

ELEVEN BOILS ON HER ARM AT ONE TIME

Mrs. S. Petuh, Fisher Home, Alta., writes: "I was troubled with boils and had eleven of them on my arm at one time."

"I tried all kinds of medicine, but got no relief."

"I took two bottles of



and have never been troubled since." B.B.B. banishes boils and all other blood disorders; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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There will be sold at Public Auction on Saturday the 19th, November at 1.30 p. m. on the premises, corner of Upper Queen and Bayfield Streets all the household furniture of the late Alexander Stewart including Parlor, Dining Room, Bedroom and Kitchen furniture also a quantity of clothing and numerous small articles in and about the dwelling house and premises. For particulars apply to McLean & McKinnon, BENJAMIN CARTER, Auctioneer, 413-11-16-41.

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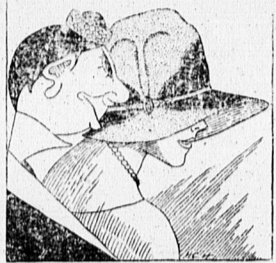
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SMILES

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Your brother's keeper of the such money only.



GOT A BUM START

She (observing bob): W. should a young man like that ever become a tramp? He: Got a bum start in life, I guess.



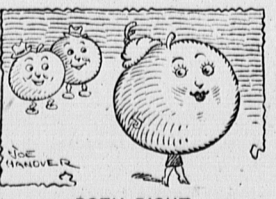
MODERN SCHOOLING

Teacher: Why you don't mean to tell me you don't know who made the ten commandments? Jimmy: I'm not so sure teacher, but I think it was Cecil B. De Mille.



WHEN COULD HE START?

He: I'd go to the end of the earth for you! She: When can I induce you to make a start?



BOTH RIGHT

Mr. Winesap: She's a peach! Mr. Baldwin: Also a pippin!

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Could Not Do Any Work. Healed by Cuticura.

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SONIA

By VIDA HURST

INSTALLMENT I

AS MRS. Maine opened the door Sonia and Joe Carter sprang apart. But not quickly enough! She had seen him kissing Sonia. It was as Mrs. Maine said, disgusting. Seventeen years old and alone in the room where the girls had left their coats, with no light. Sidney Maine was giving a farewell party to the senior class of the Muncie high school, which Mrs. Maine, relating the episode, was careful to explain was the reason for Sonia's presence.

Every one knew that Sidney Maine liked Sonia. But every one knew, too, that Sonia went too far for one whose social position was not secure. Her father was a grocery clerk, her mother a dressmaker. Even so, Sonia might have made the grade had she been more circumspect. But Muncie mothers distrusted her. And not without reason. It had been rumored that she not only smoked but she dangled cigarettes from her lips without holding them. "She's wild," the mothers had concluded.

And no one challenged the statement. Least of all, Sonia, who faced Sidney's mother now, head high, green eyes blazing in her white face.

"Do you think this is any way for young people to act?" Mrs. Maine gulped, fumbling for her poise and the electric switch at the same time. As a matter of fact, she was much more embarrassed than either of the others. Joe Carter was shamefaced, but grinning.

"Aw, Mrs. Maine, we didn't mean any harm. Did we, Sonia?" But the girl, tossing her head a trifle higher, refused to answer. Without a word of apology or explanation, she seized her coat and left the house.

Sonia stalked through the summer street swiftly. Joe Carter, rather tardily gallant, had to run to catch her.

"My gosh, Sonia, this is no way to act. We hadn't done anything." She faced him stormily.

"Do you think I'd stay in that awful house after that? Having her think things."

She flung away as he attempted to take her arm.

"Leave me alone. Don't." "Well, but Sonia... my gosh... this is awful. It isn't my fault she opened the door."

"Your fault the light was off," she said, darkly.

"You looked so tantalizing. And you hadn't forgotten your handkerchief, you know. I saw you stick it down your neck before you missed it. You wanted me to come after you. Didn't you?"

The girl said nothing, but her pace slowed to his. His hand crept down her arm.

"You wanted me to kiss you didn't you, Sonia? Are you sorry I did?"

"No," she answered.

Hand in hand, they walked through the poignant sweetness of the night. The dim lanterns of the stars glowed above them. There was a young moon hanging, crescent-shaped, detached. Sonia caught her breath.

"Isn't it wonderful?" "You are wonderful," the boy murmured, awkwardly.

"No, I mean the night—life—everything! It's like what the minister said in the bacalaureate sermon! We are standing on the threshold of life. And what does it hold for us? I wish I knew."

"Better take it as it comes. And not worry over the future. It holds a devil of a lot of work for yours truly. I'm going into the garage with dad next week. Overalls and grease for me. And I like it!"

"But wouldn't you like to know?" she persisted, dreamily. "Wouldn't you like to look in a glass and see the next few years unroll before you? I would! See, maybe, Sonia, dancing in a silver gown, with an emerald ring on her hand. I like emeralds, Joe, better than diamonds. And my hands aren't bad."

She sent them, like frail messengers, to his lips for a kiss.

"Sonia, when you talk like that you seem like somebody else. I'm half afraid of you. Why are you so different from other girls?"

"How could I be like them?" she asked frankly. "I've never had any of the things they're used to. Think how miserable I'd be if I tried to imitate them. I have had to be myself. Joe, and live in my old world. While they go away to summer camps or to places up north where it's cool I have been at home washing dishes!"

"I know, and it's a darned shame." "Oh, I wasn't asking for pity. I don't want that from anybody." She drew herself proudly erect.

"I am seeing visions while I wash the dishes, you know. And I have my own ideas and plans for the future. No one need to be sorry for me." They had reached her door now. As if by common consent they drew closer together and lowered their voices.

"I think I might have, but in the grand uproar that followed I was too stunned to notice whether I liked it or not."

He put both arms about her slender young body.

"Sonia, kiss me again." But she drew away.

"A kiss," said Sonia, with infinite wisdom. "Is like lobster. One must be in just the right condition to enjoy it."

"You mean you aren't now?" "You guessed it the first time."

"But you were to-night in the dark, with the noise and singing outside?"

"It was exciting waiting in the dark for you to find me. There was a kick to that."

"Sonia, you little devil... there's a kick to it now. Kiss me. Kiss me, Sonia! I'll guarantee the kick."

But she eluded him, ducking easily from his embrace. During the scuffle there was a sound of a window being raised.

"Yes, mother." "Come on in, now."

"All right! Joe, you'll have to go."

"Sonia, please!" "No," she cried impatiently.

He said, with the bitterness of 17, "I suppose you've kissed so many fellows there's nothing to it for you."

"You lie, Joe Carter." "What do you mean, lie?" "I mean," Sonia flared, "that the kiss you gave me in Sidney's bedroom to-night was the first kiss I've had from a boy—ever. And I hate you!"

Leaving the boy astounded by both her violence and the information, Sonia ran up the steps and slammed the door.

As she turned on the light, she stared at the ugly untidiness confronting her. The sewing machine littered with silk scraps and a pin-cushion bursting with pins, symbol of her mother's profession. Sonia hated that pin-cushion. In those dreams of hers she had cut it into shreds, burned it, thrown it into the river. Her mother had a way of mumbling, with her mouth full of pins, "Sonia, hand me my pin-cushion!"

There was a battered leather couch which Sonia had adorned with turquoise silk pillows. The color gave her a thrill of exquisite joy, as did the Japanese print she had selected—flamingo red. But an ironing board stood beneath it with a cold iron. Mrs. Stillwater's new foulard dangled on a hanger from the bracket light.

"I hate it!—hate it!—hate it!" muttered Sonia, throwing her coat on a chair.

Her mother stood at the sink in the kitchen, staring dirty dishes.

"I didn't expect you home so soon," she said in her colorless voice. "It's 11 o'clock."

"You told me to come in," evaded Sonia.

"Yes, I didn't want you hanging on the front steps with that boy. But how did the party happen to be over?"

"Oh, mother! Why is a party ever over? Don't ask me! It's over, that's all."

Anna Marsh stood for a moment, hands on her hips.

"What's the matter, Sonia? Didn't you have a good time?"

"Of course I did. Why?" "I don't know. But evidently you didn't wish you'd talk to me more. There are a lot of things about you I don't understand."

"Now, mother—" "Why shouldn't you have a good time with the girls and boys your own age? It wasn't your dress. That's perfect. I'm willing to say there wasn't a girl there with a prettier dress than yours."

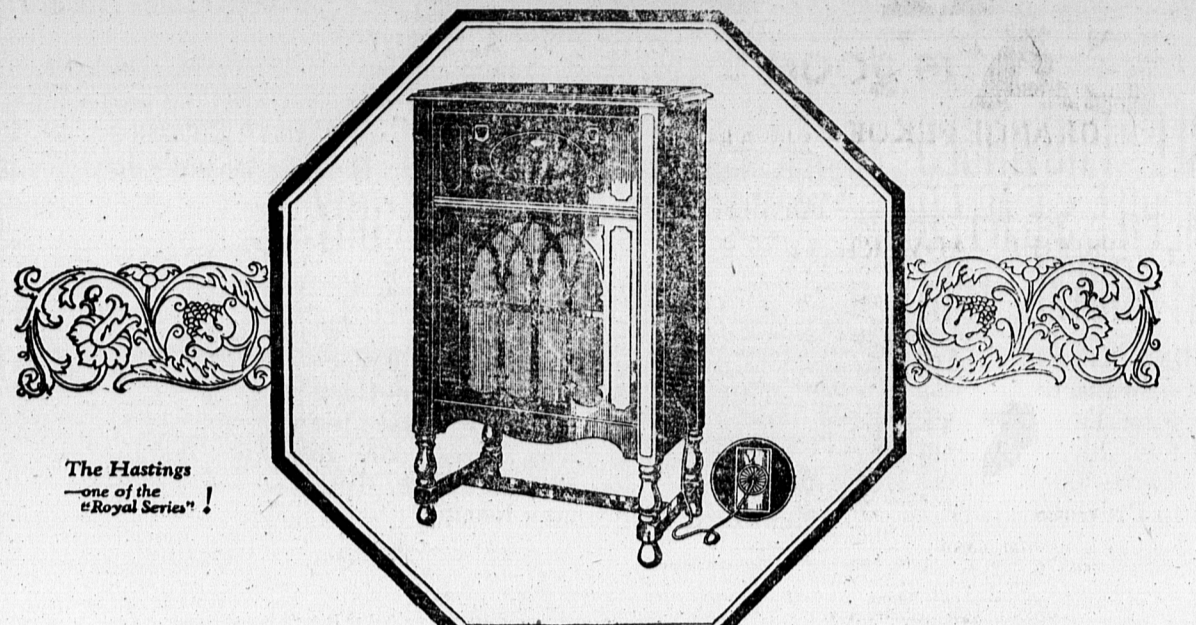
She eyed the lines of the shell pink chiffon admiringly.

"Right you are, darling!" Sonia answered gratefully. "My clothes are always perfect. If I'm not a social success you certainly aren't to blame. Where's father?"

"Where is he always when you're having a date?"

Sonia went to the back porch and peered out. "Teddy?" "Yes, honey?" She opened the screen door and slipped out to the steps.

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