

Delecto Chocolates

His Calling Card

Ganong's

WHAT

Continued from page 4 Always Raining Somewhere

Says Mr. Dashiell: "When we compare the great potential of a lightning flash, many millions of volts and the heavy flow of current for the moment we can realize that the power used by the average first-class radio station is only a very small fraction of that given off by nature in a single discharge of lightning. It is no wonder then that static is nearly always present to some degree in a sensitive radio receiving set. It has been established that thunder storms are always in progress at some place on the earth and that more than a thousand flashes of lightning occur every minute. The distance that these static waves from lightning will carry is unknown, but is believed to be many hundreds of miles." Dust storms are also very productive of static for the immense quantities of dust particles create intense ionization and electrification. Such storms highly charge all metal objects in the vicinity. This explanation, we trust, will help develop a greater spirit of toleration toward static.

DEATH OF DOUGLAS HAIG MILLAR (Newcastle Advocate)

Another home in Douglastown is saddened; another father and mother are grief stricken and another little mound appears in St. Mark's cemetery. This time the angel of death visited the home of Rev. George and Mrs. Millar and removed from them the joy of their household in the person of their little son, Douglas. He was a bright little fellow only 11 years old, but bearing his long illness with a patience and strength of character, bespeaking his resignation to the divine will and knowing that he was only passing out to the bosom of his Heavenly Father there to await his beloved parents.

Douglas Haig Millar was ill for a long time, suffering from some disease of the cranium. His parents did everything humanly possible to keep their beloved with them, procuring the best possible medical treatment in Montreal, but without avail. He was beyond medical science and his death came peacefully at noon on Saturday.

His funeral service was held at his home Monday afternoon at half past three. Rev. George A. Christie of Chatham officiated, assisted by Rev. A. W. Robertson of Loggieville, and Rev. H. K. Grimmer of Newcastle. Rev. George Anderson and St. Mark's Choir under the leadership of Mrs. King.

At the conclusion of the services the casket containing the remains was borne to the grave by the Tuxis Boys of St. Mark's Church followed by a long line of his playmates and friends. The following Tuxis Boys in relays acted as pallbearers: Earl Simpson, Elliot Cowie, Allison Wood, Graham Creighton, Leslie Anderson, James Leslie, Joseph Cowie, James Williston, Marvin Grey, Fred Russell, Charles Walsh, Richard Howe and Robert Williston.

Arriving at the graveside, Rev. Wm. Girwood of Redbank, assisted by Rev. L. H. McLean of Newcastle, read the last services.

There were many floral tributes of regret received by his parents. Douglas was a great favorite among the old and young and his youthful playmates will long remember the gap in their circle made by his passing.

The Advocate extends its sincerest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Millar for their irreparable loss.

BETHLEHEM OF TODAY

(By Claire Price)

Christmas this year marks the eleventh anniversary of the British capture of Bethlehem from the Turks. Before the war, during the Old Christmas Eve festivals at Bethlehem, the campfires of 5,000 Russians sparkled by night on the slopes of the Kharrubeh and upon its summit the fortress wall of the oldest church in Christendom stood darkly silhouetted against the stars. But a new government has risen in Old Russia and the pilgrim ships from Odessa to Jaffa have stopped sailing. In the pleasant old days their decksloads of Russian peasants constituted a principal means of support for the townsmen of such places as Bethlehem but the old days have vanished, probably for ever.

Armies have fought across the rocky hillsides of Palestine since the Russians kept their last Christmas festival at Bethlehem before the war. Possibly you know what shrapnel does to a rocky hillside, possibly you can imagine what a dreadful business the fighting in Palestine was. Yet throughout its long course both the Turkish and the British commands scrupulously avoided the religious sites with which the little country is stippled. The ancient rock-hewn cistern at Bethlehem, known as David's well and the small domed Moslem burying place known as Rachel's Tomb, stand in 1927 exactly as they stood when the last of the tourists fingered the last of the Baedekers before them in 1913. The fortress walls of the oldest church in Christendom stand atop the slopes of Kharrubeh at the eastern end of Bethlehem as stark and whitish-grey in 1927 as it stood when the last of the Russians kindled their campfires beneath it in 1923, the sound of clashing arms without comes dim with distance into the gold and jewelled silence inside the Church of Holy Nativity.

It is upon the town of Bethlehem that the fighting has left its scars and among the townsmen that the stresses and strains of these last five years have done their work. You may still see, if you look sharply, a single line of old Turkish trenches zig-zagging like a grey hair across the far side of the Rahib Valley to the south of the town. You may dine in one or two weirdly new restaurants in the town whose owners are Natives and whose cooking is degraded British, consisting in the main of tea, hard-boiled eggs and Western bread. You will see none of the street dogs that scavenged the town in the old days. You will see a few of the 250 war orphans which a native charity commission is caring for, some of them lodged with the Sisters of St. Joseph, a French order; some with the Sisters of the Rosary, a native order, and the rest farmed out in dwellings about the town.

You will find a new drainage system on the Rahib Valley side of the town (the south side), and on the Kharrubeh Valley side (the north side) you will find that the old Turkish system has been dug up and modernized. Also you will find, if you look into the matter, that the town's building regulations forbid the introduction of red tiled roofs, modern windows, or any other Western gewgaws which might mar the white subalpine harmony of the place.

You may pay one Egyptian pound to your carriage driver to fetch you down from Jerusalem in 1927, where in 1913, half as much in Turkish piastres would have sufficed. When you reach it, you will find that modern Bethlehem is a blanket of sharp staccato white atop the greyish-brown of an elongated hill. Jerusalem lies five miles to the north of it. Hebron lies fifteen miles to the south of it. The Dead Sea lies twelve miles to the east of it, at the bottom of a tremendous wilderness of rocky ravines and ravens. Bethlehem lies on the very roof of Palestine, half a mile above the trucks of the ships at Jaffa. It is a Christian town, the most Christian town in the south of Palestine. Its population consists of 7,000 Christians and a remnant of Moslems whose number hardly exceeds 500.

In a quarrel over a new tax levy, its Moslems were driven out in 1831 and Ibrahim Pasha wiped out the Moslem quarter in 1834, since which time Bethlehem, like Nazareth in the north of Palestine, has been a purely Christian town. Despite the fact that it is Sacred to Moslems, Christians and Jews alike as the birthplace of David, its Christians have refused to tolerate Jews and Moslems have been permitted to live in it on sufferance. For centuries in the old days the Christians of Bethlehem quarreled with the Moslems of Hebron with the Bedouin.

Being Christians, the townsmen of Bethlehem have developed a perfect genius for thrift. They grow barley, olives, figs and grapes; before the wines of Richon le Zion became popular in Palestine, the wines of Bethlehem were widely known. They are breeders of live stock, mechanics, carpenters, masons and weavers. When Solomon built his Temple at Jerusalem it was the people of Bethlehem who wove his curtains of purple and fine linen. They still do much of Jerusalem's work, for the millions of money which used to pour into the city annually to keep candles burning have habituated most of its population to a life of idleness. You may see the men and women of Bethlehem tramping up to Jerusalem even to-day to begin their day's work early in the morning, and you may see them tramping stolidly out of

Jerusalem in the evenings for their five-mile walk home, with the cold rain scudding up from behind the Mount of Olives.

Hundreds of them have gone even further from home than Jerusalem. In the old days many used to consign themselves from Jaffa to a Marseilles steamer agent with no notion of their ultimate destinations. You could find them peddling lace anywhere from Haiti to the Argentine. Having emigrated as peasants in fezzes and skirts, they began with an arm basket and fivepenny credit, out of which they created bank accounts and fine stores; and after absences of some ten years' duration they returned to Bethlehem in hats and trousers and their old neighbours who came in fezzes and skirts to borrow money from them addressed them as "refendi." The very name of the town indicates its reputation. Its native name, Beit Lahm, is good Arabic for "house of breads."

But their principal occupation used to be the manufacture of souvents and articles of religious interest out of Olive wool and Red Sea mother of pearl. In the old days every other house in the town lived on Russian pilgrims and tourists. Fifty different sorts of rosaries, made of fifty different sorts of vegetables and mineral beads, were made at Bethlehem.

Mother-of-pearl, was imported in the raw shell by caravans from the Hejaz, and the men of Bethlehem, seated cross-legged on their stone floors before low wooden benches, with mother-of-pearl dust, carved it by hand with meticulous nicety, made possible only by Palestinian patience, into exquisite bas-reliefs of such biblical subjects as the Birth, the Agony, the Last Supper and the Crucifixion. The largest and finest of their pieces required from six months to a year for completion and commanded prices which, after an hour's coffee and cigarettes, might have been bargained down to \$200. The smaller pieces were done into curls, crosses and crucifixes. For 500 years Bethlehem and mother-of-pearl have been synonyms.

On the surface, the broad warmth of the white glare and the poppy colours of Bethlehem are much the same today as they were in the old days. You may see them at their best in the market place which lies between the white stone Government building and the fortress wall of the Church of Holy Nativity, where the unveiled women of Bethlehem are busy at their morning's marketing. Their embroidered waists and their tall peaked head-dresses of white and green—the same head-dress that the returning Crusaders brought back to their ladies of the Middle Ages—make the women of Bethlehem recognizable anywhere in Palestine.

Little groups squat on the flagstone pavements of the market place with their skins of sour milk, their sheets of bread and their panniers of fat lambs' tails beside them. Goats and fat-tailed sheep, herded together by Bedouin shepherds, lie along the edges of the spacious scene. In the shade cast by the lofty wall of the church, camels lie chewing the cud, their legs folded beneath them like the blades of a jack-knife, their bells breaking in to a heavy tinkle as they gulp. Bedouin women with tattooed faces are noisily about on naked feet, holding their handkerchiefs to their mouths. Donkeys and milch goats patter through the crowd. A Bedouin sheik with a walking stick digs his fingers thoughtfully into the bunches of sheep and passes on with the flap of slippers. An effendi in European dress, with an umbrella in one hand and a chaplet of beads in the other, passes with bearded orthodox papa.

On the surface the Bethlehem scene today possesses much in common with the old days, but beneath the surface of the stresses and strains of these last ten years have made themselves felt even in the Christian communities which worship within the stark walls of the old church on the market place. Of the 7,000 Christians in the town, 3,000 belong to the Orthodox community, about an equal number to the Roman Catholic community and the rest to the Armenian community. No community in Palestine has been so hard hit by the events of the last ten years as the Orthodox community. Its income from Russian pilgrims in the old days has stopped. Its revenue from its landed endowments in Old Russia, landed them now within the frontiers of Rumania, has been cut off. Forced to sell some of its landed holdings in Palestine to meet its expenses, it has been embarrassed from another quarter by the nationalist disruption which has split so many Orthodox sees since the war.

The Roman Catholic festival of Christmas has been observed for centuries at Bethlehem on the eve of December 25, the Orthodox Nativity Day on January 7, and the Armenian Baptism Day on January 19.

Of the splendour of the chapels within it, the stark exterior of the Church of the Holy Nativity gives no hint. Its fortress wall is severe and mediæval military. It is an instant reminder of the Crusaders' tales. It was built to stand sieges and its single doorway is so small

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PARENTS MAKE GIRL BIGAMIST Efforts of Government officials in India to stop bigamous marriages entered a new phase of the campaign recently when they prosecuted the parents of a girl who had given her in marriage to a man when she is already living with her husband. The first husband, Nandalath, was residing with the girl wife, Salmadowera, at Watgum, when her parents gave her in marriage to the one Bansal. Nandalath then complained and the magistrate at Alipore sentenced all the guilty Armenians, which have burned parties to imprisonment at hard labor, the father to four months, the new husband to two months and the mother and daughter to one month. In addition fines were imposed on each.

Season's Greetings To our loyal friends who have had so large a part in the upbuilding of our business, as well as to those we hope to serve in the future, we extend our sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

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