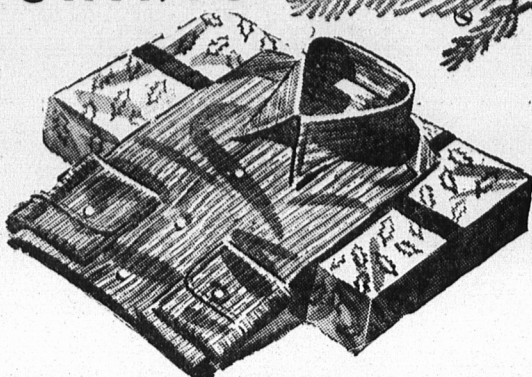


He'll Appreciate The Gift Of SHIRTS



MAKE HIS CHRISTMAS ENJOYABLE

If you really want to make a hit with him, give him shirts for Christmas. No man ever has enough or too many shirts. You'll find a tremendous stock on hand here, and you're sure to find exactly what both of you have in mind. We have English broadcloths in dozens and dozens of different colors, stripes, figures and patterns.

\$1.65 to \$3.50

Open Thursday Evening and each following evening until Christmas.

MOORE & McLEOD Limited THE MEN'S STORE

To our Patrons in particular and To the Public as a whole

It is with feelings of thanks and satisfaction that we announce the closing of the initial season's operation of the P. E. I.-N. S. Ferry Service via Wood Islands and Caribou.

Prior to the opening of the route some persons expressed doubt that there would be a demand for such service and the result of the seasons work which was the transportation of well over 2,000 passengers and 7,000 autos and trucks is sufficient answer to those and at the same time justifies the continued effort of those who saw the possibilities the route made available.

This work was done in spite of many handicaps among which we would mention the loss of the full month of May during which time the PRINCE NOVA was en route from Lake Erie and being fitted for the service; also the loss of eight full days in September while new tail shaft bearings were being installed, which replacement was made necessary by the continual grinding when docking at low tides; and after being obliged on instructions from Ottawa to cancel all after night crossings (fourth trips) because of the lack of sufficient depth of water and narrow width of dredged channel; and after having to cancel quite a number of daylight crossings during windy weather for the same reason. Notwithstanding these handicaps which were powerless to overcome but for which we were many times called on to answer we are proud to quote the figures we have given but we want you to understand that we did not by any means carry all who wanted transportation and we have no way of giving correct information as to the number unable to make the crossings desired but we feel quite safe in stating that it was not less than 50% of those transported. Then again during the fall months with the dirt roads in the condition they were and no pavement nearer than the Charlottetown-Montague highway both autos and trucks could not make connections and on some days the passengers got there by foot or by team.

We transported only a fraction of the freight that would have been moved to and from the province by this route had the trucks been able to make connections at all times.

As we see it there are six essential matters to be adjusted and we are convinced that these can be adjusted if taken properly in hand and not left to be attended to by the other fellow, and what a difference such adjustments will make in conditions here.

FIRST. A paved road to the Wood Islands terminal so that our own people with trucks and autos as well as the tourists can be assured of a safe road to follow.

SECOND. Improved terminal facilities at both Caribou and Wood Islands, dredged to proper depth and width of channel to permit suitable boats to enter and leave under all normal weather conditions and during day or night. This does not call for extensive work but must provide room in which to handle the ship.

THIRD. Additional carrying capacity in the way of a second boat that will give reasonable assurance to the public that they will not be unduly delayed.

FOURTH. Additional accommodation for tourists in the way of overnight cabins, summer hotels and homes of the better class that will take care, in a proper manner, of the people who come to visit us and thus provide what they come quite prepared to pay for and at prices that will make a good return on the investment and labor expended.

FIFTH. Bus connections operated on schedule and making reasonably close connections with the ferry crossings at each terminal with published scale of fares and thus permit the public to take advantage of the ferry service provided.

SIXTH. Erection of a suitable warehouse at Wood Islands where cargo to and from the mainland could be stored and where inspection of certain farm produce could be made and where the large trucks could pick up their load for mainland points.

With these six matters properly taken care of, and they will be if our people just get behind them, then P. E. I. and N. S. will both benefit because we will be passing on to N. S. the tourists that reach us via Caribou and drawing to P. E. I. those who have passed over the Cabot Trail and are looking for a return route that opens new territory and at a very low cost and without retraced steps.

Again thanking all those who have helped to get the P. E. I.-N. S. ferry established and asking your help to make it what it can be made.

NORTHUMBERLAND FERRIES LIMITED

R. E. MUTCH, President.

EXAMINATION... N. J. MABON... OPTOMETRIST... Office Hours: 10 to 12 A. M. 2 to 5 P. M. Holidays etc. by appointment. Office Connected with DRUGSTORE.

Farmers Near Charlottetown... We are buying daily, cattle hides, horse hides, calf skins and sheep pelts. Full market value. MAURICE BLOK 192 Elm Avenue. L.496-12-15-31.

CENTRAL GUARDIAN

This column is reserved for news of local interest, but advertising of a newsy nature may be inserted at 5 cents a word, strictly payable in advance.

CRASWELL for Photographs CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE. L-978.

MOORE & McLEOD will be open Thursday evening and each following evening until Christmas. L-571-12-17-11.

GENERAL ELECTRIC Radios \$19.95 up. Toombs Music Store. L-575-12-17-11.

GIVE HIM a Remington Electric Shaver for Xmas, on sale at Miller Bros., Ltd. L-583-12-17-21.

CRAWFORD MEMORIAL, Christian Church, Bradalbane Service will be at 7 P. M. Sunday, December 21st. All are welcome. Rev. R. E. Sirr, Pastor. L-579-12-17-11.

RIFLE SHOOT - The following boys have made the following scores at the West Kent Miniature Rifle Shoot held on December 14th. David Bentley 86; Albert Douglas 90; Ivan Robinson 86; Don Wonnacott 88; Fred Pound 98; Earnest Clawson 88; Harry Shama 86.

NATIONAL REGISTRATION - Last year National Registration was only undertaken in the morning hours, that is, up to 1.00 P. M. for a period of one week, the change going into effect on the 18th December and the regular service being given from the 28th December. In view of the increase in work this year, due to increased revenues, the Department is of the opinion that similar arrangements are to be made this year and the matter to be the attention of the Public at the earliest possible date.

Personals

Misses Addie and Eulalia Hogan who spent the summer in the city left yesterday for Boston.

Mrs. Ira Folland, Summerside, spent the week-end in Charlottetown with her son Percy, who is stationed there with the Royal Canadian Navy.

His many friends will regret to learn of the illness of Mr. James McMurrer of this city and hope for his early recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Dolron, Hope River, have received a cablegram from their son, Rfn. John Leo, that he has arrived safely in Hong Kong.

ANGLO RUSTICO INSTITUTE

The regular monthly meeting of the Anglo Rustico Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Walter Buntain on December 9th. Roll call was answered by 10 members and minutes were read and approved. Correspondence was read by the Secretary and it was decided to contribute the amount requested and send it to the Red Cross Office. Two new members joined Mrs. Stewart Parkman and Miss Elaine Parkman. Mrs. Noel Hooper and Miss Ruth Buntain are to buy Christmas treat for the school children and shirts. Program, Mrs. Roland Buntain and Miss Elaine Parkman. Mrs. Noel Hooper was appointed to buy cocoa and sugar for school when required. Mite collection 60 cents.

The next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Cyril Toombs, roll call to be answered with New Year's resolutions. Meeting closed with the National Anthem.

Early in November a Montreal plant turned out its 1,000th tank and anti-tank gun.

REMOVED TO 58 QUEEN ST. Standard Coal Bayview Coal Bags of Coal delivered to any part of city - 50c LAWRENCE HENNESSEY PHONE 108

The North Shore Cannery situated at Darnley is now in full swing with a capable staff of workers canning beef and chicken. They also produce canning fish and vegetables at a later date.

The rural mail courier Mr. Harris Blakaney who is always on the job in spite of storms and bad roads, made his trip on Monday, but was unable to make the return trip to Kensington on that evening owing to the roads.

Miss Margaret Cousins spent a pleasant visit recently with friends in Summerside.

A number of farmers have finished chopping their supply of firewood for the year and are busy hauling it home since the snow came.

The local stores here have put on quite a holiday appearance decorated in keeping with the Christmas spirit and are also doing a good business during those days.

TWO TYPES OF TANKS Two types of tanks, the Valentine Infantry Mark III and the M-3 Cruiser, are being built in Canada.

Gift Confectionery We have one of the finest displays of Gift Chocolates. We have ever displayed Charming Boxes at 60c, \$1.00 \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 up to \$5.00 Cedar Boxes When empty, suitable for trinkets and so on. These contain box of finest quality of candy. JAMIESON'S DRUG STORE MORSE'S SELECTED ORANGE PEKOE has everything it takes to satisfy critical Maritime tea drinkers.

YEO THEATRE UNDERGROUND lammed with thrills! MONTAGUE, SATURDAY, 20th. S.OURIS, THURSDAY 18th.

Sea View and Vicinity

Recent weather conditions have brought a quick change in the mode of travelling. The snow has arrived and it looks as though it was here to stay. After considerable shovelling the roads will be in a condition for good sleighing.

The pupils of Sea View School are busy preparing for a Christmas Concert which they plan to hold this week.

Pte. Claude Blakaney of the R.C. O. C. is spending a pleasant furlough at his home here.

Miss Mildred McKinnon, Spring Valley, spent a short time in Kensington recently on professional duties, the guest of Mrs. Albert Burgess.

Miss Gladys Adams spent the week-end at her home here the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. William Adams.

Many friends are sorry to learn that Mr. Anson Pickering, who was employed at the Airport in Summerside, was obliged to resign his position on account of ill-health and is now convalescing at his old home here the guest of his mother, Mrs. John Pickering.

The Darnley W. I. held their December meeting at the home of Mrs. Colin Mountain on Wednesday evening. The meeting opened with the new President Mrs. Harry Crozier in the chair. The roll call was responded to with Christmas thoughts. The minutes were read and business discussed. It was decided to pack boxes for boys from this community who are training in Canada and Mrs. James Hickey, Mrs. Joseph MacGregor and Mrs. Wallace Pickering were appointed as a committee to have charge of same.

It was decided to have the Christmas dinner at the district and Mrs. Reginald Mountain, Mrs. George Burns and Mrs. Colin Mountain were to take charge of same and make the necessary purchases. Correspondence read and discussed and it was decided to leave the Victory Christmas dinner to the January meeting when definite plans would be made. Yarn was distributed by the Red Cross Conventor and a quantity of socks knitted in aid of the Red Cross.

A report of the Red Cross Nurse Miss Ross who had recently visited the school was read by the Secretary Mrs. Clarence Hickey and resolutions given therein were carried by a motion that necessary equipment be provided for school. Sick and convalescing members reported satisfactorily. The following Christmas programme was then carried out by the singing of a Christmas Carol, Holy Night Reading, Little Joe's Christmas, Mrs. Frank McKay, Carol, Star of the East, Reading, Christmas Thoughts, Mrs. Ray Crozier, Reading, Skittles Christmas, Mrs. Harry Crozier, Monologue, Parson Brown by Joyce McKay. Santa Claus then arrived and distributed gifts to the members. The evening was exchanged by members and an enjoyable time was spent after which supper was served by the hostesses assisted by Mrs. Reginald Mountain. Mrs. Arthur McKay invited members to her home for the next Red Cross knitting the following week.

Miss Louise McKay, Summerside, spent the week-end at her home in Darnley.

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Three Traveled East

By RUTH AYERS Author of "Meet Me At Midnight", "Blackout", "Drafted For Love"

CHAPTER XVI Jim Bardley followed Connie Dawson along the road. Where was the girl going? What had sent her off, eyes hostile as she looked at him, cheeks flaming? Certainly she didn't suspect. But it made Jim Bardley uneasy. He'd given Pat Patterson his word to watch out for the girl and the little boy. "Don't let anything happen to them until I get back." Pat had said. "No, I won't," Jim answered. "I've a daughter of my own." There it was the first confidence he had made. "Better not say anything more," an inner voice had warned. A swell guy, this redhead - but a newspaper man, too.

Bardley had already done one suspicious thing when he'd tried to get off the bus in the dark last night. When he'd volunteered in mid-morning to make the trek to the highway, he'd counted on going alone. He'd send help back - of course. But it would give him a chance to get a glove getting him. Wouldn't that be a good thing? Gloves too thin - coats stabby, both of them.

Once, he'd fallen in his tracks, foot twisting under him. Somehow, Pat had seen him, and a road crew weren't far off. Even then Jim had figured on keeping straight ahead. But Pat had said: "One of us has to go back and tell the passengers he's on the way. Think it'd be better for you, Jim, are you so nervous, my dear?"

Bardley clipped short a protest. It was the foot he'd twisted what had happened last night if he refused. He'd returned, grudgingly. And now here he was, trying to catch up with this girl who looked as if she were running away.

She reached the top of the hill without looking back and then began to race like the wind. Jim rested; tried to start up again. But the foot he'd twisted was throbbing, swelling. He started back, taking it slow. The bus was closer than the school and he decided to crawl into it for a few minutes. He eased off his shoe. With the snow cleared away it had been straightened and looked as if it could roll right along to finish the trip.

Jim listened to the driver's seat, listening intently to the radio. "Not hurt, are you?" he asked Bardley. "Nope - nothing serious. Just a game foot." "Sit down and rest a bit. When you're waiting, the last hour is the longest."

As Jim slumped into the nearest seat, he felt something tickle at him from the floor. Something that glittered like snow; sparkled like ice.

Janet Gregg, the school teacher, had Skippy. "Well, bundle you up and have you ready to go again in no time," she promised. The little boy was uneasy. He kept looking for Connie Dawson. "She'll be right here, Skippy. Maybe I could tell you a story - saw you how to make your letters."

He shook his head. "I'm going to see my mummy," he said. "With Pat and Connie." "Sure you are," she spoke in her best normal school voice. But Janet Gregg was tired. It had been fun at first, this strange gathering in the school in the early morning hours. Afterwards, as the time dragged, all the glamorous side, its adventure, had worn thin.

She kept remembering the sign she'd scribbled off the blackboard. She saw the wood getting low. She wrapped the cocoa can until there wasn't a grain left.

With everything that had happened she couldn't think now why she had been so buoyant at first. George Haven. He was strolling toward her, same broad shoulders, nice brown hair and eyes. She knew how she looked.

"Hello, teacher," he greeted. "Hello, George." She kept her eyes down. She knew they'd be watering and that there was a redness about her nose from her glasses. And she had that uncomfortable feeling of a cold coming on. She was a sight when she had one.

"Never saw anyone more efficient than you," she said. "One false move and he would be in jail again."

He began to sweat as Egan turned off the radio and walked down the bus aisle.

"How's the game foot?" "Fine. Much better." "There'll be a doctor in the next town who can give first aid if it's needed. Think I'll start unloading the luggage. The tar ought to be down any minute now to take us out of the hollow to the highway."

There was only one person who could help Jim Bardley. The redhead. Pat Patterson. He was a newspaper man but he understood things without explanation and he was on the level.

"Please let me have the city desk," Connie Dawson was saying over the telephone in the little white house. "Yes, just a minute."

She was connected with a masculine voice. "I've a story for you about the bus marooned in the AAAs." "What?" The voice fairly exploded. "We've been tearing up wires, rounding up correspondents, practically combing the countryside. And you say you've got a story about it?"

For a second Connie Dawson sat taken aback to answer. What had happened to Pat Patterson? Hadn't he telephoned to the Press Bureau at all? If this was a breeze for her, at last, she was the girl who could use it. And then she forgot everything except the story

IS OVERSEAS



Trooper James W. Patterson (above) of the P.E.I. Light Horse. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Cape Traverse, have received word of his safe arrival in England.

phone call through collect to New York. "Sorry, it'll take a little while. Storm did some damage to our wires and my only trunk line through is busy."

Connie Dawson bit her lip. "Make it as quickly as you can - will you? It's terribly important." She repeated the number of the Press Bureau.

Connie was impatient, cold, stiff from the walk, but oh - so exhilarated. Yes, she was ready to match wits with the boy who believed woman's place was on the woman's page in the home edition. As she stood there, afraid to take a step from the telephone, the old lady who'd set her when she'd knocked at the door, asked, "Why are you so nervous, my dear?"

"It means an awful lot to me to get this telephone call through," she said. "Do you believe in Providence?" Connie jumped. Not more Christmas spirit, she hoped. "Why - why I suppose I do."

"Then don't be uneasy. Everything works out in its own way for the best."

Connie saw her more clearly - a frail old lady who stared without seeing. Yet everything was neat in the room. An agate coffee pot bubbled on the stove. A child's rocker sat in one corner. Skippy would like that, but she mustn't think of him. The story was first with her, just as it was with Pat. She clicked the receiver of the wall telephone, jingling its hook up and down.

"I'm almost ready for you," the operator said and then, in a country style, "Great doings and plenty of excitement here, for a change."

There was another pause before the bell pealed into the stillness of the kitchen. She'd never forget the sound of it as if the operator in the crossroads exchange were giving it an extra thrill-for luck.

Connie Dawson, who had been shaking with nerves, was suddenly very calm again. "Good afternoon," came the voice at the other end of the line. "This is the New York Press Bureau."

CHAPTER XVII Jim Bardley, slumping into the bus seat, stared at the jeweled piece shining under his foot. Then he whistled. "Say, look here!"

Egan turned. "What's happened?" Bardley's face quickly covered the diamond clip. He thought fast. When he spoke, his voice was cold, controlled. "It's about Jim. There was something on the radio about us being rescued."

"That's what I'm waiting for," Jim Bardley edged closer to the corner, peering down. Yet there were two clips - costly, pure-stoned baubles. He recognized them as belonging to the Dawson girl. No doubt they had dropped out the girl's purse somewhere along the trip and remained hidden. It took the jolting of the bus when it was finally straightened from its listing position to spill them into sight.

Jim reached down and then drew his hand away. If he spoke to Egan, the driver might think he had sneaked back on the bus to "plant" the things.

He began mentally to put the pieces together. Perhaps people already suspected him because he'd left the bus in the dark the night before and tried to get away. He remembered the hostile way the girl eyed him; other trivial things. Jim Bardley never forgot that he was a parolee with a prison record behind him. One false move and he would be in jail again.

He began to sweat as Egan turned off the radio and walked down the bus aisle. "How's the game foot?" "Fine. Much better." "There'll be a doctor in the next town who can give first aid if it's needed. Think I'll start unloading the luggage. The tar ought to be down any minute now to take us out of the hollow to the highway."

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RELIGION, PATRIOTISM, GENEROSITY ALL URGE YOU TO Sacrifice THIS CHRISTMAS Give War Savings Certificates and Stamps

Milk Fed Chickens For Sale

In the next few days we have about three hundred capons for sale. Capons sell at a premium above ordinary fat chickens and, if you have never enjoyed eating them, this is your opportunity. We will accept orders but will not deliver; price is 30c per pound; 2c per pound less in case lots. This is a splendid opportunity for the boys who plan raffles to book their requirements or to have a box placed in cold storage. Call the office, 212.

FRANK B. CLARKE, L-582-12-17-31

"Are you on the scene?" the impatient voice was demanding. "I was on the bus." She could hear the enthusiast about something across the city room. Then he said, "Let's have it, sister." "The wire was scratchy; at times the connection wavered and almost broke, but Connie kept on. Crisply, concisely, she gave the when, where, who and how of the news, and the information that all aboard were safe."

"What happened? Driver takes a wrong turn?" "Yes, going over a new detour when the storm was at its worst; he lost direction and ended up about two miles in on a country road. Men on the bus tried to dig wheels out of the snow but by that time the drifts were too high. Then the ignition went haywire and there we were."

"The man on the city desk agreed. "Yes," he said, "there you were - go right ahead with the story and I'll be glad to help you in anything to it as Pat Patterson had done. "Passengers found a refuge in a one-room schoolhouse at three o'clock in the morning."

"Yes," he was a story that had everything from the toddler, Skippy, to the drummer with the sample case of Easter cards. "Keep it up, gal. You're going great."

When she finished the man said, "Hold on a minute. The boss wants to talk to you."

She'd tried to race across the city to the Press Bureau, and chief of the Press Bureau, and all her plans had tangled, holding her back.

But now here he was - wanting to talk to her. She could help a brief smile. Yes, she was sure she'd be on her way soon to the post in St. John's and to Jerry Marsh.

"And you are Miss -?" the chief wanted to know. "Constance Dawson from the Sentinel." "Miss Dawson! The chief was obviously amazed. "What were you doing on the bus?"

"I was on my way to see you." "There was a pause and then a chuckle. "Don't give up easily, do you? Well, you've certainly sent us in a grand story. But you didn't have an easy time yourself."

"She couldn't have answered that, so it was a relief to have the line blur badly at this moment and then break off entirely. "The local operator cut in apologetically: "I'll get your party back. Won't take long."

"No hurry," Connie told her. "The story's in." "The girl reporter - gee, that's wonderful! Always thought I'd like to write. Must be thrilling."

"It is. Call me when you have the transcript." "As she put the receiver back, Connie was bewildered at first to see the kitchen just the same - an agate coffee pot bubbling - the old lady sitting in the rocker. So much had happened to her! "I guess what you said about everything working out in its own way for the best, is true," she ventured.

"The woman replied. Then, hospitably, "You could probably do with a cup of coffee yourself."

Yes, coffee and a chance to wash some of the snow and grime from her face would be perfect, Connie agreed. "Wish I could see you," the old woman was saying. "Figure you're sort of back and pretty and proud."

Connie laughed. Was she? After she'd scrubbed with yellow soap and cold water at the sink, she faced herself in the small mirror over it.

She looked more like herself than she had since yesterday morning when Mr. Williams had sent her into his office at the Sentinel. Snow dampness had made her dark hair curl in close, caplike ringlets. Lipstick and powder smoothed the sleepless lines under her eyes and around her mouth.

Her overnight case was still in the bus - her house coat, be-dragged now was at the school. And somewhere were the diamond clips and the money in the tooled leather briefcase. But not for any amount in the world would Constance Dawson go back. No, the road to St. John's was too close to her another jinx.

The telephone jingled again - once, twice, experimentally. And

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