

The Best Cough Syrup Is Home-made

Here's an easy way to save \$2. and get the best cough medicine you ever tried.

You've probably heard of this famous home-made cough syrup. But have you ever used it? Thousands of families feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will soon earn it a permanent place in your home.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the bottle. Or, if desired, use clarified honey, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you 16 ounces of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the phlegm, heals the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract and palatable guaiac, which has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with directions. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

PINEX for Coughs

We will be buying live, and dressed poultry daily until the end of the season. Highest prices paid.

SWIFT CANADIAN CO.

READ WHAT THE HEAD OFFICE IN TORONTO WRITES

Oct. 26th Inst. Mr. S. F. Tarbush, Charlottetown.

Dear Sir:—Your record so far is a good one and we are quite frank in saying that we have fewer alterations on garments sold by you than from any of the other Agents in the East.

Just think, out of 325 pieces measured for professional men, only sixteen alterations required. Hundreds of orders delivered also to private customers. Your order next to S. F. TARBUSH, Special Representative, 172 Prince Street, Charlottetown.

AUCTION SALE

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, Auctioneers, 413-11-16-41.

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.

Canada S. S. Lines STEAMSHIP SERVICE

MONTREAL

Charlottetown And St. John's

S. S. CAPTHORNE

Leave Montreal November 16th. Leave Ch. Town November 21st.

Carvell Bros., Ltd. AGENTS

NORWEGIAN AMERICA LINE

Xmas Excursion to NORWAY

The Palatial Steamer STAVANGERFJORD 18000 tons Displ.)

Sailing from HALIFAX, N. S. Direct to Bergen, Kristiansand, Stavanger & Oslo, carrying Cabin and Third Class Passengers. Through bookings may be made to Sweden, Denmark, Finland and Germany. For rates and further information apply to T. A. S. DEWOLF & SON, Agents, 145 Great George Street

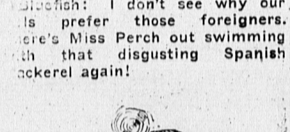
SMILES



If one were as strongly reminded of good intentions as of bad eggs one of them would be carried out.



Submarine: I don't see why our is prefer those foreigners, here's Miss Perch out swimming with that disgusting Spanishackerel again!



"Yes, he shook Flossie for Mozie."

"And why?"

"Since he's taken up aviation, he has high fliers."



IF SHE'S A LITTLE HORSE Wife (with bad cold): I can still talk even if I am a little horse!

Hubby: If you're a little horse you'd better bridle that tongue.



NOW DRINKS TO EXCESS

"He always drinks to excess."

"Yes, and has done it so often he now drinks to excess."



BABY'S OWN SOAP

From Baby's birth test out its worth.

To Whom It May Concern

Those parties who have left pianos, organs, sewing machines and small musical instruments at our shop for repairs, will please call and pay for them within four weeks from date; otherwise, those instruments will be sold to pay for repairs.

MILLER BROS. 145 Great George Street

SONIA

By VIDA HURST

(Continued)

"You shut up," said Sonia to her sister. "I don't know where you come in on this. And I don't know why I did it. So there! Mother, don't cry, please!"

"But I cannot understand, Sonia, hand me my pincushion! No wonder you aren't invited anywhere when you act like that."

This being only too true, there was no answer for it. Sonia went back to her dishes again, and her mother began to baste the hem in the foulard skirt. Vera sat, thin lips compressed.

"Well, mother, I suppose you aren't going to do anything about it?"

"What can I do, Vera? She isn't a child any more."

"Mrs. Underwood said even Tom was horrified. No more automobile rides for you in that car, young lady."

"Who cares?" snapped Sonia. As she was speaking the telephone rang. With no gentle hand she lifted the receiver.

"Oh, hello, Tom!"

"I'm all right. Why?"

"Oh, no! A little thing like that didn't bother me."

Then Vera and her mother heard the buzzing of an insistent young voice.

"Well, promised to go down town. But I'll go. You'll be here at 2?"

"All right."

As she left the telephone the laughter in her narrow eyes leaped out.

"Vera, go on home and tell Tom's mother he's taking me for a ride this afternoon. Go on, darling, do!"

"I'll do nothing of the kind," Vera replied sharply, then collected her family and left.

INSTALLMENT II.

Sonia stepped into the Underwood sedan at 2 o'clock. Her eyes were as guileless as a saint's, her smile copied from Mona Lisa. She sat silent, drinking in the beauty of the country road. Tom's voice brought his shawl from her reverie.

"What did you say?"

"I said you don't seem to realize that you're in awfully bad, Sonia. Sidney's mother's telling that all over town."

Sonia shrugged slim shoulders without answering.

"My soul, Sonia it's serious. You'll be compromised before that old hen gets through with you."

"I can't be bothered, Tom. Please!"

"Besides," he continued, in a different tone, "I was surprised at you myself. I didn't know you gave a hang for Joe Carter."

"Sonia opened her green eyes. 'I don't. Oh, Joe's all right. I like him.'"

"Then why would you pick on him to lead into a dark room?"

"It isn't necessary for me to explain my conduct to you, Tom Underwood."

"But, Sonia, it is."

"Why?"

"The boy gulped and something in his honest blue eyes hurt Sonia."

"Because I have hoped sometime we could be engaged. And I would not want my wife to be doing things like that before we were married."

"Well, don't worry, Tom! Your wife won't."

He stopped the car and gripped her hands hard.

"Don't you talk like that, so hard and flippant! You're not like that, I know you're not."

"Don't leave me alone. Let go my hands."

"I won't. Not until you tell me you didn't mean that. You care for me, Sonia, a little bit. I know you do."

"I don't care for any one who picks me to pieces all the time."

"I'm not picking you to pieces, dear. You know I've loved you ever since the grades. It just kills me to know you've done a thing like that. And to have my mother know it. It will turn her against you."

"You told her yourself."

"I did not. Mrs. Maine called up before breakfast. Then mother hopped me about it. I wasn't going to tell her."

Sonia relaxed a little with his words. He drew her closer, hungrily.

"Sonia, you're wonderful! You're different from any other gal in town. You have more of whatever it is than a dozen of them put together."

"More of what, Tom?" This was delicious. The young girl's vanity drank it in.

MORSE'S TEAS ALWAYS PLEASE

They have done so for 56 Years

town. As they neared the city limits he said earnestly: "Will you promise me one thing?"

"That all depends."

"Well, it shouldn't be so hard. Just promise to consider what I've said this afternoon before you make any definite plans. I can get my father to give you a job in the store if you have to work. And we'll be engaged. I'll get you a diamond, Sonia."

"When?"

"This week. I have a \$1,000 check from my grandfather."

She lifted her head and looked at him clearly.

"Do you really think my freedom can be bought with a diamond ring?"

"But don't go to Chicago, Sonia, that's all."

"No, I should stay here in this awful town and wait for you four years."

"Think it over anyway. Promise that you'll consider it before you definitely make up your mind to go away."

"You ask me to do that, knowing your mother would simply have a fit!"

His eyes were humble but very eager. Sonia watched him curiously.

"We could win mother over in time. I want you, Sonia."

Suddenly she turned away. "I'll think about it," she said.

When Sonia reached home after her ride with Tom Underwood she found her mother feverishly pressing Mrs. Stillwater's foulard.

Sonia watched her silently. She occasionally wondered about her mother. How she could endure the strain of monotonous sewing day after day on other women's clothes! Her lips were drawn into a tight line now. Her cheeks were flushed.

"She worrying about me," thought Sonia.

"Mother," she said, suddenly, "are you going to tell dad about last night?"

"I haven't decided yet, Sonia. I don't know what I ought to do. I'd certainly tell him if I thought it would do any good."

"It would just make him feel bad," her daughter insinuated softly.

Mrs. Marsh moistened the tip of her forefinger and tested the iron.

"You should have thought of that sooner. It's too late to try to save anybody's feeling now. It's probably all over town."

"Well, supposing it is. There wasn't anything so disgraceful about it. Believe me I'm not the first girl in that class to get kissed, in a dark room, either. Look at the way Janice Peterson acts all the time."

"Yes, I know. But you can't afford to be talked about. It would be different if your father were president of a bank or something," she went on quickly. "No matter who you are, spooning cheapens a girl. Makes her common."

"By-pycock, mother! I suppose you never kissed any one but dad?"

Mrs. Marsh sighed. But her eyes evaded Sonia's.

"I ran away from boarding school to marry your father. I hadn't had much chance to be kissing anybody before that."

She folded the foulard carefully between layers of tissue paper and wrapped a string about the box.

"I promised Mrs. Stillwater you'd take this over when you came home. She wants to wear it to a dinner to-night."

"Oh, mother, you aren't going to make me carry that box over to Mrs. Stillwater's?"

"I don't see how it's going to get there any other way."

"Let her send her wonderful doctor son after it."

"Don't be here for only a week. He has another half year in the hospital, and his mother said they have engagements for every minute of the time he's home."

"Yes, of course. She'd make him sound as popular as she could. As if any one couldn't be a doctor who had the money and the training he's had."

"Well, you don't begrudge it to him, do you, Sonia? I don't see that it's anything to you. Run along now."

Sonia suddenly took the box.

"If you never do anything worse than carry a box under your arm, you won't have anything to be ashamed of."

"But it is," grumbled Sonia, swinging down the hill street. "Poor mother. I don't know that I blame her. But I can't stand it if she tells dad."

Her mood was not a happy one as she turned in the Stillwater home. Her cheeks were flushed and not alone from the renews of June sun. As she pushed the electric bell at the side door of the large white house she was unconscious of feeling goaded and uncomfortable. To add to her irritation Don Stillwater answered the door.

"How do you do, Dr. Stillwater," Sonia said, stiffly. "Here is the dress my mother promised to send."

"Oh, hello, Sonia. How you've grown up while I've been away!"

"What did you expect me to do?" Don laughed.

Then Sonia's sullen eyes lighted with laughter.

"Don't think that worried me. I'm already in disgrace."

He opened the screen door, and he stepped into the cool dimness of the flower-laden hall. Here was beauty, peace, balm for her wounded spirit. She looked about, frankly delighted.

"I've never been inside before, it's beautiful."

As she spoke, she lifted the cheap little hat from her head. The hair hung damply about her face.

Don led her into the library and to a heavily padded chair.

"Sit down. It's dark in here, but that's what makes it cool. Your eyes will get accustomed to it in a moment. I'll ask Mary to fix the lemonade."

Sonia closed her eyes and sank deeply into the comfort of the cool darkness. When she opened them Don was back, drawing a chair near hers.

"Now then, young lady, let's hear what you're in disgrace about. Tell your Uncle Donald."

His tone pleased Sonia, who had known him rather vaguely as one of the "big boys." For the first time in her rather reserved 17 years she felt the desire for conversation.

"It was at Sidney Maine's party last night. Perhaps you've already heard about it?"

"No, not a thing. I've been out playing tennis all morning."

"I was just this," blurted Sonia. "Sidney's mother opened the door of the room where we had left our coats and caught Joe Carter kissing me."

His face was expressionless.

"And then?"

"What do you suppose? Righteous indignation on her part. The light was off, too, you see. I took my coat and went home. Joe followed about a block behind me."

Don was watching her curiously, as if she were a strange specimen of some kind. She resented the impersonality of his expression. She felt that she would have preferred his disapproval.

"Was it a good kiss, Sonia?" he asked suddenly.

"Was it... what?"

"A good kiss? Did you enjoy it? Lots of kids, and all that?"

Sonia experienced the thrilling sensation of an airplane swooping from the earth.

"Well, of all things. I like your nerve."

"I merely wondered."

With a little audacious laugh, Sonia said nearer his chair.

"How much do you wonder?"

She dared him.

At that inauspicious moment Mary entered with the lemonade. Her eyes took in Sonia curiously. Don's mother would hear about this. They could be sure of that.

When she had disappeared, the spell was broken. Sonia felt awkward and ill at ease. They drank their lemonade in silence. Then Don spoke, in a well-controlled voice.

(Continued on page 11)

\$1000 Cash in Prizes Solve this Puzzle

ATLANTIC MILLS-722.15-6.9.20.6.5.5.14-8.21.4.1.10.5.4-4.15.18.12.19.12-9.14-16.26.18.9.5.19-20.15-20.5.6-23.9.5.14.10.14.19-9.14-20.5.9.8.16-12.19.20.1-3.15.5.14.20.19.20-



NOTE—Any person who solves 6 or more words correctly will receive an IMMEDIATE award in addition to any other prize they may win.

What did Mr. Brown read in the paper?

A Few Pointers on Solving Puzzle What has Mr. Brown just read in the paper? There are 15 words in all. 13 are in code. Each group of numbers represents a word. The alphabet from A to Z. Number the alphabet from A to Z. THE FIRST LETTER OF EACH WORD IS IN ITS PROPER PLACE, but the remaining letters are misplaced. Can you solve the puzzle?

1.—Write your name and address on top right-hand corner (state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss). Write name and date of this newspaper at top left-hand corner. Write your answer in middle of paper sheet.

2.—Nothing else should appear on the paper. If you wish to say anything else, use another sheet.

3.—Employees of ATLANTIC MILLS and their relatives are barred from this contest.

4.—Only ONE entry will be accepted from a household.

Here are the Winners in our last Contest

1st Prize, \$1,000.00, Mr. Geo. J. Lomas, 1283 Beach Blvd., Hamilton Beach, Ont.; 2nd prize, \$200.00, Mrs. Geo. Fry, Box 25, Lovena, Sask.; 3rd prize, \$75.00, Mrs. H. Lwin, R.R.D. No. 1, Comox, B.C.; 4th prize, \$25.00, Miss M.L. Ritchie, Orillia, Ont. The following five were awarded \$10.00 each—Mrs. David McAllister, R.R. 2, Teeswater, Ont.; Miss Vera Frank, Frankford, Alta.; Mrs. H. L. Taylor, 960 Armoury St., Niagara Falls, Ont.; Mr. G. A. Bryan, Sylvan Lake, Alta.; Mr. G. A. Barber, Bruce, Alta. The following were awarded \$5.00 each—Miss Dell Blois, P.O. Box 1542, New Glasgow, N.S.; Mrs. Edwin Becker, Port Rowan, Ont.; Mrs. J. B. Olmstead, 37 Loretta Ave., Arden, Ont.; Mr. Maynard Fraser, Box 238, New Glasgow, N.S.; Mrs. S. E. Wood, Box 514, Innisfail, Alta.; Mrs. Wm. Wilkie, 821 Wyaadotte St. West, Windsor, Ont.; Mrs. Sigurd E. Rasmussen, Box 118, Standard, Alta.; Mrs. Dorothy H. Landels, River Havelock, N.S.; Mrs. Minnie Hendry, Port Elgin, Ont.; Mr. Robert Hough, Charlton Station, Ont.; Mrs. A. E. Howg, Talbot, Alta.; Mr. Merrill Himmelfreid, Carleton Place, Ont.; Mrs. R. J. Haworth, Irma, Alta.; Mrs. Ethel Marler, Box 38, Leithbridge, Alta.; Mrs. Arthur B. Alcott, R. E. 1, Elmwood, Ont.; Mr. D. A. Scott, Box 512, Rodney, Ont.; Miss Elizabeth Brodhead, R.R. 2, West Monkton, Ont.; Mr. G. James Grant, Mattawa, Ont.; Mrs. Leonard J. Prescott, 30 Bloor St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.; Mr. Archie Ross, 225 Ross St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.; Mr. Henry Ruzic, Walkerton, Ont.; Mrs. Bert Lacey, Queenstown, N.B.; Mrs. Joseph Macdonald, Black Avon, N.S.; Rev. C. Gauthier, Mariposa, Man.; Mrs. A. R. Henderson, Box 587, Portage La Prairie, Man.; Miss O. Stieple, 182 Foss Road, Altonville, Ont.; Miss Rosie Brykes, Inna, Sask.; Mr. Stan S. Wain, c/o Customs & Excise, Chatham, Ont.; Mrs. Hugh A. Stephen, 819 Queen St. East, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.; Miss Evelyn M. Soper, 328 St. George St., Montreal, N.B.

It Costs Nothing to Send in an Answer—Do It Now

ATLANTIC MILLS, Dept. 19 145 Wellington St. W., Toronto 2, Ont.

In The Probate Court

DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

IN THE PROBATE COURT 18 George V., A. D. 1927

In re Estate of Cyrus O. Pillman, late of French River in Queen's County in the said Province, deceased, testate.

By the Honourable A. Bannerman Warburton, Surrogate, Judge of Probate, etc., etc.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or any Constable or literate person within the said County.

GREETING: WHEREAS upon reading the Petition on file of James L. Sims and A. Cuthbert McLeod both of Park Corner in Queen's County aforesaid, Farmers, the Executors of the above-named Estate praying that a Citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth. You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province on Tuesday the Thirteenth day of December next, coming at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the same day to show cause if any, they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said Petition and on motion of Justin N. Hynes, Proctor for said Petitioners. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Prince Edward Island aforesaid once in each week for four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy be forthwith posted in the following public places, respectively, namely, in the Hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at the School House, Springbrook, French River in Queen's County aforesaid, and at the Post Office at French River Corner aforesaid so that all persons interested in said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

GIVEN under my Hand and the Seal of the said Court this 9th day of November, A. D. 1927 and in the Eighteenth year of His Majesty's reign. (Sgd.) A. B. WARBURTON Judge of Probate

In The Probate Court

DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

IN THE PROBATE COURT 18 George V., A. D. 1927

In re Estate of James F. Mayhew late of Kensington in Prince County in the said Province, deceased, testate.

By the Honourable A. Bannerman Warburton, Surrogate, Judge of Probate, etc., etc.

To the Sheriff of the County of Prince County or any Constable or literate person within said county.

Greeting: WHEREAS upon reading the Petition on file of Alfred Mayhew and Chester Howard both of Margate in Prince County aforesaid, Executors of the above named Estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Tuesday the Thirteenth day of December next, coming at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said Petition and on motion of Justin M. Hynes, Proctor for said Petitioners. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Prince Edward Island, once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places, respectively, namely: in the Hall of the Court House in Summerside in Prince County, aforesaid; on the Telephone Post opposite the Bank of Nova Scotia in Kensington aforesaid, and in the waiting room of the Post Office in Kensington aforesaid, so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

GIVEN under my