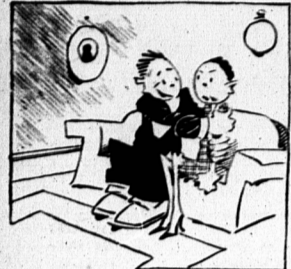


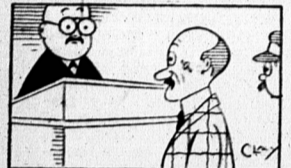
SMILES



"A man is in soft when he can park his dogs in the kennel."



NO HORSE-PLAY FOR HER  
He (embracing her): Let's get hitched, dear.  
She: Quit your horse-play, young man.



UP AND DOWN  
Judge: You say he kept striking you with his umbrella—was it up or down?  
Witness: Both, your honor—and down.



DEEPLY RED  
"Is she a deeply read girl?"  
"Well, yes, on her lips and cheeks."



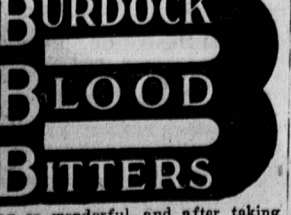
WISE GUY  
"Can't you see Jack on his love letters?"  
"They're all burned."  
"Foolish girl!"  
"I didn't burn them. He burned them all before sending them."

Reporter: "What is the professor's research work?"  
Professor's Housekeeper: "It consists principally of hunting for his spectacles."

SALT RHEUM  
All Over Her Hands  
and Between Fingers

Mrs. Walter Misner, Middleville Branch, N.S., writes:—"I had salt rheum all over my hands, and especially between my fingers. It was impossible for me to put them in water, or do my house work."

"After trying medicines and salves, which did me no good, I heard of



being so wonderful, and after taking two bottles I am entirely relieved of my trouble. It is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

SONIA  
By VIDA HURST

(Continued.)  
INSTALLMENT XXV.

"I can't explain to you now," Sonia said hurriedly. "I have an appointment."  
"But where can I find you? Are you going back to the apartment? Aren't you coming to the office?" "I haven't decided for sure," she lied. "I'll telephone you."  
Franklin stared after her as if she had slapped him in the face. She could feel his hurt, astonished gaze following her. Her heart was pounding in a half-wild frenzy. She was suffocating.  
But she would not weaken. She would not unbend before the melting sweetness of his glance. His caressing touch! Only—she had forgotten how it thrilled her! What little shivers it sent racing up her spine! No one else in the world could make her feel like that. She had been too ill in the hospital to be rational. Oh, if she had been herself she could never have done this thing. . . .  
"But it's done now," she reminded herself, sternly.

She tried to remember all the arguments she had presented to Don. They were as valid as ever. But they seemed a mere discordant jumble of words. Meaningless theories! And what use had she an impassable barrier between herself and the only man she had ever loved?

She began to cry, silently, making no sound. No motion of her lips. Her breast hurt as if there were an inward bleeding.

At last she was in the hotel, asking for her key, soaring up in the elevator to the floor where she and Don had rooms.

Oh, the sheer stupidity of this agreement she had made! Fair to no one! She must have been insane.

She turned the key and fairly fell into her room. Dropping up on the soft, white bed! Crying as if her heart would break!

Don's voice came to her vaguely. "What is it, Sonia?" She did not answer, but struggled to suppress her sobs in the large fat pillows.

Don watched her gravely. "You're sorry, is that it?" "Oh, yes."

His continued silence forced her to realize how poorly she was playing the game, whose rules had all been made in her favor.

"Don't pay any attention to me," she cried. "I'll be all over it in a minute. Didn't know you were here."

He still said nothing and when at last she dried her eyes and sat up she was startled at his passionate countenance.

"Don, please don't look like that. I told you I'd probably be sorry." His eyes were coals of fire.

"You've seen Franklin Crane?" "Yes," she sighed. "We just happened to meet on the street. He's been hunting for me. He was worried."

His voice was broken with pain. "Sonia, I didn't dream you cared for him like that."

She shrugged. "Well, it's too late now. I planned this merry little mess myself. I must have been crazy. . . ."

She saw him wince. "I don't mean that every word I said wasn't true. You are the right man for me. Only I was wild to think this sort of arrangement would work. Neither of us could stand it."

"You mean you want to be released from it now?" "I'll have to be. I must."

"You can't," he said, sternly. "Not until the end of the year. You insisted you needed my help to keep out of trouble. I'll have to hold you to it, Sonia. In spite of yourself—in spite of everything."

She knew he was right, recognized the justice of his words even while she hated him for uttering them.

"I gave you every opportunity for not going on with it. I didn't want to rush our wedding as you did. Now it's only fair that you should stay with the bargain you made and face the consequences."

In that moment Sonia felt that she had grown into a woman. Something irresponsible and childish in her died, never to be reborn.

"All right," she said quietly. "If Crane—some trick of the eyes, the shape of his head or the sound of his laugh."  
The thought of his laughter made her tremble.

"You see about how much chance I have of making you happy. Probably the first thing you'll do will be to run away."

She stared at him, fascinated. "I hope I'm not that yellow."  
He asked, sorrowfully, "You want me to release you, Sonia?" "Oh, no!" she answered, bravely. "I don't care so much. I'll play the game."

But she was white to the lips. Her green eyes were swimming in tears.

Don took her by the shoulders. "You said you wouldn't lie to me. Do you really want to go on with this wretched farce?" "I want to keep my word."  
"Then say nothing more about it. Get your clothes ready. We will sail next week."

Sonia rose and started for her room. He was right. There was no use discussing it. She must put Franklin as far behind as she could. Never look again at his dangerous sweetness at his eyes, never lose herself in the sweeping oblivion of his kiss. Suddenly she swayed. The walls of the room closed about her. She crumpled upon the floor.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER



IS ALWAYS RELIABLE  
E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.  
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was as if she had been another girl. When they went back to their rooms he said good-night without entering her room.

Sonia undressed and went to bed. She lay, straight and cold, in the new gown she had purchased. Its exquisite texture gave her no pleasure. She was sick with longing. If she could only be Sonia Marsh again, have back her old position in the real-estate office, or at least be free to see Franklin. She knew he loved her. But if she went to Berlin he would undoubtedly marry Genevieve. And four lives would be ruined.

She had given her word. And Don had fulfilled every condition she had made. She loathed a quitter. Yes, she had begged Don to marry her and then let him hear her crying about it the very next day. Well, she would stay with it. Even if he did not insist on it. And if it took her the entire year she would try to make up for the tears she had shed.

She slipped out of bed and ran barefoot to his door. She listened for a moment, but could hear nothing. Then shivering with cold and her new resolution, she knocked. There was no answer. She softly turned the knob and went inside.

Don was reading. As Sonia opened the door he looked up, surprised.

"I suppose you were asleep, Sonia. Is anything the matter?" She climbed into a large upholstered chair, drawing her feet under her.

"I wanted to talk to you," she announced cheerfully. "I don't think there is anything to be gained by a discussion tonight."

"Why not? I loathe putting things off."  
"So I have observed," he remarked, dryly.

Sonia could not keep the corners of her mouth from curving into a smile. "I'm glad it amuses you," he said. "Perhaps I can see the humor sometime, but I must confess it isn't very funny to me just now."

She became instantly sober. "I'm not amused. Far from it I couldn't go to sleep until I had told you I'll do my best not to whine again."

Don frowned. "That won't keep you from being unhappy. I shall be worried all the time for fear you are concealing your misery. It's no use. I must have been betwixted to let you in for this. It was my idea, you know. And I still think it is the wisest thing. . . ."

"But you're eating your heart out for Franklin Crane. And before long you'll be hating me as you never dreamed you could hate. Not a pleasant prospect, Sonia."

She was ashamed to think that in those few hours of loneliness and shock she should have conceived a plan so preposterous. "Poor Don! He looked so tired and old, much older than he seemed at breakfast in her room that morning."

"Well, I don't know what I can do," she said, sadly. "Even if you intend to hold me to my contract I'd like to be friends." She looked at him beseechingly. "Please don't be cold and formal with me, Don. No matter how much I deserve it."

He groaned. "I can see your side of it since this afternoon. I know now what you're going to have to go through. Always meeting some one who reminds you of the shape of his head or the sound of his laugh."  
The thought of his laughter made her tremble.

"You see about how much chance I have of making you happy. Probably the first thing you'll do will be to run away."

She stared at him, fascinated. "I hope I'm not that yellow."  
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(To Be Continued.)

Tomorrow's Radio Program

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11th  
International Radio Programs

CONCERTS

- 7.30 P. M. KSO (227) Iowa. The Boss's Hour. 12.00 Noon
- WEEI (448) Boston. Friendly Maids. 12.45 P. M.
- CFCP (411) Montreal. Concert. 1.00 P. M.
- CKCL (357) Toronto. Orchestra. 1.00 P. M.
- WIP (508) Phila. Recital. KSO (227) Iowa. Vocal Solo. 2.30 P. M.
- WEEI (448) Boston. Musical. 3.00 P. M.
- WEP (508) Penn. Recital. WQJ (447) Illinois. Music. WQR (422) N. Y. Symphonic Hour. 4.00 P. M.
- WBAL (285) Md. Salon Orchestra. 4.30 P. M.
- WIP (508) Phila. Solos. 6.00 P. M.
- WCAE (517) Pitts. Studio Recital. 6.30 P. M.
- WHK (265) Cleveland. Violin. 7.00 P. M.
- WBB (333) Mass. Musical 6 to 9. 7.30 P. M.
- WEAP (492) N. Y. Outline "The Socoonians." 7.30; Aeolian; 8.00; "Ipan Troubadours." 8.30; "Goodrich Zippers." Red Chain. 8.00 P. M.
- WLW (428) Cincl. Heerman Trio. KDKA (316) Pitts. N. B. C. Prgrams. WBAL (285) Baltimore. Concert Trio. Solo, Jendrek. Musical. WGR (303) Buffalo, N. B. C. Studios Tuesday and Thursday—Concerts Mon., Wed., Friday. CNRM (411) Montreal. Special. 7 to 10. Also CNRO (434) CNRQ. WJZ (494) N. Y. Program. Champion Speakers. 7.00. Variety Hour. 8.00; Time: Social Hour. 10; Slumber Music. 8.30 P. M.
- WCCO (405) Minn. N.B.C. Program. WEEI (448) Boston. Varied—Aeolian Ipana, Silvertones. Bill the Air Cruiser.
- CFCA (357) Toronto. Schubert, Centenary by Hamburg Trio. WTIC (535) Hartford. N. B. C. 7.30, 8.30, 9.30.
- 9.00 P. M. KYW (526) Chi. Spotlight Hour. WMAK (545) N.Y. Columbia Chain 9.30 P. M.
- WBB (333) Springfield. Concert.
- WOO (508) Penn. Quartet. WOR (422) N. Y. Columbia Chain.

SPORTS-TALKS

- 11.00 A. M. KDKA (316) Pitts. U. of P. Address.
- WFI (405) Phila. Talks. 5.00 P. M.
- WCAE (517) Pittsburg. Happy Hr. WOC (375) Iowa. Royal Balcomb. 6.00 P. M.
- WSUI (265) Iowa City. Medical. WBAL (285) Balto. Sandman Circle. 7.00 P. M.
- KDKA (316) Pittsburg. Address. 8.00 P. M.
- WNYC (535) N. Y. Air College. WTIC (535) Conn. Ask Jack.

DANCE ORCHESTRAS

- 6.30 P. M. WHK (265) Ohio. Watkins Orch. 9.00 P. M.
- WRC (479) Washington. Elkins.

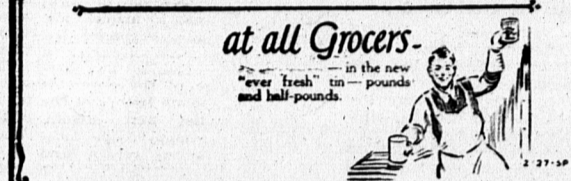


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"ever fresh" in the new "ever fresh" tin—pounds and half-pounds.

10.30 P. M. WTIC (538) Conn. Hills Orchestra. 11.00 P. M. WBAL (285) Balto. Lederer. 1.00 A. M. WDAF (370) Kansas City. Night Hawks.

MERMAID SCHOOL CLOSING

Despite the inclement weather there was a good crowd of parents and visitors attended the half-year examination on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 22nd.

The several classes were examined in the different subjects by the teacher Mr. Percy Rattray, who is teaching again, having quite recovered from his sickness. Much credit is given Mr. Rattray. The remarks by the chairman and others present show that he has by no means forgotten the prescribed work or lost his standard in the profession.

Mr. Albert Robertson occupied the chair and capably assisted in making the programme the success that it was. Following is the programme:

Recitation—by Robert Dixon; Recitation—by Romie Robertson; Recitation—by Elmer Munn; Drill "Santa's Children," by ten scholars; Recitation—by Margaret Doyle; Recitation—by Lorne MacDonald; Recitation—by Della MacDonald; Chorus "Santa Claus"—by four in-junior mediate girls; Recitation—by Harvey McDonald; Recitation—by

The "Flu"

LEFT HER WITH A VERY WEAK HEART

Mrs. Beulah Demone, Pleasant River, N.S., writes:—"Having suffered with the 'flu' a few years ago, I was left with a very weak heart."

"I was unable to go about, and could not do my housework. "I would get dizzy spells and would have to go and lie down."

"I could not sleep at night as the least little noise would wake me up. "I tried different kinds of medicine, but they seemed to do me no good. "A friend recommended

I have used five boxes and am much better; do not get those dizzy spells, and can do my own work as well as ever."

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AND Glasses fitted by scientific methods.

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Registered Optometrists  
149 Richmond Street

The death occurred in Boston, December 30th, of Mrs. Archie McPhail, a former well known resident of Hazel Grove, P.E.I.

The deceased had been suffering for a number of years with rheumatism, and gradually she passed away on the 30th December.

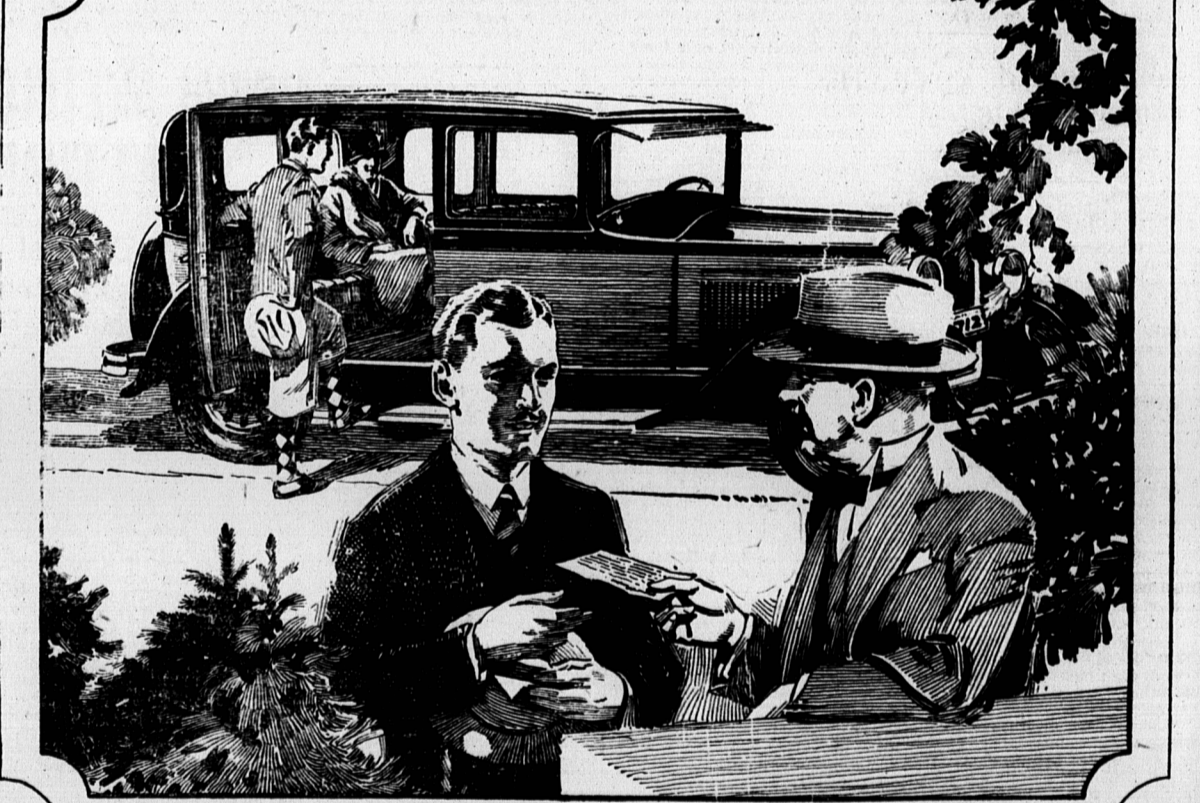
She leaves to mourn one son John in Chicago, and one daughter, Florence, who had always lived with her mother; also one brother, James residing in Hazel Grove, P.E.I.

Much sympathy is felt for the family in their recent bereavement.

She—Love-making is the same as it always was.

He—How can you tell?

She—I've just read of a Greek maiden who eat and listened to a lyre all night.



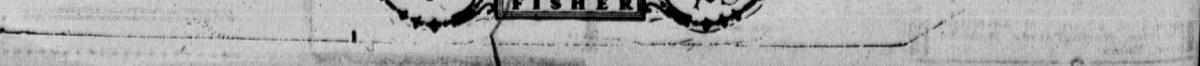
WHEN the salesman demonstrates a General Motors car today, he reveals to his customers a new conception of motor car value, safety, comfort and beauty—the conception of greater quality assured by the emblem, Body by Fisher. Expect him, therefore, to give you complete details about the body of the car you are considering—for it is a Body by Fisher. The best motor car merchants join discriminating buyers everywhere in recognizing the superiorities in Fisher Bodies. Before selecting a motor car, you should actually see and realize the important advantages built into every Body by Fisher.

Clear Vision Corner Pillars—The narrow front pillars of a Fisher Body eliminate the "blind spot" in driving, enabling the driver to see objects in front and on the sides at all times—thus increasing safety.

Doors—The strength of a Fisher door permits a 200 pound man to swing on it without affecting it in the slightest. Merely closing the door of a Body by Fisher indicates the staunch and solid construction which is hidden away beneath its beauty.

Inspection—Every part and every operation which is employed in making a Body by Fisher must pass rigid inspection. For every Fisher Body manufactured during a day, there is a Fisher inspector, expert in his work, testing and scrutinizing, rejecting and approving.

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The box bears this signature  
E. W. Hoort  
Proven Merit since 1889

Auction Sale of Real Estate

Public notice is hereby given that the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Lucinda Doherty late of St. Peters Bay in King's County, Prince Edward Island, deceased, intestate, by and with the consent of the court on the 11th day of November, A. D. 1927 by the Surrogate Court of Prince Edward Island, will on Saturday the 17th day of December, A. D. 1927 at twelve o'clock noon set up and sell by public auction on the premises, the real estate of the said deceased, situate at St. Peters Bay aforesaid bounded and described as follows: Bounded on the south-west by St. Peters Bay, on the north-west by land now or formerly in possession of Robert Lewis, on the south-east by land now or formerly in possession of Daniel Lewis and on the north-east by Greenwich Road containing twelve acres of land a little more or less.  
Dated this fourteenth day of November, A. D. 1927.  
ROBERT G. DOHERTY,  
Administrator.  
McLean & McKinnon,  
Charlottetown  
888-11-15-tu 41