

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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THE WINTER SERVICE.

Out of the mishap that has occurred to our winter service a few facts stand out very clearly; beyond these there seems to be a political haze.

If this project is carried out one more fact may be added to those above mentioned. That is, that the interim service will be crippled irremediably. It has been proved through many years of actual trial that the Georgetown-Pictou route is the only winter route that can be operated even with partial success by such a steamer as the Stanley.

These facts being known, what justification can be offered for placing the Stanley again at the mercy of the ice-flows at the Capes and in the Straits? To all thinking men there is only one route on which the Stanley can give even a semblance of service, and no political or other influences should be permitted to interfere.

THE BURNS CONCERT.

The Burns Concert, always regarded as the greatest musical, patriotic and historical festival of the year, will be held in the Strand Theatre, tomorrow, Thursday evening, and Friday evening, under the auspices of the Caledonian Club and the distinguished patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and His Worship Mayor Yeo and Mrs. Yeo.

year's performances will be no exception to this rule. While we have much local talent along the lines usually followed in these concerts, an exceptional feature is added this year in the person of Miss Smith of Toronto, whose musical talents are very highly spoken of in the press of that city.

MARVELLOUS, IF TRUE!

Mrs. Beatrice Houdini, widow of the celebrated magician who died several months ago, says that a message has come to her from the spirit world, and that it is from her late husband.

The situation is an ironical one. As an exchange points out, Houdini, a magician himself, and the cleverest of his time was the arch-opponent of all the mediums and "controls" and supernaturalists among the exponents of the psychic phenomena.

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EDITORIAL NOTES

A contemporary defines a pedestrian as a man whose wife has gone out in the car.

The Federal Parliament is announced to meet on February 7, one week before Valentine Day.

Of Burns, whose anniversary will be celebrated by the Caledonian Club this week, Carlyle wrote: "While the Shakespeares and Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through the country of Thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl-fishers on their waves; this little Valcusa Fountain will also arrest our eye; for this also is of Nature's own and most cunning workmanship, bursts from the depths of the earth, with a full gushing current, into the light of day, and often will the traveller turn aside to drink of its clear waters, and muse among its rocks and pines!"

Notes By The Way

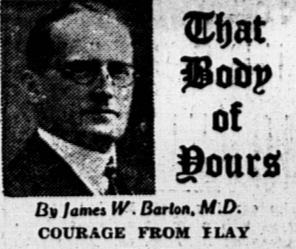
WHAT have our Queen's County Federal representatives been thinking about to allow the S. S. Stanley to be placed on the western route? It is claimed that through the activities of Mr. A. E. McLean, M. P., the transportation service, during the tie-up of the car ferry has been diverted from the Georgetown-Pictou route, its proper channel, to Borden and Tormentine, with Summerside as an alternative port of call on this side.

The appointment of a Trade Commissioner at Toronto to develop trade in the Maritimes and Central Canada should work out something to the benefit of both. The Trade Commissioner, Mr. Burnaby, has the reputation of being a live wire. It was because of this reputation that he was appointed to such an important position. We believe he may be depended upon to do his best; but we must not expect him to do it all while we stand idly by and watch him do it, and criticize him if he fails.

The local Government organ, which is ardently prohibitionist so long as prohibition does not interfere with politics, has so far refrained from commenting upon the position which the Federal Government has taken with respect to the Customs clearance of ships carrying liquor to the United States. Canada's position, as outlined in the statement made a few days ago at the conference with American representatives of Congress at Ottawa, appears to be this: Violators of the law of the United States may buy liquor here and pay for it and the Dominion Government will officially sanction its sale and its shipment to the United States, but the Government pliously hopes the shipments will never reach their destination.

A booklet of 141 pages devoted to the conferences of the British Parliamentary Association during the visit of that distinguished body to Canada last year, has been issued by the Canadian Branch of the Association at the Government Press, Ottawa. A considerable part of the work is taken up with a record of the conferences between the visiting parliamentarians and the members of Provincial Legislatures. Three pages of this section are devoted to the "Maritime Provinces." On pages 139-140 we have a record of the New Brunswick conference; on pages 140-141, of the visit to Nova Scotia. "The rest is silence." The remainder of page 141, where the reader would naturally look for some reference to the visit to Prince Edward Island, is blank. It seems that so far as the British Parliamentary Association is concerned, we do not officially exist as a part of the Maritimes! It will be remembered that their visit here was confined to Sunday, and that this was due to the failure of the Provincial Government to arrange, when the itinerary was being drafted, for a proper date on which the visitors could be formally received and entertained.

The first industrial city of the Maritime Provinces, according to a report recently issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway, is Saint John with a capital of \$32,192,490 invested in its 125 industries which have a production value of \$29,310,292. Dartmouth in Nova Scotia occupies second place with 16 major industries capitalized at \$17,088,662 and with a production value of \$17,485,068. Following in order of production value come Sydney, Halifax, Moncton, Bathurst, Edmundston, St. Stephen and New Glasgow. Charlottetown, "the principal industrial centre of Prince Edward Island," has a manufacturing production value of \$1,687,519.



By James W. Barton, M.D. COURAGE FROM FLAY

Some years ago I spoke of the work done in some European hospitals, to get the patient strong before he was allowed to go home or to work. Whether he was a medical or surgical case he was taken outdoors as soon as possible, and given light exercise, similar to the calisthenics given to recruits in the army.

He was given just a few minutes daily at first, and the work gradually increased until it was thought that he could complete the "cure" at home. The exercise stimulated heart and lungs, worked the muscles of the body, gave the patient the natural appetite, and so tired him physically, that he wanted to sleep, and so got a good natural sleep. Unfortunately we haven't anything like this in America, and yet the wisdom of getting patients strong before they leave hospital is at once apparent.

Dr. Frederic Bush says "sleep, rest and peace of mind form the largest part of the treatment of our patients who are recovering from their illness but these things alone will not carry depressed and disheartened persons safely back to health of body and mind. So games are used, because Dr. Bush says that these convalescents, they are called regain courage through play. So golf on a "small" scale is used, with holes from 10 to 70 yards in length. Golf gives exercise in walking, using the club in strokes, and the patient is intensely interested.

Household Scrapbook

Cleaning Paint. Mix common whiting in warm water to the thickness of paste. Rub briskly with a piece of flannel and then wash in cold water.

Fruit Juice Odors. When fruit juice runs out in an oven or on top of the stove, of salt is thrown on it there will be no odor. It is easily cleansed when burned to a crisp.

Weak Ankles. To strengthen weak ankles, bathe daily in a solution of salt, water and alcohol. Beneficial results will be noticeable after a few applications.

The Land We Love

Area of the Prairie Provinces. Q. What is the area of the Prairie Provinces? A. The total surveyed area of the Prairie Provinces is 203,599,827 acres, viz: 37,115,866 in Manitoba, 76,601,686 in Saskatchewan, 87,882,905 in Alberta, and 108,000 in British Columbia.

Daily Lessons in English

WORDS OFTEN MISUSED: "She had learned to read and write" does not require repetition of the pronoun "to." OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED: ancient. Pronounce an-shent, not an-shent. OFTEN MISSPELLED: sent, cent, sent. SYNONYMS apparent, clear, manifest, evident, conspicuous, plain, obvious, visible. WORD STUDY: "Use a word three times and it is yours." Let us increase our vocabulary by mastering one word each day. Today's word AFUNDER: apart; separate from each other. "Her hopes were torn asunder."

Petticoat Lane

(J. B. Priestley in The Saturday Review)

That curious smoky loneliness which is London on a winter Sunday morning was shattered, as if a gigantic bomb had burst, the moment I turned the corner from Aldgate High Street into Middlesex Street. This will not seem odd to anybody who remembers that Middlesex Street was once called Petticoat Lane, and is still Petticoat Lane every Sunday morning. At first I saw nothing except the tops of stalls because I was wedged in the crowd. We pushed, and they pushed—not angrily but in quiet good-humour—and gradually we began to move until we achieved something like a yard a minute. Then suddenly the crowd thinned and I found myself ejected—and a little man was dangling gaudy suspenders not six inches from my nose. "Take a look at 'em," he was roaring.

After escaping from these suspenders, I joined the group in front of a seedy-looking man who was talking in an astonishingly loud and angry voice. He had not shaved that morning or perhaps the morning before either, and wore neither collar nor tie, but nevertheless his stall glittered with gold watches, dozens and dozens of them, and not very far from the dirty fist he kept banging down was a heap of money, a whole heap of it, pounds and pounds. There was nothing very Jewish about his appearance, but never before have I heard such a strong Hebraic accent. When you heard his talk of "dese vatches" you would have sworn he was doing it on purpose. "In de Vest End you go and pay six tix de prize for dese vatches. And vy? Because, I tell you," he cried in a towering rage, "dey're all robbers." And in a more tender mood, that man, I am convinced, would not have hesitated to call you "ma tear."

Atmosphere of Dickens

I had imagined such accents were no longer heard in the world. Indeed, I have never met them except in the harum-scarum novels of the thirties and forties of the last century, early Dickens and Thackeray and 'Valentine Vox' and 'Ten Thousand a Year.' But indeed I might have suddenly been plunged into a chapter of one of those novels. When I was a boy and stared at those old illustrations by Cruikshank and "Phiz," so fantastically crowded and crazily energetic, I thought that London was probably like that, but afterwards I came to the conclusion that there was nothing realistic about those old illustrations, who merely reported the doings in some dingy elfland of their own invention. Now I see I was wrong. I am prepared to believe they really drew the London of their day. That London still persists, every Sunday morning in Petticoat Lane. I had pushed my way into a "Phiz" drawing: Here was one of his streets—not simply crowded but bursting with humanity, and not ordinary humanity, of course, but queer gargoyle-like beings, monstrously fat, lean as hop-poles, twisted, shaggy, battered, sinister. This fellow serving jellied eels, that squinting jovial man, accompanying a cheap gramophone record with a solo on a little toy trombone, this vast waddle of womanhood offering us a saucer of green peas, the curly Jew there smoothing out a pair of secondhand trousers—where have we seen them before? Why, in those queer caricature illustrations we used to stare at, half fascinated, half repelled, so many years ago—in "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Oliver Twist."

Furious Energy

All the furious energy was still there. It was commerce turned into pandemonium. A Dionysiac frenzy possessed nearly everybody who had anything to sell. There were rows and rows of men selling overcoats, and no sooner had I set my eyes on the first of them than I thanked Heaven I was wearing an overcoat. If I had not been, they would have pounced upon me at once and hustled me off with a shout. I saw them, all right then, Seventeen Shillings, for the last time this overcoat ed me into one of their "smart raglan overcoats I tell you people at at Sixteen Shillings!" A youth in front of me was jammed into one and compelled to buy it, and later I saw him wandering about in it, still with a dazed expression on his face. One little man, all nose and bowler hat, was savagely cutting trousers to pieces with a carving knife. I do not know why he did it, but nobody seemed surprised. Men selling large pink vases would hit them with a hammer. A fellow with razor strops to sell looked like a homicidal maniac. The sweat was streaming down his face, and one hand was bandedaged and bloody. "I'll now first take the edge off this razor," he bellowed, and then, in a fury, picked up the razor and attacked a block of wood with it. Later, when I passed, he was yelling "As the basis of this strop, people, you've got Carbonium, the hardest substance known. Cuts glass, glass!"

And the next moment there were showers of cut glass falling round him, through which you saw his eyes gleaming wildly.

Brisk Work

It was a cold morning but the innumerable young men who were selling cheap sweets were in their shirt sleeves and even then looked uncomfortably hot. "Not One," they cried in a kind of ecstasy, slipping packets of chocolate and butterscotch into paper bags, "Not One—Not Two—Not Three—But Four! Who'll have the next?" Whenever one of these people had a drink, as they frequently did from bottles that no doubt came from Mr. Hyman Isbitsky's saloon across the way, you expected to hear a sizzling. Two young Hebrews who were offering us cutlery, rescued, as they said, from a great fire, had worked up the evidence with such energy that it was hardly possible to see either them or the cutlery for masses of slightly charred tissue paper, which they tossed about all over the place. What appeared at first to be a fight finally assumed the shape and sound of a very large man selling pull-overs at "arf a dollar." All the silk stockings were the centre of what looked like a riot. You saw them swaying in the air, above the massed heads, and then heard a voice that from the frenzied sound of it might have been prophesying the destruction of the city. "They're not rubbish!" I heard one of those gigantic voices cry. "Look at 'em. Feel 'em. I've sold rubbish, people. The other day I sold some at threepence a pair, and they were rubbish. I admit it. These are the real thing. Shilling a pair." Even your very character and destiny were hurled at you as if Doomsday were already darkening the horizon, for the three or four fatreaders I saw (all in M.A. gowns) were summing up their victims and scribbling their prophecies on slips of paper at an astounding speed.

Frenzied Salesmen

The first armies of the French Revolution could never have known a more militantly democratic spirit than the one that seemed to inspire all these frenzied salesmen. "I don't care who you are," they would roar, time after time, scores and scores of them. No matter whether they were selling pink vases or milk chocolates or watches or overcoats or mechanical toys or stockings or cheese sandwiches, they did not care who we were. All these things were being sold elsewhere, especially in the West End, at prices so monstrous that the salesmen's perspiration broke out afresh at the thought of them and their voices cracked when they came to record the infamy of it. In a passion of fair-dealing, they shook in our faces their licenses and various mysterious documents that proved somehow they were speaking the truth. They brought out handfuls of money to show that it was not merely that they were after. And they did not care who we were.

In all that bustle, sound and fury, it was strange and arresting to discover a quiet little space, a dumb salesman. I saw a number of people, apparently quite absorbed, around one stall where there was no noise, and I was so curious that I pushed my way through to see what was happening. It was a little stall covered with secondhand gloves of every description, from the lordly fur gauntlet to the dirtiest twisted cotton pair, and all the people were quietly busy looking them over and trying them on, while the proprietor, very tall, thin, and depressed, sat staring, lost in a reverie. And then here and there, I came upon small brown men, from some unknown Orient, standing motionless, with cheap gaudy scarves hanging over their arms. They said nothing and I never saw them sell anything. They merely looked at us and Petticoat Lane, their eyes a dark mystery. And then there was the dimmest and most hopeless figure of all. I remember only a drooping cap, drooping mustache, drooping chin—and his stock-in-trade, which consisted of three shiny red notebooks each labelled "The Giant Memo Book." I appeared to be the only person there who noticed his existence; nobody wanted to buy a Giant Memo, and his silence, his whole attitude, suggested that he knew that as well as I did. I thought of him trailing home with his three Giant Memos, the very dimmest shade of a stationer. "I don't care who you are," they still roared. But I should like to have learned who he was, where he had been, what he had done, this dingy Cousin Silence of Petticoat Lane.

Dread of Asthma

Dread of Asthma makes countless thousands miserable. Night after night the attacks return and even when brief respite is given the mind is still in torment from continual anticipation. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy changes all this. Relief comes, and at once, while future attacks are warded off, leaving the afflicted one in a state of peace and happiness he once believed he could never enjoy. Inexpensive and sold almost everywhere.

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Modern Etiquette

BY ROBERTA LEE. Q. What must always be remembered when extending an invitation over the telephone? A. That the invitation must be as correct and gracious as the invitation extended in black and white. Q. What are the proper refreshments for a children's party? A. Ice cream, cake, candy, light nuts. Q. May a hostess take her guests alone when she invites a friend's riding? A. Yes, if she has children how to behave.

The Poet's

AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY. (From "The Poet's") At the close of the day, And mortals the sweets of bliss prove. When I thought but the torment I heard on the hill, And thought but the nightingale's song in the grove; 'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar, While his harp rung symphonious, a beam of light; No more with himself or with nature at war. He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man... 'Twas night, and the landscape is lovely no more; I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for you; For morn is approaching, your charms to restore. Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew; Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn; 'Tis an embryo blossom will save; But when shall I spring visit the mouldering grave? Or when shall I dawn on the night of the grave? —James Beattie, (1735-1803).

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BOTTLE TRAVELS 6,500 MILES. Finding of a bottle on the shore of a small island near Japan recently completed one of the longest "bottle voyages" ever known. According to the message it contained the phial had traveled at least 6,500 miles, across the date and place of the ocean currents, and probably much farther. The message read that it was thrown from a ship about 250 miles west of Mexico November 24 1926. It was one of a number of bottles set adrift by the hydrographic office with instructions that the finder return the paper inside after it had been marked to tell the date and place of its recovery, so that data might be obtained as to the direction and speed of the sea currents.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. BACKACHE, BLADDER TROUBLES, RHEUMATISM. 14087 THE PRO... (Illustration of a bottle of pills)