

**DOMINION OF CANADA**  
**PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND**  
**IN THE PROBATE COURT**  
 23rd George V., A. D. 1933

IN RE Estate of Sarah Aitken late of Charlottetown in Queen's County in the said Province deceased testate. BY THE HONOURABLE Harold Leonard Palmer, Surrogate Judge of Probate, etc., etc.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or any Constable or literate person within said County

**GREETING**

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of William Reginald Aitken of Charlottetown, Queen's County aforesaid, Merchant, the Executor of the above named Estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Wednesday the twenty-fifth day of January next, coming at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of W. E. Palmer, Esq., pro se, said Petitioner, and I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid, once each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, and in front of the Bank of Nova Scotia in Charlottetown aforesaid. And I do hereby further order that a true copy hereof be forthwith served on the Attorney-General of the Province so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this 20th day of December, A. D. 1932 and in the 23rd year of His Majesty's reign.

(Sgd.) H. L. PALMER  
 Judge of Probate.

278 12 22 Thur 4.

**DOMINION OF CANADA**  
**PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND**  
**IN THE PROBATE COURT**  
 23rd George V., A. D. 1933

IN RE Estate of Francis Bradley late of Kelly's Cross in Queen's County in the said Province deceased testate. BY THE HONOURABLE Harold Leonard Palmer, Surrogate Judge of Probate, etc., etc.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or any Constable or literate person within said County

**GREETING**

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of James Aeneas Bradley of Kelly's Cross aforesaid, Farmer, and Francis Bradley of the same place, Farmers, the executors of the above named estate, praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Wednesday the eighth day of February next, coming at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of H. L. Palmer, Esq., pro se, said Petitioner, and I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid, once each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, and in front of the Bank of Nova Scotia in Charlottetown aforesaid, and in front of the schoolhouse in Kelly's Cross aforesaid, so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of the said Court this 30th day of December, A. D. 1932 and in the 23rd year of His Majesty's reign.

(Sgd.) H. L. PALMER  
 Judge of Probate, 7456-1-51 Thur 41

**NOTICE**

I am instructed by the Administrators of the estate of Eustace H. Haviland to sell by Public Auction on Friday the 13th day of January, 1933, at the hour of 2 o'clock at the office of the late Mr. Haviland, on Richmond Street, all the contents of the office consisting of Office Furniture, Law Library and Office Safes. Inspection of above articles may be made on application at the office of Palmer & Farmer.

J. A. McDONALD,  
 Auctioneer.

7529-1-7-stt-31.

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**LUMBAGO RELIEVED AFTER A LIFETIME OF PAIN**

**Seventy-Year-Old Man Tells His Own Story.**

Sober truth is worth a world of prostration. If you are one of those unfortunate who are subject to the cruel, crippling pains of lumbago, you cannot afford to miss this gentleman's account of how he found blessed relief after a lifetime of suffering. His letter, which he wrote in sheer gratitude, runs as follows: "I am in my 73rd year. Up to the age of 73 I was subject to attacks of lumbago. Having received benefit from using 'Thermogene' in slight attacks of face ache, I decided to try what 'Thermogene' would do in the lumbago regions. I tacked a layer in a collar, wearing it next to my skin. SINCE FOLLOWING THIS REMEDY I HAVE NEVER HAD A SINGLE TWINGE OF LUMBAGO PAIN. I thought I would let you know of the benefit I have received from using 'Thermogene,' as there are thousands who might benefit if they used the remedy in the same way. There ARE thousands suffering needlessly today. There are thousands to whom the soothing warmth of 'Thermogene' Medicated Wadding could bring heavenly relief. For 'Thermogene,' unlike drugs, is not simply a deadener of pain. It works by the surest, safest method that doctors know—scientifically described as 'Counter-irritation.' 'Thermogene' Medicated Wadding is a soft, fleecy, carefully prepared cotton wool impregnated with pain-relieving essences—clean, comforting, simple to apply. Put a layer where the pain is—and almost at once you can feel your agony fading away. 'Thermogene' is relieving you—because it is removing the cause of your suffering."

**SMILES**



"Do you believe everything your husband tells you?"  
 "Yes, everything except his excuses for being late to dinner."



"They say that onions will build you up physically."  
 "Maybe; but they will pull one down socially."



"DeShort just tried to borrow fifty dollars from me, said he had some very urgent bills to meet."  
 "Don't you believe him. That fellow never met a bill in his life if there was any chance of dodging it."

**A REVISION**

For willful waste makes woeful want  
 And you may see the day  
 You'll wish you had the gasoline  
 You once let leak away.



"What do you suppose was the origin of war?"  
 "Why the hope that it would supplant football!"

**EYES TESTED AND GLASSES FITTED**

J. S. TAYLOR  
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 Opticians  
 112 Richmond Street

**ASHES of ROSES A Romance of Today**

**By Joanna Cannan**

Geoffrey said modestly, "Well, I've only had nine months' experience, but certainly those are the problems that sooner or later we shall have to face up north." And, though it was one o'clock, he and his father sat down and faced them then and there. Presently they went out to lunch together at John Gilmour's stuffy club in St. James's Street, where they talked business solidly till half-past three. "Where have you let your suit-case?" asked John Gilmour, as he set down his coffee cup. At the hotel at Euston, said Geoffrey. "I cleaned up there this morning." "Well, we'd better take a taxi and go round and pick it up on the way to Paddington," said his father. "I suppose you're coming down to Hemshott with me?"

"I don't think I can come till later," said Geoffrey. "Lesley—you know, the fellow I play golf with in Glasgow—he's got a cousin living in London who was at Barchester. I met him while he was staying with Lesley and promised to look him up."

"Surely it's unlikely that you'll find him on Saturday afternoon?"

"He doesn't go out much," said Geoffrey, rather lamely. "He mugs at home. Besides, I told him which week-end I'd be in London, and he said something about doing a show. If I miss the last train, I'll be down first thing to-morrow."

"You'll stay the night at an hotel, then? It seems an unnecessary expense."

"Well, I'll do my best to catch the last train," promised Geoffrey. "But don't let the car meet it. I'll walk up."

There had been a certain amount of truth in what he said, and after he had left his father, walked up to Piccadilly Circus, and looked two stalls for a revue, he went straight to Palace Gardens Terrace to call on Cecil Lesley's kinsman, a boy of his own age, once very heartily despised by him. Keith Lesley was out, but Geoffrey took tea with his mother and went back to Euston in time to transfer his suitcase to the Great Western Hotel, Paddington, book a room for the night, and dress. At seven o'clock he stood in the portico of the house at Denmark Hill.

The door was opened by Fay herself. With a sudden rush of joy, Geoffrey said that she was in evening dress.

"You're coming Fay?"

"It's very wrong," she said. "You must promise to be fearfully good, Geoffrey. Mother's out. I haven't told her. Wait there a moment while I get my coat."

A few minutes later they were speeding northwards. Geoffrey said, "I'll be as good as you like, Fay, but remember that perhaps this is the last evening we shall spend together. Let's make the best of it. Let's forget that there's anyone else in the world except ourselves."

"What would they say?"

"A lot of nonsense. Don't worry about them. They just don't understand."

"Life's so long," sighed Fay. "There's such miles and miles of it ahead. Just think, Geoffrey, forty years if we only live to be sixty, and most people live much longer now—days. Surely they can allow us one evening out of all that time!"

"They've got to. There's no question of that now. And for five lovely hours we can simply forget them, Fay."

His arm went round her slender waist. She made no further efforts to resist. Nevertheless, the evening throughout was lit with a certain mournful grandeur, a sublime melancholy which seemed to set them apart from the happy crowds about them, so that they felt more akin to the tragic lovers of old, unhappy histories, Romeo and Juliet, Dante and Beatrice, Tristan and Isolde. Fay was wearing a black frock which she had bought in a sorrowful mood of the preceding autumn, and it suited her extreme fairness and accentuated the indefinable pathos of her face in repose. At dinner she drooped a little. Geoffrey's dark eyebrows were drawn together with a troubled crease above his classical nose. His melancholy expression suited his handsome features well enough. They spoke very little. They had no future to plan and their present surroundings, once so charming, had assumed the heartless significance of inanimate things in the face of the essentially self-conscious sorrows of the young. "I shall never come to this place again," said Geoffrey. "If I'm asked out to dinner, no matter who my host is, if it turns out that we're dining here, I shall simply go home." He saw himself, a grey-haired but still attractive figure, stride away down Old Compton Street in the twilight of a later summer, followed by the amazed and intrigued glances of a distinguished company.

"And do you remember the tango we danced?" Fay asked him. "I shan't ever dance that with any-

**ORANGE PEKOE**

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one else." She saw herself, lovely and pathetic in black chiffon, turn away with swimming eyes from the impurities of a crowd of exulting young men.

"And no one will ever understand why until I'm dying," she continued. "Then I shall say, 'Geoffrey!' and they'll guess."

"I shouldn't mind dying to-night," said Geoffrey. "Only there are no decent ways now. I wish there was a war so that I could go out to it."

"You mustn't talk like that, Geoffrey. Think what I should feel like if you were going to a war. Now, at any rate, I shall be able to hear sometimes how you are getting on."

"I shan't get on," said Geoffrey. "At least, materially, I may. I may get to be managing director or chairman. But what's the good of that? I shall never be happy. 'Better a dinner of herbs where love is...'"

A mournful, but not wholly unenjoyable silence fell. For so long they extended the sympathetic moments of cigarettes and coffee that they arrived late at the theatre. Hand-in-hand in the kindy darkness of the stalls, they saw and heard very little of the revue beyond a sentimental song about a last waltz which fitted their own sad case and profoundly moved them. Then came the final chorus and their evening was nearly over.

Geoffrey secured a taxi and they drove back to Denmark Hill. The drive was all too short, and for a long time after the taxi had driven away, they stood in the dark shadow of the portico whispering, between embraces, their sorrowful good-byes. At length a noise within the house disturbed them. Juliet hurriedly inserted her latchkey in the lock, and, with a slight loss of dignity, Romeo fled.

**CHAPTER XVII.**

**MR. MOSSOP AGAIN**

The hands of the clock in the ledger department of Gilmour and Legate Limited stood at a quarter to eleven. The jaded and resentful atmosphere of Monday morning lay upon the room.

In the small glass cubicle in the corner, Henry Mossop subtly closed a ponderous ledger and stood up, rubbing his hands. His thin lips were smiling through mirthless. He had an unpleasant duty to perform.

Henry Mossop, besides being a strict moralist, was an intensely public-spirited man. Many unpleasant duties came his way. Only quite recently he had felt it his duty to give up several hours of his hard-earned seaside holiday to writing letters to the newspapers protesting against the disgusting practice of sun-bathing on the beach. Often in his daily life he was obliged to put sentiment on one side, and direct the attention of police constables to beggars, intoxicated persons, and speedy motorists.

The most painful duty in the life of this self-sacrificing man was now before him. He must relate to John Gilmour the fact that, on arriving from Glasgow, his son had seized the first opportunity to make a sentimental assignation with the very same young person who had caused all the distressing trouble of the previous year.

"Come in!" called John Gilmour.

"Yes?"

Mr. Mossop stood by the writing-table and rubbed his hands. He had a very dry skin, and they rustled. But John Gilmour had known him for so long that he did not notice it.

"Could I have a moment with you, sir, before you ring for Miss Harrison?"

"Certainly, Mossop." The managing director set down the letter he was reading and leaned back in his chair.

"Rather an unpleasant matter, I'm afraid sir," breathed Mr. Mossop, still rustling. "A matter on which I have been sorely tempted to consider my own feelings and say no more. But there's my duty to you, Mr. Gilmour. I've put that first for over twenty years."

"Well?"

(To be Continued.)

**CHRISTMAS CONCERT**

Many residents of Alberry Plains and school districts spent a very enjoyable evening at the school house on December 23rd, with Mr. R. J. Coady, chairman.

The programme, staged by the pupils with the aid of Misses Hilda Carmichael, Annie Tweedy, Patricia Kelly, Messrs. George Richards, Edson Taylor, Duncan Carmichael, was as follows:

Christmas Greeting—Rita Praught.  
 Flag Drill—All the pupils.  
 When Pa Shaves—Catherine Flynn.  
 Family Troubles—Anna McLean.  
 Song—The Rose of Tralee—Duncan Carmichael.  
 Encore—Uncle Joe.  
 Neck and Ears—Jean McLean.  
 A Question—Tom Stewart.  
 Dialogue—Buying Eggs—Teacher and two pupils.  
 Santa's Trials—Mae Stewart.  
 A Modern Village—Patricia Kelly.  
 Christmas Tree Drill—Ten pupils.  
 Boozers and Pigs—Roy Coady.  
 Song—Away in a Manger—Annie Tweedy.  
 Dialogue—Harry's Pockets—Two pupils.  
 Christmas Song—Agnes McLean.  
 Good Enough—Anna McLean.  
 Recitation—Annie Tweedy.  
 Song—Happy New Year—George Richard.  
 Encore—Mother Machree.  
 Quizzing the Teacher—Rita Praught.  
 Jimmie's Letter to Santa—Hugh McLean.  
 Song—Happy-1-a—Edison Taylor.  
 Encore—The Butcher's Boy.  
 Christmas Tree Farm—David Stewart.  
 Song—Two Little Stockings—Two pupils.  
 Dialogue—How Jimmie Saved His Pa—Three Pupils.  
 Song—Silent Night—Hilda Carmichael.  
 Monologue—An Aspiring Dish-washer—Patricia Kelly.  
 Motion Song—All the pupils.  
 Santa Claus is Coming—All the pupils.

Santa Claus was welcomed upon the scene, a song, Jolly Old Saint Nicholas was sung to Santa by Catherine Flynn, after which Santa passed out the presents, of which there was a goodly number for both teacher and pupils and then retired amid many cheers.

Those present were treated with candy. The entertainment closed by the singing of the National Anthem.

The teacher and pupils wish to thank all who helped in making it an enjoyable evening.

**Course For Fishermen**

The Biological Board of Canada offers to assist a limited number of fishermen from the Maritime Provinces to attend the Short Course for Fishermen to be given at the Fisheries Experimental Station, Halifax, N. S., during a term of six weeks commencing on January 25th, 1933. Each will be given on completion of the course the sum of forty dollars plus the amount of railway fare for a return trip between Halifax and the railway station nearest his home. Only bona fide fishermen from 17 to 35 years of age, who have passed through grade 6 in the public schools of the Maritime Provinces or an equivalent grade, will be able to obtain these grants. All applications must be in by January 14th, and should be addressed to Fisheries Experimental Station, Halifax, N. S.

Jan. 9-10-11-12

**CITY BUS SERVICE**

Covering principal parts of City daily from 7.45 A. M. to 8 P. M. Later service by arrangement.

**TIME TABLE**

Leaves Esker Street 7.45 A. M.  
 " Prowse's Corner 7.50 A. M.  
 Sanatorium 8.00 A. M.

There after the bus leaves Esker 15 minutes to and 15 minutes after each hour.

Leaves Sanatorium at every hour and half-hour.

Leaves Prowse's Corner going East five minutes after and twenty-five minutes to every hour.

Leaves Prowse's Corner going West 10 minutes to and 20 minutes after each hour.

The Bus will stop at intermediate places to take on or let off passengers.

Fares 10c each, three tickets for 25c, or 20 tickets for \$1.60.

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**Championship Bout Is Off**

BOSTON, Jan. 11.—The Argonne Athletic Association has announced that a championship boxing bout scheduled for Jan. 16 between George Nichols and Norman Conrad, lightweight, had been called off because of an injury to Nichols.

Matchmaker Eddie Mack made public a telegram from Nichols manager in which the latter said his man has a torn ligament and would need at least three weeks rest. Mack said he had asked the State Boxing Commission to suspend Nichols indefinitely until he fulfills his contract.

**HAMPSHIRE SCHOOL**

Standing of Hampshire School for the month of December:

Grade X—1 Mildred Tremere, Grade IX—1 Verna Kitson, 2 Phyllis Easton.  
 Grade VIII Sr.—1 Clifton Stewart.  
 Grade VIII Jr.—1 Annie Stewart, 2 Elmer Larter, 3 Norris Kitson.  
 Grade V—1 John Edwards, 2 Francis Larter, 3 Margaret Larter, 4 Cella Tremere, 5 Ralph Youker, 6 Heath Larter.  
 Grade IV—1 Preston Tremere, 2 Lols Youker, 3 Lawson Tremere, 4 Alex Larter, 5 Priscilla Stewart.  
 Grade III—1 Pulton Kitson, 2 Claude Tremere, 3 Borden Tremere, 4 Alice Edwards, 5 Alice Stewart, 6 Raymond Tremere and Leighton Larter, equal, 7 Roy Stewart.  
 Grade II—1 Irving Tremere.  
 Grade I Sr.—1 Errol Stewart, 2 Ora Tremere.  
 Grade I Jr.—1 Bertha White, 2 Robert Edwards, 3 Fernie Tremere, 4 Willie Larter.  
 Perfect attendance—Mildred Tremere, Verna Kitson, John Edwards, Margaret Larter, Preston Tremere, Lawson Tremere, Borden Tremere, Pulton Kitson, Alice Edwards, Raymond Tremere, Irving Tremere, Ora Tremere, Errol Stewart, Robert Edwards, Fernie Tremere.  
 —Flossie M. Youker, teacher.

**MT. HERBERT SCHOOL CONCERT**

On Friday evening, Dec. 23rd, a very successful concert was held in Mt. Herbert school. As the night was fine there was a very large attendance. The school room was prettily decorated for the occasion, and a fine Christmas tree stood ready and waiting for Santa Claus to come and distribute the many gifts reposing on its branches.

Mr. James Munn capably performed the duties of chairman and the following program was rendered by the pupils, assisted by the young people of the district:

Remarks by chairman.  
 Opening chorus, Merry Merry Christmas, School.  
 Recitation, Be a Man, Evelyn Munn.  
 Dialogue, In Sherwood Forest, Winston Wood, Kenneth Jenkins, Gordon Livingstone, Wilfred Driscoll, Beatrice Jenkins, Vivian Munn.  
 Mouth Organ solo, William Jenkins.  
 Solo, When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain, Alma Rayner.  
 Recitation, The Buckwheat Straw Plan, Ralph Rayner.  
 Dialogue, Dear Uncle Zed, Seniors.  
 Recitation, To Santa Claus, Bobby Driscoll.  
 Christmas Letter Drill, Juniors.  
 Solo, The Cut Down the Old Pine Tree, Mary Monaghan.  
 Violin solo, Blue Bells of Scotland (with variations), Ralph Rayner.  
 Selection, Coady Brothers orchestra.  
 Costume exercise, Morning, Noon and Night, Alma Rayner, Helen Jenkins and Mary Monaghan.

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**JANUARY BARGAINS FOR CASH ONLY**

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|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 2 lbs. Creamery Butter .. 45c | Island Beans (reg.) tin .. 14c    |
| Molasses, per gallon .. 47c   | Island Beans (mdm.) tin .. 9c     |
| Bulk Tea (Broken Pekoe) 23c   | Spices, all kinds, pkg. .. 9c     |
| "Our Special" .. 27c          | 1 tin Baker's Cocoa               |
| "Mother's Own" 1/2 lb. .. 16c | (1/2 lb.) .. 23c                  |
| 10 lbs. Sugar .. 49c          | 2 tins Baker's Cocoa              |
| Robin Hood and Furity         | (1/2 lb.) .. 23c                  |
| Flour, 24's .. 65c            | 3 tins Baker's Cocoa              |
| 98 lb. bag .. 62.35           | (1-5 lb.) .. 25c                  |
| Royal Household 24's .. 62.35 | 2 cakes Baker's Chocolate .. 25c  |
| 98 lb. bag .. 62.35           | 6 cakes Nicolay Soap .. 25c       |
| Beaver Flour, 24's .. 57c     | 3 cakes Palmolive Soap .. 25c     |
| Rolled Oats, 6 lbs. .. 25c    | package Super Suds .. 25c         |
| Oatmeal, 6 lbs. .. 25c        | 4 cakes Infants Delight .. 25c    |
| Pot Barley, 6 lbs. .. 25c     | 4 cakes Fairsex .. 25c            |
| Rice, 4 lbs. .. 25c           | 3 cakes Life Buoy Soap .. 25c     |
| 3 packages Corn Flakes .. 25c | 2 cans Dutch Cleanser .. 25c      |
| 2 packages All Bran .. 25c    | 7 Rolls Toilet Paper .. 25c       |
| 2 packages Rice Crispy .. 25c | Boneless Codfish, 2 lbs. .. 25c   |
| 3 packages Macaroni .. 25c    | Magdalene Island Dry Cod          |
| 2 packages Milk or Soda       | 4 lbs. .. 25c                     |
| Biscuit .. 27c                | Boneless Digby, 2 lbs. .. 25c     |
| 10 lbs. Yellow Beans .. 25c   | Brunswick Sardines, 4 tins .. 25c |
| 10 lbs. White Eyed .. 25c     | Pink Salmon, 2 tins .. 25c        |
| 2 lbs. Minceed Meat .. 25c    | Canned Pilchard, 2 tins .. 25c    |
| Clarke's Beans (large) .. 12c | Canned Mackerel, 2 tins .. 25c    |
| Clarke's Beans (Medium) 8c    | Best Herring, per doz. .. 46c     |

Ask for Low Prices on all Other Goods. We sell coal at \$7.75 per ton.

**E. N. KAYS** 16-18 Upper Queen Street.

1-12-Thur-31.

Recitation, Christmas Punishment, Muriel Munn.  
 Intermission and sale of candy.  
 Selections by Coady Bros. orchestra.  
 Trio, Away in a Manger, Eileen Ings, Vivian Munn and Kathleen Rayner.  
 Recitation, The Alarm, Gordon Livingstone.  
 Solo, When the Organ Played at Twilight, Marion Rayner.  
 Dialogue, A Matrimonial Advertisement.  
 Recitation, Jest 'Fore Christmas, Wilfred Driscoll.  
 Selections, Je kins orchestra.  
 Drill, In the Days of These Queer Old Time Fashions, Senior girls.  
 Selection, Coady Bros. orchestra.  
 Tableau, Telling Tonight.  
 Closing chorus, Christmas Bells, School.

The accompanist for the evening was Miss Marion Rayner.

At the close of the program Santa Claus appeared with a great jingle of bells and after greetings to all of his old friends and the children, proceeded to distribute gifts to teacher and pupils. Everybody was delighted to find Santa so jolly and in such good spirits. Thanks are due to the members of the orchestra, the accompanist and to all who helped make the evening such an enjoyable one.

(Patriot Please Copy)

**SPRINGFIELD WOMEN'S INSTITUTE**

The December meeting of the Springfield Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. H. B. Haslam with fourteen members and one visitor present. The president, Mrs. A. K. MacGregor occupied the chair roll call was responded to by In-

expensive Christmas Gift Suggestions. The Christmas Tree Committee reported having received gifts, and they were ready for the tree. The S-c-k Committee reported having visited two sick people and sending fruit to three. The appointment of committees then took place as follows: School, Miss Lizzie Mayne and Mrs. M. T. Lamb; Lunch, Mrs. Everett Haslam, Miss Lillian Matheson and Mrs. M. T. Lamb; Program, Mrs. Ernest Haslam, Miss Helen Buntain and Miss Emily Howard. Bills of \$533 for Christmas Tree and 95c for fruit were presented and it was moved seconded and carried that these bills be paid. A letter was read from Miss Ruth McLeod thanking the Institute members for fruit sent her and Mrs. McKenzie during their recent illness. The Secretary read a letter dealing with the tuberculosis Christmas Seal Fund and the members bought the Seal which were sent with this letter. It was moved by Miss Muriel Haslam seconded by Mrs. Everett Haslam and carried that we charge a luncheon fee of 10 cts. and that we invite the men to dine with us. Mrs. Everett Haslam invited the members to her home for the January meeting. Roll call to be answered by a Scotch Joke. Meeting closed with the National Anthem—E

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