

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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Morning Daily (founded 1887) \$5.00 per year (in advance) delivered. \$1.50 per year (in advance) mailed in Canada and United States.

THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1931

The Mailed Fist

"Mein und Gott" was a familiar expression on the lips of the Ex-Kaiser of Germany. It implied that he was always in the right, that whoever ventured to oppose or criticise him must be morally as well as politically reprehensible.

The Hon. W. M. Lea, since attaining the Premiership, seems to labour under the same dangerous delusion. In his budget speech he went so far as to hint darkly about "what they would do in the Southern States" to an Opposition newspaper that had the temerity to offer such criticism as he, Premier Lea, had been subjected to.

The Southern States, as our readers are aware, is a section notorious for the barbarous and inhuman practice of lynching negroes, without trial by jury or regard to the universal precepts of justice and Christianity.

Was it this shameful practice that Premier Lea referred to with apparent regret that it was unknown in this law-abiding Province? Certainly that was the inference he left; and it is one which we doubt if even the Ex-Kaiser, at the height of his silly and blasphemous pretensions, could have thought of.

That the leader of a Government of any province in Canada or any country under the British flag would so far forget himself as to mention, with seeming approval, the murderous episodes of mob tyranny and injustice that have blackened the record of the Southern States will be heard with shame and astonishment by all classes of our citizens, irrespective of politics.

Mr. Lea's Soviet

Premier Lea (he really must excuse the repeated reference but he is the only spokesman for his Government, and it is unparliamentary to refer to the officials) has so little appreciation of the importance of constitutional Government that he would willingly substitute a Soviet dictatorship of three unrepresentative citizens to try and get him out of the deep hole into which his dependence on his officials has landed him. The Premier had a safeguard which he cavalierly cast to one side, viz, the External Auditors. According to the Government they could get along nicely without these independent outside scrutineers, their officials were good enough for them. Now, we presume, Premier Lea would give half his salary to have independent External Auditors to fall back upon. But provincial administration is too important a matter to be at the mercy of those whom experience alone teaches.

All At Sea

The Premier's labored budget delivery was thus trenchantly summed up by the Hon. J. D. Stewart, leader of the Opposition, in the few minutes at his disposal before adjournment on Tuesday night: "In trying to follow my hon. friend through the maze of figures which he quoted this evening, I was reminded of the story of a young and inexperienced midshipman who had been given permission by his captain to 'shoot the sun,' or in other words to ascertain, by means of the proper instrument, the longitude and latitude of the ship while at sea. The midshipman made his observation, endeavored to calculate the ship's position from the figures he obtained, and then submitted the result to his superior officer. The captain studied this result thoughtfully for a while, then called the youngster over to him, and said solemnly: 'Young man, take off your hat.' 'Why?' asked the surprised novice. 'Because,' was the reply, 'according to the figures you have arrived at, this ship is now in the centre of Westminster Abbey.'

Notes by the Way

The British Merchant Marine is intent upon recapturing the speed record on the Atlantic Ocean, which it held for so long. The new Canadian Pacific Railway liner, the Empress of Britain, which sailed down the Clyde the other day, and which is shortly to make her first trip to Canada, is regarded as a vessel which may travel faster than the Bremen and the Europa, the two new German boats which last year outran the Mauretania. The Cunard Company, which owns the Mauretania, has now under construction two 1,000-foot, 73,000-ton, \$37,000,000, 4,000-passenger ships. They are designed to maintain a weekly express service between New York and Southampton, and thus to recapture the age-long British domination at sea. The first of these twin ships is still known as No. 534, and it has not yet been announced what she will be called when she is ready for christening.

What Rankles As often as Premier Lea repeats the insinuation that The Guardian's exposure of his negligence in failing to secure compensation for the Dalton Sanatorium adversely affected the fund raising campaign for the new Sanatorium, just so often will it be necessary to repeat that the insinuation is unjustified. The objective of the Sanatorium campaign was \$60,000 and the total pledges received amounted to \$78,000. It was the objective of the Liberal organ and party to whitewash Mr. Lea and his colleagues in the Bell Government, under the cloak of the Sanatorium campaign, that was affected by The Guardian's exposure. That is what rankles! The people liberally subscribed towards the new Sanatorium, realizing the necessity of such an institution, but they did not forget to whom, they were indebted for the loss of the Dalton Sanatorium; nor, as we said before, are they likely to forget it so long as Premier Lea remains in public life.

Mr. William Irvine M. P. has been telling Parliament (probably not more than 50 members as much as listened to him) that unless action is taken the present session to compensate agriculture for "the burden which it is carrying," then Confederation will collapse. What "burden" is Mr. Irvine talking about. How, or when, or where does the traffic impose hardships upon Western farmers? There is no burden of high prices. Prices today are lower for everything that the farmer buys or consumes than they have been for years. That being so, and seeing that the agricultural classes in Canada are more exempt from taxation than any other class, and that they enjoy comparatively low freight rates, and have largely been marketing their grain under their own co-operative system, what is it that Mr. Irvine is driving at? What, specifically, is his indictment? Or his remedy?

Mr. Irvine has no specific indictment, and he has no remedy. When he speaks of "burdens imposed by the tariff" he was just parroting the cry of somebody else who didn't know what he was talking about. Western farmers, we must permit ourselves to believe are not a lot of morons. They are a million miles above the plane of intelligence upon which some who profess to speak for them would have us place them, and there is not one chance in ten million of their seceding or of their wanting to secede.

As a theory, Communism has its merits; but as it has worked out in Soviet Russia it destroys human values in order to create material things, whereas American industrial democracy, with all its faults, at least releases the energies of every member of it and places a premium on ability and diligence. The way back to complete prosperity is not along the road to Socialism. We have to get back on the highway of individualism if we are to avoid in the future a recurrence of our present troubles.

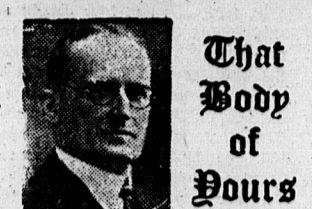
An automobile going an estimated 45 miles an hour, struck a ten-ton street flushing machine and carried it 51 feet. If an automobile weighing anywhere from a ton to a ton and a half will do that, what will it do if it strikes a human being? Another automobile? Where is speed safe and where dangerous? How fast can I "react" to danger signs? How quickly can I stop my car at 37, 40, 50 miles an hour?—For the sake of safety these are questions every motorist ought to ask himself and answer.

One fact that needs no questioning: In a high speed collision something has to give, making inevitable either damage, injury or death.

We are all workers in a capitalist machinery. When we say, then, that the capitalist system is on trial, we mean that the system of production, distribution and finance that governs our daily actions and is in turn governed and modified by our daily actions is on trial. But besides being the prisoner at the bar, Capitalism is also the judge and the jury. The capitalist world is going through a determined process of self-analysis at the present time. The people who are most critical of the unhappy state of affairs in this capitalist world at the present time and who are most insistently searching the ruins of some of our recent hopes are the leaders of Capitalism.

The plans of ex-King Alfonso are not known, but he has left Spain under promise not to return, and is expected to seek sanctuary in England. Long is the list of illustrious refugees who have sought and obtained safety in Britain, when there was no other haven open to them. Mr. Wales visited one of these churches, saw hungry, starved, vermin-covered, ragged peasants herded in a way that shocked and revolted him. He writes: "Like wild beasts in the cages of a menagerie, they sit with staring eyes, peering from emaciated faces, grey, brown, almost black from crusts of dirt. Their withered hands and fingers look like claws and talons, and their great masses of matted hair, long, unkempt beards and moustache have not seen shears or razors for months."

Some of our so-called economists and our internationalists have been gripped over Canada's action in refusing to trade with Russia. Let them consider this from Mr. Wales' description. "Sprawled amidst ragged bedding and dirty straw, or sitting on the bunks with legs dangling these broken men sit there day after day with scarcely enough nourishment to keep them alive. Once a day a tiny ration of black bread and a handful of barley is doled out to them, and then each one cooks up a mess, called stew, and wolfishly devours it. "At night they prowl the city streets rummaging in garbage cans, fighting for the offal with dogs. They are not guarded. A sentry stands at the doorway of the church, but they are permitted to wander about. They cannot escape. The frozen stretches of ice and snow in the pitiless Arctic keeps them safer prisoners than any bayonet, cell or lock. "The townspeople cannot and will not take them in nor give them shelter. The native population watches unmoved, as the hungry men tramp the streets, mutely appealing for food—they dare not beg or ask for anything. "Nearly all of the Kulaks are middle aged, or at least past forty. Most of them are forty-five and fifty years, or older, as befits men who, by thrift and industry, attained dominating positions in their native villages before their expulsion. "There are people who still profess horror over the cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition. But the same people, curiously enough, seem devoid of all revulsion over the vaster iniquities of Soviet Russia, iniquities that are being perpetrated in our own time—they swallow whole the stories written and circulated by Soviet employes. "In the circumstances, a Canadian with any decent conception of humanity, with a vestige of pity and mercy, may be pardonably proud of the position that has been taken by the Government of Canada. The truth is that Russia, today, is an outlaw among the nations, a state marked with the brand of Cain, a country rearing a giant edifice of warfare against the rest of the world upon a foundation of carnage and crime. That the other nations of the world should help promote such barbarism, thereby helping to engineer their own possible destruction, is unthinkable. In so doing they are but striking at those principles of liberty and humanity upon which rest their own foundations.



By James W. Barton, M.D.

THE 18 DAY DIET TEACHES US A LESSON

You do not hear as much about the 18 day diet now as you did some time ago. You may remember that it was published in practically every newspaper and magazine. Just how much good it did for its followers or how much harm will never be known. Physicians will tell you that they have known of cases where the results appeared to be satisfactory and no damage done to the system, and on the other hand there were many cases where temporary and even permanent harm was done. What was the basis of this diet? Bulky foods such as lettuce, grapefruit, oranges, celery, cucumbers, water cross, tomato, olives with eggs, lamb chops and steaks to supply the meat or protein requirements, dry toast for the starch, and tea and coffee to keep the body stimulated till the next meal.

The whole idea was to supply a diet that was bulky enough in appearance to satisfy the eye and yet be quite low in heat units. The total number of heat units was not much more than half that of the ordinary diet of most people. However there was another point that was not taken into consideration and that is that much of the raw foods eaten were only partly digested and used by the system. It has been definitely shown that the waste from the intestine was two to three times the weight of the waste from the ordinary diet. As much as 25 to 40 per cent of the food value of the food eaten still remained in the waste from the intestine.

You can thus see that by eating bulky food, which "filled" the patient although there were not many heat units, and then remembering that a large percentage of these foods were not digested and absorbed into the system, the body did not get sufficient food for its needs, hence the illness and collapse of many persons trying to live on the 18 day diet. However we can get a lesson from the 18 day diet that is worth learning. That is that the foods on the list are all good foods and if eaten in large quantities over a more lengthy period, say five or six months, some good results might be obtained with no injury to the body.

Horrors the Censors Hide

(Ottawa Journal) The world continues to hear much of Moscow's Five-Year Plan. Unfortunately, and because of Moscow's iron censorship, it hears less of the foundation of misery and massacre upon which the Five-Year Plan is being reared. Only occasionally, and by accident, is the censorship penetrated, when a glimpse is had of the ghastly inhumanities behind this Russian drive, of horrors which, in this twentieth century, are all but beyond belief. Such a glimpse has just been given by a correspondent of the Chicago Tribune.

To Russia, not long ago, the Chicago Tribune sent one of its most experienced correspondents, Henry Wales. Unlike the Canadian Press representative, he was admitted to the Soviet Republic, and for some weeks past the Tribune has been printing his dispatches. At first they were favorable, Mr. Wales was taken to the Russia timber camps of Siberia, taken to other points, and his reports were of a character to create doubt regarding many of the things that are told about Russia. The Soviets, it appeared, were not such a bad lot. These reports, alas, were not true. They were the work of a censor.

This week the Tribune has a dispatch from Mr. Wales which escaping the censor by being mailed to the Paris office of the Tribune, and cabled from there tells a story which, in its revelation of cruelty and barbarism, staggers imagination. Mr. Wales put the same story on the wires in Russia, but it has not yet reached Chicago, and probably never will. The Tribune, indeed, now announces a discovery that all other dispatches from Mr. Wales were censored. Mr. Wales wrote from Archangel, describing the living conditions of the Kulaks who have been exiled to Siberia. (The Kulaks were the prosperous farmers who objected to confiscation.) In two churches in Archangel they are housed under conditions that Mr. Wales describes as a charnel house. They are kept there, like cattle, until they begin their long tramp over the icy tundras and snow-covered trails to the distant regions to which they have been deported.

Mr. Wales visited one of these churches, saw hungry, starved, vermin-covered, ragged peasants herded in a way that shocked and revolted him. He writes: "Like wild beasts in the cages of a menagerie, they sit with staring eyes, peering from emaciated faces, grey, brown, almost black from crusts of dirt. Their withered hands and fingers look like claws and talons, and their great masses of matted hair, long, unkempt beards and moustache have not seen shears or razors for months."

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The Poet's Corner

AN OLD STREET, HALIFAX

I do not like cities that grow too fast, That too imperiously thrust aside The hallowed memory of ancient pride, Interring the pale beauty of the past Beneath tall obelisks, grotesquely vast. I do not like their streets so starkly wide With no dim shelter where a ghost may hide — I feel no certainty that I shall last. But here in you, grey city on the sea, I take my ease and loaf, and feel that I Am one with all the things that used to be, That passed and yet abide. I know not why I love so much their quiet company Unless it be that I shall never die. —Ralph Mortimer Jones in the Queens Quarterly.

Two Episodes

(Ottawa Journal)

No Government of which I am a member will ever enact non-contributory unemployment insurance. We will not put a premium on idleness, and we will not put our people on the dole. The Government has before it the question of unemployment insurance, and my hope is that some step in this direction will be taken. But we will never adopt a policy that would destroy men's self-respect.

These words, spoken by Premier Bennett to a deputation of the Unity League of Canada, and repeated in effect in the House, must challenge the country's respect. All of us are familiar with the stripe of politician who, faced with clamor from some organization or some section for something, disregards both its danger and its folly, and, thinking only of immediate political or party advantage, resorts to soothing, weasel words, or to an attitude of weak surrender. How much Canada has paid for such weakness, what it has cost in crowding our statute books with futile, costly laws, what is meant in mistaken politics that delayed development and retarded prosperity, Heaven only knows. What everybody does know, is that it has been one of the things that have brought all politics and all politicians into more or less contempt, that it has marked the distinction between the shufflings of a politician and the courage-act of a statesman.

For these reasons, and for others, the whole country, regardless of party, should welcome Mr. Bennett's decisiveness. It would have been easy, perhaps politically expedient, to have told this deputation that the Government would "consider" (blessed word) their demands, that it was in "sympathy" with the deputation's ideas, that their request would have the attention of the Cabinet.

On the same day, Mr. Mackenzie King received the same delegation and the newspaper report says:

Officers of the league advocated a non-contributory system of insurance and this plan, Mr. King promised, would be brought before the Liberal party at a future caucus of the members.

It was obvious the Liberal leader said, that impoverished men who were out of work, were unable to contribute to an insurance scheme. At the same time "what should be necessary to meet the demands of an emergency and what would be in the best interests of the country in the long run, should be borne in mind. A measure of one kind might be necessary in an emergency, but what would prevent a recurrence of those conditions might be something else."

Placatory words, the words of a politician, vote-catching dangerous words.

Mr. Bennett is different. The Prime Minister may sometimes do the right things wrongly, may reach his goals by ways that seem unnecessarily abrupt, but it at least cannot be charged against him that he lacks courage, or sincerity, or a complete intellectual integrity. He told the Unity Workers, as he told the House, that he would never consider non-contributory unemployment insurance, and damned the consequences. It is the sort of courage that this country is crying out for in its politics—or ought to be.

It is not as some will charge, that Mr. Bennett has no sympathy with the workers. A few demagogues, a few of the sort of failures whose chief business in life is to whine, will cry out that Mr. Bennett is "too rich," that he is too aloof from hard realities, that he knows and cares nothing of the sufferings and the hardships of workers. It isn't true. Mr. Bennett, who, after all, came up from humble circumstances, is not opposed to non-contributory unemployment insurance, because he has no

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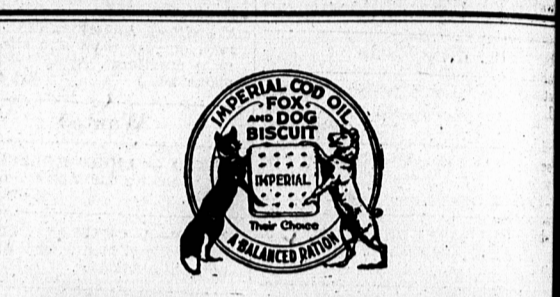
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BOVRIL PUTS BEEF STRENGTH INTO SOUPS AND GRAVIES

sympathy with the poor; he is opposed to it—as nearly every serious economist is opposed to it—because it is a degrading, demoralizing form of paternalism; the sort of thing which, as he says, "pulls a premium on idleness"; which encourages the thriftlessness of the worthless and the lazy; which penalizes thrift and energy for the sake of the indolent and the n-er-do-well; which paralyzes self-respect. Non-contributory unemployment insurance in a word, is the dole; the thing, adopted to meet an emergency, that is strangling Britain, and which Britain would give anything to end. Surely opposition to such a thing cannot be confused with opposition to the rights of workers. Not honestly. And Mr. Bennett, since tak-



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