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Islander's Thrilling Experiences In Cuba

Many home friends of Mr. and Mrs. John Stodart and their daughter Cecilia will be interested in the following details of their experience during the past few troubled weeks in Cuba, where Mr. Stodart is Superintendent of one of the largest sugar plantations at Santa Cruz. Under date of September 13th Mrs. Stodart writes: "You are wondering, I know, how we all are here, well, thank Heaven we are all safe so far. From the first of August when the strike and fuss began in Havana, we had no mail till near the end of August. We heard of the doings in Havana and Machado's fall over the radio from New York mostly and we were all sitting pretty, thanking our lucky stars we were all so safe and happy, isolated out on a point, secure, so we thought, but as it was so isolated and one of the best sugar companies, and largest, the Communists chose it as the first to attack and one fine day by boat they came in and since then we have not been sitting so safe or pretty. They were rotten Reds and Communists and took charge completely, closed the mill (wouldn't let Mr. Stodart in it). Compelled every man to join them (except the Americans of course) closed the office and safe, the store, closed the milk, ice, fuel, meat, all help taken away and told John not to use his boat, not even to fish—such ghouling and marching and shouting and speeches, down with the American octopus, etc. Well some were terrified and wanted to flee in John's boat as it was the only means of escape as all railroads were still on strike, but the Communist delegation wouldn't give permission for the boat to leave. However we packed suitcases and valuables—in the meantime the assistant manager got in touch with the manager and officials who were all at the Fair and they flew down and got busy and we soon had soldiers on guard around our house and the manager signed up their demands, but they still wanted more and more. Most of the Americans decided to beat it and then the Vice-President and General Manager who live here in Havana sent word that we women and children were all to leave at once. What a packing and worry

as Cecilia's things were all new and dear to her, and no one knew when they'd return or ever if the places would be raided. We packed all in the trunks and left them and took our clothes and silver and left John and the dogs and Polly and birds and Charlot the girl, all weeping bitterly. A few broke the lines and came to see us all off by tug to Gabriel where the English railroad was running—it was a sad crowd, as some who were leaving altogether, were there 18 and 16 years, married and children grown up there. Well the Company put Cecilia and I and a lady and two children up, all the others went right through to the states, Mr. Stodart decided to stay and some of the other men. We were relaxing some and feeling better when the next day along came the cyclone—though it wasn't bad enough to do much damage in Havana it was bad enough for us to be all boarded up in the lobby of the hotel, but didn't hit Punta and near blow it and everything off the face of the earth. It was just as bad as Santa Cruz only it came overland—so Mr. Stodart's boat was safe with many man to join them (except the Americans of course) closed the office and safe, the store, closed the milk, ice, fuel, meat, all help taken away and told John not to use his boat, not even to fish—such ghouling and marching and shouting and speeches, down with the American octopus, etc. Well some were terrified and wanted to flee in John's boat as it was the only means of escape as all railroads were still on strike, but the Communist delegation wouldn't give permission for the boat to leave. However we packed suitcases and valuables—in the meantime the assistant manager got in touch with the manager and officials who were all at the Fair and they flew down and got busy and we soon had soldiers on guard around our house and the manager signed up their demands, but they still wanted more and more. Most of the Americans decided to beat it and then the Vice-President and General Manager who live here in Havana sent word that we women and children were all to leave at once. What a packing and worry

We are very tired of it all and the situation grew worse every minute, the last turnover of the government was quiet, but now the officers have completely taken over the National Hotel, all help and guests and Ambassador Wells had to leave, the army is divided, the soldiers are in command of the army and behind this government. A poor half-breed is made general and I expect are all Communists. So now I believe the labor and communists are in charge of the Island, and yet the A. B. C., the students, the Menacologists, etc., will not join to put it down, each faction wants to rule, or to steal and rob for himself and friends. The gun-boats are all standing by, not for intervention, they say, but to protect."

EPILEPTICS TRAINED IN RUG MAKING

MONTREAL, Sept. 21—(C. P.)—The favorite handicraft at the Industrial Institute, where epileptics are taught an interesting occupation, is the making of gaily colored rugs of simple weave with dyed flannel used for the warp. This is found suitable for those of the most limited intelligence, according to Miss Jeanne de Crevecoeur, occupational therapist. For others there is petit point, the painting of flower pots, baskets and furniture or designing stuffed animals. Pupils spend the whole day at the institute, taking their lunch and playing games at the noon hour. Part of the time is devoted to teaching or reading, writing and the elements of geography and history.

The institute was started by Dr. A. G. Morphy, the director in 1921 at the instigation of the mother of an epileptic boy of 20 who spent his time moping about the house looking at movie magazines. He was unable to read or write, and had a seizure every time he was contradicted. This behavior is typical of the epileptic, said Miss de Crevecoeur, and is only intensified by the usual attitude of the family and community who either become excited and make a great fuss over the patient or treat him as an outcast. It is the work of the institute to provide something not too complicated for his limited mental capacity which will give him a feeling of satisfaction at having produced something.

A BUSY INSTITUTION

MONTREAL, Sept. 21—(C. P.)—Every day is wash day at the Youville Creche, founding institution of the Grey Nuns, just outside the city of Montreal, where approximately 17,000 pieces of clothing are laundered daily. This is not surprising for there are 780 children being cared for there, 400 boys and 380 girls, whose ages range from one day to six years. About 3,000 yards of material are made up each month into clothes for the little tots besides the many donated garments which have to be remodelled, according to Sister Girouard director of the institution. Out of the 152 gallons of milk received each day, 64 gallons are used to fill up the baby bottles. Bread is baked in the institution and 150 loaves is the daily supply. Employees number 285 persons, 22 men for general service, 83 nurses, 66 nuns and 115 other workers,

BRITISH FILMS GROW IN POPULARITY

MONTREAL, Sept. 21—(C. P.)—A large increase in the number of British films being brought to theatres in the Province of Quebec has been noted by Mrs. W. H. Muirhead, provincial film convener of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire. Mrs. Muirhead sees these films before they are shown to the public and receives lists of weekly bookings in the province. The I. O. D. E. has a film convener in each province of the Dominion. Miss Joan Arnoldi of Toronto, is the national director. The order has exerted its influence for a considerable time in efforts to have British pictures shown in Canada and it is gratifying to see their steady increase in this province, said Mrs. Muirhead.

Advertisement for Rosebud Cut Smoking Tobacco. Includes illustration of a boat with a fisherman, a pack of tobacco, and text: 'GRAB HIM! PULL HIM IN! HE'LL BRING IN ENOUGH FOR A WINTERS SUPPLY OF ROSEBUD! No arguing - it's the Best! Rosebud Cut Smoking tobacco has caught the fancy of pipe-smokers everywhere in the Maritime Provinces and is holding its friends year in and year out—and rightly so. For this smoother, more fragrant tobacco is blended to the exacting Maritime taste! IF YOU PREFER PLUG TOBACCO SMOKE ROSEBUD 20c BIG PLUG Large package 10c Extra large 15c THE MARITIME SMOKE'

Ancient Courts Recalled In Centenarian Celebration

Lieut. Com. T. H. Scot Jackson, of Summerside has just received a most interesting account of the celebration by his great uncle of his 100th Birthday. The news is contained in the Kentish Times of June 23rd, which also contains a picture of his uncle, Mr. Frederick Jackson, reading a telegram from His Majesty, King George, extending congratulations on his attaining the century mark.

The article is interesting because it refers to laws made in the time of Henry VIII.

The story reads thus: Mr. Jackson has lived in four reigns, for William IV had been on the throne only three years when Frederick was born in 1833, at Stourbridge, Worcestershire. Before he was thirteen years of age he commenced work in a solicitor's office attached to the Ancient Courts of Request at Stourbridge. These courts, long since superseded by the County Courts, were set up in the reign of Henry VIII for the collection of small debts, and said Mr. Jackson, "There is no other man living today who can claim to have worked in the old Court of Request." In 1856 when he was managing clerk, he left the Court office and entered the Customs as a clerk at the old St. Katherine's Docks, and during his long association with the service he worked for varying periods at the London Docks, West India Docks and Tilbury, retiring in 1896 as a surveyor and acting inspector. Of all the congratulatory messages which he received, next to that from Buckingham Palace, Mr. Jackson is probably proudest of one from Mr. E. R. Forbes, chairman of the Board of His Majesty's Customs and Excise. "I find that it is just 77 years since you commenced in the Customs service at St. Katherine's Docks," wrote Mr. Forbes. "You must have seen great changes in your long period of service, and I expect you have watched with interest the developments which have since taken place, especially those of the last two years. A service which counts Chaucer and Burns among its old officers has had many remarkable men, but I believe that you are the first recorded centenarian. I hope you will better that record by many more years and that you will be blessed with good health to enjoy them."

Mr. Jackson has the double record of being the only man living who worked in the ancient Court of Requests and also the only Custom official who lived to be one hundred years old. In spite of his great age Mr. Jackson walked to the Post Office alone from his house in Hadlow Road, Sidcup, on the morning of his birthday and bought an Alexandra Rose Day token, gave an interview to a Kentish Times representative before lunch, received numerous presents and telegrams, strolled round his garden, submitted to being photographed several times, and then was the life and soul of a tea-party—without an obvious sign of fatigue! Mr. Jackson stood while reading the message from King George, and then his eyes wandered round the room where bouquets of flowers, baskets of fruit, and bottles of sweets were displayed, all from his friends as tokens of congratulation, then pointing to a pile of letters and telegrams, which had come that morning, and, although obviously proud and grateful, he sighed, as he sat down,

"Thank goodness I'm not a hundred every day." A Remarkable Gentleman Mr. Jackson is a truly remarkable gentleman and it is difficult to believe that he has attained the century mark. He is active, and enjoys a daily walk into the town; he can read and write without the aid of glasses, and his handwriting would do credit to a well trained school-boy (as a facsimile of a letter to the editor of the Times reproduced on another page clearly shows). He takes an interest in the affairs of the day, and in the evening nothing pleases him better than a game of Patience. He enjoys good health, he never has a headache and does not know what indigestion means. He goes to bed at nine o'clock every night and rises at 7.30 a. m. every day.

Asked to what he attributed his long life, Mr. Jackson said, "I never drink and never smoke" and there was a twinkle in his eye when he added "And I've never gambled." Living in the same house is his sister, Miss Lucy Sarah Jackson, who will be 93 next November, and although she is blind she is almost as active as her brother. They are the sole survivors of a family of nine. One brother lived to be 83 and a sister lived to be 86. They are looked after by Mr. Jackson's niece, Miss Tibbett and Miss Clarendon an adopted niece. Mr. Jackson has been married three times. His last wife died on February 21, 1921, aged 65 years. He has had no children.

A 5,000 PIECE PATCHWORK QUILT

MONTREAL, Sept. 21—(C. P.)—A patchwork quilt made of 5,000 pieces cut from 35 yards of cloth has been sent to the Century of Progress Exposition by Mrs. Lucy Holland of this city who has hopes it will win her a \$100 prize. An enthusiastic exponent of home handicrafts, Mrs. Holland decided several weeks ago to execute a piece of work which would bring fame to the women of Canada. In red, white and blue colors she designed a circular pattern by sewing together small sections of approximately one-half inch square to form the main portion of the quilt. She fitted in the corners last,

Digging History Of Civilization In Old Tintagel

(By George Hambleton) (Canadian Press Staff Writer) TINTAGEL, Cornwall, England, Sept. 22—Beneath the walls of King Arthur's castle at Tintagel, the Office of Works is turning up history with a spade. Trenches run snake-like about the castle walls, piercing the great rock that towers above the Atlantic tides. Pieces of pottery; a rock grave; dry-built walls of monastic cells; foundations of a tiny church, ruins of the great hall built by Earl Reginald, son of Henry the First. And across the high plateau of the mainland, tracks of old roads converging at Tintagel. A Roman milestone with its mute story of long-past empires.

They are the tiny pieces that fit together the jig-saw puzzle of the past. They tell of civilizations come and gone, of a Tintagel far more important than the cluster of slate-roofed cottages fringing the highway today. This story of the Office of Works is a story that knows nothing of Arthur and his knights who ventured forth righting human wrongs. Misty figures of the Table Round slip into a still mistier past. Yet romance and legend linger about Tintagel. For was not there the child Arthur found, "... upon the sands Of Dark Tintagel by the Cornish Sea."

Was it not at Tintagel that Sir Lancelot slew the giant? Do not the spring tides crash through Merlin's cave below? Does not Slaughter Bridge still mark where Arthur fought his last, weak battle of the West? So, Summer by Summer, pilgrims a-wheel and a-foot, come to Tintagel, forgetting the Norman Earl, remembering only Arthur and Guinevere and the chivalrous days of old. And for their belief they have curious authority. On the headland that faces King Arthur's castle a stone seat has been erected. Heather and gorse bloom about it. On either hand, all England offers no fairer scene. And there, the National Trust (as though in penance for the Office of Works) has cut these words in stone:

"Hard by was great Tintagel's Table Round, And there, of old, the flower of Arthur's knights Made fair beginning of a noble time."

Australia exported 5,411 tons of cheese in the last fiscal year. Exporters from Argentina to the United States are mounting.

Most parents do give a great deal of care to their children during the first year or two of life. The baby is so dependent, that the need for care is obvious. Many mothers keep their babies under the supervision of a doctor so that they may have advice on how to keep the babies well. After the baby stage is passed, when the child is able to get around on his own legs and has his meals with the rest of the family, most parents believe that the child can now take care of himself, and that as long as he does not complain, there is no cause for worry. Certainly, independence in the child should be encouraged. The over solicitous, fussy parent does the child more harm than does the apparently neglectful one. What the child needs is guidance and supervision. Because childhood is the period of growth, the child requires food that contains good building materials. Sufficient sleep is one of the best means for maintaining health. The child should play out of doors; he should use his muscles and learn to play with other children. An occasional health examination is also desirable. The child may appear to be healthy, and yet some condition may be present which needs attention. Children need care throughout their whole period of growth. Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

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THE GROWING PERIOD The health of its growing children is the most important question which faces Canada or any other country. There are other important questions concerning which the past pages of the newspapers daily remind us, but the future of this country is more dependent upon the mental and physical health of the next generation than it is upon anything else.

Other values may change. The child may rise or fall, and its purchasing power vary from time to time. Social conditions in general, and conditions of employment, in particular, will be different. No matter how things change, and regardless of how we, individually, view such changes, the boy who grows up with a healthy mind and body will be better equipped to meet the years which lie before him.

Parents who succeed in bringing their child to adult life as a well developed, robust body and mind have given him the greatest gift which it is within their power to offer. Other things may appear to be equally desirable, but none of them will mean as much to the child, because with a healthy mind and body, he can see the happiness which comes with the ability to live a useful life, and will overcome the difficulties which must be faced and dealt with satisfactorily.



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