

SPORTING NEWS

BOWLING

The match game bowled on the Ch'town Alleys last night, between the Rovers and Ramblers was won by the Rovers by 103 pins, the scores were as follows:

ROVERS:			
J. Turner	105	126	115
B. Vickerson	194	133	90
N. Vessey	130	124	154
Total—1161.	429	383	359

RAMBLERS:			
W. Smith	96	128	105
E. McInnis	105	123	115
J. Alyward	119	142	125
Total—1058.	320	393	375

Mr. W. C. Stewart won the Goose for the highest run in Billiards, 38 points.

Mr. P. Prunty won a goose for the highest score in Bowling, 214 pins.

Mr. D. McMahon won second prize for bowling (a Gillette Razor) the score was 209 pins.

Tonight the Pilots vs. Carmody-5

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Abbie Practice

The Abegweits worked out with a vengeance last night at the Art's when upwards of twenty-five puck-chasers practiced with a wild on a splendid sheet of ice under the eyes of Coach Chas. Campbell and manager Art Campbell.

"Y" BOWLING

PRIZE BOWLING AT "Y"

Two very high scores have been put on so far but their still remains a day in order to better them and take a turkey or goose away. They will be handed over tonight at ten thirty to the person having the highest three strings, and to the person having the highest single string to be consecutive games. One person cannot have them both. To date Mr Poole has a high single of 305 and a string of 754. Mr. Spillet put on 307 with a string of 770 both pretty fair scores but can be beaten.

JUNIOR LEADER CORPS

Held their first meeting tonight in the form of a bean supper. Each team had a representative to the eats. All joined in a discussion regarding the welfare of the class and several changes were suggested which no doubt will prove advantageous.

toirs by the "Y" teams.
Scores:
Y. M. C. A.

J. D. Webster	205	145	195
F. B. Conard	149	152	206
Rox Kieley	202	165	176
M. Carter	174	192	130
J. A. Bentley	234	191	238
Total—2754			

The Passing Of The Abegweits (?)

The St. John Times Star, has the following interesting "dope" on island hockey destinies and Maritime puck chasing activities in general for the season of 1925: The passing of "Wacky" MacEachern and Roy Prowse of the Charlottetown Abbies to the Sons of Ireland, Quebec, means practically the elimination of this team from the 1925 race, and the dope favors the Summersides to win the island championship this year. There are many hockey fans who will feel rather blue at not witnessing a scrap this year between the Abbies and Sussex, for when these teams mixed it there was more than the hockey element involved that always provided a hair-raising encounter for the spectators. Any time the Abbies and Sussex were billed there was bound to be a capacity house.

Battling Siki In Trouble Again

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Dec. 23.—"Battling" Siki, the Seagatose pugilist, his wife and her brother were arrested Saturday night after a disturbance in a fashionable suburban restaurant here. Upon being inductively for white persons Siki and his party were said to have protested vigorously. A charge of drunk and disorderly conduct was placed against the three. Siki spent the night in the city jail.

Pilot Killed When Parachute Fails

CHICAGO, Dec. 23.—Trusting his life to a few yards of silk composing his parachute after his airplane failed to function in a blinding snow storm, Clarence Gilbert, air mail pilot, last night leaped into space high in the clouds over the little town of Kaneville, Ill., and lost his gamble with death. His body, with strands of the parachute which failed to operate still attached to his belt, was found near Kaneville today after a 15-hour hunt.

Drops Only One Fly In Ten Years

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—Major League catchers will tell you that no part of their work is more difficult than the catching of twisting foul fliers. In this department of the game, Hank Severid, veteran catcher of the St. Louis Browns, is without a peer. In the 10 years that Severid has been with the Browns, during which time he has done most of the catching, only one fly ball has been dropped by him.

Lady Astor Sends Yuletide Message

LONDON, Dec. 23.—Lady Astor, M. P., today forwarded the following message to the Canadian Press: "For four Christmases we had Canadians at Clivedon. We don't want another war, but we should like to get our Canadian soldiers and sisters back here again for Christmas."

Color the Illustrations in "A Christmas Carol"

Adapted For Boys and Girls From "The Story" By Charles Dickens, Now Being Read Daily in The Guardian

The Guardian offers a first, second and third prize to the school boy or girl, fourteen or under, who will complete the illustrations appearing in the above article in colors specified on the illustrations and mail to the Guardian office by December 31—1924.

The first prize, \$5.00; the second, \$3.00 and the third \$1.00, will be given the three best color drawings sent in by school children, fourteen and under, on Prince Edward Island.

Competent judges will have charge of the awards. The first illustration appeared on Page 5 of December 8th Guardian. After the last one has appeared, send the illustrations colored with the coupon below marked "Christmas Carol Drawing," care of Guardian Office and the prizes will be awarded as soon after as possible.

This is an opportunity for children to turn a little pastime into real cash.

The Charlottetown Guardian "Christmas Carol Drawing"

Dear Sirs:— Please send enclosed my colored copies of illustrations, as specified.

NAME ADDRESS AGE

NAME ADDRESS AGE

NAME ADDRESS AGE

Communists In Far East Follow Moscow's Orders

(Associated Press) THE HAGUE, Holland, Dec. 23.—Communist activities in the Dutch East Indies were indicated in a recent dispatch from Batavia, saying that the governor-general had been in consultation with the Council of State of the East Indies to concert measures to deal with Bolshevik agitation. Colonial newspapers just arrived here throw some further light on the movement of the Sarekat Rajat, the East Indian communist organization, which seems to have branches throughout Holland's Indian archipelago. According to the Batavia Nieuwsblad these native communists strictly follow the Moscow program. They conduct secret meetings, but seem to have met with but scant success in or near the bigger towns. Their latest plan seems to be to approach the Javanese individually in the small scattered villages, and to make propaganda for communism. The newspaper notes that the Chinese, who from an important part of the trading population in these islands are leaving Bolshevik propaganda severely alone. A fascist movement has also sprung up in Java lately, colonial papers state.

A FRIEND OF SANTA CLAUS

By Bernice Jackman For weeks and weeks before Christmas, Tommy Lee had been talking about what he expected to find in his stocking; he had written a letter to Santa Claus and given it to his mother to post, and then he flattened his freckled nose against the shop windows choosing the presents he wanted.

"And a pair of roller skates," he said one day to Ben Walker. Tommy was only seven, while Ben was seventeen years old. "Huh!" sneered Ben. "Santa Claus don't come to poor folks' houses."

Mrs. Lee smiled sorrowfully. "I am sure he will put something in my boy's stocking," she said. "I suppose he wouldn't bring me a pair of roller skates," remarked Tommy, "or some nice warm gloves and shoes for you, mother?"

"I am afraid not, dear. You see, there are so many to remember." Tommy said nothing for a time. If his father had been alive—He choked back a sob and slipped into the dark little bedroom. In the bottom drawer of the bureau he found a pair of his father's big woolen socks.

"I'll be back soon, mother!" called Tommy, and he scooted out. Five minutes afterward Tommy Lee was trudging up the broad avenue.

A sleigh glided up in front of a beautiful white marble mansion, and out of it hobbled an old man in a fur coat. He wore a furry cap pulled over his white curly hair, and his whiskers were white and fluffy, and Tommy was sure that he had found Santa Claus.

Tommy Lee hopped after the turrey coated old man, and when a tall footman opened the door Tommy was inside, and no one saw him until the old gentleman snapped on the electric lights in his library.

"Please," said Tommy breathlessly, "are you Santa Claus?" "Bless me! What a question! Perhaps I am. But how did you come in?"

Tommy Lee told him, and he even explained why he had brought his father's big woolen socks. "One is for mother, and the other is for me, please, Mr. Santa Claus. I did wish for roller skates at first, but mother needs shoes and gloves and a little rest. Do you have any rest in your pack, sir?"

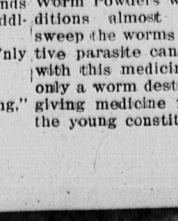
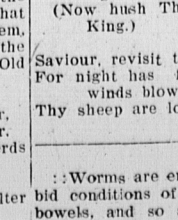
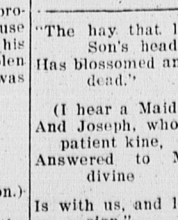
Santa Claus nodded his head. "Heaps of it," he promised. "Where is your father, my lad?" "He is dead," said Tommy tearfully. "He was shot by a burglar who was stealing from a rich man's house. My father was a brave policeman."

"Shot—by a burglar," Santa Claus looked very thoughtful, just as though Tommy's father had been killed in his beautiful house, which happened to be the case. "Well, Tommy, suppose we call for my sleigh and we will go to the shops."

Tommy Lee never forgot that wonderful ride. After the sleigh was full of beautiful bundles they dashed up to Tommy's home and startled Mrs. Lee by bringing in dozens of paper packages. One of them held a fine pair of roller skates. And while the friend of Santa Claus talked to Mrs. Lee and promised her work in his own house Tommy fell fast asleep with his cheek upon his father's woolen socks. And when he awoke it was Christmas morning.

THE HOLLY HAY
A Christmas Carol.
(By Viscountess Grey of Fallodon.)
"The country folk do hold the plant of Sainfoin to be the hay that was in the manger at Bethlehem, and though it was mid-winter, the legend tells, it blossomed red." Old Herbar.

Melchior, Gaspar, and Balthazar. Led aright by the backing star. Come where the gazing Shepherds are.
(I hear a Maid lullaby sing.) Come where the stable's shelter stands.
A Maiden holds in a Mother's hands A young Child wrapped in swaddling bands.
(Now hush Thee my Heavenly King.)
"Joseph, now rede me this thing," she said,



WAITING FOR SANTA

Good Luck For Christmas

Santa Claus Has Arrived at the Christmas Store

Gifts for Men and Boys

Umbrellas for Christmas Gifts with covers in silk \$5.00 and \$5.50

Silk English Broadcloth Shirts, blue, grey, mauve, tan and white. Special \$2.95

Gloves in Kid, Dogskin, Mocha, Chamois and Beaver shades \$1.50 to \$3.00

Silk Hosiery in Blue, Grey, Sand, Green and White. Boxed \$1.00

Silk and Wool Hose in all colors. Boxed 75c

This Christmas Store has the Christmas Spirit.

Open Every Night SHOP EARLY.

J. W. Robblee

135 Great George Street
Where Society Brand Clothes are Sold.



The hay that lies at my young Son's head Has blossomed anew, as it were not dead.
(I hear a Maid lullaby sing.) And Joseph, who stood with the patient kine, Answered to Mary, "The Child divine Is with us, and lo, this must be a sign."
(Now hush Thee, my Heavenly King.)
Saviour, revisit this earth below. For night has fallen, the great winds blow; Thy sheep are lost in the driving snow.
(And many are wandering.) We will lift our hearts to prepare Against the city smoke— Thy Way, To know Thy coming and bid Thee stay, We will take new life-like the Holy Hay (In the soul's awakening.)

THE HOLLY STALL
And keep the conscience gay— Sir, buy a load of holly kind Against the city smoke— The holly bundles, scarlet boughed, And guard your Christmas day.
O there's a sight to ease the mind O there's a sight to pleasure all And bring a blessing down, And cheer God's humble folk. Or who could pass the holly stall In the whole of London Town? —Windsor Magazine.

BRITISH CONSOLS

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The greatest 10¢ Package in Canada

MACDONALD'S MONTREAL ALSO IN 1/2 LB. TINS 65¢

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