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 CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Sheriff's Sale

BY VIRTUE OF A WRIT OF STATUTE EXECUTION directed, issued of His Majesty's Supreme Court of Judicature, at the suit of Eleanor B. Lyons, Administratrix of the personal estate and effects of Charles Lyons, deceased, intestate, against Barbara Walker, I have taken and seized all the estate, right, title and interest of the said Barbara Walker in and to ALL THAT TRACT PIECE and parcel of land situate lying and being on Town Lot number 20 in the first hundred of Town Lots in Charlottetown in Queen's County in Prince Edward Island, bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Commencing on the west side of Prince Street, at the northeast corner of property formerly known as the Davidson property, running thence northwardly along Prince Street a distance of 46 feet 6 inches or to the southern line of property sold to Stephen McDonald, thence westwardly at or about right angles with Prince Street along the line between the dwelling-houses and a line in continuation thereof 65 feet 7 inches, thence southwardly parallel with Prince Street 10 feet 6 inches, thence westwardly parallel with King Street 20 feet to the division line between said Town Lot number 20 and Town Lot number 19 in said first hundred, thence along said division line southwardly to a line in continuation of the north boundary of said Davidson property and thence eastwardly to the place of commencement, subject to a right-of-way reserved for all reasonable purposes for the present and successive owners of the adjoining property sold to Elizabeth Fraser and Mary Fraser over the yard and gang-way of the said property hereby conveyed to Prince Street.

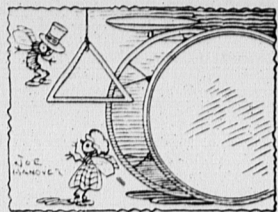
And I do hereby give public notice that I will on Tuesday the 17th day of July, A. D. 1928, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, at the Court House in Charlottetown in Queen's County, set up and sell at public auction the said property or as much thereof as will satisfy the levy marked on said execution being the sum of \$412.61 besides Sheriff's fees and all legal and incidental expenses.

A. J. DOUGAN
 Sheriff
 Sheriff's Office,
 Queen's County,
 December 20th, 1927.
 J. A. MacDonald,
 Plaintiff's Attorney,
 1473-12-21-w31

SMILES



"Hesitation may mean shyness or halitosis."



IT MIGHT
Mandy Fly: Come away from there, Henry. That might be one of those eternal triangles that are always getting people into trouble!



A FAT MAN'S TROUBLES
"Ready for the holidays, Bill?"
"Holidays me eye. I'm jes gettin' ready for some real work."
"Wazzamatter, ain't the plant closin' down?"
"Yeh, but every year I gotta play Santa Claus for the Church."



NOT IN HER CUPS
"Haven't seen a girl so tight for many a day."
"In her cups, eh?"
"No, in her corsets."

Unless worms be expelled from the system no child can be healthy. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is an excellent medicine to destroy worms.

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L. T. RITCHIE,
 Ticket Agent, Station

P. W. CLARKIN,
 District Passenger Agent,
 Charlottetown.

SONIA

By VIDA HURST

In spite of a restless night, Sonia awoke encouraged. The sun was shining. It was another day. The sheer vitality of her refused to permit her to remain melancholy. Something might happen. Things would change. "It's a long lane that has no turning." Cheered by the unexpected brightness of the sun, she whistled as she dressed. It irritated Maxine.

"Cut it out. Don't you know this is Monday morning?"

Maxine was pale and listless. Shadows lay like little sooty smudges beneath her eyes.

She groaned: "How can I ever stand it for another week?"

"Stand what?"

"The everlasting monotonous grind of the office. The silly mistakes of those silly girls. The eternal, never-ending sameness of it, day in and day out."

Sonia stared at her. She had never felt like that except for those few awful days when she had quarreled with Franklin. Her work was tiresome, but it was only a means to an end. She had never taken her bookkeeping seriously.

"Do you suppose Mac can go on our party next Saturday?"

Maxine yawned.

"I don't know. And I don't seem to care this morning about that or anything else."

"Will you ask him?" said Sonia, not deceived by the other girl's apparent indifference. She would care when the time came.

Maxine was splashing cold water on her white face. She still wore the old blue bathrobe.

"I'll ask him, darling. Count on little Maxine. We'll be there if possible."

But Mac was uncertain. He kept them all in suspense, although Crane insisted that Sonia was coming anyway. It was a restless, unsatisfactory week, full of undercurrents. Sonia was resolved not to go without the other two yet felt her resolution weakening day by day. Maxine was nervous and depressed.

She was "fed up," she repeated, bitterly, with this affair of hers.

She saw very little of Franklin. His mother still demanded a great deal of his attention. He admitted reluctantly that Genevieve Erickson had been invited to dinner on Wednesday. Sonia was sweet about it, pretending not to care. But she spent the evening alone in the apartment mending, with her lips set in a grim line.

INSTALLMENT XX.

Friday morning, a rainy, dismal morning, Mac telephoned that he could go. Maxine floated to Sonia's desk with eyes like a child at Christmas time.

"Mac can go!" she whispered.

At the definite knowledge that she would no longer have to fight her desire to go with them, Sonia felt energated and weak. She worked mechanically, eyes on her figures, her mind doing somersaults from the terms of the contracts before her. Then she felt the hush of the other girls in the department and looked up to see her father's shabby figure standing beside her. She was compelled to rub her hand across her eyes. He had been so far from her thoughts.

"What's the matter, Sonia?"

Count on her seeing that furtive, bewildered motion. Sonia smiled.

"Why, I'm so surprised! What do you mean sneaking in on me like this?"

He chuckled like a truant school-boy.

"I guess I surprised you, at right. I've taken a day off."

She was holding his hand, noticing more than ever his beaten, apologetic manner. But the blue eyes were beaming in his lined face.

"The whole day," he repeated. "Do you suppose you can get away?"

"I'm afraid not, daddy. Not for so long, but I'll ask for extra time at noon. I can't believe you'd take that long trip just to stay one day."

"I'd do more than that for a glimpse of you."

She sent him away with a promise to meet him at noon.

When she found him outside the real-estate office she suggested that they go to a little restaurant on Washington street.

"We'll walk through the loop," she said, "and you can talk to me."

He surprised her by answering, with unusual firmness: "You're going to do the talking this time, Sonia."

"But I've nothing to talk about. Life goes on just the same..."

"Honey," he said gravely, "I've been worried about you ever since you were home."

"Now, dad..."

"Yes, mother and I both. Something had happened. You were changed."

Tears welled up into his eyes.

"I almost kills us to think anything is making you unhappy and we can't help you."

Sonia swallowed a lump in her throat.

"Senseless! I know what's the matter with you. Just because I shed a few tears the day I came away! That was natural. Any girl might have done that."

She was talking aimlessly, trying to avoid his steady, sorrowful gaze.

"Some girls might, but not you. Your old dad knows you better than that. I can see there's something still bothering you. You look tired and nervous..."

"Oh, father! Please! Won't you ever realize that I've grown up?"

Pain was stamped upon his features.

"Not me, Sonia. You'll never be grown up to me. Do you know what I dreamed last night?"

"What was it, daddy?"

"I dreamed you were a little girl again. You had fallen in your play and when you came running to me your feet were muddy. I sat down," he smiled, "and held you on my lap while I washed them. Just like I've done many a time. Those little, stumbling feet."

His voice broke and he turned away.

"Won't you tell me, Sonia? What ever it is?"

But she could answer nothing. She was struck into dumbness by the dream he had related. Seeing it was useless, he began to talk of other things, but his eyes kept searching her white, miserable face. He had succeeded in making her miserable.

Later, when he started on his journey home, defeated, more convinced than ever that something was wrong, she kissed him tenderly.

"Oh, darling, you know I love you."

"You are keeping something from me, honey. From your old dad, who loves you more than life itself."

As she turned away her eyes were wet with tears.

Sonia walked to her street car blindly. Why was her father able to reduce her to this irresolute welter of sentimentality? She was furious, yet the mere thought of his anxious, loving face brought fresh tears. She loved him with something of the protecting pity of a mother. She desired to shield him from the knowledge of the evil about him. If he could have seen some of the parties she had attended, some of the high moments of her career, it would have broken his heart.

Swaying beneath a strap in the crowded street car Sonia wondered, dreadingly, just how elastic the term "nice girl" could be. She was sure her father would be convinced no "nice girl" could do the things she had done. He liked Maxine, had spoken of her with admiration. How his attitude would change if he knew she was conducting an affair with a married man!

Sonia had been disgusted at first. But lately it had ceased to appear so vulgar. Mac began to seem like any other sultor. She forgot that he had a perfectly legitimate wife somewhere in Chicago. It was rather confusing and blurred her first definite idea that it was both common and wrong, when she was close to them.

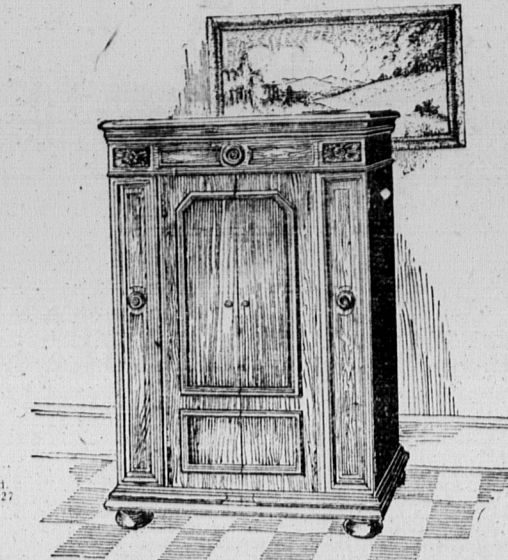
She was fond of Maxine. Liked her better than any other girl she had ever known. Although she was lacking in the finer sensibilities of Sidney, she was more tolerant, more impulsive, better "fun."

(To Be Continued.)

Tomorrow's Radio Program

- THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28th**
 International Radio Programs
 CONCERTS
 5.30 P. M.
- WOO (508) Phila. Studio Trio.
 WEAF (492) N. Y. Variations.
 6.00 P. M.
- KDKA (316) Pittsburgh Concert.
 WRC (469) Washington Program.
 5 to 10. Orchestra, Army Band, Great Composers, Sentinels, Eskimos.
 6.30 P. M.
- WGJ (379) Schenectady Orchestra.
 WTIC (535) Hartford Bond Trio.
 WGR (303) Buffalo. Varied. 5.00 to 11.30.
- 7.00 P. M.
- WTAM (400) Cleveland Studio.
 WLW (428) Cincinnati Concert, French Bauer Orchestra, Crosley Cossacks.
 WBZ (333) Springfield. Varied.
 Ramsey, McManus, Melody Makers, Maxwell (N. B. C.) Balkite N.B. C. 6 to 11.
- 7.30 P. M.
- KOIL (278) Iowa. Varied 6 to 10.
 WNAC (461) Boston. Specials—Adventurers—Dudley Altra, Theatre Studio, Grove and Pearl Orchestra.
 8.00 P. M.
- WLW (428) Cincinnati Mandolins.
 WTIC (535) Conn. Blue Boys.
 KDKA (316) Pitsbg. N. B. C. 7 to 9
 WBZ-WBZA (303) Mass. 7 to 11 Var.
 WGR (303) Buffalo. N. B. C. 7 to 10.30
 WCAE (517) Pitsbg. Musical, Pianist, Hoover Sentinels, Cluquot Eskimos, Smith's China Orchestra, Covato Orchestra, Soloist, Chorus.
 9.00 P. M.
- WJZ (454) N. Y. Maxwell Hour. To WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, KDKA, KYW, WBAL, WJR, WLW, WHAM, WHO, WOW, WDAF, KYVO, WSM, WMC, WBT, WTMJ, KRRC.
- WMAK (545) Buffalo. Classics.
 WCBD (345) Zion. Treble Clef, Celestian Bell, Vocal, Trio.
 9.30 P. M.
- WJZ (454) N. Y. Spotlight Hour. To WJR, WTMJ, WHAM, KDKA, KYW.
 10.00 P. M.
- WIP (508) Phila. Schwab, Banjos.
 WFAA (509) Texas. Musical.
 WIO (335) Ia. Howard—A Kings.
 WGY (380) N. Y. Studio Program.
 WLW (428) Cincinnati Opera.
 WJZ (454) N. Y. Balkite Hr. WJZ, Rfidio Programs, Chicago.)

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FAVORITE HYMNS AND THEIR WRITERS

NO. 21
 "WHEN, MARSHALLED ON THE NIGHTLY PLAIN"

The author of this hymn, Henry Kirke White, was a mere youth like the marvellous boy Chatterton and the poet, Keats, he died before he had done more than give a hint of the genius he possessed. He was born at Nottingham, England, on March 21, 1785. His father was a butcher; his mother was a woman of unusual ability, who, in order to get money to give her son a good education, opened a school for girls. Financial difficulties continually harassed the family and even as a small boy, Henry helped his father in his business. Later he was apprenticed to a weaver and worked hard at the stocking-loom, but it was work that he disliked and he was glad when he got an opportunity to enter an attorney's office and study law.

Even before he entered his teens he gave evidence of extraordinary ability. When he was eleven he wrote a separate theme for every boy in his class, and at fifteen he delivered an extempore lecture on genius to the Literary Society at Nottingham, speaking brilliantly for two hours and three quarters.

While engaged in the lawyer's office, he studied hard, mastering several languages and some of the

sciences. In 1803 he published a small volume of poetry in the hope that by its sale he might obtain sufficient funds to enable him to go to Cambridge. The poems, however, were unfavorably reviewed, and almost fell flat. A warm eulogy by the poet Southey did much to popularize the book, and had White lived it seems reasonably certain that he would have found it possible to enter Cambridge.

Henry White had been something of a septic in religious matters but, chiefly through the influence of a close personal friend, named Almond, he became an earnest Christian. He counted among his friends, Henry Martyn, who became so famous as a missionary to India and China.

It was probably due to overstudy and hard work that the young poet brought on consumption. He was stricken with this dread disease in his twentieth year and died on October 19th, 1806, just after he had reached his twenty-first birthday.

His untimely death caused great sorrow, for the charm of his personality and the merit of his poetry were beginning to be recognized. He wrote ten hymns. One of the most popular was one which was probably his last hymn:

"Oft in danger, oft in woe,
 Onward, Christians, onward go,
 Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
 Strengthened with the Bread of Life."

FOR SALE

Block of land in Lot 55. Bounded on the south by land now or formerly in possession of R. H. McCormack on the east by Grand River, on the north by land formerly in possession of the late Daniel Bradley and on the west by the lot line containing 33 1-3 acres, also a block bounded on the south by land now or formerly in possession of Bernard McDonald, on the east by land formerly in possession of the late Philip McDonald, on the north by land formerly in possession of the late Andrew McDonald and on the west by the lot line containing 12 1/2 acres. Apply to JAMES MacISAAC, Box 30, Alliance, Alta. 1557-12-28-21.

Another very fine hymn is the one beginning, "The Lord, our God, is full of might."

But the work by which Henry Kirke White will be longest remembered is the lovely Christmas hymn "When marshalled on the nightly plain," written in 1804, when he was only nineteen, and first called "The Star of Bethlehem."

Use Miller's Worm Powders and the battle against worms is won. These powders correct the morbid conditions of the stomach which nourish worms, and these destructive parasites cannot exist after they come in contact with the medication with other refuse from the bowels. Soundness is imparted to the organs and the health of the child steadily improves.

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