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HIGH SCHOOL

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MONTAGUE — FRI. 1st.
MONTAGUE — SAT. 2nd
SOURIS — MON. 4th.

Lapointe Makes Eloquent Appeal To French People

"We know too well the heart of France to doubt an instant of her loyalty," declared Hon. Ernest Lapointe, Minister of Justice, Ottawa, in an eloquent address, addressed to the French people, and broadcast on Saturday afternoon by long, medium and short wave to all parts of the world.

Mr. Lapointe spoke in both English and French. The English text of his speech follows—

"I speak to you tonight as a French-Canadian, as a representative of that section of the old French oak which you planted and which has grown on American soil. I speak to you in a language which we intend to use in the future, and which we have once again made our own and treasure for the past one hundred and eighty years.

"While that language you bequeathed us a still more precious legacy—something of the soul of eternal France—the sign and symbol of courage, fidelity and honour.

Clouded Hours

"And because we speak the same language as you do, because we understand and feel as you do, I think that you might perhaps like to hear, in these clouded hours of our common history, a friendly voice reaching to you that, on the other side of the ocean, there live your own blood and your own hopes. There is a saying current amongst men of all races who honour France—'Every man has two countries, his own and the sweet land of France.' Since misfortune has befallen your beautiful country, France is truly seized by a general gloom. We have been deeply distressed and have offered up fervent prayers to Heaven on your behalf. You brought faith to the shores of our own St. Lawrence. It is not just that we should invoke on your behalf the God whom your martyrs, missionaries gloried in this land?

"But we are not content, to suffer and pray with you. The traditions which Carlier, Champlain, Montcalm, and so many other valiant knights planted in Canadian soil remain ever green. Since the fall of our arms has willed that we should remain in this land, we are determined to do our share to restore freedom and peace to the world. You still retain not only our affection but the common interests of our arms. Since last June, the war effort of Canada has been tremendously increased. Her Parliament has authorized a general mobilization of the country's resources. The training of her thousands of young soldiers has been advanced with remarkable speed, and our new air training schools are springing up as if by magic on our plains, in our aircraft plants, shipbuilding yards, and in the cities where our workers are labouring day and night with the strongest vigour, will, purpose, to ensure final victory, our common victory.

"For Common Victory"

"I say our common victory, for in our eyes, you are still our ally, not only on Europe's far-flung battlefield, but even here, on this American continent, where a common soul and a common language cause us, so to speak, to share your joys and your triumphs. Over here, you are our allies because we know too well the heart of France to doubt an instant of her loyalty. Because we love the same things, we know that, no matter what fate may bring her, no matter what tribulations await her, France will never fight against the British, against us, French-Canadian soldiers, many of whose sons have been resting in the soil of France for the past 23 years.

"This conviction and the solemn pledge made by Great Britain to free your country, we find it impossible to imagine a France completely prostrate, renouncing her rights as a nation. It is equally impossible to imagine that France, who settled us here, come the enemy of Great Britain, who has always given protection to our freedom and to whom we are bound not only by common interests, but by the ties of a French oath of loyalty, a French oath which cannot be, for if the motto of Quebec Province has always been 'I remember', it has ever been that as emboldened on your army flags: 'Honour and Fatherland.' And France, the French Republic, and the alliance as you well know, goes far beyond mere geographical borders.

Vimy Ridge

"In 1936 I had the honour to represent my country at the unveiling of the monument erected on Vimy Ridge as a memorial to our Canadian soldiers, who had given their lives on the soil of France in the liberation of your land. The ceremony, witnessed by His Majesty the King of Great Britain and His Excellency the President of the French Republic, presented the alliance of the two great nations, whom a common ideal had united in a common sacrifice, a sacrifice which also has not yet ended, but of which the reward may not be very far away. On that occasion Marshal Pétain, on behalf of the leaders of France, presented me with three commemorative medals that I have constantly treasured. To me they have remained symbols, three pieces of metal, which the ravages of time cannot rust.

"In my eyes they personify France, Great Britain and Canada, two great countries long allied in the same love of justice and fruitful peace; Canada begotten of them both and uniting them both; Canada proud of her great traditions, and demanding as her birthright the privilege of sharing in the enterprises of civilization which they have brought to the world. Men of France, we still remain the glorious trinity, bound to triumph in the end because that trinity will never cease to exist and indivisible. Let us remember Vimy and hold fast to our trust in each other.

"To this message of faith and hope, my eminent colleague, Senator Dandurand, member of the Institute of France, and Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour is cheerfully associating himself.

Here is a brand new canape topper: Mix together 1-3 cup each of chopped cooked ham, minced celery and white cream cheese; 1 teaspoon each of chopped onions, parsley and green pepper. Spread on toast, brown under the broiler to brown the tops. Serve fresh.

Bristol And Vicinity

Miss Edith Baker, Montreal, is spending her vacation with her parents here Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Baker.

Mrs. Walter Ackley returned home last week from a two weeks stay with friends in Rustico.

Miss Muriel McInnis who has been in Morel, for some time has returned to her home in St. Peter's.

The regular Friday night dances in Morel hall conducted by the Morel W. I. have been called off for the season owing to small attendance.

Mr. Michael Cullen, Morel's oldest resident, is reported very ill. Mr. Cullen who is in his ninety-sixth year has been quite smart up to the present and many friends hope to see this grand old man out again.

Mr. A. B. McEwen, Bristol's popular garage man, is very sick at present and at time of writing his name is on the danger list. All his friends wish him a speedy recovery.

Miss Mary McVarish, Charlottetown, spent the week-end in Bristol, and Morel, with her parents and friends.

There are still a large amount of potatoes to be dug, in this part of the country, while others are in out-buildings waiting for trucks to haul them to the starch factory, and a visit to the factory last week found dozens and dozens of loads waiting there piled outside and many of them reported frozen. The factory it is understood is now operating on a seven days and seven night per week.

Mr. Herbert McDermott, Morel, had to re-grade a large amount of seed potatoes last week after they were frost bitten in the bags.

Smelt and French fishermen here are complaining about the excess express rates on these special fish to the New York market. The fish sold very well but the express rate was so high that about 84 cents per box is all the fisherman receive.

Mrs. Pius Griffin, Mount Stewart, was removed to the P. E. Island Hospital, for an operation last week. Mrs. Griffin had only been home from the Hospital, and happy mother about two weeks and her friends here hope for her speedy recovery.

Word has been received from Miss Lottie Hughes, Boston, Mass. who spent the summer in Bristol, stating that she will be coming back in the spring to make her home here. Her many good friends will welcome this news.

Considerable damage was done to trees and telephone poles in the storm last week. On one section of the road leading to Christie Hill, ten poles in one stretch were snapped off, and at time of writing are still down. In one other place three heavy poles on the main line snapped off in the village of Morel and in the area still across the highway on the Morel rear at the time of writing.

One monster tree on the lawn of James A. O'Brien, snapped off making it a fruit tree. The trees lost this season to the heavy gales.

Ple. Ivan McDonald, of the Highlands, left last week on return to duty after a furlough of two weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McDonald. Morel, Ivan was one of the very first to enter the service when war broke out.

Several cars of coal were unloaded in Morel last week, the price asked for Spring Hill screened was \$8.50 cash at the Co-Operative Store.

Rev. Joseph Rooney, Morel, returned last week from a motor trip to different parts of the United Kingdom. Fr. Rooney was away for several weeks and despite the nasty weather at times enjoyed his vacation very much.

The Rev. S. J. Boyce, Mount Stewart, was a visitor to Bristol, last week and spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McEwen. Mr. Boyce, who was visiting in Europe when war broke out, is a very interesting talker.

Mrs. James Blackland, Jr., has received word from her husband, who is in the C.A.S.F. in England stating that he had gone to Ireland to spend ten days leave. Ple. Blackland is one of the five Blackland brothers in the service and he also served in the last war despite the fact he was under age. He further states he will have old Hiram Blackland coming home or at least his head, good luck Jimmie is the wish of all.

Mrs. George Laybolt, left this week for Halifax, where she will spend some time with her friends and also visit the hospital where in the army service some where in Canada.

No Army Air Arm, Decision By British

By Pat Usher
Canadian Press Staff Writer

LONDON, Oct. 28 (CP)—British's armies in future campaigns of the second great war will be aided by squadrons of the Royal Air Force—perhaps under direct orders of the army—but the government has no notion of creating an Army Air Arm.

A statement in the House of Lords by Lord Snell, government spokesman, made clear the R.A.F. will be maintained as separate entity.

He was replying to a speech by Lord Trenchard, chief of air staff from 1918 until 1929, who denounced suggestions there should be a split-up in the R.A.F. Lord Trenchard, who served with the Canadian Scouts in the Boer War, contended the youngest of Britain's fighting services had "done its job better than anyone ever dreamed possible."

Lord Snell said the army's air requirements should be treated in isolation but as part of the air situation as a whole. A certain number of air squadrons might in the future be placed under direct orders of army commanders, but Britain would rely on the Air Force proper for the general support the army required.

"Tributing the achievements of British's airmen, achievements in which Canadian and other dominion fliers have had a prominent share—Viscount Trenchard said in person, equipment and training he R.A.F. had attained a superiority over the German Air Force such as it rarely reached in the last war.

Both the Times and the Telegraph editorially commended Lord Trenchard's views and welcomed the statement by Lord Snell that the government agreed with them.

two keys to a cabin

by
Lida Larimore

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"You're making us a very short visit," Gay was conscious of the quizzical expression that narrowed the old lady's eyes.

"Yes," she said, "I'm sorry." She was sorry here, in this small warm house, cluttered with curios, but bright and cheerful. Looking down into Abigail Houghton's face, wrinkled softly like a russet apple which has laid too long in a basket, she thought she knew how she had looked as a girl. She had reddish hair, she thought, with those eyes and—

"What are you thinking, my dear?"

"I was thinking how you must have looked when you were a girl," Gay said, a little disconcerted, conscious that she had been staring.

"Did you—Do you mind if I ask—Do you have freckles?"

"The old lady, 'Hundreds of them. And red hair. I was very plain. It's been a cross all my life.

"Applesauce, Granny! You know you snatched Grandfather from one of the most famous beauties in the state of Maine.

"A good thing for him that I did." Her eyes lifted across Gay's shoulder to the painting, which hung above the mantel, of a blue-eyed gentleman with curling brown hair and side-burns, wearing a brass-buttoned blue coat. "She had an unpleasant disposition." Her eyes turned to meet Gay's. "John must have seen me often. When is the wedding to be?"

This question was unexpected. It had not before. Neither John's mother or his sisters had referred to the subject of marriage. Strange that she felt an odd reluctance to tell him.

"I don't know," she said evenly but with quickened breathing.

"John? You know—"

"I know," she said. "The old lady's voice was impatient. 'But there's way around anything if you're smart enough to find it. I met my husband at a Fourth of July picnic and we were married the first of August. Neither of us ever regretted it. At least I know I didn't and if he did he was too much of a gentleman to tell me.'

"Life was simple then, maybe," Gay said.

"Fiddlers'—" Abigail Houghton fished her head. "It's simple enough to get married. And one mile Houghton is not much different from another. I guess. They've all been as proud as Lucifer and as stubborn as mules. Don't you let that fret you. When they love you, they love you for life and that's not a bad thing. A husband, it's talking that counts. And one mile and too much considering other people. I've got the seed-pearl in my eye. I promised John for his bride seven years before he was to be married. The organist, Miss Muriel MacDonald, officiated at all services. The renovation of the church, the painting of the interior, and the installation of the Kellow Memorial Window, was completed under the direction of the Board of Trustees, namely, Messrs. George Boyle, John Boyle, Harry Petrick, Frank Howard, D. Hector Murchison and Harry Crosby.

"You're a darling," Gay bent impulsively her head. "I'll kiss you as soft as moth wing beneath her lips. 'John will bring me. I'll come.'

"The old lady went with them to the door opening into the tiny hall. "Mind you shut the door tight, Debby," she called after them.

"Good-by, Gabriella."

"Good-by," she turned to smile at John's grandmother. The quizzical expression still narrowed Abigail Houghton's eyes, but her smile was genuine and encouraging.

Debbie opened the outer door. They went down steps and along a shoveled path to a gate in the fence. The harbor lay before them, touched with the last reflection of the sunset. Why was it Gay thought. A moment came that you knew you would always remember. The dove-gray house behind them muffled with smog, the harbor below, stippled with fading pink and gold. Nothing had happened to her throat ache and quick tears stung beneath her eyelids.

"Granny is a darling, isn't she?" Debbie asked, just as the door closed behind them with a rusty snap and they walked, arms linked, along the cleared pavement between shoveled banks of snow.

"The ache in her throat was still there. She wanted John desperately, urgently, to be walking here beside her. His grandmother, she thought, talked too much, she and John. It was dangerous to hurt each other with words. A lovely thing was spoiled if it was only a little marred. When she came tonight—

"You aren't going tomorrow, are you, Gay?" Debbie asked, after a moment.

"I think so. Yes."

"Well, I can't blame you, I suppose," Debbie's voice was desolate. "It's dead enough here, goodness knows. I'll miss you, though, terribly."

"Will you?" Gay asked, drawn from introspection by the sincerity in the lovely young voice. "Why, especially, except to be polite?"

"Because I like to look at you. You're so beautiful. And I can talk to you. I can't to anybody else. Mother or Sarah, and the girls I know are pretty small town. I'm different." She gave an embarrassed laugh. "I guess all this sounds pretty silly to you."

"No, it doesn't. How old are you, Debby?"

"Eighteen last month."

"How would you like to go back to New York with me?"

Debbie stopped, checking Gay's progress, took a look at Gay, speechless, her dark eyes wide and shining.

"Why not? It had been an impulsive suggestion. But why not? She was an attractive youngster. It would be to take her to New York. 'Why not?' Gay repeated.

Debbie exhaled her breath in a sharp exclamation. "Gooh!" she exclaimed breathlessly.

"Would you like to go, Debby?"

"Would I?"

"Come along," Gay laughed and tugged at her arm. "We're blocking traffic and probably getting frosted ears. There are your courses," she went on considerably and asked her.

"But you could go to a good business school or have a tutor. I'd like to have you. My mother and step-father are away a great deal, but you wouldn't have to be a housewife. 'Do you know what this means to me?' Debbie asked seriously. 'I've never been further than Boston in my life.'

"I can imagine. Your eyes are Not for all the bucks in Spain . . . (To be Continued)

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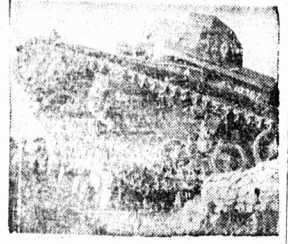
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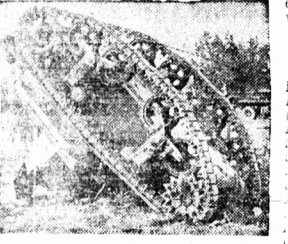
Zowie What A Scrap He's Up He's Down He-Oops That Hurt



—OVER THE TOP goes a light tank of the U.S. army, leaping a fire trench for the benefit of officers taking a study course at Fort Belvoir, Va. To the spectators getting a worm's-eye view from below, it doesn't look so light.



—GETTING THE DUST— Full speed ahead, the battle wagon lands a first and plows up the ground after leaping the fire trench. No there aren't any pedicled chairs for the men inside.



—IT WASN'T THE JUMP, but the sudden stop, that caused this flip-flop. Regular army and national guard officers watched while the cable was attached, the battle wagon set right-side up, and the manoeuvre carried on.



The South American capybara is the world's largest rodent. It reaches a length of four feet.

Print your child's name inside his rubbers when he goes to school. This will make it possible for his teacher to identify them, which would otherwise be impossible to do where there are so many rubbers about the same size.

Don't let any cabbage stumpers remain over winter. They harbor pests.

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Laval Goes To Paris For "Discussions"

VICHY, France, Oct. 28 (AP)—Vice-Premier Pierre Laval, chief of authority in France strengthened by appointment as foreign minister, was en route to Paris tonight for "important discussions" expected to begin this week.

Presumably he was to confer with German officials about aligning France with the Rome-Berlin axis for "peace in Europe."

A foreign ministry spokesman said Laval's chief, 84-year-old Marshal Pétain, had received from President Roosevelt a "personal message" believed to be concerned with the negotiations.

French Vice President of the council, officially designated as Pétain's successor, chief of information and radio, and official negotiator with Germany, Laval took over the foreign ministry. Former foreign minister Paul Baudouin became secretary of state to the presidency council.

After first scheduling a broadcast to explain France's commitments with the axis powers, Laval changed his plans, officials said, and will give an interview to Paris newspapers instead.

Commenting on President Roosevelt's message to Pétain, which may have touched on United States concern over the disposition of French possessions in the western hemisphere, government spokesmen emphasized France joined an "axis Monroe doctrine" for Europe—and that no American interests were involved.

"There is no need for America to consider that France's new place in Europe is any menace to America or to the Caribbean colonies," it argued.

Manitoba Sugar Factory Has First Beet Shipment

Winnipeg, Man.—The first "official" car of sugar from the new Manitoba Sugar Company's factory was shipped to Portage La Prairie over the lines of the Canadian National Railways. The new plant, constructed at a cost of approximately \$2,000,000 can do with 500 tons of sugar beets in 24 hours of continuous operation.

Minard's kills pan.

INVERNESS

Is a clean

SOFT COAL

containing the

MAXIMUM HEATING UNITS

It is a long flame even burning fuel, adaptable to both

KITCHEN RANGE and GRATE use

County Wicklow Bombed

Raiding airplanes bombed County Wicklow, on the coast south of Dublin, this morning. It was reported in Dublin, Oct. 28, Three incendiary bombs were dropped. There were no casualties. In Belfast, it was announced that anti-aircraft guns were in action against enemy aircraft off the coast of northern Ireland.

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1934 Dodge Deluxe Sedan—powerful 6 cyl. motor completely overhauled—new rich black paint—a bargain at — \$395

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1936 Oldsmobile Sedan—Six wheel equipment—new knee action—powerful 6 cylinder L-head engine—looking and working like new — \$575

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38th Anniversary United Church

MEMORIAL WINDOW UNVEILED AND DEDICATED

On Sunday, October 20th, 1940, the Cornwall United Church was reopened on its 38th anniversary with three impressive and inspiring services. Large crowds gathered on each occasion, and in the afternoon and evening many were unable to gain admittance.

Beautiful flowers from "The Beechwood Gardens" added to the attractiveness of the redecorated church.

All services during the day were conducted by the minister, the Rev. E. R. Woodside. The order of the services was under the direction of the session, the members of which at the present time, in addition to the minister, are: Messrs. D. Hector Murchison, Harry Hyde, Golding Smith, Gordon MacMillan, John Boyle, Colin Murray and Mrs. Frank Howard. The organist, Miss Muriel MacDonald, officiated at all services. The renovation of the church, the painting of the interior, and the installation of the Kellow Memorial Window, was completed under the direction of the Board of Trustees, namely, Messrs. George Boyle, John Boyle, Harry Petrick, Frank Howard, D. Hector Murchison and Harry Crosby.

In Memoriam

MR. BERNARD PAYNTER

There passed very peacefully away at the home of his son Ray Paynter at Clifton, on September 21, 1940, Bernard Paynter who was for only a short time confined to his home. He was born at Long River, P. E. I. Dec. 12, 1852. He was the oldest son of the late William and Matilda Paynter.

In his early days he learned the blacksmith trade from his father, which he had worked at for many years both on the Island and in the State of Maine.

He married Miss Serenah Alice Wickett July 10, 1878 who survives the loss of a very devoted husband. His passing was of no shock to him. For as he prayed he rested on the arms of Jesus.

He passed away very peacefully at 6 o'clock P. M. on Saturday evening.

A short service was held at the house on Wednesday, Sept. 25 and was conducted by Rev. E. R. Woodside, assisted by Rev. Mr. Detler of the New London Parish who read very feeling from the 14th chapter of St. John, the 23 Psalm was sung, also a favourite of the deceased.

The funeral service was held in St. Thomas Church, Spring Brook where the deceased had always been a member. Although the day had gathered to pay their last respects to an aged citizen. The hymns were:

"Safe in the Arms of Jesus, Lead Kindly Light, and Jesus Lover of My Soul."

The Pastor spoke very beautiful to the living souls about the life and love of our Lord and Saviour with encouraging words for the bereaved family.

The pallbearers were all nephews of the deceased, Wesley, Harry, Everett, George Paynter and Alfred

Greed And Hatred

The Ukrainian-language semi-monthly "Buduchnist Nasajny" ("The Future of the Nation"), published in Yorkton, Sask., October 14, 1940, says:—

"For the rest let the historians, economists or philosophers of today or tomorrow fight it out amongst themselves, when trying to characterize the behavior of various races and nations in the present war. We personally have no need to peep into their books or disputes. We, the true citizens of the living world, are ourselves the living witnesses of everything that is happening today at the gigantic arena of nations. We will hand it over to coming generations of children and grandchildren so that, amid self-denial and self-sacrifice, they may inherit from us the fortune to stand bravely and unswervingly in the face of any danger, in a struggle for the construction of a truly better and cultural world, that those who would know no greed or malice, those now flooding the contemporary mankind.

And the path to this truly new and better world most certainly does not lead through the greed and hatred of the triple axis of Berlin, Rome and Tokio, but through Christian ethics and Christian love through the decided and unequivocal return to the teaching of the gospels as destined to become the cornerstones of a peaceful life and of civilisatory endeavors of individuals, races and nations. For the realization of this high ideal, the British nations are now sacrificing the blood of their best sons."

and James Parsons. Besides his sorrowing invalid widow he leaves six daughters and three sons and a number of grand and great grand children to mourn the loss. The daughters are: Mary Jane, Mrs. Thomas Rogers, Inland River, P. E. I., Mrs. Alice McKenzie, Avon, Mass., Hannah Elizabeth, Mrs. Lewis King, Orono, Maine, Mrs. Eleanor Chase, West Newton, Mass., Fannie, Mrs. Raymond Chickerling, Chesterfield, Mass., Minnie, Mrs. Bruce Graham, Cavendish, P. E. I., who were all home for the funeral. William Lewis, Presque Isle, Maine, Andrew at Preetown, P. E. I., and Ray at home, also two sisters, Roselia and Eva Paynter, Long River.

The remains were gently laid to rest in a steel vault in the Anglican Cemetery, Spring Brook with floral tributes from the family.

(Patriot Please Copy)

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