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Notice Of Annual Meeting Of Shareholders

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of "THE PREMIER SILVER BLACK FOX COMPANY, LTD." will be held in the Hall at Centreville, Bedeque, Prince Edward Island, on Tuesday, the 6th day of December, 1927, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of receiving the Financial Statement, Directors Reports, for the election of Directors of the Company for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may properly be brought before the meeting.

Yours truly,
THOS. MOYSE,
Secy.-Treas.

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That beautiful brick residence No. 281 Kent Street, directly opposite Prince of Wales College. Large lot 200 x 90 ft. House in beautiful condition. Hot water heating, hardwood floors. One of the most desirable homes in the city. Will be sold private, up till Friday, December 2nd, noon, when it will be offered by public auction.

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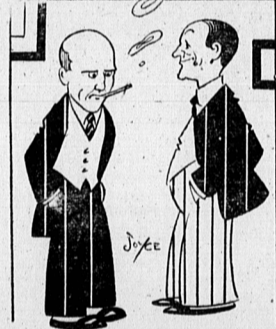
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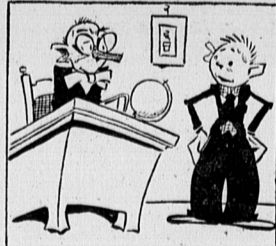
GABBY GERTIE
The man who makes his mark in the world often got his start on the wall paper.



HAD OUTSTRIPPED THEM ALL
"And there's one thing in which he has outstripped all her rivals!"
"Yes—in clothes."



BELIEVED IN MATRIMONY
"Do you believe in matrimony?"
"Yes; I believe in money gotten by marrying a rich girl as well as in any other kind."



NOT IN THE RIGHT MOOD
Teacher: Why can't you conjugate this verb, sir?
Pert Student: Don't think I'm in the right mood.



"Do you think Jack's cough is due to smoking cigarettes?"
"He never coughed up one to me."

SONIA
By
VIDA HURST

Sonia was annoyed. "It isn't often I'm accused of being too young," she answered. "It's usually the other way around."
"This is no place to discuss it, at any rate," he said, rather brusquely. "and I'll call for you at a quarter to 7 to-night."
Viewing his well-tailored shoulders as he turned away, Sonia was pleased with herself. She lifted her eyes to Violet. This rather effectively dispelled any suspicion connecting her with Franklin Crane. Besides, she would be glad to be busy that evening. The thought of an evening alone with Maxine or sleeping in the bathtub again seemed impossible with the vision of to-morrow dancing in her brain.
Toward noon Maxine drifted over to her.
"Walter Henderson make a date?" she whispered, under pretense of examining Sonia's books. "For to-night." Sonia answered. "Maxine seemed excited about it."
"Atta girl! If you can hook Walter D. Henderson you're going some—he wallows in money of his very own," she emphasized.
"Sonia, dancing in a silver gown with emeralds on her white hand—like a flash she remembered her dreams before coming to Chicago. Strange how cold they left her now. How useless they seemed in comparison with dancing to-morrow night with Franklin Crane!"
Maxine assisted at Sonia's toilette with expert hands.
"Wear the pink," she ordered. "Your line with Walter Henderson is the big-eyed unsophisticated," Sonia laughed.
"That's never my line, Maxine. I couldn't look unsophisticated if I wanted to, and anyway I don't want to. He can take me or leave me just as I am."
Nevertheless she wore the pink chiffon, but reluctantly. It had seemed so entirely Franklin Crane's gown.
"I have known Walter Henderson since I was 19; Maxine continued, anxiously. "And I know he likes 'em young and inexperienced."

Sonia powdered her thin shoulders with a huge puff. In the mirror she saw her reflection—sleek hair, narrow eyes, scarlet mouth, arm with the puff behind her head, a living model from the fashion magazines. She smiled, well pleased.
"I shall be just as I am," she decided.
She thought Walter Henderson's greeting of Maxine a little formal for one who had known her since she was 19. But he was all attention to Sonia. His smooth, well modulated voice carried force with it.
The most desirable table in the room, the most attentive waiter, the choicest food were obtained with the least possible effort. A lift of the eyebrow, a shade of displeasure in his pleasant voice wrought miracles. Sonia liked that. She liked the extra air of deference the waiter wore when serving them. It was pleasure to appear with a man so sure of himself and of the world. Lights and music reflected the gaiety of her mood.
"You seem like a different girl tonight," her host commented. "Much more gracious and amiable."
"Was I so very rude that night of Maxine's party?"
"Not rude. But rather haughty and unattainable. You interested me with your intensely grown-up airs. But I like this Sonia better."
She smiled back. "I am more at home now. At first I was so blatantly independent. I couldn't bear for any one to see how lonely I really was."
"You admit that you were lonely?"
"Oh, terribly; not for Muncie," she insisted, seeing him smile, "nor for any one in it, but because I hadn't quite adjusted myself to Chicago."
"And what's wrong with your home town?"
"Don't think I'm knocking it," she said quickly. "There was nothing wrong with the town. It was just me. I've never seemed to belong, somehow. My father and mother were poor, but that wasn't the reason. I always seemed different from the rest. Their ideas and convictions left me unswayed. I have my own ideas of conduct." "And I believe they are different from the average nice girls."
"You aren't trying to imply that you're not a nice girl, Sonia?"

"I'm not sure whether I am or not," she answered, frankly. "Every one in Muncie thought I was bad. Even the girls who liked me were shocked at me. And their mothers had a way of looking at me—ugh!"
His keen, intelligent face lighted with interest.
"Tell me about it, Sonia. What are those ideals of conduct you spoke of just now?"
"I don't think I could put them into words. It's more an indefinite feeling about things. That one should be a good sport and play the game, taking his losses," she smiled, "like a gentleman."
"Well, certainly there's nothing so wrong about that. That's the code of any sportsman."
"I know, but I also feel that every girl must live her own life, in her own way, following the lines that seem indicated in her particular case. And I neither understand nor care for all the 'blah' that is shouted about conventions and virtue."
"But, my dear," he reproved gently, "you feel that way because you are so—will you pardon my using your own word—blatantly young!"
Sonia's eyebrows lifted in disapproval.
"You know it is not until youth goes that we begin to appreciate it; but it's the gift of the gods, Sonia, and when you've run contrary to a few conventions and got bumped you will long for the inexperienced again."

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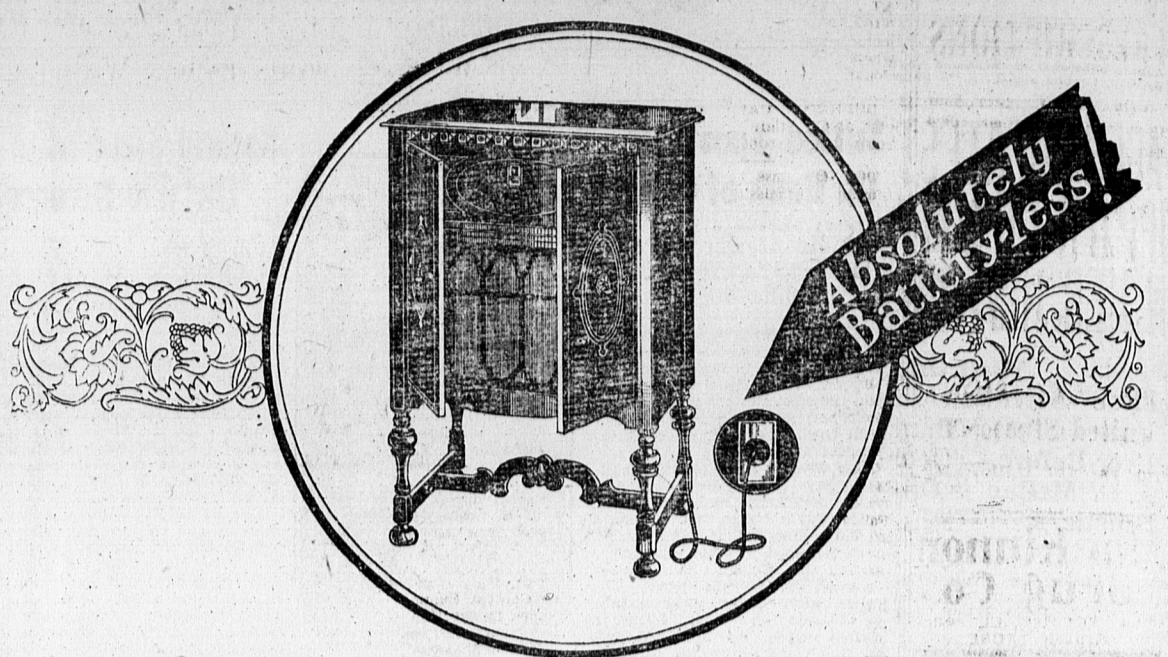
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Later when they had danced many times, he said to her, "Sonia, don't think me a disgusting old crab, but I don't like to see you live with a girl like Maxine."
"What's wrong with Maxine?" snapped Sonia.
"Don't be offended and don't think I'm criticizing her in any sense of the word. It's just that she isn't good for you, that's all."
"Too indefinite," shrugged Sonia.
Color was high on his cheeks now, making him strangely more human and less imposing. Their relationship while dancing lost its distinctness. Subtly transformed by the alchemy of Sonia's nearness he had become to her just another man. Unconsciously her voice had assumed its old arrogance. Insolence to the advancing male!
"Sonia," he answered, "I can't say any more. I haven't anything against Maxine, but can't you understand?"
"Understand what? Maxine has been wonderful to me. She is head of my department, and ten years older than I am. I see no reason why that should prohibit my living with her, particularly when the advantages are all on my side."
"Very well, I shan't say any more."
"If you knew," she said passionately, "how all my life I've longed for beauty and color. How I've loathed the unkindness of our poor little house, lived with scraps from my mother's dressmaking. How happy it makes me to wake up in the morning to harmony knowing that I am free to live my own life. Oh, can't you see?"
"I can, indeed," he replied. "You will proceed to burn your fingers and nothing in the world can stop you. Shall we dance again?"
He held her lightly, easily, smiling down into her face. But Sonia gave no answering smile. She was hurt and a little uneasy.
Why shouldn't she room with Maxine? And what did he mean, "they are my fingers?"
"At any rate," she said as they resumed their places at the table, "they are my fingers."
"They are," he agreed soberly. "And you are privileged to burn them as much as you like."
"There was a twinkle in his eyes. "I might even be prevailed upon to help you, Sonia."
But Sonia was angry.
"I think you are wrong about Maxine," she insisted. "And about a great many other things, too."
"All right, granted! You see I refuse to quarrel."

Something in his tone hurt. He had not spoken thus earlier in the evening. Something seemed missing in his treatment of her. Was this his respect? Sonia wondered. Perhaps her cavalier remarks had hurt his pride.
"I didn't intend to be cross," she said penitently. "I was going to be sweet to you this evening. Have you forgotten?"
"I couldn't forget." His voice was caressing now, but yet not the same. "I shall never forget the picture you made to-night when we came in. Your eyes flashed like jewels."
Sonia's face lighted. Here was the thing she had craved. Admiration, praise. She could never have enough of them.
But when he attempted to kiss her good-night at Maxine's door he averted her face.
"No!"
"You will not permit me to assist in the scorching of the little fingers?"
Her voice was edged with pain. "Don't joke about it!"
"I won't," Sonia, please kiss me, just once?"
"I can't, I'm sorry."
The image of Franklin Crane had flashed between them, like a flame, shaming her.
Sonia was awake early the morning of her engagement with Franklin Crane. She stretched her slender body luxuriously. It was glorious to know that she was tracing. But it was not more than 9 o'clock when she heard Maxine's voice, repeating her name. "Sonia Marsh? Yes, indeed—Sonia!" Look- had ever stirred her pulses but

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twelve hours away. She lay beside Maxine, tingling with excitement.
"Youth was the gift of the gods," Walter Henderson had said. She could believe that to-day. Not for all the emeralds in the world would she exchange hers. She was free—free! Captain of her own soul!
"Each man's fate is bound about his own neck." Where had she read that? But it wasn't true! She was tied by no laws of God or man. She would follow her fate as she desired, choosing according to temperament only the beautiful and exquisite adventures. Nothing low or cheap.
"You have too much pride to be vulgar," Don had said. She liked to hear men say things like that. It showed they had been thinking about her. But none of them really understood the real Sonia. Sometimes she didn't herself. Don had come nearest. She wondered about him now, whether he would come to Chicago. Not that it mattered greatly. Nothing mattered but Franklin Crane. All thoughts led back to him. Blue eyes, sweet, appealing mouth, like a young boy's. His charm intoxicated her.
She could have sung over her bookkeeping. Life was so engrossing. But it was not more than 9 o'clock when she heard Maxine's voice, repeating her name. "Sonia Marsh? Yes, indeed—Sonia!" Looking up she saw the smiling, half-joyful face of her father peering anxiously from the top of the stairs. She ran to him.
"Daddy!"
"My little girl!"
"When did you come? Where's mother?"
"Mother didn't come. But I couldn't wait any longer to see you." She had dragged him inside, from desk to desk.
"This is my father."
The girl greeted him with curiosity, but warmly. He was so evidently just what he was—a shabby, beaten little man whose one great joy was Sonia, here and wait until noon. Or rather go out and see her, a desire to protect him from the realities of a world that had

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