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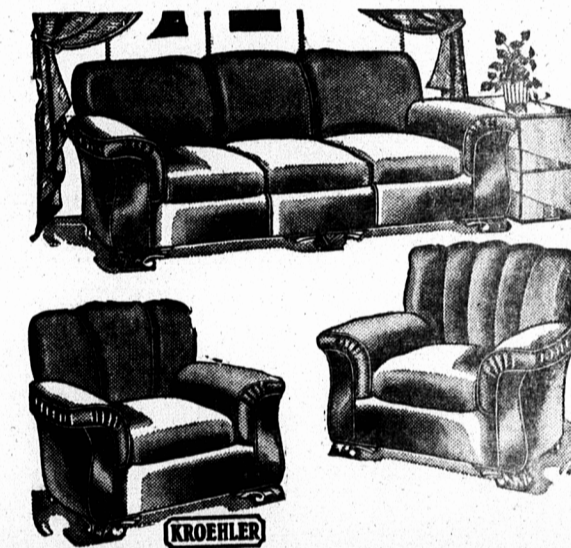
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TRUE BY THE SUN

By LIDA LARRIMORE (Continued)



At the bridge over the gully at the edge of town I knew he didn't want anybody to see him with me but I didn't care. I didn't care about anything I wanted to do something crazy and wild. It was exciting, at first, to ride in Miss Vaughn's car, though we only went on country roads. He acted sort of wild and crazy, too. I thought he was tight, but he wasn't. He was just mad. What do you remember of the accident Jim asked. She considered for a moment, frowning with concentration. We turned into that road, she said. He wanted to park, but I didn't want to and I said your riding academy was somewhere near to sort of take his mind off the idea of parking. I think I said something about you. I can't remember what it was, but I made him furious. He stepped on the gas and the car shot ahead like a rocket. I was scared I don't know. Maybe I grabbed the wheel—and then— Never mind, Dolly Jim stroked her hand soothingly. I'm sorry I asked. Try not to think of it. It

doesn't matter now. He's gone away, hasn't he? she asked, after a moment. Yes, Jim replied. You had something to do with that, didn't you? I told Dad to keep quiet, if that's what you mean. After Miss Vaughn came to see me, I felt differently about it. She was so nice to me, about it. She was all just friendly and not snooty at all, just friendly and really interested. Her father is paying the hospital bills and he's going to send me to Atlantic City for two weeks after I get out of here, I think Cecily—Miss Vaughn—thought of that. She made the suggestion, Jim said. So why should I let Dad yap around about suing anybody? Dolly went on. Jerry Clyde hasn't any money. I went with him, didn't I? He didn't sandbag me or kidnap me or anything. Besides— Jim drew her hand from Jim's groped under the mound of pillows, drew out a small satin jeweler's box and snapped open the lid. Look, she said. Jim saw the small diamond set

in a flurry of carved white gold fitted between folds of velvet. Herbert he asked. No—the Prince of Wales. He proposed to me over the radio. The gaily died out of her voice. Yes, Herb, she said. Do you want to marry him, Dolly? Her flax-blue eyes looked up into his steadily, with confidence and serenity. Yes, I do, she said gravely. Lying here makes you think. Kindness means more than anything, doesn't it? Herb's been so sweet to me. He really loves me. And after all this—Well, I know he'd stand by me through anything. Yes, Dolly. I think he would. Herb isn't exciting. Dolly's glance wandered from Jim, rested upon the mirror in the bureau at the foot of the bed. He'll never do anything thrilling, she continued. As though she were talking to her reflection in the mirror, that ungleaming face and chignon with an orchid pinned on her breast. I guess this had been the most exciting thing that will ever happen to me. It will be fun to have a house, though. And babies, maybe. Penny brings up the new babies from the nursery. They're sweet. Be 'appy, Dolly, Jim said. I will, she said staunchly. I hate to leave the kids, though—Joey especially. An idea occurred to Jim. Do you think, he asked, that Joey would like to work with me? Her face brightened. She turned

to look at him swiftly, gratefully. Could you give him a job? she asked. I think so. Jim smiled at her obvious delight. He isn't afraid of horses, is he? Joey isn't afraid of anything, she said proudly. That's swell of you, Jim. She caught his hand, held it against her cheek. I'll feel so relieved to know he's with you. Take care of him for me, won't you? I don't want him to hang around with the tough gang in town. I'll do my best, Jim promised. After all I'm only repaying a debt. You sent me out to the Vaughns'. I did, didn't I? The thought seemed to give her pleasure. Jim, she said hesitatingly, are you—? Is Cecily—? I'm not and she isn't, Jim replied. She's going to Bermuda with her father. Then she hasn't good sense! Dolly said warmly. Jim smiled. You're prejudiced. You like me, he said. Oh, I do. She slipped her engagement ring on and off her finger. I hope she'll come back from Bermuda, she said. I hope you'll get what you want. You've been swell to me. Miss Penny opened the door. Time's up! she called brightly. Go away, Penny, Dolly said. Jim rose from his chair beside the bed. Miss Penny is right, he said. You must not get tired. I'm going now. Okay, Mister. Good-by. Thanks

for coming. Thanks for the orchid and Joey's job. Thanks for everything. You're more than welcome Good-by. He walked to the door, turned to look at her again. Her eyes, following him were wistful. One hand lay against the orchid at her breast. Jim smiled. She returned the smile, her eyes narrowing and crinkling in the way he remembered. To Be Continued

BOOKS—ART—MUSIC
(Continued from Page 2)

and although his intolerance of the steadfast canons of tradition worried and shocked Karasvina her belief in him was deeply rooted and Karasvina, Pavlova and Fokine became leaders in what was considered an expression of the modern mind. But Karasvina also moved steadily to the top in the Classical ballets, and Fokine, though he worked new patterns on it, used Classical dance as the basis of his choreography. The advent of Diaghileff, who took exceptionally promising members of the Russian Ballet to Paris, brought world wide fame to Karasvina, Fokine and the genius Nyjinsky with whom Karasvina often danced. Outstanding of these successes for Karasvina, was "The Firebird" ballet with Stravinsky's music; and Fokine's masterpiece, first staged in 1913, the

"Coq d'or" in which for Karasvina there was a part—perhaps the most wonderful of all I ever had." Karasvina followed Diaghileff through the Romanticism, in which she had been brought up, to the Modernism of Satis "Parade" but there she had to stop because of her fears that ballet was departing from its first vital principles and thus doomed to ultimate failure. The last section of the book deals with Karasvina's return to Russia and her escape after the Revolution to England where she still lives. "Theatre Street" is a very simply and modestly written account of the life of a great lady of the stage and her place in a glorious epoch of ballet. Another version of the "Coq d'or," given at the Metropolitan last season, was the presentation of the opera of Rimsky-Korsakov in its original lyrical form sung and performed as "straight" opera, with Lily Pons as the Queen. Beside Rimsky-Korsakov and Stravinsky, Tchaikovsky was a famous composer of music which has been used for the Ballet. And now the music, for the first ballet ever to be created expressly for the screen, has been composed by another Russian—Vernon Duke, once Vladimir Dukelsky of St. Petersburg. The ballets are "Water Nymph," and "Romeo and Juliet" in jazz with steps executed by Ballanchine. In his spare time Duke has written an oratorio "The End of St. Petersburg" which is to be played in New York in April, and songs for the forthcoming Goldwyn Follies. He has been called successor to the famous George Gershwin several of whose songs he has completed. Tchaikovsky has said "In My normal state of mind I compose al-

ways, anywhere, any moment. But Vernon Duke is said to be able to write music on a moving vehicle. H. R. Crisler writes of him—"Taxis and trains are preferred by his associative muse he never takes a train trip without a song, the rhythmic pattern of which has never been affected by the clicking of the wheels. . . . one song was written on a ferryboat about San Diego and Coronado—about a three-mile passage. . . . Duke never travels in airplanes and does not think he could compose on a plane; he once fainted in the top of the cathedral in Mexico City, because of the height. He never had a musical idea in an elevator, either, but he wrote a couple of songs on board the Normandie on his last crossing. We don't know if you can deduce anything from these data; we couldn't." A new mining centre in Sardinia is expected to become one of the most important coal mines in Europe.

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