

Out Among the Pickaninnies.

(By James C. Nolan) You have the bulging purses, You have of wealth to spare Do you seek a Christmas blessing?

All Stuffed Up

That's the condition of many sufferers from catarrh, especially in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Jures catarrh—it soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

TWO MONTHS OLD BABY HAD BAD COLD.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP SAVED HIS LIFE.

It takes the life out of a mother to see the child—the idol of her heart—sneezing away, succumbing to the cruel cough that all the remedies she has tried won't cure.

CARTER'S Feed and Grain Store

Oats, Pressed Hay, Pressed Straw Feed Wheat for poultry, Chicken Feed, Scratch Feed, Ground Oyster Shells, Cotton Seed Meal.

Carter & Co., Ltd Seed Warehouse, Queen Street

Your Soldier Boy Wants HICKEY'S TWIST

No matter where he is, or what other tobacco he can get, the Island soldier who chews tobacco is never satisfied with anything but HICKEY'S TWIST.

Hickey & Nicholson, Ltd CHARLOTTETOWN.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

TO MAKE GOOD BREAD You must have Good Yeast.

GOOD BREAD is without question, the most important article of food in the catalog of man's diet; surely, it is the "staff of life."

W. H. O. Wilkinson, Streetford says:—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price 25c. a box.

GET UP IN MORNING WITH HEADACHE AND SICK STOMACH.

Mr. P. M. Phelps, Stanbridge East, Que., writes:—"I have been taking Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills with such good results I thought I would write you."

R. F. MADDIGAN & Co. Agents for P. E. Island.

FOOTWEAR FOR Fall and Winter

All our New Fall Shoes are here. This year we have many special lines in each department.

Amherst Work Shoes

These shoes are the best heavy shoes made. See our many lines for men, women and children.

Heavy Rubbers

The kind that keep you warm and dry. We sell the INDEPENDENT MAKE—Canada's Best.

BARGAINS

Button Boots for Women, worth \$6.00. Now \$3.98. Button Boots for Women, worth \$4.00. Now \$2.98.

ALLEY & CO. 135 QUEEN STREET.

Christmas Greetings

Patons, Ltd

ARE AGAIN TO THE FRONT WITH Christmas Gifts!

All Useful and Comfortable—New Mufflers, New Coats, New Furs, New Skirts, New Gloves, and a full line of Leather Club Bags.

MENS' READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHING

Suits, Overcoats, Fur-lined Coats PATONS (LIMITED.)

Live Stock Breeders.

List of Pure Bred Live Stock for Sale.

Table with columns: NAME, ADDRESS, BREED, AGE. Includes entries for Geo. Anear, Wm. Aitken, M. McManus, W. F. Weeks, David Reid, Ramsay Auld, Frank Halliday, Ramsay Auld, J.A.E. McDonald.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

McLean & McKinnon Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, the 24th of January 1919.

J.D. STEWART

Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public. OFFICE: NEWSON BLOCK, Charlottetown.

Job Printing Done at The Herald Office

Advertise in The Herald

"Catch it And Run"

"These are fine, big lumps, aren't they, Mr. O'Brien?" said the little boy, as he selected a particularly huge piece of soft coal with which to crown the smouldering heap in the cobbler's tiny stove.

"They are that, and a good thing, too, with coal the price is. Ah, that's a grand bit, pitch it in and 'twill keep us warm for as long as we want to stay, which won't be long tonight," said the old cobbler, throwing his finished work—a russet kid shoe—on to the window shelf.

"The dying flames curled around the "grand bit" and licking their crimson tongues around its rough outline snapped and crackled with joy at such a feast. The little boy knelt on the threadbare mat before the tiny stove and stared with admiring, fascinated gaze until his eyes dazzled with the glare, saw only red and yellow blurs. "Shut the door, or you'll have us smothered with gas itself, Johnny. Shut the door!" commanded the old man. "Is it blinded you want to be?" he added as Johnny drew a grimy hand across his eyes.

"No, but I just love to look at it," confessed the boy. He shut the door carefully in deference to its one hinge, and then sat down beside the old man. Through the scorched ising-glass the dancing flames could be still admired. "Is a queer thing, fire," said the old man, "and bad off we'd be without it, I've often thought."

"Sister brought in some story-books today and one I got was all about Indians and how they lived and what they did and everything," began the little boy. "You don't say," said Thady. "Yes, and there was an awful

"Catch it And Run"

"Oh, it was a cold, cold winter. The wind blew every leaf of the trees and whirled them about on the ground. On the north side of every tree frost spirit hid. You see the Indians believed there were bad and good spirits all around. This bad one stung and nipped every animal in the forest that came near his trees. After a while there was a terrible snowstorm so that you couldn't see the sun, except once in a while through the flakes. And then it wasn't a good yellow sun. It was white and pale like the moon.

"In their cold wigwams—did you know they called their houses wigwams?" "I did so," said the listener. "Well, in their cold wigwams the Indians and their squaws and papooses—that's their name for baby—wrapped their fur skins tight around them, but they weren't much good to keep out the dreadful cold. "It's a shame," said an old chief one day. "If only we had some fire, we'd soon be warm like everything. How can we get some fire?" But nobody could answer his question, for you see all the fire in the whole world was in the wigwam of two stung old women who did not like any of the Indians. They must have been some kind of witches, for they soon heard what the Indians were saying and they said to themselves, "They'll not get one brand, nor a spark even, from our nice fire," and so they watched, taking turns day and night, so that no one could attempt to come near their old wigwam.

"Good Pussy, jump up," said the little boy to the panther-like black cat which, stalking in from the back room of the shop, paused at the three-legged stool and putting his front paws on Johnny's thin little knees, begged to be petted. With an air unsurpassed for lordliness, he accepted two or three caresses and then leaped into the "little" boy's lap, doubled his paws beneath his glossy body and proceeded to blink into the fire with his glittering yellow eyes. "He's just like me," said Johnny. "Is that all of the story?" inquired the cobbler. "Goodness, no! Listen, Pussy you'll like this part. At last a

Buildup

In spring and summer, it's the natural time to store up health and vitality for the year.

Scott's Emulsion

is Nature's best and quickest help.

"Catch it And Run"

"Not far from this Indian village there was a pond. An old frog lived in the pond. In a tree close to its bank there was a squirrel that the wolf knew and a bat, too that had its home there. And a little way off was the den of a bear. I don't know what kind of a bare it was. "When he had seen the young warrior started on his way to hide behind the tree near the wigwam of the mean women, the wolf went down to the pond and he got all of those creatures together, the frog and the squirrel and the bat and the bear—and oh, I nearly forgot, he called a deer, too. He told them the whole thing and he said, "Now, frog, swim across the pond and hide yourself in the cat-tails if you want to help."

"All right," said the old frog, and he swam across the pond and hid in the cat-tails along the bank. "Then the wolf said to the squirrel, "Squirrel, run to the path that goes from the pond to the old women's wigwam, and hide in the bushes that grow beside it. Lay low, sleep if you want, but only with one eye."

"All right," said the squirrel, and he whisked off to the thick bushes that grew near to the wigwam and he scrunched himself down just as small, and shut one eye. "Bear, stand behind this big rock, and stay here till you are told to leave," he said to the bear. And the bear grunted and went behind the rock like he told him. And then there was the deer. "Deer," said the wolf, "don't do anything till something happens."

"That wolf had the makin' of a great general in him," laughed Thady. "There was a picture of him going to the wigwam of the old women and he was just as skinnily as could be," said Johnny. "He was awful smart, that wolf. He stood outside the wigwam of the old women and he coughed a long cough. "Poor wolf," said the women, "come on in to our nice fire." And he hid. "And when he was close to the fire, the wolf coughed three times, and outside, the Indian behind the tree gave a terribly loud war-cry, like this—"Johnny covered his wide-open mouth with a sooty hand and emitted a series of blood-curdling "Wah-wah-wahs," much to Pussy's discomfort and the cobbler's delight. "Only Indians can do it without covering their mouths," remarked the dramatic story-teller as he patted the bristling fur into place again. "The two old women ran right out to see what had happened."

"I don't blame them a bit," said Thady. MINARDS LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.

"Catch it And Run"

"Mary Ovington, Jasper Ont writes:—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagar's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25 cents."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited

Gentlemen—Last winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARDS LINIMENT in a severe attack of LaGrippe, and I have since purchased it to be very effective in cases of inflammation.

Yours W. A. HUTCHINSON.

There is nothing harsh about Laxa Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dispepsia, Sick Headache and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or harshness. Price 25c. etc.

"Husband—Have you brought your opera glass?"

She—"Yes, but I cannot use them."

Husband—"Why not?" She—"I have left my brackets at home."

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