

SMILES



He: Did you ever love like this before? She: No. All you need is a little practice though.



Rabbit: Have you made any new resolutions? Turtle: No—I can't think of any that I won't want to break!



"Pretty cold, eh, boy?" "Yep—but not winter yet." "What, not winter yet?" "Nops—the girls haven't begun to buy their spring hats."



Editor: You should take this poem to a chiropodist, not bring it to me. Post: Why—what do you mean? Editor: Its feet are in bad condition.



"Junior, I get so tired of saying 'don't' to you all day long." "Well, mother, think how hard that is on me."

NOTICE

Citizens are warned to keep their sidewalks cleared of snow; otherwise the City by-law to that effect will be enforced.

Clearance AUCTION SALE At Frenchfort

At 12 o'clock noon, sheep, of farm, stock, crop, implements and household furniture will be sold by public auction on above date. Inspection any time up till day of sale. Terms of farm at sale, of stock, crop, etc., 11 months on all sums over \$5.00 6 per cent off for cash. Sale positive, no reserve.

EARL COFFIN, Frenchfort. J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer. 12-24M3L

WARNING

Persons driving any sled or sleigh in the City are hereby warned that sufficient bells must be attached to the horse or sleigh; otherwise they will be prosecuted. JAMES W. SHAW, City Marshal.

BARDELYS The Magnificent by RAFAEL SABATINI

INSTALLMENT 12
"There is much, mademoiselle, much, indeed, to hold me firmly at Lavedan, I pursued at last. "But my—my obligations demand of me that I depart." she cried. "But, believe me, you can do nothing. To sacrifice yourself cannot profit it. Infinitely better you can serve the Duke by waiting until the time is ripe for another blow. And how can you better preserve your life than by remaining at Lavedan until the persecutions are at an end?" "I was not thinking of the Cause, mademoiselle, but of my self alone—of my own personal honour. I would that I could explain; but I am afraid," I ended lamely. "Afraid?" she echoed, now raising her eyes in wonder. "Afraid of your contempt, of your scorn." The wonder in her glance increased and asked a question that I could not answer. I stretched forward, and caught one of the hands lying idle in her lap. "Roxalanne," I murmured very gently, and my tone, my touch, and the use of her name drove her eyes for refuge behind their lids again. A flush spread upon the ivory pallor of her face, to fade as swiftly, leaving it very white. Her bosom rose and fell in agitation, and the little hand I held trembled in my grasp. There was a moment's silence. Not that I had need to think or choose my words. But there was a lump in my throat—aye, I risk no shame in confessing it, for this was the first time that a good and true emotion had been vouchsafed me since the Duchesse de Bourgogne had shattered my illusions ten years ago. "Roxalanne," I resumed presently, when I was more master of myself, "we have been good friends, you and I, since that night when I climbed for shelter to your chamber, have we not?" "But yes, monsieur," she faltered. "Ten days ago it is. Think of it—no more than ten days. And it seems as if I had been months at Lavedan, so well have we become acquainted. In these ten days we have formed opinions of each other. But with this difference, that while mine are right, yours are wrong. I have come to know you in all this world. Would to God I had known you earlier! It might have been very different; it might have been—I would not have—different and I would not have done what I have done. You have come to know me for an unfortunate but honest gentleman. Such am I not. I am under false colours here, mademoiselle. Unfortunate I may be—at least, of late I seem to have become so. Honest I am not—I have not been. There, child, I can tell you no more. I am too great a coward. But when later you shall come to hear the truth—when, after I am gone, they may tell you a strange story touching this fellow Lesperon who sought the hospitality of your father's house—beware of my restraint in this hour; beware of my departure. You will understand these things perhaps afterwards. But think you of them, and you will unravel them for yourself, perhaps. Be merciful upon me then; judge me not over-harshly." I paused, and for a moment we were silent. Then suddenly she looked up; her fingers tightened upon mine. "Monsieur de Lesperon," she pleaded, "of what do you speak? You are torturing me, monsieur." "Look in my face, Roxalanne. Can you see nothing there of how I am torturing myself?" "Then tell me, monsieur," she begged, her voice a very cress of suppliant softness.—"tell me what vexes you and sets a curb upon your tongue. You exaggerate, I am assured. You could do nothing dishonourable, nothing vile." "Child," I cried, "I thank God that you are right! I cannot do what is dishonourable, and I will not, for all that a month ago I pledged myself to do it!" A sudden horror, a doubt, a suspicion flashed into her glance. "You—you do not mean that you are a spy," she asked; and from my heart a prayer of thanks went up to Heaven that this at least it was mine frankly to deny. "No, no—not that, I am no spy." Her face cleared again, and she sighed. "It is I think, the only thing I could not forgive. Since it is not that, will you not tell me what it is?" "For a moment the temptation to confess, to tell her everything, was again upon me. But the futility of it appalled me. "Don't ask me," I besought her; "you will learn it soon enough. For I will be confident that once my wager was paid, the news of it and of the ruin of Bardelys would spread across the face of France like a ripple over water. Presently—" "Forgive me for having come in to your life Roxalanne!" I implored her, and then I sighed again. "Hellas! Had I but known you earlier! I did not dream such women lived in this worn-out France." "I will not pry, monsieur, since your resolve appears to be so firm. But if—if after I have heard this thing you speak of," she said presently, speaking with averted eyes, "and if, having heard it, I judge you more mercifully than you judge yourself, and I send for you earlier!—will you come back to Lavedan?" My heart gave a great bound—a great, a sudden throb of hope. But as sudden and as great was

Cosette's Christmas COLOR CUT-OUTS



AN UNUSUAL PURCHASE

This is the beginning of the second week of "Cosette's Christmas." Did you save all the paper dolls last week? If so, you will soon have a complete set with which to act out the story. During dinner at the inn, Cosette took out her knitting and crunched in her usual corner, worked away while the two pretty stepisters played with their doll. The stranger observed her closely all this time, and then said to the stepmother: "What is the little one doing?" "She is knitting stockings for my daughters," the woman answered. "Would you sell me the stockings for three francs?" asked the stranger. "This was a good price for them, so the landlady consented. When he had paid her the money, he turned to Cosette and said, "Play little one, you need not finish knitting the stockings." (Cosette's other stepister is wearing gray stockings and a lavender slip. Her shoes are red, to match the dress she will have tomorrow.)

"Apple Street in Canada"

the big part this King of Fruits plays in our National Life

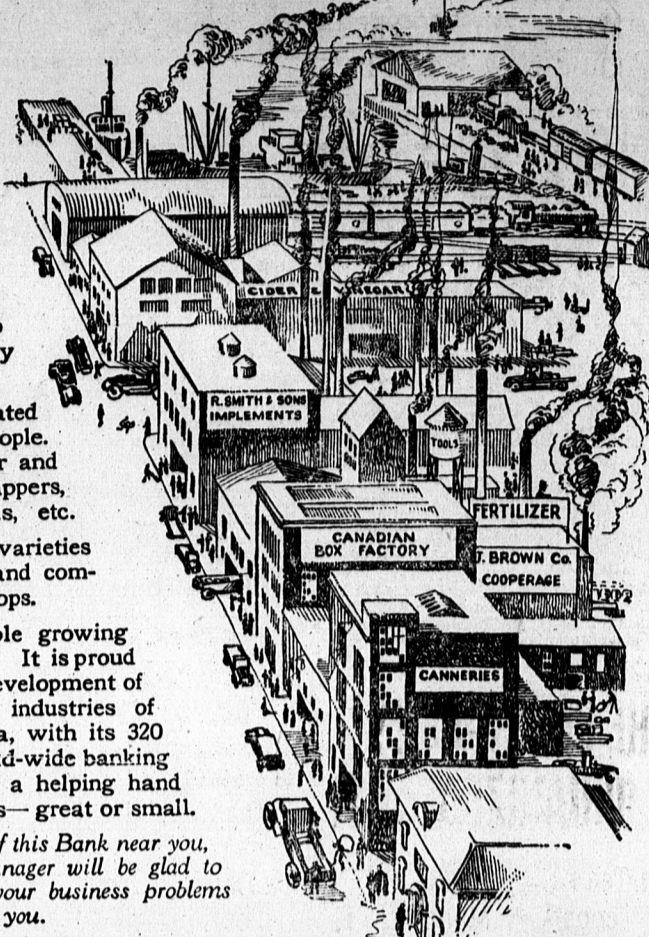
From Halifax to Vancouver, the apple orchards flourish—200,000 acres of them—valued at over \$120,000,000. In a good year the value of the crop reaches \$35,000,000 and 20,000 railway cars are needed to haul it.

On Apple Street you will find many related industries, employing thousands of people. Canneries, factories for making cider and vinegar, bottles, barrels, boxes, wrappers, fertilizers, orchard implements, tools, etc.

Canada has developed splendid apple varieties—she has won prizes, fame, settlers and commerce through her wonderful apple crops.

This Bank, since 1832, has seen apple growing develop from a pastime to an industry. It is proud to have helped consistently in the development of this and many other famous basic industries of Canada. The Bank of Nova Scotia, with its 320 branches and sub-branches and world-wide banking affiliations, stands ready to lend a helping hand to any of Canada's industries—great or small.

There is a branch of this Bank near you, where the manager will be glad to discuss your business problems with you.



THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA ESTABLISHED 1832 Capital \$10,000,000 Reserve \$19,500,000 Total Resources \$230,000,000

Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont

Fullness at the back may be smartly achieved, whether the frock in question is a slimy model for evening, or a strictly tailored beige leathers street frock sketched at the back, four rows of which, when end in pleats, caught at the top by a tailor's dart. With the frock is worn a tailored, washable blouse.

Russians Will Hold Their Gold

YAKATUSK, Siberia, Dec. 24.—The hordes of Koreans, Japanese and Chinese who have been flocking to the Aldan River gold fields, Russia's new "Klondike," doubtless will be thrown into consternation that the Soviet Government has issued a decree giving all non-Russian prospectors and residents one month in which to depart. The great mass of gold is to be for Russians alone. The Commission of investigation sent to the gold fields by the Soviet estimates there are some four hundred tons of available gold in the six thousand square miles of the Aldan district. The remoteness of the district and the scarcity of provisions, however, make effective control by the Soviet authorities of this new Klondike very difficult.

EATING WITH BRITISH ROYALTIES BY A LADY OF THE COURT (EDITED BY ELIZABETH CRAIG)

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 a 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 pie." 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 5 eggs, and add the juice of 1 lemon, and some sweet butter. Place in a pedish, cover the rim first with rich shortcrust and then the top and then bake.

CHERRIES *To a pound of cherries allow 3/4 lb. of fine loaf sugar. Stone 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.

JUST FOLKS. THE POOR FISH. Said the fish to the man On the rivulet's brink, As he reached for a bottle And started to drink: "I am just a poor fish And when hungry I eat; I am lured to my death By what seems to be meat!"

"It is true I'm a fool, And I don't stop to look When a minnow I see If it's tied to a hook, I take a long chance For the food I require, But not every minnow Is tied to a wire.

"You are smarter than I, But I'll venture to say You play with your life In the very same way. If the label reads 'whiskey,' You don't stop to think, It may be rank poison, But you'll take a drink. "You laugh at a fish That is caught on a hook, Though a bass that is hungry Has no time to look, But the man who will drink All that's labelled to-day, As whiskey, is truly A poor fish I'll say. BY EDGAR GUEST.

IN MEMORIAM

MR. THOMAS BUTLER. The death occurred at his home 102 Queen Street on Tuesday December 15th, 1925 of Thomas Butler, 80 years of age. He was the son of Mr. Butler and the late Mrs. Butler. He had been in good health until about three months ago when he began to feel ill. His death, especially at this time, is unusually sad, and the family will have the deep sympathy of all in their great bereavement. He leaves to mourn a widow, one son, Harold, and one daughter, Olga. Also one sister, Mrs. Woolner in Boston, and three brothers, Alexander Buntain of Kensington, John H. Buntain, M. P., P. Justice, and Hedley W. Buntain, Charlottetown, and Herbert Buntain at New Glasgow.

MRS. A. D. BREHAUT. Laid to rest. The funeral of the late Mrs. A. D. Brehaut took place from her late home at Village Green, Sunday, December 6th to Pownall Cemetery. Over one hundred carriages followed the remains to its last resting place. She leaves to mourn the loss of a dear loved one her husband, two sons, Vernon and Willard at home, also one daughter, Mrs. Heber Weeks, Fredericton and two brothers, William and George W. Ballum, Mt. Allison. The service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Littlejohns, assisted by Rev. Mr. Lindsey, Pownall United Church choir attended the hymns "Nearer My God to Thee," "Rock of Ages" and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" were well rendered (the pallbearers were John Campbell, James Noy, Lloyd Ballum, Henry Jenkins, Percy Darrah, Wilfred Wood. Funeral was under direction of Jenkins Bros.

INSIDIOUS EYE STRAIN

We use 7/16 adjective adverbly. Sufferers from Eyestrain may have perfect vision and therefore do not suspect the presence of any eye defect. The active 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 G. F. Hutcheson Optomist