Face upwards at my feet lay the miniature that poor Lesperon had entrusted to me in his dying moments. It had dropped from my doublet in the struggle, and I never doubted now but that the picture it contained was that of Mademoiselle de Marsac.

(To be continued)

GOOD-BY STOMACH GAS
 No matter what you have tried, you will be surprised at the QUICK action of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adlerika. This removes GAS in ten minutes and brings out old waste-matter you never thought was in your system.

Adlerika is such an excellent intestinal excretant that it is wonderful for constipation and stomach trouble. Stops that full, bloated feeling and makes you happy and cheerful. Don't waste time with pills or tablets but let Adlerika give your bowels a REAL cleansing today! Hughes Drug Co., Ltd.

Cosette's Christmas
 COLOR CUT-OUTS



HAPPINESS SHORT-LIVED

This is one day's chapter of "Cosette's Christmas." Have you been saving these paper dolls? If so, you will have a complete set of characters at the end of this week with which to act out this story.

The sister immediately ran up to her mother, and pulling at her apron, said, "Cosette has taken our doll from us!"

It was enough. The woman looked then and saw Cosette with the doll in her arms. As quickly as she could reach her, she snatched the playing and began to vent her rage on Cosette.

"Wretched orphan! Is it not enough that I give you food and lodging, that you must rob my daughters?" Her tone was so angry and her look so fierce that Cosette began to cry. Then the woman gave her a cuff on the side of the head and left her, alone again, with only the lead sword. But Cosette did not play with it now for her loss only seemed the greater since she had held a real doll.

(This is the landlady's Christmas dress. It has a lavender skirt with yellow bodice and white collar and ruffles. The cap is lavender with yellow roses.)

Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont

The combination of brown and brick color never fails to be smart. Because of their richness of effect, this is a particularly happy choice for a winter afternoon dress, such as the one above.

The frock is designed for the young girl, and shows a most effective slanting tunic, worn over a skirt of pleated brick crepe.

Amber beads trim the lower part of the tunic, and the square neckline has straps of crepe run through slits at either side, below the neck.

Italian Princess Killed In Mexico

MEXICO CITY, Dec. 21.—Princess Maria Victoria De Pignatelli, of Italy, was killed yesterday in an automobile accident near Cuernavaca. They were enroute to the Palace when their automobile skidded, and turned turtle. The Princess died while on her way to the hospital.

"Young Jim Junket doesn't seem to amount to much since he left college."

"No, you see his college education made him too smart to work, and not smart enough to get along without work."

This little dollar goes to market

EVERY year every family of your acquaintance spends about 70 per cent of its income just for living, exclusive of rent—so economic experts tell us. Think what this means—seven dollars out of every ten invested in food, clothing, household utilities and all the multitude of things that keep a family comfortable and happy.

It's a big job to spend so much money wisely and well. It requires careful business methods to get the best possible returns from each dollar that leaves the family purse.

The clever woman goes for help to the advertisements of her daily paper. There she finds a directory of buying and selling. She learns about the offerings of merchants and manufacturers. She compares values. She weighs quality and price. She takes this opportunity of judging and selecting almost everything she needs to feed, clothe, amuse, instruct and generally bring up her family.

Do you read the advertisements? You will find them willing and able to serve you in the daily business of purchase.

Advertisements are guardians of your pocketbook—read them carefully

- RED POINT SCHOOL.**
- The standing of the Pupils of the Red Point School:—
- Grade IX—1 Donald I. Campbell, 2 Mary M. Campbell, 3 Lauretta MacLellan, 4 Luella Ching.
- Grade VIII (a)—1 Guy Nordstram, 2 Muriel Bruce, 3 Mary Whalen.
- Grade VIII (b)—1 Frank MacInnis, 2 Francis Campbell, 3 Foster Garrett, 4 Helen Campbell, 5 Albert Campbell.
- Grade VI—1 Mary A. Campbell, 2 Mary A. Lapurre, 3 Lowell Chang, 4 Alvah Ching, 5 John MacInnis, 6 Mary Lapierre, 7 Zeta Sutherland, 8 Lida Bruce, 9 George Bruce, 3 Helen Robertson, 4 Dorothy Champman, 5 Basil Chapman, 6 Erva Robertson, 7 Mildred MacDonald, 8 Augustine Whalen, 9 Lloyd MacInnis.
- Grade II—1 Eleanor Campbell, 2 Mabel Robertson, 3 Martha Estelle Campbell, 3 Francis Campbell, 4 Elsie MacNeill, 5 Violet Jarvis, 6 James Lapierre.
- Enrollment 37 pupils. Average attendance month Dec. 31.64
 Teacher Cornelius J. MacLean.

Tenders Lime Crusher and Engine

Sealed Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to January 15th for the purchase of one Fairbanks Morse Gasoline or Kerosene Engine 15 H. P. with clutch pulley attached to engine. This engine practically new has been operated not more than six months. Also one Jeffreys Lime Crusher, and Pulverizer in good repair, capacity one ton per hour. Can be used for crushing stone for road work, or pulverizing lime for agricultural purposes. These will be sold separately or together. For further information, apply to,

Department of Agriculture
 6986-12-31thm51.

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