

Delecto Chocolates

His Calling Card

Ganong's

FREDERICTON SCHOOL

Following is a report of the standing of Fredericton School for November:

- Grade X—Catherine Stevenson. Grade IX—Ruby Stevenson. Grade VIII—1. Wesley Murray, 2. Hannah Hickox 3. Miller Stevenson. Grade VI—1. Edith Cutcliffe, 2. Mary Ross, 3. Beatrice Stewart. Grade V—1. Roland Hickox, 2. John Hickox. Grade IV—1. Helen Stevenson, 2. Wilnot Sellar, 3. Lewis Hickox. Grade III—1. Milton Cutcliffe, 2. Waldo Sellar, 3. William Hill. Grade 1 Sr.—1. Adema Cutcliffe 2. Everet Ross 3. Euphemia Ross 4. Lester Ross. Grade 1 Jr.—1. Ivan Hill. The following have made over 80% in their examinations. 1. Helen Stevenson, 2. Edith Cutcliffe 3. Ruby Stevenson and Milton Cutcliffe (equal) 4. Catherine Stevenson. Wilfred Nicholson Teacher.

UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA

A great deal of interest will be focused upon the report of the activities of the year ending Dec. 31st, 1928, for it has been a year of wonderful activity and progress. Some idea of what may be expected can be gathered from the fact that in the 21 months ending Dec. 31st, 1927, the membership increased 37,228—Families 26,162. Sunday School scholars 40,088. 375 fields were removed from the Home Mission list due to becoming self-supporting, by amalgamation or otherwise. 285 Home Mission Stations have been added to the list with 900 preaching places which were not reached by and church prior to Union. Very encouraging is the fact that nearly 100 young men are preparing for one ministry in the Maritime Conference alone, 16 of these being under the care of the Pictou Presbytery. The United Church is making a wonderful appeal to youth.

AUCTION SALE

CLEARING AUCTION SALE WED. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19TH, AT "ST. JULIAN FARM" WHEATLEY RIVER, P. E. I.

I have been authorized by Major D. A. Macdonald to sell on his farm one mile from Wheatley River the following: STOCK—12 head of cattle, one newly freshened; 4 horses; 14 pigs, oats, mixed grain and hay. Household furniture: 1 piano, parlour suite, 1 heavy wilton rug, never used, 1 conglom square, a quantity of oilcloth, 6 big chairs, 3 sofas, one new, 2 sideboards, 2 dining-room tables, 12 dining-room chairs, 2 hall chairs and table, 1 hall rack, 1 kitchen range, 2 small stoves, 1 oil stove, 2 kitchen tables, 6 kitchen chairs, 12 other odd chairs, 6 beds, 6 bureaus, three new, 6 commodes, 3 washstands, 1 wardrobe, 6 toilet sets, and other odd pieces, pillows, mattresses and springs, hundreds of pictures, clocks, hundred of preserve bottles, 21 one gallon glass jars, 1 wringer, 1 glass wash board, 2 wash tubs, 1 boiler, 1 spinning wheel, 1 milk can, 100 lbs., 3 china tea sets, 1 colored glass set, pots, tea kettles, pans of all kinds, buckets, crockery jars of all kinds, 1 smoothing iron set, many small rugs, stair carpeting and pads, lamps, oil lamps, 2 lawn chairs, 1 chair swing, 1 hammock, 2 sets of snow shoes, hand sprayer, 1 step ladder, 2 kodak cameras and leather cases, 1 clothes horse, 1 churn. Sale starts at 12.30 sharp, 12 months credit.

ALEXANDER McRAE, Auctioneer, 9797-12-17-21

HIDES

Bring or ship us your hides, calfskins, lamb and sheep pelts, and receive top market value.

Boneless Horsemeat

We can supply boneless horsemeat in carload lots or less. Write or phone us for price.

ISLAND COLD STORAGE CO., LTD.



Idle ISLAND By ETHEL HUESTON

No hope of resuscitation for that unfortunate. Already it was set in the rigidity of death. And over the temple gaped a great dark bullet-wound, where the stiff hair, dripping salt water, clung thickly in the blood that had drenched it, the edges washed flabby-white. Gay turned away from it, instinctively recoiling, her natural thought to run quickly far from the terrible sight. But as she turned her eyes fell on the hand that lay flung out on the sand, a long fine hand, a hand that even in death suggested the emotions of life, desire, tenderness, passion, that had tingled in its fingertips. Gay's eyes hung to it, spellbound, and then, slowly, swept to the face again. It was a tired face, worn, all set into grim hard lines; had probably been a handsome face in life, the head finely shaped, the forehead high, the chin slender and clear-cut. The lips had been delicate and fine before that last grim anxiety had locked them into this hard cast. Gay shuddered, buried her face in her hands. Then she stood up, suddenly determined, and called for help again and again, her clear high voice ringing and reverberating among the rocks that bound the cove. It was seldom that strollers came through the woods so far, and the cottages were far removed. There was no answer, although she continued to call even when she had ceased to expect response. And so at last, bravely, she took responsibility to herself, set her lips hard and bent down to draw the body higher on the sand, beyond reach of the tide at its highest point. She lifted the outthrown hand and laid it gently back upon the breathless breast, and spread her wispy handkerchief, pitifully, over the pale set face. Then, in a fresh accession of horror, she ran wildly upon the rocks of the cliff, clamouring over them, struggling feverishly in her haste, and her terror was magnified by her flight, so that she sobbed aloud, fell often in her foolish frenzy and cut herself, but did not feel the pain. Out of the rocks, disheveled, soiled, her pale face streaked with tears, she stopped to recompense herself, adjusted her blouse and belt, and tried to wipe the telltale marks of fear from her face. In a semblance of order at last, she ran through the woods, and down the lane to the Captain's house.

The Captain, shocked by her white and frightened face even more than by the incoherent tale she told, extricated himself from the fold of dog and cats with nervous impatience, and brushed against two granddaughters in his haste to get Gay into a chair before she fainted. "You're all fired out, Gay," he said gently. "You work too hard. You see a hallucination, that's all. It here some good hot tea, I'll go right down there and—"

"I'll go back with you and show you," Gay proffered quickly. "No, no, miss, tea's what you need, quiet's what you need. Lida give her some more tea—I'll take the boys with me. We'll have to work it up over those rocks some way."

"He hurried away, an eager, brave, frail little figure. Naturally, the Captain did not go direct to the cove. He went first to the Pier grocery store to recount the gruesome tale. Then he stopped by the way to pick up the Budlong boys, two drivers from the taxi stand, Mr. Allenby, the weather man, and Lumley Lane. With these reinforcements, and followed by a troop of a dozen or more small boys shouting directions and calling inquiries, with two or three of the harder native women trudging along at a respectful distance in the rear, they at last began the hard descent over the rocky cliffs and ledges that bordered the cove.

Helping one another as best they could, scrambling each man to keep pace with the man ahead, all alike anxious for the first frightful, horrid view, they stumbled over the rocks, grunting, swearing softly in the nasal New England drawl, and reached the cove at last, leaning forward, staring about them. Then they stood erect, with sheepish grins, and looked the length and breadth of the cove. There were many footprints in the sand, there were scattered logs, bits of driftwood, the wreck of an old boat, there were shells and seaweed and fallen trees. But there was no drenched seawashed body on the sand, no trace of red blood on the clean yellow, no sign of human driftwood from the sea.

Satisfied at last that their eyes did not deceive them, that in very truth there was no body in the cove, the men of the searching party drew together, looked from one to another with sheepish depressing grins. "By gar, she done us," roared Lumley Lane with his great guffaw. "The little New Yorker done us right."

Led by the Captain, they tried the doors of the boathouse, of the little club itself, but all were locked secure and silent. They called a few times, loud halloos, but received no answer. "Was she flim-flamin', Gamp?" asked one of the Budlong boys. "No," said the Captain, with his usual soft decisiveness. "She was write, her face all streaked and white, tremblin' all over. She didn't aim to flim-flam nobody. She thought she saw something, that's all."

They returned the way they had come, and although the men hung hoping for a glimpse of the erratic New Yorker who had sent them on their hard chase for the wild goose, the Captain, considerably, left them without and closed the door behind him. The Captain looked compassionately at Gay. "There wa'n't nobody drowned," he said gently. "There wa'n't nobody shot. There wa'n't nothing but sticks and stones in the cove."

Gay leaped to her feet giddily, and the women fell back, respectfully, to give her room. "There—wasn't it?" she gasped. "But there was! He had dark hair, and long fine hands—oh, nonsense—I can see him this moment as plainly as my handkerchief. I spread it over his poor face. Did you bring my handkerchief?"

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Leper Patient Now Cured

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 14.—John Early, the leper whose love for his native mountains of North Carolina gave health authorities much trouble and newspaperers much copy, is going home again.

But this time he goes, not as a fugitive from a leper's asylum, but with the benediction of the authorities. The United States public health service has announced that Early has "recovered" and will be released soon from the national leper home in Carville, La.

And remembering the time when the burial service was read in English churches over leper after the dread malady was discovered, those at the leper home still suffering from the disease will send Early out with ceremonies symbolic of the joy of men once doomed who have in prospect a reprieve that seems lasting.

The public health service terms Early's case "another triumph in modern medicine." Although he bears on his face and body scars of the disease, he is believed to be well. Periodic tests will be made but there seems scant danger of a relapse. The health service reports that since 1921 only one leper discharged from the Carville institution as cured has offered a recurrence of the disease. The last 18 months, 24 patients have been discharged from the leper home as men sound and whole again.

Although Early's frequent escapes from institutions where he was confined caused vexation at the time, health authorities seem inclined to think that his absences without leave were for the best. They credit him with creating sentiment that aided in passing the law placing lepers under the care of the public health service and also credit him with helping keep the country aware of the fact that it had a leprosy problem.

The treatment of leprosy is tedious, the health service said, and the injection of chaulmoogra oil, used in treating the malady, at one time caused excruciating pain. That might have had something to do with the mountaineer's flights from the leper institutions.

He made an unauthorized appearance in Washington in 1923 and registered at a downtown hotel, but he caused his greatest stir in 1927 when he fled back to his old home near Tryon, North Carolina, and procured a rifle as insurance against more confinement. Residents of the section petitioned the surgeon general to suspend the federal law governing the segregation of lepers and to let the man spend his days in self-imposed isolation in a section of the North Carolina hills. The petition, habeas corpus proceedings and Early's rifle did not keep him from going back to Carville.

Treatment was resumed again but it was not as painful as it had been. Health service physicians had devised a way of mixing an anaesthetic with each dose of chaulmoogra oil. Early stayed and the health service in its announcement said he "now has his reward."

THE WALTONS' CHRISTMAS Part I—Betty Writes a Letter

It was a gray December morning, and the ground was covered with the snow which had fallen the night before. The village of Deerfield was putting on its wraps for Christmas—three days distant.

turbed by the moving of a chair in the next room, and she called: "What are you doing, Betty?" "I've just finished a letter to Santa Claus!" cried the child, rushing into the room and holding up the letter for her mother to see. (To be continued)

What have you been doing, Betty?

In one of the small houses of the village, a little girl—not quite eight years of age—sat at the dining-room table. Before her was an ink bottle, and in her hand was a pen. With a blot here, and a blot there, she was writing a letter.

"Oh, but I hope Santa Claus will get this," she murmured. "Last Christmas he almost forgot us, but I didn't write to him then to tell what I wanted."

In the next room—not aware of the letter her daughter was writing—sat Mrs. Walton. She was thinking, and her thoughts were sad. They had traveled back to a time two years before when the family had been complete; but now—alone! the husband and father was gone—called away by the grim reaper known as Death.

Mrs. Walton had faced life as bravely as she might. With her son, Jerry, now 11 years of age—and her little Betty, she felt that she had reason to make the best of things. Her husband had left a small income from insurance, and the home, she was able to meet the chief costs of living—food, clothes, and shelter. It was the extra things—fuel for the winter, the expense of doctor and dentist—which caused her trouble from time to time; and Christmas was "an extra."

The mother's thoughts were disturbed by the moving of a chair in the next room, and she called: "What are you doing, Betty?" "I've just finished a letter to Santa Claus!" cried the child, rushing into the room and holding up the letter for her mother to see. (To be continued)

BREAKS BOTH LEGS BUT PARTIALLY REGAINS SIGHT

YARMOUTH, N. S., Dec. 14.—Fate was not entirely unkind to David Amiraault, who suffered when struck by an automobile. In addition to being deaf he was totally blind but the shock restored his sight to a large extent. The compensation did not include improved hearing.

Experiments at Detroit have shown that water in swimming pools, or in hot or cold pools, can be sterilized by the germicidal rays of ultraviolet electric lamps.



WHAT A GIFT THIS WOULD MAKE!

HUNDREDS of husbands and fathers are giving their loved ones a royal gift this Christmas—a Heintzman Piano! Memories of Christmas will indeed last for years to come. A Heintzman is the ideal gift choice at this happy time—and it is easily within your means. A small down payment delivers the piano you desire to your home. Then you will see happy, appreciative smiles—for mother and daughter and son know what a Heintzman represents. They know it as the piano that concert artists choose... they see it in the homes of their friends... they know it is the finest piano you could buy.

Visit our Music Salon today or tomorrow. Make your choice. Delivery when you desire. Ye Olde Firme MILLER BROS., LTD. 145 Great George Street Charlottetown, P. E. I.

UNCLE RAY'S CORNER

For the month of November:—Grade X—1. James Sharkey 2. Mary Sharkey. Grade VI—1. Marguerite Sharkey, 2. Cletus Sharkey, 3. Alice Moore and Cosmas Sigsworth, (equal). Grade II—1. Stella Sharkey, 2. Patrick Sharkey, 3. Gerald Sharkey, 4. Ramon and Irene MacPhee (equal). Perfect attendance:—James Sharkey, Mary Sharkey, Marguerite Sharkey, Patrick Sharkey, Gerald Sharkey.

Why Not Desks

A Desk would make a most acceptable, pleasing, useful and practical gift. We have: SPINET DESKS, SECRETARY DESKS, and COMBINATION DESK AND BOOKCASE Here at \$18.50 to \$75.00

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You will find our showing of SOFA CUSHIONS, TABLE RUNNERS, WALL TAPESTRYS replete with many gift suggestions, ranging from \$1.95 to \$15.00

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LIVE HOGS

We are taking live hogs daily, excepting Saturday, paying highest market prices.

POULTRY

We will be buying live and dressed fowl and chickens for the balance of the season at highest market prices.

SWIFT CANADIAN CO., LTD.

CRUISE THIS WINTER

by the Duchess of Bedford. For as little as \$300 you can this winter spend a month cruising the Spanish Main! Or for only \$200 you can enjoy the shorter West Indies Christmas voyage. The regal new Duchess of Bedford (20,000 gross registered tonnage) will be your ship. Three cruises from New York: Dec. 22, 16 days; Jan. 10, 29 days; Feb. 11, 29 days. Full information from your local agent, or G. BRUCE BURPEE District Passenger Agent 40 King Street, Saint John, N. B.

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