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Mother's Old Time
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Agents:
DEBLOIS BROS., LIMITED,
Charlottetown

**Aberdeen Corrects
A "Strange Error"**

LONDON, Dec. 28.—Interesting sidelights on one period of Canadian history are thrown by "We Twa," reminiscences of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, which has just been published here.

Lord Aberdeen in one chapter discusses "My four Canadian Prime Ministers," in which he gives a new version of some political incidents of the time. In another he publishes correspondence which he says "sufficiently corrects a strange error" that occurs in Dr. O. D. Skelton's biography of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, where it is stated that Joseph Chamberlain in his capacity of Colonial Secretary, was instrumental in bringing Lord Aberdeen's official residence prematurely to an end. "On the contrary," says His Lordship, "when I intimated my wish to retire before the end of the year 1898, Mr. Chamberlain (with whom my official relations were always of a thoroughly pleasant and friendly character), wrote that as a rule he considered it decidedly undesirable that governors should retire before the expiry of their term of office, but that in my case he recognized the force of the special circumstances which I had mentioned."

NOTICE

All Hockey Teams wishing to play for the A. E. MacLean Hockey Trophy, in the East Prince Rural Hockey League will please notify me before January 5th.

WILL A. POOLEY,
Secretary
695. North Tryon, P. E. I.

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.

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**Canadian National Railways
CHANGE IN TRAIN SERVICE**

On and after January 4th, 1926, trains No. 213 and No. 4 scheduled to leave Charlottetown for Summerside at 11.20 a.m. and Summerside for Charlottetown at 11.30 a.m. will be discontinued.

District Passenger Agent's Office

6930-28-11 Dec. 28-30-Jan. 1-2.

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

ROYAL MAIL
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INSTALMENT 14.

"Permit them, madame, to take charge of Monsieur de Saint-Eustache. Anacle, you had better order the carriage for Monsieur le Chevalier. I do not think that he will be able to ride home."

Anacle peered at the pale young gentleman on the ground, then he turned his little wizened face up on me, and grinned in a singularly solemn fashion. Monsieur de Saint-Eustache was little loved, it seemed.

Leaning heavily upon the arm of one of the lacqueys, the Chevalier moved painfully towards the courtyard, where the carriage was being prepared for him. At the last moment he turned and beckoned the Vicomte to his side.

"As God lives, Monsieur de Lavedan," he swore, breathing heavily in the fury that beset him, "you shall bitterly regret having taken sides today with that Gascon bully. Remember me, both of you, when you are journeying to Toulouse."

The Vicomte stood beside him, impassive and unmoved by that grim threat, for all that to him it must have sounded like a death-sentence.

"Adieu, monsieur—a speedy recovery," was all he answered. "But I stepped up to them. 'Do you not think, Vicomte, that it were better to detain him?' I asked. 'Bah!' he ejaculated. 'Let him go.'"

The Chevalier's eyes met mine in a look of terror. Perhaps already that young man repented him of his menace, and he realized the folly of threatening one in whose power he still chanced to be.

"Bethink you, monsieur," I cried. "You are a noble and useful life. Mine is not without value, either. Shall we suffer these lives—aye, and the happiness of your wife and daughter—to be destroyed by this vermin?"

"Let him go, monsieur; let him go. I am not afraid."

I bowed and stepped back, motioning to the lacquey to take the fellow away, much as I should have motioned him to remove some uncleanness from before me.

The Vicomtesse withdrew in high indignation to her chamber, and I did not see her again that evening. Mademoiselle I saw once, for a moment, and she employed that moment to question me touching the origin of my quarrel with Saint-Eustache.

"Did he really lie, Monsieur de Lesperon?" she asked.

"Upon my honor, mademoiselle," I answered solemnly, "I have plighted my troth to no living woman. Then my chin sank to my breast as I bethought me of how tomorrow she must opine me the vilest liar living—for I was resolved to be gone before Marsac arrived—since the real Lesperon I did not doubt was, indeed, betrothed to Mademoiselle de Marsac.

"I shall leave Lavedan betimes tomorrow, mademoiselle," I pursued presently. "What has happened today makes my departure all the more urgent. Delay may have its dangers. You will hear strange things of me, as already I have warned you. But be merciful. Much will be true, much false; yet the truth itself is very vile, and—"

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"What's the clock?" I inquired, sitting bolt upright.

"Past ten," said he, with stern disapproval.

"And you have let me sleep?" I cried.

"We do little else at Lavedan, even when we are awake," he grumbled. "There was no reason why monsieur should rise." Then, holding out a paper, "Monsieur Stanislas de Marsac was here this morning with Mademoiselle his sister. He left this letter for you, monsieur."

Amaze and apprehension were quickly followed by relief, since Anacle's words suggested that Marsac had not remained. I took the letter, nevertheless, with some misgivings, and whilst I turned it over in my hands I questioned the old servant.

"He stayed an hour at the chateau, monsieur," Anacle informed me. "Monsieur le Vicomte would have had you roused, but he would not hear of it. 'If what Monsieur de Saint-Eustache has told me touching your guest should prove to be true,' said he, 'I would prefer not to meet him under your roof, monsieur.' Monsieur de Saint-Eustache," my master replied, "is not a person whose word should have any weight with any man of honor. But in spite of that, Monsieur de Marsac held to his resolve, and although he would offer no explanation in answer to my master's many questions, you were not aroused."

"At the end of a half-hour his sister entered with what Mademoiselle they had been walking together on the terrace, and Mademoiselle de Marsac appeared very angry. 'Affairs are exactly as Monsieur de Saint-Eustache has represented them,' she said to her brother. 'I that he swore a most villainous oath, and called for writing materials. At the moment of his departure he desired me to deliver this letter to you, and then rode away in a hurry, and, seemingly, not on the best of terms with Monsieur le Vicomte.'"

"And his sister?" I asked quickly.

"She went with him. A fine pair, as I live!" he added, casting his eyes to the ceiling.

At least I could breathe freely. They were gone, and whatever damage they may have done to the character of poor Rene de Lesperon ere they departed, they were not there, at all events, to denounce me for an imposter. With a mental apology to the shade of the departed Lesperon for all the discredit I was bringing down upon his name, I broke the seal of that momentous epistle, which enclosed a length of some thirty-two inches of string.

"Monsieur," (I read), "wherever I may chance to meet you it shall be my duty to kill you."

A rich beginning, in all faith! If he could but maintain that uncompromising dramatic flavor to the end, his epistle should be worth the trouble of deciphering, for he penned a vile scrawl of pot-hooks.

**CHAPTER VIII.
The Portrait.**

Into the mind of every thoughtful man must come at times with bitterness the reflection of how utterly we are at the mercy of Fate, the victim of her every whim and caprice. We may set out with the loftiest, the sternest resolutions to steer our lives along a well-considered course, yet the slightest of fortuitous circumstances will suffice to force us into a direction that we had no thought of taking.

Now, had it pleased Monsieur de Marsac to have come to Lavedan at a reasonable hour of the day, I should have been already upon the road to Paris, intent to own defeat and pay my wager. A night of thought, perhaps strengthening my determination to follow such a course, had brought the reflection that I might thereafter return to Roxalanne, a poor man, it is true, but one at least whose intentions might not be misconstrued.

And so, when at last I sank into sleep, my mind was happier than it had been for many days. Of Roxalanne's love I was assured, and it seemed that I might win her, after all, once I removed the barrier of shame that now deterred me. It may be that those thoughts kept me awake until a late hour, and that to this I owe it that when on the morning I awakened the morning was well advanced. The sun was flooding my chamber, and at my bedside stood Anacle.

"What's the clock?" I inquired, sitting bolt upright.

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ENERGIZE!

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SMILES



DEVELOPED BY USE

"Yes, he's a wonderful musician—plays the piano by ear."
"Is that what has made his ears so big?"



FREE VERSE

Friend: Why do you call your poetry free verse? It always rhymes.
Poet: But the paper that prints it never pays for it.



SOME BURNING NOW

Mr. Woodby Swells: Ya-a-a, my dear, I have ancestors to burn. She (a trifle bored): And some that are probably burning now.



TIME FLIES

"Well, the new year will soon be here."
"On his airplane this trip, I guess."
"Sure—time flies."



He: But you said you were set on marrying me.
She: I was until dad sat on it too.

the High Commissioner's conditions are assured safety until peace is concluded when their position will be considered.

Women's Peace-of-Mind

under trying hygienic conditions is assured this NEW way

A DANCE, a sheer gown to be worn; a difficult hygienic situation. You need no longer give this complication a second thought.

The hazards of the old-time sanitary pad have been supplanted by a protection both absolute and exquisite.

It is called "KOTEX" . . . five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

Absorbs and deodorizes at the same time. Thus ending ALL fear of offending.

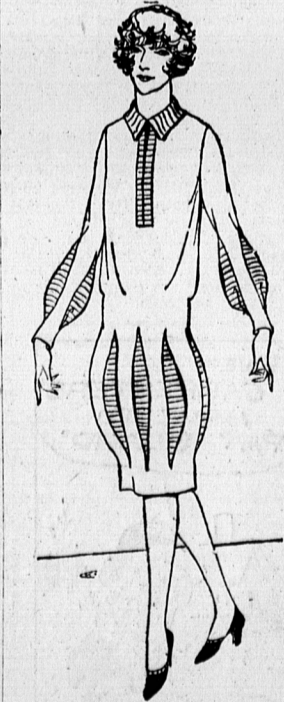
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Try Kotex. Comes 12 in a package. Proves old ways an unnecessary risk.

KOTEX
No laundry—discard like tissue

Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont.

Yes, it looks like an animated barrel, but it's really one of the new Fall frocks.

Some versatile fashion designer in Paris surely used a regular, old-fashioned barrel for her inspiration when she designed the model sketched above.

The material is a light weight wool crepe, which promises wide popularity for Fall. The color is a soft tan, and the insets are of tan striped with red.

**Jouvenel Promises
Amnesty To Rebels**

LONDON, Dec. 28.—A despatch to the Daily Mail from Beirut says that the French High Commissioner in Syria, M. Jouvenel, has promised full amnesty to all rebels who surrender their arms at French headquarters in Damascus within 15 days. The leaders who fulfil

**To End Severe Cough
Quickly, Try This**

For real results, this old home-made remedy beats them all. Easily prepared.

You'll never know how quickly a bad cough can be conquered, until you try this famous old home-made remedy. Anyone who has coughed all day and all night, will say that the immediate relief given is almost like magic. It takes but a moment to prepare and really there is nothing better for coughs.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, this mixture saves about two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations, and gives you a more positive, effective remedy. It keeps perfectly, and tastes pleasant—children like it.

You can feel this take hold instantly, soothing and healing the membranes in all the air passages. It promptly loosens a dry, tight cough, and soon you will notice the phlegm thin out, and then disappear altogether. A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and it is no splendid for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness, and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, the most reliable remedy for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

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**Say Customs Lose
\$1,000,000 A Year**

TORONTO, Dec. 29.—The Toronto Star says today.

A \$50,000,000 stream of smuggled merchandise flowing through the lawless channels of illicit border traffic has been disorganizing Canadian trade and robbing the Dominion of a million dollars in customs revenue every year, according to officials of the Commercial Protective Association, as organization of Canadian business men banded together as a vigilance force to ferret out this subterranean trade.

"As a result of the association's effort the increased flow of contraband which comes with the Christmas season will be checked to some extent at least by the new preventive force of the customs branch established at the instance of the association. The result has been an influx of untaxed leg liquor to the United States, followed by a flowing ebb of no sales tax, which are distributed through the trade channels to run-running has resulted in the increase of bootlegging as the business trade and commerce."

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