

CAUGHT BAD COLD WHILE OUT PLAYING NOT PROPERLY DRESSED

Mrs. L. Mantie, Millet, Alta., writes: "My youngest child had a very bad cold which she got by going out playing in a strong, cold wind not properly dressed."

"She got so hoarse she could hardly speak, and her throat and chest were very sore."

"I used everything available, but she received no relief until, finally, I secured a bottle of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup



and the first few doses certainly did her good. It is wonderful how it can help so quickly."

"Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is 53c. a bottle, large family size 60c.; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont."

A CHANCE OF A LIFE TIME AUCTION SALE

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8th AT 1 P. M. SHARP

Owing to ill health, I am offering for sale by public auction on above date, my beautiful home, "Fruit Lodge," Cross Roads, Lot 48, 4 1/2 miles from Charlottetown, house nearly new, with telephone and piping furnace. Farm consisting of 38 acres of land, 7 acres of this being wood lot, balance in a high state of cultivation, with bearing orchards of 4 acres, 1/4 acre gooseberries, 1/2 acre cultivated strawberries and a quantity of other fruits. Also my Stock, Crop and Farming Implements.

Stock:—1 driving mare 8 years old, 3 milch cows, 2 freshened this fall, 1 to freshen in March, 2 heifers 1 year old, 25 white Wyandotte hens and pullets.

Crop:—8 tons of hay, 4 tons of green feed, 400 bushel turnips, 200 bushel potatoes, quantity of apples. Implements:—Gang plow, seed drill, spring tooth cultivator, disc harrow, spike harrow, roller, potato digger, potato hiller, turnip pulper, threshing outfit with engine, ensilage cutter, circular saws, box sleigh, truck wagon, express wagon, driving wagon, quantity of harness, milk can, Churn, quantity of household furniture, dining table, chairs, lounge, lamps, cook stove, heater, baby carriage and a lot of articles too numerous to mention.

Terms:—If farm is not sold privately before above date will be offered then. Live stock and all sums under \$10.00 cash, over that amount, twelve months credit on approved joint notes.

S. R. LANE, R. R. 1, Southport. I. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer, 12-6-21.

S. S. Lakefield

Due Charlottetown Monday, December 12th bringing freight from Halifax here if any offering. Leaves Charlottetown same day for St. Pierre and St. John's, Nfld.

J. F. BRAGG, AGENT, Bruce Stewart's Wharf, Phone 255

CANADIAN PACIFIC SAILINGS

FROM SAINT JOHN, N. B. TO LIVERPOOL

*Dec. 9, Jan. 6 Montreal
*Dec. 15, Jan. 13 Montreal
*Dec. 22, Jan. 20 Melit
*Dec. 30, Jan. 27 Minnedos
*Feb. 3, Mar. 2 Montreal

*Via Greenock.
*Via Belfast.
*Calls at Greenock and Belfast.
To Cherbourg—Southampton. (Via Cobh)

Dec. 14 Montreal
Apply Local Agents or G. BRUCE BURPEE, Dist. Pass. Agent, 40 King Street, Saint John, N. B.

FARM FOR SALE AT BRACKLEY BEACH

Owned by W. R. Seaman. Farm consists of 120 acres. Apply ALEXANDER SEAMAN, Brackley Beach. 803-12-3-71.

Farm for Sale at Sydney

Farm consisting of 107 acres, 20 of which have been cultivated, and the balance woodland. Premises fronting on the Harbour, with good road accommodation, leading to the best market in the Province. Best water, well and spring, and Church and School near. Apply to V. MULLINS, Box 176, Sydney, N. S.

SMILE

A patchwork piece that doesn't wear well generally results from trimmings and scraps.



"You shall have it right now. Let's turn out the lights and smoke in the night."

"No," demurred Sonia. "Why not? The fire means so much more in a dark room."

Realizing the truth of this, she permitted him to turn off the dim lamps. The firelight closed about them like an intimate third person who put both hands in their drawing them closer.

"And so you dreamed of emeralds on your white hands?" "How did you know?"

"By the quickness of your response just now. Tell me the rest of your dream, Sonia."

"It seems rather childish," she admitted. "Tell me anyway."

"Sonia dancing," she faltered. "in a silver gown—"

"That wasn't all of it?" "But it was. Vague like that. Just to be happy and dancing. But that was before I came to Chicago. I know now that it would take more than a silver gown and emeralds to make me happy."

"Where did you attain all that wisdom, my precious one?" "You're laughing at me," said Sonia, suspiciously.

"No, I'm not! I'm asking because I'm interested."

"Well, I shan't tell you. I'm no sentimental young person, spilling all her little secrets to an amused big man."

"What a nasty temper you have, Sonia!" "Granted!"

"The tone was exactly his own. He laughed. "What about all those ideas of freedom and so on that you were telling me about before?"

"I'm still in favor of them." "You believe in living your life your own way?"

"I certainly do." He put his arm about her. "Don't pull away from me. Am I absolutely so repulsive to you?"

"You aren't repulsive to me at all," she wriggled away from him. "I just don't want to."

Miss Hibrow: Ah, here's the portrait of a lady executed by Raphael, Mr. Lebrun: Well, I don't believe in murdering women, but in this case I can't blame him if he did.

"I tell you I feel mighty bad whenever a friend drops in or me and I haven't a drink to offer him."

"Um-m-huh! Well, you don't show any signs of feeling badly now, do you?"

Alice: Gosh! I had a fine time last night. Ted: Shame on you.

YOUR case of PILES

is no different from others, and if others have obtained absolute relief by using PILEZOLIN, you can too. Every drugstore sells PILEZOLIN under a guarantee to stop itching, itching, itching or burning. In tubes with pile tips, 50c. or in tin box, 60c. Why not try it.

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SONIA

By VIDA HURST

"That little hand should wear diamonds, my dear."

"Emeralds," she corrected. "To be sure. Emeralds to match your eyes."

"I'm waiting for a light, kind sir."

"You shall have it right now. Let's turn out the lights and smoke in the night."

"No," demurred Sonia. "Why not? The fire means so much more in a dark room."

Realizing the truth of this, she permitted him to turn off the dim lamps. The firelight closed about them like an intimate third person who put both hands in their drawing them closer.

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Poultry

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

A Single Sip—and Throat Feels Fine!

Physicians, lawyers, singers, public speakers and all who suffer from throat strain and irritation find Buckley's Mixture a priceless blessing. Relief is instant and positive. A sip night and morning for throat and chest health—and insurance against epidemic Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, "Flu" and Pneumonia. Just say "Buckley's" at any drug store.

W. K. Buckley, Limited, 142 Mutual St., Toronto 2

BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE

Acts like a flash—so a single sip proves it

"But why not? You don't object for any moral reason?"

"No." "And you admit you like me?" "I like you awfully well."

"Then why won't you let me put my arm around you?"

"How could she explain to him that after Crane's arms any other embrace was distasteful to her. Impatient with the futility of trying to make herself clear to him, she rose and tossed her cigarette into the fire. He seized her and drew her down again."

"Sonia, it's because you're a good little girl, that's why." Sonia was annoyed.

"It is not. If I wanted you to, I'd let you kiss me in minute."

"Then I shall kiss you right now!" "Please!"

He released her, slowly. "It beats me how a really experienced girl will profess her innocence and babies like you will strut around boasting your vaunted knowledge."

"I don't," denied Sonia, perched on the arm of a chair across the room, "boast about anything."

"Oh, yes, you do! His voice was touched with bitterness. "You told me how every one in Munich thought you were bad. You admit that you like me, but not so much as a kiss do I get in proof. If you think you're going to make a fool out of me you're mistaken. I'm not that kind, Sonia."

"I think you're horrid," Sonia said, reproachful. "I haven't tried to lead you on or pretend anything. I merely accepted your invitation to dance as it was given to me. I didn't know there were any hidden clauses in the contract."

"There were hidden promises in your eyes."

"That's not true," she flared. "If you feel that way about it, I certainly will not go out with you again. And you were one man I really respected."

"An old line, my dear. Your game is deeper than I thought. But I'm through."

A really puzzled Sonia sat by the fire when he had gone. When Maxine returned at midnight she found Sonia on the floor in front of the fireplace.

"What's wrong old thing?" "Walter Henderson was just here."

"Honestly?" "Yes. He's furious with me. Maxine, and so far as I can see I haven't done a thing. Men are queer, aren't they?"

"I'll say they are," her friend agreed, discarding hat and coat and dropping down beside Sonia. "I suppose he tried to make love to you and you wouldn't let him?"

"Something like that." "Well, why didn't you?"

Sonia's eyes opened in surprise. "I mean it, kiddie. You aren't sunning for a husband, I take it?"

"I should say not. No marriage in mine."

"Sonia! When the mere thought of Franklin Crane across the breakfast table set pulses flying!"

Maxine continued: "That's certainly what you've given me to understand. What's the objection then to a man like Walter Henderson?"

"No objection. I just don't happen to love him."

Maxine gave a hard little laugh. "Love?" There isn't such a

thing." Sonia was frowning for a moment, fearing to convict herself if she ran to defend Cupid. Then she said, slyly, "What about Mac?"

"That's not love?" Maxine cried hotly. "It's hell—and take it from me, I know."

"I still reserve the right," Sonia challenged, with something of her old insolence, "to do my loving where I please."

"But why not use your head before it's too late? It's all the same in the long run. But I know what's the matter with you, Sonia. You're crazy about Franklin Crane."

"I am not." "Yes you are. But I don't expect you to admit it. You're a fool if you take him on at the expense of a man like Walter Henderson."

"Stupping you were right!" cried Sonia. "Franklin Crane is as wealthy as Walter, if it were only a question of finances."

Maxine's blue eyes were dark with pity. "Too, babe in the woods. Is that your game? Think again if it is, or Franklin has nothing of his own. Every cent of the money belongs to his mother."

"Well, a fat lot of good that would do you. Mama Crane keeps her eye on Franklin. And don't you ever forget it. No pretty pennies unless he minds his mama, but it's different with Walter. No strings tied to him, anywhere. And side from that—emphatically—he's a gentleman!"

"You seem to know," Sonia thrust viciously.

"You're right I do. I had my first affair with Walter Henderson. Eight years ago when I was just 19 years old. He got me my position in the Thomas Real Estate company."

Sonia gasped, but Maxine's face was as unemotional as if she were discussing an old novel.

"He was wonderful to me while I lasted. And although I was too green to understand a lot of things, I had a lot of affection for him. Of course, it's all over now. No back kick either. So you needn't worry."

Walter's advice not to live with Maxine returned to the astonished Sonia.

"Of course, he wouldn't want me to live with her," she thought, understanding what he had meant now.

"Your confession is wasted on me," she said to Maxine. "I don't want the warmed-over affection of any man."

"Don't be a fool," Maxine cried sharply. "I'm not confessing anything. I suppose you think you're the first one with Franklin Crane."

"You leave him out of it!" Sonia cried.

"It's nothing to me what you do. I was telling you for your own good."

"You sound like Bertie. It's funny how everybody has to warn me against Franklin for my own good."

"Well, he's tricky," declared Maxine, positively. "And if you really tell yourself care about him, you'll be sorry to your dying day."

Wasted! Sonia forgot all of it the moment he approached her desk, whispering, teasingly, "Did you miss me yesterday?"

"He wasn't flirting. Can't a man flirt?" "Not in the least," But she was weak to me without your getting jealous?"

"Well, any time I stand around—"Who's jealous? Not me, sweet Keep Minard's Liniment near at hand."

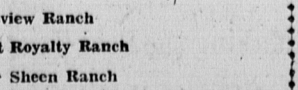
(To Be Continued.)

Don't Fuss With Mustard Plasters!

Don't mix a mess of mustard, flour and water when you can relieve pain, soreness or stiffness with a little clean, white Musterole.

Musterole is made of pure oil of mustard and other helpful ingredients, and takes the place of mustard plasters. Musterole usually gives prompt relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest (it may prevent pneumonia).

The Musterole Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal



Better than a mustard plaster

WARNING

The following Ranches are Members of THE CHARLOTTETOWN FOX BREEDERS' PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION and are therefore provided with the services of a trained Blood Hound.

Persons entering illegally any of these Ranches will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

McLure & McKinnon—Union Vale Ranch, Vimy Ranch.

F. Boyver—Boyver Ranch.

W. K. Rogers—Dallon Ranch, Bellevue Ranch, Flood Ranch, Smallwood Ranch.

C. L. McKay—Lawndale Ranch.

J. A. McDonald—Bridgeview Ranch.

P. A. Farquharson—East Royalty Ranch.

Walter S. Grant—Silver Sheen Ranch.

E. E. Brown—Brow Ranch.

Ed. Saunders—Newstead Ranch.

J. A. Webster—General Fur Farms Ltd.

J. Agnew Fur Farms.

W. L. McEachern.

J. D. Jenkins.

J. B. Eoper.

A. Mutch.

The Charlottetown Silver Black Fox Co., Ltd.

Legal Counsel W. E. Bentley, K. C. J. J. Johnston, K. C.

The Charlottetown Fox Breeders' Protective Association

Advertisement for Quaker Extra Eggs Extra Profits. Includes text: 'Every sack of Ful-O-Pep Egg Mash contains the correctly balanced feed to make hens lay most eggs. You get biggest profits out of Ful-O-Pep Egg Mash.' and 'Quaker FUL-O-PEP EGG MASH'.

and wait until Walter Henderson gets through flirting with you... thing, I'm going to see you to miss me yesterday?" "He wasn't flirting. Can't a man flirt?" "Not in the least," But she was weak to me without your getting jealous?" "Well, any time I stand around—"Who's jealous? Not me, sweet Keep Minard's Liniment near at hand."

Large advertisement for Imperial Fox Food Superior Pelts. Includes text: 'Imperial Fox Food SUPERIOR PELTS' and 'Imperial Biscuit Co. CHARLOTTETOWN P.E.I.' with an illustration of a fox.