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MONDAY, JANUARY 28, 1929

THE ONLY SAFE COURSE

It is possible, although extremely improbable, that the favorable conditions at the Capes will continue indefinitely, perhaps throughout the winter. Experience of many years has taught us, however, that conditions in February and March are invariably difficult. There is no justification for any hope that there will be any exception this year. Even under the most favorable circumstances the demands upon the car ferry during the heavy shipping season still before us will be much greater than they are at present. Prudence demands that the earliest opportunity be taken to make the necessary repairs to the car ferry and to take such other steps as will keep up as efficient an interim service as possible. As has been pointed out, the best way in which this can be done is by providing double steamship service on the only open route, that is, between Georgetown and Piclou.

THE PIONEER SPIRIT

The pioneer spirit of seventy-five to a hundred and fifty years ago has undergone a great change, if indeed it has not been entirely extinguished in this commercialized, modern age. When our British forefathers left their homes and braved the dangers and discomforts of a three-months' ocean voyage in sailing vessels to reach the new world, they carried with them no return tickets, no guaranteed return passage money. They took their lives in their hands and determined to make a new start in a new world of which they knew little except that it was largely wilderness and afforded an opportunity for strong hands and stout hearts to make a living.

In this Island the prosperous farms of today are the works of their hands. They were carved out of the forest primeval by unremitting toil and courage. Looking back we can see little comfort in those far-off days, can see little but hard work and little to look forward to but a slow continuance of the prosperity which they had dreamed of. Comparing this with the immigration schemes of today, there is much food for thought. Migrants today have little faith in the country they are going to, or perhaps little faith in themselves. Before leaving they want a guarantee of a return passage in case things didn't suit them when they arrived. This is not the pioneering spirit which has built up the outlying members of the British Empire; not the spirit which hewed down the forests and converted wildernesses into fertile farms; not the spirit which united the east and the west of Canada with bands of steel over mountains regarded as impassable.

We need more of the pioneer spirit in all our undertakings; the spirit of faith in our country and of hope for its future; and this spirit is not confined to searching out new lands; it is needed in carrying out new policies, new methods, new social conditions, new educational privileges, where the old have become stagnant and have ceased to go forward.

A MIGHTY ARMY

It is an interesting sidelight on the situation that the year that sees a crisis in the affairs of high command of the Salvation Army is the centenary of the birth of the Army's founder, and a great campaign has been undertaken to mark it.

When William Booth (who was born in 1829) died in 1912, the Army had been set up in 66 countries, its

officers preaching in 34 languages. It conducted 1,142 social institutions and agencies.

It has grown steadily since. The Army flag is now born in 83 countries; its officers preach in 87 languages; there are 15,517 corps officers, cadets and whole-time employees, while there are 105,034 local officers and 43,000 bandsmen.

The Army conducts 340 shelters and hostels for working people, in which the aggregate accommodation nightly is 35,443 persons. These have supplied 20,268,752 meals, and 10,912,648 beds. The Army has 210 industrial homes, elevators, workshops and woodyards, where over 454,600 men were found work, temporarily or permanently. Through its labor bureaux 284,800 men have obtained situations. Some 7,302 women and girls were received in its 112 industrial homes, and of these 6,831 returned to their friends or places were found for them. Over 16,700 women were cared for in the Army's 79 maternity homes, and 2,534 ex-criminals were received into the Army prison gates homes.

The Migration and Settlement Department, of which Commissioner Lamb is director, has settled about 38,000 people in the dominions since 1920. During the 25 years of its existence the department has transplanted some 200,000 migrants, of whom less than 1 percent have not succeeded. They train boys in agriculture, and since the inception of General Booth's scheme in 1923 more than 4,000 from Britain have been happily settled overseas.

There are an assurance society has £4,063,600 and a bank. There are also the Salvation Army Fire Insurance Corporation and the Reliance Benefit Society.

It is but a brief picture of the tremendous and noble work of this great world-wide institution; and friends of the Army everywhere will trust that the present crisis will in no manner or degree impair its usefulness to mankind.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Seats in the New York Exchange might be termed "Seats of the Mighty." One was sold recently for \$615,000.

Less money is going to "wast" in the United States. The number of corsets manufactured in that country has dropped fifty per cent. during the past three years.

Professor Einstein would not make his salt as a "space" writer. The eminent scientist spent ten years preparing a manuscript of five pages amplifying his relativity theory.

Poultry breeders in an Ontario district are demanding protection against chicken thieves. The hens are said to be so nervous that they make no attempt to cross the road.

Miss Agnes Macphail, M. P., advocates the appointment of a minister of peace in the Dominion cabinet. One of his most difficult tasks might be maintaining harmony among his colleagues.

"Interdenominationalistically, there is no dispute in England on anti-establishmentarianism," writes a correspondent, offering a sample of what he terms the longest words in the English language.

A Manitoba despatch states that there is difficulty in securing a suitable Liberal for Lieutenant-Governor. The Toronto Globe suggests: "Then why not smash an iniquitous principle and appoint a Conservative?"

Notes By The Way

When trade or tariff policies hang loosely in the air they provoke only academic discussion, in which it is difficult for the ordinary man to distinguish between the fallacy and the truth. When the question resolves itself into dollars and cents, and reaches down into the pockets of the people, then they sit up and take notice. The verbiage of the politician which hitherto camouflaged the issue is then seen for what it is worth, and the facts stand out baldly in the unsentimental light of common sense. This has been well illustrated in the case of the importation into this country of New Zealand butter.

The tariff tinkers have had their way, and the protests of the National Dairy Council have gone unheeded. But now money talks. Foreign butter is today underselling the home product in the Charlottetown market, and the chances are that it will seriously injure our dairy business. Must our farmers fight this danger alone, or will they have the help of the Federal representatives whom they elected to safeguard their interests? When the treaty was being discussed in Parliament our Liberal representatives either sat dumb or "held the clothes" of the treaty-makers. The time has now come for action, and "he that is not for us is against us." Let our parliamentarians speak out!

A stage whisper comes from an anonymous correspondent in the local Liberal organ, warning us that a meeting held in the city on Friday night to discuss the New Zealand butter importation was presided over by a prominent Conservative, and met in the office of another supporter of the same party. Fancy that! The meeting was an executive meeting of the Retail Merchants Association; it was presided over by the President of the Association and was held, as is customary, in the office of the Secretary, having been called, we understand, at the suggestion of the Vice President, who happens to be a Liberal. "Without discussing in any way the merits or demerits of the case," it would be interesting to know whom "Onlooker" represents, and what particular iron he has in the fire. Our farmers and business men are too deeply concerned in the matter at issue to accept gratuitous advice from "onlookers"; and they are too old in the horn to be fooled by the wolf when he imitates the watch-dog's bark.

Now that the editor of the Patriot has been up in an aeroplane, we shall expect some pungent articles on the panoramic view and the respective advantages, seen from aloft, of Borden and Georgetown as ports of call for whatever steamship service is provided during the tie-up of the car ferry. The spectacle of frozen rivers and ice-bound Straits on one side, and a navigable eastern route and open harbor on the other, must have been a convincing one. Had the visibility been good, it might have been possible to descry, afar off, the smoke of the belated Stanley, butling through the Gut of Canso, and to calculate approximately the time which will yet elapse before that steamer reaches Tormentine. In any event, it is exhilarating to get up in the air, "above the smoke and stir of this dim spot," which men call Earth, and see things for a while in wider perspective. We congratulate the editor upon his successful initial flight, and trust that the experience will supply a wealth of material for his vigorous pen.

The omission of the Royal monogram "G. R." from Canadian postal wagons and trucks on the ground that the letters are confusing, has given rise to criticism in various sections of the country. The phrase "His (or Her) Majesty's Mail" has had a place on the Statutes of Canada ever since Confederation. "It is curious," remarks the London Free Press, "that after all this time, and during the regime of the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King and the Hon. Peter J. Veniot, it should be discovered that the phrase is confusing. It also is a curious fact that the revelation should be made at a time when separatists are active in efforts to sever the links of Empire."

The Eskimos of the Mackenzie River District are stated to be great radio fans. The natives of that far northern part, according to a recent press despatch, take as a delight in dialing for stations as any Charlottetown amateur, and they are able to follow the sun around, as it were, and pick up stations at any hour of the day except for a possible blind spot in the Asiatic section. One of their best stations was reported to be New Orleans. Fancy an Eskimo listening in to a southern American Chautauque lecturer counselling his audience how to keep cool in the dog-days!

That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D. LOSS OF APETITE

One of the serious conditions in childhood is when the youngster loses his appetite. You can understand that growth and health are absolutely dependent upon food, and if food is not taken serious consequences must arise. In a study of loss of appetite in nearly 1500 children between the ages of 1 and 14 years, a research man has divided his cases into two groups. Organic loss of appetite in which a definite cause for the condition could be determined; functional loss of appetite in which an organic cause that could possibly explain the condition could not be found.

The commonest conditions that were found in these youngsters without appetite were infected tonsils and adenoids, acute infectious ailments such as scarlet fever, measles, and so forth, tuberculosis, infected teeth, and inflammation of kidneys. Now any young growing animal wants and needs food, and is not happy till it gets it, and any youngster, boy or girl, who doesn't want food is not normal; there is something wrong. In the treatment of loss of appetite, broiled beefsteak, lamb's kidney and fresh calf's liver were added to the diet of the child with most gratifying results.

In a previous article I mentioned the work of a research man who demonstrated that in addition to being a wonderful blood builder, liver had something within it, some property, that created and stimulated appetite. Hence the double value of liver in the diet. The vitamin B as found in whole wheat bread, lettuce, and yeast cakes, helps to increase appetite. The thought then is that as all normal youngsters desire food, something is wrong when they don't, and instead of coaxing, whipping, or threatening, an examination should be made by the family physician. Of course any youngster may go off his food for a day or two, but any prolonged lack of desire for food on the part of the youngster should be treated as a serious matter, and the cause located.

A "run down" condition from lack of food renders the youngster an easy prey to illness.

Modern Etiquette

BY ROBERTA LEE

Q. At breakfast, when is the finger bowl removed? A. It is removed with the grapefruit.

Q. Should the crest on white stationery be stamped without color, or is gold or silver better? A. Without color is preferable.

Q. What is a safe rule for a man to follow when in doubt about taking off his hat? A. "When in doubt, take off your hat."

The Land We Love

BY FRANK VEIGH

Canada's Leadership in Agriculture

Q. In what respect does Canada lead in agriculture? A. Canada leads in agriculture in the following ways—as the world's greatest wheat exporter as the wheat granary of the Empire, as the highest per acre yield, as the grower of the world's best wheat, for flour making and food value in bread; for the extent of the wheat farms in the Canadian West, running into thousands of acres and for modern methods of reaping and harvesting. Canada also has, in its wheat pool, the largest farmers co-operative organization of its kind in the world.

Daily Lessons in English

By W. L. GORDON

WORDS OFTEN MISUSED: Do not say, "He came to see my brother and I." Say, "and me." OPTEIN MISPRONOUNCED: ranch; as in "an" and ch as in "shew," not as sh. OFTEN MISPELLED: irrefutable. SYNONYMS: many, numerous, divers, multiplied, multitudinous, sundry, various. WORD STUDY: "Use a word three times and it is yours." Let us increase our vocabulary by mastering one word each day. Today's word: EMINENTLY; standing out clearly. "It is eminently proper to do so."

Household Scrapbook

By ROBERTA LEE

Table Linen To bring out the real beauty and gloss of table linen it should be dampened almost to the stage of being wet, before ironing.

Hot Food To keep food hot, cover securely with a lid or tin pan and place it over a basin of hot water.

Vomiting To arrest vomiting, administer finely cracked ice in small but frequent doses.

Carcassonne

(Translated from the French of Gustave Naudaud, by John R. Thompson)

I'm growing old, I've sixty years; I've labored all my life in vain; In all that time of hopes and fears I've failed my dearest wish to gain. I see full well that here below Bliss unalloyed there is for none. My prayer will never fulfillment know— I never have seen Carcassonne. I have never seen Carcassonne!

You see the city from the hill, It lies beyond the mountains blue, And yet to reach it one must still Five long and weary leagues pursue, And to return, as many more! Ah! had the vintage piteous grown!

The grass withereth its yellow store; I shall not look on Carcassonne, I shall not look on Carcassonne.

They tell me every day there is Not more or less than Sunday gay; In shining robes and garments fair The people walk upon their way. One gazes there on castle walls As grand as those of Babylon, A bishop and two generals! I do not know fair Carcassonne, I do not know fair Carcassonne.

The vicar's right; he says that we Are eyes wayward, weak and blind; He tells us in his homely way Ambition ruins all mankind; Yet could I there two days have spent While still the autumn sweetly shone, Ah me! I might have died content When I had looked on Carcassonne.

When I had looked on Carcassonne!

Thy pardon, Father, I beseech, In this, my prayer, if I offend; One something sees beyond his reach From childhood to his journey's end!

My wife, our little boy Aignan, Have travelled even to Narbonne; My grandchild has seen Perpignan, And I have not seen Carcassonne! And I have not seen Carcassonne!

So crooned, one day, close by Limoux, A peasant, double-scent with age, "Rise up, my friend," said I; "with you I'll go upon this pilgrimage."

We left next morning his abode, But (Heaven forgive him!) half-way on The old man died upon the road, He never gazed on Carcassonne. Each mortal has his Carcassonne!

INVOCATION

Then cried I, "Lord, Thou Who hast bidden me pray, These many years have I by night and day Petitioned Thee, and yet no answer known! Art deaf or powerless on Thy distant throne?"

Then spake a low voice, present in mine ear: "Sayest thou that thou dost pray and I not hear? I who am nearer than thy hand is near?"

O Thou, vociferous by night and day, Art sure thou knowest what it is to pray?

"I heed not windy words nor foolish tears, And though thou seestest thus a thousand years, A thousand years thou shalt unanswered be; And yet I say, pray thou, and ceaselessly, And whoso thou prayest shall be given to thee!"

"Behold, I show you a great mystery, Who looking in thy soul shall there find Me; Desire, with passion deeper than the sea, Believe that I, thy God, will uphold thee; And in My name command, and it shall be!"

"It shall be thine, to set the captive free; And thine to cast the mountain in the sea; And thine to wreak slow vengeance day by day Upon earth's mightiest, till, forlorn and gray, On desolate thrones all hope is washed away!"

"The sword is thine, and thine the lance, O thou of strong desire, believing much! And yet, lest judgment on thine own head fall, Watch well thy prayer, for lo, I answer all!" —M. E. Buhler.

The Poet's Corner

LOVE'S WISDOM

Now on the summit of Love's topmost peak Kiss me and part, no further can we go; And better death than we from high to low Should dwindle or decline from strong to weak.

We have found all, there is no more to seek; All have we proved, no more is there to know; And Time could only tutor us to eke Out rapture's warmth with custom's afterglow.

We can not keep at such a height as this; For even straining souls like ours inhale; But once in life so rarefied a bliss, What if we lingered till love's breath should fall!

Heaven of my Earth! One more celestial kiss, Then down by separate pathways to the vale. —Colonel Lwela (1618-1658).

The City Waste

Condensed from The Forum (November, 28) John Bakesess

As a prosaic example of New York's huge wastes, let us take first the disposal of rubbish and garbage. All that the average New Yorker knows or cares about rubbish is that if you put it outside the apartment door, the janitor takes it away. What becomes of it is, he thinks, no concern of his since no charge for that item appears on his tax bill. He is mistaken. Much of that 1800 tons of unsavory materials which daily is towed 20 miles to sea and dumped would have value if it were scientifically used. A few years ago an engineer of the Bureau of Municipal Research estimated that the city was paying \$3,500,000 annually for dumping nearly \$5,000,000 of values into the sea.

In the building trades New York goes a step further than inefficiency and legally forces its architects and engineers to waste millions annually. The chief difficulty lies in the antiquated municipal Building Code, framed when steel construction was not fully understood, which limits the stress to be placed on steel to 16,000 pounds to the square inch. Now the properties of structural steel are known today more accurately than those of a physician's prescription; and it is agreed among the engineers appointed to report on this question that a stress of at least 18,000 pounds, the figure now used in most large cities in America, should be written into the New York Code. This saving would amount to one-eighth of all the structural steel used in the city or about \$6,000,000 annually.

WASTE IN THE AIR

In New York waste is in the air, both literally and figuratively, for smoke is a heavy item in the waste bill. In the dense clouds that rise from the smokestacks goes an incredible amount of heat, actual as well as potential. On an average winter day, New York raises the temperature two degrees for a mile into the air above. But the loss of fuel due to smoke is small compared to the damage it does. For the finely divided coal dust, poured into the air as smoke, settles again and ruins everything it touches, from pictures, paint, furniture and things which can be replaced, to human lungs which cannot. Everyone, from the manufacturer who pays an extra fuel bill or sees his product deteriorate down to the housewife who has to hire an extra maid, is paying for this plague of smoke. The Department of Health estimates New York's total loss from smoke at \$96,000,000 a year.

If New York is wasteful with its fires, it is almost equally wasteful with its water. Already possessed of the most elaborate system of water supply in the world, it is faced with the necessity of building an additional one even more costly than the present system. Small streams have been transformed into great lakes, villages have been drowned, railroads moved, farms submerged over an area larger than Rhode Island, to provide New York with a water supply. And after all this, New York hardly proceeds to waste water at the rate of 280,000,000 gallons a day—a daily loss of \$20,000—because of leaky plumbing, faults in the water mains, or careless householders who leave their spigots running. Meantime, a city government which has not changed its rates in half a century blindly proceeds to encourage waste by refusing to extend the use of meters.

LOST TIME

Time is supposed to be one thing that the New Yorker values; but the idea that New York saves time is largely an illusion. Already possessed of a permanent population of 100,000 or more to the square mile—probably the densest on earth—lower Manhattan receives each day 2,800,000 transient workers. That is to say, the equivalent of the entire population of Arizona, Vermont, and New Mexico arrive daily, all coming at about nine o'clock in the morning and most of them departing at five o'clock in the afternoon.

In the phenomenal congestion of the city, the automobile is the immediate cause of one of the most glaring wastes. Since practically all traffic is at street level, there is no way for two streams to cross without complete stoppage of all traffic in one direction. At any given moment therefore, exactly one-half of all the motor cars in New York are standing still, as are also a fair proportion of the pedestrians with a water supply. It is not one truck, but half a truck. It can be used only half of the time. That means that a business firm which needs one truck must buy two, must also employ two drivers, and pay twice for gasoline. The total loss from traffic congestion is officially estimated at \$500,000,000 a year.

Where the streets are too blocked for passage, the problem of getting New York's millions of workers to work falls on the subways and elevated lines. And lower Manhattan is not only the directing center of the nation's industry—a fair share of the nation's industry is right there on the spot. So, in addition to the thousands of office workers who travel down the narrow aisles each morning, there are more thousands of workmen and working girls. In the few square miles south of Fifty-ninth Street are crowded innumerable industries. Printing, metal working, cigar making, leather working occupy large areas. New York makes most of America's paper patterns, jewelry, tobacco pipes, hair work, and furs. Appropriately enough, it makes most of the pocket-books too. And to all these industries the workers must be carried, even from as far away as New Haven to the result is the subway "rush hour" which involves waste as grave as any that even New York City has to show. Some wastes can be calculated in dollars and cents but these are imponderable—useless losses of human energy and self-respect, fatigue, losses of time, demonstration loss in health, and ultimately losses of life itself.

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THE SUBWAY RUSH This last is no hyperbole. To appreciate what the rush hour is like, one must be a participant. Bear in mind that there is no alternative. Only a small proportion of the workers in this crowded district can hope to live near their work. And if some fend with scientific training in bacteriology had planned the conditions which exist in the rush hour, he could have devised nothing more neatly adapted to spread disease. A cynical English observer once hazarded the guess that the subway rush hour starts more disease every day than the Rockefeller Foundation can prevent in a year. Certainly the subway jam does materially increase sickness and the death rate. Here, then, is an obvious waste, even though it cannot be evaluated in terms of the cash register. The New Yorker arrives at his desk with frayed nerves and weary body. Sooner or later he picks up a germ or two. That means a day out of the office two days a month. There is no way of putting a value on the days thus lost in New York, but the value certainly runs into millions. These are the conditions in a city of six million. It is not pleasant to speculate what they may become as the population grows toward that 15,000,000 which, it is estimated, we must anticipate. Yet solutions to these conditions are not talking, in most cases. It is simply that New York, like other cities, is so used to doing things in its own way that it has forgotten to ask whether it is a good way. Being used to graft, it objects mildly and submits cheerfully. Being used to traffic congestion, it grumbles a little and does nothing. Being used to waste, it protests but pays.

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