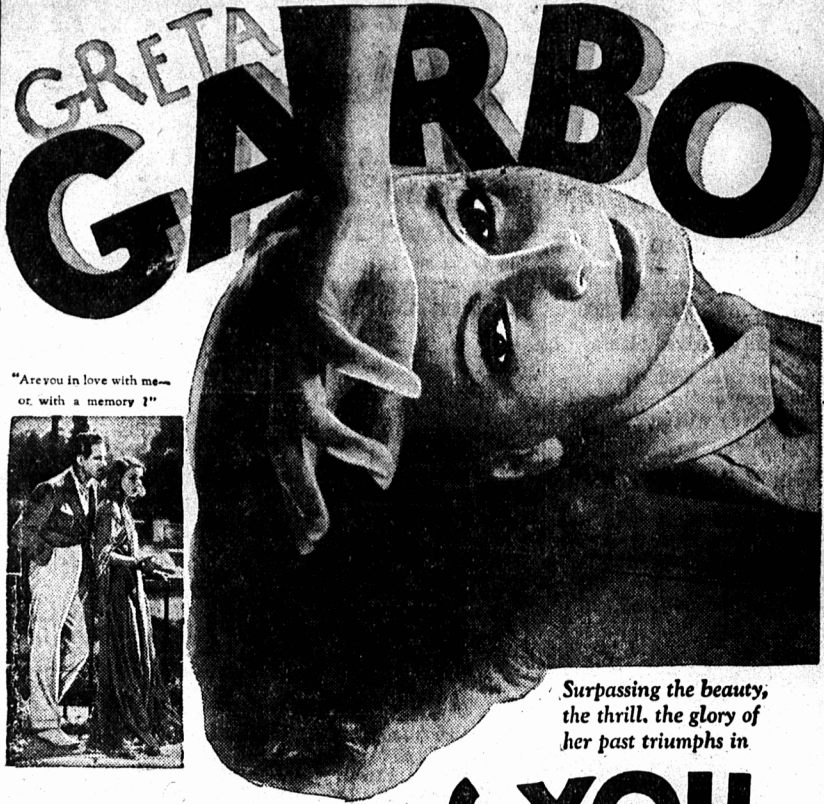


PRINCE EDWARD MATINEE 3 P. M. 18c, 26c. TO-DAY
The Glamorous Star at the Height of Her Glory!



AS YOU DESIRE ME
WOMAN INCARNATE!
A vision of lovelines and desire . . . was she really Zara the dancer, who had known many loves, or the charming bride who had vanished on her honeymoon?
Strange . . . mystic . . . thrilling . . . played as only Garbo can play a great role!

National Gallery Exhibits Canadian Art

(Written for the Canadian Press by Dr. Martus Barbeau)

OTTAWA, July 30.—Visitors at Ottawa during the Imperial Conference will want to know whether this country is doing as well in creative arts as it is in the production of wheat. It is to satisfy their curiosity that the national gallery tomorrow opens a retrospective exhibition of paintings and sculpture; and the work of Canadian artists is so well arranged, in several halls, that it is bound to achieve its purpose admirably.

The whole scheme hinges upon a compact show of the paintings of J. V. Morrice and Tom Thomson, two outstanding Canadians whose careers is now ended. The two divergent tendencies that divide Canadian art in pictorial art are thereby effectively set forth; the first, towards the French landscape painting of the Barbizon school, and the second, towards a later sense of autonomy that has grown rapidly at the expense of the other.

Morrice characterized the first tendency. He belongs to France and its expansive influence abroad, whereas Thomson stands for self assertion in his own country. The contrast at close quarters between the two is impressive. No stranger can fall to understand, no Canadian can remain indifferent. Here is the parting of the ways.

The display of Canadian pictures in itself invites opinions and preferences. Here the ancients are represented, there, the moderns. One of the halls is given wholly to a former generation. The only vital note here is found in the early paintings of Kreighoff—snow scenes of Quebec mostly—that still retain their freshness after many years. Most will prefer to study the moderns on the lower floor. Canadian landscape here beyond all question challenges interest.

The 39 Morrice canvases form a remarkable show in themselves. Their refinement and beauty are irresistible. They are from the hand of a great master of the French impressionist school, striking Quebec scenes, there, glimpses

of the coasts of Normandy and Brittany, of Gibraltar; there, arresting vistas in Italy, Morocco and the Gulf of Mexico. Morocco obviously belongs to France, not to Canada. Even in the winter scenes of Quebec, the snow is warm and thawing. The habitations with their massive stone houses are reminiscent of Normandy. Morrice knew the Canadian winters well, in his adolescence, since he was born in Montreal, of Scotch-Canadian parents. But he was an inveterate European, a Parisian by preference. He never was deeply interested in the land of his birth and his restless soul was that of a nomad.

The very reverse can be said of the work of Tom Thomson, whose 20 canvases are exhibited in the other half of the same hall. The contrast is breath-taking. Here we turn boldly to the virgin forests of the North and the rugged shores of northern lakes; the air is cool, the sky is clear. A spectral glow bespeaks the Arctic, even though the leaves of mid-summer are blowing in the breeze and the beauty of the work is sung, as has never been sung on canvas before. Here is the land of voyageurs, foresters and pioneers, a land of opportunity.

The brush of Morrice never had touched it. Someone else must do it, Thomson and others like him endowed with a gift for pioneering. Thomson's Jack pine stands like a symbol, that of a new Canada emerged from the cocoon. It is lonesome at first sight, its branches are drooping and shaggy. But it is intensely Canadian. Sombre and grandiose, it is decorative. Who will mistake it for French art? Its only fault is novelty. It answers the question: Has Canadian art anything of its own to say? Morrice's answer was no! Thomson's yes!

And they were both right. Canada can furnish a master painter like Morrice to Europe, and express the beauty of own surroundings in terms unmistakably its own, as Thomson has.

Hunting In Ireland
MELBOURNE, Australia, July 30.—(By The Canadian Press)—Miss Mary Sewell, a hunting enthusiast just returned from Great Britain and Ireland says: "In Ireland, hunting is hunting pure and simple. It does not matter what you wear or what you look like, as long as you can go. Everyone is delightfully friendly. No one has any money, but they all have a wonderful time." Hunting in England is apparently an expensive recreation in comparison with Victoria. Here the women members of a club pay at the maximum \$47.16 a year; in England the maximum is \$125 a horse, and in a provincial hunt it may be \$50. If you are a visitor you must hunt on pay at least like that.

A boy from the town was passing through a hay field with a country friend. "What are those funny things?" asked the town boy, pointing to hay-ricks. "Oh, that's hay," replied his friend. "Pull my other leg," shouted the city youth. "Hay doesn't grow in my other leg, you know."

\$47.16 to hire, and nearly always there is \$15.72 or \$10 capping fee on top of that. Very seldom is it possible to hunt for less than \$25 a day for a visitor. In Ireland it is approximately \$31.44 for the hiring and \$2.40 capping fee.

Miss Sewell was interested to find how many girls in England looked after their own horses. In Ireland it is a matter of course. Many people in both countries take out two or three horses, and change in the course of the day. This enables them to hunt more frequently during the week. Some of the packs hunt four and six days a week.

Practically all the jumping in England is over hedges, most of them tall and stiff, some of them the ordinary hawthorn, some of them what is known as "cut and laid," and some "wattled." There are practically no post-and-rail fences as in Australia and no wire. On the other hand, there are a lot of water jumps and ditches, which can be very dangerous, and in the limestone country, as in the New Forest, there is a great deal of treacherous bog land. "Here we take our fences very much faster, and our horses are inclined to behave like steppichasers," Miss Sewell said. "The English hunter is so well schooled and has so much hunting that you can go out on a good hiring, and only need to sit and let it do the work for you." In England most of the women still ride with the side-saddle. In Ireland nearly all ride astride.

Miss Sewell tells an interesting story of her motor tour through England alone. She found it a much more comfortable and economical way of getting about. There are very few hotels down the East coast of England where she would have cared to stay. It was much simpler to camp in the car. It had a sunshine roof which she opened for air, while she locked the doors and windows. She never had occasion for the slightest alarm. England, she says, is "a very safe sort of place." On this tour of farms Miss Sewell found that there was a great many women on the land, most of them going in for poultry and some of them dairying. She spoke of a wonderful model farm run by a Miss Martin Smith, who owns the first 3,000 gallon cow in England. She was also very interested in a farmer in Lancashire who had a small bottling plant on his own farm, so that he could claim that his milk came direct from the cow to the bottle to the baby.

The straightforward young woman believed in telling the truth. She married a very sentimental young man. "My darling," he said, "surely I cannot be worthy of you?" "Oh, of course not," she answered. "But when a girl's been twenty-three for six years she would be silly to be too particular, wouldn't she?"

A boy from the town was passing through a hay field with a country friend. "What are those funny things?" asked the town boy, pointing to hay-ricks. "Oh, that's hay," replied his friend. "Pull my other leg," shouted the city youth. "Hay doesn't grow in my other leg, you know."

CAPITOL NOW A DRIVING HUMAN DRAMA WORDS CANNOT DESCRIBE!

The Price of His Life— a Women's Good Name
CLIVE BROOK
Marjorie Rambeau
Peggy Shannon
Charles Starrett
featured in
SILENCE
SHORT SUBJECTS COMEDY and SCENIC

Market Board To Come Before The Imperial Conference

OTTAWA, July 30.—(By The Canadian Press)—The report of the Empire marketing board will come before the committee of the Imperial Conference dealing with the machinery of marketing within a day or two. The prospects are that the committee will continue the board's existence, and recommend its expansion along certain lines, particularly of market intelligence, statistical surveys and market promotion.

The annual report of the Board, now made public, shows that for the year ending May, 1932, twenty-five empire products established "new highs" for sales in the United Kingdom. Of these Canada enjoyed one record, in the marketing of Canadian tobacco. A total of 6,278,000 lbs. were sold, which was 200,000 lbs. in excess of the previous "high," established in 1928.

"Eight 'new highs' were made by Australia, in wheat, wheat flour, eggs, butter, frozen lamb and pork, sugar and pears.

New Zealand established records in frozen lamb, butter and pears, South Africa in grapes, grapefruit, plums, wine, sugar, eggs and butter; and the Irish Free States in live pigs.

"These records," says the Board's report "afford a clear proof of the way in which numerous foods from the overseas empire are establishing themselves in the dietary of the people of Great Britain."

Elmsdale

A well represented meeting of the members of Elmsdale Egg Circle was held in the Hall on the evening of July 21st. Mr. Benson of Ottawa and Mr. Fred Nash, Charlottetown, were in attendance and important matters pertaining to the business of the Circle were discussed.

Rev. D. M. McLeod was inducted into the pastoral charge of the Montrose Elmsdale congregation of the United Church on July 22nd, the service being held in the United Church at Montrose. Rev. A. S. Wier conducted the service. Rev. Mr. Baker of O'Leary preached the sermon. Rev. Mr. Stirling of Springfield West addressed the people. The inside of Montrose Church has been redecorated and presented a beautiful appearance with numerous vases of cut flowers.

Mrs. Edwin Arthur is visiting friends in Kensington and Summerside.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Hardy, Miss Linda Hardy and Master Keith Hardy of Kensington, spent Sunday in Elmsdale.

Mrs. Fred H. Currie, Miss Vera Currie, Master Francis Currie and Miss Dorothy Barnes of Charlottetown, are visiting friends in Elmsdale and vicinity.

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"My darling," he said, "surely I cannot be worthy of you?" "Oh, of course not," she answered. "But when a girl's been twenty-three for six years she would be silly to be too particular, wouldn't she?"

Reunion of Returned Men AT MOUNT STEWART, THURSDAY EVENING AUGUST 4th.

Tickets on sale by Secretaries of all branches of the Legion, also in Charlottetown by Comrades T. E. MacNutt, F. B. Conrad, A. G. King and Ira Brown. Cars will leave Legion Home, Charlottetown at 6.15 p. m.

Wins Militia Challenge Cup

(Canadian Press)
SUSSEX, N. B., July 30.—Captain C. R. Blakney, of the 7th Canadian Machine Gun Battalion, won the militia challenge cup for tyros here today, the third day of the 50th annual New Brunswick Rifle Association championship shoot. Saint John C. R. A. first team won the association team match shield with a record score for this match of 495 out of a possible 525, at ranges of 200, 500 and 600 yards. The shoot continues tomorrow.

Toronto Leads In Insurance Payments

Toronto was again in the lead of all Canadian cities in the total amount of death claims paid in 1931 by life insurance companies, according to the Life Payments Localized Number published today by The National Underwriter, weekly insurance newspaper. Toronto's 1931 total was \$12,250,000, as compared with \$11,128,900 in 1930. Montreal was second with \$7,413,900, as compared with \$7,090,500 in 1930. Winnipeg was third with \$2,191,690; Hamilton, Ont., \$1,650,000; Vancouver, \$1,615,000; Quebec \$1,410,000; Ottawa, \$1,280,000; London, Ont., \$950,000; Saskatoon, \$897,000, and Belleville, Ont., \$787,000.

The largest individual death claim paid in Canada in 1931 was on the life of Thomas McAndrew, of Renfrew, Ont., amounting to \$588,397. The second was on the life of a resident of Toronto whose name is withheld, for \$280,000. In London, Ont., two claims were paid each for \$168,200. Neither name being given. Angus McLean of Bathurst, New Brunswick, was insured for \$148,000. Hamilton, Ont., had a claim for \$130,027, name not given; Victoria, B. C., name not given, \$113,750; George Wellington Hezwell, Toronto, \$111,000; an unnamed claim at Bathurst, N. B., \$100,000, and one in Toronto and Montreal respectively for the same amount; Moncton, N. B., name not given, \$90,000; Hamilton, Ont., name not given, \$88,000; Montreal, Charles M. Robertson, \$85,000; Stratford, Ont., name not given, \$84,584, and Westmount, Quebec, name not given, \$80,000.

In a certain village lives a charming young widow. The vicar of the parish, a bachelor, owns a small car that sometimes gives him trouble. One dark evening, on returning to the vicarage, the car conked out in a quiet street and the owner decided to walk home and send a garage man to fetch the car next day. In the morning, however, before he carried out his intention, the vicar received a call from his friend the doctor, who said, "My dear chap, you're properly in the car now!"

"How's that?" asked the parson. "Well," said the doctor, "everybody in the village knows that your car has been standing outside young Mrs. Blank's house all night!"

Mrs. Buyer: "Is Bob's rich uncle seriously ill?"
Buyer: "Well, I saw an automobile salesman offer Bob a cigar yesterday!"

Truck Minard's in your travelling bag.

NEW WAR BOOK TELLS OF 44TH

"6,000 Canadian Men" Is Dramatic Story of Manitoba Unit.

(By Captain W. W. Murray M. C. Canadian Press Staff Writer.)

OTTAWA, July 30.—To the steadily increasing bibliography of the war, as that conflict was viewed by officers holding junior commands and by the men in the ranks, "6,000 Canadian Men," the history of the 44th Canadian Infantry Battalion, C. E. F., comes as a welcome contribution from Captain E. S. Russenolt of Winnipeg. Those who look for heroics, the glossing over of disaster and the portraying of war as a romantic adventure, will be disappointed; those who seek to know what war actually is will find what they seek in following the troubled course of this Manitoba unit. Here is a historian who hews industriously to the line, and lets the chips fall where they may.

The volume may revive old controversies and re-open old wounds; there are many whom it will not please. One gathers, however, that the writer construed it as a duty to set down in plain unvarnished language the story of all the factors which operated throughout the battalion's existence, taking the good with the bad, success with failure, meeting out praise and assessing blame wherever and whenever conditions warranted.

All Canadian Corps battalions had their "dies irae," a day when everything went wrong. That of the Forty-Fourth was October 25, 1918. The story of the futile attack on Regina Trench is one of unparalleled heroism, of fruitless sacrifice, and of staff-work against which the writer directs bitter criticism. The assault, the battalion's first major operation, was a complete failure. Weighing heavily on the Forty-Fourth, "the memory of October 25 rankles in the minds of its men with a bitterness that is never forgotten."

Captain Russenolt turns on other occasions to the staff of the 10th Canadian Infantry Brigade, upon whom he directs mordant strictures. The unit results being employed unsparringly in the relentless fighting west of Avion, following the capture of Vimy Ridge. Rejection by Brigade of its Commanding Officer's representations for an adequate period of rest and re-organization is a blow at morale. It produces a "wholly un satisfactory state of mind among officers and N. C. O.'s."

At Passchendaele "an unhealthy condition exists" friction developing between Brigade Headquarters and the units. Tireless projection of the staff into the intimate activities of battalions is disclosed with, in short, "brass-hats" in experienced in the command of troops attempting to teach veteran front-line officers how to run their show.

With no effort to conceal the battalion's non-successes the historian subjects these to a keen, analytical examination. Impossible tasks assigned to the men and, he infers, known to be impossible to officers possessed of a proper understanding of the situation, inadequate preparation and indifferent staff-work, all combined to lengthen the Forty-Fourth's casualty lists. A feeling that their interests are neglected overwhelms the unit when it is detached from its original territorial affiliation with Manitoba and transferred, for reinforcing purposes, to New Brunswick. This is a bitter pill. Captain Russenolt's assumptions on that point ignore a number of vital factors, which, had they been thoroughly appraised, might have made him less critical. The battalion's disappointment, however, is not unnatural.

The terrific fighting from Amiens to Cambrai is described with a vigor that leaves nothing to the imagination. Particularly to be commended are his moving narratives of the Canal du Nord and Farnas Ridge attacks.

If the historian finds it necessary to record the dreary routine of daily working parties, the humdrum, soul-killing existence during stationary warfare, he justifies that necessity by asking what, if the reader finds it monotonous, must it have been to the men themselves. The question is its own answer. It is all part of the picture.

Throughout his record, the historian makes a most effective use of the present tense. The style is unique, but it does lend itself to vividness of description and compels concentration upon the swift moving action. He has a fine sense of the dramatic and an unusual penchant towards the record-

One Day in the Life of the King and Queen

Buckingham Palace wakes early in the morning. The big black and gold clock in the inner quadrangle is pointing to six o'clock when the first servants come on duty and take over the care of the Palace from the night watchman, says the London Express.

For the next hour and a half all is bustle and activity. There are miles—literally miles—of red carpeted corridors to be swept, more than 500 rooms to be cleaned and dusted and made ready for the little army of secretaries, officials, clerks and typists who arrive between nine and ten to carry on the everyday work of the Palace.

For Buckingham Palace, first and foremost, is a place where work is done, and plenty of it. Hundreds of letters—many of them marked in red ink, "SECRET"—are dictated and signed every day, telephones are ringing constantly, and there is a great coming and going of Ministers and diplomats, politicians and peers, who have business with the King.

Half-past seven sees the first set meal of the day, breakfast in the Servants' Hall, and about this time things are beginning to stir in the southwest wing, where the King and Queen have their private apartments.

Every day the King is up before eight a. m., and the Queen, too, is an early riser. Fine days in the summer bring the King out for an early morning canter in Hyde Park, but whether it is a riding day or not, the King always spends an hour reading before breakfast.

He studies the official telegrams and Government despatches that have come in overnight and finds time, too, for a glance at the morning papers, which he will study more closely later in the day.

Immense Mail

The royal breakfast is served in the Chinese Room, at nine-thirty. The King and Queen, with, perhaps, the Duke of Gloucester, or the Princess Royal, if they are staying at the Palace, sit down to the simple meal.

After breakfast, the King begins the day's program with a conference with Sir Olive Wigram, the polished courier with the disarming frankness of manner, and the infectious smile, who has taken Lord Stamfordham's place as private secretary and chief adviser to His Majesty.

Then come visits from members of the Government, soldiers and sailors returning from posts abroad, Dominion and Colonial statesmen, and other important people. The King keeps in the closest touch with everything that affects his wide-flung Empire, and believes in getting his knowledge at first hand from the man on the spot.

Occasionally, the King breaks off to take a cup of hot soup in the middle of the morning, and every day, just before luncheon, he goes out for a short stroll in the grounds accompanied only by his Cairn Terrier, Bob.

At luncheon, served at 1:30 in the Chinese Room, where Their Majesties take all their meals, except when there is a dinner party in the state rooms, the King and Queen meet for the first time since breakfast.

The Queen, after dealing with her own tremendous correspondence, and arranging various future engagements with her secretaries, has spent the morning attending to matters connected with the Palace, or perhaps has been out on one of her numerous shopping expeditions.

ing of detail.

The magnitude of the delirium which nearly wrecked western civilization and its concurrent developments are skillfully woven into and become part of the story. Readers are not allowed to forget that the Forty-Fourth was only a small unit operating in a universal welter of warring peoples. On the other hand, the writer holds the spotlight firmly on his comrades, never for a moment allowing them to depart from the centre of the stage.

The book is well illustrated, its maps particularly good; but it lacks an index. It is, however, excellently paraphrased and has marginal dates that facilitate reference.



Simple Menu

Soup, a little fish or meat, and a sweet form the simple menu at luncheon.

Afterwards, the King takes a short rest before resuming his study of the State papers and documents which are brought over at intervals throughout the day from Whitehall.

Twice a day, on Mondays and Fridays, the King devotes part of the afternoon to his famous stamp collection, which is stored in two big rooms, specially protected against fire. On other days, he has some hospital to visit, a foundation stone to lay, or some other public engagement to carry out.

Tea is never a set meal for the King.

Six o'clock often brings in more political visitors, perhaps the Prime Minister, who has some point of policy to discuss, or some development to report, or perhaps, the Foreign Secretary, or the Dominion Minister, if there is special news connected with their departments.

The King's Quick Change

The King and Queen dine late at 8:30, and it is often eight o'clock before the King can get away to change. Punctuality is intolerable to the King, and he is one of the quickest dressers in England.

After dinner, the King and Queen like thousands of their subjects, like to listen to the wireless for an hour or so. The big loud speaker set in the King's room is turned on, but neither the King nor the Queen stays up late, and half-past ten or eleven sees the lights in the royal quarters dimmed, and the Palace is settling down for the night.

Olympic Rowing

LONG BEACH, Calif., July 29.—Drawings for the eight oared Olympic rowing championship, made here today, placed the Hamilton Leaders, Canadian shell, in the second heat of the opening competition, August 10.

The United States entry drew number one lane, with New Zealand in the second channel, Canada next and flanked by Germany. In the first heat, Great Britain drew lane one, Japan number 2, Brazil 3, and Italy 4.

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