

FACE BECAME BLOTCHED AND PIMPLY

ALL-BRAN relieved constipation—cleared skin—in 30 days!

Read this remarkable testimonial to the power of ALL-BRAN over constipation: "For four years I have been a chronic sufferer from constipation. Being a salesman for skin preparations, I was brought face to face with a serious case when my face became blotched and pimply. I tried everything without results until a friend persuaded me to try the regular use of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. In less than 30 days my constipated condition was cured and my face permanently cleared. Although I sell skin salves, etc., I recommend Kellogg's to my close friends."

More than forty diseases are caused by constipation. Headaches, bad complexions, weakness, dizziness and many other forms of suffering. But Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is guaranteed to relieve it. Eat two tablespoons daily; in chronic cases, with every meal.

ALL-BRAN comes ready to serve. Delicious with milk or cream—and add fruits or honey. Fine in cooking. Sold and served everywhere. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario. Recipes on package.



THE J. H. JUDSON FOX RANCHING COMPANY, LIMITED

THE VOLUNTARY WINDING-UP ACT

Notice is hereby given that a general meeting of the shareholders of The J. H. Judson Fox Ranching Company, Limited, will be held in the residence of Mr. James H. Judson in Alexandra, P.E.I., on the 15th day of December, A.D. 1927 at the hour of 7 p.m. for the purpose of considering and passing upon the financial statements, accounts and reports of the Directors and Officers, and for the purpose of passing a resolution requiring that the Company be wound up under the provisions of "The Voluntary Winding-Up Act," and for the appointment of liquidators for such winding-up and the giving of consequential directions.

Dated this 1st day of December, D. 1927. By order of the Directors, JAMES H. JUDSON, President, H. POPE NOY, Secy.-Treas.

FARM FOR SALE

Owned by W. R. Seaman. Farm consists of 120 acres. Apply ALEXANDER SEAMAN, Brackley Beach. 803-12-3-71.

S. S. Lakefield

Due Charlottetown Monday, December 12th bringing freight from Halifax here if any offering. Leaves Charlottetown same day for St. Pierre and St. John's, Nfld.

J. F. BRAGG AGENT Bruce Stewart's Wharf Phone 255

Professional Cars

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

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

McLeod & Bentley J. A. BENTLEY W. E. BENTLEY, K. O. 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 Barristers, Attorneys, Etc. Money to Loan. Daily Building Charlottetown

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"A man's disposition is often influenced by his wait and sighs."



Mae: I always lower my voice when I ask hubby for money. Amy: And raise it if you don't get it, eh?



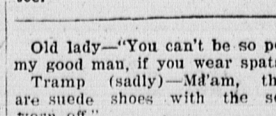
JUST SO "Open for business, eh? What kind of business?" "Monkey business, of course!"



LEAD UNNECESSARY Wife: George, there's a burglar in the pantry eating my pies, I do believe. Hubby: Do you think so? Then it won't be necessary for me to give him a dose of lead.



DON'T MISS THIS Bo (introducing): This young lady has just been elected to the lower house of Congress. Zo: Ah, a Miss representative, I see.



Old lady—"You can't be so poor my good man, if you wear spats." Tramp (sally)—"Mam, these are suede shoes with the soles worn off."

LIVE AND DRESSED POULTRY

We are ready to handle all live or dressed fowls and chickens for Circle Members. See your Circle Manager or any Director for prices; or write us direct.

P. E. I. Cooperative Egg & Poultry Assn. 99-11-3-tst151.

J. LESTER DOUGLAS WHOLESALE PRODUCE

Exporter of Prince Edyard Island Certified Seed and Table Stock Potatoes 39 QUEEN STREET CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

SONIA

By VIDÅ HURST

(Continued.)

He drew from his pocket another velvet box larger than Walter's. Almost apologetically, he placed it in her hands. "Can't you see why I hate him Sonia? Offering you a gift like that, when I've worked like the devil to even buy you this?" She tore it open, revealing a small wrist watch, in a white gold case. Her arms were about him, her eyes beaming with smiles. "But I'd rather have this than all the emeralds in the world!" "Nonsense. A dozen of them would not pay for that ring."

"That has nothing to do with it," she explained, shyly. "It's because you bought it yourself." Magic filled the room. Once more enchantment tinged her world. He fastened the watch on her arm, kissing it. Then she presented him with a cigarette case, which he accepted with much appreciation. "Oh, I know you probably have a lot of more expensive ones," she said, wistfully, "but I want you to have something I've given you."

"Sonia, this is the only one I'll wear. Truly." They loved each other so much that night, so achingly much! Even the thought of a few days' separation sickened both of them. "It will be so long," she complained. "You'll come back to me just the same, Sonia?" "What do you mean?" "Loving me just as much?" "Utterly obvious of the evening's altercation, she whispered, "Darling, you know I will!"

Strangely familiar were Muncie streets to the home-coming Sonia. She saw things she did not remember having ever seen before; found herself searching, eagerly for old landmarks she had not realized she knew; wondered if she looked as changed to those she met as they did to her. Sam Marsh had begged time off from the grocery to meet her, but was obliged to stop on the way back and let her go home alone. As a way Sonia was glad to have some time first with her mother. Not that she had anything to confide, but she could find out more talking with her for five minutes than in an entire evening with her father. There was a common lack of sentiment between Anna and Sonia. Neither wasted words.

As she ran up the steps and into the living room it drealed and untidiness struck her freshly. She kissed her mother, who dropped her sewing, saying, "Well, Sonia!" in a most unemotional tone. Immediately she began again. But Sonia could read her welcome in the flushed cheeks. "Glad to see me, mother?" "Am I? Don't be foolish! Let me look at you. Stand over there." Sonia stood so that the light from the windows fell directly on her face. "You look differently, somehow," Anna commented. "Wouldn't you expect me to?" "Well, you look smarter. Although that may be your new hat. That dress needs taking in the waist bit under the arms. I believe your thinner."

"A few pounds, perhaps." "Yes, I'm sure you are. But that's all right so long as you aren't starving yourself." "Wait until you see me eat. You won't worry about that." "Are you having a good time?" "She could see her answer in the radiance of Sonia's face. "I certainly am, but I was lonely at first." "You have made lots of friends?" "Yes, I have something to do all the time." "That's good." Her mother was searching about the scraps and materials on the machine. "What do you want?" "My pincushion. Here it is." She drew forth the disreputable pinkish ball, which her daughter had always disliked. A queer feeling came over Sonia. Her mother had not asked her where it was. She had at last become accustomed to finding it for herself. She walked through to the kitchen. She saw that Anna must have made a desperate effort in honor of her return. The dishes were washed and put away. Everything seemed in unusual order. "How's Vera?" she asked, wandering back.

"Not very well. She's going to have her baby before long now." "I suppose so," Sonia said grimly. "Poor Vera! She ought to leave that husband of hers." "What are you talking about, Sonia? Paul is a good man." "If he belonged to me I'd shoot him." Her mother sighed. "I only hope you do as well." "Well, I'd hate to think I wouldn't!" Sonia said, scathingly. "I'm right back where I started from," she thought, surprised. "Arguing before I've been in the house an hour." Vera came over about noon. She greeted Sonia affectionately. "Hello, little sister! You look like the big city." "Do I really?" Sonia cried, delighted. "I'll say so. Doesn't she, mother?" "She's thinner," Anna replied, "and wears her clothes better." But now it was not her vanity that craved admiration. She must be beautiful now for Franklin Crane. The tree at Vera's on Christmas night was a huge success. Sonia found herself a little bored with the noisy demonstration of the

King Cole ORANGE PEKOE THE "EXTRA" CHOICE TEA

children. Or, perhaps, it was Paul's capers in whiskers and great coat as Santa. The bells he persisted in shaking jangled up on her nerves. That he could be so playful and full of spirit, while Vera looked scarcely able to stand, seemed unfair to Sonia. But her family's gratitude for their gifts touched her, as did their generosity. They had put their money together and bought her a fur. She knew the price of that gift represented genuine sacrifice. "I must be better to them," she thought. "The least I can do is tell them about my good times."

At midnight she walked home, arm-in-arm with her father. His blue eyes were brimming with happiness. "It's so nice to have you back, honey," he whispered, kissing her good night. Alone in her room she immediately forgot all of them. There was only time then for Franklin Crane. With his wrist watch ticking against her cheek, she fell asleep. Christmas day Sonia remembered her resolution. She helped her mother with the dinner, which had been neglected the day before that Anna might finish a dress for the minister's wife. Sonia made cranberry jelly, helped stuff the turkey and set the table. Sam, sitting in dissipated abandon at 9 o'clock of a Saturday morning, smiled genially. "This is something like it, eh, mother? To have our girl with us again and be able to stay home all day?"

He smoked his pipe and read his weekly religious paper. "Seems to me you're looking mighty sweet this morning," he said to Sonia. She kissed the top of his thin hair. "Don't I always?" He seized her hand and pulled her around in front of him. "Where'd you get that, Sonia? That's a pretty fine watch, ain't it?" "Isn't it pretty? One of the salesmen in the office gave it to me." Instantly he took a alarm. "Pretty expensive present. What kind of a man is this salesman?" "Now, daddy, just a nice young man."

"What's his name?" She told him, feeling the color surge into her cheeks. "Well, I don't think much of a girl's accepting presents like this from a man unless she's engaged." "Don't be silly, darling. It doesn't mean anything. All the girls do it." He regarded her with anxious eyes. "You aren't engaged, are you, Sonia?" "I should say not!" "Well, then, mother, what do you think of it?" "I don't think it matters much," Anna said, slowly, "so long as she behaves herself."

"Well," he said, proudly, sucking on his old pipe, "I guess our Sonia does that." Always they came back to that Sonia sighed. She wondered why nothing else seemed really to matter. At noon Vera and her family came. The children dragged armloads of toys with them. Paul was bright and cheerful and wore a new tie his wife had given him. Even Vera seemed less exhausted than she had the day before. "You sit down in that chair," commanded Sonia. "And don't let me catch you in the kitchen or running after the children. This is to be your day of rest."

So Vera sat by her father in the living room, looking through her mother's magazines, asking constant questions of Sonia. "Are the girls wearing their dresses awfully short in Chicago?" "What movies have you seen?" "Sonia, did you hear about Sidney?" Altogether it was a satisfactory family day. Sonia drank deeply of the potion of love they held to her. It was nice to be so interesting and so admired, even if it was a little wearying. "I haven't had a chance to think much of Franklin all day," she thought, wishing to see her before she left that night. She was to leave the next after-

A JOLLY GATHERING.

On the evening of 11inst, about forty couples met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Murphy, Kinkora, to do honor to one of the young men who was about to enter the wedded life, and needless to say, that the company enjoyed themselves and were well entertained by the generous host and hostess.

The following address was read and a purse was presented to Mr. Joseph Urban Farmer, who in a few appropriate words thanked the company for their kind words and generous gift.

The following is the address:— To Mr. Joseph Urban Farmer, Kinkora, P. E. I.

Dear and Respected Friend:— We can heartily assure you that it is with the greatest feelings of pride and joy that so many of your friends and neighbors, have assembled here to-night to give well-merited honor to you on this most important and auspicious occasion of your intended choice of becoming enrolled in the vast matrimonial army, who have always been a necessary factor for the progress and advancement of the world in general.

Owing to your modest and unassuming position in public, we are well aware that you do not desire any flattery at our hands and on that account we intend only to speak plain facts when we, with your permission, enumerate some of your sterling traits of character as seen by us.

You are in the true sense an ideal Christian young man who has grown up amongst us and has been admired by everybody in the community for your inoffensive manner—your cheerfulness—your acts of kindness—your ever and willing assistance when circumstances called for it, among your neighbors, and your industrious and sober habits, which are truly evident on yourself and your home.

We feel confident that when you and your intended, a suitable partner, return and settle down in our midst, that the community at large will be much better off by the addition of another esteemed citizen.

We desire also to say that we regret that your intended partner is not present to-night, but we fully realize that she was duly honored by her friends in the parish, in which she resides, and we hope in the near future to meet you as husband and wife, and extend to you our kindest greetings for a long and happy wedded life.

With best wishes for your extended trip and a safe return, we would kindly ask you to accept this purse as a souvenir from your friends and well-wishers.

KING COLE IN A NEW ROLE

If Charles Dickens were to come to life again and were to write another book, what a rush there would be by the fiction-reading public to secure a copy of it; recollections of Mr. Pickwick, David Copperfield and Oliver Twist would be a certain assurance of that. The writer's name alone would be sufficient assurance to readers that anything new that he would produce would well repay a reading.

And so it is in any line of effort. The fact that one has excelled in the past is assurance that his further efforts will be successful too. On this principle, the public may be expected to give a spontaneous and hearty welcome to the new "KING COLE" COFFEE; the fact that "King Cole" tea has given them so much pleasure ever since it has been on the market, will make them wish to see whether the name "King Cole" on a tin of coffee means the same thing as it does on a package of tea, and they will be encouraged to make this test by the conviction that the producers of "King Cole" tea would not lend the name "King Cole" to a coffee of any but the highest merit. The name "King Cole" then on a tin of coffee should be the open sesame to public friendship. It should be a certificate of character to all and sundry who have ever used "King Cole" tea.

The new "King Cole" coffee is now on sale at your grocers in pound and half pound tins—tins especially made to preserve the fragrance and flavor of their contents. These tins you will easily recognize on your grocers' shelves by the picture of old King Cole on their labels.

A few drops of oil of lavender sprinkled on the shelves of a bookcase that is damp will help to prevent the books from becoming mouldy. Leather bindings that have become mouldy should be rubbed with a cloth slightly moistened with ammonia.

noon on the 6 o'clock train. She had telephoned Sidney that she wished to see her before she left. She was anxious to make it clear to her that her friendship could not be injured by Sidney's love for Tom. She could imagine the other girl holding back her confidence, afraid of hurting Sonia.

"Although she ought to know me better," she told her mother. Anna and Sam were going to Sunday School. Sonia promised to come in time for the sermon. But she was late in her long gray dressing gown when a knock sounded on the front door.

Holding her negligee together she ran downstairs. She was wishing for a message of some kind from Franklin. But she opened the door of her parents' home to Walter Henderson. (To Be Continued.)



hear it! MARCONI NEW ONE DIAL RADIO gives vividly real reproduction

LISTEN 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 tone, for volume, for accuracy and for operative simplicity. We know that the instrument itself will convince you far better than printed description ever could.

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. 27-10

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 See and hear the New Marconi. Truly a marvel in beauty—tone and quality. Sets Gladly Demonstrated Anytime, Anywhere.

PLEASANT GATHERING

Mr. and Mrs. Alphonus McLellan on their return from New York on Thursday, Nov. 24th, were tendered a reception by their friends in Grand River. In spite of the bad condition of the roads a large crowd assembled and showed by their presence and their beautiful gifts that they esteem very highly this young couple. An address expressive of this esteem was read by Mr. Joseph D. McLellan and very feelingly acknowledged by Mr. McLellan. Excellent music was furnished and dancing enjoyed till the early hours. All then repaired to their homes wishing Mr. and Mrs. McLellan many years of wedded bliss. The address was as follows:— Mr. and Mrs. Alphonus McLellan, Grand River, P. E. I. for you. Mr. McLellan, you are no stranger to us, you have lived most of your life in our parish and the intimate acquaintance, which we have thus acquired has served to deepen our respect for you and has enabled us to appreciate your sterling character and honest worth. Since acquiring the old homestead you have given us a thrifty example of industry and industry such as is sorely needed today and your material prosperity is an evidence of your native ability in your chosen avocation. Having made such progress when working alone we look forward to even greater things now that you have such a charming helpmate and we congratulate you on your good fortune. In closing these brief words of welcome allow us, in the name of your numerous friends, to wish you both many years of married life, filled with happiness and the choicest of God's blessings. —N.— He—"What was wrong in putting those two X's at the end of my letter?" She—"That's double-crossing me."

Dear Mr. and Mrs. McLellan,— Your friends have forgathered this evening to bid you welcome on your return from your honeymoon. The occasion is one which gives us much pleasure affording, as it does, an opportunity of expressing our high regard for you, and the satisfaction which we feel in knowing that this beautiful home, which for several years lacked the graceful presence of femininity, is to be presided over by a charming hostess. You, Mrs. McLellan, though not a native of our parish, are not unknown to most of us. During your visits with your uncle, our beloved pastor, you have made many acquaintances who rejoice that such acquaintance may now blossom into sincere friendship. Those who tonight have met you for the first time feel that they have found a true friend. We bid you welcome to Grand River and trust that the happiest years of your life lie before you. Mr. McLellan, you are no stranger to us, you have lived most of your life in our parish and the intimate acquaintance, which we have thus acquired has served to deepen our respect for you and has enabled us to appreciate your sterling character and honest worth. Since acquiring the old homestead you have given us a thrifty example of industry and industry such as is sorely needed today and your material prosperity is an evidence of your native ability in your chosen avocation. Having made such progress when working alone we look forward to even greater things now that you have such a charming helpmate and we congratulate you on your good fortune. In closing these brief words of welcome allow us, in the name of your numerous friends, to wish you both many years of married life, filled with happiness and the choicest of God's blessings. —N.— He—"What was wrong in putting those two X's at the end of my letter?" She—"That's double-crossing me."

PURITY FLOUR BEST FOR ALL YOUR BAKING — Pies, Cakes, Buns and Bread — DOES ALL YOUR BAKING BEST