

Business Man's Advice

Don't waste a circular on the person you know, when you can see him personally. Get after the one you don't know and wish to cultivate; he is your prospect, your hope of development. The only economical, safe and sure way to reach the unknown Customer and to get the known one back, is to use the newspaper.

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN
The People's Paper Read by Everybody
Covers Prince Edward Island Like the Dew

Proved By The Years

Newspaper advertising, tested through many years and for every conceivable purpose, has been proved to do these things: (1) Extends the store's radius of trade; (2) Gets customers in a buying mood; (3) Makes fixed overhead yield bigger profits through quicker selling; (4) Stimulates salespeople to better efforts; (5) Makes new policies to fit new conditions instantly effective. Do not throw five points cover most business needs!

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His Day

Joe's Christmas Day One Way Of Judging

My Grandpa says, on Christmas Day He wants all sad this put away, The house must be chock-full of boys And girls, and games, and fun, and noise. One time I said to him, quite low, "Say, Grandpa, may I bring lame Joe?" In all his life I heard Joe say, "He's never had a Christmas Day." Grandpa just squeezed my hand so tight, And shut his eyes like it was night And then a tear rolled down his cheek—I guess my Grandpa's eyes are weak. "Why bless your heart, of course you may give him a great Christmas Day! Bring all the girls and boys you know, And don't forget to bring lame Joe!"

Jackie and Johnnie, next-door neighbors, were comparing notes about the presents they had received on Christmas Day and the things they had eaten. "Umph!" said Johnny, at last. "I bet you didn't have a good time yesterday." Jackie was indignant. "I bet I did!" he cried. "Then why aren't you ill today?" cried Johnny triumphantly. When I told Joe his face got red And white, and then he rubbed his head And blinked his eyes and shook all through, He couldn't think 'twas really true. But when we got to Grandpa's say Joe surely had a Christmas Day. My Grandpa knows nice things to do— He said he'd be Joe's Grandpa too. —Anna Porter Johnson

THE CURIOUS CHRISTMAS TREE

It was the first Christmas Eve that Bobbin and Jock and Jane had ever spent in the country. The tree that father was to have cut down still stood out in the rocky pasture, so heaped with snow now that it looked more like a tent than like a tree. The frost on the windows grew thicker, and the children's faces more and more wiseful. At last, near sundown, the snow stopped and the west grew clear. "Suppose you put on your wraps and go out of doors for a while," Cousin Lizzie suggested. In boots and leggings they tramped out into the cold, keen air. Everything was covered deep in snow. Bobbie and Jock and Jane explored a path that the wind had thorn; then they looked at the windows, all covered with frost. They went to the door to peer out, but the whirling snow drove them in again. All day the snow fell ceaselessly. The tree that father was to have cut down still stood out in the rocky pasture, so heaped with snow now that it looked more like a tent than like a tree. The frost on the windows grew thicker, and the children's faces more and more wiseful. At last, near sundown, the snow stopped and the west grew clear. "Suppose you put on your wraps and go out of doors for a while," Cousin Lizzie suggested. In boots and leggings they tramped out into the cold, keen air. Everything was covered deep in snow. Bobbie and Jock and Jane explored a path that the wind had thorn; then they looked at the windows, all covered with frost. They went to the door to peer out, but they had planned to have for Christmas. "The three looked at one another. "It was just meant for a Christmas tree!" they cried. A flock of snowbirds came winging past, and suddenly Bobbie had a new idea. "I tell you what, Jock and Jane," he said. "We can't have that tree for Christmas, but the birds can. Come on, let's get it trimmed before dark." "Why, bless me, that will be fine!" said Cousin Lizzie when they told her their plan. "There's pop-corn already strung, and I'll cut up some suet." "And I know," cried little Jane, "what I'll put at the very top of the tree!" They were so busy in the short winter twilight, and so tired when their task was finished, that they

A Christmas Carol The Christmas Cheer

God rest you, little children; let nothing you affright, For Jesus Christ you Saviour was born this happy night; Along the hills of Galilee, the white flocks sleeping lay, When Christ the child of Nazareth was born on Christmas Day. —D. M. Mulock. almost forgot their trouble. When the moon rose over the pasture a little later it looked down on a strange sight. The slim little cedar, shaken free of snow, stood out proudly in the silver light. It was covered with festoons of pop-corn strings and with cranberries and tempting lumps of suet; bread crumbs were scattered at the foot of it, and at the tiptop stood a jolly gingerbread man. Little Jane was the first to wake the next morning. She ran

(By Mary D. Brine.) Now once again the Christmas tide Hath come with all its cheer, And human hearts are lifted up To know that Christ is near. His wondrous birth, with all its meant To prove the Father's love— Hath, thro' the ages, linked our soul With faith in God above. We listen to the "Christmas Bells Again we sing the song Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men!" Its echoes linger long To gladden His beloved on earth, Those sorrowful or gay, For always there is born "good cheer" When comes the Christmas Day."

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