

The Charlottetown Guardian

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Mental Hygiene Problems

The people of this Province as well as of Nova Scotia will find food for very serious thought in some statements made the other night at Halifax before the Mental Hygiene Society.

Is such a movement necessary? Let Dr. Krug's statistics speak for themselves. "In every school room of 40 or 50 children," he declared, "there are likely to be on the average at least 10 children whose mental health is so poor as to interfere seriously with success not only in school but in life adjustment."

Dr. Krug told of the terrific cost hospital treatment entails upon the community, quite apart from the toll of wrecked lives, inefficient work, and unhappiness. He saw the approach to the problem as a twofold one, the attempt to cure, and the effort toward prevention.

The tragedy of public indifference is enhanced by the fact that never before have prospects looked so bright for the vanquishing of mental ills. Dr. H. S. Prince, head of the Society, told the meeting of a great scientific experiment sponsored by the Belgian Government in the City of Ghel where 4,000 patients have developed a community in which confining walls and institutional care are alike unknown.

These statements strikingly illustrate the need of a mental hygiene campaign as advocated here by Hon. Dr. W. J. P. MacMillan at the recent meeting of the Children's Aid Society, and on many other occasions. Unfortunately, the liberal policy in the last election being one of antagonism to mental health expenditure, little is to be expected in the way of government leadership, either in rousing public interest or in presenting the facts with which medical authorities are familiar.

That kind were made and were successful in winning votes in Prince Edward Island two years ago will be recalled with shame by many of our people. We are moving towards a more enlightened attitude. And if there is one person in Prince Edward Island to whom credit in this regard is due, it is surely Dr. MacMillan.

Milk Bars in London

Milk Bars in London is the subject of an interesting article by Mr. M. L. Brown, assistant trade commissioner for Canada, in the current issue of the Commercial Intelligence Journal.

Statistics recently supplied by the Milk Marketing Board indicate that there are 338 milk bars operating in England and Wales, and in addition there are 474 similar bars in cafes, dairy shops, soda fountains, etc., and a further 139 in department and chain stores, while there are 26 mobile milk bars and 14 in moving picture houses.

Apparently the existence of these temperance institutions in London escaped the notice of Hon. Mr. LePage, our government representative at the Coronation last Spring. The fashion-

able hotels and restaurants he patronized were all engaged in selling liquor, and the only bars mentioned by Mr. LePage in his address to the W.C.T.U. or in his letter in the Patriot of Sept. 17 last, were liquor bars. Surely his time would have been better employed in making a visitation of the milk bars.

The Rotary Auction

Attention is called to the advertisement of the 5th annual Rotary Radio Auction, which takes place this evening over Station CHCK, starting at 6 o'clock when the auctioneers will call out the first ten articles on the list.

Editorial Notes

R. L. Stevenson died this date 1894.

The first duty of the newly sworn in Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario was to officially open the special session of the legislature yesterday.

The entente between Queen's Park and Ottawa has not long survived the election. Unfortunately in this case when Liberal politicians fall out honest men do not come by their own.

Though Mayor Turner and his punning oratory were missed at the St. Andrew's celebration, his substitute, Dr. Heath McIntyre, covered himself with glory, being congratulated all round on his appropriate address.

The proposal to form a parent's and teacher's association is a praiseworthy one, and in line with the best endeavours of adult educators. One of the surest ways to enlighten and develop the older generation is to get them interested in the education and training of the children.

Canada is borrowing less and lending more, according to Mr. A. A. Magee, newly-declined president of Barclays Bank (Canada). In the last year United States investments in the Dominion were reduced by more than \$60,000,000 while British investments here remained steady.

It is something of a coincidence that President Roosevelt left hurriedly for "a short fishing vacation off the Florida coast," at the same time Prime Minister King left Ottawa "for a short vacation before the new session" in the same Southern State.

To mortgage one's future earning power to the extent of 10, 15 or even 20 per cent, over a period of one to five years, is a serious thing for the individual, remarks Banking, in an article dealing with instalment buying.

More expansion, more subsidy. Premier Pattullo proposes extension of British Columbia's boundaries "not only take in the Yukon Territory but also the territory east of the Yukon following the 120th meridian to the North Pole."

The workers are capitalists at the Joslyn Manufacturing and Supply Company, makers of pole line equipment, Chicago. Mr. L. Joslyn, founder and head of the firm, has explained that an unusual profit sharing and social security plan is responsible.

The Communist leader pleaded for General Chiang Kai-shek that it was not the time for the Chinese to have internal quarrels among themselves. It was the time for the Chinese nation to be fully reconciled among themselves to present a united front against Japan.

Perhaps our sympathies are with China. Perhaps China has every reason to expect assistance from outside, but not even hard-pressed Communist leaders suddenly reported to her assistance—single-handed. This country has always made clear that we are ready to stand by our obligations assumed under the League of Nations, or any other treaty.

NOTES BY THE WAY

It is doubtful whether British settlers are available in large numbers. British industry is busy today and British agriculture is said to have a shortage of labor.

British public opinion is probably far ahead of the Government in its conviction that the clear danger to Germany is that she will have more profound and more conducive to a stable peace than any other single object of our foreign policy.

Having in mind the controversies over housing programs in Canada, it occurs that the success of slum clearance and cheap housing in England in large measure due to the assessment policy.

The Fathers of Confederation, about whom we hear so much, would never have recognized themselves in the glad friends who were put them. They were just run-of-the-mill politicians.

It is not yet known with certainty who is responsible for this nonsensical piece of roadwork at this season of the year. But suspicion is gathering about a very ratee, has been hiding, presumably in the woods, ever since cars began to get stuck.

We note that our provincial tax collector will be at home to his friends in the Chelton School Wednesday of this week from 3 p. m. until 9 p. m. The taxpayers are wondering how the collector will get to the school. So far as

It is now an open secret that when General Chiang Kai-shek was imprisoned at Sian by the Marshal Chang Hsuehliang, a certain Chinese Communist leader suddenly appeared on the scene and saved General Chiang from the cruel grip of the Sian rebels.

Nothing that you have, Men with a motor car; God keep you your high hats And fine things that are!

With a knot in his bosom And a bee in his brains, He goes full of pictures Around the flat lanes.

Then think you he means To harm your precious daughters? Why, gentlemen, he fishes In deeper waters.

PUBLIC FORUM

This column is open for the discussion by correspondents of questions of interest to the Charlottetown Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinions of correspondents.

CHELTON ROAD NOTES

Sir,—Motorists should take a drive over the new Chelton highway and enjoy the experience of getting bogged in the mire of sods recently thrown in the centre of this road, and see at first hand the hospitality of citizens who for the past two weeks have been practically housed in through this senseless road making programme of the present Government.

Should our Fourth District representative have occasion to motor through this section, these same citizens will turn out with the same pious and tackle they use to rescue other motorists; they will do their best to pry him out, pull or push his car on to road that has been wily left alone at this season of the year; they will see him safely home and show him every courtesy that would have been shown him had he used his better judgment in having the road work done at the proper time.

The machining recently done here has been christened by motorists who have had to be pulled out of the bog. They call it the Campbell Government Fall Stop-Traffic Highway project. Something to boast of, isn't it? Red and blue are the predominant colors along the new Stop-Traffic highway—red with sods and mud, and blue with the language of an infuriated travelling public.

Yesterday (Sunday) one motorist attempted to drive through this bog with his car in low. He bogged and some kindly neighbors went to his rescue. One of the passengers remarked that it was breaking the Sabbath to harness a team of horses on Sunday and pull a car out of the ditch. Another quoted the Scriptural injunction to rescue an ass if it falls into the ditch on the Sabbath. "Nearer," said the other, "but this isn't an ass; it's an automobile." The second passenger confessed that it would be more in keeping with the Text if it had been the Campbell Government that required to be pulled out on the Sabbath.

Our mail carrier is feeling the hardships of the new Stop-Traffic highway. One day he gets stuck; the next he brings a wagon; then he tries his car again. Recently his car got so badly bogged that it took six men to get him out. Kindly neighbors allowed him to go through their fields the remainder of the way, and in this fashion he got through; but he was unable to serve all the boxes, and the box owners expressed the wish that the Northumberland Strails would soon freeze up, so that he could walk the ice to Charlottetown and get his mail the same as his pioneer forefathers were forced to do in the days of yore.

Some of the neighbors who have been housed in of late on account of the new Stop-Traffic highway are badly in need of supplies. One neighbor suggests taking a dory and driving around Sea Cow Head to Summerside. Another, who hasn't been able to take his car out since the Government road-making activities began, started on foot Saturday across the fields and woods with basket on arm for the village store at Bedeque, three miles away.

It is not yet known with certainty who is responsible for this nonsensical piece of roadwork at this season of the year. But suspicion is gathering about a very ratee, has been hiding, presumably in the woods, ever since cars began to get stuck. It is hoped his family have some means of providing him with food until it freezes up so that traffic can resume, and it will be safe for him to return home.

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THE VAGRANT

Now what can he want, The vagrant, the lout, Who leans in the parson's face, Lolls with tongue out?

Nothing that you have, Men with a motor car; God keep you your high hats And fine things that are!

With a knot in his bosom And a bee in his brains, He goes full of pictures Around the flat lanes.

His breeches are patchy, His shirt full of thread, But he has plastered neat On his great hollow head.

Then think you he means To harm your precious daughters? Why, gentlemen, he fishes In deeper waters.

Lou, Margaret, Kittle, Em with the country cur, Are sweet bites for red lips, Very fine girls;

But he visits with others, With the Queen Guinevers, Troy's women, Eden's, Towns not near.

So leave him leering Littering in the lanes; There's no mischief in him But a bee in his brains.

they know he has no plane; he is hardly a good enough seaman to venture around by dory, and it would be a long way for him to walk. But he is a good fellow, one of the best in his party, and he gave a remarkable demonstration of faith in our late autumn weather only a short time ago.

But there will be another trouble. Should our genial collector by faith succeed in reaching the school-house, will faith collect the taxes? For the past two weeks the farmers have been unable to cash their crops on account of conditions which the Government and their officials have themselves created.

One farmer living along this so-called highway was very much puzzled the other morning when he went into his horse barn. He found his horse harnessed all ready for work. As he had not used his team for some days he began to look around. Outside, a little distance from the barn, he noticed chains and tackle with fresh tracks leading to the road. He followed the tracks, which led him down the road a short distance where his puzzle was solved. Some one had bogged in the night on the Stop-Traffic boulevard and not wishing to disturb any one from their slumbers, had gone quietly to this farmer's barn harnessed a team and pulled his car out, put the horses safely back in their stalls, and forgetting to undress them, went thankfully on his way.

I am, Sir, etc. CHELTON RESIDENT.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION—WHAT IS IT?

Sir,—What is practical education? The controversy that is being carried on from time to time on this topic reminds me of a discussion that once took place in my own classroom in a small but prosperous country town in Saskatchewan where I was engaged for one year in teaching a high school class of boys and girls that came from farm homes surrounding the town. And I may remark by the way that it would be hard to find anywhere boys and girls more jolly, upright and intelligent than the boys and girls who attend a country high school in Saskatchewan. My class was no exception to this rule, but like all boys and girls to-day they were too prone by times to be carried away by sport and to forget their Latin, French, Geometry and Algebra, and even their scientific agriculture too.

One morning hour I was engaged in giving my class a lesson in scientific agriculture. Perhaps it was on the morning just after a hockey match, for I was greatly displeased to find that my pupils had entirely neglected to prepare the lesson I was trying to teach them. I chided them for their neglect, reminding the boys that they were farm boys and that they should at least take an interest in agriculture. "Oh," said a big, awkward and forward sort of boy whom my class-mates affectionately called "Echank Greene" (do for short)—"oh," said he, "I don't see much good in this stuff you're teaching us here."

"You do not," I replied, "and you a farmer?" "Oh, pahav," replied the awkward boy, "I've got an uncle who is a school inspector, and he's got a B. S. A. degree and he's got a big farm too, and it's the worst looking farm in his district—all run over with Russian thistles, and his machinery is on the bum, and he's got the poorest looking horses in the country. And I have another old uncle who can hardly sign his own name, and he's got a few head of looking farm in his district, not a weed on it, and his machinery is all good, and his horses just fine; and he's got thirty thousand dollars in the bank, and he just laughs at my inspector uncle's grand ideas. And my inspector uncle is as poor as Job's turkey, and he's got a mortgage on his farm; but he can tell me all you're telling us here now, and more too; so if that's what you call scientific agriculture, I don't think much of it."

A general twitter of laughter followed the above speech and I detected somebody whom I had just detected in the act of applying an extra dose of powder to her face, spoke up indignantly and said: "Teacher, what has cube root to do with making a hat? I'm going to be a milliner." I tried to defend the Saskatchewan school course against Ruth's attack by illustrating just how cube root could be used to advantage in making a hat; but outbursts of laughter and certain ejaculations gave me to understand that my beloved pupils considered

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I was taking sophistry, or to use their own vernacular "just bunk," so I decided from my argument, and the lesson in agriculture proceeded in comparative quietness till the bell rang for recess.

So there you go, ladies and gentlemen who advocate for more time to be spent on the practical subjects. My young friend Bo Greene considered scientific agriculture to be an unpractical subject, and Ruth S. considered advanced arithmetic to be another one; and we have several more or less heard the Reform School say in no uncertain terms that neither Latin nor French, Geometry nor Algebra had anything whatever to do with making a good apple pie. On that apple pie!

Of course there still remains the subject of household sciences; and I am not denying that a college course in this science has a high cultural value, just as a college course in agriculture has. But for all practical purposes, I emphatically deny that a B. S. A. degree or a B. H. Sc. degree has any more to do with making a good farmer so a good cook, than a B.A., M.A., M.D., Ph.D. or any D whatever has. In fact so far as mere domestic happiness goes, the course in household science may prove dangerous.

An ordinary B. H. Sc. degree, we freely confessed to her that I am not of course a great admirer of Dorothy Dix, and I do not always agree with her solutions of domestic problems, but I heartily concur in the advice which she lately gave to a youth who confessed to her that he was a young man with just a good common school education and an uncommonly good appetite, and he just lately found himself engaged to a highly educated girl with a B. H. Sc. degree and a closed complex for vitamins, which Dorothy replies briefly, "Beat it Reggie."

What now, Sir, are we to consider a practical education? I am, Sir, etc. AN OLD TEACHER

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