FACE WAS DISFIGURED

With Pimples. Terribly Itchy. Cuticura Healed.

"My trouble began with blackheads and pimples on my face. The pimples were large, hard and very red, and some of them festered. They were terribly itchy causing me to scratch and the right side of my face was disfigured. The irritation kept me awake, and my face was a sight.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I purchased more and before long I saw a wonderful change. I continued the treatment and now I am healed." (Signed) Miss Louise MacDonald, Box 172, Mary St., Newcastle, N. B.

Use Cuticura to clear your skin.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Stanhouse, Ltd, Montreal." Price, Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

NOTICE

The Annual Shareholders Meeting of the John R. Dinnis Pedigreed Foxes Ltd., will be held at 8 o'clock Monday evening, Jan. 11th, 1926, in the Board of Trade Rooms, Charlottetown. As important business matters will be discussed, would appreciate large attendance of Shareholders.

(Sgd) JOHN R. DINNIS
President.

6931-28-51.

INSIDIOUS EYE STRAIN

We use this adjective advisedly.

Sufferers from Eyestrain may have perfect vision and therefore do not suspect the presence of any eye defect.

The motive power of the entire human organism is Nerve Energy.

Normal eyes, it is computed utilize about 20% of this Nerve Energy, but when Eyestrain is present, a much larger proportion is required. Hence defective eyes, through their consumption of an excessive amount of Nerve Energy, may seriously affect the functioning of other organs of the body, and produce ill health.

HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED

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SMILES

ROUGH STUFF

"Jack broke his leg the other day."

"Heavens! Hockey?"

"No, dancing the Charleston."

SQUEEZED TO A MUSH

"Gee, but that girl's mushy!"

"Well, she's been squeezed enough."

PLEASURE LOST

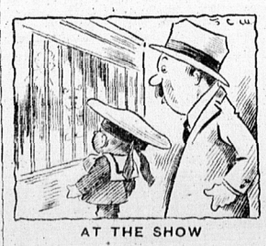
"Do you believe in prohibition?"

"I should say not; before the country went dry I had a few New Year resolutions to break."

OF A SAVING TURN OF MIND

"Did you make any New Year resolutions?"

"No, in the interest of conservation, I warmed over those of a year ago."



AT THE SHOW

Willie: Daddy, how can the lady go into the cage with the tiger and not be eaten up?

Dad: Why—er—it's a man-eating tiger, I guess.

CONCLUSIVE.

Lady of the House—"I think you will find me difficult to suit, Marie. The New Maid—"I am sure not ma'am. I saw your husband as I came in."

(Continued)

CHAPTER IX

A NIGHT ALARM

I was returning that same afternoon from a long walk that I had taken—for my mood was of that unenviable sort that impels a man to be moving—when I found a travelling chaise drawn up in the quadrangle as if ready for a journey. As I mounted the steps of the chateau I came face to face with mademoiselle, descending. I drew aside that she might pass, and this she did with her chin in the air, and her petticoat drawn to her that it might not touch me.

I would have spoken to her, but her eyes looked straight before her with a glance that was too forbidding; besides which there was the gaze of a half-dozen grooms upon us. So bowing before her—the plume of my doffed hat sweeping the ground—I let her go. Yet I remained standing where she had passed me, and watched her enter the coach. I looked after the vehicle as it wheeled round and rattled out over the drawbridge, to raise a cloud of dust on the white, dry road beyond.

In that hour I experienced a sense of desolation and a pain to which I find it difficult to give expression. It seemed to me as if she had gone out of my life for ever, as if no reparation that I could ever make would suffice to win her back after what had passed between us that morning. Already wounded in her pride by what Mademoiselle de Marsac had told her of our relations, my behaviour in the rose garden had completed the work of turning into hatred the tender feelings that but yesterday she had all but confessed for me. That she hated me now, I was well assured. My rejections as I walked had borne it in upon me how rash, how mad had been my desperate action, and with bitterness I realized that I had destroyed the last chance of ever mending matters.

Not even the payment of my wages and my return in my true character could avail me now. The payment of my wager, forsooth! Even that lost what virtue it might have contained. Where was the heroism of such an act? Had I not failed, indeed? And was not, therefore, the payment of my wager become inevitable?

Fool! Fool! Why had I not profited that gentle mood of hers when we had drifted down the stream together? Why had I not told her then of the whole business from its ugly inception down to the pass to which things were come, adding that to repair the evil I was going back to Paris to pay my wager, and that what that was done, I would return to ask her to become my wife? That was the course a man of sense would have adopted. He would have seen the dangers that beset him in my false position, and would have been quick to have forestalled them in the only manner possible.

Heigh-ho! It was done. The game was at an end, and I had bungled my part of it like any fool. One task remained me—that of meeting Marsac at Grenade and doing justice to the memory of poor Lesperin. What might betide thereafter mattered little. I should be ruined when I had settled with Chatellerault, and Marcel de Saint-Pol de Bardelys, that brilliant star in the firmament of the Court of France, would suffer an abrupt eclipse, would be quenched for all time. But this weighed little with me then. I had lost everything that I might have valued—every thing that might have brought fresh zest to a jaded, satiated life.

Later that day I was told by the Vicomte that there was a rumour current to the effect that the Marquis de Bardelys was dead. Idly I inquired how the rumour had been spread, and he told me that a riderless horse, which had been captured a few days ago by some peasants, had been recognized by Monsieur de Bardely's servants as belonging to their master, and that as nothing had been seen or heard of him for a fortnight, it was believed that he must have met with some mischance. Not even that piece of information served to arouse my interest. Let them believe me dead if they would. To him that is suffering worse than death to be accounted dead is a small matter.

The next day passed without incident. Mademoiselle's absence continued and I would have questioned the Vicomte concerning it, but a not unnatural hesitancy beset me, and I refrained.

On the morrow I was to leave Lavedan, but there were no preparations to be made, no packing to be done, for during my sojourn there I had been indebted to the generous hospitality of the Vicomte for my very apparel. We supped quietly together that night—the Vicomte and I—for the Vicomtesse was keeping her room.

I withdrew early to my chamber, and long I lay awake, revolving a gloomy future in my mind. I had given no thought to what I should do after having offered my explanation to Monsieur de Marsac on the morrow, nor could I now bring myself to consider it with any degree of interest. I would communicate with Chatellerault to inform him that I accounted my wager lost. I would send him my note of hand, making over to him my Picardy estates, and I would request him to pay off and disband my servants both in Paris and at Bardelys.

As for myself, I did not know, and, as I have hinted, I cared not little, in what places my future life might lie. I had still a little property in Beaugency, but scant inclination to withdraw to it. To Paris I would not return; that much I was determined upon; but upon no more. I had thoughts of going to Spain. Yet that course seemed no less futile than any other of which I could bethink me. I fell asleep at last, vowing that it would be a mercy and a fine solution to the puzzle of how to dispose of the future if I were to awaken no more.

I was however, destined to be roused again just as the veil of night was being lifted and the chill breath of dawn was upon the world. There was a loud knocking at the gates of Lavedan, confused noises of voices, of pattering feet, of doors opening and closing within the chateau.

There was a rapping at my chamber door, and when I went to open, I found the Vicomte on the threshold, nightcapped, in his shirt, and bearing a lighted taper.

"There are troopers at the gate!" he exclaimed as he entered the room. "That dog Saint-Eustache has already been at work!"

For all the agitation that must have been besetting him, his manner was serene as ever. "What are we to do?" he asked.

"You are admitting them—naturally?" said I, inquiry in my voice.

"Why, yes"; and he shrugged his shoulders. "What could it avail us to resist them? Even had I been prepared for it, it would be futile to attempt to suffer a siege."

I wrapped a dressing-gown about me, for the morning air was chill.

"Monsieur le Vicomte," said I gravely, "I heartily deplore that Monsieur de Marsac's affairs should have detained me here. But for him, I had left Lavedan two days ago. As it is, I tremble for you, but we may at least hope that my being taken in your house will draw down no ill results upon you. I shall never forgive myself if through my having taken refuge here I should have encompassed your destruction."

"There is no question of that," he replied, with the quick generosity characteristic of the man. "This is the work of Saint-Eustache. Sooner or later I always feared that it would happen, for sooner or later he and I must have come to enmity over my daughter. That knave had me in his power. He knew—being himself outwardly one of us—to what extent I was involved in the late rebellion, and I knew enough of him to be assured that if some day he should wish to do me ill, he would never scruple to turn traitor. I am afraid, Monsieur de Lesperon, that it is not for you alone—perhaps not for you at all—that the soldiers have come, but for me."

Then, before I could answer him the door was flung wide, and into the room, in nightcap and hastily donned robe—looking a very megere in that disfiguring deshabille—swept the Vicomtesse.

"See," she cried to her husband her strident voice raised in reproach—"see to what a pass you have brought us!"

"Anne, Anne!" he exclaimed, approaching her and seeking to soothe her; "be calm, my poor child, and be brave."

But, evading him, she towered lean and malevolent as a fury.

"Calm?" she echoed contemptuously. "Brave?" Then a short laugh broke from her—a despairing, mocking, mirthless expression of anger. "By God, do you add effontery to your other failings? Dare you bid me be calm and brave in such an hour? Have I been warning you fruitlessly these twelve months past, that, after disregarding me and deriding my warnings, you should bid me be calm now that my fears are realized?"

There was a sound of creaking gates below. The vicomte heard it.

"Madame," he said, putting aside his erstwhile tender manner, and speaking with a lofty dignity, "the troopers have been admitted. Let me entreat you to retire. It is not befitting our station—"

"What is our station?" she interrupted harshly. "Rebels—proscribed, houseless beggars. That is our station, thanks to you and your insane meddling with treason. What is to become of us, fool? What is to become of Roxalanne and me when they shall have hanged you and have driven us from Lavedan? By God's death, a fine season this to talk of the dignity of our station! Did I not warn you, malheureux, to leave party faction alone? You laughed at me."

"Madame, your memory does me an injustice," he answered in a strangled voice. "I never laughed at you in all my life."

"You did as much, at least. Did you not bid me busy myself with women's affairs? Did you not bid me leave you to follow your own judgment? You have followed it—to a pretty purpose, as God lives! These gentlemen of the King's will cause you to follow it a little farther," she pursued, with heartless, loathsome sarcasm. "You will follow it as far as the scaffold at Toulouse. That, you will tell me, is your own affair. But what provision have you made for your wife and daughter? Did you marry me and get her to leave us to perish of starvation? Or are we to turn kitchen wenches or seamstresses for our livelihood?"

With a groan, the Vicomte sank down upon the bed and covered his face with his hands.

"God pity me!" he cried, in a voice of agony—an agony such as the fear of death could never have infused into his brave soul; an agony born of the heartlessness of this woman who for twenty years had shared his bed and board, and who now in the hour of adversity flled him so cruelly—so tragically.

"Aye," she mocked in her bitterness, "call upon God to pity you, or I shall not."

She paced the room now, like a caged lioness, her face livid with the fury that possessed her. She no longer asked questions; she no longer addressed him; oath followed oath from her thin lips, and the hideousness of this woman's blasphemy made me shudder. At last there were heavy steps upon the stairs, and, moved by a sudden impulse—

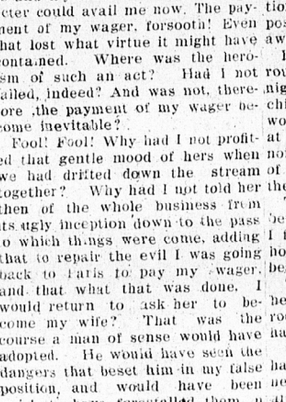
"Madame," I cried, "let me prevail upon you to restrain yourself."

She swung round to face me, her close-set eyes ablaze with anger.

(To be Continued)

CORNS AND CALLUSES

Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on any aching corn, callus or "hardskin" on bottom of feet, instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

THE ROYAL CAKE BASKET

PORTUGAL CAKES

(Being the cakes favoured by Queen Catherine of Braganza, the Queen Consort of Charles 2nd.)

Mix with the hand a pound of fine flour, a pound of sifted sugar, and a pound of fresh sweet butter. Add thereto, 2 spoonfuls of rose water, ½ lb. currants, washed and dried very well, and break in 10 eggs and whisk well together. If cakes are wanted very light beat the yolks of eggs alone, and add them, then beat whites to a stiff froth, and fold them lightly in. Then butter insides of ten moulds, and fill them three parts full with the mixture, and bake in a fairly swift oven.

SCOTCH PETTICOAT TAILS

(Favourite cakes of Mary Queen of Scots. She brought the recipe with her from France where the cakes were then known as Petits Gateaux Tailles.)

Rub 6 ozs. butter into 1 lb. of flour then mix in 6 ozs. of powdered sugar and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Add a little water, and work into a smooth dough with the hands. Divide in two portions roll into round cakes about the size of a dinner plate, cut a round cake from the centre of each with a cutter four inches in diameter, then divide the outside of each into 8. Prick all over each with a fork, dust with the finest of sugar, and bake on buttered tins in a moderate oven for 20 minutes till crisp and golden.

CAKES MUCH LIKED BY THE PRUSSIAN KING"

The King was the great-grandfather of the Kaiser Wilhelm.)

Have ready half a pound of dried flour and a pound of beaten sifted sugar, the yolks and whites beaten separately, of 7 eggs, the juice of a lemon, with its grated peel, and ½ lb. blanched almonds, ground finely with rose water. Place the flour last into the vessel before mixing all well together. Then put cake in "ordinarily hotted oven."

NOTE—This is evidently an almond sponge cake. Use ground almonds and place mixture in a cake tin dusted out with equal quantities of flour and sugar. Despite the recipe I should beat yolks and sugar together for 15 minutes, then add lemon, flour and almonds, and lastly fold in stiff whites of eggs.

WHIGS

(In hand-writing of Queen Victoria)

To half a pint of warm milk add ¾ lb. of fine flour and mix into this two or three spoonfuls of light barm. Cover it up and set it before the fire for one hour to rise. Work into the paste 4 ozs. butter. Make it into whigs with as little flour as possible and a few seeds and bake in a quick oven.

NOTE—I expect seeds referred to are carraway. I should shape it into rolls and bake them on a buttered tin.

ROYAL CHERRIES

Cherries have been popular with British Royalty since the day on which Queen Elizabeth first tasted some preserved cherries presented to her as a New Year's gift by one of her Maids of Honour. So delighted was the Queen with what was to her a new fruit that she never rested until the first cherry orchard in England was planted by her instructions in Kent. As the orchard covered thirty acres Her Majesty must have eaten cherries to her heart's content as soon as the trees began to bear. Certainly cherry pie was up to the time of her death a prominent dish at all her banquets.

Queen Henrietta Maria, Queen Anne, and King George III. evidently all shared Elizabeth's fondness for cherries for all three claimed cherries the finest of all fruits, and cherry pie the most delicious of all the sweets prepared in the Royal households. In later years Queen Victoria placed her seal of favour on the cherry. When as only a girl of eighteen she was asked to name some of the dishes she would like to find on the menu of her Coronation banquet she replied, "Roast chickens and cherry tart." So simply had she been brought up that she did not even know the names of the good and costly dishes which usually figure at such functions. So she plumped for her favourites. And it was noticed that the young girl sovereign asked for a second helping of the latter and took with it a lavish quantity of whipped cream.

Cherries always remained Queen Victoria's favourite fruit for tarts. Before her wedding feast as well as her Coronation banquet she gave personal orders that Cherry Pie or Cherry Tart should find a place of honour among the "Sweets," and seldom indeed that it was not found in season and out of season on the Royal table thereafter.

OLD-FASHIONED CHERRY PIE

Stew the cherries till partially cooked. Then break into them 3 eggs, and add the juice of 1 lemon, and some sweet butter. Place in a pudish, cover the rim first with rich shortcrust and then the top and then bake.

CHERRIES

"To a pound of cherries allow ¾ lb. of fine loaf sugar. Strone the cherries and when cold throw part of the sugar upon them. Boil fast with the remainder of the sugar till the fruit is clear and the syrup thick. Remove the scum and pot."

CUMBERLAND GINGER SHORT-BREAD

(This cake was sent every year to Queen Victoria on her birthday from Cumberland. The recipe is not known far beyond the country.)

½ lb. sifted flour,
¼ lb. butter,
Pinch of salt.
¼ lb. brown sugar.
½ teaspoonful carbonate of soda.
½ teaspoonful cream of tartar.

Mix all dry ingredients together, rub in butter; then add 2 ozs. powdered ginger, or 2½ to 2¾ if liked hot. Stir well, then put into a well buttered tin, pressing down firmly with back of wooden spoon. Cake should be level and only ½ inch deep. No moistening required. Bake in a moderate oven for about ½ hour.

A POUND CAKE

Take 1 lb. of butter, and the yolks of 8 eggs and beat to a cream with your hand. Shake in 1 lb. of fine sugar, and a glass of mixed brandy, and orange flower and rose water, and a little grated nutmeg. Then lastly shake in 1 lb. of fine flour and bake it in a buttered pan in the oven for 2 hours. You may if you please shake in a pound of cleaned currants, and 1 oz. each of citron, lemon, and orange peel finely shredded, and 2 ozs. of blanched and brushed Jordan almonds.

TUNBRIDGE CAKES

Rub 3 ozs. butter into ½ lb flour, add 3 ozs, castor sugar, add a few carraway seeds. Wet ingredients with a little warm water, a little brandy, one egg, and a little rose water. Make into a stiff paste, roll out, thin, and cut the paste with the top of a wine glass. Bake on a buttered tin a little while in the oven.

RICE CAKE

Take 6 ozs. each of ground rice and dried flour, 12 ozs. of powdered sugar, and 9 eggs, well beaten. Mix altogether, then add the grated rind of a large lemon. Beat for 30 minutes, then bake in a greased cake tin lined with buttered paper for 45 minutes.

ROUT DROPS

Clean 1 lb. of currants and mix them with 2 lbs. flour, then add to 1 lb. of butter and the same quantity of castor sugar which you have creamed together. Make into a stiff paste with 2 beaten eggs, a large spoonful of orange flower water, and the same of rose water, sweet wine and brandy. Flour a baking tin to put them on and bake a very short time in a moderate oven.

A CAKE

2 lbs. fresh butter.
1 lb Carraway seeds
4 ordinary spoonfuls of good yeast.
10 eggs with 5 whites.
3 large spoonfuls of thick cream.

TWELFTH NIGHT CAKES

Make a cavity in the centre of 6 lbs. of fine flour in a basin, dissolve a gill and a half of yeast in a little tepid milk, and work it into the centre of the flour to make a sponge. Place round it 1 lb. of fresh butter in small lumps, 1¼ lb. of sifted sugar, 4½ lbs. washed and dried currants, ½ oz. sifted cinnamon, ¼ oz. pounded cloves, grated mace and nutmeg to taste, and sliced candied orange, lemon, citron peel to taste. When sponge is risen, mix all together with a little warm milk, have the hoops well prepared and buttered, and fill with the mixture, and bake them till ready. When almost cold ice some over with sugar and water.

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Sufferer from Chronic Constipation and Headaches Finds Only Cure in Dr. Watson's Tonic

Up to about nine months ago I was so run down in health that I began to despair of recovery. I suffered constantly from constipation and headaches. I lost all faith in medicine, as any relief I got from them was only temporary. A friend of mine who had experienced similar troubles to my own, recommended me to try Dr. Watson's Tonic, as it had cured him of his troubles.

I commenced taking it forthwith, and am pleased to bear testimony to its wonderful efficiency. I am clear of headaches, my bowels move regular, my appetite is good, and I owe it as a duty to myself and my fellow-sufferers to recommend its use.

Very respectfully yours,
(Signed) JOHN T. METCALFE,
829 Ontario St., Toronto.

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Canadian National Railways

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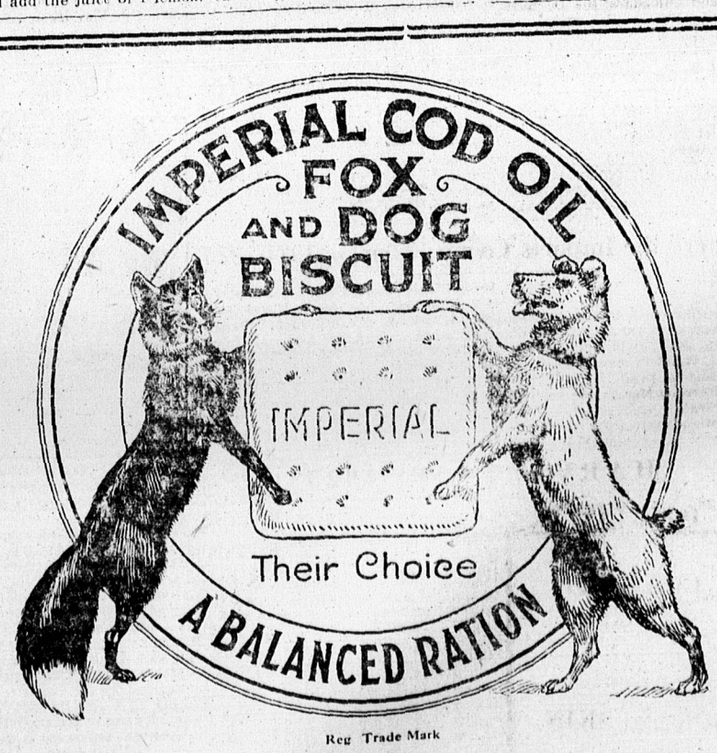

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