

Eight Women in 10 have discarded old hygienic methods for this new way

WHEN the world started expecting more of women, the old-time "sanitary pad" had to go. Doctors urge a new way. Millions employ it. You wear sheers frocks without a second thought, any time, anywhere. You meet every day unhandcapped.

It is called "KOTEX" . . . five times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad!

Thoroughly deodorizes . . . thus ending ALL fear of offending.

Discards as easily as a piece of tissue. No laundry. No embarrassment.

You ask for it without hesitancy simply by saying "KOTEX" at any drug or department store. Costs only a few cents. Proves risky old ways a folly.

KOTEX

No laundry—discard like tissue

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 table.

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.

6245-12-14-16 19 21-23

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Extra Train Service—Christmas Holidays.

To enable our people along the Railway to do their Christmas shopping, extra train service on the Island Division will be operated as follows:—

SUMMERSIDE—TIGNISH.

Commencing December 15th and up to and including December 24th, Trains Nos. 211 and 212 will operate daily instead of tri-weekly.

CHARLOTTETOWN—SOURIS AND GEORGETOWN.

On December 22nd and 23rd and 24th the train scheduled to leave Charlottetown at 3:20 P. M. will be held until 4:00 o'clock.

CHARLOTTETOWN—MURRAY HARBOR.

On December 22nd, 23rd and 24th the train will leave Murray Harbor at 6:45 A. M. instead of 7:45 and returning will leave Charlottetown at 4:30 P. M. instead of 3:20 P. M.

DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENT'S OFFICE.
6735-12-17-61

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
6247-11-2524.

Tenders for Material

Tenders will be received at this office until noon on Tuesday, December 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 ft. 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.

MONTAQUE 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.



Jamaica Taxes

1st Class Ship Passengers

KINGSTON, Jamaica, West Indies, Dec. 17.—First class steamship passengers are to be assessed \$20 head tax hereafter, the Government has announced.

Funds raised in this manner will be used to develop the tourist trade. Tourist passengers will be exempt from the tax but residents of the island will be subject to it in travelling.



(Continued)

Her eyes had travelled over my sodden clothes, the haggard pallor of my face, and the blood that stained my doublet from the shoulder downward. From all this she had drawn her conclusions that I was a hunted rebel. She drew me into the room, and closing the window, she dragged the heavy curtain across it, thereby given me a proof of confidences that smote me hard—imposter that I was.

"I have you pardon, mademoiselle, for having startled you by the rude manner of my coming," said I, and never in my life had I felt less at ease than then. "But I was exhausted and desperate. I am wounded, I have ridden hard, and I swam the river."

"The latter piece of information was vastly unnecessary, seeing that the water from my clothes was forming a pool about my feet. 'I saw you from below, mademoiselle, and surely, I thought, so sweet a lady would have pity on an unfortunate.' She observed that my eyes were upon her, and in an act of instinctive maidenliness she bore her hand to her throat to draw the draperies together and screen the beauties of her neck from my unwarranted glance, as though her daily gown did not reveal as much and more of them.

The act, however, served to trope me to a sense of my position. What did I there? It was a profanity—a defiling. I swore; from which you'll see that Bardeleys was grown of sudden very nice.

"Monsieur," she was saying, "you are exhausted."

"But that I rode hard," I laughed, "it is likely they had taken me to Toulouse, where I might have lost my head before my friends could have found and claimed me. I hope you'll see it is too comely a head to be so lightly parted with."

"For that," said she, half serious, half whimsical, "the ugliest head would be too comely."

I laughed softly, amusedly; then of a sudden, without warning, a faintness took me, and I was forced to brace myself against the wall, and brought some of my comely tricks into that chamber by taking her hand and carrying it towards my lips. But ere I had imprinted the intended kiss upon her fingers—and by some miracle they were not withdrawn—my eyes encountered hers again. I paused as one may pause who contemplates a sacrifice. For a moment she held my glance with hers; then I fell abashed, and released her hand.

The innocence peeping out of that child's eyes it was that had in that moment daunted me, and made me tremble to think of being undressed, and of the vile thing there would be to have her name coupled with mine. That thought lent me strength. I cast my weariness from me as though it were a garment, and, straightening myself, I stepped of a sudden to the window. Without a word, I made shift to draw back the curtain, when her hand, falling on my sudden sleeve, arrested me.

"What will you do, monsieur?" she cried in alarm. "You may be seen."

My mind was now possessed by the thing I should have thought of before I climbed to her balcony, and my one resolve was to get me thence as quickly as might be.

"I had not the right to enter here," I muttered. "I stopped shortly to explain would only be to sully, and so, 'Good-night! Adieu!' I ended brusquely."

"But, monsieur—" she began.

"Let me go," I commanded almost roughly, as I shook my arm free of her grasp.

"Behold you that you are exhausted. If you go forth now, monsieur, you will assuredly be taken. You must not go."

I laughed softly, and with some bitterness, too, for I was angry with myself.

"Hush, child," I said. "Better so. It is to be."

And with that I drew aside the curtains and pushed the leaves of the window apart. She remained standing in the room, watching me, her pale face, and her eyes pained and puzzled.

One last glance I gave her as I bestrode the rail of her balcony. Then I lowered myself as I had ascended. I was hanging by my hands, seeking with my foot for the coping of the window beneath me, when, suddenly, there came a buzzing in my ears. I had a fleeting vision of a white figure leaning on the balcony above me; then a well-remembered dream over my eyes; there came a sense of falling; a rush of a tempestuous wind; then—nothing.

CHAPTER V.
The Vicomte de Lavedan

When next I awakened it was to find myself in an elegant apartment, spacious and sunlit, that was utterly strange to me. For some seconds I was content to lie and take no count of my whereabouts. My eyes travelled idly over the handsome furnishings of that choicely appointed chamber, and rested at last upon the lean, crooked figure of a man whose back was towards me and who was busy with some initials at a table not far distant. Then reflection awakened in me, and I set my wits to work to grapple with my surroundings. I looked through the open window, but from my position on the bed no more was visible than the blue sky and a faint haze of distant hills.

I taxed my memory and the events of yesternight recurred to me. I remembered the girl, the balcony and my flight ending in my giddiness and my fall. Had they brought me into that same chateau, or—? Or what? No other possibility came to suggest itself, and, seeing I had no time to tax my brains with speculation, since there was one there of whom I might ask the question—

"Hola, my master!" I called to him, and as I did so I essayed to move. The act wrung a sharp cry of pain from me. My left shoulder was numb and a numbness of my right foot that sudden movement had aroused a sharper pang.

At my cry that little wizened old man swung suddenly round. He had the face of a bird of prey, yellow as a lous dor, with a great hooked nose, and a pair of beady black eyes that observed me so evenly. The month alone was the redeeming feature in a countenance that had otherwise been evil; it had small leisure to observe him, for a single moment he was turning there had been another movement at my bedside which drew my eyes elsewhere. A gentleman, richly dressed, and of an imposing height, approached me.

"You are awake, monsieur?" he said in a friendly, interrogative tone.

"Will you do me the favor to tell me where I am, monsieur?" quoth I.

"You do not know? You are at Lavedan. I am the Vicomte de Lavedan—at your service."

Although it was no more than I might have expected, yet a dull wonder filled me, to which presently I gave expression by asking:—

"At Lavedan? But how came I hither?"

"How you came is more than I can tell," he laughed. "But I'll swear the King's dragoons were not far behind you. We found you in the courtyard last night, in a swoon of exhaustion, wounded in the shoulder, and with a sprained foot. It was my daughter who gave the alarm, and she called you an assassin. You were lying under her window." Then, seeing the growing wonder in my eyes, and misconstruing it into alarm; "Nay, have no fear, monsieur," he cried. "You were very well advised in coming here. You have a fair number of friends. We are Orleansists too, at Lavedan, for all that I was not in the fight at Castelnaudary. That was no fault of mine. His Grace's messenger reached me overlate and for all that I set out with a company of my men, I put back when I had reached Lavedan, hearing that already a decisive battle had been fought and that our side had suffered a crushing defeat." He uttered a weary sigh.

"God help us, monsieur! Monsieur de Richelieu is likely to be his way with us. But let me be for the present. You are here and you are safe. As yet no suspicion rests on Lavedan. I was, as have said, too late for the fight and so I came quietly back to say my skin, that I might serve the Cause in whatever other way might offer itself. In sheltering you at serving Gaston d'Orleans, and, if I may continue so to do, I pray the suspicion may continue to ignore me. If they were to learn of it, Toulouse—or of how with money; and in other ways I have helped this rebellion—I make no doubt that my head would be the forfeit I should be asked to pay."

I was aghast at the freedom of reasonable speech with which this very debonaire gentleman ventured to address an utter stranger.

"Be at ease, Monsieur de Lesperon," resumed my host, "how I it with you?"

I started in fresh astonishment. "How—how do you know that I am Lesperon?" I asked.

"Ma foi!" he laughed. "Do you imagine I had spoken so unreservedly to a man of whom I knew nothing? Think better of me, monsieur, I beseech you. I found these letters in your pocket last night, and their superscription gave me your identity. Your name is well known to me." he added. "Monsieur de Marane has of late spoken of you and of your devotion to the Cause, and it afforded me no little satisfaction to be of some service to one whom by repute I have already learned to esteem."

I lay back on my pillow, and groaned. Here was a predicament. Mistaking me for that miserable rebel I had succoured at Mirepoix and whose letters I bore upon me that I might restore them to some

may River, one whose name he had failed to give me at the last moment, the Vicomte de Lavedan had poured can lead a hand in beating the damming story of his treason into my ears.

What if I were to enlighten him! What were to tell him that I was not Lesperon—no rebel at all, in fact—but Marcel de Bardeleys, the King's favorite? That he would account me a spy I hardly thought; but assuredly he would see that my life must be a danger to his own; he must fear betrayal from me, and protect himself he would be justified in taking extreme measures. And what, then, of my warfare with Chateaufort?

Then, in thinking of my wager, I came to think of Roxalanne herself—that dainty, sweet-faced child to whose chamber I had penetrated on the previous night. And would you believe it that—the satiated, cynical, unbelieving Bardeleys—experienced dismay at the very thought of leaving Lavedan for no other reason than because it involved me with no more of that provincial dullness?

My unwillingness to be driven from her presence determined me to stay. I had come to Lavedan as Lesperon, a fugitive rebel. In that character I had all but announced myself to the King's favorite. In that character I had been welcomed by her father. In that character, then, I must remain, that might woe and win her, and thus—though this, I swear, had now become a minor consideration with me—make good my boast and win the wager that must otherwise involve my ruin.

As I lay back with closed eyes and gave myself over to pondering the situation, I took a pleasure oddly sweet in the prospect of urging my suit under such circumstances. Chateaufort had given me a free hand. I was to go about the wooing of Mademoiselle de Lavedan as I chose. But he had cast it at me in defiance that not with all my magnificence, not with all my riches, and all my state to dazzle her, should I succeed in melting the oldest heart in France.

And now, behold! I had cast from me all these outward embellishments; I came without pomp, devoid of every emblem of wealth, of every sign of power, as a poor fugitive petitioner, I came, hunted, proscribed, and penniless—for Lesperon's estate would assuredly suffer sequestration. To win her thus would, by my faith, be an exploit that might take pride in, a worthy achievement to boast of.

And so I let it things as they were, and since I offered no denial to the identity that was thrust upon me, as Lesperon I continued to be known to the Vicomte and to his family.

Presently he called the old man to my bedside and I heard them talking of my condition.

"You think, then, Anatole," he said in the end, "that in three or four days Monsieur de Lesperon may be able to rise?"

"I am assured of it," replied the old servant.

Whereupon, turning to me, "Be therefore of good courage, monsieur," said Lavedan, "for your hurt is none so grievous after all. I was muttering my thanks and my assurances that I was in excellent spirits when we were suddenly disturbed by a rumbling noise of distant thunder."

"Mort Dieu!" swore the Vicomte, a look of alarm coming into his face. With a bent head, he stood in a listening attitude.

"What is it?" I inquired.

"Horsemen—on the drawbridge," he answered shortly. "A troop, by he sound."

And then, in confirmation of these words, followed a stamping and rattle of hoofs on the flags of the courtyard below. The old servant stood wringing his hands in helpless terror and wailing, "Monsieur, monsieur!"

But the Vicomte crossed rapidly to the window and looked out. Then he laughed with intense relief, and a wondering voice—

"They are not troopers," he announced. "They have gone the way of a company of servants in private livery; and there is a carriage—gardieu, two carriages!"

At once the memory of Roland and my followers occurred to me, and I thanked Heaven that I was bed where he might not see me, and that thus he would probably be out forth empty-handed with the news that his master was neither rived nor expected.

But in that surmise I went too fast. Ganymede was of a tenacious settle, and of this he now afforded proof. Upon learning that night as known of the Marquis de Bardeleys at Lavedan, my faithful onchman announced his intention to remain there and await me, since that he, he assured the Vicomte, by destination.

"My first impulse," said Lavedan, then later he came to tell me of it, was incontinently to order his departure. But upon considering the matter and remembering how high a power and in the King's favor stands that monstrous libertine Bardeleys, I deemed it wiser to afford shelter to this outrageous pet. His steward—a flabby, insect creature—says that Bardeleys left them last night near Mirepoix, on ride hither, bidding them follow today. Curious that we should have no news of him! That he should have fallen into the Garonne and drowned himself were too great a good fortune to be hoped for."

The bitterness with which he spoke of me afforded me ample cause for congratulation that I had resolved to accept the role of Lesperon. Yet, remembering that my own manner left me unblissed, what cause could he have for this inmosty to the son? Could it be merely my position at Court that made me seem in his rebel eyes a natural enemy?

"You are acquainted with this 'Anatole'?" I inquired, by way of raving him.

(To be continued.)

Call For Tenders

Sealed Tenders will be received by the undersigned, up to and including December 22nd for a Manager for Darnley Egg Circle. Tender to state price per doz. for collecting.

Lowest of any Tender not necessarily accepted.

FRANK L. MAENUTT, President.
6809-12-21M41.

Trick Photography Great Aid To Bizarre Movies

HOLLYWOOD, Dec. 19.—The movie public has many illusions that are carefully created by trick photography and the versatility of engineers.

These secrets of the trade conserve millions of dollars annually in the budgets of producers. The directors point out, however, that they are not evolved to deceive the theatre-goer, nor primarily with the idea of saving money, but often are necessary because it would be impossible to stage the actual scene demanded in the script.

In the photographic tricks, the most indispensable perhaps is the "glass ceiling" illusion. This is a device of painted glass placed slightly above the camera lens. On the sheet of glass, ceilings, domes and roofs are painted to correspond with the actual set.

This glass work is necessary because of the lighting demanded by camera. The roofs or upper parts of the set are not constructed. Instead, strong flood light are placed behind.

Wrecks of ocean liners are effected in a small tank in the studio. The wreck is provided by mechanical wind machines. The "ocean" is lashed to fury by paddles, and the toy liner, perhaps ten inches in length, is tossed about on the waves by wires in the hands of studio assistants.

If the story calls for an explosion aboard is exploded at the prop, and the miniature craft sinks beneath the waves with exciting realism.

A recent example of miniature

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illusion was enacted in a picture of dam, releasing a rush of eggs and monstrous prehistoric beasts. On water to destroy a populated village. Or they burn an actress at the stake with so little harm that she may be the belle of a party the next evening.

One engineer has patented a powder that burns furiously on the furnishings of a luxurious apartment. When the cranking stops, the furniture is found unharmed and is moved to the next "social" set.

Even Hollywood scarcely knows these technical men whose exploits make "the filming of the impossible."

In less than 20 years the world's production of nitrogen compounds from the free nitrogen in the air has increased from laboratory experiments to an industry with an annual capacity of more than 550,000 tons.

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The School Children's Gift

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