

MAKE IT LAST



CHEW EACH STICK LONGER



Chewing has a real value. Everybody that chews gum knows that chewing helps relieve nervous tension—helps keep you refreshed while you work.

But present production conditions make it impossible for Wrigley's to keep up to the increased demand.

So when you do get a package—make the most of it. Wrigley's Spearmint is made to give you longer-lasting chewing satisfaction. Chew each healthful, refreshing stick a little longer... make each package go further.

The Flavor LASTS

Wrigley's Spearmint Chewing Gum. After every meal.

COST OF LIVING THIS WAR

1939 1940 1941 1942 1943

Cost of living in Canada, United States and Britain is illustrated in the chart above. Since May 1941, the British index has been stabilized by subsidizing all important food price increases in other commodities. Since December 1941, when over-all price control was introduced in Canada, the cost of living has risen only slightly in comparison with the period from the beginning of the war, and with the way it jumped in the last war.

CASH

We pay "Spot Cash" for Men's Suits, extra Coats, Pants and Footwear. Also Carpenter & Mechanic's Tools.

Exchange Store

108 Richmond Street. Telephone 869.

NOTICE

We are not buying any kind of poultry until advised. We have no cobling system for the warm weather.

BRENT WOOD

Crapaud

CHICKS

We have two hatches of chicks on hand. Send or phone in your orders and we will ship immediately.

Breeders available, Banded Rocks, New Hampshire Reds and White Leghorns.

Dillon & Spillett

Says Axis Air Force Missed Chance In Sicily

By REIMAN MORIN, Associated Press Staff Writer

ALLIED HEADQUARTERS IN NORTH AFRICA, July 30—(AP)—The German air force missed an opportunity to win a decisive victory in the preliminary and opening stages of the invasion of Sicily, a summary of official reports showed today.

On all plays, the Germans fumbled the weakest link of the invasion chain—the moment of landing. They failed to cover the Axis ground forces or to impede the advance of the Allied troops.

But more important than any of these German failures was their precipitate and to counter the strategy and tactics of the Allies before the invasion.

It was obvious that in the whole stretch of the Mediterranean from Haifa to Gibraltar, there was only one place where the Allies could attack under cover of a fighter umbrella. That was in Sicily.

Consequently we expected to find Sicily literally jammed with German and Italian fighters and particularly fighter-bombers.

There were about 400 enemy aircraft on the island at the moment of invasion. It was not a weak force as judged by German air force standards in the early days of 1939, but it was not strong enough to deflect modern allied strength. That was the number one error.

Error number two appeared when the Germans apparently failed to note and prepare a counter for the Allies' use of the term of air strategy, although it had been patent for days.

BLOWING OUR OWN HORN BY RADIO

(Continued from page 4)

SHAW: As a matter of fact this Province was the centre of ship-building, and our lumber was used in our own home made ships which served to carry our products across to the Old Country where the ships were often disposed of to good advantage and new ships built to take their place. At the present time we have only one boat to carry products off the island to the outside world and import our needs.

DEWAR: So that an Island may overcome some of its handicaps, it is essential that we have smooth working transportation facilities. It appears to me that air traffic will solve many of these problems in the future. In spite of the fact that gas have never been known to fly over the island in the past fall shipped by transport plane to Newfoundland quite a number of these ungainly birds. The possibility of shipping dried milk, cream and dehydrated vegetables in the apparent possibility of air traffic.

TRAINOR: When I go to Toronto I hope to be in a position to demand Island cream on my morning cereal.

SHAW: And don't forget the P. E. I. Irish Cobblers.

DEWAR: When I go travelling I am going to demand P. E. I. oysters as part of my daily meals.

TRAINOR: They will go well with Montreal beer.

SHAW: What about P. E. I. lobster, halibut and other fish.

TRAINOR: In the meantime we have to depend on that one boat and mind you, the only boat out of Canada if they become isolated from us.

DEWAR: One disadvantage would be that the marketing of many Canadian goods would be impeded through lack of Irish moss produced in this dry province of Prince Edward Island.

SHAW: It seems to me we have to beer and lots of Irish on this program.

Irish Moss and Irish Cobblers— and Irish Jim Trainor.

SHAW: With regard to Irish moss this is a new industry. Last year we exported over one and one-half million pounds of dried Irish moss which was used in the brewing industry, in paints for gelatines and a great variety of other processed articles. Plans are now under way to grade the product and stabilize this as a permanent island industry.

TRAINOR: Possibly our listeners would be interested to know that Irish Moss is a product of the sea and is gathered from the shores as it is carried in the waves. It is also raked from the rocks.

DEWAR: I have just been thinking of the many places to which these products are sold. We have also our Certified seed potatoes are sold particularly in the United States and some also in South America and the West Indies, and to a lesser extent in Canada itself.

SHAW: Our dairy products are exported chiefly to other centres in the Maritime Provinces, which are a deficiency area, with the exception of the Island in importance of these products.

Poultry products also go to the other Maritimes, and to some extent to the Old Country. We have also a substantial export in live cattle to the United States and to Newfoundland.

TRAINOR: We have enhanced the beauty of our dazling silver fox fur.

DEWAR: Trust an Irishman to notice the beauty of the ladies.

TRAINOR: Now gentlemen, we have exported a large number of products, but there is something else that we have exported along with these products and that is a great deal of the fertility of the Prince Edward Island farms.

DEWAR: Do you think, Walter, that our people are alive to the fact and to the necessity of repairing the damage done to our soil by each crop system of farming?

SHAW: I think that necessity compels certain lines of production.

DEWAR: Sometimes an economic pressure has forced our people.

SHAW: We can state in this way, that economic pressure developed a system of export of our products for many years in this province. At the same time, I am convinced that the Island farmer has a deep and abiding love for the soil and wishes to conserve and maintain his investment. This is illustrated today by change of our system of agriculture to a well balanced mixed

Edwards-Willis Nuptials

Just as the sun broke through heavy clouds on Wednesday evening one of the season's prettiest weddings took place at the United Church in Kingston, when Miss George Edith Willis, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Willis, was united in marriage to Mr. John Robert Edwards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Edwards, at 6 o'clock in the evening.

Mrs. Morris Kitson of North River, sister of the bride acted as bridesmaid while Harold Stewart of the R. C. A. M. C. Hall, formerly of Charlottetown, supported the groom. The bridesmaid was Miss Grace Crosby of West Royal, college friend of the bride, and the groom's best man was Mr. Horace Willis of Kingston.

The wedding took place at 6 o'clock in the evening. The bride wore a floor length gown of white satin, with a high collar and a matching wreath of flowers. She carried a bouquet of pink roses. The groom wore a tuxedo with a matching pocket square and a corsage of yellow roses.

The church was filled with guests. The bride and groom were surrounded by their families and friends. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. R. Skinner.

After the ceremony, the bride and groom were entertained at a reception at the home of Mrs. Kitson. The bride's mother wore blue and the groom's mother wore pink. The bride and groom were surrounded by their families and friends.

"I'd better quit being a Piker"



"I USED to be proud of my job... but not now. It's no fun standing on the sidelines these critical days. I want to help win this war fast. And one sure way I can do my part is to enlist in the RCAF!"

That's the way a red-blooded Canadian girl should think these days... and act! The RCAF needs girls like you right now! Work that you can do is waiting to be done... important work... vital work. Do your part to back up the men who are training to fly and fight for Victory. Make up your mind to enlist today!

Send for the free booklet about airwomen in the R.C.A.F. Write: Director of Manning, R.C.A.F., Jackson Bldg., Ottawa, or the nearest Recruiting Centre.

"SHE SERVES that men may fly"

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

farm basis. The development of cash crops in the farming of potatoes and turnips, if conducted with care, will increase our soil fertility because of the intensity of cultivation and the addition of commercial fertilizers.

TRAINOR: by the way, Walter, what is the average size of an Island farm?

SHAW: About 90 acres, Jim, and it is interesting to note that practically all our farms are operated by the owner.

DEWAR: Due to the fact that our soil is very easily cultivated and that our seasons are characterized by very favourable growing conditions, our people have been able to derive their living from the soil with greater ease than on many other types of land. Our red soil has none of this hard granite rock to annoy the farmer and break his machinery and back. He has only the light easily broken sandstone to contend with.

SHAW: I think people would be interested to know that the bulk of our soil is naturally drained, and it grows great crops of clover when properly managed.

TRAINOR: Visitors to our Province are always struck by the beauty of our well-kept farms, painted homes, white-washed buildings and orderly arrangement of fields.

DEWAR: This would indicate, Jim, that the average Island farmer has an eye for the eye for the soil, and a pride in his home.

SHAW: Yes, and the red roads, and the white-washed buildings, the valleys past these farmsteads, add to the general attractiveness of the scene, that helps to keep our Province a place of interest to visitors coming back every year.

DEWAR: Do not let us give the impression that we are a backward land. We have numerous small, beautifully kept towns and fishing villages.

TRAINOR: These are really agricultural towns, dependent on the farm country, and in some cases the fishing villages.

DEWAR: Yes, and we are justly proud of the accomplishments of our people in this agricultural province. Our chief concern is that that contribution may be as large and as responsible as in a national way. Our struggle is over, we are looking forward to even better things for this province. We do not wish to leave the impression that we have a pride in this Island, free from all worries and cares, which begot laziness and a lack of initiative. We expect to tackle them in the same courageous way after the war over that we are now attempting to handle the more immediate and important problems. No doubt new conditions will be established in the years that are to come. When we have been somewhat isolated in this province from the rush and anxiety of the more heavily populated areas, it is to be expected that with new systems of transportation, particularly by air, which will bring the world nearer to our doors, we shall have new problems to solve. We believe that the sound, innate common sense of our people, which comes to a very great extent from deep love of the soil and their proximity to the mystery and majesty of the sea, which always within their vision, will direct and guide them in their duties and responsibilities as citizens of a free and democratic nation.

BOYLE: And so, there you have the story of Prince Edward Island as given by three of her farmer sons. The picture of the province and appreciate her position in the national scheme of affairs. I hope that you have profited by this word picture of the "Garden Province."

(The participants were: Mr. W. R. Shaw, Deputy Minister of Agriculture; Mr. J. Trainor, President, P. E. I. Federation of Agriculture; and Mr. Lincoln Dewar, farmer of New Perth.)

The Alaska Highway

Mr. Harry L. Whitehead, Charlottetown, Road Construction Division, has been named as the project engineer for the Alaska Highway, a project of the Stornes Construction Co., Muskwa Mile 120, British Columbia, in writing to W. Chester Fraser, Minister of Transport, Ottawa.

The Alaska Highway which may be of interest to Guardian readers: The Alaska Highway is the only connection by road between the United States and Alaska. This road is approximately 1800 miles long. It will connect the Canadian territory. Here are a few important distances:

- Charlottetown to Dawson Creek, 500 miles.
- Dawson Creek to Fort John, 51 miles.
- Dawson Creek to Fort Nelson, 308 miles.
- Fort St. John to Zero, 297 miles.
- Fort St. John to Fairbanks, 592 miles.
- Zero to Watson Lake, 250 miles.
- Watson Lake to Fairbanks, 592 miles.

MY FIRST TRIP ON THE ALCAN HIGHWAY

By Eugene Wilkinson

I started out from Dawson Creek in the early part of the month. When I saw the road so smooth and wide.

Says I, "Why this is fun."

So I drove back as I purr along. And lighted up a pill.

But my air of ease soon passed and I struck Peace River Hill.

Curve after curve, miles after mile. Till I thought my brakes would burn.

Then across a shaky one-way bridge. And up round the hairpin turn. Then up and on for ten good miles. And there I saw the high-crowned street.

Like driving on a log.

Then thirty miles of as fine a road. As you ever wish to see. And on through bush and curves and hills.

Till I struck Mile Eighty-three. There loomed a hill, like the side of a barn.

And I started with bated breath, when I remembered trucks in jumbled heaps. Bespoke an horrible death.

I clawed for gears with feverish haste. But the wheels began to spin. As I slammed on brake and started to slide.

I pictured an awful end. At last, with luck, I got her stopped. I don't know just how yet. And started again with utmost care. My forehead beaded with sweat.

As I reached the top, I shivered and shook.

My eyes burned into a chill. "If I ever make another trip, I mustn't forget that hill!"

I roared along, till I reached the drop. At about a hundred and two. As I eased her down with squealing brakes. It thrilled me through and through.

Next was the wide famed Sikanni Hill.

'Bout seven miles down-grade. An orange sign on the last steep slope.

This ominous warning gave—"DANGEROUS HILL—USE LOW. BEST GEAR."

BEWARE OF SLIDES AND ICE!

The chills chased up and down my spine. Like a pair of frolicking mice.

My heart would leap with every slide. As she struck the icy spots. The exhaust was popping out behind.

Like the crack of rifle shots. With ice-cold motor and red hot brakes.

I rolled up to the pump—My right leg ached and trembled. And my heart went thump-thump.

The gears all growled and the motor hiccuped.

As I steadily gave her the gun. Up the heavy drag on the other side.

And on toward the setting sun. At the top of a Hundred and Forty-three.

Was a scene of joy to behold. The trees below like thistles. And the mountains fringed with snow.

But my gaze of wonder turned to awe. As I started down the hill. For there lay the battered twisted form.

Of a tanker, cold and still. Two curves and a hill, two hills and a curve.

Till I struck One-Fifty-One. At the sight of its unpeened crooks and curves.

My heart sank with the sun. I'd like to tell you of it all. But space would not permit. But a ways this side of Nelson, I was scared, I must admit. I'd slipped her into standard low. And started up the rise. When from the top a great white light.

Was glaring in my eyes. I blinked my lights and blinked again. And gave him lots of space. Then I saw 'twas only the playful moon.

Starting me in the face. At the Army Camp at Zero. Where they stop us for inspection.

The colored boys are mighty white. In spite of their complexion. "Have you got a pass? Who yuh for?" I showed the yellow slip.

"Wilson Freightways", I sang out, "Hokay, Boy! Let 'a rip." When I told him how this cured road. Had got me all upset. The negro grinned and rolled his eyes. "Boy! Yuh ain't seen nuthin' yet!"

I swapped him a man-sized snort of eye. For a package of cigarettes. Another eight miles more to Smith's.

I was as far as I wanted to get. I slept a while and dumped my load. Made Dawson Creek that night. And swore I'd never pass St. John. Without a hell of a fight.

So I pestered Slim with my tale of woe. And I thought his heart was melting. Till he smiled and said, "Here's a For two ten-above Fort Nelson!"

MORE EGG OUTPUT TO MEET DEMAND

A strong demand for eggs has been stimulated as a result of meat rationing. The major problem at present, states the Current Review of Agriculture conditions in Canada, is to maintain the highest summer egg production in order to satisfy domestic demand and meet the British contract. The increase in Canadian consumption of eggs

led to the request of the Minister of Agriculture on June 6, 1944, that Canadians voluntarily reduce their consumption of eggs during the next few weeks in order to help meet the United Kingdom demand. A decrease of two eggs per person per week has been suggested, and a decrease from 12 to 9 eggs per week has already been made effective in the rationing of the armed forces in Canada. The Special Products Board purchases all quantities of eggs offered per locality.

British Health Minister Brown told a London audience that he has leisure time so organized that among other accomplishments, he could recite word for word "72 hours on end now if the need arose."

Out Our Way

YOU LOOK LIKE A—UH—WELL, I HOPE I NEVER HAVE TO TAKE FALSE TEETH!

IF YOU'D GROW YOUR MUSTACHE LONGER OR—SAY, ARE YOU SURE HE GAVE YOU THE RIGHT ONES?

LE-CLICK-LETS-CLICK-LETS DROPP TH' SLIP. JECT. CLICK.

THEY KINDA LOOK LIKE YOU'RE JUST TH' SLEAZEBAG. BUT THINK OF WASHINGTON, D.C. HIS HADDA HAVE A SPRING IN HIS SO THEY'D OPEN WITH HIS MOUTH—THEY'RE GETTING GOOD NOWADAYS!

REMARKS BY REQUEST

BOON, THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

PHAW! YOU CITY GOFTIES AMUSE ME, CALLING THIS WORK. AS A YOUTH I OFFER TROTTED 20 MILES TO TOWN AT SUN-SET, DANCED TILL DAWN, THEN PITCHED HAY ALL DAY AND CHOPPED WOOD AFTER SUPPER TO GET SLEEPY!

WHEN DID YOU GO EXECUTIVE? SINCE YOU'VE BEEN HERE YOU HAVEN'T LIFTED A HAND TO BRUSH OFF A HORSEFLY!

WHY DON'T YOU EMBARK ON SOME REALLY STRENUOUS CAREER, SUCH AS CHASING AN IRON DEER?

WELL, I'LL BE SWITCHED

TILLIE THE TOLIER — A CROWDED CALENDAR

WE CAN'T PRINT ANY WEDDING INVITATIONS THIS WEEK. THE ARMY GOT TWO OF OUR MEN.

OH, DEAR.

SAY EVERY MINISTER IN TOWN HAS WEDDINGS FOR FRIDAY NIGHT.

YOU DON'T SAY!

TILLIE, MR. SIMPKINS WILL BE AWAY FRIDAY NIGHT AND THE WAGS ARE PUTTING ON A SHOW.

GEE.

DON'T SAY YOU WON'T BE AVAILABLE FRIDAY NIGHT. I REFUSE TO HAVE A WEDDING WITHOUT A GROOM.

By WEBSTER