

**Carco Seine Coal Tar**

Specially prepared for fishermen's use. Preserves nets ropes, lobster pots. Free flowing.

A MARITIME PRODUCT  
**The Carrille Co. Ltd.**  
From Your Hardware Dealer  
Halifax

**TENDERS FOR CHEESEMAKER**

Tenders will be received until February 1st, for Cheesemaker at Hillsboro Factory. Term five months. State wages per month.

ERNEST MUTCH,  
Mt. Herbert  
7313-20-1wfmw41.

**Candidate For Water Commissioner**

At the request of a large number of prominent citizens I have consented to become a candidate for Water Commissioner at the forthcoming Civic Election. If you do me the honor, Ladies and Gentlemen, of electing me to this position I will do my utmost to protect your interests.

Respectfully yours,  
G. D. WRIGHT,  
7264-16-1sw61.

**NOTICE**

**ANNUAL DINNER.**

The Annual Dinner of the Shareholders of the Charlottetown Hotel Co., Ltd., will be held in the Dining Room of the Hotel Victoria on Monday evening, Feb. 1st, at 8 p. m. All Shareholders are asked to please be present, and if they cannot attend to kindly notify the Secretary or Mr. H. C. Brown two days before the meeting.

**ANNUAL MEETING**

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Charlottetown Hotel Co., Ltd., will be held in the Dining Room of the Hotel Victoria on Monday evening, Feb. 1st, at 9 o'clock p. m. (After the Annual Dinner) for the purpose of hearing the reports of the Directors on the business of the Company for 1925, and for the purpose of electing Directors for 1926.

**NOTICE OF DIVIDEND**

A Dividend of 5 per cent, payable to Shareholders on record Jan 15th, 1926, of the Charlottetown Hotel Co., Ltd., has been declared by the Directors and will be payable on Feb 1st, at the meeting of the Shareholders of the Company.

W. K. ROGERS,  
President.  
D. A. MacKINNON, Lt.-Col.  
Sec'y-Treasurer  
Charlottetown Hotel Co. Ltd.  
7280 18 eod 71.

**Professional Cards**

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

**Mark R. McGuigan**  
B. A.  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.  
Money to Loan  
Cameron Block Charlottetown, P.E.I.  
3220-1-11-11.

**W. A. MORRELL**  
CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT  
AND AUDITOR  
RHODES STEELE BLOCK  
AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA  
30168-14-6mos.

**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

**5 SMILES**



**NO EXTRAORDINARY TIP**

Diner (returning excitedly): Did you find a ten-dollar bill I dropped on the table?  
Waiter: Oh, yes, sir. I found it. Thank you very much, sir.



**SHADY CHAP**

Anna: I don't see why you should refer to him as a shady character.  
Belle: You don't, eh? Have you ever been able to get him to sit any but a dark room?



**NO MISTAKE ABOUT THAT**

"I think you are color blind."  
"I am not so color blind that I don't know that you are yellow."



**NO HELP FROM HER.**

He: My brain is on fire with love for you.  
She: Well, you can be your own fire department.



**THE DARING OF YOUTH.**

Rosy youth, with the superior complexion rarely has an inferiority complex.

**Bardlys The Magnificent**

CHAPTER XX  
The "Bravi" at Blagnac

I was glad to be in the open once more—glad of the movement, as I rode at the head of my brave company along the bank of the Garonne and the shade of the golden, autumn-tinted trees.

I was in a measure angry with myself that I had driven such a bargain with Roxalanne, in a measure angry with her that she had forced me to it by her obstinacy. A fine gentleman I, on my soul, to have dubbed Chateaufort a cheat for having done no worse than I had no brought myself to do! Yet, was it so? No, I assured myself, it was not. A thousand times not. Why had I had done as much to win Roxalanne to me as to win her from her own unreasonable demands in the days to come she should thank me for my harshness, for that which now she perhaps accounted my unfairness.

Then, again, would I ask myself, was I very sure of this? And so the two questions were flung the science divided itself into two parties, and they waged a war that filled me with a depressing uncertainty.

I gave no thought to the hidden threat with which Saint-Eustache had threatened that from Lavendon to Toulouse was a distance of some twenty leagues. Had he been so to man of sterner purpose I might have been uneasy and on my guard. But Saint-Eustache—pshaw!

It is ill to underestimate an enemy, he never so contemptible, as the man who dares to challenge the fortune of a man who has not Fortune—which of late had been practising singular jests upon me—after seemingly abandoning me, returned to my aid at the last moment.

It was Saint-Eustache's purpose that I should never reach Toulouse alive, for in all the world I was the one man who would encompass doing and destruction by a word. And so he had resolved and disposed that I should be removed, and to accomplish this he had left a line of bravi along the road I was to pass.

He had counted upon my lying the night in one of the intervening towns for the journey was overlong to be accomplished in a single stretch, and wherever might chance to lie, there I should have to reckon with his assassins. The nearer Toulouse—although I know not this—the thicker grew my danger. Into the very thick of it I rode, and all that came of it was that I obtained possession of one more overwhelming piece of evidence against my murderous Chevalier. But I outran my story, and it had been my purpose to change horses at Grenade, and so I pushed on and reach Toulouse very early in the morning. At Grenade, however, there were no horses to be obtained at least not more than three, and so, leaving the greater portion of my company behind, I set out, escorted only by Gilles and Antoine. Night had fallen long before we reached Les-pinnasse, and with the wind from the west, grew to the violence of a hurricane, and brought with it such a deluge of cold, cutting rain as never had it been my ill-chance to ride through. From Les-pinnasse to Fenouillet the road dipped frequently, and wherever this occurred it seemed to us that we were riding in torrent, our horses fetlock-deep in mud.

Antoine complained in groans; Gilles growled openly, and went the length of begging me, as we rode through the ill-paved, flooded streets of Fenouillet, to go no farther. But I was adamant in my resolve. Soaked to the skin, my clothes hanging sodden about me, and chilled to the marrow through I was, I set my chattering teeth and swore that we should not sleep until we reached Toulouse.

"My God," he groaned, "and we but halfway!"  
"Forward!" was all I answered; and so as midnight chimed we left Fenouillet behind us, and dashed on into the open country and the full fury of the tempest.

My servants came after me upon their stumbling horses, whining and cursing by turns, and forgetting in their misery the respect that they were accustomed to pay me. I think now that it was a providence, that guided me, that halted at Fenouillet, as they would have had me do, it is odds that this chronicle would never have been penned, for likely enough I had had my throat cut as I slept. A providence was it also that

**King Cole**  
**ORANGE PEKOE**  
THE "EXTRA" IN CHOICE TEA

brought my horse down within a half-mile of Blagnac, and so badly did it founder that it might not be ridden farther.

The beasts my man herod were in little better condition and so, with infinite chagrin, I was forced to acknowledge defeat and to determine that at Blagnac we should lie for the remainder of the night. After all, it mattered little. A couple of hours riding in the morning would bring us to Toulouse, and we would start before I had Gilles dismount—he had been the louder in his complaining—and follow us afoot, bringing my horse to the Auberge de "Etoile at Blagnac, where we would await him. Then I mounted his jaded beast, and, accompanied by Antoine—the last of my retainers—I rode into Blagnac, and pulled up at the sign of the "Star."

With my whip I smote the door, and I had need to smite hard if I would be heard above the wind that shrieked and howled under the eaves of that narrow street. Yet it almost seemed as if some one were expected, for scarce had my knocking ceased when the door was opened, and the landlady stood there, shading a taper with her hand. For a moment I saw the glow of his light on his rosy, white-bearded face, then a gust of wind extinguished it.

"Diablo!" he swore, "an ugly sight for travelling!" adding as he afterthought, "You ride late mon cher Monsieur. You are a man of sup-me disnomment, Monsieur l'Hotel," said I stepped into the passage. "Will you keep me in the rain till daylight, or will you let me go to bed?" "Is your oster abed?" "See Afterwards get me food—for me and for my man—and beds for both of us."

"I have but one room, monsieur," he answered respectfully. "You shall sleep in the hayloft." "If you have but one room, monsieur, set a mattress on the floor for me, and a night to leave a dog to sleep in a hayloft. I have another servant following. He will be here in a few minutes. You must find room for him also—in the passage outside my door, if no other accommodation is possible."

"But, monsieur," he began in a tone of protest, which I set down to the way a landlord has of making difficulties that he shall be the better paid for such lodgings as he finds us.

"See to it," I ordered peremptorily. "You shall be well paid. Now go and tend those horses."

On the wall of the passage fell a warm, reddish glow from the common room, which was a fire and his was too alluring to admit of my remaining longer in discussion with him. I strode forward, therefore. The Auberge hayloft was not an imposing choice, nor one at which from choice I made a halt. This common room stank most vilely of all, of burning tallow—from the smoky tapers—and of I know not what other noisome unsavourinesses.

As I entered, I was greeted by a resonant snore from a man seated in a corner by the fire. His head had fallen back, displaying the brown, sinewy neck, and he slept or seemed to sleep, with mouth wide open. Full length on the hearth and in the red glare of the burning logs lay what at first glance I took to be a heap of rags, but which closer scrutiny showed me to be another man, seemingly asleep also.

With which pleasantry, and a touch of the foot, I moved my friend aside. My tone was not nice, nor do I generally have the air of promising more than I can fulfil.

They were growling together in a corner when Antoine came to draw off my doublet and boots. They were still growling when Gilles joined us presently, although at his coming they paused to take his measure with their eyes. For Gilles was something of a giant, and men were wont to turn their heads—aye, and women too—to admire his fine proportions. We supposed so vilely that I have not the heart to tell you what we ate—and, having supped, I bade my host light me to my chamber. As for my men, I had determined that they should spend the night in this common room, where there was a fire, and where— notwithstanding the company of those two ruffians into whose presence I had not troubled to inquire—they would doubtless be better than elsewhere in that poor hostelry.

In gathering up my cloak and doublet and other effects to bear them off to the kitchen, the host would have possessed himself also of my sword. But with a laugh I took it from him, remarking that it required no drying.

As we mounted the stairs, I heard something above me that sounded like the creaking of a door. The host heard it also, for he stood suddenly still, his glance very questioning.

"What was that?" said he.  
"The wind, I should say," I answered idly; and my answer seemed to reassure him, for with a—"Ah, yes—the wind," he went on.

Now, for all that I am far from being a man of tremors or unwarranted fears, to tell the truth the hostelry of the "Star" was beginning to fret my nerves. I could not sleep in the hayloft, I asked myself why I had not after midnight thought left me, and turned my thoughts to it. It was none of the trivial incidents that had marked my coming; but it was, I think the combination of them all. First there was the host's desire to separate me from my men by suggesting that they should sleep in the hayloft. Clearly unnecessary, when he was not averse to turning his common room into a dormitory. Then there was his very evident relief when after announcing that I would have them sleep one in my room and one in the passage by the side of the hayloft, he consented to their spending the night below; there was the presence of the two very ill-looking cut-throats, there was the attempt to carry off my sword, and lastly there was that creaking door and the host's note of alarm.

What was that?  
(To be continued.)

**FAREWELL GATHERING**

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. McDonald of Portage, Belfast, who recently left to spend the winter in Boston, were a few nights previous to their departure entertained at the home of their son Mr. J. Frank McDonald where a number of his many friends and acquaintances met to bid them good by, and where they also presented Mr. and Mrs. McDonald with the following address accompanied with a well-willed purse.

"Dear Friends, We a few of your friends and neighbors have heard of your intended departure from among us for a time, have met for the purpose of conveying to you in a few words, our feelings in the matter, and of how much we shall miss you from our neighborhood.

You have lived among us all your lives, and have raised up a fine family of sons and daughters, two of your sons honored us all by enlisting at the beginning of a Great War, and serving with distinction until its close, one of them winning the D.C.M. and other honours for bravery under fire.

In the various efforts that have been put for the betterment and advancement of the community, you have been able supporters. Mrs. McDonald will be greatly missed, both in Church work, and in all the other societies of which she was a most valuable member, where her large heartedness, willing and bright manners, and her pleasing personality, made her a favorite everywhere.

As neighbors we have sufficient proof in the high esteem in which you are both held in the neighborhood. We shall miss you greatly, and although we wish you God speed, and much happiness in your new home, we shall be glad to welcome you back again to the old home, whenever that time comes.

**The Three Lemons**  
COLOR CUT-OUTS



**THE THREE LEMONS**

This is the second day's chapter of "The Three Lemons." Children who save the paper dolls from day to day can act out the story at the end of the week.

So the prince went to seek the beautiful maiden whom he wanted for his wife.  
For a long time he journeyed and at last came to the sea without a shore. On an island in the sea lived three sisters, and from the third he obtained three lemons. She said:

"Return to your own land, and at the first spring of water, pause and cut the first of the three lemons. A beautiful fairy with milk-white skin and lips as red as blood will spring forth and beg you for a drink of water. Give it to her immediately, or she will vanish. If you do not capture the first, try the second and if she escapes, the third. But if you lose all of them, I cannot help you."  
(The prince's tunic is green this time, with hat to match, with a tall, yellow feather in the hat. The prince's gloves and girdle are yellow.)

**The Flapper Of 1925**

She is an active girl—dancing—swimming—playing tennis—golf—motoring and hiking—often on the go eighteen or twenty hours out of every twenty-four. On a strong, healthy body can stand the pace. But the flapper, like the Miss of 1880, knows that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the one remedy to keep her free from pain and physically fit, and depends upon it. For over 50 years it has been restoring sick and ailing women to health and strength.

**HEIRS WANTED**

Persons claiming to be entitled to share in the Estate of George White, formerly of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, late of the City of Toronto, Canada, deceased, who died on August 6th, 1925, are requested to notify the undersigned, PUBLIC TRUSTEE, Osgoode Hall, Toronto, Canada. 7445-27-1ws.

**A Raw, Sore Throat**  
Eases Quickly When You Apply a Little Musterole

Musterole won't blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Spread it on with your fingers. It penetrates to the sore spot with a gentle tingle, loosens the congestion and draws out the soreness and pain.



The Musterole Co. of Canada, Ltd. Montreal  
**MUSTEROLE**  
WILL NOT BLISTER  
Better than a mustard plaster

**ELECTION CARD**

TO THE ELECTORS of the City of Charlottetown:  
Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am again a candidate for the Mayoralty at the Civic Election to be held on February 10th, 1926, and through this medium respectfully solicit your influence and support at the Polls.

Having been officially connected with civic affairs since 1889, I have seen service in about all the various branches of the administration—including a term at the Water Commissioners Board, and, as I have apparently discharged the duties entrusted to me to your satisfaction, I appeal to you on this occasion with confidence, feeling that I shall not do so in vain.

Complying with the intention of the "Ballot Act," I have never made a personal canvass, but have placed myself in the hands of a free and intelligent electorate. Such is my position on this occasion.

With my general knowledge of civic requirements, I see much that can be done—even with our financial limitations—that will greatly add to the improvement of our city, and supply demands as justly made by our tax paying citizens.

While in hearty accord with the system of Permanent Streets, yet this work should not be proceeded with to the neglect of our Clay Streets.

The Tourist Association is an institution doing a wonderful work for our City and Province, and, if we cannot aid it as much financially as we would wish, we can do a

great service by giving it our hearty moral support in making our city more attractive, and by showing every courtesy to those who visit us. This is a trade which other provinces are spending thousands of dollars to secure, and find the money profitably spent. It is plainly our duty to be alive to this opportunity, and make Charlottetown the distributing centre.

Those who are acquainted with our financial affairs will agree with me that prudent economy must be the watchword for the next few years, but it does not follow that we should stand still while there is work to be done to keep pace with progress.

Should you honor me with election to the office of Mayor, I will exert my best efforts to safeguard your interests, while endeavoring to reflect your intelligence to the best of my ability in maintaining the dignity of the office.

Faithfully yours,  
L. B. MILLER

**CANADIAN PACIFIC**  
**SAILINGS**

FROM SAINT JOHN, N. B. TO LIVERPOOL

Jan. 29, Feb. 26	Montrose
Feb. 5, Mar. 5	Metagama
Feb. 12, Mar. 12	Montclair
Feb. 19, Mar. 19	Montclair
Mar. 26	Montclair

TO CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON—ANTWERP

Feb. 17, Mar. 18	Marloch
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\*Calls at Greenock

**CRUISES**  
MEDITERRANEAN  
Empress of France — Feb. 9  
WEST INDIES  
Montreal — March 1

Apply Local Agents  
G. BRUCE BURPER  
Dis. Pass. Agent  
40 King Street  
Saint John, N.B.

**To the Electors of Ward Five**

**Ladies and Gentlemen:**

I have decided to offer myself as a candidate as Councillor in Ward Five at the forthcoming Civic Election.

If you do me the honor to elect me I will do all in my power to serve you, giving my support to all measures which I consider to be for the betterment of our City. I am in favor of permanent civic improvements consistent with our revenue and will support any and all movements that tend to the building up and beautifying of our City without incurring additional burden on our taxpayers.

As I will be unable to call on all personally I take this opportunity of soliciting your support on election day.

Respectfully yours,  
**Samuel Kennedy**

**It's All New**

So it's up to you to keep up to date with this new dictionary

**OFFERED TO ALL READERS OF THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN**

The publishers abandoned the printing plates which they formerly used, because they had made an entirely new dictionary throughout in order to keep abreast of Father Time.

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Subscribe or renew your Subscription to The Guardian and include 50 cents extra for Dictionary.

**CLIP THAT COUPON AND GET YOURS NOW**

**THE NEW UNIVERSITIES DICTIONARY**

**Freshen Up!**

**Nicest Laxative, "Cascarets" 10c**

Don't stay head-achy, bilious, constipated, sick! Take one or two "Cascarets" any time to stimulate your liver and start your bowels. Then you will feel fine, your head becomes clear, stomach sweet, tongue pink and skin rosy.

Nothing else cleans, sweetens, and refreshes the entire system like pleasant, harmless candy-like "Cascarets." They never gripe, overact, or sicken.

Directions for men, women, children on each box—Druggists.

**COLOR IT NEW WITH "DIAMOND DYES"**

Just Dip to Tint or Boil to Dye

Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can tint soft, delicate shades or dye rich, permanent colors in lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings—everything!

Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

**ROYAL MAIL**  
"The Comfort Route" TO EUROPE

Regular sailings of the famous O's steamers FROM HALIFAX, N.S. TO CHERBOURG AND SOUTHAMPTON

S. S. "ORDUNA" February 8th

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY HALIFAX, N.S.