



Eddie Cantor
Strike Me Pink

with **ETHEL MERMAN, SALLY EILERS, PARKY KARKUS & WILLIAM FRAWLEY**
and gorgeous Goldwyn Girls

ADDED **MICKEY MOUSE**

TODAY AND SAT
3.00 - 7.00 - 9.00 P. M.
SAT. MAT.—2.30

MATINEE 16c-27c.
EVENING 27c-33c-38c.

Prince Edward

"Educating Father" At The Capitol

Dad understand all about the modern youngsters now. But what he goes through to find out can only be appreciated by seeing "Educating Father," the Jones Family picture, featuring the adventures and experience of an average American family. The picture is promised as a hilarious comedy of family life with dad finally getting "wised up" to the ways and methods of the modern generation.

Revealing the adventures and experience of an average American family, the picture is promised as a hilarious comedy of family life with dad finally getting "wised up" to the ways and methods of the modern generation.

Kenneth Howell, Shirley Deane, June Carlson, George, Ernest and William Mahan, are the various Jones children who contribute to dad's matriculation in the school of experience.

The fun begins when Dad goes off on a fishing trip without renewing the lease on the drug store. A chain organization wants the location, and unless Prouty returns in time to meet their terms, the bank threatens to take the store.

Before the film ends Prouty is completely won over and decides to let the kids have their own way—with reservations.

Attention Foxmen

A. H. Leonard of the Purina Mills, recently returned from Alaska with moving pictures of wild life and fox ranches, will give three illustrated lectures on Prince Edward Island this week on ranch management and feeding. Each meeting will be held at 8.00 p.m. at the following places: Thursday night, Charlottetown Fur Sales, 55 Queen St.; Friday night at Summerside and Saturday night at Alberton. All persons interested in fox ranching admitted free.

L-5413

Professional Cards

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HEAVEN HELP DAD...!
THE KIDS HELP THEMSELVES!
You'll chuckle as they gang up to get the most out of life... and out of him!

Jones Family
EDUCATING FATHER
ED. PROUTY, SHIRLEY DEANE, DIXIE DUNBAR

PLUS... COMEDY AND CHAP. 10 REX & RINTY.
DAILY 3-7-8.45 P. M.
TODAY AND SAT. SATURDAY MAT. 2.30 P. M.

Eddie Cantor At Prince Edward

Eddie Cantor kept the Prince Edward Theatre audience in gales of laughter last night as the pathetic little product of a correspondence course in dominant personality development in "Strike Me Pink," his new screen musical in which he is supported by Ethel Merman, Sally Eilers, Parky Karkus, his "Greek" stooge of radio fame, William Frawley and a gorgeous new crop of Goldwyn Girls.

Eddie is a timed little Caspar Milquetoast who adores Joyce Lennox (Ethel Merman), a glamorous night-club singer. Through a prank of fate he becomes manager of Dreamland Amusement Park and gets mixed up with a ruthless gang of crooked slot machine racketeers upon whom he uses his magnetic finger, super-magnetic eye, etc., with varying degrees of success. When he learns that Joyce is the decoy of the gang he is properly disillusioned and finds himself able to take vengeance by bringing every last one of the racketeers to justice. Not, however, before he has converted through the funniest situations he has ever had including a side-splitting roller-coaster chase that had last night's audience roaring with mirth.

"Strike Me Pink" is a real screen find and Miss Merman, Sally Eilers and William Frawley lend Cantor superb support.

Handsome mounted and studied with side-splitting gags and some swell song hits by the team of Harold Arlen and Lew Brown, "Strike Me Pink" is a riot of fun that moves at roller coaster speed. It's Cantor at his hilarious best—and that's plenty funny.

THE FOLLY OF GUESSING

The "eye-guesser" is everywhere. Men and women guess. Children do not bother to do even that. Many guess their eyes need attention, many more that they DON'T. The former guess to secure likely to be true. FACTS are secured by everyone who is not sure of his vision.

G. F. Hutcheson

SPINNING and WEAVING

Send me your wool to be spun into yarn, or into blankets. Charges sent you 25 cents. Blankets \$2.00. If shirred, \$1.50. It takes five pounds of wool per blanket. Wool must be well washed, all dirt and burs picked out.

The class of single yarn is medium, and looking. For shirred, coarse or extra fine, send me your wool. Send by mail or freight. Weight will be paid on 100 pound lots. Price of well washed and picked wool is 25 cents a pound. Special price for shirred wool.

WM. CONDON
Charlottetown L-5404-4-5 mths.

Writer Advocates War Debt Payment

CALGARY, July 30 (CP)—Settlement of International War Debts to stabilize trade and an experimental attitude towards monetary problems are advocated by B. K. Bacon, assistant editor of the Yorkshire Post and writer on economic subjects, who has just crossed the continent with a party of British journalists.

"Our present financial and monetary system has not reached a stage of perfection. It does not follow anything unorthodox is necessarily unsound," Mr. Bacon said.

"The great need today is an experimental attitude towards monetary problems, the solution of which would be a great step forward.

"It is unfortunate that those who are adopting an experimental attitude towards the monetary system should combine with their enterprising desire to default on existing obligations, the solution of which would be a great step forward.

"What the world needs is final settlement of international war debts which are in a distinct category. It is quite obvious that such settlement can only be on the basis of a fractional part of the fantastic figures represented by the nominal debt.

"The United States must remember that debts can only be paid in goods or services. Coolidge's remark 'They hired the money' is quite accurate. The allies 'hired' debt in kind, and they must now repay their debt in kind. The existing flow of international trade could not doubt carry reasonable debt settlement without disturbing effects.

"Most observers in England think an effort should be made to reach a settlement as soon as possible. Only one good thing can be said for the existing position—it serves to drive home the lesson that war does not pay."

"Career Films" Aid Youngsters

LONDON, July 30 (CP)—Career films are teaching boys and girls of Willesden how to find jobs and how to make a success of them.

To sign the results, an exhibition of the Education and Juvenile Employment Committees. Three were chosen, one from each of the stages of the work.

The first shows recruiting and bookbinding. The second film showed how the young workers could make use of continued education to get higher wages and make new openings for themselves. The third just completed, went a step further, founding out of work of preparing the children for life by illustrating personal care, cleanliness and health recreation.

One episode in this film was the tale of the lazy boy and the career girl who neglected their personal appearance. More than 6,000 Willesden children have been shown their careers with the help of films since they were introduced in 1933.

It is the first brought in Britain to use films for vocational guidance. The films now illustrate more than 50 kinds of careers, from milk bottling and dressmaking, to engineering, and cover all the diversified industries at Willesden.

MAKES THRESHER FROM JUNK-PILE

EDMONTON, July 30 (CP)—The story of Julius Rostar, 36, single unemployed Czech-Slovakian immigrant, is a saga of the persistent courage of a man who "has to be doing something."

After 13 years of hardship and a broken down machine, he is today building in Edmonton's "Shantytown" a wind-powered threshing machine made entirely from junk salvaged from the city dump, and he uses makeshift tools. He is today building his windmill. The vanes are old automobile engine hoods the mill three wooden rollers and some makeshift spikes.

He intends not only to thresh grain but to mill old rags into padding for mattresses and pillows.

A rough and ready machine it is, but it stands a finished monument to the spirit of a poor European exile who still can say: "If I am to live in Canada, I must do something."

Analysis Determines Fertilization Values

The main kinds of fertilizers sold in the Prairie Provinces are the ammonium phosphates and super-phosphates, but other kinds of fertilizer analyses are, however, gradually being offered there. The ammonium phosphates and triple super-phosphate are the highest analysed fertilizers sold in Canada.

One is equivalent in plant food to one ton of nitrate of soda plus one ton of 20 per cent super-phosphate, while the 10-48 grade contains 10 per cent of nitrogen in addition to three times as much phosphoric acid per ton as ordinary 16 per cent super-phosphate and 43 per cent triple super-phosphate and 43 per cent triple super-phosphate is equal in value to more than two tons of 21 per cent super-phosphate.

Determining the value of fertilizer is the analysis of importance. The higher the analysis the higher the plant food content and as a usual thing the higher the analysis the lower the per cent of plant food.

Halifax Port Arrivals

Arrivals

Maid of Stirling from Cape Breton.

B. Bennett from Banks.

Vimy Ridge from local harbour.

Barge from local harbour.

Navalite from local harbour.

Alfreda from local harbour.

Banshee from local harbour.

Mary Currie & Acadian from local harbour.

Sailings

Lovet to Pictou.

Alfreda to local harbour.

Navalite to local harbour.

Banshee to local harbour.

Vimy Ridge to local harbour.

Barge to local harbour.

Mary Currie & Acadian to local harbour.

Vessels Due to Arrive

July 30—Olas from Jamaica.

31—Batory from Gydnia.

31—Newfoundland from Boston.

31—Liberty from U. S. Ports.

PETRIFIED FIG AMONG FOSSILS

PENSE, Sask., July 30 (CP)—B. F. Baxter farmer of some 68 years, has one fig he wouldn't give for anyone's thoughts.

Waving a petrified fig he dug up in his rambles around the above of Long Lake near here. It is part of a collection of fossils he has gathered during 35 years.

The British Museum examined his strange stone and said it looked like a petrified fig—which may prove tropical fruit once grew in these parts.

Some of his specimens are on display at the British Museum, others at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

petrified tree stump with worn bones and bark clearly showing in one of his treasures. The Royal Museum at Toronto is after this he said, but he won't part with it.

This unusual hobby brought Baxter an interesting philosophy. "Waving a hand at his \$1,000 collection of 3,000 fossils of rock and petrified wood millions of years old, the farmer said he came to the conclusion "we're just a flash in the pan."

FIND OLD BONES IN BIG BOULDER

HIGH RIVER, Alta., July 30 (CP)—Fossil bones, part of a limb bone and joint of a prehistoric creature, have been found 30 miles west of here in the flat face of a large boulder.

Scoutmasters Eric Cynbare and Jack Oton found the petrified remains embedded in hard sandstone. The centre bone of the vertebrae was four inches in diameter. Parts of two paddle-like bones or fins were chipped from the rock, to be forwarded to Charles Sternberg, collector for the Smithsonian Institute, for identification.

CORNS
Lift Right Out No Pain!
QUICK RELIEF
PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR

Water Selling Is French Industry

(By The Canadian Press)

PARIS, July 30—Strange as it may seem, selling water has become a prosperous industry in France. It gives employment directly or indirectly to more than 150,000 persons. This sale of water brings in \$3,300,000 in taxes to the government and more than 50,000,000 bottles of French mineral water from an inventory of "French thermal resources" just completed.

In 'old days' taking the cure was often a matter of 'c'est gués' work; it succeeded or it didn't. Today, in 10 French universities, there are chairs devoted to the sciences of hydrology.

The railways of France give a reduction of 25 per cent in first-class and 20 per cent in the others, to all persons going to a French thermal station to take the cure.

VETERAN PEDALS 20 MILES DAILY

VANCOUVER, July 30—Vancouver citizens turned around to gaze at C. J. Piper in 1931 as he rode the first pneumatic-tired "safety" bicycle in the city.

They turn around today, 45 years later, to look at a white-haired man on a white bicycle dodging the traffic. It is not the same bicycle, but it is the same man.

Piper, now 67, started riding on a wooden-wheeled machine he brought from England in 1890. The following year he got the pneumatic-tired pride. Twenty years ago he got his present machine. It has carried him 98,100 miles.

He believes he holds a Vancouver mileage record for his daily distance of 15 to 20 miles and he thinks nothing of 1,000 miles a month.

WHY MARITIMERS LEAVE

I'll try to tell in halting rhymes Why we leave the Maritimes.

Perhaps we think "far fields look green."

We'd like to double incomes lean, And so we leave our ocean home, For in other lands to roam, Some think the East's become effete.

They pioneer—they mine—grow wheat. Their living they prefer to west From virgin prairies of the West.

And others love the busy surge Of cities large, the thrilling urge Of competition with the crowd. Of matching strength with spirit proud.

And some just drift, to further gains— The "west's" blood within their veins.

A heritage from other sires Who founded their hearts and fires.

But all of us have kept the love Of pounding surf, the blue above, Of fish and valleys, towns and shores, Of lowly cot and shining spire. We'll never forget, the moonlit cove, The apple-blossoms, city chimneys— Our home in the best Maritimes.

The Island, like a sea-girl rose, New Brunswick's sons and daughters look With pride on every coope and brook.

While Nova Scotia's children stand United for their own homeland, So may we all in love agree, Dear Eastern lands down by the sea!

In peaceful ways, in stirring times, You'll find men of the Maritimes. B-th near and far, on land and sea. A chain unbroken, brothers we! One secret wish our hearts enthral, One sweet thought thrills us through and through— "Some day we're coming back to you!"

Let's join, with those in foreign climes— A toast to our dear Maritimes! —ETHEL TEASDALE, in "The Maritimer," Montreal.

WELCH BAKED PUDDING

(Helen Campbell, Director Chaleian Institute, Toronto)

2 tablespoons of butter
1 cupful of granulated sugar
1 cupful of pastry flour
1/2 teaspoonful of salt
2 tablespoons of lemon juice
Grated rind of 1-2 lemons
3 eggs
1-2 cupfuls of Welch's Grape Juice.

Cream the butter, add the sugar and continue creaming. Add the flour and salt which have been sifted together, the lemon juice and rind. Beat the egg yolks until light, add the grape juice and combine with the first mixture. Lastly fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and turn the mixture into a buttered baking tin.

Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—for about 45 minutes. 6 servings. Delicious hot or cold.

GRAND DUCHESS'S SISTER LIVING IN CONNECTICUT

FAIRFIELD, Conn., July 30.—Natalie Paley sister of Grand Duchess Marie and reputed to be one of the 10 most beautiful women in the world has been living here quietly since her return to this country last week ago, it was learned last night.

Miss Paley is occupying Noel Coward's home "Sasco" Hill and is using the name of Mrs. Peabody. In Coward's play, "The Vortex," one of the leading characters is a Mrs. Peabody.

RABBITS PROFITABLE

SYDNEY, N. S. W. July 30 (CP)—Demand for fur coats, capes and neckties is giving a great fillip to Australia's rabbit-trapping industry. In Australia rabbits are regarded as the country's greatest pest. With skins valued at 25 cents, trappers are earning up to \$45 a week.

HAY FEVER

Check it now! Take Templeton's RAZ-MAH Capsules. No sprays, no powders, no sniffing. No bad after effects. Guaranteed relief from one \$1 box, or money back. Sleep and work in comfort! 50c and \$1 at drug stores.

Templeton's RAZ-MAH Capsules

PRINCE EDWARD ISLE

Prince Edward Is'e, I think, was paradise. Intended—or, some tiny end of that Celestial land, lopped off by some device

And falling through dark chaos landed flat.

If that be so, then angels swiftly sped O'er this sweet Isle, on messages for Him Who did perhaps in yonder meadow tread, While watching o'er the joyful and the grim.

Now is it worthy of His Highness sake, Such lordly praise, such kingy' birth? Does it contain the things which go to make A peaceful heaven out of turmoil'd earth?

It does, and far exceeds what foreign man Had ever dreamt or wished his eyes to feed, Such bounteous beauty and such statey mien; Oh, yes—a pretty paradise indeed.

On calm and silent ocean wide she lies, While gentle waves do lap her every side. Looked down upon by smiling, clean blue skies, Enriched with human beings whose faith is undenied.

Each summer's field a changing picture bright, Enframed with tall green everlasting spruce, Now painted with cool winter's sparkling white, Now golden under harvest large produce.

The meadows wound and wound with winding paths, Raked red by the hooved feet of those which pasture, In fear by swiftly flowing stream to bath.

While others munching grass of finest texture.

The fragrant air is filled with feathered friend, Of such as do enchant the soul with song. A broken or a contrite heart do And teach that right is right and wrong is wrong.

Wild flowers as well a crowded space do claim, To crown the dyke, the pasture fields and streams. In colour they outdo the rainbow's fame, In odour unsurpassable in dreams.

The silver fox, this little Island's pride, Penned up in yonder rough built unthatched shed, Quite willingly gives up his shining hide, For just another glance before he's dead.

My thoughts against this Isle I've tried to harden, But try and try they could not find a root, Yea, all in all it is an Eden Garden Without as much as one forbidden fruit.

Highfield. —Ivan Roberts

FORGET IT

If you can't tell what the future brings, Don't worry about the past. Don't fret and fuss and then feet blue, Nor let depression worry you. Tomorrow you haven't a dime to spare, Tomorrow you may be a millionaire. For you're bound to get a break some day, The tough luck cannot last, So if you can't tell what the future brings, Don't worry about the past.

Suppose you have got a pain in your neck, It's only a pain, so what the heck! Wipe off the frown, put on a laugh, Be mighty thankful you're not a giraffe. You may be getting the bumps 'tis true, But the skies will turn a brighter hue, And you're bound to get a break some day, The tough luck cannot last, So if you can't tell what the future brings, Don't worry about the past.

Don't envy your fellowman his lot, For you'll never lose what you haven't got. I envied a fellow once before, Till his wife eloped with the guy next door, And then his business went to pot, The sheriff took his house and lot. Do I envy him now? Well I guess not, For you're bound to get a break some day, The tough luck cannot last, So if you can't tell what the future brings, Don't worry about the past.

When I was sick, as sick could be, A friend came in to visit me. It's going to miss you when you're dead, I'm going to miss you when you're dead.

Be deemed sincere, I let him rave Today the grass grows on his grave. So you're bound to get a break some day, The tough luck cannot last, So if you can't tell what the future brings, Don't worry about the past.

— J. A. CALLAHAN

SUNBONNET ROSE

COTTONWOOD FALLS, Kas., July 30—Mrs. C. P. North was angry when grasshoppers devoured her vegetable garden. But when they started on her tea roses that was too much. She made screen-wire bonnets for each rose. Now, she said, the hoppers just sit on the wire all day, looking hungrily at the roses.

CLEANING SPECIALS

FOR TWO WEEKS COMMENCING JULY 28th

We have just added a department for

WET OR STEAM CLEANING of Cotton Prints or Washable Silk Dresses

To introduce this service we are offering to clean dresses which will permit of wet cleaning

COTTON PRINTS, etc. — 35c up
SILKS, CREPES, etc. — 50c up

Inspect your wardrobe at once and take advantage of this offer. We call for and deliver.

REGULAR SERVICE
Our well equipped Naptha cleaning plant enables us to give you the best of service in drycleaning for ladies and gentlemen.

NEW METHOD CLEANERS LTD.
PHONE 983 LONGWORTH AVE.

My Bird Friends In Rainy River

Winters in the Rainy River District are cold and stormy, yet there are at least twenty-five species of wild birds which, like permanent residents, maintaining themselves the year around.

I was surprised upon comparing notes with a friend in Prince Edward County to learn that very few climates is much milder.

There are four kinds of owls, three of grouse, two kinds of hawks and four of woodpeckers, the raven and several kinds of small birds to be found here in winter, and at least two, the Canada jay and the Great Horned Owl, which nest and lay their eggs while the snow is still deep on the ground.

We have some feeding stations for birds placed where they may be seen from the kitchen window, and these are visited regularly by numerous species, the most numerous being the downy woodpecker and the hairy woodpecker, nuthatches, bluejays and Canada jays. Chickadees will feed nearly all day when the weather is nice, but the Jays will carry away one very cold week, with the thermometer registering below zero, the birds did not come, but as milder weather came they were all back again.

It is a marvel to me that the tiny animals, perhaps a half ounce of heat through the cold winter nights with only the shelter that the forest affords.

The sparrows, which frequent the barn, do not come to feed with the forest birds. They will be scarce before spring, for a small owl visits the barn for food to time and picks off some of the plants, another enemy is the great northern shrike who makes periodical visits. If he has good luck with his hunting you may find the bodies of some of his victims impaled upon a thorn bush or on the barbed wire fence.

In the old days, wind-break where seed cones are planted, we may sometimes see a flock of cross-bills feeding, or a small company of evening gros-beaks. The beautiful blue jays, which will only be seen in the evergreen woods. The raven is another bird which will not be seen in the settlements, but may be found in the deeper forest.

Flocks of snow buntings pass along, alighting wherever dry grass or weeds offer a chance to gather seeds. Flocks of Greenland redpolls alight thickly on seeds in the alder thickets and sometimes come to search for crumbs near the kitchen door.

The great pileated woodpecker may come to inspect our larger shade trees in his hunt for timber worms. A pair of these birds in-habit the same hollow tree the year around, they range over a wide extent of woodland far apart, but on a winter afternoon you may hear their shrill call to one another and before dusk they will have approached the home tree by one after another, fighting and entering the door of their home.

The goosawk and duck hawk, as also the larger owl, feed mainly on snowshoe rabbits, but now and then after a rabbit. The raven most aptly feeds upon the remains of game left by other hunters.

Last year, when cutting spruce pulpwood in the month of February, we found a pair of Canada jays building a nest. The nest was finished and the eggs laid before 30 if you can't tell what the future brings, Don't worry about the past.

During the time of hatching there was weather of 30 deg. below zero and a heavy snowfall. The rim of the nest was heaped with snow, but the birds' nest was visible sticking up over the edge of the snow. It seems these birds must take turns at sitting upon the eggs, as exposure of even a short time would be fatal to the young. The young were hatched by the middle of March, but their development was slower than that of birds in summer. Perhaps food was sometimes scarce.

The earliest of the migrating birds to arrive in the spring is the western horned lark, sometimes later the crow is welcomed as herald of spring. I may remember that with all his big feet, the crow is the greatest destroyer of grasshoppers that we have got. From time to time new birds find their way into this region. T-meadow lark, now quite common was unknown a few years ago; the horned lark is a comparatively new

Radio Listeners Have Clear Path

(By The Canadian Press)

LONDON, July 30—Very soon, it is postmaster-general has his way refrigerators, vacuum cleaners and all electrical apparatus will have to be suppressed in the interests of radio listeners. But the word "suppressed" is used only in the technical sense.

It does not mean that these valuable household gadgets must be dispensed with, but only that they must be prevented from causing a noise in nearby wireless sets.

After three years' investigation, the Committee on Electrical Interference, has reported to the postmaster-general and he is to act on the recommendation it should be illegal to allow electrical apparatus to jam radio sets. It is expected legislation will be introduced in the House of Commons in the autumn.

The committee proposes the electricity commissioners should be given powers to draw up regulations controlling electrical interference, and that the post office should be given power to enforce them. At present the post office employs 300 men, who investigate 40,000 cases of electrical interference a year, but they have no power to compel owners of noisy electrical interference to stop the nuisance.

This committee plans that certain standards of electrical interference measurements should be laid down and that manufacturers of electrical apparatus conforming to these standards should be allowed to stamp it with a radio interference-free mark.

To make an ordinary electrical vacuum cleaner interference-free might cost from 50 to 75 cents. To suppress noises from an elevator would cost from \$50 to \$75.

G. C. Patterson of the Electricity Commissioners and chairman of the committee, says: "Powers to enforce the regulations are necessary only to deal with the small number of cases—four or five per cent—in which owners of interfering plants refuse to suppress the interference."

Lt. Col. G. E. Lee of the post office, said that theoretically, every form of electrical interference could be cured. "In the case of power lines, the cost might be prohibitive," he says. "The most difficult cases are medical apparatus, where the only solution seems to be waiting the entire room containing doctor, apparatus and patient, with metal or at least chicken-wiring."

ABEGWEIT

I know a place where nature grand Displays her gems with lavish hand. Where fairy feet trip to and fro, Among the dew-kissed fields below: An Isle whose forests, hills and streams, Oft filled with joy the Micmacs' dreams. And came to his savage ear, The weirdest music one could hear.

And as I view some hallowed place, One vision of the past retraces: I see the mellow moonlight glow Upon a love scene long ago. A thousand fancied spectres start, But oh, to trace with poet's eyes, The thoughts that in my brain arise!

settler; the beautiful Baltimore oriole is another, so is the bobolink, and sometimes you see and hear a pair of the lovely mourning doves, but they do not increase in numbers. Perhaps they are too ready a prey to their natural enemies.

Bird life and bird friends contribute to make our lives more interesting and help us for a while to forget the economical struggle.—A. J. Leveridge, Rainy River District, in the Farmer's Advocate.

for BITES

MINARD'S LINIMENT

"KING OF PAIN"