

Many P. E. Islanders Enjoyed Trip On The Overland Special

(Special To The Guardian)

On August 11th the "Overland Special" rolled into Moncton from its return coast to coast excursion, and once again its 110 passengers expressed perfect satisfaction with the train, the crew, the organizers, each other, and the weather-man. Before departing to our various homes we held a last reunion on the Moncton Station platform. There under Maestro Gordon Coffin, Montague, P. E. I., each car sang its own special "Overland" song for the last time. For the grand finale we all joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne". Truly we were all "auld acquaintance" though, as one car had just sung, "A Month Ago We Hardly Knew Ya". Such is the camaraderie which prevailed throughout the trip.

On July 11th we left Moncton and headed west. The first day or so we spent reading each other's name tags and tracing genealogy. Many new relationships were established, and many old ones renewed. By the time we reached Edmonton each car was well acquainted with its own members and we knew most of the other passengers. On the return trip we were one big family.

At Edmonton

From Edmonton we went our several ways for the next three weeks and, at Edmonton, on August 7th we met again. Some had recrossed the mountains on the "Overlander" but the majority had come in from various points in Alberta where they had been visiting or just sight-seeing. It was "Maritimers Night" in the C.N.R. station. Each "Overlander" had at least three people to see him off. The Maritime Association of the city had a delegation there to present flowers to Mrs. C. V. S. Spence, Truro, N. S., and Mrs. Donald McFarlane, Wallace, N. S., who with their husbands were celebrating wedding anniversaries on the "Overlander".

Miss Perry of the Association was proudly displaying a beautiful hand-carved chest presented to them by four "Islanders" on

last year's "Overlander". Mr. Dods, our genial organizer, was regretfully saying good-bye. He was unable to return with us. Mrs. Charles Goodridge was there to accompany her husband on the return trip, and we welcomed her as an "Overlander". Here, too, we met Mr. A. Bourgeois who "conducted" us home. On the outgoing trip we had enjoyed the company of Conductor H. Hobin, Halifax, N.S.

No Dull Moments

No day on the train was ever long or monotonous. This was due to the untiring efforts and foresight of Mr. Dods and Mr. Goodridge. In the recreation car they had provided films, tape recordings, an organ, and games of all types for young and old. One section of the car had been attractively decorated as a kindergarten room for our "small fry". We enjoyed the freedom of the whole train. We never became cramped or bored from sitting too long. It was always arranged that we stopped for a "leg stretch" several times a day.

At Ottawa two large sight-seeing buses took us on a two-hour tour of our Capital and its neighbourhood. In Winnipeg, where we had 45 minutes stop both ways, some groups together and hired taxis. We told our driver we had 35 minutes and we wanted to see Winnipeg. For 66c each, we saw the main business section, the Parliament Buildings (he took our cameras and snapped us on the steps), the Fort Garry Hotel, the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, and the St. Boniface Cathedral with its "turrets twin". We also learned considerable statistics about the city.

At Jasper buses from the "Lodge" were waiting and we were taken to see that beautiful pleasure spot after many of us returned ahead of the "Overlander" and spent a day or so there enjoying the magnificent scenery. The drive from Jasper to Banff through the mountains cannot be equalled. Nor can the mountains be described—the feeling of awe they inspire has to be experienced—neither can one describe the colors of those glacial lakes and rivers.

Impromptu Entertainment

Then, too, we enjoyed the impromptu entertainment provided by our members, sometimes assisted by the porters. Bob Meekis, Truro, N. S., was our Singing Star. Mr. Coffin arranged an inter-car song competition. Almost every evening he, with Mr. Dods or Mr. Goodridge, led a sing-song. Mrs. Ernest Harper, North Carleton, P. E. I., was our organizer on the outward trip.

Unfortunately Mrs. Harper was in a motor accident in Edmonton and suffered a broken collar bone. We were delighted that she was able to return with us. Miss Eva Calk, Moncton, N. B., was our accompanist on the return. On Sunday worship services were arranged and well attended. On several afternoons we were served tea through the courtesy of the Salada Tea Co. and the Marvin Biscuit Co.

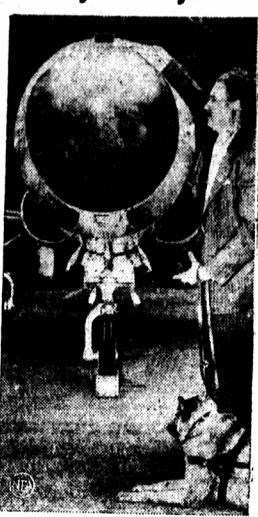
We had a huge cake, beautifully inscribed and decorated, to celebrate three wedding anniversaries, and four birthdays. We congratulated Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Spence, forty years married; Mr. and Mrs. D. McFarlane, thirty-five years; Mrs. Claude Smith, Charlottetown (Mr. Smith was at home) twenty-five years. The following ladies were celebrating their sixteenth (?) birthdays: Mrs. Gordon Coffin, Mrs. McLellan, Lower Onslow, N.S.; Mrs. Bent, Bridgewater, N.S.; and, in absentia, Mrs. Gamble, who became ill in Regina and could not return with us.

For those celebrating anniversaries, Mrs. Hopkins gave a lovely reading, her own composition. To her Mr. Spence should be ever grateful for he gave an address which he titled "How I Strided This Forty Years Ago." His "bride" later denied every word of it and said she couldn't be angry with him for she was so touched by Mrs. Hopkins' beautiful address to them.

Elected Mr. Drew

On election day the Messrs.

Eye To Eye



William Standage, who despite total blindness is a member of the Ground Observer Corp, runs his sensitive fingers over the radar eye of a new U. S. Air Force F94-C Starfish at a Burbank, Calif., aircraft plant. Sister ships of the electronically guided plane guard key bases, and are intended to track down and clear the air of possible invading planes. Standage's job is to place coded tags on aircraft locator boards. Accompanying him is his guide dog, "Mitzl".

Nicholson, Robertson, Smith, Veak and Spence conducted a poll. When the results were tabulated the Overlanders had elected Mr. Drew. A telegram was forthwith dispatched to Mr. Drew acquainting him with the results. Think what might have happened if the "Overlanders" had been home!

On the return trip we compared notes as to where we had been, what we had seen, and showed the snapshots we had finished. The territory we had covered was amazing. Those going farthest north were the D. A. Smiths, Moncton, N. B. From Vancouver they had gone by boat to Alaska and returned by plane, then they had visited Victoria and Seattle. The Misses Georgina and Ann Matheson, Summerside, had gone south to Palo Alto, Cal. Miss Janet Fullerton, Truro, N. S., and friends had toured the B. C. interior. From Vancouver they went by boat to Squamish, by train to Queen's Head, and by plane to the Trail. Then they returned to Vancouver and took a 3-day motor trip through the Okanagan Valley and down into Washington. The "Vancouver Sun" was so impressed by their sight-seeing ability they gave them a write-up.

Overlanders were as far west as Port Alberni, on the For-bidden Plateau, fished at Nanaimo, snow-mobilized on the Columbia Ice Field, reached the summit of Mt. Revelstoke, experienced hail storms and floods, watched the Calgary Stampede train, cheered themselves hoarse at chuck-wagon races, steer decorating and Roman riding. We were everywhere!

Many Impressions

What impressed us most? The mountains—the glacial lakes—the illimitable wheat fields—Victoria's flower decorated lamp posts—the giant trees—the oil wells—the traffic courtesy at the coast—all the parks, Stanley, Beacon Hill, St. George's Is.—the Butchart Gardens—the friendliness of the west—(from Atlantic to Pacific Canada) impressed us with her vastness, and we are proud of our country.

Finally a word of praise for our train, "The Overlander", its organizers Mr. J. V. Dods and his assistant Mr. C. Goodridge, and all the train crew. One and all we realize that without their excellent service our trip would not have been the success it was. We were well cared for, well fed, and well entertained. For the dining-car staff we have nothing but admiration. We fear they considered us ravening wolves forever howling at their door, for by the time they had the last of us served breakfast, the first ones were lining up for lunch! The porters were untiring in their efforts to keep us clean and comfortable. They were aided by the children. From our eldest member, Mrs. M. Murchison, Victoria, P. E. I. (who went right to Victoria, B.C., to see our babies, Laurie, Les, Coffin, Montague, and Jane Fanning, Montreal, we think travelling by "Overlander" is tops.

Dorothy Dix's Column

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are no news to my desk, but yours, which has been slightly censored, is one of the worst. There is absolutely no hope that a man so devoid of decency as your husband will ever change. There are, therefore, but two alternatives for you. Either you stay and continue to take the treatment he metes out, or you leave him and make a new life for yourself.

Obviously, you hope a middle course will open up for you, but the possibility is nil. You don't mention your age, but by calculation, you are not so old that earning a living is out of the question. You had a good job before you married this man, which was just five years ago, surely you haven't aged so much in so short a time.

The chronicle of your daily schedule, including housework, farm work, errands, and outside jobs, indicates no lack of ambition or energy. Weigh what little security you now have against permanent peace of mind, and make the decision for yourself. I'm sure the change will be good for your child too.

Your husband's attitude toward my column is not surprising; everyone who doesn't agree with me naturally concludes that I'm in the wrong.

DEAR MISS DIX: I'm 21 and have been going with a boy the same age for four years. However, my father is very strict about my dating and I can only go out on Wednesday and Saturday nights. My boy friend has been called into service and we plan to be married when he gets out. I know my father will object, since he will never speak to me when I come home from a date. I work, pay my share of the household expenses, and also help pay for the family automobile.

ANSWER: If Dad is so strict about dating, how come you managed to snag a boy friend? Somewhere along the line, father's sternness must have relaxed. Obviously, you're entitled to more time out than you claim you have, but I'd really like to hear Dad's side.

Miss Nissen cannot reply personally to readers but will answer problems of interest through this column.

Table Top

By Eden Phillpotts

CHAPTER III

Continued

"Before a year was told, Benny returned and reported himself. He appeared much amazed to receive a chilly greeting and declared himself innocent of any disloyal deed. His only wish was to get back to work at the dredging. He was much concerned at his reception, and expressed utmost indignation to learn that the Garcias had abandoned their undertaking and never wanted to see him again. But when they demanded to know where he had worked upon the lake, that they might pursue their quest without him, he absolutely declined to furnish any information as to his hunting grounds. Soon after his final quarrel with the Garcias, Benny appears to have left the neighbourhood and come to live at Lima.

"Many years passed," concluded Mr. Fernandez, "and I had forgotten all about the man, when that happened to remind me of him and furnished me with the information I have given you. Emilio Garcia died and his brother set about selling their estate and leaving the district. He was a widow, but had a son in Cuba and, I think, joined him. It happened that my father, who was then still alive, though an old man, knew the regions of Puno and already possessed considerable property in that State. He was familiar with the Garcia fruit farm and sent me to see the surviving brother, and survey the quality of the place.

"Thus I met young Garcia and learned from him something of Benny's adventures. He told me all he knew and felt very positive that our friend had swindled him and his brother in the past. Against this, however, in honesty he set the fact that the adventurer now dwelt at Lima in very modest conditions and did not suggest a man who had by any means come into a fortune. He had kept an eye upon Benny, in hope some day to bowl him out, but failed to do so. Garcia, however, knew his direction at Lima and gave it to me.

"We heard, six months later, that Juan had sold the place to local people and left the country. And then, turning out an old pocket-book, I found my note of Benny's direction in Lima and took occasion to visit him. But I was too late by a month. Signora Boss welcomed me and related that her husband had received another offer from the North and had accepted it. He was gone, so she said, in search of new guano islands, and proposed to be away some months. She had heard from Truxillo, to say that all was well with him, only a few days before I paid my visit.

"And that was the last I heard of Benny Boss. He never came home again and his end, like his beginning, was wrapped in mystery. These things all happened half a century ago, you understand, and Benny must, too, most probably be long since dead. He would be more than a hundred years old if still alive. But his parrot is left to bridge the gulf apparently. It may have been still in his old home when I called there, but if so, I did not see it."

"They thanked the old man for his story and Tom proposed another drink.

"Another small brandy, my boy, if you please," he answered. "My aged throat is dry. I have not talked so much these many days."

CHAPTER IV

THE PARROT'S SECRET

A day or two later Jacob Fernandez reached his destination and left the steamer, but an incident occurred before he did so which modified the lives of a younger generation and ultimately enriched the ancient man's memories.

Nor did he omit to mention, when relating the final chapter of Benny's remarkable career, how he himself was indirectly responsible for their discovery.

Mr. Fernandez spent much of his time with a big, black cigar, in the company of the blue and orange parrot. It appeared to love the sea and revel in a measure of sunshine and air long denied it. It bawled "Benny Boss!" joyfully from morning till night and rejoiced in a diet of fruit and red chillies.

Angus and Tom came upon the pair one forenoon and found Jacob in his deck chair listening to the

That Body Of Yours

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of meat, fish, poultry—animal proteins—or meat alternatives such as dried beans, eggs, and cheese. Use liver frequently. Nearly all diets recommended for maintaining health and preventing deterioration of mind and body contain liver, or liver extracts. In addition to the above quantities of nourishing foods, Canada's food rules prescribe eggs and cheese at least three times a week each.

Most physicians would likely advise more foods containing vitamin B and B complex to help maintain the nervous system and brain during years of stress and strain. Foods rich in vitamin B, B2, B complex: almonds, asparagus, bacon, whole wheat bread, butter, carrots, corn, "greens", ham, beef liver, milk, parsnips, peanuts, peas, wheat germ, yeast.

Finally, at least 400 international units Vitamin D is recommended daily for all growing persons and expectant mothers. Foods rich in vitamin D are: cod liver oil, butter, egg yolk, liver.

bird. He held up his hand for silence as they approached and did not speak until the parrot had ended some meaningless chatter. Then he told them an interesting fact.

"You imagined, Aylmer, that your parrot's vocabulary was limited to two words—the name of his old master; and so did I; yet listening to him this morning, I have made a very singular discovery. After shouting 'Benny Boss' once or twice, he proceeds to repeat a mysterious formula of sounds apparently quite meaningless, but the point is that he does repeat them. He makes about ten or a dozen odd noises and he echoes them exactly on every occasion."

"Not ordinary parrot chatter, sir?" asked Angus.

"No, my friend—not ordinary parrot chatter by any means. No man is probably more familiar with the language of birds than myself and I have spent many a year in striving to ascertain the meaning of what they say to one another."

To be continued

TAIPEH, Formosa, (Reuters)—A third batch of F-84 Thunder-jets arrived in Formosa and were handed over to the Chinese Nationalist Air Force Wednesday, under the United States military aid program. Nationalist sources said Thursday.



MUSTARD PICKLED ONIONS
3 lbs. peeled, sliced white onions
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups vinegar
3 teaspoons Colman's Mustard
2 cups granulated sugar
4 table spoons mixed pickling spices

Cover onions with boiling water. Let stand for 10 min. Drain. Cover with ice water and let stand for 30 min. Drain, sprinkle with salt, place in hot sterilized jars. Tie spices in cheesecloth, place in uncovered pan with vinegar, mustard and sugar. Simmer for 10 min. Remove spice bag and pour hot liquid over onions. Seal immediately. Makes 4 pints. CK504



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It's a fact! It takes up to two pints of liver bile a day to keep your digestive tract in top shape! If your liver bile is not flowing freely your food may not digest—gas bloats up your stomach—you feel constipated and all the fun and sparkle go out of life. That's why you need mild gentle Carter's Little Liver Pills. These famous vegetable pills help stimulate the flow of liver bile. Soon your digestion starts functioning properly and you feel that happy days are here again! Don't ever stay sick. Always keep Carter's Little Liver Pills on hand.

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OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY
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