

YEO
THEATRE

Anna Sten
ALAN
Marshall

EXILE EXPRESS

MONTAGUE—SAT. 16th.
SOURIS—MON. 18th.

**Tax Increase
On Tobacco**

TORONTO, Sept. 12—(CP)—Pipe smokers and those who "roll their own" will pay no more for their favorite package of tobacco as a result of a five-cent-a-pound increase in excise duty but there won't be as much in the package.

Knowles Bailey, president of a Toronto tobacco distributing firm, said a 10-cent package will probably still sell for a dime but it will contain a fourth of a pound or less, compared with a thirteenth of a pound.

With cigarettes a real problem is created, he said. When the excise tax used to be \$6 per 1,000 the selling price of most cigarettes worked out nicely at 20 for 25 cents; when it was lowered to \$4 per 1,000 cigarettes were 25 for 25.

"Now we have an in-between figure (\$5 per 1,000) and what will happen is highly problematical; they may change the size of the package," Mr. Bailey commented.

**Tax Affects
Bacon Prices**

TORONTO, Sept. 13—(CP)—Bacon, principally, will be affected by the removal of the Sales Tax exemption on salted or smoked meats, officials of the Canadian Process Meats Ltd. said today regarding the war-time budget presented to the House of Commons.

The eight per cent sales tax on bacon will mean about an extra two cents a pound on the price," it was estimated.

**History
REPEATS
Itself!**



Twenty-five years of scientific research made it possible for Quaker State, in 1914, to produce the only motor oil which successfully lubricated the hottest running motor of its time: the Franklin Air-cooled engine. Twenty-five more years of researchables Acid-Free Quaker State Motor Oil to meet the most difficult problems of lubricating the 1939 models. Insure the performance of your new car! Use Acid-Free Quaker State Oil Regularly. Quaker State Oil Refining Company of Canada Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

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**Island Lady
Visits California**

Following is a delightful account of a trip taken by Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Backus and son Billie through California. Mrs. Backus was formerly Miss Beatrice Inman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Inman, Victoria, B.C. On arriving back from her trip to the home of Earl D. Leard's, Bedouin P.E.I., and she immediately left for Prince Edward Island and is now at her mother's bedside.

We have travelled a great many miles and seen a great variety of scenery since leaving Lake Wales. When we crossed the line into Alabama there was a sign, "You Are Now Leaving Florida Sunshine" but old man Sol has been right on the job and we have only had one rainy day. Several times we followed in the wake of afternoon showers and found our stop-over places all air-conditioned. The first few days our little Plymouth domed her "Seven-League Boots" and took long strides. The second day we were amid the tropical splendor of Louisiana, with its magnificent old plantations, rich soil, tall corn and cotton, but with all its productivity it is difficult to see the miserable shacks the people live in.

The new state capitol building in Baton Rouge is very impressive especially at night. The whole building is in darkness except for a great fringe of light pointing down from the top to the grave of Huey Long which is on the lawn in front.

The second night found us in Texas. We were surprised at the four-lane highways with little picnic places along, provided with cement tables and fire-pipes. We saw great fields of wheat comprising several thousand acres. They harvest the wheat with combines which cut, thrash and sack, dumping 10 sacks in a pile. I rather pitied the poor fellow driving in the heat until I learned the machines were equipped with canopy.

When we consider that this part of Texas was a vast wilderness in possession of Indians when the state became a republic in 1836 we marvel at the fine roads, prosperous farms and cities. We saw our first oil fields here in the Panhandle country where are the great ranches that made the lone star state famous. In one of these towns they were having a cowboy celebration.

The third night found us in Colorado. We stopped over a few days in the Colorado mountains, a land of magnificent beauty, making our headquarters at Idaho Springs, noted for its mineral springs and gold mines. On one of the days we drove to the top of Mt. Evans, 14,000 feet elevation, said to be the highest place in the world that one can drive to. It was plenty cold with lots of snow in evidence. Denver is a pretty city, and if I could not live in Lake Wales, Denver would be my choice.

As we had been in Yellowstone Park two years ago we expected to go direct from Colorado to the Glacier Park, but once in Wyoming the lure of Yellowstone was too much, so we toured in the park for a couple of days. The slogan of the state is "Wonderful Wyoming" and it is a wonderful state, having within its boundaries some of nature's masterpieces. It is the last frontier of the west, made famous by Buffalo Bill. It has great canyons, forests, fertile and irrigated valleys, also great wide expanses of sage-brush prairie lands. As the cowboy song goes, "they're long and they're decline, but once you feel the lure of them, you're homesick till you're there again." It is something like getting Florida sand in your shoes.

A long trip is good deal like life. You cannot be on the mountain tops or in the cool valleys all the time. There are always some monotonous stretches and these give us time to think. I thought of the brave pioneers who plodded over this sage-brush desert land in ox carts and covered wagons, covering about 20 miles a day. Those who died along the way lie in unmarked graves but the trails they left are today well marked—where they forded the streams, where Marcus Whitman and party camped, where Brigham Young, Lewis and Clark and many other noted pioneers camped. It is well to pause and think of these noble men and women who plodded westward to build an empire.

Wyoming has its Yellowstone but Montana has its "Glacial National Park" which encloses some of the noblest scenery in all America. The Indians called Montana, "the land of the shining mountains." Their lower slopes are covered with picturesque, vividly green timber, their rocky summits run the gamut of pastel shades—pink, blue, yellow, etc., and all flecked with white glistening snow. Here too, are great wheat fields, cattle ranches, great sage-brush stretches remarkably fertile, irrigated valleys.

Through Boreman canyon we followed the trail of Lewis and Clark, then down into the Boreman valley, of which Clark wrote in his diary: "It is teeming with deer, elk and buffalo." Today we see great herds of cattle, sheep and wonderful farming country. Winding up through what is called the Missouri Valley, is Three Forks where the Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin rivers unite to form the Missouri. Then on through great national forests on splendid highways we reach the city of Butte, situated on what is called the richest hill in the world because of its great mineral wealth.

It has yielded more than \$2,000,000 worth of gold, silver and copper. That seems a lot of money until we compare it with our national debt. One hundred shafts go down into the hill 3,000 feet and there are underground passages traversing 2,700 miles. It was very interesting after visiting the surface mines here and in Colorado to go down in the \$1,000,000 treasure mountain at the exposition and get a realistic inside view of the mining industry. One goes through tunnels and shafts, seeing the machinery in operation and taking a 2,000 mile trip in a few minutes. It was also very interesting after traveling through these western states to view these exhibits at the fair.

We traversed the Glacial National Park on the celebrated 50 mile "Going to the Sun Highway," which is the last word in highway achievement and wonderful scenic beauty. Nestled among the higher peaks are 50 glaciers and 200 lovely lakes. Many people think Lake St. Mary the most sublime of all mountain lakes in the world. Other renowned travelers say Lake

FOXMEN

Owing to heavy receipts of Poultry during the Summer months we have an extra supply of Canned Chicken Fox Feed and have reduced the price so that it now costs you less than fresh meat. Foxes need hearts, gizzards and liver, a ready mixed assortment that is always fresh and on hand.

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Louise in the Canadian Rockies is the most superb scenic gem in the world. The waters of each are deep emerald green—St. Mary's sides rising directly from its edge to the height of a mile high. Lake Louise is a small green jewel cupped up in an amphitheatre of lofty snow-capped mountains.

Climbing through the Logan Pass we crossed the Great Divide again. We were in a land of mountain snows and alpine flowers and increasingly grand scenery. In one place a man with a pick and shovel was trying to dislodge a snow bank from the side of the road (as they wished to oil it). I was taking a picture of it and I think he thought I was a picture taker until I told him we never saw snow in Florida. He was mystified and when I told him we picked oranges and orange blossoms in the winter he threw down the shovel in amazement. He wanted to know where that wonderful place Florida was. That was one man my Florida boosting impressed.

In numerous places the thermometer would stand at 105 degrees and more. They would see our license plate and say "bet you have it awful hot down there." Then I would then we rarely saw 97 degrees and they would look at me as though I were Annanias.

Watkins Park is half in the United States and half in Canada, an "International Peace Pact," a fitting memorial to the peace and good-will which has prevailed between the two nations for over 100 years. As we crossed the border into Canada we saw a wide strip cleared over the mountains to indicate the dividing line. The Canadian Rockies had several large national parks such as Jasper, Banff and Watkins in Alberta east of the Great Divide. Yoho, Kootenay Glacier on the west in B. C. Glacier Park is reached now only by rail but a road is being constructed and will be completed next year.

In describing the Canadian Rockies we must use the superlative degree. In scenic splendor they are probably unsurpassed in the world. We entered Banff from Calgary, Alberta where we rested a few days. Calgary is a beautiful little city in the heart of the wheat growing district. There was a white frost in the morning while we were there, but the days are warm, an ideal climate for wheat growing and the people are of an all-year ideal climate, although it goes to 40 below in the winter which they tell us is a dry cold which you do not mind. In other places where the thermometer was flirting with 100 we were told it was a dry heat which you did not mind. In Oregon and Washington where it rains a great deal they said it was a dry rain that did not wet you much.

Vancouver, B.C. is a lovely city and of course natives tell you it is the only place to live. The Japanese current gives it a remarkably mild climate considering its latitude. One day while there it was quite warm. Next morning the papers announced one death from heat prostration and that the city had sweltered in the excessive heat of 81 degrees. B. C. is a vast undeveloped country much larger than Washington, Oregon and California combined. They have gravel roads and you see many cars with broken windshields as a result of flying stones and a great many men write the government asking for better roads as the bears were getting sore feet from crossing them.

We took a boat trip on the luxury liner, S.S. Robert through the famous "inside passage" almost up to Alaska. The bays and inlets of the B.C. coast are the American counterpart of the fjords of Norway. In Washington as in B. C. I marvelled at the lovely flowers. Western Washington is known as the Evergreen Play-ground. There are fertile valleys, vast apple orchards and other fruits. Mt. Ranier with its many glaciers rises over 14,000 feet direct from sea-level which makes it very beautiful and different. It would take a long time to tell you of the gigantic Cooley Dam. It is the most massive man-built structure in the world—three times larger than the largest Egyptian

**Ch'Town Royalty
And Vicinity**

Mrs. Fred Gregory, St. Avarde, who has undergone a very serious operation in the Prince Edward Island Hospital, is reported somewhat improved.

Mrs. Robert Lund, St. Peter's Road who has been seriously ill in the City Hospital, has been permitted to leave. She is convalescing at the home of her daughter Mrs. Gormley, St. Avarde.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Ward and little Miss Joice Craig of Wellington, spent Sunday in St. Avarde.

The work of paving the Mt. Edward Road to the Experimental Farm has been completed, and no doubt will prove quite an asset to that locality.

Mr. George Gregory of the G & G milk factory St. Avarde, Mrs. Gregory and little son Robert, motored to Summerside on Sunday afternoon.

On Friday morning last Master Arthur Brown, eight year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Brown of York, met with an accident which resulted in a broken leg. He is resting comfortably.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hardy, their daughter, Mrs. Clayton Worthington, son Malcolm and grandson Master Paul Worthington, all of Bedford, Mass., have been spending the summer at Mrs. Hardy's old home, on the Hudson estate at Stanhope Beach started on their return trip by Mr. and Mrs. Worthington who is recuperating from a serious illness spent the winter in Miami, Florida, but declares that she has found P.E.I. air more beneficial.

On September 1st the ladies of Parkdale Institute held a social evening and presentation at the home of Mrs. Harold Newson, Mt. Edward Road, in honor of two of their members, a bride and a bride-to-be—Mrs. Borden McDonald, Ambrose St. and Miss Flo Rodd, St. Avarde. An address expressing appreciation of co-operation and good fellowship in the past and best wishes for happiness in the future was read by Mrs. Newson and the presentation was made by Mrs. Wesley Dennis. After this the evening was passed with pleasant conversation, games and contests. Lunch—ice cream and cake—was served by the ladies. There was a good attendance and a good time was enjoyed. The gifts were silver pie plates with vases.

Pyramid, Eons ago a mammoth glacier blocked the Columbia River, forcing it to form a new channel. We rode for 25 miles through this coulee (meaning dry river bed).

The banks on each side are sometimes 900 feet high and coulee several miles wide. It becomes quite narrow and will be closed by an earthen dam and this dry river bed will then make a natural reservoir. There are 12 great pumps being installed, each capable of supplying New York City, which will fill the coulee in 17 hours. Beyond this coulee is a great arid desert which only needs the magic touch of water. We saw a demonstration of this after reaching the desert where we found an irrigated valley—the most productive spot I ever saw.

From Portland, Oregon, we took in the wonderful Columbia River dam, circling Mt. Hood. There are many lovely waterfalls on the drive, the "Multnomah." On the Banff and Windermere trail in B. C. we were in the headwaters of the Columbia. At Cooley Dam we saw it being harnessed and again at the Cooley Dam. On the Columbia divide you see it in its majestic sweep to the ocean. Nature was lavish with her gifts when Oregon was in the making—wonderful scenery, marvelous climate. The plentiful rainfall gives it a green freshness and a world of blossoms and flowers.

We came south from Portland through the famed Willamette Valley where they claim they never have a crop failure. Then over to the Oregon coast highway and on through the California coastal red-wood highway. These redwoods were saplings when Christ was born. We saw the tallest tree in the world, over 300 feet tall, a church in Santa Rosa built from a single tree. Among these great trees you feel as though you were traveling through a great cathedral and then suddenly you emerge from this arched avenue you hear and see the rhythm of the pounding surf of the Pacific.

Then came the Golden Gate of

R-1

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GOOD YEAR

R-1

GOOD YEAR

San Francisco and its marvelous bridge. Your first sight of Treasure Island with gloomy Alcatraz nearby, is very impressive. We spent three and a half days in San Francisco seeing the fair and the city. It was all extremely interesting and tucked away in my memory is that fairytale, Treasure Island at night from the Oakland Bridge. We are now in beautiful Yosemite Park resting for a few days. This morning I arose to see the sun rise over the peaks and as I walked along a fine deer kept all my company. They are as tame as and notwithstanding our old county's bad road, which are miles and will probably cover 3,000 in the U.S. we shall be glad to see more. We are beginning to feel a back to her—Mrs. V.E. Barlow after Florida Lake of The Woods.

OUT OUR WAY

WHY, WES, I NEVER THOT MUCH OF THIS GAME BEFORE

J.R. WILLIAMS

SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

NO, NO, ALVIN... THIS IS NOT A SALT CELLAR OR A SILENCER FOR A POLICEMAN'S PISTOL... BUT AN IMPORTANT INVENTION... ONE THAT WILL TRANSFORM THE HABITS OF THE HUMAN RACE OVER NIGHT AND TAKE THE NAME OF HOOPLE INTO EVERY HOUSEHOLD IN THE LAND... HAR-RUMPH!

HMM! I WONDER HOW MUCH WE CAN SAVE BY MAKING THE CLIP OF TIN INSTEAD OF STEEL!

UNCLE AMOS, CAN YOU DRAW TWO CATS FIGHTING IN A BACKYARD ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT?

GENIUS IS OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

Side view of cartridge, Steel clip, Cartridge end view.

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