

The Christmas Gift You'd Like to Receive

... is the thoughtful one to give!

Suppose someone offered to give you a fountain pen with a personally "hand picked" point that wrote exactly like you—and said this point could instantly be fitted to the holder of your choice—any color, size or style. Would you like it? Of course you would! And so will anyone on your Christmas list.

This is exactly what you can give, in the WAHL-EVERSHARP Personal-Point FOUNTAIN PEN

"A point for any hand... fitted instantly to any holder." The point can instantly be exchanged by the dealer to suit the one who will keep it always—a reminder of your thoughtfulness.

See the Gold Seal Pens at any Wahl-Eversharp dealer's—and judge how much they'll please others, by the way that they delight you.

WAHL-EVERSHARP Personal-Point FOUNTAIN PENS

Delecto
Ganach's Chocolates

1.29 a box and worth it!

It's a gift that reflects your choice of quality.

They may look alike—but.

One may be the product of skilled craftsmen... the other a cheap imitation. Don't be fooled in buying lamps, either. Use only Edison Mazda Lamps, famous for their superior quality.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
INSIDE FROSTED

A CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

London Letter

(British United Press)

London, Nov 15.—The way of the transgressor is hard, as we are taught in our infancy. The assertion, however, was made a long time ago and like some other obiter dicta it needs to be brought up to date, so that it might run "and it had better also be swift." Which advice is solely for the benefit of the sinner.

As we all know, the wicked man flees when no man pursueth; in London lately we have several times had presented to us the spectacle of several wicked men fleeing through the streets at Heaven knows how many miles an hour while the Flying Squad pursued.

Not long ago, Lord Byng, the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, equipped the squad with cars which can travel on the wings of the wind and fitted them with a wireless outfit of great efficiency. The other night he tried his plans on the dog, as it were. From a call-box in the Aladdin's Cave below Piccadilly, which is really an underground railway station in disguise, he telephoned to Scotland Yard. Said he—"I want a Flying Squad car to meet me outside Piccadilly Station. Then he hung up, ascended into the upper air... and stepped into the waiting car.

"Just picked up your message from the yard as we were coming up the street, sir," explained the officer in charge.

And that's that. Harping perhaps on the same instrument but on another string, however hard the roads the malefactor must travel, the converse is not always true that the rough places are made smooth for the man of good will towards honest work.

The other day a poor devil was hailed before the Cads in a heinous charge. He was hungry. Also he was so lost to all sense of decency - to say nothing of discretion, which is of course more valuable quality - that he actually asked a passer-by for food in hearing of the law. Therefore went he in fetters to a deep dungeon to await his fate when daylight should appear.

However, the Cads were kindly men who respected not the very letter of the law. When it was shown to them that the criminal had served his country in many ways and battles long ago and had earned the medals of nine campaigns, they struck the gavel from his wrists and set him free. What is more, they conveyed to him by stealth a comforting viaticum so that he went forth refreshed on his way to find work.

Perhaps on his journey he found yet another solace. If by happy chance he went through Trafalgar Square he might have read on a statue's base the words of a great general: "Soldiers! Your sufferings, your privations your heroism will not be forgotten by a grateful country!"

And that, no doubt, would be nice for him to know.

The bodies of our Victorian fore-runners may lie mouldering in the grave but their souls go marching on.

Once upon a time there was a great sculptor whose fame went out into all the world. (No, not Mr. Epstein. There is, or there was, another). And he was commissioned to execute a work. And he chose for his subject the Paolo and Francesca of Dante's poem. Unfortunately he did not give that lady and gentleman any clothes. Nevertheless he was politic enough to name his work 'Le Baiser.'

Anyhow, his patron presented this most beautiful creation to a certain Mayor and Corporation. Now, all might yet have been well had it not been for this confounded compulsory education. It seems that the Mayor and Corporation in the course of their linguistic studies had not been content to know who had seen the boots of their uncle, nor even the whereabouts of the pen of the gardener. Perhaps by researches in Gaul they had discovered that 'Le Baiser' means 'the kiss.'

So they held the council together and they took that lovely thing, wrapped it in cements, and buried it darkly at dead of night in a distant and dismal place so that it might be hidden from the sight of men.

The scene changes: the other night, the Epstein effigies in Hyde Park and St. James, called "Rims" and "Night," were debauched by someone unknown with tar and feathers, which shows at least that there are those who are interested in Art.

If the unknown has any more material to spare he might call on the official owners of Paolo and Francesca if he can persuade Mrs. Grundy to give him the address.

"Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest."

That seems to be the text on which many statesmen preach, although mighty few of them practice what they preach.

There are variations, of course, in words but not in principle. Mr. Baldwin, for instance, who would seem to be an unromantic soul, several times



TOYLAND OPENS AT HOLMAN'S NOV. 22nd.

You should see our Toyland. You remember about it last year. Well, HOLMAN'S TOYLAND, always the best in the Maritimes, is better

than ever this year. Boys and girls will find a full supply of Dolls, Teddy-Bears, Sleds, Books, Stoves, Trains, Aeroplanes, and every other toy here.

Santa's "Holman" Xmas Prize

Here's a chance for everyone to have the best toys that could be obtained for Toyland. They are real, big values and not every boy or girl could get them before at the price. But now, they are FREE. ABSOLUTELY FREE!

For with every 25c worth bought at HOLMAN'S TOYLAND you will receive one letter of the alphabet free. For 50c two letters; \$1.00 four letters, etc. When you get your letters to spell the word "HOLMAN", take them to Toyland and select one of the six grand prizes.

Here are the Prizes! Read On!

FOR BOYS!

There is a Tool Set which any boy can build with. This comprises Metal Scraper, Sand-paper Block, Square, Lead Pencil, Saw, Mitre Box, Rule, Putty Knife, Screw Driver and Hammer, put up in an attractive tool box, size of box 14 1/2 x 6 inches x 3 inches deep.

The 31-inch Self Steering Sled is a fine prize, too, and will give you all kinds of fun this winter.

Or a collapsible Blackboard, 41 inches high by 21 inches wide.

FOR GIRLS!

A beautiful Mamma Doll, 27-inches high, that will walk and talk like a real baby. It has a dainty organdy dress and bonnet, pretty stockings, and black patent leather slippers. This Doll is one of the best made and any girl will be proud to have it.

Or you may have a 23-piece China Toy Set including cups, saucers, plates, sugar bowl, cream pitcher and teapot.

Big Budget Story Book for young people. Nicely illustrated and has over 250 large pages.

THIS CONTEST STARTS NOVEMBER 22 AND ENDS DECEMBER 14

CHILDREN—Be sure to come on the opening date. See Toyland at its best. Glistening! Sparkling! Don't miss the Holly, the pretty decorations, the painted windows, the toys and the bright lights.

PARENTS—Bring your children. Or make sure they come. It's a rare treat and only comes once a year. We invite you to see Toyland yourself. You will see many suggestions for Christmas gifts there.

R. T. Holman Limited CHARLOTTETOWN SECOND FLOOR SUMMERSIDE

while in office expressed a longing for leisure among pigs - not pigeons. These things are matters of taste. But very few of them mean it.

Of course there have been exceptions which prove the rule. Cincinnati went back to his plough, Diocletian to his garden and Charles the Fifth to a monastery. But you really cannot consider them up to date.

Anyhow, it is certain that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, whenever he talks of leaving work for other hands to carry on, does not intend to go back to the plough, nor to all appearance do the people of this country at present want him to.

Some of the members of the Shadow Cabinet of the opposition are supposed to have been talking mysteriously about their future activities, but not even the most transient and embarrassed phantom of the hindmost of the Baack Benches every really wants to "go back to ole Kentucky" or whatever the English equivalent of such a pilgrimage may be, so long as he sees the ghost of a chance in Westminster.

BULES OF DEATH

(British United Press)

BERLIN, Nov. 16.—A pneumatic pistol designed to fire glass bullets filled with deadly poison gas is the most remarkable exhibit in Germany's police museum. The circumstances under which it was obtained read like an Edgar Wallace thriller.

A policeman on his beat one morning stumbled on the dead body of a fashionably dressed woman. Her empty purse lay nearby. There was no sign of foul play, but four other people were found dead under similar circumstances during the same week. Three had been killed by poison.

The fourth recovered and told how when he was returning home one night, he suddenly saw a man step from a doorway and raise his hand. From that moment he remembered nothing more until he regained consciousness in a hospital.

Three more murders, the victims all being robbed, took place a few weeks later. The splinters of a thin glass bulb were discovered beside one of the bodies. The bulb, the police ascertained, had contained a deadly gas. The authorities were at their wits end until a woman came forward with the information that a young Russian doctor who lodged with her had become mysteriously wealthy.

The detective who was detailed to watch this man soon reported that he was convinced of his guilt, though there was no proof. A day or so later he himself fell a victim to the assassin. A raid on the doctor's lodgings was then decided upon, but the police had no sooner broken down the door than their quarry began to hurl shining glass balls at them. As these struck, they burst, and the only policeman to escape reported that his comrades had collapsed as though struck by lightning. When reinforcements reached the house, they found the former raiders and the Russian maniac all dead.

It was learned that the doctor, blowing the bulbs himself, had filled them with a volatile poison as deadly as cyanic acid. When these were thrown the glass burst and the poison gas, instantly rising to the face of the victim, produced instant death.

MEMORIES OF EARLY EDMONTON

(Canadian Press)

EDMONTON, Alta., Nov. 16.—Memories of the days of the Edmonton of more than 70 years ago are recalled with the passing Tuesday at Hamilton, Bermuda, of a member of one of the city's first families, namely Eliza Victoria McDougall Hardisty, widow of the late Richard Hardisty and eldest daughter of that pioneer missionary of the plains, Rev. George MacDougall.

When Rev. George MacDougall came here in 1862 he built a house and in 1863 he brought his family then residing at Rossville mission on

the shores of Lake Winnipeg by York boat. Two members of that family however, did not come out, just then, but were left in Ontario to complete their studies. One a son, David, and the other, Eliza, born at Victoria College, Cobourg, Ontario, while her father was in training for the illustrious ministry which he would afterwards fulfill. She completed her education at Hamilton College, and at 16, in the year 1865, this daughter joined her family at Victoria Mission, played the harmonium in the little mission church, helped her father to instruct his charges, and her mother with the care of a growing family of four young sisters, and two brothers who were older than

LONDON, Nov. 18.—(British United Press)—About a year ago death hovered over the rural village of Charfield in Gloucestershire when twelve people lost their lives in a railway accident which shocked the nation. On the anniversary of the tragedy relatives of the victims assembled in the ancient church, whose tower was a landmark in the valley centuries before railways existed.

A granite cross of Celtic form has been raised over the grave of the twelve, and the sun shone on wreaths and flowers that were laid at its base. A simple inscription commemorates the disaster. It reads: "Erected by the London, Midland and Scottish Railway Company in memory of those who lost their lives in the railway accident at Charfield, on October —, 1928."

Then follows the names of the victims, and at the end of the list are the words "Two Unknown." These words immortalize in stone a mystery of death. Two children were passengers on the train. Their bodies were found, but nobody claimed them, nobody missed them. The identity of these children will probably forever remain a mystery.

panied by the bride's young sister now Mrs. Leslie Wood of this city made the journey to the fort Rocky Mountain House, a post established to keep the Blackfeet and Plain Indians away from the friendly tribes who visited about Ft. Edmonton.

So far removed from what is generally termed "civilization" this bride received with much happiness at least one wedding gift of great value from the tribes who learned to love her husband. This, a "silk buff skin (as rare in Buffalo herds as "silver" is among foxes) was laid on her feet, one day shortly after her arrival, by the chief of the Blackfeet.

In 1874 the "Big House" called by the Indian "Tectunga" was built and occupied by the chief factor. It was the only residence open on the side the fort after Rowan House was torn down, while the only other building was the Methodist mission.

During the recent National Book Week in Spain the Spanish government bought 60,000 volumes of school children.

Extra Good - WATER ICE WAFERS
because they are **Christie's**

Christie's Biscuits
The Standard of Quality Since 1853