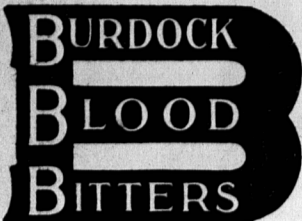


For Six Years PIMPLES Covered Her Face

Mrs. Albert Stubbs, Newbury, Ont., writes: "My face was covered with pimples and was so bad I was ashamed to be seen. I suffered in this way for six years, until one day a friend told me to use



and after I had used two bottles the pimples were all gone and my skin was as clean and smooth as ever."

Put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

An Ohio oculist has designed spectacle frames with the bows near the tops of the lenses to obstruct vision to either side less than the usual type of frames.

DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In The Probate Court

18th George V. A. D., 1927

In Re-Estate of Frederick H. Horne, late of Charlottetown in Queens County, in the said Province, deceased, testate.

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

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

GREETING:

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Annie Holman, Charlotte West, Amanda Taper and Hooper Horne all of Charlottetown aforesaid, the Executors of the above named estate praying that a Citation may be issued for the purpose hereafter 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 Wednesday the first day of February 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 Donald McKinnon, Proctor for the said Petitioner. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid 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 Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the City Weigh Scales and at or near the Bank of Nova Scotia both in Charlottetown aforesaid so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof. (L. S.)

Given under my Hand and the Seal of the said Court, 23rd day of December, A. D. 1927, in the Eighteenth year of His Majesty's reign. (Sgd.) A. B. WARBURTON, Judge of Probate. 1604-12-31-541.

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the New Perth Dairying Company, will be held at the Creamery on Tuesday, January 17th at 2 o'clock p. m. R. G. McLAREN, President. WM. CAIN, Secretary. New Perth, Dec. 31, 1927. 1656-1-4-7.

NOTICE

The annual meeting of the John R. Dinns Pedigreed Foxes, Ltd., will be held on Thursday, January 19th, 1928, at 7.30 p. m. in the Y. M. C. A. Parlor, Charlottetown. JOHN R. DINNIS, President. 1685-1-5-31

Poultry

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

DON'T WORRY

Send us your Smelts and let us do your worrying at 7% and daily returns. References: Your Father or Grandfather. JOSEPH A. RICH CO. Fish Pier, Boston

SMILES

RESTORE OLD FACES GUARANTEE TO LIFT WASH NATURAL EXPRESSION TURNED IF DISSATISFIED



"One-sided uplift sometimes results in a biased outlook."



WRONG AGAIN

"Young man in picking my daughter for your wife you must have taken me for an old fool."

"No sir, you are entirely wrong. I didn't take you to be over middle aged."

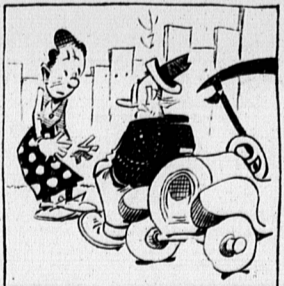


POOR PUP

Puppy: I wish the man that invented dog biscuits had to eat some of them!



At Yale he studied science. It may seem strange to you, that he learned so much of petting— Well—that's a science, too.



HOW COULD HE TELL?

Wife: When are you going to stop swearing, John? Hubby: How can I tell when I'll be able to sell this old flivver?

J. LESTER DOUGLAS

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

SONIA By VIDA HURST (Continued.)

"Yes," she contended. "I do love him. But he is engaged to another girl and has no intention of marrying me. I don't know that I want him to. He drinks—was drinking Saturday. And he can be cruel." Her vision blurred. "It isn't me he loves, either. It's my lips and my body he loves."

Suddenly she laid her cheek against his hand.

"Won't you please marry me—or is it the responsibility that worries you?"

"It isn't that at all."

"I am so frightened. So sick of husband I'd choose if I were in my right mind."

"But Sonia..."

"Oh, I know. It's the sweetness of his mouth—the way he kisses me... Physical things! He fascinates me, Don. I can't trust myself with him. But if I could get away. If I could go to Berlin."

"Don was white to the lips."

"Do you think I would take you when you admit you are in love with some one else?"

"I thought you might—if you loved me enough."

"Well, I don't love you that way."

"Oh, I'm sorry. It was a bold thing for me to suggest, wasn't it? I didn't realize..."

Slumping into the pillows, Sonia burst into tears.

He came up to her and gathered her up in his arms.

"Don't cry about it, dear. Can't you see how you'd hate me? Wearing my name, tied to a man you don't care for?"

"But I do. I adore you. This other thing is like a fever. It's in my blood. Why won't you help me as you would if it were a real disease? I'm so tired of fighting it alone. I don't sleep. You can see how thin I am."

"Do you really believe it is only a temporary madness, Sonia? That back of it all is a lasting affection for me?"

"I am on the verge of loving you now. My mind loves you."

But memories of the oblivion she found in Franklin's arms took away her breath.

"You see. Even the thought of him is too much."

"Even the thought of him hurts," she insisted. "He was here yesterday and he said things I can never forgive. He doesn't love the real life. You were right when you said there are experiences that scar the soul. This has been one of them. I'm through. I don't want any more. I don't want to know any deeper into things, as I know I will... Save me, Don. Please!"

"Are you sure you wish to be saved?"

She brushed the tears from her eyes, laughing hysterically.

"Oh, I do. But you must do it today. Can you get a license? Can we be married very quietly?"

"These things could be arranged. That's the simplest part of it. But why the secrecy, Sonia? I will have to tell my mother."

"You can ask her not to say anything about it until we are gone! She smiled like a flash of her old self. 'I will tell my family, too. They will be very happy.'"

"If I were only sure that you wouldn't regret it—"

"Even if I do regret it I'll know it was the right thing to do. You are so sane. So big and strong! I wish you'd take me and never never let me go."

The blood rushed into his face. He leaned over and took her in his arms.

"I love you so much, Sonia. But supposing you're sorry to-morrow?"

"I expect I will be," she admitted. "It may be a tiresome experiment."

"It won't be tiresome so long as you aren't unhappy. You know I would never consent to this if I didn't think what you say is true. You are the type of girl who gets into trouble if she isn't married young. You need me, Sonia, and I believe in a little corner of your heart you must love me or you could not have suggested this plan."

"That's what I think."

He smiled.

"Otherwise you may be sure all your arguments would not have one particle of weight with me."

She snuggled closer to him. He was the wholesome, normal life which was all she felt she would ever desire.

"But if you find you can't love me—can't love me will all your heart—will you be frank about it? Don't lie to me, ever. I could not forgive you for that. Don't expect to pretend that you like to be in my arms, when you're longing for Franklin Crane. I demand that one thing of you. Promise on your honor."

"I promise not to lie to you ever," she said, solemnly. "And I will not pretend. If I can't love you as you wish at the end of the year we'll give it up."

He kissed her tenderly as a father might have kissed her.

"I have implicit faith in you, dear. God willing, you'll come to me before the year is up, offering your whole heart. But I can't never accept anything less."

Four hours later a white-faced Sonia was taking her marriage vows.

INSTALLMENT XXIV.

Sonia felt no inward perturbation. Her mind was like a quiet pool, reflecting the scene about it. The little old minister, a stranger to both of them, who peered from one of the other over old-fashion-

ed, gold-rimmed spectacles. His wife, obviously not thrilled at the witnessing of another wedding ceremony, and a neighbor, brimming with romance she was sure the bride must be feeling.

"I always cry at weddings," she explained, drying her eyes.

Hers were the only tears shed.

At the wedding ceremony Sonia had thought: "Soon it will be over. Then I'll have nothing more to worry about."

Don's strong, supple fingers held hers confidently. She could feel courage streaming into her tired nerves. Then it was over and Don was kissing her on the lips. She had not expected it. And it startled her out of her peaceful dreaming. In spite of her effort, color surged into her cheeks. But he did not seem to notice. He was talking with the minister. No doubt, the kiss was necessary. A part of the ceremony! But deep in her heart she felt a stirring. She had not expected it. And it startled her out of her peaceful dreaming.

When they had left the parsonage and driven away he said: "Say where, Sonia. Shall we drive around for a bit?"

But she was too nervous to ride. The slightest noise terrified her. She asked to go at once to the apartment and pack her clothes.

How glad she was that Don was with her when they entered! To face the disturbingly familiar sight of Maxine's blue bathrobe, hanging behind the door. Her faded satin slippers, kicked under a chair. The paths of these inanimate belongings rent Sonia's heart. But she set her lips grimly.

"What shall I do about Maxine's things?"

"You'd better pack them up some day and send them to her father."

"He didn't care for her. She told me herself that he could scarcely remember which one of the children she was."

"It's all you can do, dear. Uncle Jed tells me she had a little money in the bank. Enough to pay for sending her home."

Oh, the tragedy of it! The needless tragedy of it, thought Sonia. She would come some day and put all these things away. Shoes, hats, trail vanities, which had possessed so much more endurance than the living girl who owned them.

She found a half-used bottle of talcum on the bathroom shelf. And Maxine's bath salts.

Sonia threw her clothes into the trunk she had brought from Montic. She felt she could not endure staying in this room. It was full of ghosts. And not of Maxine's alone. Franklin Crane's blue eyes peered, reproachfully, from the corner near the fireplace. She had sat there, hours at a time, in his arms.

She turned to Don, almost violently.

"Let's get out of here. I can't stand it."

He had the wisdom to make no reply. He asked no questions.

When they reached the small hotel where they were to stay, she found that he had been thoughtful enough to order two rooms connected by a bath. There were yellow roses on her dressing table, another great bowl of them on her desk.

"You're awfully sweet to me."

"Nonsense," he smiled. "Now young lady, the thing for you to do is get back to bed. You're trembling like a leaf."

His nonchalant manner kept up her morale. She unpacked her bag, which had been rescued from the wreck. The sight of those articles she had expected to use at Franklin's shack sickened her. She would buy others to-morrow. She wished she might never have to see them again.

When she was ready for bed she threw the old negligee over her nightgown and went to Don's door.

"What about calling my family? And have you told your mother?"

"I wrote her a letter," he replied. "I thought it would be easier for her than to call. It is going to be a great surprise to her, but I hope she won't think I've been unkind."

"She'll be angry?"

"Not mother. Her love is absolutely unselfish. My happiness is all that has ever mattered to her."

Sonia swung on the doorknob asking thoughtfully: "Supposing she were not like that. Would you have let it keep you from marrying me?"

"Nothing could have kept me from marrying you, Sonia. Nothing in the world."

His tone was cooler than his words. She stared at him, wondering how he could love her so much and be so controlled. He was certainly different. Imagine any other possessive male of her acquaintance agreeing to an arrangement like this!

(To Be Continued.)

MORSES TEAS ALWAYS PLEASE

They have done so for 56 Years

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(To Be Continued.)

If sickles are not kept under brine or vinegar they will become soft quickly and be unfit to eat. To keep them under the liquid necessitates a weight if they are in a crock or open jar.

Tomorrow's Radio Program

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7th

International Radio Programs

CONCERTS

10.00 A. M. WOO (508) Phila. Crystal Tea Room WLV (426) Cincinnati. Woman's Hour.

12.45 P. M. CFCF (411) Montreal. Concert. Battle's Mt. Royal Orchestra. CKCL (357) Toronto. Concert. Palm Room Orchestra.

2.30 P. M. WCAE (517) Penn. Orchestra. 3.00 P. M. WCAE (517) Pitts. 'Song Hits Abe' KOIL (277) Iowa. Concert.

4.45 P. M. WOO (508) Penn. Grand Organo. WGY (380) N. Y. Music. Buffalo. WBZ (333) Boston. Attention. Orchestra. Piano. Baritone. Tenor Quartet. Music.

WBAL (285) Baltimore. Invoice. Orchestra. Singers (8) Orchestra. (9) Philco. (10) Band. 6.45 P. M. WOC (375) Ia. Chimes Concert.

7.00 P. M. WHK (265) Cleo. O. Instrumental. WTAM (400) Cleveland. Features. Neapolitans. (7) Indians. (8) Cavaliers. (9) Minstrels. 7.30 P. M. WBZ (333) Springfield. Quartet. KDKA (316) Penn. Concert.

WMAK (545) Buffalo. Draft. 8.00. Sheas; 7.30. Violin. Cheskin; 8.00 Music Borton; 9.00 Orchestra. 10.00. Follies.

8.00 P. M. WLW (428) Cincinnati. Orchestra. WOC (375) Iowa. R. C. A. Prgm. KDKA (316) Penn. Concert.

WJAZ (405) Minn. N. Y. Program. WJZ (454) N. Y. R. C. A. Hour. (8) The Philco Hour. (9) Keystone Duo. 9.00 P. M. WJZ (454) N. Y. Philco Hour; to WJZ. KDKA. KYW. WHAM. WJR. WLW. WGO. WBAL. WRC. KSD. WOC. WWO. WDAF. WTMJ. WBAP. WSM. WMC. WBT. WJAX.

WHK (365) Cleveland. Quartet. WMAK (545) Buffalo. Classics. WIP (508) Philadelphia. Orchestra. CFCA (357) Toronto. Ensemble. 9.30 P. M. WGBS (349) N. Y. Mixed Program. WMAK (545) Buffalo. Music. 10.30 P. M. WSAI (361) Cincinnati. Studio Program.

11.00 P. M. WHO (535) Iowa. Sax Sextet.

SPORTS-TALKS

2.30 P. M. KOIL (278) Iowa. Aunt Sammy. 8.30 P. M. WQJ (448) Chicago. Stevens.

DANCE ORCHESTRAS

6.30 P. M. WLIT (405) Phila. El Patio Or. WJZ (454) N. Y. Mediterraneans. 8.00 P. M. WIP (508) Phila. Orchestra. 8.30 P. M. WRC (479) Wash. Elkins. WBEZ (333) Springfield. Reismans. 9.00 P. M. WTAM (400) Cleveland. Ev. Jones. 10.00 P. M. WTAG (517) Worcester. Bancroft. WFG (272) Atlantic City. Dance. 11.00 P. M. WGY (379) Schenectady. Dancing. WBAL (285) Balto. Dance. (Copyright, 1928, by International Radio Programs, Chicago.)

QUALITY

COLONIAL CONE AC 33—\$42.50 Handmade melodeon mahogany cabinet. 14"x14"x4" with a face piano finish. New American balanced armature unit, straight bar magnets of finest English Tompkin Steel.

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QUALITY OF CANADIAN DEHYDRATED FRUITS

The "Dehydrata Committee," composed of officials of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, which was appointed in 1923 to investigate the feasibility of dehydrating Canadian fruit of the market has just published a bulletin giving the results of its work to date. The Committee has been operating two dehydrating plants at Penticton, B. C., and Grimshy, Ontario. The results of the work at these plants show conclusively that certain Canadian fruits when properly matured, graded, and prepared, will make a dehydrated product equal in quality, appearance and value to the very choicest products imported into Canada. More than this, there is no doubt that Canadian fruit, particularly apples and peaches, grown under northern conditions have a flavour which, being retained in dehydrated products, should make outstanding dehydrated products. It is pointed out in the bulletin, however, that the size, maturity, and quality of the fresh fruit used is the determining factor of the quality and possible profits from dehydrated fruit. The bulletin may be obtained from the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

LOST—A MOUNTAIN!

From Chile comes the report of a strange geological occurrence. A thickly wooded hill north of the Claro river has vanished. Dwellers in the locality heard a loud report like an earthquake, and many saw the whole forest being swallowed up by the earth in a hoof-shaped chasm, 1,200 yards long. Then, to their further amazement, they saw the river bed rising until an island 300 feet long and 90 feet wide was formed.

11.00 P. M. WHO (535) Iowa. Sax Sextet.

SPORTS-TALKS

2.3