

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

Published daily (except on Sundays and public holidays) in Canada and United States... \$4.00 per year (in advance) delivered

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1928

DEPLETING DAIRY HERDS.

The Hon. W. R. Motherwell, at the recent annual meeting of the National Dairy Council, referred to the depletion of the dairy herds of Canada. With that depletion which sometimes comes by operation or otherwise to some extent Ministers, he tells them this depletion can be avoided. The remedy is not to sell dairy cattle to anyone of ordinary intelligence. Mr. Motherwell cautions that this remedy would appear to be effective. Mr. Motherwell cautions that this remedy would appear to be effective. Mr. Motherwell cautions that this remedy would appear to be effective.

will be put into operation. Canada has large resources of ilmenite (titaniferous iron), running high in titanium, and particularly suitable for the manufacture of the pigment, and the interests we have referred to were prepared to establish a plant in this country, using Quebec ores from the Ivy deposits in Terrebonne County. Then last year politics took a hand in the situation, and the Canadian Government removed all protection on certain products manufactured by the interests who had the project in hand, and this fact, together with the general uncertainty of the tariff situation caused them to locate the plant for the manufacture of titanium white in the State of Vermont, to which point the crude Canadian ore will be shipped. It appears that the product can be manufactured in the United States at such a price that its laid down cost in Canada would be equivalent to its manufactured cost if made in this country. On the other hand if it is made in Canada, the high tariff on entering the United States would entirely exclude the article from that market, and would confine sales to the restricted Canadian market, which would, at the same time, be open to all American competition. It would be difficult to find a more clear cut example of the difficulties attending the manufacture of finished articles from our own raw materials in our own country than this. The instance in question is not a large one viewed against the entire background of our economic development, but we submit that it shows with startling clarity the general drift of events. In this particular case, the situation is rendered more pathetic by the fact that the Canadian Government Ore Testing Laboratories have carried out a large amount of investigation on our titanium ores, and the success of the process which will be operated in other countries is due, in some measure, to their efforts.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

An adherent is a supporter who has not yet received all that he expects to get. While the fine weather continues, the prophets are predicting an exceptionally mild winter. All progress, said a philosopher, is based on a universal innate desire on the part of every organism to live beyond its income. The "ducking" period on Government Pond is now over. The boys are skating with comparative safety on the ice. There are four kinds of homicides: felonious, excusable, justifiable and praiseworthy, but it makes no great difference to the person slain whether he fell by one kind or another—the classification is for the advantage of the lawyers. Latin quotations, to be effective, should be carefully handled. An honest shoe-seller, observing that his learned competitor over the way had displayed the motto "Men's consciences recti," emphasized his own shop front with the words: "Men's, women's and children's consciences recti."

HOW THE TARIFF WORKS.

An illustration of the effect that the protective policy of the United States, combined with our Government's tariff vacillations upon the exploitation of natural resources, the Journal Commerce in a recent issue cites following case—some years certain Canadian artists have been engaged in experiments involving the production of a white pigment for use in the manufacture of paints as a substitute for white lead, and zinc oxide. The first thing to learn in intercourse with others, says William James, is non-interference with their own peculiar ways of being happy, provided those ways do not assume to interfere by violence with ours. No one has insight into all the ideals. No one should presume to judge them offhand. The pretension to dogmatize about them in each other is the root of most human injustices and cruelties, and of certain byproducts, has the trait in the human character

Notes by the Way

LONDON Punch in a recent issue pictured the British Lion standing erect on his hind feet to clasp hands with Mr. Hoover, who has doffed his hat respectfully for the greeting. The Lion is made to say, "Congratulations! And I'm so glad that neither of you found it necessary to twist my tail." The question arises: whether in using the words, "neither of you" the Lion is or is not referring to both the outgoing and the incoming Presidents. In any case British press-opinion seems to have reached the conclusion that President Coolidge's Armistice Day address was about as much a tail-twister for the British Lion as it was a bluff and peremptory "call-down" to Europe in general.

In describing the reaction of the London press to Mr. Coolidge's address the London correspondents of various American newspapers use such phrases as "painful and surprising," "intensely bitter," and so on. And among United States papers those opposed to the Coolidge Administration are quite as hostile in their words and cartoons as are their British contemporaries. The New York World, for instance, pictures Mr. Coolidge as "ambidextrous", chalking up his policies on two blackboards placed side by side. His left hand writes, "Treaty to outlaw War," while his right hand inscribes, "More warships."

Mr. Lloyd George is quoted by the New York Times as saying: "If it is no use outlawing war when we are building cruisers, heavy guns, and bombing machines, and turning out the most poisonous gases. All Europe is engaged in it, and even President Coolidge is joining in. So long as we go on with huge armaments in the face of our pledged work, the Covenant of the League of Nations, the Locarno Treaty and the Kellogg pact are mockeries."

One of the worst features of the President's speech as interpreted in many newspapers is that however well intended, it has greatly tended to stir up unfriendly feeling between the two great English-speaking nations, also to increase big armaments among the great powers, and to hasten rather than delay the coming of the next great war, which has come to be regarded as almost a certainty. Among so many nations already armed to the teeth and still arming it has become seemingly inevitable that some one of them will before long break the world peace.

In the matter of population, how do the conditions in the Mother Country and the Dominions overseas compare and especially those between the British Isles and our own Island Province? Britain sends off a yearly swarm of 150,000 to 200,000 of her sons and daughters, some of whom find new homes in her Dominions and Crown Colonies, and others locate under foreign flags. Britain complains that hundreds of thousands of her people at home are unemployed, and have to be fed from the national treasury. The Dominions know comparatively little of unemployment, but are all crying out for more immigrant settlers. One of Canada's greatest problems is the exodus of tens of thousands of her people to the United States, just as one of Britain's greatest troubles is that far too many of her people persist in staying at home.

Of unemployment, the Sunday Times of London says: "With the figures of unemployment huge and mounting, with the heavy trades deeply depressed, the country is faced with a state of emergency less spectacular but hardly less real than that which inspired her to unparalleled endeavor fourteen years ago."

Unemployment, says The Manchester Guardian, is not yet, but bids fair to be the greatest of British industries. If all the unemployed could be grouped together in a single industry and miraculously set to work, they would constitute the second greatest industry of the country—more important for instance than coal or textiles. That fact gives some measure of the loss suffered by the country as a whole for this dislocation of its business. It is worse, for this state of things has lasted with slight changes for better or worse, for some seven years, and nobody can say for a certainty that it will be ended in another seven years, or ever.

It is a time of severe trial in the Old Land, and over all hangs the deep shadow of the King's illness. Most regretfully the recent news from the royal bedside is less favorable

Northumberland The Modesty of Canada and Its Churches

First Article: By Vlado Northumberland, the most Northerly county of England, is not, I think, visited by Canadians on tour in the Old Land; they seem to prefer London and the Southern counties, or perhaps get a fleeting glimpse of its rolling contour, as they are whirled, at sixty miles an hour, to the more picturesque lakes and mountains of Scotland. Yet no county in the British Isles can boast of such a wealth of memorials of the past. Neolithic man left traces in the fields where the ploughman turns up flint arrow-heads in his annual labor; I have handled a battle-axe of fine-grained sandstone, shaped like an egg, but with a face or notch on the smaller end. It weighed about seven pounds, and was expertly drilled and countersunk for a shaft in a way we moderns could not surpass, and dared not attempt with the stone tools which were all that the ancient warrior possessed. Many a wet day must he have spent polishing his pet weapon to such a glassy finish! Later in time when metals had come into use, yet anterior to the Roman conquest, the old Celtic inhabitants were just as industrious, for many hoards of bronze weapons have been unearthed. A few miles from my residence, a farmer, in the course of his task, removed a large stone that impeded the plough, and found beneath it about a dozen bronze spear heads, beautifully formed, and polished. Like another celebrated character, he "cared for none of these things," he gave them to his children for playthings, so that one only was rescued intact. It was over six inches in the blade, and socketed; a little loop on the side of the socket showed that it was to be tied to the shaft by the sinew of some animal. Both implements—the axe and the spear—now lie in the "Black Gak" at Newcastle on Tyne, the principal seat of the old castle, now used as a museum of antiquities.

The Neolithic men lived in caves; the men of the Bronze Age dug a conical hole on the Southern slope of some hill, drove in poles around it, drew them together at the top, and very probably covered the structure with turves, for the winter is very wild in this county and must have been worse then. A flat fire stone in the centre completed his humble abode. At Hot Bank on the line of the Roman Wall, the "house-holes" of a native settlement still exist.

Then came the Romans—two thousand years ago—and held the country for roughly four hundred years. They drove roads through the dense forests for miles and miles in a straight line; where a modern engineer would detour to avoid a hill or other obstruction the Roman permitted no deviation. They founded cities of stone and brick, the like of which were unknown before. They crowned every strategic position with a walled encampment; till finally, when they had subjugated the North-west part of Britain, they built a wall from Segedunum (now Wallsend on Tyne) to the Solway Firth, seventy miles away, as a protection against the turbulent tribes of Caledonia.

When the Roman Empire went down before the assault of the Germanic nations, the Britons, now helpless, called in the Saxons, and other tribes to their aid, but were in turn assailed by their allies, who broke up the Roman civilization, sacked and burned the towns, and exterminated the natives or drove them to the mountains.

A century after (to be exact, in 597 A. D.) Augustine, the Apostle of the Anglo-Saxons, landed in Kent, and the conquerors were gradually brought under the influence of Christianity. Many parish churches in Northumberland (as it was now called) were built in this period, and portions of them, instinct with Anglo-Saxon technique, are to be seen incorporated into more modern buildings. Thus the church at Whittingham (near Alnwick) has the millions or uprights of the windows, carved to the shape of a modern newel-post, and the tower is curiously "cleated" with projecting stones, as if workers in wood had been endeavoring to carry out their ideas in stone.

Next came the Normans; history has moved on a thousand years. A nation delighting in war, they, too, built their eyes on the hills commencing the Roman roads which were still the only highways in the country. They gave the fairest valleys to the Church, and its devoted sons founded those buildings whose beauty is a marvel which we can only imitate, but can never surpass. Northumberland, then, is a land of castles, abbeys, and churches, and even the smallest of its remotest parish churches has features which appeal to the antiquary's imagination. At Lanchester, (just outside the boundary of the county) a little village whose name indicates its Roman origin, the monolithic pillars of the church were once the ornament of some temple at Episcopus close by; the stone in the walls were taken from the same place, and numerous Roman altars and sculptured stones rest in its porch. A beautiful Norman arch, with a triple row of chevron moulding, parts the nave from the chancel, and the floor of the latter is elevated about four feet above that of the former; steps lead up to a gate in the railings under the arch, and symbolism explains that the nave is the church militant; the chancel, the Church Triumphant; and the gate, the Gate of Death which all must pass to join the saints. Elsewhere in a church, whose name I have forgotten—"tis long ago—the walls of the chancel are built concave, resembling the hold of a ship—the Church is the Ark of Salvation. Here and there a church may be found with a "squinch" or "Lepor Window," a narrow oblique opening commanding a view of the altar—Priest as he said Mass at the altar—a reminder of the time when Leprosy (brought in after the Crusades) was a scourge in England, and the leper was debarr'd from the sacred

ADDRESS DELIVERED TO THE CANADIAN LEGION AT COBBOURG, ONT., ON ARMISTICE DAY, 1928

(BY COL A. T. HUNTER)

It is not consistent with the nature of a Canadian even on occasions such as this to indulge in much brag. This is not a virtue but a deficiency almost a complex. Reviewing the ten sad years that have elapsed since we veterans were important to anybody, since our fading away to obscure citizens or as some of the boys would put it since we stopped living, I admit we have been afflicted with a modesty amounting to criminal negligence. Our collective efforts have amounted to no more than picking up our disabled which we have slowly accomplished by an apologetic hat-in-hand attitude of approaching Parliament and its officials. Individually we have had an immense distaste for recounting the events where Canadian soldiers made European History. Our line of narrative rather runs to the door of an estaminet than to the grim bargaining in hardware that left us the ownership of trenches.

Until very lately few attempts have been made among ourselves to set forth the real facts of Canadian service; and as for fiction if any Canadian writer should attempt to invent a Canadian war-hero he would be promptly contradicted by veterans who would check up on the writer's mythical "Bill Jenkins" as to time, place and unit with the unromantic accuracy of a war diary. Until the present generation of veterans shall disappear there are too many cold obtrusive facts for romance to flourish. All this is to the bad. We had too great percentage of our men in line, the war came too far up our own street, to let us do what the American would term "bunking the Canadian Public."

Now the Americans, with their low percentage of actual combatants and casualties in proportion to their total population, are in a delicious state of Bunkability. Already their magazine-writers have invented for them more war-heroes than their hospitals had cases of pyorrhea. Their senior officers too some of them at any rate, have started to throw a chest and exalt the effort of America above that of any of the Allies.

Students of military history will not quarrel with the claim that the Americans won the War. A hundred years ago the Prussians claimed to have won the Battle of Waterloo. In a technical sense these claims have merit. It is the last straw that broke the camel's back and it is the last reserve that win a battle. As one dry old Prussian general said to the bragging element of his day: "Yes, the Prussians won the Battle of Waterloo; the English fought it; and the French lost it." So today we may at least say "Yes the Americans won the Great War; the Allies fought it." Many of us would be happy to add "And the Germans lost it," but we are not so darn sure.

But I am not tonight objecting to the propaganda of the United States. Her advertising methods have done more for her in building up her population than her tariff wall.

What I am saying is that it is shameful to us that, having in our shop ten times finer military exploit than the Americans, we continue to practise a policy of low visibility. No nation on earth has ever during four years of continuous fighting entered so vigorously as did Canada and then maintained and increased its efforts to the last day of the War. We did not enter with Bull Run but "saved the situation." In the last hundred days of the war the Canadians were the best organized and hardest-hitting Corps in Europe, the equal in quality of any military body in History. Wellington would have given his back teeth to command such a body and Marlborough his immortal soul.

When some of our generals like Currie and Archie MacDonnell have gone to their place and their mortal remains have crumbled into dust, we shall admit that they were not half-bad fellows. Perhaps some Canadians will arise and say they knew and practised the real art of war. But I doubt it. That is not the Canadian way.

In 1914 the Allies recoiled; the British in line with or a little later than their Allies retreated from Mons. In 1918 the Canadian Corps crashed the gate of Mons. There has been some controversy as to casualties. Had Sir Arthur Currie led a French Corps in so striking an act in the Great War Drama, even all the church at Bellingham, "half House of God, half bulwark against the Scot," has a high watch-tower on one side and its roof is of stone slabs on stone arches, proof against fire and the Northern enemy. When a raid occurred, the cattle were rushed to the church and stabled in the pews. The church at Whittingham (just referred to) has the window sills worn hollow by the sharpening of weapons.

Many churches are "oriented," that is, the chancel (or body of the church) and the nave are not in line, the chancel being true East and West while the nave is a point to the North or South of East, its axis being directed to sunrise on the day of the Saint after whom the church is named; symbolism also finds in this a reference to the impelation of Christ's head, on the cross. And all these churches have carvings, some serious, some grotesque. In the bell tower of St. Andrew's, Newcastle on Tyne, is a head of a Judge, carved in high relief, on the East wall, "for He cometh to judge the earth." Hexham Abbey has if memory serves a row of seats, "prebends" stalls, I think) and each has some carving besides it, a fox playing the bagpipes, and other idle conceits of the medieval craftsman. I might "multiply instances" but reluctantly pass on to a consideration of the Castles, which will form the subject of another

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though he had ten thousand casualties, the French would have made him a Marshall of France and a national hero. We are wiser we make him a litigant. I have said enough I think. Don't growl at the Americans for their propaganda. But, whenever they mention one of their pet shows, just bring out in parallel columns three bigger and better shows put on by the Canadians. Discharge your present Publicity Committee and begin to show your goods in the window. In these days modest merit is only uncarthd at odd times like fossil remains and the man who does not advertise attracts nobody but the bailiff. Potash salts have been discovered in a thick bed of rock in New Brunswick that was being bored in a search for oil and gas. Alarm clock mechanism has been invented to close bedroom windows at set times.

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