TURLEY'S HONEY LUNG & CHEST SYRUP
Mother's Old Time English Recipe
AT ALL STORES
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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

Tenders For Ice

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to and including Saturday next the 19th instant at 12 o'clock noon for the supplying, hauling and storing of sufficient ice to fill our ice-house. Specifications can be seen at our office.

Dated this 15th day of Dec. 1925.
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ROYAL MAIL
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THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY
HALIFAX, N.S.
Dec. 2, 4, 9, 11, 16, 18, 23, 26, 30.

BARDELYS The Magnificent

by RAFAEL SABATINI

INSTALMENT 3.

AS IT HAS GONE

Bardelys The Magnificent, favorite of the King's Court, is entertaining a group of nobles. They are joined by Chatellerault, commissioned by the King to woo Roxalanne de Lavedan, famed as the most beautiful and coldest lady in all France. He tells of his failure to gain the good graces of this peerless one and is chided by the gathering. Seemingly he takes it with good humor. Bardelys, whose flirtations and successes with the ladies of the court are well known laughs at Chatellerault's discomfiture, whereon he is challenged by Chatellerault to try his amorous tricks at winning Roxalanne. Bardelys is forced into a wager to maintain his self-respect and gambles his estates against Chatellerault's that he would woo and win this beautiful creature within three months. A momentous wager meaning ruin to one or the other.

CHAPTER II.

The King's Wishes.

It was daybreak ere the last of them had left me, for a dozen or so had lingered to play lansquenet after the others had departed. With those that remained my wager had soon faded into insignificance, as their minds became engrossed in the fluctuations of their own fortunes.

I did not play myself; I was not in the mood, and for one night, at least, of sufficient weight already I thought the game upon which I was launched.

I was out on the balcony as the first lines of dawn were scoring the east, and in a moody, thoughtful condition I had riveted my eyes upon the palace of the Luxembourg, which loomed a black pile against the lightening sky, when Mironsac came out to join me. A gentle, lovable lad was Mironsac, not twenty years of age, and with the face and manners of a woman. That he was attached to me I knew.

"Monsieur le Marquis," said he, softly, "I am desolated at this wager into which they have forced you."

"Forced me?" I echoed. "No, no; they did not force me. And yet," I reflected, with a sigh, "perhaps they did."

"I have been thinking, monsieur, that if the King were to hear of it, the evil might be mended."

"But the King must not hear of it, Armand," I answered quickly. "Even if he did, matters would be no better—much worse, possibly."

"But, monsieur, this thing done in the heat of wine—"

"Is none the less done, Armand," I concluded. "And I for one do not wish it undone."

"But have you no thought for the lady?" he cried.

I laughed at him. "Were I still eighteen, boy, the thought might trouble me. Had I my illusions, I might imagine that my wife must be some woman of whom I should be enamoured. As it is, I have grown to the age of twenty-eight unwed. Marriage becomes desirable. I must think of an heir to all the wealth of Bardelys. And so I go to Languedoc. If the lady be but half the saint that fool Chatellerault has painted her, so much the better for my children; if not, so much the worse. There is the lawn, Mironsac, and it is time we were abed. Let us drive these plaguy gamesters home."

When the last of them had staggered down my steps, and I had bidden a drowsy lacquey extinguish the candles, I called Ganymede to light me to bed and aid me to undress. His true name was Rodenard; but my friend la Fosse, of mythological fancy, had named him Ganymede, after the cup-bearer of the gods, and the name had clung to him. He was a man of some forty years of age, born into my father's service, and since become my intendant, factotum, majordomo, and generalissimo of my regiment of servants and my establishments both in Paris and at Bardelys.

We had been to the wars together ere I had cut my wisdom teeth, and thus had he come to love me. There was nothing this invaluable servant could not do. At baiting or shoeing a horse, at healing a wound, at roasting a capon, or at mending a doublet, he was alike a master, besides possessing a score of other accomplishments that do not now occur to me, which in his campaigning he had acquired. Of late the easy life in Paris had made him incline to corpulency, and his face was of a pale, unhealthy fullness.

Tonight, as he assisted me to undress, it wore an expression of supreme woe.

"Monseigneur is going into Languedoc?" he inquired sorrowfully. He always called me his "seigneur" as did the other of my servants born at Bardelys.

"Knave, you have been listening," said I.

"But, monseigneur," he explained, "when Monsieur le Comte de Chatellerault laid his wager—"

"And have I not told you, Ganymede, that when you chance to be among my friends you should hear nothing but the words addressed to you, see nothing but the glasses that need replenishing? But, there! We are going into Languedoc. What of it?"

"They say that war may break out at any moment," he groaned; "that Monsieur le Duc de Montmorency is receiving re-enforcements from Spain, and that he intends to uphold the standard of Monsieur and the rights of the province against the encroachments of His Eminence the Cardinal."

"So, we are becoming politicians, eh, Ganymede? And how shall all this concern us? Had you listened more attentively, you had learnt that we go to Languedoc to seek a wife, and not to concern ourselves with Cardinals and Dukes. Now let me sleep ere the sun rises."

On the morrow I attended the levee, and I applied to His Majesty for leave to absent myself. But upon hearing that it was into Languedoc I went, he frowned inquiry. Trouble enough was his brother already making in that province. I explained that I went to seek a wife, and deeming all subterfuge dangerous, since it might only serve to provoke him when later he came to learn the lady's name, I told him—withholding yet all mention of the wager—that I fostered the hope of making Mademoiselle de Lavedan my marquise.

Deeper came the line between his brows at that, and blacker grew the scowl. He was not wont to bestow on me such looks as I now met in his weary eyes, for Louis XIII had much affection for me.

"You know this lady?" he demanded sharply.

"Only by name, Your Majesty."

At this his brows went up in astonishment.

"Only by name? And you would wed her? But, Marcel, my friend, you are a rich man— one of the richest in France. You cannot be a fortune-hunter."

"Sire," I answered, "Fame sings loudly the praises of this lady, her beauty and her virtue — praises that lead me to opine she would make me an excellent chatelaine. I am come to an age when it is well to wed; indeed, Your Majesty has often told me so. And it seems to me that all France does not hold a lady more desirable. Heaven send she will agree to my suit!"

In that tired way of his that was so pathetic: "Do you love me a little, Marcel?" he asked.

"Sire," I exclaimed, wondering whither all this was leading us, "need I protest it?"

"No," he answered dryly; "you can prove it. Prove it by abandoning this Languedoc quest. I have motives — sound motives, motives of political import. I desire another wedding for Mademoiselle de Lavedan. I wish it so, Bardelys, and I look to be obeyed."

For a moment temptation had me by the throat. Here was an unlooked-for chance to shake from me a business which reflection was already rendering odious. I had but to call together my friends of yesternight, and with them the Comte de Chatellerault, and inform them that by the King was I forbidden to go a-wooing Roxalanne de Lavedan. So should my wager be dissolved. And then in a flash I saw how they would sneer one and all, and how they would think that I had caught avidly at this opportunity of freeing myself from an undertaking into which a boastful mood had lured me. The fear of that swept aside my momentary hesitation.

"Sire," I answered, bending my head contritely, "I am desolated that my inclinations should run counter to your wishes, but to your wonted kindness and clemency I must look for forgiveness if these same inclinations drive me so relentlessly that I may not now turn back."

He caught me viciously by the arm, and looked sharply into my face.

"You defy me, Bardelys?" he asked, in a voice of anger.

"God forbid, Sire!" I answered, quickly. "I do but pursue my destiny."

He took a turn in silence, like a man who is mastering himself before he will speak. Many an eye, I knew, was upon us, and not a few may have been marvelling whether already Bardelys were about to share the fate that yesterday had overtaken his rival Chatellerault. At last he halted at my side again.

(To be continued.)

SMILES

RING OF THE COIN

"Why do you buy bell bottom pants?"

"My wife can't go through 'em without making 'em ring."

WHAT HE WANTED

Bird: My, I wish Santa would bring me a can opener.

BUT HOW MUCH OUT?

Mrs. Blabb: Did you know your husband was out last night playing cards?

Mrs. Grabb: Yes; but I can't discover how much.

He: And what's the big idea of hanging the mistletoe so early?

She: Some of the guys in this town need practice before Christmas Eve.

AND KNEW IT WOULD BE INSURED

Anna: Why did she marry him when she knew his life would be short?

Belle: Yes, dear, short, but insured.

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Guaranteed Relief in 5 Hours
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Your local Ford dealer will be glad to show you the Ford Christmas Gift Certificate which enables the giver of a Ford to announce the gift in the most fitting manner. Delivery can also be arranged for any desired time on Christmas morning.

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.

Greens range from very dark myrtle to a shade so faint that is almost white.

No one need endure the agony of corns with Holloway's Corn Remover at hand to remove them.

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.
130 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.
6594-12-11fmw61.