FUR CUFFS.

Fur cuffs have slipped off the sleeves to the gloves. Over dress hand-coverings, which are entirely without lining, are being decorated with narrow cuffs of fur which usually contrasts with the shade of the kid to which it is attached.

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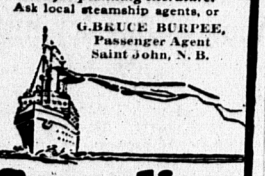

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6536-12-9W4i.

(Continued)

On the day after Rodenard's departure I dined with the family, and met again Mademoiselle de Lavedan, whom I had not seen since the balcony adventure of some nights ago. The Vicomtesse was also present, a lady of very austere and noble appearance — lean as a pike and with a most formidable nose—but, as I was soon to discover, with a mind inclining overmuch to scandal and the high-seasoned talk of the Courts in which her girlhood had been spent.

In every way she was a pattern of the class of women amongst whom my youth had been spent, a class which had done so much towards shattering my faith and lowering my estimate of her sex. Lavedan had married her and brought her into Languedoc, and here she spent her years lamenting the scenes of her youth, and prone, it would seem, to make them matter for conversation whenever a newcomer chanced to present himself at the chatau.

Looking from her to her daughter, I thanked Heaven that Roxalanne was no reproduction of the mother. She had inherited as little of her character as of her appearance. Both in feature and in soul Mademoiselle de Lavedan was a copy of that noble, gallant gentleman, her father.

One other was present at that meal, of whom I shall have more to say hereafter. This was a young man of good presence, save, perhaps, a too obtrusive foppishness, whom Monsieur de Lavedan presented to me as a distant kinsman of theirs, one Chevalier de Saint-Eustache. He was very tall —of fully my own height—and of an excellent shape, although extremely young. But his head if anything was too small for his body, and his good-natured mouth was of a weakness that was confirmed by the significance of his chin, whilst his eyes were too closely set to augur frankness.

He was a pleasant fellow, seemingly of that negative pleasantness that lies in inoffensiveness, but otherwise dull and of an untutored mind—rustic, as might be expected in one the greater part of whose life had been spent in his native province, and of a rusticity rendered all the more flagrant by the very efforts he exerted to dissemble it.

It was after madame had related an unsavoury anecdote touching the Cardinal that he turned to ask me whether I was well acquainted with the Court. I was near to committing the egregious blunder of laughing in his face; but, recollecting myself betimes, I answered vaguely that I had some knowledge of it, whereupon he all but caused me to bound from my chair by asking me had I ever met the Magnificent Bardelys.

"I—I am acquainted with him," I answered warily. "Why do you ask?"

"I was reminded of him by the fact that his servants have been here for two days. You were expecting the Marquis himself, were you not, Monsieur le Vicomte?"

Lavedan raised his head suddenly, after the manner of a man who had received an affront.

"I was not, Chevalier," he answered, with emphasis. "His intendant, an insolent knave of the name of Rodenard, informed me that this Bardelys projected visiting me. He has not come, and I devoutly hope that he may not come."

"You have never met him, monsieur?" inquired the Chevalier.

"Never," replied our host in such a way that any but a fool must have understood that he desired nothing less than such a meeting.

"A delightful fellow," murmured Sain-Eustache—"a brilliant, dazzling personality."

"You—you are acquainted with him?" I asked.

"Acquainted?" echoed that boastful liar. "We were as brothers."

"How you interest me! And why have you never told us?" quoth madame, her eyes turned enviously upon the young man—as enviously as were Lavedan's turned in disgust. "It is a thousand pities that Monsieur de Bardelys has altered his plans and is no longer coming to us. To meet such a man is to breathe again the air of the grand monde. You remember, Monsieur de Lesperon, that affair with the Duchesse de Bourgogne?" And she smiled wickedly in my direction.

"I have some recollection of it," I answered coldly. "But I think that rumour exaggerates. When tongues wag, a little rivulet is often described as a mountain torrent."

"You would not say so did you but know what I know," she informed me roguishly. "Often, I confess, rumour may swell the importance of such an affaire, but in this case I do not think that rumour does it justice."

I made a deprecatory gesture, and I would have had the subject changed, but ere I could make an effort to that end, the fool Saint-Eustache was babbling again.

"You remember the duel that was fought in consequence, Monsieur de Lesperon?"

"Yes," I assented wearily.

"And in which a poor young fellow lost his life," growled the Vicomte. "It was practically a murder."

"Nay, monsieur," I cried, with a sudden heat that set them staring at me; "there you do him wrong. Monsieur de Bardelys was opposed to the best blade in France. The man's reputation as a swordsman was of such a quality that for a twelvemonth he had been living upon it, doing all manner of unseemly things immune from punishment by the fear in which he was universally held. His behaviour in the unfortunate affair we are discussing was of a particularly shameful character. Oh, I know the details, messieurs, I can assure you. He thought to impose his reputation upon Bardelys as he had imposed it upon a hundred others, but Bardelys was overtough for his teeth. He sent that notorious young gentleman a challenge, and on the following morning he left him dead in the horse-market behind the Hotel Vendome. But far from a murder, monsieur, it was an act of justice, and the most richly earned punishment with which every man was visited."

"Even if so," cried the Vicomte in some surprise, "why all this heat to defend a brawler?"

"A brawler?" I repeated after him. "Oh, no. That is a charge his worst enemies cannot make against Bardelys. He is no brawler. The duel in question was his first affair of the kind, and it has been his last, for unto him has clung the reputation that had belonged until then to La Vertoile, and there is none in France bold enough to send a challenge to him." And, seeing what surprise I was provoking, I thought it well to involve another with me in his defence. So, turning to the Chevalier, "I am sure," said I, "that Monsieur de Saint-Eustache will confirm my words."

Thereupon his vanity being all aroused, the Chevalier set himself to paraphrase all that I had said with a heat that cast mine into a miserable insignificance.

"At least," laughed the Vicomte at length, "he lacks not for champions. For my own part, I am content to pray Heaven that he come not to Lavedan, as he intended."

"Mais voyons, Gaston," the Vicontesse protested, "why harbour prejudice? Wait at least until you have seen him, that you may judge him for yourself."

"Already have I judged him; I pray that I may never see him."

"They tell me he is a very handsome man," said she, appealing to me for confirmation.

Lavedan shot her a sudden glance of alarm, at which I could have laughed. Hitherto his solicitude had been his daughter's, but it suddenly occurred to him that perhaps not even her years might set the Vicomtesse in safety from imprudences with this devourer of hearts, should he still chance to come that way.

"Madame," I answered, "he is accounted not ill-favoured." And with a deprecatory smile I added, "I am said somewhat to resemble him."

"Say you so?" she exclaimed, raising her eyebrows, and looking at me more closely than hitherto. And then it seemed to me that into her face crept a shade of disappointment. If this Bardelys were not more beautiful than I, then he was not nearly so beautiful a man as she had imagined. She turned to Saint-Eustache.

"It is indeed so, Chevalier?" she inquired. "Do you note the resemblance?"

"Vanitas, vanitate," murmured the youth, who had some scraps of Latin and a taste for airing them. "I can see no likeness—no trace of one. Monsieur de Lesperon is well enough, I should say. But Bardelys!" He cast his eyes to the ceiling. "There is but one Bardelys in France."

"Enfin," I laughed, "you are no doubt well qualified to judge, Chevalier. I had flattered myself that some likeness did exist, but probably you have seen the Marquis more frequently than have I, and probably you know him better. Nevertheless, should he come this way, I will ask you to look at us side by side and be the judge of the resemblance."

"Should I happen to be here," he said, with a sudden constraint not difficult to understand, "I shall be happy to act as arbiter."

"Should you happen to be here?" I echoed questioningly. "But surely, should you hear that Monsieur de Bardelys is about to arrive, you will postpone any departure you may be on the point of making, so that you may renew this great friendship that you tell us you do the Marquis the honour of entertaining for him?"

The Chevalier eyed me with the air of a man looking down from a great height upon another. The Vicomte smiled quietly to himself as he combed his fair beard with his fingers in a meditative fashion, whilst even Roxalanne— who had sat silently listening to a conversation that she was at times mercifully spared from following too minutely—flashed me a humorous glance. To the Vicomtesse alone—who in common with women of her type was of a singular obtuseness—was the situation without significance.

Saint-Eustache, to defend himself against my delicate imputation, and to show how well acquainted he was with Bardelys, plunged at once into a thousand details of that gentleman's magnificence. He described his suppers, his retinue, his equipages, his houses, his chateau his favour with the fair sex, and I know not what besides — in all of which I confess that even to me there was a certain degree of novelty. Roxalanne listened with an air of amusement that showed how well she read him. Later, when I found myself alone with her by the river, whither we had gone after the repast and the Chevalier's reminiscences were at an end, she reverted to that conversation.

(To be continued)

DURING THE TEENS

Healthful progress of a child depends upon the foods utilized during the age of growth and through the teens.

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of pure cod-liver oil is a vitamin-rich food that favorably influences growth and strength. *It is a food-tonic of special value during the "teen-age".*

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CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Extra Train Service — Christmas Holidays.

To enable our people along the Railway to do their Christmas shopping, extra train service on the Island Division will be operated as follows:—

SUMMERSIDE—TIGNISH.

Commencing December 15th and up to and including December 24th, Trains Nos. 211 and 212 will operate daily instead of tri-weekly.

CHARLOTTETOWN—SOURIS AND GEORGETOWN.

On December 22nd and 23rd and 24th the train scheduled to leave Charlottetown at 3.20 P. M. will be held until 4.00 o'clock.

CHARLOTTETOWN—MURRAY HARBOR.

On December 22nd. 23rd and 24th the train will leave Murray Harbor at 6.45 A. M. instead of 7.45 and returning will leave Charlottetown at 4.30 P. M. instead of 3.30 P. M.

DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENT'S OFFICE.

6735-12-17-6i

Extra Train Service For Christmas Holidays

Commencing Tuesday, December 15th and up to and including Thursday, December 24th, Trains Nos. 211 and 212 will operate daily except Sunday between Summerside and Tignish on Schedule as shown in current time tables.

Train No. 210, on Murray Harbor Division, will leave Murray Harbor at 6.45 A. M., on December 22nd, 23rd and 24th, for Charlottetown. Returning, Train No. 209 will leave Charlottetown for Murray Harbor one hour later, viz: 4.30 P. M. on those dates.

On December 22nd, 23rd and 24th Train No. 5 will leave Charlottetown for Souris at 4.00 P. M. instead of 3.20 P. M.

6646-12-14-16-19-21-23.

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Fashion Fancies

By Marie Belmont

The straight two-piece suit is always youthful, and perhaps this accounts for the fact that we have such suits, at least a few of them, every season.

All white, of course, will be popular at Palm Beach and other southern resorts, hence the smart all white garments which we see in the advance showings.

The suit shown above is of white homespun, made with the smart yoke treatment and two inverted pleats at the back. It is worn with a white bangkok hat which has an appliqued motif of velvet at the front of the crown.

Cosette's Christmas

COLOR CUT-OUTS

COSETTE'S STEPSISTERS

This is one day's chapter of "Cosette's Christmas." Be sure and save all the paper dolls in the next two weeks so you will have a completeset to color and act out the story with.

"I have two stepsisters," said Cosette to the stranger. "They are beautiful and talented and wear handsome clothes."

"And do they ever help you with the chores about the inn?" he asked.

"No," said Cosette, sadly. "They are too fine to work."

"How old are you?" asked the stranger.

"Eight," answered Cosette.

"She is but a child and has known nothing but sorrow," he said thoughtfully. Then, "Do you ever play with your stepsisters?"

"Alas, I cannot, for I have no toys but a little lead sword."

(This is the ragged stranger. His clothes are black all except the coat which is brown. He has black hair and eyes.)

Fascists Pleased By Pope's Words

ROME, Dec. 22—The papal allocution at yesterday's secret consistory produced a not unsatisfactory impression, notwithstanding its criticisms of the Government, if the comments of the Fascist newspapers are indicative of the general opinion.

Most of these papers lay more emphasis upon the fact that it was the first time since 1870 that any Pope had anything favorable to say about the secular power than upon the fact that the allocution contained criticisms of the details of the Italian administration.

What the Pope said about not being able to leave the Vatican because conditions were not yet satisfactory is taken by the Fascist press to mean that the Pontiff wanted thus to put an end to recent reports that abandonment of the "voluntary imprisonment" of the Popes was imminent.

The newspapers take issue with the statement in the allocution that the present Italian regime does not conform to Catholic doctrine, saying that even that doctrine in matters of administration changes from time to time. The paper continues:

"The Pope fears a state which absorbs the rights of individuals, in a sense annulling them. This was in reality the Catholic state of the counter-reformation. The Fascist state absorbs, yes; but not in order to annul, rather to celebrate the rights of individuals. The allocution, within all its reserves, a great step in the advance in relations between the church and Italy."

The Messaggero remarks that the Pope's principal objection to the Fascist regime is that the Catholic labor unions do not enjoy the same rights as the Fascist unions under the new syndicalist law.

Taken In Toronto For Irish Murder

TORONTO, Ont., Dec. 22—Traced through information supplied by the Home Office, in London, William Marshall, wanted in Coal Island, County Tyronne, Ireland on a charge of murdering John O'Neill, in a fight which occurred in August, 1921, between Sinn Feiners and anti-Republicans in the little North of Ireland village, was placed under arrest at his home on Berkeley street here last night.

Three men already have been acquitted on charges of murdering O'Neill who was shot to death.

Marshall was a soldier during the war, and came to Canada in 1922, and made application to the War Office in London for his pension. He has a wife and one child.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Upton—"How did Kidder come to get hit by an automobile?" Downtown—"He got out of his car on a country road to pick up a horseshoe."—Legion Weekly

A White Tongue is Nature's Warning that You need a Laxative—

Take **Beecham's Pills**

THE NATION'S LAXATIVE

Tenders for Material

Tenders will be received at this office until noon on Tuesday, December the 22nd, 1925, from any person or persons willing to supply and deliver at the undermentioned places on or before April 1st, 1926, the following materials:—

WILMOT BRIDGE, PRINCE COUNTY

250 cords spruce poles, 4" diam. at small end and 16 ft. long.
150 piles 6' diam. at small end and 16 ft. long.
650 lin. ft. of 4"x5" spruce stanchions in lengths of 10' or 15'.
66 pieces of spruce curbing 6"x6"x16'.
132 pieces of spruce railing 2"x5"x16'.
3000' B. M. of inch boards.

FULLERTON'S MARSH BRIDGE, QUEENS COUNTY

75 cords of spruce poles, 4" diam. at small end and 16' long.

GEORGETOWN FERRY WHARF, KINGS COUNTY

50 piles spruce or hardwood 6" diam. at small end, straight and not less than 25 feet long.
10 piles spruce or hardwood 6" diam. at small end, straight, and not less than 30 feet long.

MONTAGUE FERRY WHARF, KINGS COUNTY

3 cords poles 12' long, and 4 cords poles 10' long, all 4" diam. at small end.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS,
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

December 8, 1925.
6594-12-11fmw6i.

WILMOT VALLEY SCHOOL.

Grade X—1 Willard Picketts.
Grade IX—1 Catherine Clark. 2 Lillian Sobey. 3 Floyd Caseley.
Grade VI—1 Lucy Hogg. 2 Elmer Waugh. 3 Horace Clark.
Grade IV—1 Jean Curtis. 2 Earl Hogg. 3 Ralph Clark.
Grade III—1 Dorothy Hogg. 2 Audry Clark. 3 Annie Jardine.
Grade II—1 Alder Large & Eunice Jardine (equal). 2 Ralph Caseley. 3 Georgie Curtis.
Grade I (Senior)—1 Robert Hogg 2 Colin Waugh. 3 Marjorie Clark.
Grade I (Junior)—1 Walter Hogg.

Perfect Attendance during the month:—Willard Picketts, Floyd Caseley, Catherine Clark, Lucy Hogg, Horace Clark, Jean Curtis, Ralph Clark, Dorothy Hogg, Aubry Clark, Georgie Curtis, Eunice Jardine, Alder Large, Georgie Clark Colin Waugh, Robert Hogg, Walter Hogg, Georgina Cairns, teacher.

Sculptor Passes

OXFORD, Eng., Dec. 22— Sir William H. Thornycroft, one of England's best known sculptors, died in a hospital today following an operation. Sir William H. Thornycroft, born in 1850, was a member of the Royal Academy and the creator of some of the most famous pieces of sculpture in the British Empire. He made the national monument in London to General Gordon which stands in Trafalgar Square, and the national memorial to Gladstone in the Strand.

POULTRY NOTICE

Ship your live and dressed poultry to the Harris Abattoir Co., and receive highest market prices. If you reside West of Summerside send your poultry to our Branch at O'Leary, thereby, saving freight and shrinkage.

Be sure and write for our quotations before disposing of your stock.

The Harris Abattoir Co., Limited.
CHARLOTTETOWN
6247-11-25tf.

Call For Tenders

Sealed Tenders will be received by the undersigned, up to and including December 26th for a Manager for Darnley Egg Circle. Tender to state price per doz. for collecting.

Lowest or any Tender not necessarily accepted.

FRANK L. MacNUTT,
6809-12-21M4i. President.

Woman's Safety

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SCORES of women's disorders are largely traced today to old-time "sanitary pads," insecure and unsanitary.

8 in 10 better class women today employ "KOTEX."

Wear lightest gowns and frocks without a second thought, any day, anywhere.

5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads!

Deodorizes. Ends ALL fear of offending.

Discards as easily as a piece of tissue. No laundry.

You get it at any drug or department store simply by saying, "KOTEX." No embarrassment.

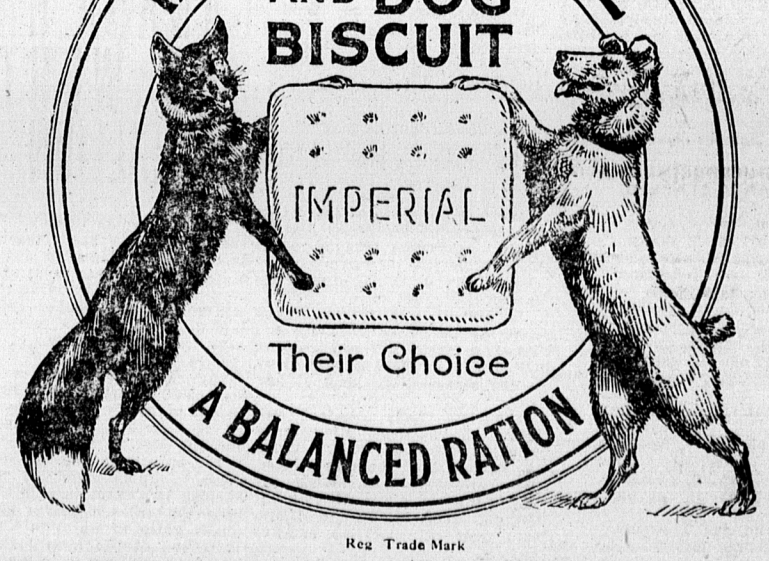
In fairness to yourself, try this new way. Costs only a few cents. Twelve in a package.

KOTEX

No laundry—discard like tissue

The star Rigel has an estimated temperature of 16,000 degrees centigrade as compared with our sun's 6,000 degrees.

IMPERIAL COD OIL FOX AND DOG BISCUIT



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UNITED STATES WINNERS—We learn, through the columns of The Black Fox Magazine that "MURRAY LUCY DALTON," the Grand Champion of the American National Show of 1925, was fed daily on IMPERIAL FOX BISCUITS.

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