

**RED ROSE TEA**  
"is good tea"  
And because you like good things you'll like Red Rose.

**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 Road, Wednesday Jan. 13th  
NORMAN MCLEOD  
BRUCE BUTLER  
dt-Jan12

**ANNUAL MEETING**

The Annual Meeting of the stock holders and patrons of the New Perth Dairying Co., will be held in the Factory on Tuesday the 19th inst at 1 o'clock p. m.  
R. G. McLAREN, President  
WM. CAIN, Secretary.  
7128-1-9-12-16.

**CLEARANCE AUCTION SALE**

At Eldon, on Monday, January 18th at 1 o'clock sharp of all Stock, Crop and Farm Implements, etc. of the late A. G. Smith. Sale positive. No reserve. Terms 11 months credit on all sums over \$5.00.  
If stormy, first fine day.  
J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer.  
7167-12-1M5L

**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.  
7100-8-1M4L

**NOTICE**

The Annual Meeting of the Crapaud Creamery Co., will be held in Lady Fane Hall on Tuesday, January 19th, 1926, at 2 P. M.  
H. V. NORTON, Secretary.  
7170-12-1M4L

**Professional Cards**

**McDonald & McPhee B. A.**  
J. A. McDONALD H. F. MCPHEE  
Barristers, Attorneys, Etc.  
Money to Loan  
Elley Building Charlottetown

**Mark R. McGuigan B. A.**  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.  
Money to Loan  
Camera Block Charlottetown, P.E.I.  
2220-7-11-7L

**W. A. MORRELL**  
CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT  
AND AUDITOR  
RHODES STEELE BLOCK  
AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA  
8714-8-14Mm

**Dr. C. C. Archibald**  
Graduate of N. Y. Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital  
Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.  
Testing Eyes and supplying Glasses  
Office, Bayer Building  
Great George Street  
Office Hours—9 to 12.30, 1.30 to 5.

**NEW YORK FISH ADS.**

**SMELT AND EEL SHIPPERS ATTENTION**

For Top Prices, Prompt Returns and General Satisfaction  
Ship Your Production to  
**CHESEBRO BROTHERS & ROBBINS INC.**  
Established 1888. Shipping Stenalls Sent on Request  
1, 2 and 3 Fulton Fish Market,  
New York N. Y.

**Bardelys The Magnificent**

INSTALMENT 24.

"We are in God's hands, child. It may be that I shall save myself yet. If I do, I shall come straight to you, and you shall know all that there is to know. But, remember, child—and raising her face in my hands, I looked down into the blue of her tearful eyes—"remember, little one, that one thing I have been true and honorable, and influenced by nothing but my heart—in my wooing of you. I love you, Roxalanne, with all my soul, and if I should die you are the only thing in all this world that I experience a regret at leaving."  
"I do believe it; I do, indeed. Nothing can ever alter my belief again. Will you not, then, tell me who you are, and what is this thing, which you call dishonorable, that brought you into Languedoc?"  
A moment again I pondered. Then I shook my head.  
"Walt, child," said I; and she, obedient to my wishes, asked no more.

It was the second time that I neglected a favorable opportunity of making that confession, and as I had regretted having allowed the first occasion to pass unprofitably, so I was still more poignantly to regret this second silence.  
"If only the King were here!" she sighed. "I would go to him, and on my knees I would plead for your enlargement. But they say he is no nearer than Lyons, and I could not hope to get there and back by Monday. I will go to the Keeper of the Seals again, monsieur, and I will beg him to be merciful, and at least to delay the sentence."  
Then Castelroux came to reconduct her, and we parted. But she left me a great consolation, a great strengthening of hope, for I was destined, indeed, to walk to the scaffold, it seemed that I could do it with a better grace and a gladder courage now.

**CHAPTER XIII.**

**The Eleventh Hour.**

Castelroux visited me the following morning, but he brought no news that might be accounted encouraging. None of his messengers were yet returned, nor had any sent word that they were upon the trail of my followers. My heart sank a little, and such hope as I still fostered was fast perishing. Indeed, so imminent did my doom appear and so unavoidable that later in the day I asked for pen and paper that I might make an attempt at settling my earthly affairs to rights. Yet when the writing materials were brought me, I wrote not. I sat instead with the feathered end of my quill between my teeth, and thus pondered the matter of the disposal of my Picardy estates.  
Coldly I weighed the wording of the wager and the events that had transpired, and I came at length to the conclusion that Chatterelrault could not be held to have the least claim upon my lands. That he had cheated at the very outset, as I have earlier shown, was of less account than that he had been instrumental in violently hindering me. I took at last the resolve to indite a full memoir of the transaction, and to request Castelroux to see that it was delivered to the King himself. Thus not only would justice be done, but I should—though tardily—be even with the Count. No doubt he relied upon his power to make a thorough search for such papers as I might leave, and to destroy everything that might afford indication of my true identity. But he had not counted upon the good feeling that had sprung up betwixt the little Gascon captain and me, nor yet upon my having contrived to convince the latter that I was, indeed, Bardelys. As I was about to take a step as it were to ensure his punishment hereafter, I resolved at last. I was commenting to write when my attention was arrested by an unusual sound. It was at first no more than a murmuring noise, as of a sea breaking upon its shore. Gradually it grew in volume and assumed the shade of human voices raised in a hasty clamour. Then, above the din of the populace, a gun boomed out, then another, and another.

I sprang up at that, and wondering what might be toward, I crossed to my barred window and stood there, listening. I overlooked the courtyard of the jail, and I could not see some commotion in the sympathy, as it were, with the greater commotion without.  
Presently, as the populace drew nearer, it seemed to me that the shouting was of acclamation. Next I caught a blare of trumpets, and, lastly, I was able to distinguish above the noise, which had now become monstrous proportions, the clattering of hoofs of some cavalcade that was riding past the prison doors.  
It was borne in upon me that some great personage was arriving in Toulouse, and my first thought was of the King. At the idea of such a possibility my brain whirled and I grew dizzy with hope. The next moment I recalled that but that night Roxalanne had told me that he was nearer than Lyons and so I put the thought from me and the hope with it, for, travelling in that leisurely, indolent fashion that was characteristic of his every action, it would be a miracle if His Majesty should reach Toulouse before the week was out, and this was but Sunday.

The populace passed on, then seemed to halt, and at last the shouts died down on the rooftops. I went back to my writing and to wait until from my jailer, when next he should chance to appear, I might learn the meaning of that uproar.  
An hour perhaps went by, and I had made some progress with my memoir, when my door was opened and the cheery voice of Castelroux greeted me from the threshold.  
"Monsieur, I have brought a friend to see you."  
I turned in my chair, and one glance at the gentle, comely face and the fair hair of the young man standing beside Castelroux was enough to bring me of a sudden to my feet.  
"Monsieur!" I shouted, and sprang towards him with hands outstretched.  
But though my joy was great and my surprise profound, greater still was the bewilderment that in Mironsaac's face I saw depicted.  
"Monsieur de Bardelys!" he exclaimed, and a hundred questions were contained in his astonished eyes.  
"Po' Cap de Dieu!" growled his cousin, "I was well advised, it seems, to have brought you."  
"But," Mironsaac asked his cousin as he took my hands in his own, "what did you not tell me, Amedee, that it was to Monsieur le Marquis de Bardelys that you were conducting me?"  
"Would you have had me spoil so pleasant a surprise?" his cousin demanded.  
"Armand," said I, "never was a man more welcome than you are. You are but come in time to save my life."  
And then, in answer to his questions, I told him briefly of all that had befallen me since that night in Paris when the water had been laid, and of how, through the cunning silence of Chatterelrault, I was now upon the very threshold of the scaffold. His wrath burst forth at that, and what he said of the Count did me good to hear. At last I stemmed his invective.  
"Let that be for the present, Mironsaac," I laughed. "You are here, and you can thwart all Chatterelrault's designs by witnessing to my identity before the Keeper of the Seals."  
And then of a sudden a doubt closed like a cold hand upon my brain. I turned to Castelroux.  
"Mon Dieu!" I cried. "What if they were to deny me a fresh trial?"  
"Deny it you!" he laughed. "They will not be asked to grant you one."  
"There will be no need," added Mironsaac. "I have but to tell the King—"  
"But, my friend," I exclaimed impatiently, "I am to die in the morning."  
"And the King shall be told today—now, at once. I will go to him. I stared askance a moment; then the thought of the uproar that I had heard recurring to me—  
"Has the King arrived already?" I exclaimed.  
"Naturally, monsieur. How else do I come to be here? I am in His Majesty's train."  
At that I grew again impatient. I thought of Roxalanne and of how she must be suffering, and I thought that every moment Mironsaac now remained in my cell was another moment of torture for

**NR TO-NIGHT Tomorrow Alright**  
Night's Tonic—Fresh air, good sleep and an NR Tablet to make your days better.  
Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) exerts a beneficial influence on the digestive and eliminative system—the stomach, liver and bowels.  
Tonight—take an NR Tablet—its action is so different you will be delightfully surprised.  
Used for over 20 years  
Chips off the Old Block  
NR JUNIORS—Little NRs—One-third the regular dose. Made of same ingredients, then candy coated. For children and adults.

be gone at once and carry news of my confinement to His Majesty. He obeyed me, and I was left alone in my narrow cell, a prey to an excitement such as I should have thought I had outlived.  
At the end of a half-hour Castelroux returned alone.  
"Well!" I cried the moment the door opened, and without giving him so much as time to enter.  
"What news?"  
"Mironsaac tells me that his Majesty is more over-wrought than he has ever seen him. You are to come to the Palace at once. I have an order here from the King."  
We went in a coach, and fifth all privacy, for he informed me that His Majesty desired the affair to be kept secret, having ends of his own to serve thereby.  
I was left to wait some moments in an ante-chamber, whilst Castelroux announced me to the King; then I was ushered into a small apartment, furnished very sumptuously in crimson and gold, and evidently set apart for His Majesty's studies or devotions. As I entered, Castelroux's back was toward me. He was standing—a tall, spare figure in black—leaning against the frame of a window, his head supported on his raised left arm and his eyes intent upon the gardens below.  
He remained so until Castelroux had withdrawn and the door had closed again! Then, turning suddenly, he confronted me, his back to the light, so that his face was in a shadow that heightened its gloom and wondrous weariness.  
"Volla, Monsieur de Bardelys!" was his greeting, and unfriendly.  
"See the pass to which your disobedience of my commands has brought you?"  
"I would submit, sire," I answered, "that I have been brought to it by the incompetence of Your Majesty's judges and the ill-will of others whom your Majesty honors with too great a confidence, rather than by this same disobedience of mine."  
"The one and the other, perhaps," he said more scotily.  
"Through, after all, they appear to have had a very good nose for a traitor. Come, Bardelys, confess yourself that!"  
"A traitor?"  
He shrugged his shoulders, and smiled without any conspicuous mirth.  
"Is not a traitor one who runs counter to the wishes of his King? And are you not, therefore a traitor, whether they call you Lesperon or Bardelys? But there," he ended more softly, and flinging himself into a chair as he spoke, "I have been so worried since you left me, Marcel. They have the best intentions in the world, these dullards, and some of them love me, even; but they are tiresome all the same. Even Chatterelrault, when he has a fancy for jest—as in your case—perpetrates it with the grace of a bear, the sprightfulness of an elephant."  
"Jest?" said I.  
"You find it no jest, Marcel? Bardelys, who shall blame you? He would be a man of unhealthy humor that could relish such a pleasantry as that of being sentenced to death. But tell me of it. The whole story, Marcel. I have not heard a story worth listening to since—since you left us."  
"Would it please you, sire, to send for the Comte de Chatterelrault, I beg?" I asked.  
(To be continued.)

**Rumpelstiltsken COLOR CUT-OUTS**  
A BAD BLESSING.  
Once upon a time there was a prince who had to spend his childhood, to his twelfth year, upon a golden couch. And this is how it happened:  
At his christening the noblemen of the kingdom had loaded him with precious gifts and the fairies with blessings. But one old fairy was in a bad humor and this is what she said to the king: "Your son shall grow to manhood on one condition only, and that is that he shall not touch foot to the ground until he is twelve years old."  
So it was that the little prince lay waiting upon his golden couch until his twelfth birthday.  
Continue this story tomorrow, with a suit for the prince.  
(The young prince has dark hair and is wearing a bright blue suit. The blankets and cushions on his wheel chair are brown.)

**The Best Medicine She Ever Took**



So Says Miss I. Charbonneau of Dadd's Kidney Pills.  
Ontario Lady is Very Enthusiastic and Gives Her Views about Dadd's Kidney Pills.  
OTTAWA, Ont., Jan. 11.—(Special)—"I was feeling very bad all over," says Miss I. Charbonneau, who lives at 304 Wilbrod Street. "My head and back ached, my legs felt as though they were made of lead and my sight was bad. I felt tired all the time. A friend of mine who had used your Dadd's Kidney Pills told me to try them. I took three boxes and they have made a new person out of me. I felt better after taking the first box and have been perfectly well ever since. Dadd's Kidney Pills are certainly the best medicine I ever took and I highly recommend them to anyone suffering with their kidneys."  
It is noticeable that people who have used Dadd's Kidney Pills are enthusiastic in recommending them to others. That is how Dadd's Kidney Pills have built up and maintained their world-wide reputation.  
AMY L. JONES, Secretary

**Great Increase In Smuggling**

HAVANA, Jan. 11.—In consequence of the recent anti-smuggling treaties arranged between Canada and the United States and Mexico and the United States, and the formation of a similar treaty between Cuba and the United States, it is unofficially reported that there has been a great increase in smuggling both of liquors and aliens from Cuba to the Southern United States.  
Assistant Solicitor Vallance, of the American State Department, and Cuban State Department officials are putting the proposed anti-smuggling treaty into shape for presentation to the two governments. It is expected to provide regulations for passenger and freight vessels plying between the two countries.

**Mule-Drawn Rig Beats Traffic Law**

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—At last a way has been found to beat traffic laws. While automobiles were halted along fashionable 16th street during the inauguration of a new electric traffic control system, William K. Conway drove leisurely down the street in ancient buggy.  
"Here," shouted a policeman, "don't you know there is a law against driving a horse-drawn vehicle down 16th street?"  
"This ain't a horse-drawn vehicle," Conway replied.  
And he gave the mule staggering between the shafts a blow with his whip and proceeded down the street.  
A picture of health requires a happy frame of mind.

**Celebration of BURNS ANNIVERSARY**

Under the Auspices of the Caledonian Club and the distinguished patronage of His Honour Governor Hertz and Mrs. Hertz and His Worship Mayor and Mrs. McKenna.  
**STRAND THEATRE**  
Monday and Tuesday  
January 25th and 26th

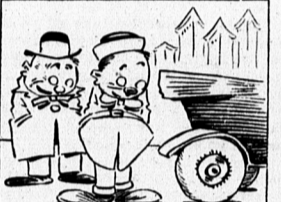


**Accused Makes Threat To Beat Judge In Court**  
MONTREAL, Jan. 11.—Who is the hell do you think you are? roared William Southin, aged 26, at Recorder Morrison, before whom he was brought today on a charge of aggravated assault. "Talk to me like that any more and I'll knock your block off. Come over here and I'll do it anyway."  
The irate prisoner was about to jump the dock railings and make for the Magistrate when he was pounced upon by two officers and dragged away to the cells.  
A picture of health requires a happy frame of mind.

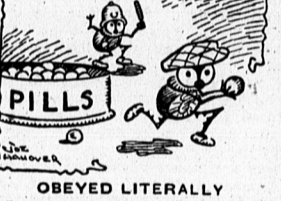
**SMILES**



**MARRIED BY ITS FRAME**  
He: Jane's a little thin perhaps but a perfect picture, don't you think?  
She: Well, yes; but a picture marred by its frame.



**WENT AGAINST THE GRAIN**  
1st Motorist: How'd you skin your tires like that?  
2nd Utter: Aw, ran against one of these cross-grained men.



**OBEYED LITERALLY**  
Bug: I hope I'm not doing wrong, but the doctor told me to take a pill!



He: Didn't know I could lift you did you?  
She: No, but daddy wants me to get a hubby who can lift the mortgagage on the old home.



**THE OPEN DOOR**  
"He says I'm a thing to adore!" "Why should he say silly things?" "Because his whole future hinges on me—I'm the key to his happiness—one of my locks is more precious to him than gold—" "Aw, shut the door!"



**MRS. CHAS. TRIMPER**  
Bear River, N.S.—"It is a pleasure to me to write a few lines about Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In August 1923 I was taken sick and a doctor was called. He pronounced my case inflammation of the stomach and attended me for about a week, but I was getting worse. My son advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Discovery. I did so, and am glad to say in twenty-four hours I was out of bed. I am still taking Dr. Pierce's medicine. I have not had a doctor since. I am feeling well for a woman past sixty. I would highly recommend Dr. Pierce's Discovery to any similar sufferer."—Mrs. Charles Trimper, Route 1.  
Golden Medical Discovery is put up in Dr. Pierce's Laboratory in Bridgeburg, Ont., and sold by all druggists in both tablets and liquid.

**To Stop a Cold in One Day**  
Take **Bromo Quinine** tablets  
The First and Original Cold and Grip Tablet  
Proven Safe for more than a Quarter of a Century as an effective remedy for COLDS, GRIP, INFLUENZA and as a Preventive.  
The box bears this signature  
**E. W. Brown**  
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