THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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BOOMING TRADE

Imports from British Empire countries in October amounted in value to $15,130,000 as compared with $13,994,000 in October 1933, an increase of $1,136,000 or eight per cent. Imports from the United Kingdom amounted to $10,973 compared with $10,410,000, an increase of $563,000 or five per cent.

Imports from foreign countries amounted to $32,099,000 compared with $27,076,000, an increase of $5,023,000 or 18 per cent. Imports from the United States were $25,-797,000, compared with $20,458,000, a gain of $5,339,000 or 26 per cent.

Imports from the United States were greater than from the United Kingdom by $14,824,000 or by 144 per cent. The increase in imports from the United States of $5,339,-000 was $820,000 less than the $6,-159,000 increase in imports from all countries of the world in October.

The outstanding increase in imports from Empire countries was from the West Indies which rose from $530,000 to $1,275,000, a gain of $745,000 or 140 per cent. Imports from British South Africa increased from $109,000 to $433,000.

Apart from the United States the most notable increases in imports from foreign countries were from Argentina which rose from $300,000 to $416,000, and Peru from $44,000 to $559,000.

Other Empire countries from which Canada got increased imports in October were: Irish Free State, Nigeria, Bermuda, Ceylon, Straits Settlements, British Guiana, Hong Kong, Newfoundland, New Zealand. Increased imports from foreign countries came from Argentina, Austria, Brazil, Czechoslovakia, Egypt, Estonia, Finland, French Africa, French East Indies, French Guiana, St. Pierre, Germany, Greece, Guatemala, Hayti, Honduras, Italy, Japan, Netherlands, Norway, Paraguay, Poland, Portugal, Azores and Madeira, Russia, San Domingo, Siam, Spain, Turkey, Alaska, Hawaii, Philippines, Uruguay, Venezuelo, Yugoslavia.

For the ten months from January, our domestic exports increased 25.3 per cent. over those of 1932.

The following were the countries from which Canada got her main supplies in October: United States $25,797,000, Great Britain $10,973,-000, British West Indies $1,275,000, Germany $1,256,000, Australia $630,-000, France $636,000, Peru $569,000, Netherlands $451,000, British South Africa $433,000, Argentina $416,000, Ceylon $396,000, Belgium $361,000, Japan $359,000, Fiji $295,000, Straits Settlements $294,000, Colombia $266,000.

THE WAR MENACE

Man shall outlast his battles.
They have swept
Avon from Naseby Field to Severn Ham;
And Evesham's dedicated stones have stepped
Down to the dust with Montfort's oriflamme.
Nor the red tear nor the reflected tower
Abides; but yet these eloquent grooves remain,
Worn in the sandstone paraphet hour by hour
By labouring bargemen where they shifted ropes.
Even so shall man turn back from violent hopes
To Adam's cheer, and toil with spade again."

This prediction of a time when war shall be no more, made by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch during the bitterest fighting of the World War, seems as far from fulfillment as ever. The tense European situation reflected in recent news despatches is anything but reassuring to world peace. Yet the League of Nations, and the opportunity it gives for discussion of international affairs, is a real advance over the situation prevailing at the outbreak of the last War. Those who are sceptical of what the League has accomplished, who are uneasy at so much belligerent talk and so many apparent failures of the nations' representatives to agree amicably on international issues, should remember that the opportunity given for such verbal clashes has more than once, in the past few months, served as an effective safety-valve.

The plebiscite to be taken in the Saar Valley in January, to determine whether or not this wealthy industrial section is to remain with Germany, is undoubtedly fraught with grave possibilities of danger.

The already strained relationship between France and Germany, and between Yugoslavia and Hungary, has put, as the press despatches express it, "disarmament in the doldrums." Nevertheless, the hope prevails in the principal European capitals that warfare will be limited to words and that a repetition of the cataclysm of 1914 will, somehow, be averted.

This is the wise view. Whatever sabre-rattling may be indulged in by hotheaded leaders or jingoistic groups, no country that participated in the horrors of the World War wants to go through that awful experience again. It is doubtful, even if finances were available, whether any European nation would be able to cary on war on a modern scale for any length of time without its own people revolting. The sacrifice would be too great.

A RHODES LETTER

When Premier Bennett went to London in 1930 and enunciated the principle of Empire tariff preferences he was putting into action a vision which inspired some of the greatest Empire statesmen who preceded him. One of these was Cecil Rhodes, whose dream of Empire unity was based on reciprocal trade agreements. In this connection a letter of considerable historical importance is quoted by Mr. Fred Williams in the Toronto Mail. It was written by Cecil Rhodes to Sir John A. Macdonald in May 1891—a letter which Sir John never read, for when it reached Ottawa he was dead:

"Dear Sir—I wish to write and congratulate you on winning the elections in Canada. I read your manifesto and I could understand the issue. If I might express a wish, it woud be that we could meet before stern fate claims us. I might write pages, but I feel I know you and your politics as if we had been friends for years. The whole thing lies in the question; can we invent some tie with our mother country that will prevent separation? It must be a practical one, for future generations will not be born in England. The curse is that English politicians cannot see the future. They think they will always be the manufacturing mart of the world, but do not understand what protection, coupled with reciprocal relations, means. I have taken the liberty of writing to you, and if you honor me with an answer I will write again.

"Yours,
"C. J. RHODES.

"P.S.—You might not know who I am, so I will say I am the prime minister of this Colony—that is, Cape Colony."

Were Rhodes living today, there is no question but that he would hail Premier Bennett's success in negotiating the Ottawa agreements as one of the greatest achievements in Empire history.

EDITORIAL NOTES

We have reason to feel justly proud of the fact that at least 50 per cent. of the relief going from the Maritimes to distressed Western Canada has been sent from this Province.

By charging unemployment relief to current account, Premier Hepburn hopes to announce a deficit of from $30,000,000 to $40,000,000 when he brings down his budget in Ontario Legislature in February. These Liberals do pile it on.

Down Kansas way they are worrying over a woman who changes colour of a rainbow variety. It may be merely a prelude to a new fashion to have complexions the same colour as the hair, which is now changed to suit the colour of costume worn.

The tragic deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Donald M. Watson and their twenty-one-months old baby recall the fact that it was Mr. Watson's weekly paper, the Port Hope Guide that published the libel on Sir Arthur Currie for which he obtained substantial damages.

The Ontario Minister of Health, Hon. Dr. Faulkner, has no use for shorter hours for nurses, he told the Ontario Hospital Training School. "There is an agitation to reduce the hours of nursing from 12 to eight hours a day and I heard today there was a move to bring about legislation to this effect," he said, "but I want to say that just as soon as you commercialize the nursing profession it will lose its sweetness."

In Verdun, Que., they want the curfew law restored and that without delay. A petition to the City Council is being circulated by the Proprietors League asking that a by-law should be passed to prohibit children playing on the streets of the city after 9 o'clock at night. Members of the league have learned that between 80 and 85 per cent. of the city's population are not only willing but anxious to sign the petition.

Mr. William H. Moore, former Liberal M.P. and Chairman of the Liberal Tariff Board has absolutely no use for Mr. Stevens and his investigation. Addressing the Hamilton (Ont.) Liberal Association he declared for straight, untrammelled competition in trade, for tariffs only insofar as they did not affect the domestic price level, against Government interference in industry. He warned that such things as combines (of farmers and others, of course) to fix prices and eliminate competition would spell the end of capitalism." Evidently the farmer would "get it in the neck" should the Liberals by any unfortunate chance gain office.

Premier Hepburn and his Minister of Welfare and Municipal Affairs, Hon. David A. Croll, have got in worse than ever with "Toronto the good," by suspending the deputy minister of education for reflecting on the morals of the rising generation at a private sitting of Ontario Central United Church Presbytery. Mr. Croll failed to appear at the opening of Royal Winter Fair—the only minister absent—and when called upon for an explanation, said he had lost his dress pants. "Humph!" snorted Mr. Odette, Liquor Commissioner, "Why didn't you let me know? I could have fixed you up. You and I are about the same size." "I wouldn't be in your pants for a lot of money. I've got troubles enough running my own job," was the retort.

Notes By The Way

In last week's column an error in the use of the word "fated" recalls to mind the one time in my whole life when the world received me with real acclaim. It came my turn to read the verse in which ran the line—"Belgium's fated chieftain." When I came to the fatal "fated" I wriggled and stammered. My impish desk mate, realizing my distress, whispered up to me—"fatted, fatted." "Belgium's fatted chieftain," I proceeded confidently. The wild applauding that followed was overwhelming. Even to this day I think I'd like to lick that fellow. —E.R. in Leamington Post and News.

Houses roofed with gold and streets lined with diamonds were what the early explorers confidently expected to find in British Guiana. But the vision faded and, though a quantity of diamonds and gold has been taken out of the country during the last 400 years, British Guiana today is almost as much awaiting development and settlement as it was in Raleigh's time. As Sir Edward Denham, the former Governor, once declared, if the resources and wealth of British Guiana are to be tapped, it can only be by the advent of men and money on a scale to determine the problems of this "undeveloped asset of the British Empire." Assyrian immigration will not solve a tithe of British Guiana's problems. It may bring some local benefit in the long run, however, and may also serve to direct worldwide attention to the vast possibilities of this most woefully undeveloped of all Britain's possessions in the neighbourhood of the Caribbean.—Trinidad Guardian.

Wise old Benjamin Franklin, once stated that "He that complains has too much." Franklin was but one in a family of 17 others. His father was a poor candlemaker and soap-boiler of Boston. His early advantages were next to nothing. This undoubtedly stimulated him to be somebody worth while in the world. First, Franklin began by training himself through a set plan. He kept his eyes open. He worked. He read. He thought. He became, not only one of the most eminent men of his time! He became such a lover of good reading that he printed books for years and became one of the first of American publishers. But his greatest asset was his common sense—much of which he left to the world in apt phrases, such as the one quoted above.

Somewhat belatedly the German Reichswehr is reported as waking up to demand a showdown on the events typified by the murder of von Schleider, rendered worse by that of Frau von Schleider. Ordinarily an army should not throw its weight about, but the peculiar circumstances of the case render it exceptional. There can be little doubt that the Reichswehr was temporarily stunned by the action of the Storm Troops, bereft of leadership, uncertain of who was loyal to whom. Lately, however, the Church has shown Germany that even Hitler can be defied in a good cause. Plainly Hitler's power is less absolute than it was four months ago.

Stokers see a pleasant life ahead of them now that a vessel of 2400 tons with the boilers on deck amid ships has been built in Norway. It has always been considered necessary to have the boilers and engines as low down as possible so that the steamship would be stable in rough weather, but this daring experiment shows that smoother running even in storms can be achieved with deck boilers.

Yugoslavia also is said to be about to "demand" a League of Nations enquiry into the assassination of King Alexander. That, of course, means a great deal more than it says. France has already made a close investigation of the actual murder. What Yugoslavia wants to do is to implicate as many governments as she can of those nations she wished to embarrass, and so to stir up trouble. It is doubtful whether such an enquiry is a function of the League until one government lays specific charges against another. Unless Yugoslavia is ready to do this, it is to be hoped that the League will tell her to go to Belgrade and cool off. Italy and Hungary are Yugoslavia's chief targets. Sometimes the League threatens to be a danger.

If our pacifists will drop their anti-Japanese propaganda, which is at once so fatuous and so dangerous, it should be possible to reach a friendly understanding with the Japanese. As a sign of British friendship and respect for the admirable work which Japan has accomplished on the Asiatic Continent our Government should recognize Manchukuo.—London Daily Mail.

That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

ANGINA PECTORIS AND PARTIAL CLOSING OF BLOODVESSELS SUPPLYING THE HEART

So many middle aged men have died from angina pectoris that other methods besides giving drugs such as nitroglycerine and amyl nitrite are being used in various parts of the world.

Thus Drs. H. L. Blumgart and D.D. Berlin, Boston, following the work of other investigators, report the removal of the thyroid gland in the neck in 75 patients during a period of 18 months. As you know, the juice manufactured by the thyroid gland makes all the processes of the body work faster, so that if it is removed the heart beats more slowly and less work is put on the heart itself, and on all the bloodvessels including the small blood vessels which carry the blood to nourish the heart muscle itself.

These 75 patients had not been helped by the usual methods of treatment—rest and drugs—but following the operation most of them have been able to do some kinds of work without a return of their symptoms.

Then Drs. A. L. Barach and R. L. Levy, New York City, report the value of oxygen in cases where the partial closing of the little bloodvessels supplying the heart muscle was causing the symptoms of angina pectorisvise like pain under the breastbone.

Inhalations of oxygen (40 to 60 per cent) cause lessening of the pain in from one to three hours; breathing becomes easier; the color of the skin becomes less dark; fever, if present, falls and the blood pressure becomes normal. If the administration of oxygen is stopped too soon, the symptoms return. Not every case requires oxygen—only the more serious ones—but it is well in these cases to have oxygen always on hand.

Fortunately in the majority of cases of angina pectoris, rest, physical and mental, is all that is necessary with of course the use of nitroglycerine or amynitrite just before or during an attack.

However it is comforting to know that in the serious cases there are these other methods—the use of surgery to cut a special nerve or the removal of the thyroid gland, and also the use of oxygen.

Weed In Sargasso

(Exchange)

The Sargasso Sea, famed in legend as the "graveyard of lost ships," contains 10,000,000 tons of floating seaweed. This figure was reached through recent researches carried on by Prof. A.E. Parr, of the Bingham Oceanographic Laboratory at Yale University.

An expedition made long tows this season through the western part of the Sargasso Sea area, using nets of fixed dimensions in an effort to determine the quantity of floating weeds present so as to get a more solid foundation to work upon in the further study of the problems of the weeds and the animal life they harbor.

"From the results of these tows we are able to say that the total amount of the floating Sargasso weeds covering the area of about 2,000,000 square miles marked by Bermuda, the Azores and the West Indies, must be expressed in millions of tons net weight," Prof. Parr said.

"Ten million tons of weeds, impressive as the figure may seem at first glance, is actually a very small quantity compared, for instance with the plant growth on two million square miles of fertile land, which will yield about one billion tons per year or more."

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Down In Nova Scotia

(Evelyn S. Tufts in the Halifax Herald)

A few years ago Charles Hanson Towne, after flitting here and there through our picturesque and historic old Province, wrote down his fleeting impressions in what was really a very readable and delightful little book. He called it "Ambling Through Acadia" and although it was necessarily somewhat superficial, it has had a very extensive sale among tourists as well as among Nova Scotians living in exile outside the country. Whenever a tourist, at the conclusion of his visit, asked for a "book on Nova Scotia" to take away with him, "Ambling Through Acadia" was the answer. It was the best, for the time being that we could offer him.

But now comes a Nova Scotian who with pen and camera has done what we have always hoped some talented individual among us, familiar with our background, and folklore, and with a real feeling for our countryside, would one day manage to do. That was to reconstruct a living, moving picture of our past, and while recording the vivid impressions made by our beautiful scenery, our fragrant orchards and the picturesque folkways of our Acadian and "South Shore" fishing villages, bring into sharp relief the more striking phases of our no less romantic and colorful present.

Miss Clara Dennis of Halifax who comes of a pioneer Colchester family (the Archibalds and Millers) which has contributed a number of outstanding men and women to the public service, has written just the book we have been waiting for, a book, moreover, which has a sparkling individuality all its own. It is a book which is a delight to read, written in a spontaneous, informal, almost conversational style, and is happily quite devoid of that stilted affectation which has so often afflicted our local historians, whether male or female. It is beautifully bound, and is illustrated with some thirty-five photographs, all taken by the author. It is entitled "Down in Nova Scotia" and has a foreword by one of the Province's most distinguished citizens, Sir Robert Borden, of Grand Pre and Ottawa.

The author is a daughter of Mrs. William Dennis, O.B.E. and the late Senator Dennis, of Halifax.

A retired sea captain, Alexander Bone, now famous as an author of sea-stories, once composed a cryptic dedication for one of his novels, which dealt with his voyages to the Far East and South America. "To foreign ports," it reads, "that taught me to like home." Miss Dennis, it would seem, might acknowledge a secret kinship with the bluff old captain, since she tells us, in her opening chapter, that the idea of writing this book first came to her when she was on the other side of the ocean. One day, by accident, some one put a map of Nova Scotia in her hand. With more than ordinary curiosity she began studying it, noted, as if for the first time, strange and unfamiliar names.

Hectanooga, Piper's Glen, Smoky Mountain, Mayflower—what sort of places were these, and what kind of people lived in them? Four thousand miles away from Nova Scotia, it occurred to her suddenly that she knew very little, after all, about her own, her native land.

"Then and there," she says, "the resolution was born to seek and find Nova Scotia. I would travel over all her highways and by-ways. I would visit her cities, her towns, her villages. I would visit the remote and but little frequented islands of her coast. I would talk with the men, women, and children I might meet. In their lives would be unfoded the soul of Nova Scotia. I would learn, too, about those who had gone before, the pioneer men and women who shaped the policies and moulded the destinies of Nova Scotia. I would pause in silent tribute at their pioneer graves."

This book is the result. To say she has admirably and completely fulfilled her self-appointed task is not enough. One must add that she has opened magic casements on the very heart of Nova Scotia itself. She has described its natural beauty as if she had had a hand in creating it, and she writes of history as if she had been there.

"Any road, the simple village road," says Teufeldrosch, in Carlyle's immortal Sartor Resartus, "will lead one back into three centuries of history. Starting out from Halifax in her car. Miss Dennis turned up Roble Street. She could not have done better, I think, than to start her "Sentimental Journey" into Nova Scotia's past on a street named for one of her most distinguished sons who sat in the House of Assembly for 24 years and for eleven more filled the post of Solicitor-General for the Province, and who now sleeps in the cemetery beside this highway along which, a century ago, there wended into the city the droves of sheep and fat cattle, the loads of hay and other farm produce, the horseback riders, the coach-and-six, and the red-coated regiments marching from Annapolis to Halifax. Before she left the confines of the city, her glorious adventure, which recalls to mind Mr. Priestley's "English Journey," was gloriously begun.

There are twenty-one chapters, and not a dull one in the lot. The chapter headings give an idea of the extent of her range, her catholicity of interest. She visits Sir Charles Tupper's grave at Fairview, and at Bedford pauses to reconstruct the shattered love story of Edward Duke of Kent, and the beautiful "Julie," Madame Alphonsine Therese Bernardine de St. Laurent, his mistress of thirty-years standing, whom he was forced to abandon in order to contract a state marriage to save the waning Hanover dynasty.

At Mill Cove she no less avidly recalls the story of the first paper manufactured in Eastern Canada, where the idea of making paper from pulpwood first had birth. Before she crosses the foaming waters of the Sackville River, she passes over what in the days of Cornwallis, was the forest trail to Pisquid (now Windsor,) then closely guarded by "Gorehams Rangers" whoaf Yarmouth, and to Sable Island, scoured these woods every day for both a menace to mariners, and lurking French foes. As a further precaution, Cornwallis built a wooden fort at Bedford, called Fort Sackville. Winslow's men spent the night there, she recalls, on their way back to Halifax after deporting the unhappy Acadians of Grand Pre.

Further on, she visits that "one-man village" Ellershouse, named for the German aristocrat, von Ellershouzen, who grew sugar-beets and had a sugar refinery there and owned a copper mine in Newfoundland which he sold for a million dollars. Then she proceeds to Windsor, the site of the oldest English College in Canada, where "litertaure, loyalty and good morals" were the educational aims for such young Nova Scotian gentlemen as would swear to refrain from attending "Roman mass, Presbyterian, Methodist or Baptist meetings." She warms her toes and takes her high-tea in front of Judge Haliburton's fireplace at Clifton, ventures a peek at his capacious wine cellar, crosses the covered bridge at Horton and enters the Acadian Country, among whose orchard-rows sleep the hapless Colonel Noble and his English soldiers from Boston whom Shirley sent to aid the good Paul Mascarene, sore pressed in his tumble-down fort at Port Royal. She does full justice to the orchards, and even visits Cape Split, where the valiant Poutrincourt once risked his aristocratic neck climbing the steep cliff. It is all very delightful.

Then she fares on to Annapolis, the ancient capital of Nova Scotia, where once lived a "dark-skinned King, Queen and Prince of Nova Scotia" as they were cited at the English court in London, and where, in canoes, on the broad Basin, were enacted the first drama and pageant ever written in America, called "Neptune's Theatre," written and enacted as a welcome to the returning Poutrincourt, while old Membertou looking on, wept for joy. Under her spell the whole scene lives again, as we watch these gentlemen of France going about their humble tasks, caulking their boats with spruce gum, cutting a rude trail (the first road in Canada) to Digby Gap, landscaping and beautifying the grounds about the fort, where the frail and scholarly Lescarbot used to work by moonlight in his garden being (oh endearingly human touch!) "much too busy with diverse other matters," during the day. Annapolis, says the author, "simply oozes history." She scrapes the color up on a broad spatula and joyfully transfers it to her canvas. It is history —but history without tears, a knack few historians have had the wit to learn.

Her sojourn among the French districts of Clare was brimful of interest, and here she garnered great store of fascinating tales from the descendants of the Acadians whose descendants still live lives of simple devotion, as their great churches scattered along the shore can testify.

Then on to Yarmouth, with its library and beautiful hedges and its fine waterfront, recalling the days of the master-builders and master-mariners of that port, known in the far Pacific and Indian oceans, and under whose registry in one year there appeared the names of nearly 300 ships.

The chapters on Yarmouth and Shelburne are two of the most interesting in the book.

Over the flowery lupin trail into Chebogue and on to Barrington the author carries us, and every foot of the way is packed with story, incident and reminiscences. We visit, at Pubnico, a representative of the proudest family of old Acadia, the royal line of d'Entremont, descended from the ducal house of Savoy in Italy. We step within to read the oldest document in Nova Scotia, the mariage contract of Claude de la Tour and Madame D'Aulnay, and view with reverence many other objects of interest this simple farmhouse holds. We hear of buried Acadian treasure and pirate raids on peaceful Pubnico shipping; then go on to Barrington, where live direct descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers.

But perhaps the most fascinating chapters of all are those which deal with two trips made by Miss Dennis to Seal Island, off the coast both the scene of shipwrecks innumerable. The story of Mary Hichens, born Crowell, who was responsible for the placing of the light on Seal Island, is one of the great epics of our time. The picture of the forlorn sandy wastes of Sable Island, where devoted men are spending lonely, dangerous years in the service of their fellowmen, is likewise unforgettable.

"I commend this volume," says Sir Robert in his foreword, "to all who love their native Province, to all who rejoice in the intimate aspects of Nature, to all from abroad who come within the spell of Acadie." So say we all. Reading it, homesick Nova Scotians will feel a nostalgic yearning to go down to the seas again, and strangers will wish to see for themselves this land which in spite of its bustling towns, fine hotels and modern cities, is still so quaint and unspoiled, a country where an ox-cart is still a common means of transport, and in whose fishermen's cots the wheel and the loom are still busy.

The Poets' Corner

FERNS

Far from the noisy theatres of human toil,
Through gates that ope' to ways of pleasantness and peace;
Green ferns take firm grip upon the dew-soaked soil,
Whilst sunlight filters through the overhanging trees.

Dark imageries they weave against primeval mounds,
Where wastrel winds, in wistful accents, send their cry—
To faery folk, whose cryptogamic answer sounds
Sweet, like lark-song 'neath glamor of the distant ev'ning sky.

Node upon node, they rear proud heads to greet the morn,
They fill the desert places with their royal grace;
Their waving branches, dressed in emerald sheen, adorn
The humblest countryside—make glow the darksome place.

So low so sweet! Their cadence falls upon the air.
I stop to listen, and admire each sprig of green;
And lo! from out the verdant meadow stretching there,
Bluebirds arise, and Hope me weaves a golden dream.

Green finger-prints, 'midst swaying fronds, a lesson teach,
Of secret strength, of glorious harmony;
And even in their death, these fine things preach,
From primordial swamps, an Easter symphony!

—Estelle Jean Worfolk.

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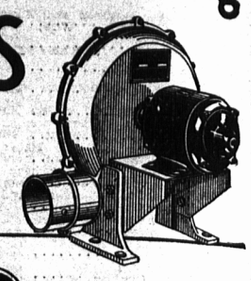

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PUBLIC FORUM

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

VISIONS AND DREAMS

Sir,—Who is the Patriot's bootlegger? Is he imbibing his own stuff, or only mudding the sanctum gods I recall the story of the son who asked his father,—"When is a man drunk?" The father answered,—"When those two men sitting opposite appear to be four, they you are drunk." The son replied,—"But there is only one man sitting there."

Another simile is when you look into the wrong end of a telescope, things look distant and small at the other end.

The barefaced falsehood of the Patriot that there was only about 200 present at the Conservative Convention, raises the serious question as to whether the wrong bootlegger was on the job, or the wrong end of the telescope used. Or was it both?

When we consider that the Strand seats about 1200 and that the large audience usually attending conventions was fully up to any of the past, with the floor space almost filled, we must seek in some way to account for the Liberal organ's vile fabrication. There was nearer 800 than 200 present.

I am, Sir, etc.,
ONE PRESENT

BORROWING AND LYING

Sir,—Does lying pay—even in politics? The Patriot evidently thinks it does. Will repeating the same falsehood ove. and over again make the crooked story more believable?

The Bank accounts show the positive fact that the Government of Hon. Walter Lea, the Liberal Government, left office with an overdraft of over a million dollars The Public Accounts, of their own officials prove the same conclusion that the Lea Government BORROWED OVER ONE MILLION DOLLARS FROM THE BANKS, and left that overdraft to be paid by the incoming Stewart party, together with some hundreds of thousands of dollars of other liabilities.

The Liberal organ knows this. The Blue Books are before them. If they do not know it, then the last place to display this ignorance is in the columns of a once dependable press

And knowing this it maliciously charges the Conservatives with money. Not a dollar of it was borrowed either by the Stewart or MacMillan Government. Every red cent of it was borrowed openly and indisputably by the Liberal Lea Government. And, knowing this, that contemptible falsifier persists in broadcasting the falsehood to its readers with its daily tirade of inaccuracies.

I am, Sir, etc.,
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