

Beer & Weeks

Christmas Greetings

We wish to extend to the many friends of this store, both young and old, Hearty Christmas Greetings and Best Wishes for a Prosperous New Year!

Beer & Weeks

Beginning Friday Morning, Dec. 26, at 9 a.m.

CLEARANCE SALE

All Small

TOYS

DOLLS GAMES BOOKS

MECHANICAL TOYS, ETC.

Must be sold before January 1.

Your Choice

-at-

25 p. c. Off

A splendid opportunity to secure desirable New Year's Gifts for some little friends you may have overlooked.

COME EARLY

Beer & Weeks

THE MARKETS

CHARLOTTETOWN MARKETS

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Butter, Eggs, Oats, Hay, Potatoes, Turnips, Pork, Geese, Ducks, Straw.

MONTAGUE MARKETS

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Butter, Eggs, Oats, Potatoes, Turnips, Pork.

MURRAY HARBOR MARKETS

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Butter, Eggs, Pork, Potatoes, Oats.

KENSINGTON MARKETS

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Butter, Eggs, Oats, Potatoes, Turnips, Pork.

SUMMERSIDE MARKETS

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Butter, Eggs, Hay, Oats, Potatoes, Wheat, Turnips.

SOURIS MARKETS

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Butter, Eggs, Oats, Potatoes, Turnips, Pork.

THE WESTERN GUARDIAN

-IT PAYS to buy in this Province

-THE GUARDIAN is on sale at LaFerté's, Summerside.

-DON'T FORGET the lecture and social in Central Bedque Hall Monday evening the 29th.

-MRS JOHN H. WALKER, Cape Traverse will be "At Home" on Thursday afternoon and Friday afternoon and evening, January 1st and 2nd. 5398-12-29m2ipd.

-LECTURE-Rev. Mr. Goodwill will deliver a lecture in Central Bedque Hall, Monday evening the 29th inst. Following the lecture there will be a short entertainment and an old fashioned basket social.

(Boston Transcript.)

I drove a golf ball into the air, It fell to earth, I know not where, For I, alas, was short of sight And couldn't follow it in its flight I kicked my caddy into the air, He fell to earth, I know not where, For I deemed it a thing exceedingly vile.

That inferio, caddy's superior smile Soon, soon after, I found the ball. It had hardly budged from the tree at all; And the caddy was standing sardonically grim-I had kicked my opponent instead of him

FAMOUS CREATOR OF "BRINGING UP FATHER."

A quarter of a century ago, a teacher in the St. Louis, Mo., High School stuck out her hand, and timidly 13-year-old George McManus, advanced up the aisle of the schoolroom with a picture he had just drawn of a youngster with a turned up nose and a generous sprinkling of freckles.

That was the first time the famous creator of "Bringing Up Father" drew public attention to his work. "I expected a whale of a licking from the school Ma'am," said the cartoonist the other day, "but apparently she felt my dad could give me a sounder thrashing, and so she sent this bit of art with a few others she had found in my desk to my father. "He was very quiet during supper, and I fancied the strap would get its workout just before bedtime. Instead he quietly asked: "Did you do that?"

"I admitted it, and without a word he went out of the house. The next morning my father told me to get on my hat and coat and go down to the St. Louis Republic to work. He had brought the freckled drawing to the editor, and it made a hit. I worked for a year at \$5 a week, and then was given a dollar raise. That was 24 years ago, and I've been drawing cartoons ever since.

"When I was 21, I came to New York and drew comics for the 'New World World.' You remember 'Punch and Pats,' 'Let George Do It!' and twenty other comics that I drew during that time and since. The others pass out of memory of the average reader of funny pages. They all ask: "How did you strike the popular character of Jiggs and Maggie?" "It was this way, incidently in my mind since childhood remains the picture of old Billy Carry, the best Irish comedian of his day. My dad was in the show business, and I used to see Barry in his play quite often. I remember every detail of that play. It is practically the same as "The Auctioneer" of today with the change of the leading character. The character portrayed by Barry is the Jiggs of today, and his wife Maggie is the same leading actress in that play. They used to have a poker game every night at 9.15 and there were people in St. Louis who would flock into the house just to see the real poker that was played. It was one of those friendly games where the players carried bricks and axes for emergencies.

"It's the public which makes a comic successful. I tried out a dozen, until 'Bringing Up Father' struck the popular fancy. That was a few years ago when I joined the Hearst organization. "Jiggs" and "Maggie" now make millions laugh in both hemispheres. It is even published in Shanghai, China. The man who is responsible for it is the highest-paid comic artist in the world. He makes his home in New York, and is at his desk regularly every day. He enjoys the profession of amusing people. His conversation bubbles with the same humor that characterizes his cartoons. He sees fun in everything—even in the many penalties of the reputation he has gained, as the world's greatest cartoonist.

"This is the latest," he said the other day, selecting a letter from a pile of correspondence on his desk. "The New York American has just been asked by this chap to decide a wager. He bet that George McManus is a horse-thief and a murderer serving a life term, and is sending his daily comic strips from the jug!"

-TWO CENTS PER WORD each insertion for advertising in this column. Cash must accompany order minimum charge twenty five cents.

-AN EDITOR'S WEDDING.—Referring to the marriage of the Editor of the Pioneer that paper says:—The temporary editor of this paper announces with deepest pleasure the marriage of Mr. F. Beverley Owen, the permanent editor of The Pioneer, to Miss Gladys Bell, the happy event having taken place at Boston on Christmas Day, Rev. Dr. Ward, of the First Presbyterian Church, being the officiating clergyman. The bride is one of Summerside's brightest and most talented young ladies—being the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bell of the eastern suburbs of the town. She is a socialist of great natural talent which has been enhanced by several courses at the Boston Conservatory of Music, where, prior to the pleasing event, we are recording, she was taking an additional course. As a member of the Summerside Presbyterian Church Choir she was held in high esteem. Mr. Owen, the groom, is largely a stranger to this province although he comes from native stock. Born in Ottawa he early took to newspaper work and about nine years ago he went to London where he had connection with the press there. When the war broke out he enlisted in one of the country regiments attaining the rank of Lieutenant and working up to Acting Captain. He has also been the recipient of the Military Cross for bravery on the field. We tender to Mr. and Mrs. Owen the warmest congratulations on the auspicious event and wish them many years of wedded felicity.

THOSE SMART PLAID SKIRTS

Plaid skirts are being worn to considerable extent this season, and with them the suit coat of the past year, which completes the outfit. This is a practical and inexpensive scheme for the woman who is conservative in selecting her wardrobe, since the suit coat always outlasts the skirt, and is usually discarded before it is really shabby. The becoming, wool jersey sport coat may thus be utilized this autumn, for which the plaid skirt it will look quite modish. These skirts are box, accordion or knife plaid, plain gored and cut on modified circular models. One smart variety has checks running either on the long or the straight. Browns and blues are the prevailing colors, but they are combined with yellows, reds, tans, greens, and purples.

PADEREWSKI'S FLIGHT

(Paderewski has paid a flying visit to London.) Down through the chill October skies Tumbled the liquid melodies, As though the music of the spheres Were raining down its long areas; My dull companions deemed the tone Handley Page's heavy drone; But my imagination soared To Gabriel with a harpsichord; Metaught the sweet angelic band Had commandeered a baby grand, So fair a cadence floated down When Paderewski flew to town. A. W.

A Child's Christmas Prayer BY J. W. FOLEY

Dear Lord, be good to Santa Claus, He's been so good to me; I never told him so because He is so hard to see. He must love little children so To come through snow and storm; Please care for him when cold winds blow And keep him nice and warm. Dear Lord, be good to him and good To Mary Christmas, too; I'd like to tell them, if I could, The things I'm telling you. They've both been very good to me, And everywhere they go They make us glad—no wonder we All learn to love them so.



New Velour Hats for Men \$7.00

A LOT OF THE SMARTEST VELOUR HATS that you have seen yet—these new ones that we have just received by express. They are shown in brown, green or black velour, very handsome shapes, only \$7.00

Knitband Caps Velvet Caps The finest cap for cold days—handsome as well as warm. New shapes are just in by express. How about one for Xmas. Brown, green and grey velvet caps—very smart shapes, as well as a lot of new tweeds just in by express. \$2.00, \$2.50, \$2.75.

MOORE & McLEOD LIMITED The Men's Store

AIRMAN DROPS UPON ZEP AND WHISTLES FOR 'PLANE

It was a beautiful day for an air trip, so Rudolph was up before sunset, pouring oil into the petrol tank of his trusty mechanical bird. He found a wire dangling loose between the planes, and deftly twisted it about one of the posts that help to hold an airplane together. His mechanics had not come in; but you, true airman knows his machine, and is not dependent on paid servants. He was alone! In a moment he would be alone still! He sprang into his machine and touched a button. The engine raced and the wheels felt a sudden thrill. He was away!—a minute more and he was but a speck in the blue. The engine raced and the wheels spun round as he fled along the aerial highway. Then, without warning, all was changed. The engine felt a sudden thrill, and Rudolph began to spin. He felt the pressure on his safety belt, and knew that he must be flying upside down. His nerves were unshaken, however, and with great sang-froid he righted the machine and continued his flight. Rudolph was one of those rare and

beautiful specimens of manhood—a civilian flier. He had steadily resisted the temptation to which so many young men yield in these days, to become a Service man. "War," he would state nobly—throwing back his magnificent head and straightening his mighty shoulders—is a dirty trade. It is always muddy in the trenches; and even in the air one is never sure but that one may accidentally fall into the mud." So the noble fellow preserved his individuality, and remained unattached to any of the forces, of land, sea or air. On the day of which we write he had scarcely been flying ten minutes before he was overtaken by a high wind and driven into a bank of clouds. He completely lost his bearings—his machine was caught by the contending winds (pronounce winds of heaven and blown hither and thither like a feather before many hours he had lost consciousness. A cool breeze fanning his beautiful auburn hair restored him, and he regained his senses. At first he could not imagine where he was, but a careful examination revealed the startling fact that he was seated on top of a Zeppelin. It was clear to him that his machine must have turned upside

down, and the breaking of the life-belt had caused him to fall—luckily while just over the airship. But what was he to do? Thoughts of escape flashed through his mind, but none of them seemed feasible. Just as he was giving up all hope, a familiar sound caught his ear. His airplane—his faithful companion—had kept as close to his master as the somewhat unusual circumstances would permit. Rudolph whistled and the delighted airplane climbed up to him and taxied along the top of the Zeppelin till it came to rest by his side. Rudolph felt his steed anxiously but it was sound in wheel and wing, so he quickly mounted to his seat. The airplane seemed to understand what a duty it had to perform that day, and sprang forward with a sharp bark. Steadily the flew to the apex of the Town Hall of Jubloppington came in sight—and their dangers were ever past. Once home, Rudolph donned his most civilian spotted tie and went to tea with his betrothed—this being Thursday. "Dearest!" she cried, on catching sight of him—"I thought you were lost; you have been away four hours."—Messie Cammin.

BRINGING UP FATHER



Advertisement for PILES. Text: Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding, or protruding piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and certainly cure you. See a box; all dealers or Dr. Chase, Boston, Mass. & Co., Limited.