

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1926

TONIGHT'S MEETING

The address by Mr. C. W. Bell, K. C. Hamilton, tonight in the Strand Theatre, will be a literary as well as a political treat.

A CABINET HONOUR

The people of King's County are justly proud of the honour of a cabinet ministry brought to them for the first time by their present and prospective representative, the Hon. John A. Macdonald.

only deepens their guilt. With all the moral influences, individual and collective, in Canada pointing the finger of reproach and condemnation at the King party, it is likely that that party shall succeed in securing the government on the 14th? Should it?

LET THE PEOPLE JUDGE

There was not a line in it the report of the Parliamentary Committee investigating the Customs which reflected in any particular upon the government of which it had the honour to be the head.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Great harvest and election weather, also great roads. Never again! Must be Canada's answer to Mr. Mackenzie King on Tuesday.

NOTHING IN IT?

The Social Service Council of Canada is an absolutely non-political, non-partisan federation of social welfare organizations with national-wide activities.

This Social Service Council, in July last, issued a manifesto which has been circulated broadcast throughout Canada.

The investigation into the Customs Department has revealed conditions which have shocked the moral sense of all our people.

All has been said about the political situation that can be said—except the Liberal rookback which will probably appear on Tuesday when it cannot be contradicted before the election.

Mr. Mackenzie King's hope is to again hold office by the aid of Progressives and Independents. Don't give him a chance to have Canada again ruled by a nondescript Government.

Canada needs at the head of her public affairs the best men she can send to Ottawa, clean men to serve under a clean Prime Minister.

Flat denial has ever been the refuge of evil-doers, but when they are caught with the goods, as the King government has been, denial

Notes by the Way

The Conservative Cabinet as at present constituted is composed of 15 Ministers with Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen at its head as Prime Minister.

By Provinces they are distributed as follows: Nova Scotia—Hon. W. A. Black, Minister of Railways.

Manitoba—Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, Prime Minister and Secretary for External Affairs.

British Columbia—Hon. H. H. Stevens, Minister of Customs; Hon. S. F. Tolmie, Minister of Agriculture.

It is a galaxy of able and patriotic public men. The large majority of them previously had experience as heads of Departments either under Sir Robert Borden or Premier Meighen.

They represent eight of the nine Provinces and all the creeds.

Farmers are represented by Mr. Meighen who has a larger interest in agriculture than any man who has sat in Parliament in twenty years past.

Maritime Rights and Claims have the hearty support of the new government as publicly expressed by Premier Meighen.

Maritime Rights are further assured by the accord established between the new government and Sir Henry Thornton head of the National Railways.

Prosperity is coming back twice as fast since the King government was turned out!

And what a nightmare had been the past five years, especially for the Maritimes.

We sent from this Province four Liberals to Parliament in 1921 and two in 1925.

Our blundering and bungling Liberal representatives followed blundering and bungling Ministers at Ottawa with cringing fidelity.

Didn't Mr. Sinclair make another blunder when he cut out from the estimates the grant for a frost-proof warehouse at Georgetown?

We hope Messrs. Messervey and Myers will vote better than that. Here's to them as a winning team, supporting Arthur Meighen a winning Leader!

A mixture of silk and thistle down. There is one automobile for each of 71 persons in the world, according to a recent government estimate.



That Body of Hours

By James W. Barton, M.D. PREVENTING BRAIN TROUBLE

A patient consulted a specialist regarding his nervous condition. He confided to the physician that he felt fairly well, but that he found himself confusing things a great deal, seemed to get "mixed up" on simple little problems, was losing his temper frequently even to the point of wanting to hit somebody.

The physician was able to corroborate the patient's story by consulting the family. In fact the family had reached the point where they thought his "queer" actions, and violent temper, were the results of a crazed brain.

There was a generally tired out feeling, restlessness, headaches and as mentioned above, a slight temperature. The physician took a sample of his blood and found that the white corpuscles were above the normal in amount, showing that the system had a foreign body or poison in it and these little white fighters had increased in number in order to give it battle.

The X ray film of the teeth showed four of his grinding teeth to have abscesses at their roots. The removal of these seemed to actually cause an increase in the severity of his symptoms, so that his family were much discouraged.

A month's time saw the change for the better. In three months he was at business, and in six months he became his own old self, with plenty of energy, and free from cranky spells.

Now what would have been the course of this case years ago? It is difficult to say; but we know that many of these cases went on to institutional care for life. Poison of any kind from within or without is bound to damage the mentality.

REFLECTED—"Because Thou hast rejected the Word of the Lord, He hath also rejected thee." I Sam. 15:23. PRAYER—"Cast me not away from Thy presence; and take not Thy holy Spirit from me."

THEY SAY They say—Ah! well, suppose they do. But can they prove the story true? Suspicion may arise from naught. But malice, envy, want of thought, Why count yourself among the "they?"

They say—But why the tale repeat? And help to make the matter worse? No good can possibly accrue. From telling what may be untrue; And is it not a nobler plan To speak of all the best you can?

They say—Well, if it should be so, Why need you tell the tale of woe? Will it be his wrong redress, Or make one pang of sorrow less? Will it the erring one restore, Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

They say—Oh! pause, and look within, See how thy heart inclined to sin; Watch, lest in dark temptations' hour Thou, too, should'st sink beneath its power. Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall, But speak of good or not at all.

They say—Well, if it should be so, Why need you tell the tale of woe? Will it be his wrong redress, Or make one pang of sorrow less? Will it the erring one restore, Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

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The Public Forum

This column is open for the discussion by correspondents of questions of interest. The Editor reserves the right to edit the opinions of correspondents.

EVASION AND CAMOUFLAGE.

Sir—Mr. McKenzie King declares that the unanimous report of the Customs Committee did not contain one word which reflected in any way upon the government of which he was head. What evasion! What camouflage! Does anyone imagine for one moment that the Liberal members on that committee would permit anything to be incorporated into the committee's report which would reflect directly upon Mr. King or his Ministers? If they had done anything like that the government would have been disgraced.

"THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE GOVERNMENT HAD KNOWLEDGE FOR SOME CONSIDERABLE TIME OF THE RAPID DEGENERATION OF THE DEPARTMENT OF CUSTOMS AND EXCISE, AND THEIR FAILURE TO TAKE PROMPT AND EFFECTIVE REMEDIAL ACTION IS WHOLLY INEXCUSABLE."

As I sat there the sun sank lower and lower. The sky was bathed in glowing light, yellow and orange, red and red, changing ever changing, and with it the sea from ecstasy to ecstasy. The red earth banks back on a new beauty they sang with light and color and vivid with the beauty of fields upon field of golden grain all ready for the reaper.

KING'S BLUFF.

Sir—In a speech at London, Ontario Mr. McKenzie King stated that the Liberals had taken action against a certain newspaper. Toronto is publishing advertisements containing charges against the late King Government in the Customs smuggling matter, and that they intended to take similar action against all newspapers publishing those advertisements.

It is a wonder that Mr. King has not taken any action against every Conservative candidate who speaks from Vancouver to Charlotte town. And why has he not instituted proceedings against a score or more Liberal and independent newspapers and speakers who have done more scathing in their denunciation of his mal-administration of the Customs Department than any Conservatives have been for instance why has he not taken action against the Liberal Toronto Globe the Independent MacLean's Magazine, the friendly Grain Grower's Guide, the candidates in Manitoba, Mr. T. W. Bird, Miss Agnes McPhail and a score of others?

Mr. King is surely cutting a sorry figure at the present time being unable to refute the charges of mal-administration made against his government charges which have been fully established by sworn testimony, he is now, in the closing days of the campaign, trying to bluff his way out.

DAILY LESSONS IN ENGLISH

By W. L. Gordon

WORDS OFTEN MISUSED: When either the singular or plural noun ends in "s," place possessive apostrophe after the "s."

OFTEN MISPELLED: acre; not er. SYNONYMS: barbarous, savage, uncivilized, brutal, atrocious, inhuman, cruel.

A VISITORS GLOWING TRIBUTE

Sir—It was with a feeling of pleasurable anticipation that I looked forward to my second visit to Prince Edward Island. When last I visited it I was, to say the least, charmed with the beauty of its landscapes and seascapes, or, as one so often finds in this island where the sea is never far distant—the two combined.

Reaching its shores as I did with considerable knowledge of the many beautiful places in the world and without any preconceived opinion, I must admit that the reality I found far surpassed my expectations. It was early summer. The land was clothed in green—such wonderful greens, such a variety of greens, from the palest of pale emerald to the rich, dark greens, of the pines, in striking contrast to the deep, rich red of unploughed lands. I drank in immeasurable enjoyment of the beauty of her silver glades, and seascapes untraversed.

I have seen the blue seas of the Mediterranean, and the beauty of its coasts, the tropic isles of the wide South Pacific, the throbbing colorfulness of Burma, Malaya and far-famed Japan, and of India even unto fair Kashmir. I have breathed the fragrant scents of Ceylon and Java, and the many beautiful scenes Australia and New Zealand have to show. I have also seen many other places I have visited, and loved full well. But it seems to me that this fair isle named Prince Edward has a charm all its own.

A few evenings ago I sat on a hillside above Charlottetown. The sun was setting low in the west. The scene I had viewed before had subtly changed. A beautiful twilight glow had touched the land and changed many of the greens to delicate yellows and browns, broken with varied ranks of dark stately pinks.

As I sat there the sun sank lower and lower. The sky was bathed in glowing light, yellow and orange, red and red, changing ever changing, and with it the sea from ecstasy to ecstasy. The red earth banks back on a new beauty they sang with light and color and vivid with the beauty of fields upon field of golden grain all ready for the reaper.

As I sat and gazed in rapture over the wide-spreading scene of colorful hillsides, mirror-like harbour, and beyond its encircling arms—the sea, the sun sank below the horizon and a range of red suffused the sky. It lit the waters and the landscape and all the world was bathed in its glory.

Slowly the light faded, and the flame that lit the heavens grew soft and died. Into the vault of the firmament crept delicate violet tints, here and there the pale light of a star. Deep shadows filled the valley and in the woodlands all was still. The softly glowing masses of wildflowers poured out their fragrance on the night. Then, as I wandered cityward, I knew one might wander far and yet not see such beauty of scene as I had witnessed that night in fair Prince Edward Isle.

I am, Sir, etc. JOHN K. HEUGHAN.

Giant British Bombing Plane

UNITED STATES CLAIM OF HAVING LARGEST MACHINE OF KIND IN WORLD, IS INCORRECT

LONDON, Sept. 8.—Reports from the United States that the new bombing plane Cyclops was christened near Philadelphia as the largest machine of the kind in the world have aroused British aeroplane manufacturers who maintain that the claim is incorrect. It is announced here that a new British plane, also a bomber, which has just passed its test, far exceeds the United States machine in many details.

The British aeroplane carries not only a load of bombs, but also a torpedo weighing more than a ton. Its engines have developed 1,400 horsepower against 825 of the United States machine, it is claimed. The machine is built of steel tubing, the whole plane weighing some ten tons.

NIFTY NEW DOLLAR COMPACT

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The Man Nobody Knows

By BRUCE BARTON

INSTALMENT XL ON THE TEMPLE STEPS

Silently the cautious people slipped away, and afterward denied that they had ever had anything to do with him. Those who were more daring, or devoted, continued with him through the rest of the week, and on the Sabbath crowded into the synagogue where they knew he would speak. They had given him time to reconsider and compose his thoughts; perhaps now he would make a reasonable reply to their hopes. But there was no compromise in his message that day. Again he repeated his seemingly senseless talk about the "bread of life." It destroyed the last hope of those who had looked to him for the deliverance of Israel. "These are hard sayings," they protested, "who can understand them?" And then the note of tragedy.

"Upon this many of his disciples went back and walked with him no more." The tide had turned. He realized it clearly though the disciples could not. At every opportunity he sought to turn them from an increased sense of their responsibilities. He must "go into Jerusalem," he told them, "and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed." They could not, would not believe it.

Peter, hot-headed and enthusiastic, too, had seen a temporary loss of courage. "Be it far from thee, Lord," he exclaimed; "this shall never be unto thee." Generous, loyal words, but they revealed to utter failure to appreciate the situation as it was. A revived and regenerated nation was gone; his one chance now for permanent influence was in welding his little group closer together, and sealing their union with his blood.

For the first time in his public life he turned to you, he cried in his wondering but still dutiful followers into the foreign cities of Tyre and Sidon. The journey gave him a chance to be alone with the twelve; and it was, in a small way, a repetition of his earlier triumphs. Without ulterior motive, they cared nothing about the establishment of a throne in Jerusalem, or the possibility of profit for themselves from his political triumph.

They came to hear him because they loved him, and they loved him because they felt their better selves touched, and made vibrant by the wonder of his life.

He hated to leave these kindly strangers. Much more he dreaded the thought of another trip through Galilee. What a graveyard of high hopes it was! In every house, every street corner, almost every house and tree was alive with memories of his success.

Now he must pass each one again, conscious that it might be down with his heart weighed down with the weight of a high purpose that had brought no response, and sacrifices seemingly in vain. Small wonder that he cried out against Chozran and Bethesda and even his own loved Capernaum, the cities for which he had done so much. "Woe unto you," he cried in his loneliness, "for is the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon they would have repented long ago, in sack-cloth and ashes."

But neither Bethesda nor Capernaum had ears for him any longer. Some new novelty had taken hold of the public imagination. He had had his day; nothing more was to be expected from him. So the Spring and Summer passed, and Autumn came, bringing the feast of tabernacles, which he determined to celebrate in Jerusalem. It was a suicidal resolve.

The report of his dwindling influence had been carried to the Temple clique which was emboldened by the information. There were spies in every crowd that listened to him; the echo of his smallest act flew to the capital; he could not hope to arrive outside the city walls without imminent danger of arrest. All this he knew but it did not weigh against his resolve. This might be his last feast. There would be visitors from all over the world, some of whom would surely take the seed of his message with them back to their homes. He must be true to his calling at whatever cost. So he went.

We catch one glimpse of him on the Temple steps, surrounded by a partly curious, partly antagonistic crowd. It was his chance to recapture a little of the popular favor, to speak a placating word that might open the way to reconciliation; but no such thought entered

Cold Wave In Western Canada (Canadian Press) WINNIPEG, Sept. 8.—Light frosts, the first of the season, followed the protracted spell of wet weather in many parts of the prairie provinces, adding to the worries of farmers who have been unable to garner their harvest. The cold weather embraced a wide stretch of territory in Alberta and Saskatchewan with Edmonton, Calgary, Macklelin and Battleford registering low freezing points. Forecasts indicated that the cold wave would extend to Manitoba tonight. The frost was not sufficient to cause any serious damage.

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Why Were the Liberals Censured by Their Friends? No Liberal Has Yet Answered