

THE CHARLOTTE TOWN GUARDIAN

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1929

SESSION UNDER WAY

The Hon. R. B. Bennett, leader of the Conservative party, will have the attitude of the public generally for his announced intention of shortening as far as possible the debate on the Address. Formerly this debate afforded an excellent excuse for rhetoric and for members, particularly back benches, to appeal to their constituents. It is not improbable, according to our despatches yesterday, that Mr. Bennett himself will be the only Conservative speaker in the debate, and he will offer no amendments. Not because there will not be occasion for such amendment, but because whatever the occasion might be, none would carry against the majority vote of the House.

The Prime Minister also made an important announcement, which will be received with mingled feelings throughout the country and particularly among members on both sides of the House. This announcement was that there would be no general election this year unless the situation changed. The situation has changed very considerably during the past year or so, and apparently changes may be looked for.

Two subjects stand uppermost today in the minds of Canadians. These are the tariff and the Australian treaty. The Hon. Mr. Bennett has stirred up the country on the former, with the result that the people generally are beginning to realize the losing game we are playing in our trade with the United States. Official figures issued by the Government itself show very clearly how this situation is going from bad to worse. With reference to the Australian treaty which permits New Zealand butter to come into this agricultural country of ours practically duty free, widespread dissatisfaction has been expressed by those who are in the best position to know the actual conditions—namely, our dairymen, organized and unorganized, throughout the country. Opposed to these are the Liberal politicians, whose chief aim is to defend the Government. There is room in this situation for such a change as may precipitate an election before the end of the year.

Obviously the government is not yet ready to appeal to the people. Members of the party are opposed to vacate their comfortable seats while a grave uncertainty exists as to who shall occupy them in the event of an election. But the change darkly hinted at by Premier King may come at any time, and it would appear that the Government is preparing itself for the worst.

THE PASSING OF COBDENISM.

The London Times voices the dawning disillusionment of a growing body of British public opinion with respect to the virtues of free trade.

"The policy of free imports," it says, "originally designed as a practical means of insuring cheap labor by reducing the cost of subsistence, has ceased to be a question of practical expediency, but is regarded by many as an article of faith. It is not denied that so long as this country had the monopoly of industry and was prepared to sacrifice its sturdy rural population free imports may have been temporarily advan-

tegeous to the manufacturers in Lancashire and elsewhere, because they were liable to pay lower wages than would otherwise have been necessary and there was practically no foreign competition in manufactured articles; but those conditions have long ceased to exist."

When Cobdenism came to Britain it came as a palliative, as the corrective of a condition of the times which demanded direct legislative action. Conceived as a means of improving living conditions for Britain's industrial population, it actually became an instrument in the hands of capital to maintain wages at low standards, and to prevent the working classes from enjoying the rewards that were due to the skill and brawn and brains that made Britain the paramount manufacturing country of the world for two-thirds of a century. In other words, Cobdenism, as it worked out in the Old Country, proved to be a force to keep the costs of production and with them the standards of wages at the lowest possible levels.

In one respect the Great War proved to be a levelling economic force. By forcing upward the cost of living in all countries, it has so increased the prices of Britain's imported raw materials as to make the price of "corn" a trivial factor in the cost of production. For the first time in nearly a century British manufacturers have come to realize the relative importance of the British market. Faced with keen competition in all foreign countries, and confronted in their own with virtually unrestricted foreign competition, the practical fallacy of free trade has been forced upon them in the most impressive manner. The result is that Britain's manufacturing class, previously the stoutest champions of free trade, have become the most earnest exponents of tariff reform. As for the workers themselves, the philippic of their leaders against "sweated foreign goods" show that they too have learned to vision the fiscal problem in the light of worldwide conditions. Traditionally accepted theories, like old customs, die hard in Britain, but the signs are not wanting that the long dominion of Cobdenism over the minds of the British people is nearing its end.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Automobile racing on the harbor ice is the latest sport. The only speed limit is the capacity of the machine and there are no cows on the track, if the claims for speed attained look like fish stories the exaggeration is excusable on the ground that the speeding was achieved on fishing grounds.

The Patriot's "explanation" of the alleged interview with Mr. Appleton referred to in yesterday's Guardian does not attempt to clear up the contradiction between the statements of the Religious Manager of the C.N.R. at Moncton and his previous telegraphic communications to Mr. A. E. McLean, M.P. "The interview," the Patriot says, "was absolutely genuine. No newspaper man in Canada would descend so low as to 'fake' an interview." Nor, may we add, would any reputable newspaper publish as an interview statements which it knew to be absolutely incorrect. It matters little where the misrepresentation originated. The attempt to mislead the public has failed, and the parties responsible for the attempt may agree between themselves as to who shall be the goat.

Notes By The Way

Influenza, in changing form has been in the world from time immemorial, known in different countries by various names, as influenza, grippé or flu and has, especially in its more severe visitations, heavily increased the mortality rate, as it has done in our Province in this winter of 1929. Apparently it had its origin in the East, and it has usually in the years of its prevalence, spread from Europe westward to America. This time it seems to have reversed that order and first become prevalent in America.

Sporadic cases occur from year to year in many lands, and at wider intervals the malady becomes epidemic. During last century visitations of influenza occurred in Great Britain in 1837-38, 1847-48 and in 1889-91. The most deadly and widespread visitation swept the world in 1918-19, the number of its victims being comparable to those of the Great War.

As an epidemic disease it closely resembles, but is quite distinct from the common cold in the head. It is characterized by early and marked debility and depression; the attack may be of short duration but is often prolonged bringing complications in its train and in non-fatal cases recovery is commonly slow. The epidemic of 1918-19 and that of the present season did their most deadly work in Europe, the East Indies, West Indies and North America.

It is now known that the malady is produced by bacilli, which when magnified appear somewhat like goose eggs in form and substance. They are usually discovered in pairs, and where the disease has attacked a person are abundant in the lung and bronchial tissues, and in the nasal and salivary secretions. They are imbedded in breathing and will not breed except in a temperature of at least 80 degrees. Below that temperature they remain dormant. Yet no degree of natural cold can kill them.

The germ was discovered by Prof. Robert Pfeiffer of Berlin, who observed that it breeds by lengthening itself and then dividing itself in two.

The new Welland Canal connecting Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, is a very important and costly link in lake navigation. Its length is 27 miles and the first little canal was cut there a hundred years ago—in 1829. It was built in five years, a shallow little waterway with 40 wooden locks. These were reduced to 27 when the canal was enlarged and given a depth of nine feet in 1841. That was the Welland Canal at the date of Confederation. Since then the Maritimes have been contributing, and the Welland Canal received a new impetus. Work went on year by year till the locks were 12 feet deep and 45 feet wide. Now there is a new Welland, with only 7 locks but they are 47 1-2 feet deep, the canal is 200 feet wide and navigable to ships of 30 feet draught. Tens of millions of dollars of Dominion money have gone into this work from year to year, and this is now being made a pretext for building a great waterway from Lake Ontario to the Gulf of St. Lawrence "up to the standard of the New Welland."

So it goes, but what the Maritimes will ever get out of these vast expenditure to which they contribute, is problematical. Another reason has been discovered to show why we should import New Zealand butter. A gentleman in Sydney, probably a Liberal, when opening up the box containing his latest purchase of New Zealand butter, "with due regard for the virtue of thriftiness, started chopping up the box for kindling. By chance he stopped between blows to look at a nail which his hatchet broke out from the wood—and, lo and behold, every nail in the box was found to have come from the Sydney steel plant." The marvellous perspicacity of this gentleman is comparable only to that of the political economists who see in the dumping into Canada of this foreign importation nothing but benefit to the dairying interests of the country. Ordinarily men see only what they want to see, but here is an example that rivals the psychic powers of the magician who finds lost collar buttons and other articles in the pockets of his astonished audience.

Yesterday, the 120th anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, was observed as a legal holiday in several States of the Union, and no doubt reverently commemorated. Lincoln stands out as the most lovable figure in American history. His greatness owed nothing to accidental circumstances. His homely features, his angular form, his oddities of manner, were the subject of many jests, which passed over him harmlessly. His latest biographer, Arthur J. Beveridge, depicts the man with almost devastating realism. "If anyone knocked at the door," we are told, "Lincoln would answer in sock-foot,



That Body of Hours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

USING A CRUTCH

Some years ago I wrote a little article asking the question "do you use a crutch?" The thought was that if you had a stomach ache and used a dyspepsia tablet, a headache and used a headache tablet, a pain in stomach and use some morphine, and so forth, that it was like using a crutch to carry you along.

The idea was that while a crutch was necessary at times or emergencies, where you had to get work done even if you had a headache or stomach ache, that you should remember that you were using a crutch and should try to do away with it, and walk unaided.

And I often think that when you get a headache, stomach ache, or any other ache and take some medicine to stop it, it is simply masking or hiding the cause of the trouble and you are preventing the cause from being found.

As someone has well said "When the fire bell rings the fireman does not pour water on the fire bell; he recognizes the signal and goes where the fire is."

And so when a pain or ache comes your first thought should not be to try to "kill" the pain but to find out what is causing the pain, and have the cause removed if at all possible.

As you know a headache may be due to eyestrain, indigestion, and many other things.

Pain in chest may be due to an actual inflammation of lining of chest wall—pleurisy, or it may be due to cold, injury, or infection in the muscular covering of the chest.

Pain in abdomen is usually due to gas formation, which in turn is caused mostly by misuse of vegetables and fruit, both excellent foods of themselves.

Pain in lower back and hips may be due to sprain, or to infection in hip joints from some infected spot somewhere in the body.

What is the thought? That when pain appears don't try to "kill" it with drugs, but try to remember what you had been doing or eating a little previously.

If before you learn its cause some pain killing drug is used, you will make it hard for your doctor to learn the cause.

THE POET'S CORNER

MISTLETOE

"I am a haunted man— Happily haunted; Summon at will I can Visions enchanted. Summon at will, say I? Rather I mean I can't forget or fly Laughing Eileen.

"Winter may howl and cry, Sad in the doorway; Hence, you old rogue, say I, My way's not your way. Hence with your rain and mist, What can they mean? Nothing to one who's kissed Laughing Eileen." —Arnold Dawson, in the Clarion.

"On what grounds are you seeking a divorce from your wife?" "Misrepresentation. When I asked her to marry me, she said she was agreeable."

Mackie: "Eh, Jack! Money talks, ye ken, as the auld sayin' is." Macgregor: "Ay; but it nivir gies itself awa'."

Some people who say that their photographs do not do them justice should be grateful to the photographer.

coatless, and without the stock which he removed from his neck as soon as he came home. Sometimes in this state of undress, except that he wore flapping carpet-slippers, he went to Gourley's to borrow a table napkin, and Gourley particularly observed that but one suspender held up his trousers... When on circuit, he carried a dilapidated, striped carpet bag, and a big, stout umbrella of faded green, well-worn, the knob gone, and the name 'A. Lincoln' cut out of white muslin, and sewed in the inside; a string about the middle kept the umbrella from flapping open... He slept in a 'home-made, yellow flannel undershirt'... reaching 'halfway between his knees and his ankles'. A young lawyer who saw him thus attired for bed declared afterwards that 'Lincoln was the ugliest figure I ever saw'."

IS SOCIALISM DEAD ?

Condensed from The Century (Aug. '28) Will Durant

Watts labored, and Arkwright, and Whitney, and Fulton, and Stephenson; suddenly inventions began to breed, and life found itself caught up from a million farms and flung into a million factories; every custom crumbled, every relation of man and woman, of parent and child, of master and worker, of ruler and ruled; every faith turned into violent unbelief, or faded reticently into doubt, or remained dearer than ever to the lips because dishonored or ignored by life. How could the human mind stand the strain of so profound and complete a transformation?

Industry hurt religion because it nourished the physical sciences beyond the psychological; because it accustomed men to think in terms of cause and effect; because it made them handle impersonal mechanisms rather than growing life; because it gathered them into cities, where every faith lost edge by rubbing elbows with a hundred hostile creeds; because it increased the prosperity of men and enabled them to enjoy the earth too well to lose themselves in hopes of heaven.

Then hope, cheated of heaven, came down to earth, and socialism was born. The wilk rank growth of industry had brought new forms of misery to the working-man. To tend machines that raced faster and faster with every year; to stand in the dark and filth of factories for 12 to 14 hours a day; or, worse, to see himself unused, while this giant slavery opened its arm to receive his wife and children; to find the old trades and skill made worthless by the iron rivals that grew up on every side about him; it was too much to bear; one must see a way out of it, one must believe it would come to an end; or one would have to bury one's self in the nearest stream, and seek justice or forgetfulness in death.

But, even so, wealth was increasing. It made for misery only because it was gathered greedily into a few men's hands; let these harsh manufacturers surrender to the worker the unnecessary profit made from his toil, and wealth would spread evenly over the surface of the land—vitalize and nourish us all, as Bacon dreamed. Or let the state, in its new omnipotence, become the great father and employer of all men.

So the new religion grew and had its Bible, its prophets, its martyrs and its saints. The wave of rebellion almost inundated Europe, and for a time in 1848 overalls sat with swallowtails in the government of France. One revolution left 10,000 Communards slain in the streets of Paris. That a battle it was, that 19th century—the cleavage between owner and toiler growing always deeper, the workers multiplying and suffering, tank and organizing, fighting and losing, fighting from 1789, through 1848, and 1871, and 1905, until in 1917 their long-awaited hour came.

At last, when Lenin sat in the palace of the Czaars after so many trials and defeats, socialism had come! Here was the modern state, powerful with great armies and meteoric geniuses; it would take over railroads, and mills and ships, and factories, and trade. It would put an end to the exploitation of man by man, of woman by man, of children by man or woman; it would give to each worker an equal share or at the very least an equitable share of the goods in this new and better world; it would be a just and loving father, in whose family there could never be poverty any more.

From the peak of passion and belief how have the mighty fallen! In Russia the leaders who made the Revolution are replaced by 'practica' men' who feel compelled to abandon the dreams of communism one by one. It is the fate of revolutions to create, by radical legislation, a new conservative class; by distributing the land of a few feudal lords among a million families it widens the hold of greed upon the soul, and decrees the domination of the proprietary impulse in the life of the nation for centuries to come. So it was after 1789; so it must be after 1917. The proletarian revolution will have as its sole result the transformation of 20th century Russia into a gigantic 19th century France; the muckjugs will force an individualistic economy upon a socialist government. By 1930 the peasant demand for the divine right to sell not to the state but to the highest bidder, and to buy not from the state but from the lowest bidder, will have broken down all resistance before it. Soon thereafter this policy of barter will have developed a new middle class, clever enough, as in America to squeeze into their treasuries the flow of goods from producer to consumer.

In Germany similarly, the socialists made the revolution, and the bourgeoisie inherits it. In France the cautious peasant offers to the middle classes the support which enables them to master the impotent wage-earners of the towns. In Italy the

workers played at revolution for a time, and found that something more than mere possession was needed to run industry; chastened with a humiliating disillusionment they have surrendered completely. In England the workers were so well-organized that for a moment they thought of seizing power; then the terrible responsibility of taking the intricate processes of industry from the hands of economic law daunted the statisticians of the proletariat, and led to an abdication which has left the British employer more powerful than at any time since the coming of the factory.

And in America, where are the radicals of yesterday? Some of them have abandoned their hopes because the Russian Revolution seems a profound failure. Some socialists, some communists, even some liberals have grown rich; and the apathy of the age does not replace them with pious recruits. It is difficult to remain radical when one becomes a partner in the firm, or finds royalties raining down upon him. It is difficult in general for a country to be radical when every class in it is prosperous (except the farmers, who are conservative because they fear that radicalism will take from them their land); when almost every family is rich enough to afford the nuisance of owning a home; and when automobiles are so common that the rich must return to horses or legs as a form of distinctive snobbery. It is above all, this shameless and unparalleled prosperity that has killed or wounded the cock-robins that used to chant the songs of revolution.

There are some other radicals who arrived at disillusionment not through wealth but through a decreasing certainty in their knowledge. They have come (as the wage-workers long since came) to doubt the adequacy of the proletariat to cope with the complexities and inter-relations of industry. They have come to fear the precariousness, and to question the ultimate value, of violent social change; they have realized the almost ineradicable rootage of the acquisitive impulse in mankind. If we can analyze the transformation which has come upon their ideas we may find them of some help in our efforts to understand the meaning and possibilities of human life.

THE LAND WE LOVE

By FRANK LEIGH

THE PEACE OF UTRECHT, 1713.

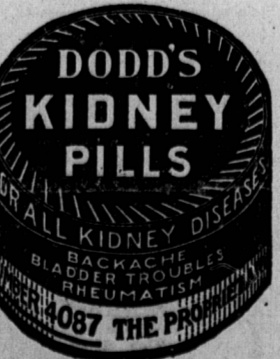
Q. What was the Peace of Utrecht?

A. The Peace of Utrecht (1713) closed this war, if by it, England gained less in Europe than her brilliant successes in the field should have secured her, in America her gains were marked. The French abandoned all claim to the Hudson Bay region. The Five Nations, or Iroquois, Indians were acknowledged to be British subjects. Acadia was wholly given up. Newfoundland was ceded, with a reservation, however, of certain fishing privileges on a portion of the coast. The Island of Cape Breton, (Isle Royale) left entirely uninhabited, was then to France without conditions, and she proceeded at once to plant a fortress upon it. Isle St. Jean (now Prince Edward Island) was also left to her.

Vessels Marooned In The Baltic

(Canadian Press)

LONDON, Feb. 11.—Ice and snow stretched today in a bleak white blanket across Europe from Scandinavia to the Balkans. Some towns frozen in faced food and fuel shortages. Ice was piled high in rivers. In the Baltic 140 ships of various sizes were held tight in an ice crush. Passengers on the Simplan express, which a week ago was buried in an avalanche, near Tshatalda, arrived at Constantinople from Rodosto, little the worse for their harrowing experience. Among them was Sir Gilbert Clayton, new British high commissioner to



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Advertisement for Penslar (Palatable, Tasteless) Cod Liver Extract. Includes text: "You can call the Doctor", "after you are sick. You can consult a lawyer after you're in trouble.", "But it's TOO LATE to call an insurance man after you have had a loss.", "Insurance is one of the few things you can't buy when you need it most.", "A phone call will have our prompt attention.", "Hyndman & Co. Limited", "The Oldest Insurance Agency in P. E. I.", "Charlottetown".

Advertisement for Just Arrived AUSTRALIAN BUTTER? NO. NORWEGIAN PURE COD LIVER OIL. Includes text: "Sufficient of the winter sport season at Halifax has passed to not only impress upon Canadian National officers but the country at large, the success that has attended the alliance which the National System made with the White Star and Cunard Lines, to have their boats call at Halifax on a definite, regular east-bound schedule, for British ports.", "D. R. Turnbull, President of the Halifax Board of Trade, in his address at the annual meeting of the Board held in Halifax January 29th, said, 'The Canadian National Railways are doing their part in helping to increase the business of the port, as noted by largely increased estimates for grain shipments. The regular calling of the Cunard and White Star Line steamers which is being provided for these three steamers and which have is a fine thing for us all, and particularly so for waterfront workers.'", "Col. A. N. Jones, the Representative in Halifax for the White Star Line, declared that the real credit for the new service must go to a former Secretary of the Board of Trade, Mr. A. T. Weldon, now Vice-President of the Canadian National Railways, who was instrumental in bringing about the allied service now being enjoyed. 'The joint service is a going concern,' Colonel Jones asserted.", "And will you love me as much as this when we are married?", "Darling, how can you doubt me? I've always liked married women best."

Advertisement for C. M. Lamson & Co., Limited. Includes text: "64 Queen Street", "London, E. C. 4 England", "Public Auction Sales of Raw Furs", "Shipping bags will be furnished without charge by applying to R. T. Holman, Ltd., Summerside, P. E. I.", "Represented by Alfred Fraser, Inc.", "212 Fifth Avenue", "New York, N. Y.", "Miner's Linctol prevents Flu".