

Woman's Realm -:- Social and Personal -:- Fashions -:- Literature

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A patriotic Scotsman had induced two English friends to go to Argyllshire for a holiday.



Santa Claus Headquarters

3 SPECIALTIES we are featuring this week (in Bookstore.)

CHRISTMAS CARDS, GREETING CARDS, beautiful CHRISTMAS SEALS, TAGS, TWINES, FANCY PAPERS, &c., CALENDARS.

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CARTER & CO., Limited

Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. What tip is the least one should give to the waiter in a first-class restaurant? A. Twenty-five cents.

A Morning Smile

The bishop was visiting the woe-liner and more western portion of his diocese, and, on arrival at his destination, was met by a prominent church official, who, in his business capacity, was the principal bootlegger of the district.

After an exchange of greetings, the bishop remarked: Is there any special subject you can suggest, Mr. Bangs, on which I could base my address?

Wal, bishop, replied the worthy Bangs, you must remember this is a 'tough' town, and if you want a quiet religious meeting tomorrow don't say too much about the Ten Commandments.

For The Cook

MAPLE MARSHMALLOW ICING

1 cupful maple syrup. 2 tablespoonsful granulated sugar. Pinch of salt.

1/2 teaspoonful cream of tartar. 1 egg white.

Mix maple syrup, sugar, salt and cream of tartar in bowl. Place bowl over boiling water. Add beaten egg white. Beat hard for five minutes with rotary beater. When icing loses its glossy appearance it is ready to spread.

"Now, young man, you've been coming here quite a lot; what do you want with my daughter?" "Well, sir, you know best what you can afford."

Household Time Savers

WHEN WE ENTERTAIN

Did you ever stop to consider the number of choice ready-to-serve or partially prepared foods which are now offered in the local markets at moderate price? There is something for every course in the meal—from soup to dessert.

MY SOUP CHEST

One of the greatest cooking helps is my soup chest. In it is a set of recipe cards, giving directions for making bouillon, cream and thick soups, dumplings, soup custards and other soup garnishes and accompaniments.

Before I outfitted my box, I found that I could seldom put my hand on the seasoning I required—when I was in a hurry. Frequently, I found that I had used the last of a seasoning and had failed to procure a fresh supply.

Now I keep in small jars or tightly-corked bottles such seasonings as dried celery leaves, bay leaf, sage, thyme, marjoram, dried parsley, peppercorns, celery salt, onion salt, etc., together with bottles of several well-known table sauces and soup and gravy colourings. In my chest I also keep a supply of brown rice, alphabet macaroni, spaghetti, split peas, etc. All that I need do is open a tin of condensed soup, and with my assortment of seasonings and garnishes—I am able to produce soups for any and every occasion at a moment's notice.

Dorothy Dix

Should A Woman Resent Being Called 39? Considers 39 Most Satisfactory Age

The Woman Who Sued for Libel Because Her Age Was Printed as 39 Doesn't Know a Good Thing When She Sees It—For 39 is the Golden Age of Most Women

The other day a woman sued for damages—and got 'em—because it was printed in a paper that she was 39 years old. It will be news to most women to learn that there is anything libelous in being 39.



Nor can one blame them for holding on to a good thing when they have got it, and for pausing before they take the fatal leap into the 40s, which plunges them in middle age.

Of course, this is not the general idea. The popular theory is that girlhood is the halcyon period of a woman's existence and that the lot of the flapper is one of unmitigated bliss.

This assumption that girlhood is the happiest time of a woman's life rests upon the romantic supposition that every girl is a darling of the gods who is beautiful and rich and socially well placed and plentifully endowed with "IT," so that she is eagerly sought for by young men at dances and whatnot festivities, and is followed about by hordes of suitors imploring her to marry them.

Alas and alack, this idealized picture of girlhood is not often seen in real life. On the contrary, there are thousands upon thousands of girls who are plain and homely in looks who are poor and cannot afford fine clothes, who have no social advantages whatever and who are utterly lacking in sex appeal.

The girlhood of these young women is not a time of joyous dalliance. It is a period of horror. No suffering in the world is more acute than that of the young girl who is passed over by the boys she knows, who is a wallflower at the parties to which her father takes her, who sits around smirking and smiling with frozen lips, hoping and praying that some callow youth will notice her and ask her to dance with him, and who knows every torment of anxiety that can tear a human soul every time there is a ball in her neighborhood, wondering if she will have a date, or be left out of it.

And the pitiful thing about youth when it lacks beauty and attraction is that it is so helpless, because if it has not these charms it has nothing. It has no weapons to fight without nothing to comfort it when it goes down into defeat.

Not so the middle-aged woman. She has a whole arsenal of her

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington



It is the smart sophisticated sports type, now so voguish. Pique collar and cuffs lend a fresh note for classroom. They may be made detachable by sewing a bias binding along the edge and merely baste them to the dress.

Style No. 753 is designed in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 1/2 yard of 39-inch contrasting Vivid red wool jersey with navy blue collar and cuffs and blue suede belt is cute idea.

Be sure to fill in the size of the pattern. Send stamps or coin (coin preferred). Price of pattern 15 cents.

No. 753. Size . . . . . Name . . . . . Street Address . . . . . City . . . . . State . . . . .

hand, and besides she knows a thousand ruses and stratagems by which to outwit the enemy.

To begin with, the woman of 39 or 40 is often far better-looking than she was at 19 or 20. Skinny girls fill out. Fat ones thin down. Awkward ones acquire poise and grace.

The young girl has nothing but her looks to offer. She doesn't know how to talk, she can only babble. She is too young to have had any experience or ideas that are worth listening to, but the older woman can substitute brains for beauty and can make herself so interesting and fascinating that no one will care what sort of complexion she has, or whether she is a perfect "38" or not.

The young girl has only such charms and graces as nature endowed her with, but the woman of 39, if she has any intelligence at all, has acquired a lot of synthetic attractions that are even stronger medicine than the original ones. She has acquired tact and diplomacy in handling people. She has learned to play up to their foibles. She has learned when to talk and when to listen and acquired a little bag of tricks that make her persona grata wherever she goes.

And, best of all, she has learned a philosophy that has taught her to take life as it comes and make the best of it, for she has found out that today isn't the end of all things. There is always tomorrow. It is a golden age, 39. No wonder women want to stick to it. DOROTHY DIX.

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Prohibition Commission Chas. H. Black, Chairman, Charlottetown. Jas. B. McDonald, West St. Peters. John Simpson, Hamilton. Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT to the above or to B. J. Hayward.

John Gresham's Girl

By Concordia Merrel

(Continued) "Do you recognize the wallet?" Across the space of over three years he could hear Ames' voice again, as clearly as if it were questioning now; at that very moment . . . . And his own voice, replying: "Yes, sir."

"It is your property?" "Yes, sir." "Can you explain the presence of these notes in the pocket of it?" "No, sir. I lost the wallet some days ago."

"Lost it?" "When?" "Last Monday, sir." "Where?" "Between my cottage and the yard."

"Have you mentioned the loss of the wallet to anyone?" "No, sir. And then after the smallest moment: 'Oh yes, I did just speak of it to Mr. Macklin.' "Send for Macklin. . . ."

Next in the panorama of his memories came a vision of Macklin the forman, under whom he worked, small and brisk, smart and smiling. Macklin was questioned about the wallet. He said that "Young Warrington" had never mentioned losing it, that this was the first he had heard of it. . . . And he stuck to this through thick and thin.

Lee had eagerly interposed, reminding Macklin of the small, casual reference he had made to the lost wallet: "Don't you remember? Monday, at dinner time . . . I said . . . He was coldly brought to silence by Ames.

"You did not remember speaking of the loss of the wallet yourself, when I first asked you . . . Lee remembered the queer feeling as of a chill that had swept him at the inference in Ames' voice and words.

Then the clerk who had been robbed was unable, when he recovered to say whether "Warrington" were the thief or not. The onslaught had been too swift and sudden. He had just got the impression that the thief had been a very big man. Little by little the net had closed upon him. One by one his hopes had gone down around him.

He had applied for permission to

appeal to old John Gresham himself, and it was granted, but it did no good. Oliver Ames was the acting head of Gresham's. Sir John had long been used to leaving the reins of management in Ames' hands. He felt sure that there was no need for him to interfere. He was, moreover, on the point of starting on a packing cruise with his adored school-girl daughter. He did not alter his plans. . . . Lee's big hands clenched to a fist as his memory reached that point. . . . With one of his men lying under threat of terrible disgrace, old Gresham—went yachting! His memory slid on through his prosecution and trial; through the ghastly nightmare of his own inability to prove his innocence. A train of circumstances had been against him. It was his word against overwhelming evidence, and the evidence won. With his whole soul crying out against the unbelievable injustice of it, he went to prison for three years. For three years that had seemed like three eternities! If he had been guilty of the despicable crime of which he had been accused, he felt that he might have regarded his sentence as just a bit of bad luck, but all in the game. But to have three years or life, with all life's glorious possibilities, replaced by three years of sheer torture, for something he had not done . . . That was what had knocked the laughter out of his laugh; put the sombreness into his thunder-grey eyes, set the lines of bitterness around his lips; and worst of all, brought him back into the world of free men, with all his ambitious energies turned to a burning desire to be revenged; to get even with Ames for his cold willfulness to believe him guilty of such a crime; with Macklin for his treachery; with old John Gresham for his selfish carelessness. But, as he had said, Fate and Destiny were queer, unaccountable forces, shattering one day, building up the next. He had been free scarcely a fortnight, when he came into an immense fortune let by a cousin, who had died in Canada—one Terence Lee, of whose existence he had scarcely known—on the sole condition that he change-

John Gresham's Girl

By Concordia Merrel

ed his name from Warrington to Lee. INSTALLMENT II

Money was a power. He meant to use it. But there had been things to do first, with the changing of his name and fortune, he intended to change his whole mode of life; To become a new personality; to raise himself to a level of social equality with those he regarded as his enemies, so that he need be at no sort of disadvantage. With this in view he had advertised for a young man of good social standing to act as secretary and social guide. The answer to this advertisement had been Peregrine St. Abb, whose father, the aged Earle of Portwithin had recently died, leaving an appalling financial hiatus behind him. Under the guidance of Peregrine, Lee had installed himself in a fine town flat; taken a nice little country place in Hestfordshire; acquired a splendid car; a big collection of clothes for all occasions; and a good working knowledge of the manners and customs of polite society. . . . Money was a power, and he meant to use it. But here—and now he came out of the past and let the new and ugly thought have sway—here was a power deadlier still. That smiling, sweet, girlish eyes and pretty, childish lips, where, thing with her young, unclouded if he searched the world over, could he find a sharper weapon than she might prove? Her father adored her; that was ancient history. And now St. Abb had told him that Ames loved her. To snatch her from them . . . He, who had been their workman. He, who had been three years in prison . . . To snatch her from them . . . "Old Gresham wouldn't know me anyway . . ." he argue to himself. "His visits to the yards were too rare. I was one of the men," to him; nothing more. And I don't think Ames would either . . . I've changed so . . . Besides, James Warrington would be the last person in the world he'd be expecting to see. To him, that business was just an unfortunate incident of more than three years ago. Forgotten probably . . . Anyway, being recognized was a risk he was bound to take . . . There was no avoiding it . . . And the stake was worth it. His thoughts went on.

"Perry," he said suddenly: "Get me an invitation to this birthday party on the twenty-sixth. . . ."

He tapped the paper. "I want to meet . . . Joan Gresham's girl . . ."

When Oliver Ames, gorgeously and effectively disguised as a Spanish Grandee of the time of Velasquez, arrived for Lucy Gresham's birthday festivities, Lucy herself was just coming downstairs into the hall. Oliver, giving his outer wrappings into the hands of a footman, stood for a moment, looking up at her. Apart from his love for her, there was something about Lucy that always caught at Oliver's heart; some air of rare sweetness that seemed to have come down to her from an age of lavender scented tranquility. Tonight the effect, was all the greater, because she was dressed after the fashion of her grandmother, in flounce upon flounce of delicate, creamy lace, that billowed cloudily round her as she moved, and was caught here and there by cunning little wreaths of pink and silver rosebuds. From the slope-topped bodice, her girlish shoulders and neck rose, creamy as the lace itself, and her smooth gold hair, pulled shingly down over each ear, was wreathed with pink and silver buds. A little band of buds was around one wrist and a tiny cluster of them upon the toe of each dainty shoe. Her wide-set eyes, so almost unbelievably blue, were bright with kiddish excitement in the occasion. For she was old-fashioned enough over parties of this sort, and honest enough not to mind showing it. Honesty, perhaps, beyond everything else, was the real keynote of her character. (To Be Continued)

NOTICE OF MEETING

Lodge No. 218 Maintenance of Way Brotherhood will be held in Assembly Hall, C. N. Ry. Station, Charlottetown, on Thursday 12th of December, at the hour of 12:30 P. M.

Election of Officers and other important business. A full attendance is requested. GEO. E. LANE, Secretary. 10813-12-11-Fri-Mon-21.

BUSINESS

Conditions are such that we, the undersigned Merchants of Montague, Lower Montague, Cardigan, Annandale, Lorne Valley, Kilmuir, Sturgeon, Gaspareaux, Peter's Road, Murray River and Murray Harbor, are compelled to demand payment of all overdue accounts and promissory notes on or before December 31st next.

All overdue accounts and promissory notes at that date will be handed to our attorneys for collection unless a further extension is arranged.

On and after the first of January next we can extend credit only to those who have paid in full all past due accounts and promissory notes and who, being otherwise worthy of credit, make special arrangements with us to obtain same.

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Signet, Emblem, and Stone Set Rings, Necklets, Pendants, Bracelets, Earrings, Gent's Chains, Cigarette Cases, Lighters, Cuff Links, Fountain Pens, Pencils, Ladies' Vanities, Hand Bags, Pen and Pencil Sets, Desk Sets, Toilet Sets, Silverware, Boudoir Clocks, Mantle and Alarm Clocks.

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We will be buying dressed Chicken and Fowl throughout the season. Any quantity. Paying top market prices.

We will also require a quantity Turkey's, Geese and Ducks. These for shipment not later than December 10th.

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