

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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CHASTENED CRITICS

It went without saying that Premier MacMillan would make an effective first speech in his capacity as leader of the Government, for, as a matter of fact he has never done any thing else. One of the best political speakers in the Province and outstandingly the best debater in the Legislature, the Premier made mince-meat of the puerile criticism offered by the leader of the Opposition in the Draft Address debate.

It was a sad commentary on the means at the disposal of the Opposition for criticism when the leader of the Opposition found it necessary to go back to 1923 to find straw with which to make his bricks. Depending very probably upon the natural forgetfulness of the average man with regard to past decades, Mr. Lea thought he would score a point and leave the impression that he was reflecting on the present Government. He calculated when his host, however, for when Premier MacMillan took the floor he had no difficulty whatever in bringing to the memory of the members of the House and the public generally the real facts in the case, and showed the leader of the Opposition up as having distorted the facts for the purpose of making badly needed ammunition.

As regards the alleged extravagant increase in ordinary administrative expenditures, here also Premier MacMillan scored heavily, leaving Mr. Lea and his colleagues, Messrs. McIntyre and Campbell who attempted to come to his rescue, not a leg to stand on.

In the first trial of strength between the two parties in the House, it has been clearly demonstrated that the Opposition will have to improve considerably both with regard to manner and matter before they can attain anything like the strength and authority of the Government headed by the redoubtable Premier MacMillan.

INSPIRING NEWS

"All available sidings are crowded with cars awaiting transfer to Halifax for export to European countries and coal shipments to various destinations. Traffic authorities said today the present congestion had even surpassed the record peak established during the hectic days of the Great War. . . Large shipments of grain from Western Canada, tremendous increase in the amount of Nova Scotia coal moving to St. Lawrence and Ontario markets, and a sharp upturn in the volume of general freight were cited by railway officials as responsible for the tie-up. . . Movement of Prince Edward Island potatoes is contributing to the heavy traffic and there is an increasing amount of lumber for shipment. . . All available railwaymen have been called back to their jobs and railway traffic in the Maritime Provinces of the Canadian National Railways improved so rapidly during the winter months that new men are being trained."

Such were the high-spots of a Canadian Press despatch from Truro, N.S., appearing in Saturday's Guardian. In the same issue appeared the announcement from Amherst, N.S. that the Maritime Transportation Commission, recently re-organized, is already functioning energetically in the interests of Maritime shippers and producers. Elsewhere, in the report of Premier MacMillan's speech in the legislative Draft Address debate, the assurance is given that the proposed permanent highway linking Charlottetown with the Trans-Canada Highway will be undertaken entirely at Dominion expense and that an engineer from Ottawa will be here shortly to consult with local engineers and to decide on the most suitable route.

These news items, following the reports of steadily increasing farm prices and the plans discussed at the annual meetings of our agricultural organizations for improving methods of production and co-operative marketing, show clearly the strides which this country has been making during the past few months, and justify the most optimistic statements with regard to the immediate future. It is evident that while Canada is leading the way in world recovery, the Maritime Provinces are in the van of the procession and have unprecedented opportunities to benefit from the Ottawa agreements which are proving to be the essential factor in Canada's trade revival.

BESSBORO CENTINARY

Mr. Fred Williams, the Toronto Mail and Empire historian, writes that 1894 is a centennial year for the family of Canada's Governor-

Notes By The Way

Captain Brymore Eric Miles, chief of the London Salvage Corps, has been awarded the Victoria Cross for his gallantry in the sinking of the ship "The Broom" in the North Sea. He was a member of the arming ring recently broken up. In other words the watchdog had turned wolf. Thus ends what English papers have described as the worst case of corruption revealed in England within living memory.

The resolution passed by the House of Lords and accepted by the Government declared that the question "is of first importance to the whole Empire and imperatively calls for immediate and most serious attention of the Government in co-operation with the Governments of the Dominions and Colonies." Certainly the preservation of British shipping concerns the rest of the Empire only less than it concerns Great Britain. No long-term policy for its defence against foreign state-aided competition could be successful without the support of the Dominions and Colonies. Therefore it was framed in consultation with them.

The headline that greeted those who opened their morning newspapers on Monday announced "Britain to fight on for disarmament." That is just about what it is coming to, a fight to force the nations unwilling to disarm to do so. The "Presumably" it will never reach a state of affairs where there will actually be a war for the sole purpose of arriving nearer lasting peace by disarming the nations. That paradox would be too grim for the execution of today. The catchword "a war to end war" used eighteen or nineteen years ago was little more than a device of self-justification. Nevertheless when small boys are perpetually quarrelling, the execution of the word is necessary to apply a little sharp correction to bring them to their senses, and there are nations today whose behaviour is painfully like that of quarrelling children on whom sweet reasonableness is so much wasted effort.

More grief is the story from France of the vindication of five non-commissioned officers by a special military court sixteen years after their alleged failure to obey orders and the award to the families of the unfortunate men of one franc damages—valued in our currency at less than seven cents. Under the tragic circumstances the execution of the men's honor may perhaps be of supreme importance, since life taken cannot be restored, but if any attempt be made to value life in terms of money seven cents seems a trifling compensation. It only shows how varied are national points of view.

France has followed the example of the United States in "declaring war" on gangsters, specifically the St. Vitus' bunch. Just before the weekend the case took a surprising turn when the lovely widow of the late but little lamented villain of the piece was arrested for supposed complicity in the St. Vitus' case. It is strange to have given the name of a criminal, undeniably clever in other respects so frequently overlook cheque counterfoils. That which they keep for their own guidance will necessarily put others on the track of the truth.

If brains were the predominant factor in government, the Brahmin intelligentsia of India could provide enough to rule the whole of Asia. Brahmins, allied with the scarcely less subtle brains of the high caste Hindu, aspire to govern the Empire that Great Britain has built up in India. The claim in fact rests mainly on intellectual and not on physical culture at that. It is such a hybrid culture that is such a puzzle to the firmest based? History replies with a decisive negative.

After all, who or what was it that compelled the manufacturers and the stores to strive after cheapness? Wasn't it the public? The whole lot of us! Isn't it all simply the result of the public's thoughtless craze for low prices, for cheap goods, a pressure that drives manufacturers and producers alike to compete to the last degree to give the public what it wants? Most of us, when it comes to economics, don't think. We are just blindly selfish and shortsighted. If we thought at all, or were even too lazy or too indifferent to read a little history, we would know that cheapness is, always has been and always will be, a curse to any country. The manufacturers and the storekeepers seek low prices mainly so that they may compete. When they pay small wages it is so that they may produce and sell goods that will compete in price in a world that is largely indifferent to quality. The manufacturer who operates a union shop and the retail merchant who is a sympathetic employer—both types, greatly in the majority thank heaven—have to do business in opposition to concerns operated on cold-blooded rules.

Publicity is what politicians thrive on. It is doubtful if they can thrive on any other diet. If they are deprived of it they starve to death and retire to private life. The favorite ruse of publicity-seeking Senators is to give everybody a glimpse through the galleries are crowded and make a prepared speech. The audience may have been attracted to hear a certain matter discussed, but there is no obligation upon a Senator to discuss anything. In the middle of a debate on a treaty, is permitted to regale his hearers with an eulogy of Washington. This will usually thrill his hearers and get space in the newspapers. If the Senator is a sufficiently persuasive orator everybody will forget that what he is saying has no relevance to the matter in hand. But that is how reputations are built up in the world of American politics.

President Roosevelt, at the close of his first year in office, took occasion to remark upon the amazing

That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

FEVER FROM AN UNKNOWN CAUSE

You are one of your family may have a little rise in temperature at times; in fact the temperature may be a little above normal for a prolonged period.

Usually the cause of this fever or rise in temperature is known, but there are times when the cause is not known and so in hospitals it is spoken of as "fever (pyrexia) of unknown origin."

Sometimes this fever is due to a low type of infection in the intestine; at other times to a "quiet" infection in the tonsils, teeth, or sinuses; at other times to tuberculosis which is not readily apparent under ordinary examination.

However there are times when the most painstaking methods in the hospital with the aid of different kinds of laboratory tests fail to disclose the cause of the fever or rise in temperature.

Now a fever in itself is not a bad sign; in fact it shows that the body is fighting some trouble or ailment and fever is your body's best fighting weapon.

But naturally if the body is called upon to put up this fight, day after day, it is bound to be drained on the whole reserve strength of the body and weakness may readily follow.

Dr. Albert H. Rowe, Oakland, California, points out that sometimes this rise in temperature is due to certain common foods eaten daily or almost daily by the individual. Various research physicians have shown that foods to which an individual may be "sensitive" may be responsible for an occasional or even a prolonged rise in temperature, both in young and adult life, when other recognized causes of fever have been found to be not responsible for it.

Now this sensitiveness to certain foods may or may not run in the patient's family; and the patient himself may not even know that he is sensitive to certain foods as he has no hives, no "head cold," or other symptoms that often show when certain foods are eaten. The thought then is that with the aid of a physician the patient's usual or commonest causes should first be sought—teeth, tonsils, sinuses, intestine—and if not found then the possibility of food sensitiveness be remembered.

Canada's Forests Depleted

(Mail and Empire)

In a pamphlet of 24 pages entitled "Forest Facts," the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, exposes the deplorable waste of a great natural resource. It is a fundamental precept of forestry, that the annual production of a forest—timber, fire, insects, disease, etc.—should be kept within the quantity of wood annually produced in the forest through the processes of growth. This precept simply recognizes the fact that a forest is a continuous use of the forest as a productive organism. While we have displayed an extraordinary amount of ingenuity in building up an industry to consume timber supplies, we have lagged far behind European countries in the protection and rational development of the very resource upon which that industry must depend.

The department in their pamphlet declares that the foundation of an adequate forest policy lies in the segregation to their true economic use of all lands in the Dominion which are valuable only for timber production. Greater care must be directed toward confining settlement to truly agricultural areas, preserving the forest lands for the purpose intended by nature, namely, the growing of trees. This fundamental and effective principle of application of a definite scheme of land classification by the government administering the land resource. Timbered districts must be subjected to intensive survey, and agricultural and true forest lands must be definitely and finally demarcated. The next step is the permanent dedication, by statute, of the true forest lands for use in timber production and watershed protection. It is claimed, that in this way, and in this way only, can there be provided to the several forest authorities the foundation upon which they may build and develop adequate methods of protection and efficient and enduring measures of forest management.

and universal increase in the intelligent interest of the people of the United States are taking in the government of the country. In the cities, in the hamlets and on the farms, men and women in their daily contacts are discussing the methods by which community and national problems are solved, by stated. This is undoubtedly true, and it is likewise true to state that the gloomy attitude of a year ago has been replaced by a spirit of hope that is almost as general as the popular interest that is being shown in the developments. The people are behind the President in his efforts and have faith in him. That is a good national combination.

An Old Spanish Custom

(Toronto Globe)

It must be nearly forty years now since first he went to jail. And still he languishes there, still hopes, still, with unquenched and unquenchable faith in the New World's gallantry, he keeps up his letter-writing—the Spanish Prisoner.

There were three or four centuries after the Armada when, onions apart, the English-speaking peoples more or less lost touch with Spain. But along in '78 the Spanish-American War came to put the land of comb, inquisitions, omelettes and bull-fights in the eight-column-flare class for the south half of this continent. It was then, so legend has it, that the Spanish Prisoner first took his pen in hand. The far-off voices of newsmen calling Spanish gringa atrocities in the strange American tongue came to his captive but enterprising ears as the voice of opportunity. Hearkening to the words of Wall Street Time passed. Having freed Cuba from the yoke of Spain, the United States withdrew (officially), leaving the infant republic to work out its present salvation with the advice and assistance of Wall Street.

Spain, generally speaking, left it at that, too, and turned from America to more domestic disagreements. Not so the Spanish Prisoner. Spanish insurgents could rise and Spanish cavalry could march down. Revolutions could coffee and Alfonso go. It made no difference to him. He had his letters to write; letters to America.

What had this continent ever done for the Spaniard in return for getting discovered and named entirely at Spanish expense? That, apparently, was what the Spanish Prisoner asked himself when first he began choosing prospective benefactors at random from among the inhabitants of North America—towns and villages. That, apparently, is what he asks himself yet, as with Castilian politeness and more than Castilian industry, he pursues the search for dividends on that 1892 investment.

From time to time he must have found one. Two, perhaps. It stands to reason. Even a Spanish Prisoner, out of touch with the world as all Spanish Prisoners are known to be, would hardly keep on beseeching a succession of utter strangers for funds to get himself out of jail with if in thirty-odd years no one had answered him at all. Of late, though, he seemed to have lost heart. Since 1929 or thereabouts letters from the Spanish Prisoner have been coming in these parts. Therefore The Globe thanks Mr. James Simpson of Tottenham, Ontario, for sending on the letter that proves beyond peradventure that the Prisoner yet lives and hopes. The letter came to Mr. Simpson from Spain this week. It reads:

Dear Sir: Being imprisoned here by bankruptcy I beseech you to help me to obtain a sum of 300,000 dollars to have in America necessary to come here to raise the seizure of my baggage paying to the Registrar of the Court the expenses of my trial and recover my portmanteau containing a secret telegram to a person of my confidence who will deliver it to me, addressed as follows: Mario Calvet, Lista Correo 404, Alcala (Valencia) Spain

As a model of strict veracity the letter may fall short of the ideal. Considered as romantic fiction it is weak in spots; though the strong enchantment of its final sentence—"To instruct you all my secret"—can atone for many faults.

None the less it is good to have news of the Spanish Prisoner again. It is pleasant to know that, in a Spain of change and republicanism, he at least stands firm for the old Spanish customs. It is heartening to be assured that faith in this continent's opportunities is still cherished even by an Iberian rogue. It is a thing worthy of remembrance that in Alcala, Valencia, Spain, at the Correo 404, dwells a countryman of Sancho Panza's who has every confidence in Canadian credulity.

But, the Spanish Prisoner will have to earn it sooner or later, so far as Tottenham, Ont., is concerned the confidence is misplaced. Not the most Spanish of Prisoners can put that old stuff over on Tottenham.

The Poet's Corner

FROM "A SHERIFFS LAD"

When I was one-and-twenty I heard a wise man say, "Give crowns and pounds and guineas away as often as you can; But not your heart away; Give peace and love and rubies; But keep your fancy free." But I was one-and-twenty, No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty I heard him say again, "The heart out of the bosom Was never given in vain; 'Tis pale with sighs a-plenty And sold for endless rue." And I am two-and-twenty, And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

—A. E. HOUSMAN.

When The Crows Return

(Montreal Gazette)

At this time of year a vast number of folk who make no pretence whatsoever of being naturalists, in the technical sense of the word, are on the outlook for the return of Jimmy Crow to our northern atmosphere. Any day in early March we may expect to behold the arrival of this sedate haberdashier, wheeling his way across the sky and shouting to all the world the news that once more he is back within reach of the old homestead. And no sight is more welcome. The sound falls pleasantly upon the ear. "Corvus" has no such noise as the bell-tongued cuckoo. He cannot chant in liquid tones as does the robin. From the musical viewpoint any song-sparrow or meadow lark might despise Jim. Crow as afflicted with what the experts call "lame defecation," and incapable of turning a tune. Yet the one dead-level noisy "quark" with which Corvus bombs the air can be heard for miles and what the voice lacks in melody it makes up in vigorous force, in the rapid and tireless rattle of the throat message kept up mile after mile just as though it was the shout from the throat that supplies motive power to the speeding wing. What care we if the speaker, who has a real message to deliver lacks that nice and soothing tone which we are wont to ally with the effectiveness of an address, provided that the content of the message itself is of cheery complexion and tends to brace the spirit, to bring new courage and new hope into our lives? And who shall deny that in this all-important matter the broadcast "caw-song" of the crow may well be numbered amongst those inspiring ditties—

"That leave in the heart more lasting delight Than the sweetest soprano in highest flight."

Usually the poets have neglected the crow. In many lands he is considered a bird of ill omen. All the same, there is another side to the picture. This much can be said in his favor. The image of the crow is to be found upon the heraldic scutcheons of many ancient families, thus proud to engrave his form thereon as emblem of homely virtues, of fidelity in service and of loyalty to home and kindred, ever striving to rightfully preserve the interests of domestic relations considered as the bond of society in all its activities and the secret of human progress. And this poetic symbolism is well derived and well conceived. For in these respects we may say a good word for the crow. He is a home-loving creature. Each year he comes back to the same spot where for generations the "Caw" family have built their nests and taken up their summer residence. Back to the selfsame spot on the farm, beside a stream, or upon the familiar and chosen camp of trees in a meadow, or again, perchance, on the edge of the woods, do the crows come, and they prefer the particular location of their family manor to any other spot in the whole world. We say "straight as the crow flies." But he does not fly so straight as this adage would seem to indicate. He makes a flight of inspection. He knows the "stations" or landmarks along the route he must take to get back home, although the distance may be a thousand miles or more. This is characteristic of all migrating birds. They have a regular, set-line route and never deviate from it, though how they find and keep to it in the way they actually do is still much of a mystery. It may be instinct, or memory, or observation, or perhaps a combination of all three elements in their make-up. But for this homing faculty or "instinct," if we prefer the term, the crow has no superior. He is ever alert and watchful. Furthermore, he is the most faithful of mates. He weds for life. It has been stated that in this respect he stands almost unique in the bird world. What northern landscape would seem complete without its line of crows? They harmonize with grey skies and brown fields. They are the birds of all weather whilst in residence and are never more busily engaged foraging for "stuffs" than on rainy days. They are very talkative creatures and fond of what we call club life. But it is as commentators upon the scenery and the seasons they are best known. They sit in naturally with the landscape. And the crow comes in March with the glad message that spring-time is at hand.

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Splashing Motorists (Winnipeg Free Press) With pools of water all over the streets, motorists have an opportunity to show some courtesy and consideration for pedestrians by refraining from splashing them with water. The great majority of motorists are considerate of other people, but there are many exceptions and during the last few days many people trying to cross the streets or standing at the street car stops, have been soaked by careless drivers and have had feelings of exasperation. This could all be prevented by motorists either avoiding the pools or moderating their speed as they pass through them. If all will do this, they will win the appreciation of every pedestrian. It is the courtesy of life and regard for other people that makes this old world worth living in.

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