

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1930

Notes By The Way

We are still confident that the proposal for Imperial economic unity put forward by the prime minister of Canada at the Imperial Conference will yet come into operation and that, when it does, it will introduce a new era of progress and prosperity for Canada, Great Britain and the whole Empire.

There is a lot of money in the country and a lot of well disposed people too. The appeal of the Federated Charities of Montreal, ended this week, realized \$669,516, or just over 1.00 per cent of the objective, which was \$66,000,000.

The timidity of certain British statesmen over proposals to "tax food" when they are taxing everything else in sight, and thus forcing the cost of food to record-high levels, is as great an example of idolatry of the letter that killeth as modern politics has produced.

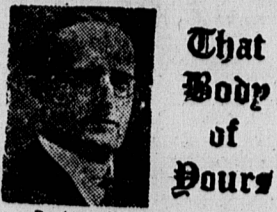
British Socialists taunt the Ramsay MacDonald Government with recency to principle. Conservatives accuse it of radicalism. Liberals brand it as reactionary, and Empire Crusaders declare it is living in the past. It would not be difficult to forecast the outcome of the next general election in the Old Country.

No gloved hand should be used in dealing with "Reds" in this country. This is a land of free people, but freedom principles are taught in schools, and in special Sunday schools, and when men are made to believe that the way to better things is to wreck constitutional authority, the utmost in repression is justifiable. Communists should not only be suppressed, but deported, even if they are sent back in shipsloads to where they came from.

In attacking the Labor Government on Monday Mr. Neville Chamberlain said: "They praise the development of Imperial trade, but anaesthetize all dominion proposals. They talk of international trade, but kill it with a tariff truce. They plead for industrial recovery, and kick the life out of industry by taxation."

There seems to be abundant evidence that the public's sense of justice has not been satisfied by the imposition of fines on the brokers, Messrs. Salloway and Mills. Charged with conspiracy to defraud and "bucketing," the former charge was dropped on technical grounds because of the previous use of the same evidence in prosecutions in Alberta, while both men pleaded guilty to bucketing and were punished by fine—\$200,000 against Salloway and \$50,000 against Mills. In the Alberta trial in June both were convicted of conspiracy to defraud, resulting in a fine of \$225,000 for Salloway and \$25,000 for Mills, with jail sentences on some of the counts amounting to four months for Salloway and one month for Mills. The fines were immediately paid at Calgary, and bail was granted for the accused pending appeal by the Attorney-General on the ground that the sentences were inadequate. Millions were at stake in the operations of these brokers. A plea of guilty to bucketing means that helpless clients were unjustly deprived of money they had entrusted to their financial advisers. The trial closes with fines which would be disastrous for most people, but Messrs. Salloway and Mills were so little inconvenienced that within an hour they had paid and were free from "detention." The net result is that men who pleaded guilty to a serious crime, through whose operations great sums of money were lost by trusting clients, are deprived of what seems to them a trifling sum and granted their liberty. Public sentiment is expressive of uneasiness over this outcome. Trifling property crimes are so unpopular that theft of food or clothing, even by a man who is poor and desperate, brings arrest, and probably a jail sentence. These brokers, who played for high stakes and lost the money of their clients, surrender a portion of their gains and are free men.

A movement that is well forward in central and eastern Europe has interest for Canada, and especially for Canadian wheat growers. For some time past the agrarian states of eastern Europe have been asking some of their larger neighbors to admit their grain upon a preferential tariff basis. When this proposal was discussed in the assembly of the League of Nations it was opposed by Canada and Australia. But recently, in the absence of the Canadian and Australian representatives from the economic committee of the league, that committee recommended the plan for consideration at a conference for concerted European action which is to meet on November 17th. In putting forward their plea for preferential treatment of their grain exports by such nations as Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria and Italy, the eastern European countries point out that Canada, Australia and other



By James W. Barton, M.D.

BREAD IS A GOOD FOOD

A baker in a certain large city has been advertising his bread as the "staff of life." It would seem from the number of individuals who are doing without bread, or using very little of it, that they have decided to throw away the staff and get along on something else, some other kinds of food.

I believe this is a mistake, not that I am trying to help out the farmers by having my readers eat more bread. As a matter of fact, one writer tells us that if every man, woman and child would eat two more bushels of wheat during the year that there would be no surplus to be sent to other countries.

But bread is really the staff of life for many nations, and it is only because we can command such a variety of foods from the markets of the world that we are turning away to some extent from bread.

Now bread is not a perfect food; in fact there is no perfect food except perhaps milk for little children. However bread does contain that rich food—starch—which is our most important food in producing energy.

Also it is always a "safe" food in that, if chewed properly, fresh or stale, it will never cause any intestinal trouble.

Now I have no objection to the use of special foods because "whoa" foods are "tasty" they stimulate the digestive juices in the mouth, stomach, and intestine, and they are thus more easily digested.

However there is just the danger that in eating various other foods that they will not contain the starch and vitamins of bread, and thus the benefit of this real food—bread—may be lost.

Now bread is bread whether you eat the whole wheat or the white bread. Although the whole wheat contains the whole wheat including the roushage—bran—it is not as generally liked especially by children as the white bread, and thus the digestive juices do not pour out as readily. Also less of it would be eaten.

Whole wheat bread while of use in preventing constipation in many individuals, is too coarse for others and actually scrapes or scratches the stomach or intestine too vigorously.

But whole wheat bread if you like it, if you like white bread best eat lettuce, spinach, cabbage, or fruits for roushage.

But in any case eat some bread at each meal.

The Poet's Corner

AS SHIPS BECALMED AT EVE
As ships becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce, long leagues apart, decried;

When fell the night, up sprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

'Een so—but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were
non-European grain exporting countries will have Britain, France, Scandinavia and the rest of western Europe as their markets. This whole movement for a regional tariff agreement covering the industrial states of central Europe and the agrarian states of eastern Europe forms an interesting parallel to the movement for closer trade relations within the British Empire. Every day it becomes clearer that unless the units of the Empire agree upon mutually profitable fiscal trade preferences, they will be in a bad way. As the markets of the world are closed against them, it is inevitable that they should turn more and more to each other. And once they take the road of co-operation and reciprocal preferences they will find that it leads to unprecedented development and prosperity.

Balfour's Memories

(Manitoba Free Press)
They are probably still telling a War-time story in London that is worth repeating now that a fragment of an autobiography by the late Lord Balfour has been published. An authoritative statement on a crucial situation was demanded to allay public anxiety, and who should deliver the necessary speech was the question before the Cabinet. Someone said it should be Mr. Asquith. "No," objected Lloyd George. "Asquith will state the situation so clearly that everyone will realize how we stand." Then Lloyd George was told that he should make the speech. "That would never do," he said. "I would put it so strong the people would believe the worst." Lloyd George himself made a suggestion. "Balfour here is the man to make this speech. He will deliver a beautiful address that everyone will like but nobody will know what it means."

In the few chapters of the autobiography Lord Balfour managed to finish before death at 80 years of age interrupted the task, he impeaches his own ability and with the modesty of the brilliant minimizes his magnificences. He recalls when John Morley accepted an instalment of "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt" for publication in the Fortnightly Review, and says: "John Morley, though extending his patronage to my poor production, privately confided to me that he could not understand a word of it. . . . Morley and I were made to get on together, if only we had not fundamentally differed on every question of political or religious interest."

Balfour writes in this vein of amused detachment of the personage whose most alluring characteristic was an unruffled charm of manner. He says he had often been accused of being lazy: "You know, when I look back at myself, I'm appalled by how little I have changed in 80 years. If I have to write about myself I shall have to show people what I am—a very lazy man who has always had a job on hand. That's what I have been always. I'm not erudite. . . . but I've got a smattering of a lot of things." And, as a reviewer of the autobiography in the London Times points out, "the things in which he was not erudite, and the qualities he lacked, are given more prominence than the others in this glance over earlier years."

Balfour failed to master Greek or Latin, and might not have learned French had it not been for his mother's introduction to that literature through "Monte Cristo." He had a poor memory, and never gained an elementary grasp of figures.

And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness, too,
Thro' winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain, they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there!

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

36 Shopping Days To Christmas

In other words there are 36 days before that "Day of Giving"—the wise shoppers will start making the rounds of THE METROPOLITAN STORE NOW, in order to escape the customary crush of that busy season. Then, take into consideration another advantage, at this season. The Metropolitan Store has a stock on hand which has not been gone over by eager throngs, and that which is best, purchased by gift seekers.

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TRY BRAHMIN TEA

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He rose to deliver his first speech in Parliament when he found he "enjoyed to the fullest extent the advantages of speaking in a silent and friendly solitude." But the verbal memory he found on that occasion that he wanted he continued to want through life. He always missed this gift that others possessed so abundantly. He writes: "Randolph Churchill could repeat a column of The Times after a single perusal. . . . Bonar Law, smoking comfortably in his arm-chair, could compose a speech involving the most complicated arguments and figures without putting pen to paper. . . . I never could discover, merely by listening, whether Lord Oxford (Asquith) was speaking impromptu, was repeating from memory, or was reading from a manuscript. Always the right word came, and always without an effort. This, unfortunately, has never been my case."

Arthur Balfour's first association with foreign affairs, the field in which his tactful mastery gained him such eminence in the later years of his life, was begun when his Uncle Robert (Lord Salisbury) became Foreign Secretary in 1878 and appointed him private secretary. Balfour accompanied Salisbury to the Congress of Berlin, when he had one brief talk with Bismarck:

We were introduced at Lady Odo Russell's; and he must have been in some difficulty as to the kind of thing he should say to a foreign private secretary of whom he had probably never heard before, and about whom, as yet, he knew nothing but the name. It was the name which saved us. "Are you a descendant," he said, "of the Balfour of Bursleigh who plays his part in Sir Walter Scott's 'Old Mortality'?" It would have amused me to answer in the affirmative. . . . As it was, I had to disclaim the honor; but in doing so I ventured to express my gratification, as a Scotsman, at the intimate acquaintance with our Scottish novelist shown by the great German. "Ah," said the Prince, "when we were young we all had to read Sir Walter. He was considered so very proper."

Four chapters of notes dictated by Lord Balfour during his last illness are edited by his niece, Mrs. Edgar Dugdale, and conclude the brief autobiography which, if it could have been completed, must, as the Times reviewer says, have fascinated every reader fitted by temperament to enter into the working of so unusual a mind. Few personalities are allowed to enter the chapters written by Balfour, but such reminiscences are told hit off men great in another age. There are agreeable reminiscences of Mr. Gladstone. The account of how he was helped to catch an important train in the Highlands by splashing through shallow pools

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OXO advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and a child, and text: 'YOUR morning snack. When you are busy with household or social activities nothing is quite so refreshing and invigorating as a cup of hot Oxo. Just slice an Oxo Cube into a cup of boiling water, and it is ready in a minute. It is worth while to take the time.'

must be read in its fullness, as the reviewer says, before one can arrive at a proper understanding of the intense thankfulness with which, as the train ran slowly out of the station, Arthur Balfour saw a pair of wet socks hanging out of the carriage window to dry.

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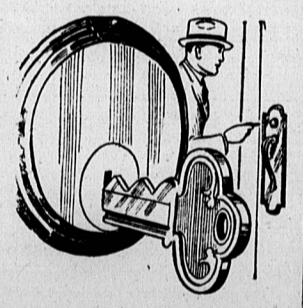
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