

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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COMING TO CANADA

Something like 200 United States industries have established branch factories in Canada during the past year. They came here because of the Canadian tariff against United States goods, and they brought with them work and wages and purchasing power for Canadians. Now there is a likelihood of still further developments in this respect. We quote the following significant statement which appeared as a Washington despatch in the New York Times: "With Canada having an advantage over the United States in exports to Great Britain in the Board of Trade measure, and likely to receive the same favorable treatment under the impending protective tariff, the opinion prevails that United States manufacturers may give increased consideration to establishing branch plants in Canada to share in the preferential treatment, and in England to evade proposed increases in import duties. "United States branch factories in Canada are already numbering more than 600, and the latest information is that there are about 170 in Great Britain. "The movement toward branch factory construction in Canada received considerable impetus with the recent upward revisions of the Canadian tariff."

This is one feature of a British preference for Canada which must not be overlooked. When the McKenna duties were put in force some few years ago, the result was that several important United States automobile manufacturers came over here to hold their British trade. With the new British duties on a much wider scale, and with Canada exempted, the influx of United States branch factories here will be of corresponding importance. It will all be additional grist to the Canadian mill.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

In the trenchant words of a contemporary, Hon. H. H. Stevens, Federal Minister of Trade and Commerce has poured a new salvo of favorable statistics into the already wobbly stronghold of hard times. Speaking at a luncheon of the Canadian Life Insurance officers in Toronto last week, Mr. Stevens cited the following industries as showing substantial gains in the last year: Woollens, 13 per cent; thread, yarns and cloth, 7 per cent; also silk, textiles, construction, pulp and paper, printing and retail business. On the eve of the flotation of the new National Service Loan the Minister of Trade and Commerce drew an assuring picture of the country's financial position. The country's adverse trade balance had been reduced \$65,000,000—from \$99,000,000 to \$34,000,000—during the year ended September 30 last. There had been a favorable trade balance of \$12,000,000 for the last four months of that year. New construction in Canada for the first ten months of 1931 had totalled in value \$280,000,000, of which \$71,000,000 represented new homes. "It will therefore be realized," said Mr. Stevens, "that while the whole world has been passing through a period of hardship and suffering, we in Canada can at least say 'It might be very much worse.'"

CANADA'S RADIUM

Discoveries of important deposits of pitchblende, from which radium is extracted, at La Bine Point, in the Great Bear Lake region, Canada, may break Belgium's present world monopoly on radium. It is declared in Industrial and Engineering Chemistry, Journal of the American Chemical Society. "Several extensive veins," the article says, "some of which run at points where pits have been sunk, have been found. Ore, which may be expected to yield several thousand tons of high-grade pitchblende, as well as a lesser amount of milling ore, have already been found

NOTES BY THE WAY

"Conservative bankers on this side of the border says the New York Herald Tribune remain convinced that the Canadian dollar will ultimately be brought back to parity with the United States dollar, owing to the closeness of trade relations between the two countries. The balance of trade is a correct estimate of possibilities, and in this connection the picture has recently turned steadily in favor of full revaluation with the United States dollar. The balance became favorable to the Dominion in June and the figures have steadily improved in subsequent months. Continuance of this trend will make full revaluation easier."

On October 3, an exhibition of British and Canadian pictures was opened in Tokyo, Japan, by T. I. H. Princess Chichibu and Princess Takamatsu. The Princesses were received by the British Ambassador and Lady Lindley, and the Canadian Minister and Mrs. Marie. The Canadian pictures were loaned by the Canadian Minister.

Walter Runciman was a Manchester School Liberal, one of the pillars of Free Trade. Standing with Reginald McKenna and Sir John Simon and Lord Grey as the oldest of the old Ascquithians, his position in industry and shipping, plus his gift for lucid expression, made him formidable against tariffs. Last week Mr. Runciman, now President of the Board of Trade in a National Ministry, stood in the British House to announce that his department had taken powers to impose maximum duties of 100 per cent against a variety of imports. To go in for Protection with a vengeance. It is a most striking illustration of the revolution that has come in British fiscal policy. Here is a Government which, in addition to Runciman, contains erstwhile Free Traders like Phillip Snowden, Sir John Simon, Ramsay MacDonald, Sir Herbert Samuel and Sir Donald Maclean. Yet it prepares to put up a tariff wall against certain imports as high as any that exists in any country. Poor Cobden must be turning in his grave.

"Few small birds," says a writer in Bird Notes and News, "can keep ahead of a car for any length of time if it is going 40 miles an hour or more." The statement is not made as an interesting example of relative speeds, but as an appeal to motorists to take thought of the birds when driving through wooded country. Such thought, if exercised by all drivers, would nowadays save more birds to the woods than many realize. After the election—when Britain's verdict for protection was rendered—there was a sudden rush by foreign shippers to flood the English market, and imports for the first ten days of November amounted in value to \$175,000,000. Such was the situation that prompted 300 Conservative members to serve a demand on the Government for the action which has now been taken. "We would not be too badly off if it weren't for our debts," remarked a man at a rural gathering the other night. There is a world of meaning behind such a remark. In most places in Canada's country districts there is plenty of food and by turning a hand to this or that a little money can be brought in to keep the wheels moving. Expenses are cut to the bone and there is a general attitude in almost every district to make the best of things. The debts are the trouble. Even if collection of them is not being pressed they remain a grim shadow in the background, a growing shadow on account of the mounting interest charges. There is too much debt, some of which was incurred much more cheerfully than it can be paid. Paris cables tell us that Aristide Briand fell asleep several times while listening to the debate in the French Chamber on his foreign policy, and that the President of the Chamber called a recess in order that he might continue his little nap. That was true Gallic courtesy and consideration for age. M. Briand is getting on, and the burden of office does not sit so lightly upon him as it did in years gone by. Canada, next July, says the Regina Star will be the pivotal point of British economic policy as far as the Empire is concerned. The sittings of the Conference will be epoch-making. Around Ottawa will revolve the interests of the whole Commonwealth, for on the decisions reached will depend the not of just a decade.



By James W. Barton, M.D. HEART MURMURS

Physicians who graduated twenty or more years ago, must sometimes smile as they think of how seriously they tried to find a 'murmur' in the heart, and of how they tried to get its exact location, the intensity of the sound and so forth. Not that murmurs are not still a matter of serious thought, but the physician has learned that a great many murmurs are not due to leaking valves but to thinness of the blood, and a great many organic murmurs, actually due to a leaking valve, do not endanger life. Accordingly when a murmur is heard, it is noted whether it comes with the first beat of the heart, when blood is being pumped out, or the second beat when the blood is flowing into the heart. Further, measurements are taken on the chest which show whether or not the heart has become enlarged owing to having to pump extra blood due to the leaking valve. Then the rate at which the heart is beating is carefully noted; that is whether it is fast or slow. The patient is then asked to do some exercise—touching toes a number of times, running upstairs, running a few steps on the spot (jogging)—and the increase in the heart rate is noted. It is again noted after a rest of one or two minutes. The rate with patient lying down, sitting up, and then standing may also be taken. In addition, the blood pressure is taken. When available the electrocardiograph is used which records the strength of the beats, the paused between beats and so forth. What does all this tell the physician? With all this information he is able to tell the patient just what he may expect in the days to come. First that despite the murmur, there is little or no enlargement, the rate is normal, that it does not increase with exercise, and that it returns to normal within a short time. Therefore he can forget all about the murmur as he is likely to live as long as an individual without a murmur. If however there is enlargement, the heart beat fast, heart takes a little to long to come back to normal after exercise, breathing too rapid for amount of work done and so forth, then the patient is allowed to be about but is warned against heavy work or exercise. If there is a history of sore throats, rheumatism, shortness of breath, any infection of teeth, tonsils, gall bladder—is sought and removed. Murmurs must not be ignored, but they should not be feared.

Art Under The Soviet (C. M. Lloyd in the New Statesman and Nation) It is when the fervent Bolshevik turns his energies to literature and drama and the fine arts that one begins to feel uneasy. There is an enormous zest for reading in Russia, and there is a great output of books. There is also a censorship. It may not be oppressive, but it is sufficient to prevent the circulation of the sort of book which the Communist Party considers a Soviet citizen ought not to read. The stage and cinematographs are largely given up to propaganda, which may be impressive, tiresome or amusing, according to one's temperament or mood. I saw two plays of this sort, one dealing with the collectivization of the farms, and the other with a gang of professors engaged in counter-revolutionary intrigues. Both of them were superbly acted and produced, and were watched with absorbed interest by packed houses. My own shows included an anti-religious (or, to be strictly accurate, anti-clerical) piousness comedy, and a highly moral and faintly sentimental story of the "liquidation" of the waifs and strays. And then there was a ballet, exhibiting the suffering of Chinese coolies, the almost superhuman virtue of a Soviet naval captain, and a set of caricatures of capitalists and Imperialists—the chief villain with that of Sir Austen Chamberlain, and wearing a cap and uniform that one would have said were a British Admiral's, save that they were chocolate coloured. But it is only fair to say that other things are permitted and enjoyed. I saw in Leningrad the ballet Esmeralda, which is nothing more nor less than the story of the Hunchback of Notre Dame. And I noticed that, during one week when I was in Moscow, the performances at various theatres included two operas and a ballet of Tchaikovsky's, the Barber of Seville, Aida, The Marriage of Figaro, Carmen, Tchaikovsky's Cherry Orchard, and Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream. In the Hermitage gallery at Leningrad I had the double pleasure of seeing the pictures and the use to which a really paternal State can put them. An earnest young official guide was taking a party round—a party (composed of workers and soldiers. She halted them before Rubens' Bacchus, pointed with scorn to the mountain of pink, sagging flesh, and delivered a homily on the sin of over-eating and over-drinking. They passed presently to the portrait of a delightful old burgher by Frans Hals. "Look," she cried, "the typical bourgeois of the seventeenth century! Notice his cunning, greedy eyes!" I do not quote this diverting episode simply to mock—or to suggest that all Communists despise their pictures except as texts for sermons. I do not think they do, and certainly they are no iconoclasts in their galleries, whatever they may be in the churches. Of music I can say little, save that I discovered the existence of a society called the "Russian Association of Proletarian Music," which aims at eliminating all bourgeois elements from the music of the Soviet State. Music, it holds, cannot be separated from the class struggle, and hymn tunes, sentimental love songs and jazz alike must be banned. But I gather from what I heard in other quarters that these youthful enthusiasts have not yet made much headway in their campaign against the capitalist Muse. What is more important to know is how much headway the serious Communists have made in fitting

the Maritime ports for the English market at a time when that market is at its highest. On the other hand the Maritimes have many products that the Prairie Provinces do not produce and every effort is being made to connect as far as possible the eastern and western parts of Canada through this cheap route by an exchange of products that will result in a mutual advantage to both. We have repeated this statement which first appeared in our columns, because we think it is worthy of repetition. We may here have the basis of a large business between Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, and Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Incidentally, it will be a relief to the public treasury if fresh business can be found for the Hudson Bay Railway. It may be added that Fort Churchill may be assisted rather than injured by the extension of the Ontario provincial railway to Moose Factory. The two roads will not be competitive in any sense. In fact, we should not be surprised to see a steamship connected between Moose Factory and Fort Churchill which will operate to the advantage of both roads.

Linking Hudson Bay With The Maritimes

(Mail and Empire) Hon Robert Weir is fertile in plans for the advancement of agriculture and perhaps of western agriculture in particular, as that is the part of the country where the farmers are in most need of cheer and assistance at the present time. At the dinner which he gave to the farmers and others at the opening of the Royal Winter Fair, he produced an entirely new idea. After noting that the new Hudson Bay route may be utilized in the cheap shipment of western cattle to the British market, he said that the same route may be used to bring the eastern Maritime Provinces into closer touch with the Prairie Provinces. I have been in touch with the minister of agriculture in the Maritime Provinces with a view to using the Hudson Bay route to offset their disadvantage in domestic freight rates. We hope in 1932 to bring cargoes of coarse grains which are grown more cheaply in the north of the Western Provinces through the Hudson Bay route for delivery in the Maritimes. In addition, I understand there may be a demand for feeders and stockers to be brought to the Maritimes for finishing and shipping out through

That Body of Ours

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How Sifton Missed The Premiership

(Exchange) Mr. John W. Dufoe's "Clifford Sifton in Relation to His Times" (Macmillans), contains very interesting and impressive suggestions as to what might have been. We learn that but for one physical handicap Sir Clifford would not have broken with Sir Wilfrid Laurier. In that event, Sir Wilfrid would not have imposed the autonomy bills upon Saskatchewan and Alberta. Laurier was seemingly persuaded into the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States, and if Sifton had remained in the cabinet this would not have occurred. Had that been the chain of events, Sifton, by reason of his great talents, might ultimately have become Prime Minister. The passage in the life which contains these revelations reads as follows: "There has been speculation as to how, in view of his political capacity and his early success, Sir Clifford missed the ultimate prize—the premiership. It is usual to attribute this loss to his physical infirmity—deafness. It is indeed highly probable that if his hearing had been normal the breaches with Laurier in 1905 and 1911 would not have taken place. If he had been able to take part freely in the daily tide of conversation that flowed through the Government offices and the clubs of Ottawa during the early weeks of 1905, he would never have gone south in the belief that he had a definite understanding with Sir Wilfrid about the extent of the educational concessions to be given the minority in the Alberta and Saskatchewan constitutions. Rumors that a combination was being formed to restore to the minority the rights taken away by the Haultain ordinances were current in Ottawa; but he heard nothing of them. Had he known, the battle would have been fought out in the council chamber and nothing would have been heard of the victory which he would undoubtedly have won. If he had remained in the Government the reciprocity issue in 1911 would not have arisen. Laurier was not passionately devoted to the cause of reciprocity with the United States; he took it up because of pressure from some of his colleagues, especially Mr. Fielding. Had there been a conflict of opinion within the cabinet Laurier would have temporized and played

safe. Had these two issues not arisen Sir Wilfrid might have died Prime Minister, and in that event Sir Clifford might well have been his successor." SURGEONS SECURE KING AS PATRON OTTAWA, Nov. 24—His Majesty the King has accepted appointment as patron of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Canada, it was announced today when 150 fellows of the recently organized college gathered here for their first annual meeting. Election of officers, decision to meet in Ottawa each year about the middle of November, and the address of the retiring president, marked the afternoon session. Dr. Frederick N. G. Starr, Toronto, widely known surgeon, was elected to the presidency. Other officers are: Dr. W. T. Connell, Kingston; Dr. J. C. Bagnau, Quebec City, vice president and Dr. T. C. Routley, Toronto, registrar-secretary. Dr. J. C. Meakins, Montreal, retiring president, pointed out the college existed for the conferring of higher degrees in medicine and surgery and was not concerned in matters of ethics or curricula of the profession. Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Bessborough entertained the visitors at a reception at Government House tonight. Harry—did you hear about the explosion last night? Freddie—No, What happened? Harry—The wind blew up the river.

Belated Revelation

It is amusing to note the fuss that usually well-informed journalists are making over the alleged "revelation" of Mr. Rafael Sabatini, a popular romance writer, that the story of William Tell and his famous exploit of shooting an apple off the head of his son belongs to mythology and not to history. "Mr. Sabatini," remarks the Toronto Saturday Night in apparent surprise, "assures us that no such person as Tell ever lived, though chapels have been erected to his memory in Switzerland." The fact is that the William Tell myth was exploded by a succession of scientific Swiss historians during the middle of the Nineteenth Century. Even as far back as the year 1607 suspicions were expressed as to its authenticity. Voltaire voiced his disbelief of the legend in 1754, but it was not until 1760 that it was definitely attacked on the ground of its similarity to legendary tales in other countries. According to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, the story of the skillful marksman who succeeds in striking some small object placed on the head of a man or child is very widely spread; we find it in Denmark, Norway, Iceland, Holstein, on the Rhine, and even in England, the hero in the latter case being William of Cloudeley. Disproof of the Tell legend is, after all, a small matter. The story has inspired many generations to genuine patriotic endeavor. It has been a favorite theme for text-book writers the world over, and many fine literary and musical compositions have been based on it. The surprising thing is not that the story is a myth, but that any notoriety should attach, at this late date, to its being "exposed" as such by a quasi-historical author whose time would have been better employed in writing another ephemeral best-seller. CALL HIM GHUNDI Gandhi's name has monopolized the front page of newspapers for several months, yet its pronunciation is still a matter of difficulty to the average Canadian reader. We quote the following rhymed suggestion from a contemporary exchange: His name is not Mahatma Gandhi To rhyme with sandy or with candy. Just keep in mind the Bay of Fundy, And call the gent Mahatma Ghundi. EDITORIAL NOTES In effect, Mr. Mackenzie King admits that if he were in office today he would not tackle the unemployment problem at all, but would turn it over to somebody else. He would have a commission.

Art Under The Soviet

(C. M. Lloyd in the New Statesman and Nation) It is when the fervent Bolshevik turns his energies to literature and drama and the fine arts that one begins to feel uneasy. There is an enormous zest for reading in Russia, and there is a great output of books. There is also a censorship. It may not be oppressive, but it is sufficient to prevent the circulation of the sort of book which the Communist Party considers a Soviet citizen ought not to read. The stage and cinematographs are largely given up to propaganda, which may be impressive, tiresome or amusing, according to one's temperament or mood. I saw two plays of this sort, one dealing with the collectivization of the farms, and the other with a gang of professors engaged in counter-revolutionary intrigues. Both of them were superbly acted and produced, and were watched with absorbed interest by packed houses. My own shows included an anti-religious (or, to be strictly accurate, anti-clerical) piousness comedy, and a highly moral and faintly sentimental story of the "liquidation" of the waifs and strays. And then there was a ballet, exhibiting the suffering of Chinese coolies, the almost superhuman virtue of a Soviet naval captain, and a set of caricatures of capitalists and Imperialists—the chief villain with that of Sir Austen Chamberlain, and wearing a cap and uniform that one would have said were a British Admiral's, save that they were chocolate coloured. But it is only fair to say that other things are permitted and enjoyed. I saw in Leningrad the ballet Esmeralda, which is nothing more nor less than the story of the Hunchback of Notre Dame. And I noticed that, during one week when I was in Moscow, the performances at various theatres included two operas and a ballet of Tchaikovsky's, the Barber of Seville, Aida, The Marriage of Figaro, Carmen, Tchaikovsky's Cherry Orchard, and Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream. In the Hermitage gallery at Leningrad I had the double pleasure of seeing the pictures and the use to which a really paternal State can put them. An earnest young official guide was taking a party round—a party (composed of workers and soldiers. She halted them before Rubens' Bacchus, pointed with scorn to the mountain of pink, sagging flesh, and delivered a homily on the sin of over-eating and over-drinking. They passed presently to the portrait of a delightful old burgher by Frans Hals. "Look," she cried, "the typical bourgeois of the seventeenth century! Notice his cunning, greedy eyes!" I do not quote this diverting episode simply to mock—or to suggest that all Communists despise their pictures except as texts for sermons. I do not think they do, and certainly they are no iconoclasts in their galleries, whatever they may be in the churches. Of music I can say little, save that I discovered the existence of a society called the "Russian Association of Proletarian Music," which aims at eliminating all bourgeois elements from the music of the Soviet State. Music, it holds, cannot be separated from the class struggle, and hymn tunes, sentimental love songs and jazz alike must be banned. But I gather from what I heard in other quarters that these youthful enthusiasts have not yet made much headway in their campaign against the capitalist Muse. What is more important to know is how much headway the serious Communists have made in fitting

The Poet's Corner

Of starry mantles hung on high In the rich wardrobe of the sky I sing; and I would sing of all On whom the starry mantles fall Unseen, unheard, through ether bright In the soft silence of the night; Of oceans when their thunders cease And their wild leagues are lapped in peace; Of inland waters, clear and cool, Unruffled lake and dreaming pool; Of shyly-glinting leaves where trees Are undisturbed by any breeze; And, like brimmed waters in a cup, My dear one's eyes when she looks up— For souls whose quiet nothing mars Put on by night a robe of stars. —Louis Lavater in the Australasian.

Salaries of \$10,000 AND UP TO BE CUT

OTTAWA, Nov. 24—Definite announcement of downward salary revision among employees of the Canadian National Railways, now drawing upwards of \$10,000 per year is expected within a few days. A sub committee of directors has about completed the work of a graduated scale running from 15 to 30 per cent which taken with the ten per cent, cut already in operation, will bring the drop from 15 to 40 per cent. Salaries now over \$10,000 will not be reduced below that sum by virtue of the impending cuts. It is understood that Sir Henry Thornton's salary and expense account will not exceed \$100,000 under the new schedule. Last year they totalled \$127,000. A gentleman motoring through Ireland saw a board with "This cottage for sale" painted on it. As he was always ready for a joke, he stopped and asked a woman in front of the house when the cottage would sell. "Just as soon as the man who can raise the wind comes along," was the reply. Passenger—I suppose you've had some hairbreadth escapes during your seafaring career. Old Salt—Yes, I was nearly drowned once. Passenger—You don't say so! How did it occur? Old Salt—I went to sleep in the bath and forgot to turn off the water.

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