

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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SAFE AND EFFICIENT

Elsewhere in today's issue appears an announcement by Dr. Franklin H. Martin, director-general of the American College of Surgeons, outstanding international association of more than 10,000 eminent surgeons, which is holding its twenty-third annual Clinical Congress in Chicago this week.

GREAT OPPORTUNITY

On the recommendations of the Import Duties Advisory Committee the British Treasury has increased the duty chargeable under the Import Duties on dead poultry—namely fowls, ducks and geese, but excluding turkeys and guinea fowl—from ten per cent. ad valorem, to three pence per pound as from September 15 last.

This further British preference favorable to Canada should stimulate our exports of poultry, which has a good reputation, to the United Kingdom. Nearly 40 per cent. of such imports reach Great Britain in December, but the January, February and March external supplies frequently exceed 60,000 cwt. each month, the Canadian Gazette says.

The total imports last year were 51,900 cwt., or 146,000 cwt. less than the previous year. Of this amount Canada's share was 12,000 cwt. Canadian in this trade have to meet competition from Russia, where products are placed on the British market at low prices.

N. S. INTERESTED

The following editorial from the Amherst News and Sentinel shows the interest which others are taking in the constructive efforts of our shippers, bankers and parliamentary representatives, to aid the potato growers in the orderly

Notes By The Way

Hon. Mr. Cahhan's striking example of the manner in which Nova Scotia bore her burden in the old days as compared with the present is most impressive. Today, he says, the value of her motor cars is probably more than the value of her industries in the golden age when she won through to stability and gave birth to a generation of men who are still a tradition for public service and sterling probity.

The next months will show if Mr. Roosevelt has not merely enthusiasm and energy, but that grim tenacity which—in another field—enabled Lincoln to win through against a not dissimilar opposition. One thing is sure. If the President wins, he will win not by relaxing, but by strengthening his efforts and his program.

There is a certain superficial plausibility in the idea that because Herr Hitler is the enemy of the Communists therefore Russia is the enemy of Germany, and that because Russia and Germany are enemies therefore France and Russia may again be Allies.

National propaganda used to be a branch of diplomacy, conducted in whispers. Now it is a battle of kilowatts, with every nation trying to howl its neighbors down. The Gargantuan voices of Moscow and Prague and the new \$1,000,000 transmitter at Paris make it necessary for the B.B.C. to give its new station at Droitwich 100 kilowatts, with another 100 in reserve for knockout purposes.

So far from being hard and fixed, the thing which for short we call Capitalism or the Capitalist system changes every year. It is an evolution from the time when men first began to buy and sell, and is constantly developing new forms and coming up against new obstacles, which it endeavours to remove or circumvent.

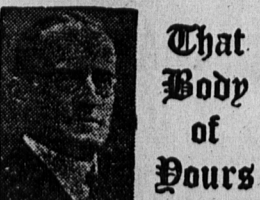
The truth is that no known method of collective bargaining is ideal. Success in reaching reasonable agreements between representatives of labour and capital depends upon the good sense and the sincerity of the principal negotiators, not upon the existence of an open or a closed shop.

The impulse to open the doors of Palestine wide to Jews from Germany is inevitable and laudable, but Great Britain, as mandatory Power, has to consider both Arab interests and Arab reactions as well as Jewish. If Jewish colonization in Transjordan can be arranged by free agreement with the Emir Abdullah the situation would be eased considerably.

Japan has no allies in the world, and few friends. America has twice her population and many times her wealth: Canada and Australia, and indeed Great Britain, would be by no means disinterested in case of a conflict between America and Japan, and there is also China to be reckoned with, and perhaps Russia, Japan's very vulnerable. It is fear and fear alone, which is forcing a poor and tax-ridden nation like Japan to build a huge navy; and that fear is of us.

It is curious that those who herald with large headlines imaginary deals with Russia have not had a word to say in support of the very substantial trade agreements now in operation between Canada and the Mother Country and other parts of the Empire. These agreements have greatly increased intra-Empire trade, although they have only been a few months in operation, and the promise is that if our farmers and other exporters take full advantage of them, the whole Dominion will be correspondingly enriched.

Whether we are to have worse or better government at Halifax, the voice of journalistic pessimism has at least been silenced, it is to be hoped, for good



By James W. Barton, M.D. THE COMMON COLD — COMMON TO THE WORLD

A few years ago very little was said, very little was thought, and very little was done about the "common cold". It was "only a cold". Today the whole world is interested in the common cold because practically everybody is bothered to some extent by this miserable ailment.

The result is that in every country now, research workers are investigating these symptoms which irritate the nose, throat, chest, eyes, and often the digestive system.

Some idea of the amount of research work that is being done may be gathered from the fact that Dr. D. and R. Thomson, London, have reviewed over 2000 studies made by physicians investigating the cause of the common cold. They have issued it in book form, 738 large pages, the price of which is about Fifteen Dollars.

This book contains all that has been learned about the little organisms found in the nose, mouth, throat and lungs. It is believed that certain organisms prevent colds and others cause them.

The belief that there are other causes than these organisms is also strongly supported by evidence, that is injury, irritation, temperature, and sensitiveness to foods and other substances.

The book devotes chapters to fatigue, clothing, diet, deficiency of vitamins in predisposing us to colds and concludes that a deficiency in Vitamin A plays some considerable part in lowering the body's resistance to colds.

Notwithstanding all that was discovered by these research men who wrote the 2000 papers about the common cold, Drs. Thomson conclude that much work must still be done on the organisms and on the nose, throat, mouth and chest during health, and during the progress of the cold itself.

The thought then is that if you are subject to colds, you investigate the cause yourself. Were you tired? Did you eat too much food? Were you exposed to a draft, or to a wet, cold wind, while tired? Do certain foods cause a "snuffling" of the nose? Are you eating enough of the foods containing Vitamin A—beans, peas, carrots (carotene), cress, spinach, kidney, liver, bananas, oranges, milk, eggs, fat beef, and butter?

The Battle In B. C.

All that we know about the British Columbia election is what we see in British Columbia's papers. And we see some extraordinary things. Last week, for example, Premier Tolmie took the field as leader and defender of the Government, declared himself a unionist. But at the same hour of the same night Premier Tolmie's Minister of Finance was taking the field in the Okanagan Valley as an Independent, with the Government forgotten. This while he was still a member of the Government and, presumably, still drawing his salary.

But this isn't all. In addition there is the curious news that some of Mr. Tolmie's erstwhile Ministers are attacking the Government's record. They were in it and of it, but by some strange process of reasoning they argue they were not responsible for its acts, completely disown it. It is an attitude more curious than convincing.

Then there is Mr. Bowser. Mr. Bowser, a former premier and Conservative chieftain, wants union; but he doesn't want the sort of union Mr. Tolmie seems to want, or at least doesn't want union with Mr. Tolmie. More than that, and even more strange, Mr. Bowser is no longer in the Conservative tabernacle, has no particular creed.

Meanwhile Mr. Pattullo, Liberal leader (and the Liberals, incidentally, are not without schism) is having his own troubles. Mr. Pattullo made the mistake of boasting that he had a "great organization." This caused the Vancouver Province to ponder that, as Mr. Tarte once said, organizations are not made with prayers, whereupon it began asking Mr. Pattullo what he substituted for the prayers. The Province hints, in fact, that what Mr. Pattullo substituted was the money of the brewers Liquor and Liberalism!

The whole thing has an atmosphere of Gilbert and Sullivan. We suspect, however, that some people in B. C. see behind its mirth certain elements of tragedy.

On The Klondike Trail Of '98

A FIRST-HAND ACCOUNT OF A MEMORABLE ADVENTURE (By Ernest Crabbe, Borden, P.E.I.)

After we got back from our trip to Fort McPherson, and had completed the toboggan, we took one each, and started in, portaging the goods, hauling one hundred and fifty pounds each day seven miles. We had about two tons to move, so it took no considerable time. On completion, we moved camp to the goods, and proceeded to relay it to a point about eight miles from Trent River. On getting it that far, we moved up to the river, establishing ourselves there, and after some pretty steady hauling, we eventually got everything landed about two thirds of the way to the summit. Here we rested for a while doing some trading with the Indians for caribou meat. Perhaps there would be a whole tribe come along, squaws, papooses, dogs, etc. The youngsters were wrapped up in Caribou skins, made into parkies some of them real pretty, with rosy cheeks. Of course we would give them a blow out, with tea and bannock, which did not inconvenience us, as we had all kinds of it. It was a God-send for us to get the meat, as there were no caribou showing up, and it was cheaper to trade for the meat than hunt it.

Lloyd had a breech loading shotgun, and all kinds of ammunition, and as the ptarmigan were plentiful in the hills, we had some fine sport shooting them, they were there literally in thousands. At certain times of the day, when they were feeding we found the best to hunt them. I was out for a day's sport hunting them on Christmas day. I started out in the morning, the weather looking favorable, I was skirting along the side of a mountain, stalking a large flock of ptarmigan, and was bagging quite a few, when I happened to glance up at the sky overhead and observed a mist approaching and a short time later, down came a regular deluge of rain, and the snow started to disappear as by magic, a chinook wind having sprung up. I arrived home at camp like a drowsed rat about eleven o'clock and we had some of the ptarmigan for our Christmas dinner, and the next morning it was forty below zero, enough to freeze the nose off your face.

It kept us busy the balance of the winter, moving the outfit to the summit. On arrival there, we erected the tent, and proceeded to locate trees of a suitable size for whip-sawing into boards for constructing our boat. Lloyd, as designer was bent on a centre board boat, and he made it so; really a lot of work for nothing, for all the sailing we had to do, but it would not do for me to object so I let him go to it. We had lots of oakum and the gum of trees provided us with pitch. While waiting for the ice to move out, we climbed the hills on the north side of Bell River, to get a sight of the Arctic Ocean. When we got to the top of the hill, and looked over, we saw it as a blue haze, the outline undefined, owing to distance.

At length the ice started to shift in the river and jam. Shortly after it broke away, and started down stream. Waiting a day after it had gone, we loaded the boat and Lloyd and a young fellow from Surrey named Atkinson and I jumped aboard, and down stream we proceeded, in one place going over some submerged ice, with just enough water over it to float the boat. Beyond that all was clear, and the first thing we sighted was an Indian Camp. We landed there to trade for some fish, Lloyd making a trade for a caribou hide, and when we left the camp and got going down the river, I took it up to have a look at it, and it was just crawling with vermin. On the spur of the moment I threw it in the river, but Lloyd snatched it out again and said, "Look out what you are doing, they might take a shot at us." They didn't, luckily.

Shortly after we overtook three other boats and proceeded down stream with them. Towards night, we lashed the four boats together one of them having two masts placed in position, leaving one fellow in charge, while the rest of us turned in to sleep. Coming on towards morning, we were awakened by the jarring action of the boats, and jumped up, and found the watchman asleep and two of the boats skirting in shore, the one with the masts, scraping an undermined bank of frozen muck, overhanging the river about twenty feet, the masts catching and scraping down large chunks of thawed muck, with a chance of the whole bank collapsing and drowning us



SWALLOW SONG

Oh, little hearts, beat home, beat home, Here is no place of rest. Night darkens on the falling foam And on the fading west. Oh, little wings, beat home, beat home, Love may no longer roam.

Oh love has touched the fields of wheat, And love has crowned the corn, And we must follow love's white feet Through all the ways of morn; Through all the silver roads of air We clear, and have no care.

The silver roads of love are wide, O winds that blow, O stars that guide; Sweet are the ways that love has trod Through the clear skies that lead to God; But in the cliff-grass love builds deep A place where wandering wings may sleep.

—Marjorie L. C. Pickett.

all. We immediately cut our boat clear, and decided to take no such chances again.

It took us nearly a week to drift down to Fort Yukon, and we found the water very slack upon approaching the fort, on account of being backed up by the Yukon River. On arrival, we found Lloyd's partner Stewart awaiting our coming, and also a lot of boats ahead of us. We were informed by a United States customs officer, named Millmore, that he was there to collect customs dues for the U. S. Government. He seized all outfits going into Canadian territory, so as we did not have the money we stored the goods in his charge, and taking sufficient provisions with us, the four of us proceeded down the Yukon River, with axes, saws etc., to cut four foot wood for the steamboats which sold for nine dollars a cord.

As the wood was back some distance from the bank, we built a tramway with poles for track, and constructed a trolley with wooden wheels, I being the wheelwright. Two stayed in the bush and cut the wood and wheeled it out to Stewart and me, and we split it with an axe apiece, having no wedges for the purpose. We cut about forty cords, and piled it on the bank, expecting right along that a steamer would call and purchase it, but we seemed to be out of luck.

At length Atkinson and I decided to go up to Fort Yukon, and see what the chances were for working our passage up to Dawson; and luckily for us, shortly after we arrived there, our chance came. A boat pushing a barge, landed it on a bar, not far from the fort, so we got a fellow to row us over in a boat, made application and secured passage, on condition of assisting to get the barge off the bar, and helping to wood up en route to Dawson. We helped move quite a portion of the cargo off the barge, with boats to shore till at length it floated. They put on these goods again, and we proceeded on upriver, having nothing to do beyond wooding up, but rest sleep and eat, and we had a fine bill of fare. We began to anticipate the sight of the golden treasure we were after, locked up in the Klondike vale, but we were to find a time lock attached to it when we arrived, in the shape of government graft, concessions granted to individuals, and no way of obtaining access to the record books, to enable one to gain information of claims open for record.

Thanking you I am, Sir, etc. JOHN F. KANE. Chief of Police, S.S.'de, P. E. I.

ing. When at length we arrived there and landed at the dock, our luggage was the clothes on our backs. (To be Continued.)

DRUG SPECIALS
\$1.00 Bottle Nujol 89c
\$1.50 Bottle Fellows Syrup \$1.29
\$1.00 Bottle Beef, Iron and Wine 89c
50c Box Gln Pills 39c
60c Box Chases Nerve Food 49c
60c Box Chase's Ointment 49c
50c Tube Mentholatum Shaving Cream 39c
50c Package Gillette Blades now 25c
50c Jar Ponds Cream 45c
35c Tins of Talcum 17c
1 Pint of Essence of Vinegar 35c
8 oz. bottle of Wampoles Milk of Magnesia 25c

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

SUMMERSIDE CHIEF OF POLICE
Sir.—Kindly allow me space in your valuable paper to deny Coun. John Y. Phillip's remarks in regard to my resignation.

Coun. Phillips held four Police Committee meetings at two of which I was not asked to be present, and he tried to get some charge against me and failing to do this, he then drew up a working schedule, where I would be obliged to work night shifts alternately with the other officers. I refused to do this, as I call it nothing but an insult to the office of Chief of Police; he then asked for my resignation. Coun. Phillips may just as well ask the Manager of the store where he is employed to take alternate shifts with him driving his horse and truck; it would seem just as reasonable to me. Coun. Phillips has held a grudge against me ever since I took office as Chief of Police. I do not know why, but I will defy him or anyone else to say that I ever neglected my duty in any way. I have worked faithfully for the betterment of Summerside both day and night.

In regard to the commitments which he speaks of, I was asked to withhold them for a time, which I did and which is done in every Police Department.

But I vouch the town of Summerside has never lost a dollar by me doing this. Before I went away on my holidays, I gave these commitments to one of the officers to serve, but I understand, he wish to do to execute them. I wish to say all this underhand work was done against me while I was on my vacation. When I came to Summerside I came as Chief of Police, not as a police officer, and I leave it to the good citizens of Summerside to decide if my work has been satisfactory.

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