

Have Good Light Indoors and Out

YOU'VE solved your lighting problem for all time—indoors and out—the day you get your Coleman Quick-Lite Lamp and Lantern. When you have these modern light-makers you are sure of plenty of good light for any purpose anytime, anywhere.

The Quick-Lite Lamp is brighter than 20 old-style oil lamps. Its soft, pure white brilliance is easy on the eyes—ideal for family use—reading, sewing and for the children to study by. Fuel is motor gasoline. No wicks to trim; no chimney to clean; no daily filling. Price \$11.00.

The Quick-Lite Lantern is the handy, all-purpose light for outdoor chores, around barns, sheds, feed lots, granaries, garages, cellars, etc. Built on same principle as the lamp. Has nice chimney—rain-proof, wind-proof and insect-proof. Safe—can't spill fuel even if tipped over. Two popular models: 1427, with built-in pump, Price \$12.50; 1427, with separate pump, one dollar less. 1428 makes soft Coleman Lantern and lantern. If your dealer is not supplied, write us Dept. 1, G. L. 1111

Made in Canada by THE COLEMAN LAMP CO., Ltd. Queen St. East, Toronto, Ont.

Coleman
Gas Lamps and Lanterns

With more than 655,000 radio sets in use New York leads all the other states, Pennsylvania being second with more than 500,000 and Illinois third with about 485,000.

SMILES

FACE LIFTING PERMANENT

\$300 To \$2500

A hold-up used to consist of lifting the swag—now the "W" is left.

GIDDY GIRL

"She's such a giddy girl."
"She's that way from going round so much."

He: Mollie is a very good girl.
She: What at?

THE LID'S OFF

Fly: The nicest people live in this house—they always leave the lid off the sugar bowl.

DID IT WITH HIS LUNGS

Nervous Wife: My, John, how can you breathe that way!
Hubby (fat, wheezy and irritated): With my lungs, of course!

SONIA

By VIDA HURST

(Continued)

"Daddy, did you hear what I said? I want to go away from here and get a job. I could be a bookkeeper. I was head of my class."

"I can't let you go away from home, honey. You're too young." The face he turned to her was lined with years of his futile struggle to get ahead. "But if you want to find something to do here in Muncie—"

"Never! I'll die first. I won't stay in this town another month!"

White-faced they stared at each other.

"Sonia, what do you mean?"

"I mean I hate it. I hate the narrow-minded, suspicious people. I hate this house, the disorder, the dishwashing. I hate myself and the things I find myself doing."

"But, Sonia, you're not going away. I won't let you. You can't."

"I will," she cried passionately. "I'm going to Chicago, where I can live my own life. And I'll hate you if you try to stop me."

It was Sonia's mother who stopped the argument.

"That's enough from you, Sonia. Run and change your dress, so you can help with these dishes."

"But, mother, I want this settled right now—"

"There will be plenty of time to decide what you are going to do. You ought to be ashamed to talk to your father like that."

Sam Marsh tapped the ashes from his pipe nervously. His blue eyes looked beaten and washed with tears. A lump rose suddenly in Sonia's throat. She flung her arms about him.

"Daddy! Don't stand there and look so pathetic!"

"But, Sonia, you can't go to Chicago."

"Now there you go. Mother is right. We won't discuss it any more tonight."

She kissed him and ran upstairs. Late that night, when the dishes were finished, Sonia stood before the mirror of her cheap golden oak dresser. A cigarette dangled loosely from her lips. In her orange-striped pyjamas she was, she told herself, like the pictures in the fashion magazines. It was not for nothing that she studied her mother's magazines. Her most cherished possessions were a carved ivory cigarette holder, a magazine picture which she had been told at 16 resembled her, and a silk nightgown she had made herself. The gown was cream white, when all the other girls in town were wearing pink or orchid. Distinctive—that was Sonia!

Standing before the mirror, she admitted it, shamelessly. The other girls had beautiful homes, families with wealth and social position. Background! She had nothing but her charming clothes, and a haunting, heart-shaped face with gray-green eyes. Long ago she had determined to make the most of them. But there were certain things she did not quite understand.

"I wonder why Sidney's mother looked at me like that?" she pondered. "As if I were something not quite clean."

The memory of the thrill-laden moment before the door opened came to her. There had been possibilities in that kiss. It was like a flash of fire all through her.

"Then why didn't I want him to kiss me again? In the dark room he was a stranger, unknown, mysterious. But out on the steps he was just Joe Carter, the boy I've gone to school with all my life."

With which conclusion she finished her cigarette and jumped into bed.

Before Sonia was up the next morning she was in disgrace. The news of her escapade the night before had been related over at least twenty-five different breakfast tables. And Vera, her married sister, had dressed all three of her children and walked over to tell her parents about it.

By the time Vera arrived Sonia's father had gone to work. Her mother was sewing and Sonia was clearing the table. She realized the moment she saw her sister just why she had come.

"Come on in and spread the glad tidings," she said grimly.

"Well, I certainly will. Children run out in the yard while mother talks to grandma. The baby's asleep. I'll leave her in the buggy."

Mrs. Marsh looked up with an assent smile.

"What brings you over so early, Vera? Sonia, my pincushion!"

"Vera has come over to tell on me, mother."

"Well, Sonia, can you blame me? Imagine how I felt having Sarah Underwood—I detest her, anyway, come in before the dishes are done to repeat what Tom told her."

Mrs. Marsh put down her sewing.

"Girls, what are you talking about. What have you done, Sonia?"

"Let Vera tell you. I'll bet she knows more about it than I do."

"I know enough," declared her sister angrily. "I never was so ashamed in my life. Mother, Sonia was in the bedroom in the dark kissing Joe Carter when Sidney's mother opened the door."

"Sonia, is this true?"

"Yes, mother!"

"So that's the reason you came home early last night? And when I asked you, you didn't tell me."

Sonia said nothing. Her head was in the air. Mrs. Marsh sighed and took up her sewing again.

"I don't know what I'm going to do with you. You don't tell me anything. I know no more about you than if you were some one else's child."

There were tears in her eyes. Like a flash Sonia was at her side.

"Mother, darling! I'm sorry."

"Well, why would you do a thing like that? You know you shouldn't go into a bedroom with any boy."

"And in the dark, too," put in Vera.

(To Be Continued)

"AFTER MY AUTO ACCIDENT"

A New Record for Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

A resident of Toronto, Canada, writes:

"Last April I met with a serious automobile accident, breaking my left knee and tearing the tendons badly. Having lived a very active life before, when forced to lie still, constipation soon made its appearance. Drugs and medicines proved useless, and I could not obtain relief until I tried Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. The difference was noticeable almost at once, and from then on, during my entire convalescence, ALL-BRAN kept me in perfect condition. Though I am now over 60 years of age, my physician tells me that I have made the recovery of a 25-year-old man."

Many people who suffer from constipation during the enforced inactivity following illness, or while engaged in sedentary work and study, would find rapid and permanent relief in the regular use of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is guaranteed to conquer constipation. Eat not less than two tablespoonsful every morning, and that amount at every meal if the case is chronic. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is delicious with honey and milk or cream. Sold at all grocers.

Made in London, Canada.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

Sunday School Lesson

THE IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

Fourth Quarter: Lesson VIII Micah 1: 1-3; VII 1-13 November 20, 1927.

Golden Text: He hath showed thee O Manasseh is good, and whoso doth Jehovah rejoice in thee but to do justly, and love kindness and to walk humbly with thy God Micah VI: 8.

MICAH CHAMPIONS THE OPPRESSED. (The Story)

The Book of Micah rivets attention with the first word. It is that dread picture of a nation's assize. Jehovah quits his throne and palace in the sky. The material convulsions attending his footsteps in the high places of the earth are a figure of the moral convulsions which should be felt in the hearts of men by the approach of his majestic judgment. Jehovah makes the steadfast and immemorial mountains his witnesses against his people. His dealings through all time have been as unchangeable as the hills. But Israel has changed. Cruelty has taken possession of the ruling class. They spend their nights in planning how they may unlawfully acquire the adjoining fields and rob their neighbors of their patrimony. Jehovah on his part will devise their punishment. He will put the yoke of foreign servitude upon their necks, a yoke so heavy as to bend their pride. The evil times they have brought upon others will return upon themselves. There is infinite pathos in the way in which Jehovah is pictured as entering into his own defense before his people. He bids them come and testify against him to the mountains which have been the immemorial witnesses of his dealings. "O my people!" "O my people!" is the reiterated tender cry of the Judge who at the same time is the Father of his people.

Now comes the voice of the people, but it is the cry of a mere man.

judicial repentance. Shall burnt offerings be made, thousands of them and tens of thousands of rivers of oil? What will that amount to? What will any kind or degree of formal religion accomplish as long as deceit and injustice continue, scant measures, wicked balance and deceitful weights continue? What God requires is justice, kindness and humility.

The immortal courage of Micah challenges the admiration usually accorded to the warrior. Singly handed he defies the combined forces of princes, priests and prophets. His picture of the ruthless cruelty of the princes vies with any page of Dante's Inferno. God will hide his face from them as long as they have hid their faces from those whom they have made to suffer. The judges are bribed. The priests are hirelings. The prophets predict as they are paid to do.

All deceive themselves into believing that Zion can be built upon the blood of the innocent. The end of the chapter will be Zion plowed like a field, city and temple a heap of stones. With a steady fearless hand Micah writes "Ichabod" upon the wall of Jerusalem.

UNDER THE STUDY LAMP:

Two verses in Micah shine like jewels and make the prophet dear to the universal human heart forever. The first is that which, in terms clear and brief, sums up everyman's social and religious obligation. He must deal justly, love mercy and walk humbly before God. The other jewel-verse is the one in which the birthplace of the Messiah is expressly named, a prophecy so familiar to priests and scribes that they readily quoted it to Herod. Micah is the poor man's friend, the defender of women, the champion of children. Those who injure these must do so against his protest and his faithful warning of dread punishment. Immortal hope flamed up in the very depth of the prophet's gloom. Whether he understood his words referred to a literal restoration or whether he had a vision of that spiritual city whose walls are salvation and whose gates are praise who shall say? But comment-

ors agree that here is found the foregleam of the millennial kingdom in which the weapons of war shall be converted into the implements of peace. Micah is a poet of high order. Some one speaks of his plastic use of words and the numerical proportion of his lines. Isaiah and Micah are not mere contemporaries. Their messages chord in glorious harmony, the one announcing the fact of the Messiah's birth and the other the place of his birth. It has been said that Micah has the poetic beauty of Isaiah and the vigor of Hosea.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

November 20, 1927 Psalm CIII 1-13.

Motto: Lord God of Hosts! be with us yet! Let us forget! Let us forget!

—Kipling

BLESSINGS WE OFTEN FORGET

The patriarchs of olden time were accustomed to trace their benefits directly to God as their author. If their flocks multiplied it was God who had given the increase. If the rain descended and filled the pits which they had dug it was God who caused the rain. God made the grass to grow for cattle and herbs for the service of man. They were happily ignorant of the reign of law, of social causes and orders of events. They cried "It is God who has done it! Bless His Name!" Their thanks went as directly to Him as the arrow to the target. And the patriarchs were right. Natural law is only God's way of doing things. Is law unchangeable? It should be since God himself is without the shadow of turning. The times need revival of the patriarchal habit.

DAILY READING:

Monday—Health Isa 38: 1-8.
Tuesday—Sabbath 2 Tim 1: 7.
Wednesday—Prosperity, Deut. 8: 11-20.
Thursday—Home, Luke 9: 57-8.
Friday—Peace, Isa. 48: 18.
Saturday—Hope, 1 Pet. 1: 1-5.

TO THINK ABOUT:

What is the biggest blessing in your life?
How may we show our gratitude to God?
What comes of forgetting to be grateful?

EVEREADY Layerbilt

Cheaper "B" Power

Here is a new development in Radio "B" Batteries. It marks an entirely new conception in radio "B" battery long life and economy. A "B" Battery, unlike any other you have ever used, Layer-bilt packs more active materials in a given area, and makes those materials produce more electricity than is possible in "B" Batteries of any other construction. Only Eveready makes the Layerbilt. Your radio dealer sells it. Use it for economy.

Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver

Owning and operating Radio Station CKNC (157 metres), Toronto, on the air every Monday and Thursday evening at 9 p.m.

EVEREADY Radio Batteries

they last longer

RADIO IS BETTER WITH BATTERY POWER

Children's Aid Society ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the Children's Aid Society of Charlottetown, including Queen's and King's Counties, and of all persons interested in the welfare of children, will be held in the City Council Chamber on the evening of Monday, the 21st November, inst., at 8 o'clock.

By Order, W. J. P. McMillan, President.

Charlottetown, S. F. FARUSH, 9th November 1927. 216-11-9-wfm6.

READ WHAT THE HEAD OFFICE IN TORONTO WRITES

Oct. 26th Inst. Mr. S. F. Farbush, Charlottetown.

Dear Sir:—Your record so far is a good one and we are quite frank in saying that we have fewer alterations on garments sold by you than from any of the other Agents in the East."

Just think, out of 325 pieces measured for professional men, only sixteen alterations required. Hundreds of orders delivered also to private customers. Your order next to S. F. FARUSH, Special Representative, 172 Prince Street, Charlottetown.

AUCTION SALE

There will be sold at Public Auction on Saturday the 19th November at 1.30 p. m. on the premises, corner of Upper Queen and Bayfield Streets all the household furniture of the late Alexander Stewart including Parlor, Dining Room, Bedroom and Kitchen furniture also a quantity of clothing and numerous small articles in and about the dwelling house and premises. For particulars apply to McLean & McKinzon, BENJAMIN CARTER, Auctioneer. 413-11-16-41.

Poultry

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

SWIFT CANADIAN CO.

NORWEGIAN AMERICA LINE

Xmas Excursion to NORWAY

The Palatial Steamer STAVANGERFJORD 18000 tons Displ.

Sailing from HALIFAX, N. S. Direct to Bergen, Kristiansand, Stavanger & OSLO, carrying Cabin and Third Class Passengers.

Through bookings may be made to Sweden, Denmark, Finland and Germany.

For rates and further information apply to T. A. S. DEWOLF & SON Agents, HALIFAX, N. S.

Ladies! Secret to Darken Gray Hair

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea, with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use preparation improved by the addition of other ingredients a large bottle for only 75 cents, at drug stores, known as "Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," thus avoiding a lot of fuss. While gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared. After another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant and you appear years younger.

Lightning is said to strike trees with rough, furrowed bark more frequently than those with smooth bark.

Mirand's Liniment for burns.

TO WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Mrs. Wilson's Experience a Guide to Women Passing through the Change of Life

Hamilton, Ontario.—"I have taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I cannot speak too highly of it as I was at the Change of Life and was all run-down and had no appetite. I was very weak and sick, and the pains in my back were so bad I could hardly move. I got very sad at times and thought I had a friend on earth. I did not care if I lived or died. I was very nervous, too, and did not go out very much. A friend advised me to try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, so I did. I am a farmer's wife, and always worked hard until lately, and was in bed for two months. I began to feel like a new woman after the first bottle and I recommend it with great success, also Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills. I am willing to answer letters from women asking about your medicines, as I cannot speak too highly of them."—Mrs. EMMA WILSON, 471 Wilson Street, Hamilton, Ontario.

Sold by druggists everywhere.

FOR SALE

80 standard fox shipping crates, 25 large standard shipping crates for ocean shipment.—W. J. Scott, R. R. No. 3, Marshfield, P. E. I. 217-11-9-81

Automatic \$775

Changes its own Records

Plays twelve records without attention.—Runs itself for a whole hour. No operating effort on your part.—Just listen.

WHEN you turn on the current, the turntable starts to revolve; a mechanical "hand" takes the first record from the group of twelve and places it on the turntable; the tone-arm moves into position; the sound-box is lowered and the music begins. At the end of the selection, the mechanical "hand" removes the record from the turntable, slides it gently into a felt-lined concealed drawer, and "picks off" the next record from the magazine arm. These operations are repeated until the last record is played, then the mechanism stops automatically.

So magnificent an instrument demands an exterior of exceptional beauty. Victor craftsmen have designed a distinguished cabinet for the Automatic Orthophonic Victrola, in which every luxurious touch that ingenuity can devise has been incorporated. The price of the automatic instrument is \$775. Other models of the Orthophonic Victrola Instruments are obtainable at prices ranging from \$79.00 down to \$115.

Obtainable on convenient terms from "His Master's Voice" Dealers. Demonstrations now going on. If your dealer hasn't one he will order it for you.

the new **Automatic Orthophonic Victrola**

Orthophonic—only if it bears the dog Trademark

Victor Talking Machine Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal