

Why Women Wanted And Science Developed A New-Type Hygiene

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Registered Nurse

MODERN women with the business world to face, and a more tense social life to lead, demanded greater protection in meeting their greatest hygienic handicap. As a result, the old-time sanitary "pad" is fast disappearing.

Over 80% of better-class women now employ KOTEX—more than a sanitary pad; true scientific protection. Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the newly perfected super-absorbent, it is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

KOTEX also DEODORIZES while it acts. Also, it is discarded easily as tissue. No laundry, no disposal problem.

Packed 12 in a box. At any store. Look for name Kotex on the box. If it is not there, take care; it is not real Kotex.

"Sonia! Gee, I'm glad to see you!" masking the tragedy of her eyes.

"Did you have a good time?" "Stupid! Never again! I don't know how you have found it out, but it is true. I would have told you sooner—only—oh, what's the use my trying to explain when you are sitting there hating me?"

"Can you blame me?" "No. I see your point of view. But if you knew what a bloodless arrangement this engagement is."

"You made it, didn't you?" "I'm not sure that I did," he replied, bitterly. "My mother seems to have had the biggest part in it. Genevieve is a peach of a girl. I might have been able to marry her if I hadn't known you. But I didn't know you when it happened, Sonia."

She still said nothing, taking refuge in one of her disconcerting silences. She realized that she was making it hard for him. He stumbled on.

"I love you, Sonia. I never have loved any one in my life as I do you. You're like a flame burning up my heart. You're driving me crazy. Don't you realize what I've been through? The torture of making you love me, knowing that in the end you were bound to know this. . . ."

At his words of love little shivers swept over her. He was suffering. There was no doubt of that. Raw emotion cut through his hand, blindly, as if through tears.

"Sonia, darling, don't doubt my love for you. I can't stand it. It's the biggest thing in my life."

Her hand quivered in his.

"Kiss me, sweetheart. Tell me in spite of it all you still love me. I admit I have been a cad not to tell you. But it's because I loved you so much. Nothing can make you doubt that."

Her lips sighed into response. It was as if their love leaped forth to satisfy itself in spite of the hurt and suspicion.

"You do love me?" "Oh, you know I do! But what are we going to do?" "What can we do? I can't break my engagement and go on living at home."

Too desperate to remember her pride, Sonia cried: "But if we were married you wouldn't have to go on at home."

His arms tightened.

"Darling, I don't make enough money to marry now."

"I'm not used to very much."

"No," he said, and his voice sounded strangely practical. "Marriage at this time would be impossible. My mother isn't well. The shock might kill her. She can't force me to marry any one else, but the engagement will have to remain as it is. You don't know my mother, Sonia."

She twisted away from him. "You mean to say the engagement will go on?" "It can't do anything else. But I swear I will not marry her."

She looked at him across a new chasm of disillusion.

"You wouldn't ask me to go on as if nothing had happened, knowing that every night you were not with me you'd be with her?" "We have been happy, haven't we?"

The memory of that happiness was an exquisite pain.

"But I didn't know. I didn't dream."

Suddenly she felt faint. She slipped down in the seat beside him.

"I'm ill. You must take me home."

All through the long drive back to her apartment Franklin talked, incoherent, wild promises; deeper and deeper murmurs of passion and contrition which left Sonia cold, because not once did he alter his decision that the engagement to the other girl could not be broken.

Chilled and desolate, she permitted him to kiss her.

"Promise me, Sonia, that this won't be the end."

"I can't promise anything."

"Sonia, please! You can't be so cruel."



KOTEX
No laundry—discard like tissue

SONIA

By VIDA HURST

INSTALLMENT XIV.

Next morning Sonia was started by her own face. It was so sickeningly sad. Her eyes were pools of sorrow, hiding dark, unanny secrets. Her mouth was tortured.

"But I'll fix that," declared Sonia, pursing her lips into a bow and rubbing on lipstick. "No use advertising my aches to the whole world."

She was smarter than ever when she arrived at the office. Thin and proud, with fed lips and green eyes blazing in white, defiant face. She suspected that Franklin might return and she was right. Promptly at 9:30 he sought her desk.

"Sonia! Gee, I'm glad to see you!" masking the tragedy of her eyes.



Lesson No. 12

Question: Why should young children receive emulsified cod-liver oil regularly?

Answer: While milk is the child's best individual food, it is deficient in rickets-preventing vitamin.

That is why so many young children take emulsified cod-liver oil as in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

He stopped the car.

"Sonia!" he cried, "I am engaged to Genevieve Erickson. I don't know how you have found it out, but it is true. I would have told you sooner—only—oh, what's the use my trying to explain when you are sitting there hating me?"

"Can you blame me?" "No. I see your point of view. But if you knew what a bloodless arrangement this engagement is."

"You made it, didn't you?" "I'm not sure that I did," he replied, bitterly. "My mother seems to have had the biggest part in it. Genevieve is a peach of a girl. I might have been able to marry her if I hadn't known you. But I didn't know you when it happened, Sonia."

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"But I didn't know. I didn't dream."

Suddenly she felt faint. She slipped down in the seat beside him.

"I'm ill. You must take me home."

"Cruel," she cried bitterly. "How can you say that?"

She tore herself away from him and fled to the shelter of her own walls. She felt maimed, wounded. She could never dance through life with the old vibrant step, no matter what happened. He had hurt her that she would never recover. Beyond hope of cure!

Maxine was out. The bizarre tones of the apartment clashed now on her tortured nerves. She was sick of color. Jaded and worn to the point where only somber dullness was desired, she longed for some anaesthesia to deaden all sensation. Better oblivion than the agony of life without Crane.

"How could he do it?" she asked over and over. "How could he expect me to go on? It would be constant torture. I'd never know another peaceful day."

His desperate kisses burned on her lips.

In the midst of her despair the telephone rang. Walter Henderson's voice responded, cheerfully matter of fact.

"I've just got in. Can I come up or are you busy to-night?" "I'm not busy."

"Does that mean you want to see me?"

"Yes. Come on up."

Though she was suspended until he came, she was conscious of a determined effort at self-control, which was successful. She opened the door, smiling. "Welcome home."

"That's sweet of you. I'm glad enough to get here."

He entered, ruddy with the cold, bringing with him the distinguished, polished atmosphere which had always appealed to her. He held her hands.

"Sonia, you look ill. What is the matter, Sonia?"

She did not reply until he repeated his question, then she said, desperately: "Life terrifies me."

"My dear girl, you are the last person on earth I should ever have expected to say that. I thought you craved experience."

"I'm sick of it."

"Sonia," he asked quietly, "are you in love with Franklin Crane?"

"No."

She flung away from him.

"Are you sure?"

"Of course! I don't love any one. He was watching her intently. "Does that sweeping assertion also include me?"

"It includes everyone I know," she declared, defiantly.

"Very well, I suppose I'm a fool, but if it really means you don't care for any one else I'm satisfied."

She looked at him in surprise.

(To Be Continued.)

MURRAY HARBOR SCHOOL.

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Principal's dept., Grade X. — 1. Lorne Stewart; 2. Roy Bell; 3. Ross White. Grade IX. — 1. Marvin Her-ving; 2. LeRoy White. Grade VIII. — 1. Lucy Phillips; 2. Grace Penny. Grade VI. — 1. Frances McKay; 2. Claire Stewart; 3. Bruce Stewart and Muriel Buell (equal); 4. Hubert White. Grade V. — 1. Chester Cooper; 2. May Jordan; 3. Audrey Prowse; 4. Reuben Cahoon. Assistant's dept., Grade V. — 1. Doris Reynolds; 2. Edith Buell; 3. Helen Bell; 4. Doris McLeod. Grade III. sr. — 1. Lloyd Herring; 2. Kimball McKay; 3. Sadie Brehaut; 4. Carrie Chapman. Grade III. jr. — 1. Jean White; 2. Elizabeth Fraser; 3. Preston Robertson; 4. Florence Stewart. Grade II. sr. — 1. Albert Machon; 2. Aubrey Bell; 3. Perkins Prowse; 4. Hazel Prowse. Grade II. jr. — 1. Joyce Cooper and Fernie White (equal); 2. Lucille McLeod; 3. Leonard Jordan; 4. Fred White. Grade I. sr. — 1. Vivian Penny; 2. Helen Jackson; 3. Clarence Hyde; 4. Lloyd McLeod. Grade I. jr. — 1. Helen Brehaut and Elmer Beck (equal); 2. Dorothy Chapman; 3. Vivian White. Letter class (a) — 1. Gerald Bell and Ethel White (equal); 2. Florence Jordan; 3. Preley McLeod; 4. Joyce Stewart. (b) — 1. Clarence and Helen Herring (equal); 2. Marie Beck; 3. Emma Herring.

Perfect attendance: Edith Buell, Muriel Stewart, Sadie Brehaut, Florence Stewart, Jean White, Frank Prowse, Albert Machon, Max Cooper, Vivian Penny, Helen Jackson, Joyce Cooper, Elmer Beck, Helen Brehaut, Ethel White, Gerald Bell, Fernie White, Clarence Herring, Helen Herring, Roy Bell, LeRoy White, Blanche Penny, Chester Cooper, Vernon Brehaut, Frances McKay.

T. L. Harris, Principal.
Mildred A. Cooper, Assis't.

EAST ROYALTY SCHOOL

Honour Roll of East Royalty School for October and November.

Grade X — 1. Marion MacWilliams; 2. Rose Bradley; 3. Wallace Andrew.

Grade VIII — 1. Edward Love; 2. Jessie Harper; 3. Dixon Holmes.

Grade VII — 1. Georgina Harper and Mary Love (equal); 2. Eileen Bradley; 3. MacNair Robertson.

Grade VI — 1. Mildred MacWilliams; 2. Kathleen Wheatley; 3. Philip Barlow.

15 Eggs to the Dozen

Here's the way one man, who feeds Quaker Ful-O-Pep Egg Mash, expresses his increased production: "I gather 15 eggs for every dozen I got before I used Quaker Ful-O-Pep Egg Mash."

The base of Quaker Ful-O-Pep Egg Mash is pure oatmeal. To this are added many other important ingredients which go to form a "perfectly balanced ration"—a mixture which supplies all necessary elements for heavy egg production.

Bone meal and calcium carbonate furnish the all-important minerals. Cod Liver Meal, high in vitamin D, takes the place of sunshine and makes it possible for your hens to produce as many eggs in winter (when eggs are high) as they do in the spring.

Ful-O-Pep Egg Mash is the cheapest feed you can use because IT PRODUCES MOST EGGS FOR LEAST MONEY.

Besides being perfectly balanced, it is finely ground and thoroughly mixed. Your hens cannot pick it apart—every mouthful is perfectly balanced, and because of these features less feed is required.

Consider the economy of Ful-O-Pep Mash when you compare its price with cheaper feeds. Eighty pounds will go as far as one hundred pounds of an ordinary mixture. For the sake of "More Eggs and Greater Profits" feed

Quaker FUL-O-PEP EGG MASH

Made by The Quaker Oats Company, Peterborough, Ontario.

Manufacturers of Quaker Ful-O-Pep Chick Starter; Quaker Ful-O-Pep Growing Mash; Quaker Ful-O-Pep Chick Feeds; Quaker Ful-O-Pep Egg Mash and Quaker Ful-O-Pep Scratch Grains for Poultry. Quaker Dairy Ration for Milk Cows. Quaker Schumacher Feed for cattle, hogs and horses.

SOLD BY
MacLEAN & CO. LTD.
WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

BUY QUAKER FEEDS IN STRIPED SACKS 915

NOTICE

Citizens who have not paid their Civic taxes on or before the 31st day of December, 1927, will be disqualified from voting at the next Civic election in February 1928. Section 24 of the Election Act will be strictly enforced, and a list of defaulters handed to the Returning Officer, by order of the Mayor and Council.

G. P. NICHOLSON,
City Clerk.

872-12-6-8-10-12-14-16.

SMILES

Strictly speaking it's sometimes difficult to get the lay of the land.



AUCTION SALE

Auction sale at Winsloe Station on December 15th at 1 o'clock sharp, of farm, crop, stock and farming implements of A. A. MacNeill, Merchant. Farm consists of 30 acres of land, 20 clear. Only 31-2 miles from Charlottetown. An ideal farm for fox ranching and market gardening. Everything in and about the place will be sold. Sale positive. No reserve. For full particulars see hand-bills.

A. A. MacNEILL, Merchant,
Winsloe Station
J. A. MacDonald,
Auctioneer.

MORTGAGE SALE

There will be sold by Public Auction in front of the Court House in Charlottetown in Queens County in Prince Edward Island on Saturday the seventh day of January, A. D. 1928 at the hour of twelve o'clock noon ALL THAT tract of land situated in Township Number Thirty-seven in Queen's County aforesaid bounded and described as follows: Commencing on the north side of Saint Peters Road on the old boundary line between townships Numbers Thirty-seven and Thirty-eight and running on said boundary line north forty-seven chains thence east forty-five chains or to a tract of land now or formerly in possession of George Burns thence along said last mentioned boundary line south fifteen degrees west sixty-six chains to the edge of the marsh and to Hillsborough River thence westwardly along said River such a distance as to admit of twenty-four chains and twenty-one links at right angles to the western boundary last mentioned and to the eastern boundary of a tract of land reserved and run off by the bushes of St. Andrews College for the incumbent of Saint Andrews Parish, thence north along said last mentioned boundary line to Saint Peters Road and from thence westwardly along said road to the place of commencement containing one hundred and seventy acres saving an existing thereout about one and one half acres conveyed by Joseph McDonald to the Roman Catholic Episcopal Corporation by deed bearing date the eighteenth day of February, A. D. 1881 and saving and excepting thereout a tract of land on the eastern side thereof conveyed by the said Catherine M. McDonald to John R. McDonald by deed bearing date the fifth day of September A. D. 1904 and registered on the third day of October, A. D. 1904 in Liber 28 Folio 619 of Kings County deeds part of said land being in Kings County.

This sale is made in pursuance of a Power of Sale contained in a mortgage dated the fourth day of November A. D. 1905 and made between Catherine M. McDonald of Saint Andrews Township Number Thirty-seven aforesaid, widow, of the first part and Lemuel M. Poole of Charlottetown aforesaid Lumber Merchant of the second part default having been made in payment of the interest and principal secured thereby.

DATED this sixth day of December, A. D. 1927.

ANNE M. FULTON,
ETHEL B. REDDY,
Survivors Executrices of the last Will and Testament of Lemuel M. Poole.
McLEAN & McKINNON,
Solicitors &c.,
Royal Bank Building,
Charlottetown,
914-12-7-41.



MODERN

Indian Squaw: Say old mud face we'll need some new blankets for this winter.

Mudface: Well git one of them mail-order catalogues outa the wigwag and we'll order about a dozen from New York.

JUST AS WELL

He: I think nothing of making love to a girl.

She: Perhaps it is just as well, since you probably couldn't find a girl who would let you.

HAD BRIGHT EYES

Miss Dull: Don't you think Mr. Sapp's eyes show the kind of mind he has?

Miss Sharpe: Not Mr. Sapp's eyes are quite bright.

In an attractive metal holder for each bottle on dining tables has been designed a handle on one

Farm For Sale At Fredericton

I offer for sale my farm, situated at Fredericton Station containing 98 acres of land, 75 acres clear, balance covered with splendid growth of hardwood. Is well watered, buildings in first-class repair. Good prospect for potato growing. If not sold by private sale will be sold by public auction on Dec. 19th at 2 p. m. For further particulars apply HENRY WEEKS
Emerald, R. R. 3
1213-12-12-61.

Bringing Up Father

BY GOLLY, IF THIS THING WAS BUILT FOR SPEED THEY FORGOT TO PUT IN THE WORKS.

WHAT ME GOIN' THIRTY MILES AN HOUR? DON'T BE SILLY.

I SAID YOU WERE GOIN' THIRTY MILES AN HOUR AN' YOU'RE GOIN' TO SEE A JUDGE.

JUDGE, I TELL YOU I WUZ'N'T GOIN' THIRTY MILES AN HOUR. I WUZ'N'T GOIN' TEN. NOT EVEN FIVE.

LOOK OUT, YOU'LL BACK INTO SOME THING. I'LL GIVE YOU TEN DOLLARS OR TWENTY DOLLARS.

OH, THANKS, JUDGE. I'LL TAKE THE TWENTY DOLLARS.



AMUSEMENTS

THEATRE ROYAL
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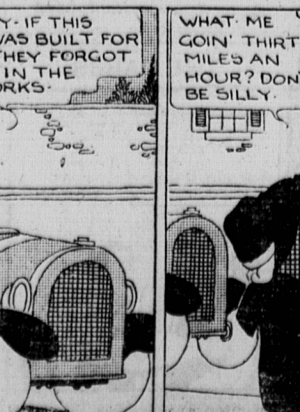
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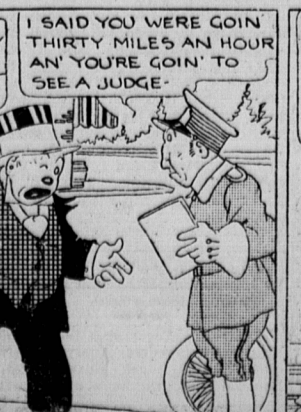
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Mildred A. Cooper, Assis't.



SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS

Is at
CARTER'S BOOK and TOY STORE

No doubt about this fact. We have not had time to count the number of TOYS in our big stock it would take too long but come in and see the biggest and best selection gathered from the four corners of the globe.

Newest in Mechanical Toys, Flying Machines, Electric Trains, Boats, Acrobats, Games, Iron Toys in Endless Array

Dolls Dolls Dolls

Here is where we excel. Every child wants a Doll. See the Cute BABY DOLLS, they can talk (and cry).

The big BAZAAR and TOYLAND now open UP-STAIRS. Come early and make your selection. Goods put aside till wanted.

CARTER & COMPANY LIMITED

SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS

—By George McManus



Poultry

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

WIFT CANADIAN CO.