

**Dr. Wilson's**  
**HERBINE BITTERS**  
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER  
AND TONIC LAXATIVE  
THE BRAYLEY DRUG CO. LTD. ST. JOHN, N.B.

**Another  
Good Report**

For their Special P. E. Island Representative in Charlottetown for business done and careful measurements for Suits and Overcoats, from the Manager for the Maritime Provinces, Dated from his Office, October 28th, 1927.

Mr. S. F. Tarbush, Charlottetown.  
Dear Sirs:—Speaking candidly I don't believe the Company have a man in Canada, who can point to as few alterations in so many orders. "It is a splendid showing indeed and I am calling the attention of the Firm to it at once."

Yours sincerely,

O. D. GELDART.

**Children's Aid Society  
ANNUAL MEETING**

The Annual General Meeting of the Children's Aid Society of Charlottetown — including Queen's and King's Counties — and of all persons interested in the welfare of children, will be held in the City Council Chamber on the evening of Monday, the 28th November, inst., at 8 o'clock.

By Order,  
W. J. P. McMillan,  
President.  
Charlottetown,  
24th November 1927.  
216-11-9-wfm:61.

**NEW BOOKS**  
Hundreds of the latest BOOKS published, and by the best AUTHORS, are being received at  
**CARTER'S BOOKSTORE**  
Just in the NEW MONTGOMERY BOOK, "Emily's Quest."  
NEW COADY, "Fighting Stars" each \$2.00 postage paid.  
Enter come in soon as possible and make your selection for the WINTER READING and for HOLIDAY GIFTS. We sell at publishers prices.  
**CARTER & CO. LIMITED.**

**Professional Carols**  
**J. O. C. Campbell**  
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, etc.  
Bank of Nova Scotia Building  
Charlottetown  
**MONEY TO LOAN**

**Dr. C. C. Archibald**  
Graduate of N. Y. Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat  
Testing Eyes and supplying Glasses Office, Bayer Building Great George Street Office Hours—9 to 12.30. 1.30 to 5.00

**Mark R. McGuigan**  
**B. A.**  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.  
Money to Loan.  
Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

**McLeod & Bentley**  
J. A. BENTLEY  
W. E. BENTLEY, K. C.  
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law  
Office: 180 Richmond Street  
**MONEY TO LOAN**  
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

**McDonald & McPhee**  
**B. A.**  
J. A. McDONALD H. F. MCPHEE  
B. A.  
Barristers, Attorneys, Etc.  
Money to Loan  
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

**SMILES**



"Marble and concrete are hard—especially when applied to heart and head."



She: You certainly drank a lot at the party.  
He: I only had one glass.  
She: Yes, but you nearly wore that one out.



**EVE'S FALLING UNKNOWN**  
Minister (visiting prison): You've heard of Eve's falling in the Garden of Eden, I suppose?  
Tough Convict: Naw, ain't heard o' nothin' but Eaves dropping in this here town.



**THAT'S WHERE SHE WAS**  
"Lissen Mabel, how come you fainted in the boss' arms yesterday?"  
"Well, you see Gert, when I fainted yesterday that's the only place I could faint."



**AT THE CONCERT**  
"What could be worse than that solo?"  
"The duet that went before—it was twice as bad."

**J. LESTER DOUGLAS**  
WHOLESALE PRODUCE  
Exporter of  
Prince Edward Island  
Certified Seed and  
Fable Stock Potatoes  
39 QUEEN STREET  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

**SONIA**  
By  
VIDA HURST

(C continued.)

"Straight home, then, Joe."  
"Straight home, nothing! We're going where we can talk."  
Sonia sat up, annoyed and angry. "Listen here, Joe Carter. I have a lot of things to do. If you make me miss my train I'll never forgive you."  
"Pretty violent about it, aren't you, Sonia? Well, rest easy, you aren't going to miss it, so far as I'm concerned. But you certainly are going to come along and listen to what I have to say."  
He drew grimly, eyes straight ahead. Sonia's anger cooled into curiosity. She might as well find out what was the matter with Joe. They rode to the outskirts of the city before he offered any information. Then he stopped the car and folded his arms.

Sonia waited, conscious of the added power which lay in her silence. Her eyes were indifferent.  
"Sonia, would you really go away without telling me good-by?"  
"I don't see that my going makes any particular difference to you. You know darned well it makes a difference. And you promised over the telephone a week ago that you would see me soon."  
"Well, to tell the truth, father wouldn't stand for having you come to the house again."  
"Well, on account of that—at Sidney's?"  
Sonia nodded.

"How did he know about it?"  
"He heard some of the boys talking about it in the store. And, believe me, he certainly raised the roof when he came home."  
"Sonia, I've been sorry a thousand times about that night. Honest I have."  
"Oh, for heaven's sake," she interrupted impatiently. "Did you bring me out here to tell me that?"  
"No, I have to get home, I tell you. I have a million things to do."  
His face went white.

"Sonia, do you know people are saying your folks are sending you away on account of that night?"  
"They are not. They don't dare say such a thing."  
"Well, they are—and that's not all. There's been a lot more added to it. You may be sure the story hasn't lost anything by repetition."

Sonia shrugged. But behind her indifferent attitude lay intense annoyance. That people should dare to lie about her reason for going away!  
"What do you suggest doing about it?" she asked coldly.  
"You know.... I suppose you'll refuse.... but the least I can do is to offer to marry you."  
Sonia's laughter rang upon the summer air. It was unfeigned and joyous. And it infuriated the boy at her side.

"Oh, you will laugh at me! But you weren't too proud to kiss me last week."  
Holding her with a grip of iron, he kissed her. Lips, cheeks, eyes, hair—until suddenly the girl went limp in his arms.  
"Joe," she asked faintly, "do you love me as much as that?"  
"Yes, and a whole lot more."  
Her arms stole around his neck, and her lips met his of their own accord. Sonia neither understood nor questioned her action. It seemed necessary, then, held close in his arms.

Joe's expression was that of one suddenly redeemed from the everlasting fires.  
"Sonia," he said presently, "does that mean that you love me, too?"  
She withdrew herself from his embrace and answered, gently, "I'm afraid not, Joe."  
"Well, you're the queerest girl I ever saw. What does it mean, then?"  
It took him only a few moments to take her home after that. Sonia, leaching deceit, permitted him to drive her up to her own door, although she fully expected her father to come out and order Joe from the place. But Sam Marsh did not appear, and Joe drove away with his face contorted in a frown of resentment. Sonia was really hurt.

"I don't see why he should insist on taking it seriously," she thought. The memory of her own conduct was not reassuring. She had kissed Joe again, after all that had been said, and she had promised.  
"But I will be awfully careful when I get to Chicago she resolved. Everything will be so different there. Joe is just one of the boys I've known all my life. I'll be awfully careful."  
As she went through the living room she found her mother putting the last touches on the green chiffon.

"Joe Carter brought me home," Sonia ventured. "Where's father? Did he come early? He said he would."  
"In your room strapping your trunk," muttered her mother, with a mouth full of pins. "Sonia, my pincushion."  
"Thank heaven, I'll not hear that any more," thought Sonia on her knees searching for it.  
When she opened her bedroom door she came upon her father crying over an old red hood which had tumbled from a drawer.

"Sonia, it seems only yesterday you wore it...."  
Several hours later, a buzz of voices as the train moved out of the station. Tom Underwood standing by Sidney, Sonia's father and mother, a last glimpse of those suddenly dear faces, something beating like a tom-tom in Sonia's breast.

**INSTALLMENT V.**  
The train from Muncie to Chicago carried one passenger who did not close her eyes. Miss the sensations of her first night on a train? Her first night away from home? Her first taste of freedom? Not Sonia, who floated over each new experience, life had to offer. Yet when she rose to dress the next morning the eyes that met hers in the mirror were clear and unweary. "I'm 17," she whispered. "All my life's ahead of me."  
She was alone, approaching a strange city. Yet, unconscious of one's self, it was the beauty of life as she saw it before her which had brought tears.

As she was carried along with the crowd out into the street, impressions ceased to register. She became an automaton, a puppet pulled by strings.  
Her instructions to go to the Y. W. were not to be ignored. But she took the room they gave her with mental reservations. She had no intention of remaining there for long. "Until you get your bearings," Don had said. Just now she was grateful for the immediate shelter.  
At precisely 11 o'clock she was entering the offices of the Thomas Real Estate company, asking in rather subdued voice for "Mr. Thomas, please!"  
She was directed to an inner office. After waiting almost an hour she was received.

Jed Thomas was not unkind, but the interview left Sonia chilled. An atmosphere of dignified frigidity was preserved throughout.  
Thomas asked a question or two about her mother and father, admitted, decorously, the reply he had made to his nephew's request for a position for her; believed there was, indeed, an opening in the bookkeeping department. If Miss Marsh wished to ask any questions, Miss LaRue, who was head of that department, would be glad to answer them.  
He pressed a button.  
"Miss LaRue, this is Miss Sonia Marsh. You take care of her, will you?"  
A forced smile and the interview was at an end.

**Dr. Watson's Tonic**  
ALE or STOUT  
BUILDS UP YOUR HEALTH  
15 package makes 3 gals.  
Makes the most wholesome and nourishing drink in the world.  
M. Allen & Co., Bond Bldg., Toronto

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"Miss LaRue, this is Miss Sonia Marsh. You take care of her, will you?"  
A forced smile and the interview was at an end.

At 1 o'clock, she was in Dearborn street until she found a restaurant. But her hands trembled as she lifted her glass of milk.  
"So this was Chicago...."  
A hard stool in a corner of a crowded balcony with strange girls whose eyes were unkind.  
Sonia closed her mouth grimly. "You wanted to come. This is only the first day. What did you expect? A brass band at the train to welcome you?"  
Leaving her sandwich untasted, she paid her check and strolled aloof to the point of insolence, down Dearborn street, into the office and back to her place.

By 4 o'clock her head was throbbing. Figures tumbled like dominoes in a circus through her bewildered brain. Maxine LaRue, seeing her white face, suggested that she go to the dressing room and lie down for a few minutes.  
"It's awfully confusing at first. But you'll be surprised how quick it all straightens out," she added.

Sonia smiled her gratitude and took the suggestion. Only she did not lie down. To have done that would have been like flying the white flag. She powdered her nose, rouged her cheeks and lighted a cigarette. Standing before the mirror, she smoked without touching the cigarette with her fingers, letting it dangle loosely from her lips.  
Ten minutes later she was back on the balcony.  
At 5 o'clock, when she put on her hat to fly to the protection of her own walls, she had not been addressed by one person except Maxine LaRue.

In bed, without food, an atom in a sea of humanity traffic roaring outside her window, Sonia closed her eyes.  
Pictures came to her, events of the two weeks since her graduation. Joe's kiss in the dark at Sidney's party. Tom Underwood's proposal, which he had retracted the day she came away. The delicate flavor of her conversation with Don St. Irvater in his mother's shaded library. Then the day she had passed working for her sister. Poor Vera, who had insisted that Sonia could not understand marriage. "And may the day never come," murmured Sonia, "when I can understand one like hers."  
She had met Don Stilwater that same day with news of the letter from her uncle. Lying in the darkness, Sonia imagined she could smell again the fragrance of the roses she had gathered for the dining table, could hear her father's "This will kill me, Sonia," her mother crying in the night. They had labored, sacrificed, suffered all the agony of separation that she might come to Chicago to like hers.

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Sonia, walking in panic behind her conductor, was conscious of cold scrutiny from various eyes, eyes which stared imperiously from desks and typewriters. The atmosphere seemed weighted with ominous forebodings. She would have liked to scream. Instead, she followed, stiffly, in Miss LaRue's high-heeled footstep, behind the typewriters, up the stairs and into a balcony filled, it seemed to Sonia, with girls.

Maxine LaRue was ten years older than Sonia, but she was far from showing it. Sonia was tremendously impressed that first day by her authority, which went so strangely with the knot of blond hair and soft blue eyes. She was kind, too. Her instructions were firm, but she goodnaturedly explained anything that the girls did not understand. Sonia found, in spite of her boasted skill, that there was a vast difference between training and practical application. She was annoyed by the curious stares the other girls gave her. But she held her head high and made no bids for any one's favor.

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**It Will Delight You**  
**"SARADA"**  
ORANGE PEKOE BLEND  
**TEA**  
Perfectly balanced—superb in flavour.  
**SEALED TENDERS**

Sealed Tenders will be received by my office 51 Queen Street, Charlottetown, up to the 26th day of November, for the stock, consisting of fancy goods, confectionery and etc., also the store fixtures now contained in the store at Souris, lately belonging to Marshal A. Paquet of Souris, authorized assignor.  
A list of the above stock and fixtures with approximate valuation may be had on application here. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.  
SIDNEY T. GREEN,  
Trustee of the Estate.

**BANKRUPT SALE**  
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**hear it!**  
**MARCONI**  
**NEW ONE DIAL RADIO**  
gives vividly real reproduction  
Designed for Canadian Reception

**L**ISTEN just once to this New One Dial Marconi Receiver and no other Radio can ever quite satisfy you.  
Doubt, if you will, the claims we make for it. Judge it for yourself. Judge it for one, for volume, for accuracy and for operative simplicity. We know that the instrument itself will convince you far better than printed description ever could.

And remember, as you listen to and marvel at the wonderful realism of this New Radio Receiver, that such realism could only be achieved by the engineering art of Marconi Radio engineers. They alone, with their record of achievement in the Radio and Wireless world, could have created this new standard of Radio performance.

**Two Battery Operated Models and a Batteryless Receiver**  
You can have this wonderful New Radio either way. There are two Battery operated types—Table Model or Console Model, the latter with a specially designed built-in speaker. And a beautiful Console Receiver made to operate from your light socket without the use of any batteries whatever. This "no battery" model is Marconi's supreme Radio achievement, the perfected "light socket" receiver, providing the very utmost in easy operation and vividly real reproduction.

**CANADIAN MARCONI COMPANY**  
VANCOUVER TORONTO MONTREAL HALIFAX ST. JOHNS, Nfld.

**RADIO AS IT SHOULD BE**  
We invite you to come and hear the **NEW MARCONI one dial RADIO**  
Three models—Table Model, "Console Model," "Batteryless Model" no Batteries, no make shifts, just plug into the light socket.  
We assure you, you will be agreeably surprised and delighted, at the "Beauty"—"Gone"—and above all the quality of the NEW MARCONI. Compare it with other sets selling as much as a hundred dollars more. You be the judge.

**J. A. GESNER**  
TIRE AND RADIO SHOP  
Great George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
**MARCONI DISTRIBUTORS**  
Always Open, Always Glad to Demonstrate

**E. S. WHITE**  
Authorized Marconi Dealer  
SOURIS, P. E. I.  
The New Marconi Creates a Sensation Wherever Shown.

**GEO. P. DUNSFORD**  
HAMPTON AND VICINITY  
Authorized Marconi Dealer  
Sets on Display, Glad to Demonstrate Any Time or Place.

**HERBERT COX**  
MORELL, P. E. I.  
Authorized Marconi Dealer  
If you want to own a real Radio, see and hear the New Marconi. Truly a marvel in beauty—tone and quality.  
Sets Gladly Demonstrated Anytime, Anywhere.

**Zam-Buk**  
Get a box of Zam-Buk from your dealer today! One size only, 20¢ for 12. Zam-Buk Moisturizing Soap, 25¢. Osh.

**FOR SALE**  
That beautiful brick residence No. 281 Kent Street, directly opposite Prince of Wales College. Large lot 200 x 90 ft. House in beautiful condition. Hot water heating, hardwood floors. One of the most desirable homes in the city. Will be sold private, up till Friday, December 2nd, noon, when it will be offered by public auction.  
For inspection phone 1019 or apply  
**J. A. McDONALD,**  
Auctioneer.  
618-11-25-ftstuhf.

**Public Temperance Meeting**  
Rev. W. W. Peck, M. A., and Rev. D. N. McLachlan, D. D., representing the Prohibition Federation of Canada will address a Public Temperance Meeting in Hearts Hall, Charlottetown, Friday Evening at 8 o'clock. Don't fail to hear these talented speakers from Ontario. Musical programme. An offering will be taken.

**NOTICE**  
The Annual Meeting of the Abegweit Athletic Association will be held in the Board of Trade Rooms, Tuesday, November 29th at 8 P. M.  
**CHAS. D. STEWART,**  
Secretary.