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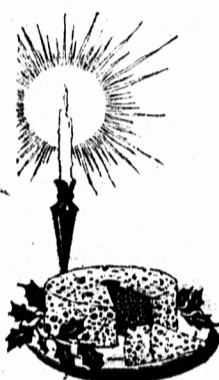
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Fruit Cakes

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Stewart's Bakery

Kent Street

Charlottetown

NIGHT SCHOOL

With a view to organizing classes for instruction in elementary and technical subjects, applications will be received at the Department of Education up to December 22th from any persons desirous of attending same.

Applicant should state the subjects in which he wishes to receive instruction so that classes may be arranged accordingly.

Courses will be offered in English, arithmetic, simple accounts, writing, drawing, woodworking, motor mechanics, Household Science, sewing and millinery, and in any subject in which a sufficient number of applicants will warrant the formation of a class.

Special attention will be given to those who missed the opportunity of acquiring the elements of a common school education.

1116-12-13-st-51.

Black sheep can find

"PARADISE"

Real Thrill—Great Novel
By Cosmo Hamilton

Starts Wednesday
in the

CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN
Daily Thereafter



The British press are asking questions of Mrs. Agatha Christie, who mysteriously disappeared December 3, and has just been found in the Aegean. Papers want to know how Mrs. Christie remembered to supply herself with much cash if her memory was bad and so who is going to pay for the nation-wide search for her. Mrs. Christie, who is an author of mystery stories, is shown above with her daughter, Rosalind.

TONICS BY THE TON.

The number of bottles of medicine consumed every year runs into hundreds of millions, and in every large hospital a million or more prescriptions are dispensed every year, not only are all these made up on the premises, but in many cases, the actual drugs used are manufactured there also.

At the great London Hospital in Whitechapel, for instance, there are twelve chemists constantly engaged in this work, while some other institutions have an even larger dispensing staff.

Simple remedies, which we buy by the twopenny-worth, are purchased in tremendous bulk by the hospitals. Many of them are as much as five tons of Epsom salts every year, and three or four tons of carbolic are not too much for the average annual requirements. In the huge storerooms which every hospital possesses these medicines can be seen stored in barrels, sacks and packing-cases and carefully guarded from damp and other dangers.

The manufacture of aperients and tonics keeps several people busy in and week out. These are medicines which every patient, no matter what his or her complaint, needs, and at the London Hospital about fifteen gallons of that popular tonic Peppermint food, are used each week. "Black jam" is another connection for which there is a constant demand, and this is made in huge quantities from such laxatives as figs.

One curious feature about the London Hospital is the cold storage department. At this time of the year you will see any amount of fruit being preserved. It belongs to the nurses who get so much fruit given to them during the summer months that they are unable to eat it. So it is laid by in the refrigerator room until the winter, when fruit is dear and scarce.

CONJURING TREATS.

All the royal children were extremely fond of conjuring entertainments and their grandfather, King Edward, took a measure in encouraging this. If the children were spoilt at all, the spoiling process took place outside their own homes. Invitations to Christmas parties were showered upon them, and as all their hostesses were anxious to gain the royal favor, they were lavish in their gifts. A luckless conjurer who frequently officiated at these parties, tells of hostesses who expected him to produce from an ordinary table a large sized fully equipped doll's stove for Princess Mary, a rocking horse for the Duke of York, and many other equally bulky presents. He usually managed to compromise in the end by camouflaging the objects under a table cover and drawing them out unexpectedly after he had attracted the attention of his audience to something at the other end of the stage.

The Prince of Wales as a boy, was an extremely nervous child. Once the Princess Royal brought him to a conjuring entertainment. She explained to the performer that anything in the nature of a loud crash must be eliminated from his program on account of David's nervousness. All went well until the time to show a illusion which culminated in a pistol shot. "Only just the very faintest report," and a colored handkerchief will appear from the mouth of the pistol instead of the "smoke," he explained. But he refused to permit to show the trick. Many years later when taking his part on the western front how the Prince must have laughed at his sensitiveness to the discharge of guns. On another occasion when the royal children were gathered at a magical entertainment the Duke of York was the conjurer's temporary assistant and Princess Mary lent her little white handkerchief for a trick in which it was supposed to be dipped into a bottle of ink and afterwards to come out spotless.

The young Prince, however, managed to fluster the conjurer and then to mix things up in such a way that the conjurer really went back to his own quarters decorated with a fine large ink splash. He and his brothers treated this as a huge joke and the Princess took it very sweetly.

BEAUTY

It is not only those who wield the pen, the brush, and the chisel who can be thrilled with delight at the reading of a great book, or at the sight of some great work of art. Laborer, look at that cathedral; connoisseur, stop and admire this piece of marble; Society Man, study this book; Peasant, cast your eyes on that sunset; Fisherman, lean on your boat and look out over the ocean; and all of you, abandon yourselves to ecstasy or to meditation. Understand and feel the touch of all this beauty, and tell me if those minutes of consummate joy have not brought to you a ray of sunshine more intense than pain, and more powerful than hate.—M. C. Polsoot.

A Reminder.

A colored preacher was vehemently denouncing the sins of his congregation. "Brethren and sisters, Ah warns yo' 'gainst de heinous sin or shootin' craps! Ah charges yo' 'gainst de black raceality of liffin' pullets. Dat, above all else, breddern an' sistern, Ah demostriates yo' 'gainst de crime of melon-stealin'!"

Colored Humor

A Budget of Ducky Yarns From the Regions of Kentucky.—Some Good Scotch Stories for the Christmas Dinner Table.

Negro humor is always to the point as the following stories go to prove.

Minister Repartes.

At a prayer meeting in a colored church the pastor was expounding the passage which tells of the passing of the children of Israel through the Red Sea.

"It's all very simple," he said, "You know that water generally flows down hill, but in this yere instance things was jus' reversed. The water, instead of flowin' down hill done suddenly flow up hill, leavin' the bottom of the sea all dry—yeh, brodders, dry, so that all the children ob Israel jus' passed ober without eben wettin' their feet. Then—"

"But," interrupted a young colored brother who had been to high school, "it wouldn't have done that, pastor. It would have been against the law ob gravitation."

"You jest sit down, sah," answered the pastor, with a patronizing wave of the hand. "You don't know what you are talkin' about. This all happened three thousand yers 'fore law gravitation done been discovered."

A Distinction.

"I done had to go out collectin' folk de missionary society," explained the old colored woman who was wanted for some housework by a Mrs. Dickson. "But I have work for you to do, and you need all the money you can get. What do you get paid for collectin'?" asked Mrs. Dickson. "I don't get paid," said Mandy. "I only gets what I collect."

Distinction.

At the end of three weeks of married life a Southern darky returned to the minister with a "billin' thin" ceremony and asked for a divorce. After explaining that he could not grant divorces, the minister tried to dissuade his visitor from carrying out his intention of getting one, saying—

"You promised to take Liza for better or for worse."

"Yassir, I knows dat, boss," rejoined the darky, "but she's wuss dan I took her for."

What's in a Name?

Down on the station platform at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, a traveling salesmen from Atlanta was "billin' thin" until one of the semi-occasional trains which run in that direction should come along. At the far end of the platform, in the sun, an aged darky sat on a bench in reverie. The salesmen, for want of something to do, began conversation.

"Good morning, Uncle!" "Mawnta, Marse Clint!" "What's your name, Uncle?" "Mah name?" He looked up, surprised at the stranger's ignorance. "Mah name's G'ge Lash'nton, Marse Marse eliat!"

The drummer scratched his head in mock perplexity. "George Washington—George Washington," he mused aloud. "Seems to me I've heard dat name before, Uncle." "Reckon yo'll has," replied the aged one, complacently. "Ah been 'round mah g'rn' on eighty-four yers, Marse Clint!"

Story of the "Pardoning Governor."

The late "Bob" Taylor, who was called the "pardoning governor," told the following story of an old colored woman who came to him while he was the Governor of Tennessee:—

"Marse Govenah, I want my Sam pardoned," she said. "Where is he, auntie?" "In de penitentiary." "What for?" "Stealin' a ham." "Did he steal it?" "Yes, sah, he suth did." "Is he a good nigger, auntie?" "Lawdy, no, suth he's a pow'ful worthless nigger." "Then why do you want him pardoned?" "Cause, yo' Honoh, we's plumb out ob ham ag'in."

Style.

A man was brought before a Police Court charged with abusing his team and using loud and profane language on the street. One of the witnesses was a pious old darky who was submitted to a short cross-examination.

"Did the defendant use improper language," while he was beating his horses?" asked the lawyer. "Well, he talk mighty loud, sah." "Did he indulge in profanity?" "The witness seemed puzzled, and the lawyer put the question in another form. "Uncle Aus, what I want to know is did he use words that would be proper for your minister to use in a sermon?" "Oh, yes, sah, yes, sah," the old man replied with a grin that revealed the full width of his immense mouth, "but they'd have to be ranged diffrant."

More Pulpit Stories.

An old negro preacher was introducing a white preacher. The white preacher had offered to preach a sermon for the colored brother, and, in introducing the white preacher, the old negro could not find enough adjectives with which to praise the visitor. "Dis noted preacher," said the old negro to his flock, "is one of de greatest preachers of de age. He knows de un-knowable, he kin do de un-doable and he can onsewer de onsecurtable."

"Faith!" roared Parson Cal. "You must have faith, breddern and sistern. Look at Dan! In de lions' den! Did de lions eat him? Shorly not! 'Kase why? 'Kase, breddern and sistern, he had faith."

"Parson," a young man asked, "was dem lions as big as de ones we got nowadays?" "Shorly not, son, shorly not," said Parson Cal. "Dey was B. C. means befo' circuses."

A Methodist negro exhorter shouted, "Come on up an' jine de army of de Lord." "De done jined," replied one of the congregation. "Whar'd you jine?" asked the exhorter. "In de Baptis' Church."

A Brief Funeral Oration.

Perhaps the briefest funeral oration ever delivered was that of an old negro of Mississippi over the body of another of his race, who had borne a very bad reputation. Lifting his hat and looking down upon the coffin, the old fellow said, in solemn funeral notes: "Sam Vizer, yo' is gone. We hopes yo' is gone what we 'pects yo' haint."

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All the latest colors and patterns in Women's and men's hose. A pair of our chiffon in individual Christmas package at \$1.25 makes a nice present.

Snow shoes and moccasins at lowest prices. See our men's 15 in. horse hide moccasins. They are just the right thing.

All our rubber goods including overshoes are first grade Dominion and are sold at the same price as the cheaper kinds and we could if we liked buy these and make a little more profit.

New satin dress slippers and handsome gold at \$11.50, silver \$5.00 and \$9.00

Men's lumbermen's rubbers, 3 eyelet Blucher, sizes 8's, 9's, 10's, 11's at \$1.85. Boys 3's, 4's, and 5's at . . \$1.50

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