

Hunter's Corner

one covers four miles of such going the legs being to drag a little.

I spotted three rabbits. The last as the dusk of evening settled and it looked like a sizzling ghost as it floated between the holes of the darkening spruce. A snow white rabbit against a background of deep green spruce makes a pretty picture with coal black eyes gleaming like agates and four inch ears sticking straight up. Its surprising how well hidden they can be at times. I walked within a few feet of one and would never have guessed it was there if it hadn't have set up and looked to see what was making the rustling noise. I examined its hideout. It was a cosy depression hollowed out in the moss and hidden from prying eyes by thick spruce branches spread almost at ground level.

The rabbit population is up this year and hunters are having top luck. It's a certainty if the swamps remain green much longer the bunny population will undergo a severe thinning out. I wonder what effect the ravens have on the rabbits. Every stroll I take in the wooded back country I hear their harsh croaking and watch them scaling on ebony wings at tree top level always searching with all seeing eyes for whatever moves or crouches on the swamp floor.

I believe the raven has the sharpest eye of any bird that flies, better even than the crow or wildgoose. Once I heard one croaking its way toward me and stepped under a thick spruce tree and waited motionless. As it happened the big bird elected to alight on a tree within ten yards of me. Its long black feet with talons spread was within inches of the spruce spire but it never touched it a backward flip in midair and it was gone. Their eyes are always probing the ground beneath and they spotted me, motionless though I was and wearing a hunting jacket, and instinct caused the bird to execute a backward and downward roll that put tree tops between us in a split second. If I had have been totting the Winchester the best I could have done would have been a snap shot through the branches at the spot I could only guess it might be.

The present weather is anything but Christmasy and not conducive to putting Xmas shoppers in a buying mood. A good crisp day with snow underfoot and bright sunshine overhead would cause the cash registers to ring a merrier tune and bring smiles to city merchants. We have a few days to go yet and maybe we'll have our wish, a White Xmas, after all. It would only require a few hours to bring it to past. After all, as said and done it doesn't really matter whether we have a green or white Xmas so long as we have our health and appetites to enjoy the seasonal goose or turkey and plum pudding with our families and friends.

Looking back over the years many Xmas days pass in review, each one a story in itself, but the ones that come to mind most vividly are those spent at home with the family circle still unbroken. Some during the 1st Great War years are better not remembered. That's the way with life... we have to take the bitter with the sweet. Its just a short jump to the New Year when we will look back on our successes or disappointments in the hunting field and lay plans to do better in the year that lies ahead but... as the immortal Bobbie Burns wrote: "The best laid plans of mice and men" Nevertheless its fun planning to outfit that wise old flock leader that is still crowing in his favourite spruce thicket in spite of our efforts to line the sights on him.

Anything that comes too easy soon loses its appeal and that's why hunters never tire of the game. The planning and anticipation in the hunting game contribute to the enjoyment every bit as much as the actual shoot, bringing home the game is just one part of the fun and after the platter is cleaned and the bones picked the old thinking cap is donned and strategy planned for the next outing. With this happy thought in mind I take this opportunity to wish all readers of the Corner a Merry Xmas and happy hunting in the year that lies ahead.

Strange But True

By F. H. MacArthur

The mark most people set out to make in the world is an "S" sign with two vertical lines. Among the Parrot tribe the large Macaws are said to be the best talkers. Some of them can whistle a tune very well and imitate laughter in an extraordinary manner. An Amazon kept in a West End London home and owned by an officer in the tower of London could imitate perfectly a bugle call. Then it would pipe up, "Who goes there? The keys; whose keys? Queen Victoria's keys, pass the keys etc.

There are some amazing stories about these clever birds and the funny things they say. Here is an old one I read in a book titled "Talking parrots: There was a parrot kept in the bar of a country inn and well known to numerous customers. It imitated what they said, and also what the proprietor said, and one of the things that he often had to repeat when his customers were impatient was: "One at a time, please, gentlemen; one at a time."

One day someone forgot to close the door of the bird's cage and it flew away to a nearby field of grain. A search was made to find it and lo and behold it was the proprietor himself who came upon it in the midst of a noisy group of rooks. He drew nearer to see what all the noise was about. The rooks were pulling the feathers out of the parrot and the parrot would cry every now and then, "One at a time, please, gentlemen, one at a time."

By using a feather dipped in oil you can clean the keyhole of a door and make that stubborn lock turn smoothly. Try it.

How is this for a break of nature: Mrs. Irene Riddle of Malvern, Arkansas, has a hen which lays brown eggs with a white band around each of them.

Katya Van Dyk, Holland's nightingale, is the tallest woman in the world - 8' 4 1/2 inches. Weight 378 pounds. It takes 14 yards of material to make her a new dress. Her hose are made with a special machine which turns out 36 pairs of size 18 as she needs them.

Early watches too large to be carried in a pocket, were hung from a girdle.

In Memoriam

In loving memory of our dear Mother, Mrs. Cameron Robertson, who passed away December 26th, 1933.

Always a smile, never a frown, Always a hand when someone was down. There wasn't a thing too big or too small That she wouldn't try to do for us all. Treasured memories are all we have left. Of a Mother we loved and will never forget.

Sadly Missed by her Family.

May the Joys of This Happy Season Remain with You Throughout The Year.



CLARKE FRUIT CO. LTD. WHOLESALE FRUIT



Good Cheer, Friends!

In this gay season of fellowship, we take great joy in saluting our valued patrons, whose friendship we truly treasure: MERRY CHRISTMAS!

STULL'S SERVICE STATION

184 Gt. George St. CHARLOTTETOWN



Merry Christmas

And greetings of the season! We hope that you and all of our loyal customers enjoy this wonderful Yule to the very utmost!

Helen's Dress Shop 54 Grafton Street



— and a HAPPY NEW YEAR to our

Friends and Customers May we be of service to you in the future!

BILL WARREN'S White Rose SERVICE STATION



Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men

H. M. SIMPSON OFFICE SUPPLIES 160 Richmond St.



Again at Christmas we wish you well...

To all of you who have favored us with your patronage, we extend our greetings for a Very Merry Christmas!

Stewart Bakeries Ltd. 161 Kent Street



From Santa's pack to you — our many friends and customers, a bounty of good wishes for all the many joys of the gay, HOLIDAY SEASON...

MENT'S QUICK LUNCH 188 QUEEN STREET



PEACE AT CHRISTMAS

With reverence we come to this blessed season, with a prayer for your happiness!

JAMES TAIT FLORISTS 37 Villa Ave. Charlottetown

Pay Last Respects To Brother Scout

The funeral of the late Christopher Hartman took place from the residence of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Easton at Georgetown on Thursday, December 16, at 2.15 p. m. Service was held at the United Church on Grafton St. On the arrival of the funeral procession the Boy Scouts were drawn up in two ranks outside the main entrance. The Scouts removed their hats and bowed heads as the casket was borne through the ranks. The Troop was under command of Scout Master, D. A. MacCormack and Assistant Scout Master, Donald MacDonald.

After service in the church the Scouts filed by the bier and took a last look at their beloved brother Scout.

At the cemetery the boys formed up on one side of the grave and held the floral tributes to Christopher during the last service. Rev. W. A. Patterson performed the services at the Church and grave. Three Scouts also acted as Pallbearers. A large crowd was in attendance at the funeral.

Card of Thanks

I wish to take this opportunity of thanking the Doctors and staff of Prince County Hospital for their kindness and care while I was a patient there; also to my good neighbours and friends who sent flowers, fruit, cards and letters.

Bruce Paynter.

Deepest parts of Lake Erie, most southerly of the Great Lakes, are only 214 feet down.



Add to Your Gifts, Our Sincere Wishes For a Joyous Holiday!

W. W. WELLNER LTD.

JEWELLERS



Each of us here send to each of our many loyal customers the warmest wishes of the Yule Season... "Serving you has been a real pleasure."

Maritime Electric Co. LIMITED



'to our friends, at

Christmas

JOYOUS HOLIDAY SEASON! JOHNNY'S MAYFAIR TEA ROOM 172 Prince St.



Season's greetings

Now, at this gay time, we are pleased to greet those whose friendship we prize: Our best wishes to you!

REDDIN BROS. 132 Richmond St.

Greenland, now mostly covered by an ice cap, in distant centuries was warm enough to grow magnolia. All the poetical works of John Clare, English writer who died in 1864, deal with outdoor life and farm scenes.

MERRY CHRISTMAS and may the NEW YEAR Be filled with Health and Happiness J. C. SAINT CHARLOTTETOWN

A HEART-FELT SENTIMENT This time of year, as we count our blessings, we always recall our many faithful friends. To those of you whom we were honored to serve, and helped us achieve such a successful year — we say, with pride and gratitude A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS STOREY ELECTRIC 175 Grafton St. Charlottetown

Merry Christmas TO OUR VALUED CUSTOMERS AND MANY FRIENDS We hope to continue to serve you with friendliness and courtesy 'til Christmas rolls 'round once more. THE JENKINS PHARMACY 159 Gt. George St.

Season's Greetings Now, at this gay time, we are pleased to greet those whose friendship we prize: Our best wishes to you! REDDIN BROS. 132 Richmond St. N. D. MacLEAN 15 KING SQUARE