

Never travel without Eno

Any change of climate, great or small, is apt to disturb the inner system. So the experienced traveller makes sure that whatever else he forgets to pack, it is not his bottle of

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

Business Trend of Our East

(Historical)

There is not so much discussion in the press of Canada, outside of P. E. Island, as we hear and read about as we have at home. The reason we think, is that this Province was not prepared for the slump of the potato business as they were in the other Maritimes, and too largely stocked with one staple article—potatoes—in the neighboring Province.

During all these years of abundance here and in the United States our western Provinces have looked on with comparative feeling that they would be able to get supplied with potatoes in P. E. Island no matter how the cat jumped, and were left to get what we could and look pleasant. We all now see that this was a huge mistake. None of the fields ensured us a stable market so let us fall back on the old stock or strike out for a new one, say, for instance, instal manufacturing plants, which follow the systems in vogue in our sister Provinces, as Robert Burns wrote:

To catch Dame Fortune's winning Assiduous wait upon her. And gather gear by every wile. That's justified by honor. Not to hide in a hedge. Or for a train attendant. But for the glorious privilege. Of being independent.

That is to say let the Maritimes set to work and organize in the matters which was the basis of the trade negotiation that led up to the Quebec Conference and finally to Confederation and the building of the Intercolonial Railway. If the other Provinces cannot or will not organize to pull themselves out of the rut why let them find purchasers for their goods elsewhere.

—Just rest contented with the fact that we shall have to sell our tinners where we see fit—they cannot help us.

The course then for P. E. Island to steer, is, as we have already outlined to buckle on our armor and manufacture for ourselves, and not our produce—especially when it is selling for "half nothing," and better still keep our eyes open for what may come from the planet Mars, as suggested by the busy East.

Sackville, N. B. Or follow on until we reach Manitoba, which under the caption "The Maritimes Reaching Out," recently said:

The invasion of the markets of Ontario and Quebec is the ambition of the Maritime Provinces. A few years ago they felt that it was hopeless for them to attempt to do this to any extent, but with the reduction of freight rates and the new spirit of enterprise and confidence that has appeared in those provinces, they now have much greater possibility of extending their trade in this manner. The desire to do this was shown during the recent visit of a large party of Maritime business men and the Government officials to Toronto upon the invitation of that City. Amongst the business men of Toronto they found a warm feeling toward the Maritimes and a strong desire for greater interchange of trade.

Fish, lumber, and potatoes are among the principal products of which they will try to market in Ontario and Quebec. Last year there were 1,250,000 bushels of certified seed potatoes from Prince Edward Island sold to the United States. Besides these products, there are many others which might be shipped to the other Provinces. While the party was in Toronto a temporary committee was formed representing the Maritimes and the Maritime Association, Toronto, to develop the market for Maritime products in Ontario.

Lack of knowledge of the market in Ontario and Quebec, for their products, was one of the chief reasons why there had not been a greater development in trade according to Prof. E. D. McPhee of Toronto University, who stressed the point of a trade agent in Ontario.

The interesting suggestion was made by Mr. C. L. Burton, President of Board of Trade of Toronto, that the airplane should be used as an instrument for improving the trade relations between the Maritimes and more Central Provinces.

An air service would certainly be a valuable means of linking up more closely the scattered portions of the Dominion and with the rapid progress of aviation now-velopment of the year future.

This attempt to enlarge the sale of their products in the other provinces is just the latest sign of the new energy and hope that have taken hold of the people. It is to be hoped that their efforts will meet with success, and that development and prosperity will come in full share to that part of the Dominion.

London Letter

(British United Press)

According to the dictionary, a guinea-pig is a South-American rodent half domesticated in Europe. One species, indeed, has become so common an inmate of the board rooms of public companies and financial circles that the Prime Minister, moved by contemplation of some of the least endearing of its habits, has just made a speech about it, from which it would appear that he would like the breed to be thinned out a little. That, however, will not be so easy. The public dearly loves a lord even in these democratic days, and the titled variety of guinea-pig will always command both a price and a place on a prospectus. Even a generation ago the race was common. Thus ran a song of the day:

"Some seven men from an association If possible all peers and baronets, They start off with a public declaration To what extent they mean to pay their debts. They called their capital; if they are wary, They will not quote it at a sum immense. The figure's immaterial; it may vary From eighteen million down to eighteen pence."

Even the famous home of the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," the Bank of England, has a guinea-pig, and the Labour Party has its eye on these rodents. The eye, moreover, has a peculiarly unpleasant expression. Many members of the Labour Party, more particularly those who specialize in matters financial, think that the bank should be reconstructed.

How far their suggestions are practical remains to be seen, but inasmuch as they appear to be directed, not so much to the elimination of guinea-pigs, as to the encouragement of them, it is not surprising that the directors of bank directors in the matter of out of the rut why let them find purchasers for their goods elsewhere.

Truth to tell, however, the dumplings really does figure on the Bank's Board. Many of them are, without doubt, harmless, and that appears to be the only reason for their presence.

As to some others, however, they provoke the same query in one's mind as does the fly in an amber, namely, how the dickens did it get there?

Mr. Winston Churchill as all the world knows, and he would be the first to admit it is a man of many parts.

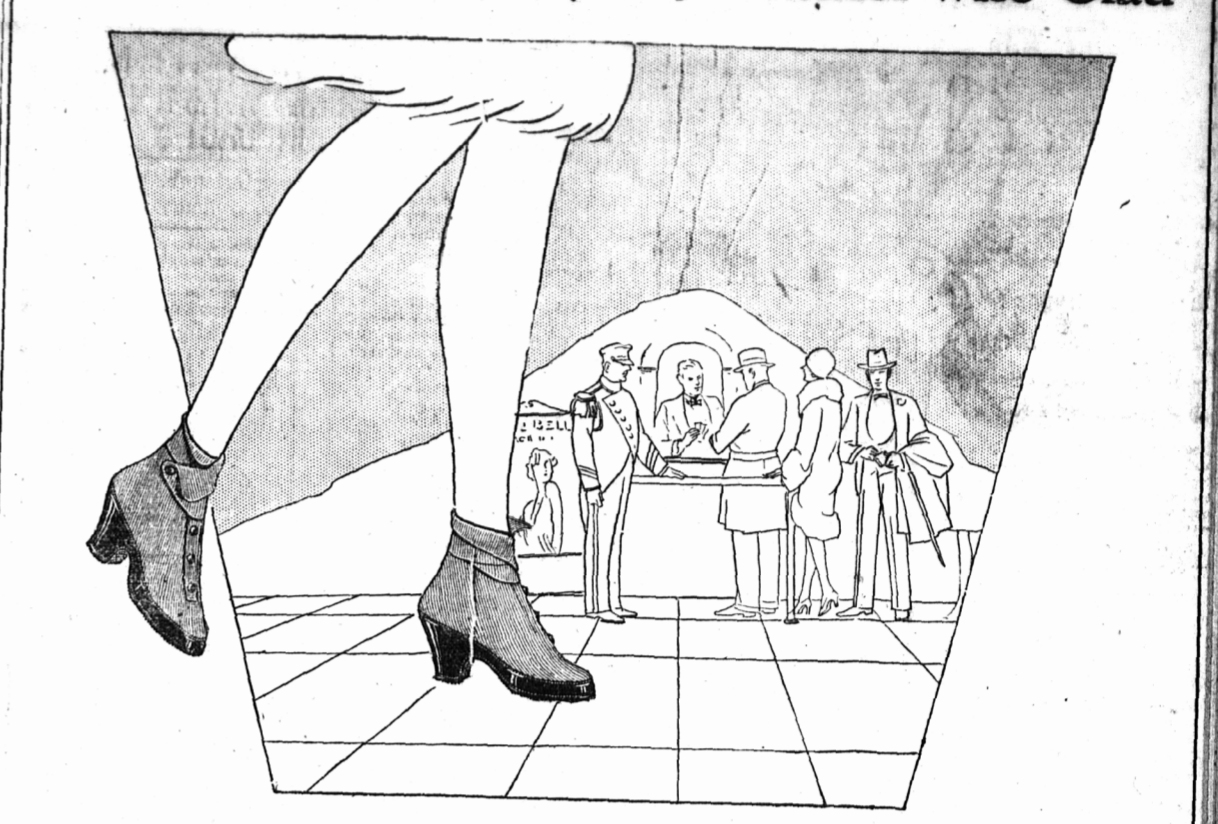
He can tell undoubtedly Gerard How from Raphael and Zoffany's and he knows the Croaking Chorus from the Frogs of Aristophanes. Also unlike his father, figures present no difficulties to him, and he has not to wonder, as did his sire on the historic occasion when his subordinate financial statements to him: "What is the meaning of those damned decimal dots?"

However, these attainments are not ordinarily very remarkable and would not easily earn a man his breakfast.

So Mr. Churchill, perhaps remembering that the year of grace 1929 will bring a general election, and that early and provident fear is the mother of safety, has taken thought for the morrow—and learned to lay bricks. One never knows when an accomplishment may come in useful.

In order to play his part well Winston has joined the Amalgamated Union of Building Trade Workers. Therein the future may have trouble for him, and amusement for the gods and us. Consider Winnie the Bricklayer called out on a justifiable strike by his union, being remonstrated with by the Hon. Chancellor of His Majesty's Exchequer.

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WORMS INJURE LOBSTER POTS

AMHERST Nov. 7.—Serious damage to the lobster pots of fishermen along the Northumberland Strait by reason of the operations of the Teredo, a fish worm, is reported by Fisheries Inspector C. C. Hollis. These territory covers the greater part of this shore. The Teredo has been known before, but in no previous season for years.

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Box 446, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Time was when the Labour Party was almost entirely composed of all sorts and conditions of men. This we have in the list of those who seek election under the banner of Labour, three professors, a novelist, a cartoonist, an ex-diplomat, a banker, a poet, three bartenders and two sons of piers.

Truly a goodly company. The novelist will do well in view of the demand for fiction in politics, and a pantomime producer should be useful to any party, familiar as he is with the apparatus of illusion.

Rumour is over a lying jade, but she has been so busy of late about Lord Birkenhead's affairs that she may by chance have dropped a word or two of truth here and there. Here is one story, which if it is true, is an ingenious attempt to make four out of two and two.

Let us promise that my lord is reputed to be "going into tin." Not then: the news of F. E.'s retirement from politics was first published in a certain Sunday newspaper owned by a certain baronet, who is a maker of tin-plate means South Wales; and the South Wales means the certain baronet, who is a maker of tin-plate means as talk.

Well, what more would you? All the joins in the reasoning fit nicely. One thing seems true enough—namely, that whether F. E. is "going into tin" or not, he certainly hopes to make some.

From a city of Dreadful Noise, London is likely to become a city of Solemn Silence. That is if the views of the Minister of Transport can be carried into effect.

It seems that the nuisance of noise in the streets is affecting the sensitive nervous systems of our

politicians, including (according to own evidence) the Home Secretary; and it may be stated safely, as a general proposition, that whenever any nuisance affects directly or indirectly the list of those set in authority over us, Things Get on.

Thus there is at least a possibility that in some uncertain future the motorist, instead of emitting suddenly a nerve shattering blast, will stop and suggest politely and pianissimo, that the pedestrian will do him the honour of getting out of the way.

The lorry, with a rattling load of metal junk and a loose tail-board and the load wrapped in cotton wool, will be shod with noiseless tyres, and the street hawker, hitherto raucously shouting his wares, will speak with the still, small voice of content, coupled with a prudent sympathy for a Chief Commissioner's *crise des nerfs*.

And then the millennium.

MASQUERADE DANCE

The masquerade dance held in Cardigan Hall on Halloween night in aid of the work was a decided success. Nearly 200 people were present. The music was provided for the occasion by Mrs. J. A. MacIsaac acted as chaperone. Excellent music was provided for the occasion by Mrs. Binns, Miss Adeline Webster, Mr. Jack Webster and Mr. Daniel Baiwin. Mr. Jack Dockerty, Georgetown assisted with the music in a very capable manner. The costumes were very varied, original and many of them truly wonderful. A delicious lunch was provided and thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The characters in costumes were:

Ladies

Mrs. Lee Allan—"Gypsy." Peggy MacIntyre—"Old time Costumes." Mrs. Gerald Macdonald—"Fancy dress costume." Emma MacCormac—"Cupid Doll." Marion MacLellan—"Squire." Arletta Adams—"Sheik." Vera Macdonald—"Pirate." Inez Byrne—"Gypsy." Annie Shaw—"Cupid." Lizzie MacKenzie—"Cupid." Mrs. Harold Brothers—"Modern Red Riding Hood." Stella Solomon—"Gypsy Princess." Mrs. Peter Murphy—"Red Riding Hood." Turrie Harris—"Black cat fancy Blue dress costume."

- Jessie MacInnis—Queen of Sheba. Agnes Solomon—Sailor. Ada Mathieson—Ace of Spades. Cecilia Doucette—Bride. Alice Blackett—Groom. Annie Macdonald—Witch. Mervyn Adams—Clown. Benedetta Lewis—Indian Maid. Agnes Lewis—Lundian Ma. Mrs. Guy Hewitt—Cupid. Dorothy Flynn—Fancy dress costume. Annie Flynn—Tomboy. Marion Toby—Sheik. Mary Stella MacIntyre—Lady. Grace Lewis—Ace of Diamonds. Cicena Wilson—Bride. Tean Hume—Red, White and Blue dress costume. Mary Macdonald—Peasant Girl.
- Alice Macdonald—Tomboy.
- Boys
- Lee Allan—Great War. Harold Brothers—Irishman. Peter Murphy—Robin Hood. Guy Hewitt—Tramp. Roy MacNeill—Clown. Roy Hewitt—Clown. Tom Curran—Jack of Hearts. John Macdonald—Uncle Sam. Bruce McLaren—Barnum's Clown. Herbie Macdonald—Butler. Leith Scrimgeour—Clown. Glen MacLaren—Devil. Roy MacGillivray—Clown. John James Campbell—Lady. Mr. L. Adams—Squaw. Charlie Buchanan—Clown.

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