



Mothers especially like it for children as it takes the place of internal medicines.

Local Druggists Have Modern Remedy for Colds

A Vaporizing Salve which is Rubbed Over Throat and Chest for Colds.

When Vicks VapoRub, the "external" method of treating sore throat, bronchitis, deep chest colds, or croup, is applied over throat or chest, the ingredients are released as vapors by the body heat.

These vapors, inhaled with each breath carry the medication directly to the affected air passages, loosening the phlegm and relieving the congestion. At the same time Vicks acts as a counter-irritant, stimulating the skin, and thus helps the vapors inhaled to break up the inflammation.

Colds are usually relieved over night.



POLITICAL MEETINGS

The undersigned will address the electors of 3rd district of King's at the following places on dates mentioned. 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. Montague, Monday 11th. Heatherdale, Tuesday 12th. St. Mary's, Tuesday, Wednesday Jan. 13th

NORMAN McLEOD BRUCE BUTLER dt-Jan 12

GREAT SPEED SALE

I will sell on Friday, Jan. 15th at Large Bros. Barn, Charlottetown at 1.30 p. m. eleven Standard Bred Horses recently imported from New York by Mr. Willard Kelly. Included in this wonderful lot of Studs, Mares and Geldings will be found the blood of Peter the Great, Axworthy, Bingen and other sensational sires. A horse to suit everybody's need. J. A. MacDONALD, Auctioneer 7113-85-Fri Sat, Mon, Wed, Fri

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 urgently requested to attend. 7097-8-1M31.

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the patrons and directors of the Lake Verde Dairying Company will be held January 13th at 2 p. m.

JOSEPH CARMICHAEL, President. 7100-8-1M41.

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the shareholders and patrons of the Hazelbrook Dairy Company, Limited, will be held on Wednesday afternoon, January 20th inst. at one o'clock.

A. ROY JONES, Secretary. 7149-11-Lmwfs. 7041-1-4Mon21.

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

SMILES



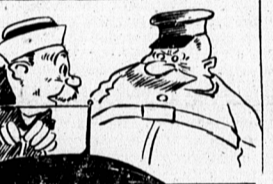
THEY ARE "Do you think man is really descended from monkeys?" "Some of them!"



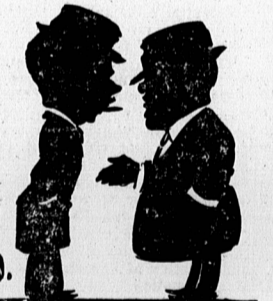
SERIOUS LACK "And your weather never changes—always beautiful and clear?" "Yes, always." "How you must lack a subject for conversation."



"How do you like the Charles?" "Not a bit, too much like work for me."



NAME HAD BEEN TAKEN Cop (to law-breaking motorist) Here, what's your name? Motorist: Ain't got none! Cop: What? Motorist: Naw—that cop over there just took it.



SOUNDS LOGICAL "Do you place much stock in dreams?" "Well I met a dream once who drank up nearly all my private stock."

Hearing the Silence. Little Phyllis was at a concert. The leader rapped, and the buzz of conversation ceased. "Oh, mamma," exclaimed Phyllis, "listen to the hush!"—Exchange. True Patriot. "What's your idea of a true patriot?" "A man who can smile while he is writing a check for his taxes."—Washington Star.

AUCTION SALE

The undersigned executors of the estate of the late John O'Brien, Byrnes Road, will sell at public auction on January 13th, the farm, stock, crop and implements. JAMES O'BRIEN, E. B. BYRNE, Executors. 7041-1-4Mon21.

BARDELYS The Magnificent. RAFAEL SABATINI

INSTALMENT 23

"Silence!" blazed the President back at me. "You shall not fool us any longer, you nimble-witted liar!" My head dropped. This coward had, indeed, shattered my last hope.

"Some day, monsieur," I said very quietly, "I promise you that your behaviour and these gratuitous insults shall cost you your position. Pray God they do not cost you also your head!"

My words they treated as one might treat the threats of a child. That I should have had the temerity to utter them did but serve fittingly to decide my doom, if, indeed, anything had been wanting.

With many epithets of opprobrium such as are applied to malefactors of the lowest degree, they passed sentence of death upon me, and with drooping spirits, giving myself up for lost and assured that I should be led to the block before many hours were sped, I permitted them to reconduct me through the streets of Toulouse to my prison.

I could entertain you at length upon my guards, a man on the threshold of eternity, with hundreds of men and women gazing at me—men and women who would live for years to gaze upon many another wretch in my position. The sun shone with a brilliance that to such eyes as mine was a very mockery. Thus would it shine on centuries, and light many another unfortunate to the scaffold. The very sky seemed pitiless in the intensity of its cobalt. Unfeeling I deemed the note that everywhere was struck by man's Nature, so dreary was it with my gloomy outlook. If you would have food for reflection upon the evanescent quality of life, upon the nothingness of man, upon the empty, heartless egotism implicit in human nature, get your selves sentenced to death, and then look around you. With such a force was all this borne in upon my mind with such sufficiency, that after the first pang was spent, I went near to rejoicing that things were as they were, and that I was to die, happily before sunset. It was become such a world as did not seem worth a man's while to live in; a world of vainness, of hollow-ness, of meanness, of nothing but illusions. The knowledge that I was about to die, that I was about to quit all this, seemed to sweep soft-ly, torn some veil from my eyes, and to have permitted me to recognize the worthless quality of what I left. Well may it be that such are but the thoughts of a man's dying moments, whispered into his soul by a merciful God to pre-empt him for the wrench and agony of his passing.

I had been a half-hour in my cell when the door was opened to admit Castelroux, whom I had not seen since the night before. He came to condole with me in my extremity, and yet to bid me not utterly lose hope.

"It is too late today to carry out the sentence," said he, "and as to-morrow will be Sunday, you will have until the day after. By then much may betide, monsieur. My agents are everywhere scouring the province for your servants, and let us pray Heaven that they may succeed in their search."

"It is a forlorn hope, Monsieur le Castelroux," I sighed, "and I will pin no faith to it lest I suffer a disappointment that will embitter my last moments, and perhaps rob me of some of the fortitude I shall have need of."

He answered me, nevertheless, with words of encouragement. No effort was being spared, and if Rodenard and my men were still in Languedoc there was every likelihood that they would be brought to Toulouse in time. Then he added that, however, was not the sole object of his visit. He had obtained permission of the Keeper of the Seals to visit me, and she was waiting to be admitted.

"A lady?" I exclaimed, and I thought of Roxalanne flitted through my mind. "Mademoiselle de Lavedan," I inquired.

He nodded. "Yes," said he; then she seems in sore affliction, monsieur."

I besought him to admit her forthwith, and presently she came. Castelroux closed the door as he withdrew, and we were left alone together. As she put aside her cloak and disclosed to me the pallor of her face and the disfiguring red about her gentle eyes, telling of tears and sleeplessness, all my own trouble seemed to vanish in the contemplation of her affliction.

"We stood a moment confronting each other with no word spoken. Then, dropping her glance, and advancing a step, in a faltering, hesitating manner—

"Monsieur, monsieur," she murmured in a suffocating voice. "In a bound I was beside her, and I had gathered her in my arms, her little brown head against my shoulder.

"Roxalanne!" I whispered as soothingly as I might—"Roxalanne!" But she struggled to be free of my embrace.

"Let me go, monsieur," she pleaded a curious shuddering in her very voice. "Do not touch me, monsieur. You do not know—you do not know."

For answer, I unfolded her more tightly still.

"But I do know, little one," I whispered; "and I even understand."

At that, her struggles ceased upon the instant, and she seemed to lie limp and helpless in my arms.

"You know, monsieur," she questioned me—"you know that I betrayed you?"

"Yes," I answered simply. "And you can forgive me? I am sending you to your death and you have no reproaches for me?" Oh, monsieur, it will kill me!"

"Hush, child!" I whispered. "What reproaches can I have for you? I know the motives that impelled you."

"Not altogether, monsieur; you cannot know them. I loved you, monsieur. I do love you, monsieur. Oh! this is not a time to consider words. I—I am bold and unmaidenly, I—I—"

"Neither bold nor unmaidenly—but oh, the sweetest damsel in all France, my Roxalanne!" I broke in, coming to her aid. "Mine was a leprous, sinful soul, child, when I came into Languedoc. I had no faith in any human good and I looked as little for an honest man as a virtuous woman as one looks for honey in a nettle. I was sour-d, and my life had hardly been such a life as it was meet to bring into contact with your own. Then, among the roses at Lavedan, in your dear company, Roxalanne, it seemed that some of the good-ness of the sweetness, some of the purity about you were infused into my heart. I became young again and I seemed oddly cleansed. In that hour of my rejuvenation I loved you, Roxalanne."

Her face had been raised to mine as I spoke. There came now a flutter of the eyelids, a curious smile about the lips. Then her head drooped again and was against my breast; a sigh escaped her, and she began to weep softly. "Nay, Roxalanne, do not fret. Come, child, it is not your way to be weak."

CHEVROLET Announces NEW REDUCED PRICES Effective January 5th. List Price at Factory Taxes and Freight Extra Net Saving to Consumer. Roadster \$695 \$42.00. Touring 695 42.00. Coupe 895 55.00. Coach 895 80.00. Sedan 985 118.00. Commercial Chassis 555 40.00. Utility Express Chassis 820. Chevrolet Motor Company of Canada, Limited. OSHAWA ONTARIO. Subsidiary of General Motors of Canada, Limited.

weeping in her bitter passion of regret, until it seemed to me she would never regain her self-control. "It has been all my fault, Roxalanne," said I, "and if I am to pay the price they are exacting it will be none too high. I embarked upon a dastardly business, which brought me to Languedoc under false colours. I wish indeed, that I had told you when first the impulse to tell you came upon me." Afterwards it grew impossible.

"Tell me now," she begged. "Tell me who you are."

Sorely was I tempted to respond. Almost was I on the point of doing so, when suddenly the thought of how she might shrink from me, of how, even then she might come to think that I had but simulated love for her for infamous purposes of gain, restrained and silenced me.

"I cannot, Roxalanne. Not even now. It is too vile! If—if they carry out the sentence on Monday, I shall leave a letter for you, telling you everything."

She shuddered, and a sob escaped her. From my identity her mind fled back to the more important matter of my fate.

"They will not carry it out, monsieur! Oh they will not! Say that you can defend yourself, that you are not the man they believe you to be!"

(To be continued)

To clean a white woolen shawl without washing it spread it over a table sheet or table cloth on this place perhaps betwined; indeed, I remembered then how solemnly you had sworn that you were not; and so I thought me that your vows to me may have been sincere and such as a maid might honorably listen to."

"They were, Roxalanne! they were!" I cried. But she continued—

"That you had Mademoiselle de Marse's portrait was something that I could not explain; but then I hear that you had also Lesperon's papers upon you, so that you may have become possessed of the one with the others. And now, monsieur—"

She ceased and then against my breast she lay weeping and Marse's Liniment for stiff muscles.

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Handiest thing in the house EASES SORE THROAT Take a little "Vaseline" Jelly several times a day and at bedtime. Tasteless and odorless. Soothes and heals. Will not upset you. CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. 5520 Chabot Ave., Montreal. Vaseline TRADE MARK PETROLEUM JELLY