



**Sweets for the Nicht o' Hallowe'en**

At the party the sight of Moir's brings beams of delight to each child's face. How they will enjoy the caramels, the crisp nut centers, the fruit juices and other delicious morsels wrapped inside each velvety chocolate coating! Let them eat as much as they like, for Moir's are the essence of goodness.

You won't forget to make this Hallowe'en the best they ever spent by bringing home plenty of Moir's—will you? Their happiness will recall many fragrant memories of your own childhood. Ask your dealer for the plain 5 lb. box of Moir's XXX Assorted Chocolates. Just the thing for the Hallowe'en party.

MOIRS, LIMITED - HALIFAX

**Moir's Chocolates**

HARRY JAMES, Agent, Charlottetown

PURITY AND QUALITY ASSURED

**Western Guardian World Greatest Card Sharper**

—SHOP from Holman's Catalog.

—AUCTION SALE.—Will sell all my household furniture, which is practically new, on Oct. 31st, at Central Bedouque. Persons wanting furniture should attend this sale. A.W. Sudbury.

—POTATOES.—During favorable weather, considerable quantities of potatoes are being taken from the ground and marketed. The price received is 25 to 30c per bushel. Turnips sell for 16c per bushel.—H

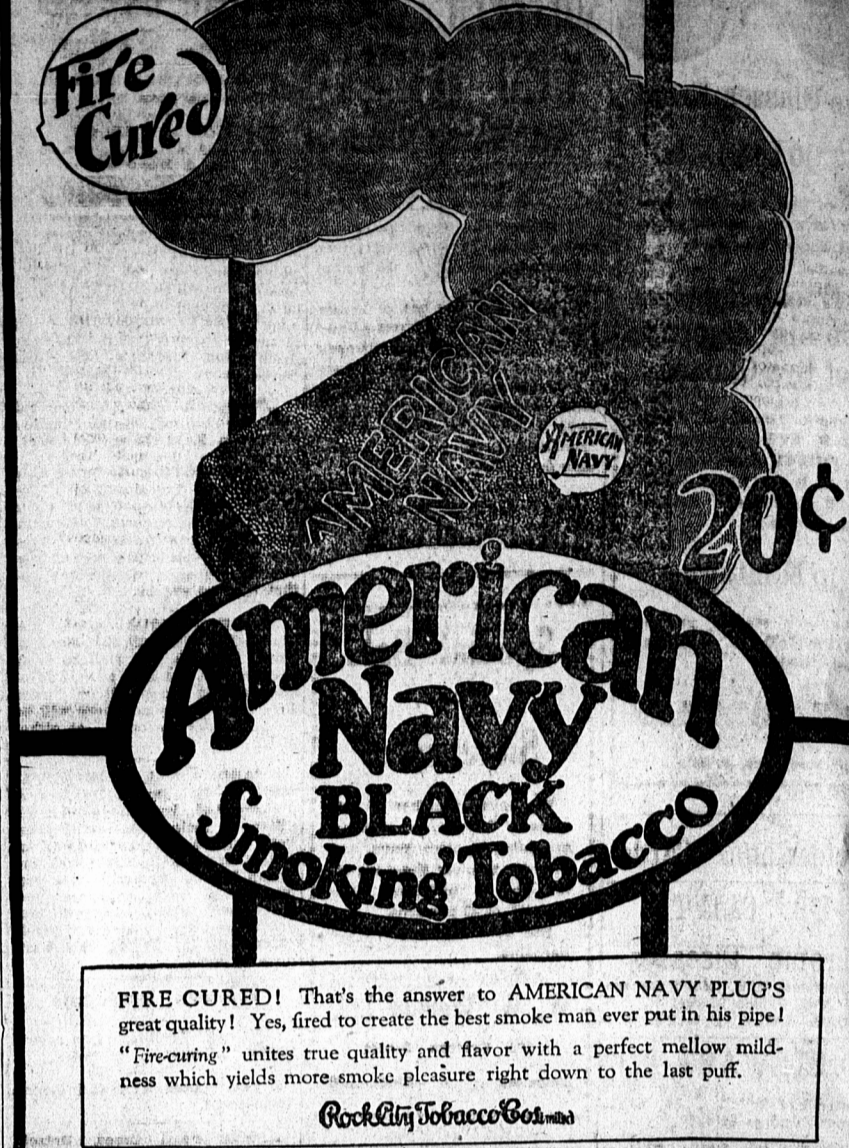
—IN FOR SHELTER.—The sand sucking steamer Restigouche Capt. Geo Irving put into Summerside Friday morning for shelter on her way to Metou, N.S., thence to Welland Canal where she will be working during the winter in the Welland Canal.

—AUCTION SALE AT New Annan Nov 3. J. J. McKinnon, proprietor of New Annan Race Track, who has leased his farm and will devote his attention to the race course, is selling all his stock and farming implements by public auction on Friday, Nov. 3rd. These comprise the usual articles on an up-to-date farm. If day proves unfavorable the sale will be held on the following Monday.

—CENTRAL SCHOOL.—The following is the standing of Central, Lot 16 School for the months of September and October. Principals Department, George Cains, teacher. Grade VIII.—1, Mabel Millar; 2, Violet Lyle; 3, Ralph Monkey. Grade VII.—1, Marion Ramsay; 2, Jean Manderson; 3, Jessie McLaren. Grade VI.—1, Eva Manderson; 2, Madonna Farrell. Grade V.—1, Lily Millar; 2, Beatrice McLaren; 3, Ruth McLaren. Primary Department, Jennie Bowness, teacher. Grade IV, Senior.—1, Harold Yeo; 2, Vesta Barrett; 3, Willie Lyle. Grade IV, Junior.—1, Doris MacGregor; 2, Wilfred Lyle; 3, Frank McLaren. Grade III.—1, Willie Millar; 2, Maude Manderson; 3, Byron Yeo. Grade II.—1, Gwen MacLean; 2, Vera Barrett; 3, Ralph Lyle and Sydney Clark, equal. Grade I, Senior.—1, Charles Yeo; 2, May Yeo. Grade I, Junior.—1, Maude Winchester; 2, Gladys Yeo; 3, Annie Ramsay.

—MUSHROOM CROP SHORT.—Mr. John F. Gallant, Summerside, champion mushroom gatherer, knows where every specimen of the luscious commodity has grown pretty regularly year after year, and he has kept the town fairly well supplied for many seasons. This year, however, the crop has been a complete failure and he tells us that in about as much hunking as some of those professional globe trotters have done this fall he has been rewarded by finding just one solitary mushroom and not much of a one at that. When another member of our debating club on Central St. told how he only an amateur at the game had carried off a prize, he was quite a regular in the week gathered quite a respectable crop. He said, "I can't tell you how I did it or words to that effect."

—INSPIRING ADDRESS.—An inspiring address was given in the Salvation Army Hall at Summerside on Tuesday night by Col. Morehen, Secretary of Young Peoples Work for eastern Canada, Newfoundland and Bermuda. The great work in which he is engaged is that of an organization of the young people for the army and he has the superintendence of cadet corps, guards, and other organizations within his jurisdiction. He is a man of vision and looks upon his work as a God given privilege. Col. Morehen was Divisional Commander at Halifax when the army division in this Province was attached to that city and twelve or thirteen years ago he was a frequent visitor here. His address was heard by a large and appreciative audience. He left Summerside on Wednesday for Sackville and thence to Halifax where an Army Congress is being held during the first week of November.



**Fire Cured**

**American Navy**

**BLACK Smoking Tobacco**

20¢

FIRE CURED! That's the answer to AMERICAN NAVY PLUG'S great quality! Yes, fired to create the best smoke man ever put in his pipe! "Fire-curing" unites true quality and flavor with a perfect mellow mildness which yields more smoke pleasure right down to the last puff.

Rock City Tobacco Co. Ltd.

**Humor in the Moving Picture**

(Thos. L. Masson in New York Sun)

Harold Lloyd makes me laugh. I admit it. I am sorry about it. Every time I do it I feel horribly guilty. I have laughed at that man when it wasn't proper to laugh, I have disgraced myself.

But that is only the beginning; there is more to follow, more that is much worse. For now that I have got started on the down track, I am going to confess that I have laughed at Larry Semon. It was in the semi-dark. Nobody who knew me caught me at it. Surrounded by total strangers—misguided people like myself, common people like myself, ordinary people like myself—I have also laughed at that funny man.

And for years I have been posing as a highbrow, I read Moliere, and Chaucer, and the Atlantic monthly. Yes! I laugh in secret, away from my friends and family, at Larry Semon. And the next confession will follow immediately.

It's about Ben Turpin. Yes, yes, you've guessed it. I am hopeless. I shall never recover from this. Ben Turpin makes me feel perfectly awful when I look at his counterfeit presentment. Why should he do a thing like that to me? Why, even before I begin to laugh at him, I can feel a wave of shame coming over me. The whole thing is so utterly—no, not ridiculous—so utterly shocking and painful that to laugh at it seems almost a crime against nature.

You say they are only clowns. But they are more than clowns, and perhaps something quite less than genuine comedians. But, one moment, please. Charlie Chaplin follows immediately.

I first saw Charlie Chaplin in "The Bank" some years ago. I still think it is his best, with of course the exception of "The Kid." I went with a party of ladies. These ladies were the sort known as "refined." And I laughed at Charlie—discreetly, irreverently, indecently. The fact was that he took me wholly unawares. I did not know of the enormity of my offense until one of my companions, a large lady with a mildly benevolent eye, gazed at me almost malevolently.

"I don't see how you could laugh at such a disgusting creature," she said. "He made me ill."

"I thought him rather—funny," I observed.

"But he was so awkward with his feet, I have felt lowered ever since." "Well," I said sheepishly, "I don't suppose the poor chap has had any advantages."

After this, for weeks and months, I was haunted by the thought that I had actually laughed at such a degraded person—one who could not handle his knife—a barbarian of the barbarians. Secretly out of this welter of crass unrefinement, I knew that I respected him. And now, with lofty air, I go about among these ladies and decline that I was the first one to proclaim this new genius of comedy.

And they admit that he is good, because it has been established that he is good. For that is the way with nice, intellectual ladies. Few of them really understand Charlie's art. This kind of thing is not given for certain kinds of women to grasp and understand. And what is it? Is it humorous? It is not.

We ourselves do not go about hammering strangers over the head with mallets, squirting water from

garden hose over respectable neighbors, grabbing flappers in park pathways, and jouncing them up and down on our laps. We do not steal sables from carriages, dive into lakes, or jump from high buildings into areaways. But we have all wanted to at some stage of our lives, and we now have secret impulses in all of these directions.

Brush aside from Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd all of these primitive and "vulgar" things that link them with the animals, and thus with man, and out of this soil of primitive impulse we perceive a new subtlety. What these men are showing in a way that has never quite been shown before, is man's utter contempt for material things. He abandons himself grossly to any impulse that comes along. Nothing stands in his way. Fate constantly circumvents him, throws him down hard on any pavement. He immediately arises and starts all over again. His perfect serenity through it all, his seemingly absurd, but really fundamental faith in himself—all these things, and more are what draw crowds.

Wherever there is a crowd, there is always something worth while. It cannot be dismissed by any lofty gesture of decadent superiority. We see ourselves, not as others see us, but as we privately feel ourselves to be.

**THE WEED'S FAULT**

Bright little three year old boy while trying to pull up a weed and not succeeding, his daddy said to him:

Jackie you are not big enough to pull that weed.

Oh yes, daddy I am big enough but the weed is too big!

Ask for Minard's and Take no Other

—Mr. Edward Pendergast, Kensington, who has recently returned from an extended trip to Seattle, Wash., Vancouver and other western cities, was in Summerside on Thursday. Mr. Pendergast speaks in high praise of the West, having spent a most enjoyable vacation.

QUEBEC WILL RESPOND TO ONTARIO'S INVITATION

QUEBEC, Oct. 28.—The Hon. Athanasius David, Provincial Secretary, Hon. Cyril Delage, Superintendent of Public Instruction and C.W. Parmelee, English Secretary of the Committee of Public Instruction, will attend the two-day conference, called by the Ontario Government for October 30 and 31, for the Ministers and Deputy Ministers of Education in the Dominion.

Advice is offered most freely when it is known it won't be taken.



**ALONG THE BANFF WINDERMERE ROAD**

ONLY a few short years ago the noble Kootenay Columbia Valley was practically unknown except to its few inhabitants. But no longer will this great silent vale remain unknown and inaccessible, for blasted out of the rock and hewed through the great forests of pines there has been built a highway, a great motor road, which will be opened officially to the tourists next year. This will be known as the Banff Windermere Road. It follows a route from Banff, through the Vermillion and Sinclair passes to the Windermere district of the Columbia Valley, a distance of some eighty miles. On the way the traveler will follow the most wonderful succession of peaks, ravines and valleys on the North American continent, rivaling in rugged splendor those seen along the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

In the late Summer, under the direction of L. O. Armstrong, the well-known Canadian lecturer, and under the auspices of the Canadian Pacific Railway, there started from Banff a party of writers and camera men. This was the first party privileged to traverse the new highway by the pack train method of transit, and probably the last as the road is practically completed.

Marble Canyon was the first side trip of the party, this being some two miles off the main road and so named because of the grey marble rocks that form its sides. Looking into the abyssal depths of this narrow gorge, the presence of the mad torrent below could only be detected by a cloud of spray-mist and the rumbling of the rushing water.

In the vicinity of Marble Creek, a mile or so from the main road, on the mountain side, are the Vermillion paint pots. These are three holes some seven or eight feet deep, filled with water of three colors, ochre, red (Vermillion) and green, the coloring being due probably to deposits of the soluble oxides of iron and copper. These combinations have formed natural pigments that are equal to the finest commercial pigments. It is known that the Kootenays long before the advent of the white man used these colorings to decorate their tepees with weird designs and adorn their bodies with "War Paint" before attacking their enemies. The Indians, too, were the first to commercialize these valuable deposits, and bartered

these pigments with southern tribes for corn and even for the shells of Mexico. The next bit of journey, some 15 miles, was through the Vermillion pass—still along the road. Many writers have essayed the description of mountain roads—long pine avenues with their lights and shadows; on either side snow capped peaks flung against the sky, these flanked by high foot hills topped with burnt forests, where dead pines twining and intertwining their dead branches form a great drape of grey lace. Above and below are streams—tumbling torrents, water falls—springs that bubble from the rocky sides and send their silver streams to swell the volume of turbulent creek. And lingering over all is the odor of the pines and always the inspiration of Nature's sublimest creations—the mountains themselves.

At Vermillion crossing for the first time the party left the road, for it is in this vicinity that the last bit is being completed, some seven miles.

Resuming the journey next day, the pack train following the most direct route forded and deforded the tortuous river, then climbed up some hundreds of feet and was once again on the road. Here the traveller realized just what an amazing piece of engineering building this highway was.

The party proceeded through the Vermillion pass into the Kootenay Valley and camp was pitched at Kootenay Crossing, already a well known and used camping ground that boasts the modern conveniences of a rustic table, poles for tents, nearness to water and all the facilities that make camping pleasant. Here, too, are the first traces of the incoming settler, the smoke of clearing, the little cabin, the transforming of bush into farm land.

The Kootenay Valley is connected to the Columbia via the Sinclair Pass, used for years by the Indians, who after incursions into the rich lands of the Vermillion and Kootenay, where moose, elk and other game still abound, crossed the Divide to visit the hot springs now known as the Radium Hot Springs.

For seven miles the pack train slowly ascended to the summit of the pass, the exact spot being marked by a little emerald lake known as Summit Lake. For the first time, already, already touched by mountain frosts and flaming by the road sides, were noticed. The scenery through this district imposing than ever. Chasms and peaks are higher, vegetation varied. Then followed the most wonderful canyon itself encased in rugged redw alls, known as Gates, towering hundreds of feet side.

And in the heart of the canyon side of the mountain is a pool by a flow from springs, which of the surrounding rocks at a height of 115 degrees. These springs 2500 feet above the sea level, have been valued for their medicinal by the few who know them.

There are four Indian Reservations—the homes of a race the once powerful and warlike and on the rocky wall of you are curious ancient Indian ruins. These Indians are now full and law-abiding, living by fishing, farming and stock raising. From the Hot Springs to the River is only a distance of miles and there the party arrived from the time it started, a day.

**Quality**

QUALITY cannot be specified. It is largely up to the concern fulfilling the specifications. What may represent a high standard of one concern with a low price, may represent a low standard to another concern with a higher price—and all on exactly the same specifications.

Design, workmanship, finish, inspection—these are all variable factors.

The firm with a record behind it for turning out high-grade work will, on the law of averages, do a high-grade job on any individual item, and this "know how"—this mental attitude—which inevitably results in good work, has a genuine value.

The average bid simply represents one firm's attitude toward a thing not yet produced.

Our Job Printing Department will be glad to show those interested in good printing matter, specimen samples of work done by us.

**The Guardian Central Job Printery**

Kent Street, Charlottetown

Phone 420-L.

**WOMAN'S WORK NEVER DONE**

It Seems So in Many Cases and Good Health is Always Necessary

Viscount, Saskatchewan.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weakness of the female organs. I had pains in the back and bearing-down pains in the abdomen, and was in a general run-down condition. I could not sleep, rest or work and was quite unfit to do even slight household tasks. A friend told me about your Vegetable Compound and I in my turn truly recommend it, as my severe symptoms vanished, and I am better in every way. I do my own work, look after my children and see to chickens, cow and my garden. I also recommend it for young girls who are weak and run down, as my 16-year-old daughter has taken it and is quite better. I am glad to see it and I will give a gay self again."

—Mrs. Fraz, Wray, Viscount, Saskatchewan.

**I Live On A Farm**

Upper New Horton, N.B.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine and they have done me a world of good. Since then I have been able to do my housework and I have a lot of work to do, as I live on a farm. Being your advertisement in the papers was what made me think of writing to you. I hope this will help someone else."

—Mrs. W. B. Kenney, Upper New Horton, New Brunswick.

—Mr. J. O'Brien left last Thursday for Lawrence, Mass.

—Mr. P. M. Arsenault, Egmont Bay, was a visitor to town on Thursday.—H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Bert Avery of Niverville Man, are visiting in Summerside.

—Her many friends will regret to know that Mrs. Catherine Finlayson of North Bedouque is still quite ill.

—Mr. D. Kennedy, O'Leary, returned home on Thursday after visiting friends at Kensington and Summerside.—H.

—Mr. Wilbur and Mrs. Eva Gordon of Travers City, Mich. are spending a few days in Summerside. Mrs. Gordon is interested in the fox industry in Mich.

—Mr. Chas Hensley has returned from a visit to Windsor, N.S. Mrs. Hensley and Miss Hensley remained in Windsor owing to the illness of Mrs. Hensley's mother Mrs. Smith.

—Capt. and Mrs. Goodwin of the Salvation Army, Summerside, left on Thursday morning for Halifax to attend the annual Congress which is now being conducted at that place by Commissioner Mrs. Snowdon.—H.

—Mr. Lorne McLellan of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Halifax, is spending a few days in town. He will be accompanied on the return trip by Mrs. McLellan who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Noonan, Fitzroy Street.—H.

—We are pleased to know that Mr. Eusbe Peters of Fortune Cove Lot 5, who is in his 89th year, is at Summerside on a visit to his brother—our esteemed citizen Mr. J. J. Peters who is still hale and hearty at the age of 82 years.