

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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MONDAY, JANUARY 11, 1926

THE FIFTEENTH PARLIAMENT

The Fifteenth Parliament of Canada, whether it be long or short, is destined to pass into history as a "thing apart." It will form a lone chapter in the history of Canada. "Begot in sin and shapen in iniquity" would be a not unfitting caption to the chapter. The Speech from the Throne, published in Saturday's Guardian, although looked forward to with some curiosity has aroused little interest. It is just about what had been anticipated. It promises a panacea for every ill. Taxation is to be reduced. Immigration on a gigantic scale is to be developed. The Hudson Bay Railway is to be built, a Royal Commission is to investigate the grievances of the Maritimes, an advisory tariff board is to look into the customs problems and adjust the question of duties; in short everything that has been complained of is going to be remedied. Of course the government, busy and distracted as it had been during the period of incubation could not think of every little detail and the Speech was brought forth minus a number of features which were prominent in former Speeches of the King government, notably Senate reform, proportionate representation, etc. But that by the way. The Speech contains promises to remedy everything and what more could be looked for except the necessary credulity on the part of the people, and heaven knows, perhaps we can supply that.

More interest will centre around the report of the opening round of the fight on the floor of the House. Whether Mr. Lapointe knew that notice must be given before introducing a motion or intended to carry his point in defiance of parliamentary procedure and by sheer brute strength of the majority which he felt were at his back may not be easily determined but to the credit of the Speaker, parliamentary procedure was followed and Mr. Lapointe's motion was deferred till Monday.

The Liberal leader was not only knocked out in the first round but one of his leading lieutenants, Hon. E. M. Macdonald, took advantage of the opportunity to show that he was quite ready to violate the rules of the ring and he too was sat upon.

The scrap precipitated by the Liberal leader and the resultant outcome has placed the party in a most unenviable light and it is scarcely possible that honest Liberals will consent to follow far along the road they have chosen. The reference made by Mr. H. H. Stevens of Vancouver to "the gentleman Wm. Lyon Mackenzie King who is not premier and is not even a member of the House" and who has declared his intention to make official appointment, was a scathing one and a striking picture of the Liberal situation as it stands at present. The whole situation is disgraceful and it is inconceivable that the people of Canada will stand for it, inconceivable also that honest Liberals will consent to continue the farce.

A NEWSPAPER MAN DIED

Newspaper men, regardless of political or religious creed, regardless of wealth or poverty, of worth-

Sooner or later they all die as others do. Like others also, they share the common lot of alternate bricks and bouquets while living and, with few exceptions, the most gorgeous bouquets after death.

There are exceptions of course. Some bricks are hurled even after death. This is especially true of Frank A. Munsey, of New York, one of the most noted publishers of his time and who died recently. During his life time he received many bouquets as a successful publisher, newspaper-man and business man. Being exceedingly wealthy the bouquets were more in evidence during his lifetime than the bricks. After his death and still continuing, the bricks and bouquets are both strongly in evidence.

His estate is variously valued at anywhere between twenty and forty millions. By his last will and testament he left the bulk of this to the Metropolitan Art Museum. Making that institution the wealthiest of its kind in the world. Why the munificent gift for this particular object is not clearly indicated as he was not, during his lifetime, regarded as a patron of art. Doubtless many of the bouquets came from the beneficiaries. The bricks came from other directions notably from the publishing fraternity. He is said to have made his money by lucky investments in steel and to have added to it by a chain of "cash-and-carry" groceries. Further, he is said to have used his money in a monopolistic attack upon other publishers, ruthlessly ruining them and putting them out of business.

Toronto Saturday Night, in a recent issue, threw this brick at him: "In commerce he was undoubtedly an organizer of genius but his was the type of commercial mind which has ever been a blight upon the newspaper business. By his operations as a publisher he destroyed more fine, historic newspapers than any man who ever entered the publishing field in America. The history and traditions of a great journal meant nothing to him because he was the type of individual who cheapened everything he touched. In his journalistic graveyard are entombed the New York Sun, the New York Herald, the New York Press, the New York Daily News, the New York Globe (a journal of especial distinction) and the New York Evening Mail, the Philadelphia Times, and a host of lesser publications. His colossal and stupid blunders as a newspaper publisher cost him vast sums, but he always managed to recoup himself from business enterprises of a different order. Out of the wreckage he did manage to retain two profitable evening newspapers, sturdy enough to survive his ineptitude, the New York Evening Sun and the New York Telegram, which came into his possession as part of the James Gordon Bennett estate. A few years ago he was reputed to have newspaper properties in Baltimore also, but how these have fared information is lacking at this distance.

And now for want of real Ministers enough to go round the 18 or more departments these are to be recast, two into one here and there, to make them fit the emergency without incurring the danger of defeat in by-elections! This is foreshadowed in the Speech from the Throne. Thus the Man Without a Seat goes on mixing and muddling the country's affairs into a political chaos.

But still there is hope for the country. There is a much larger number of able men in the new House of Commons than in that which was dissolved last year. The October election cleared the House of much useless lumber and replaced it with better material and there is good reason to believe that the sound common sense of the majority will in due time bring order out of the political chaos now existing. Until then, be the time longer or shorter we must possess our souls in patience. In the business world there are hope-

EDITORIAL NOTES

The fairly heavy frost of the past few nights has made the ice on the rivers comparatively safe.

Intense interest is being taken in the row at Ottawa and many are asking whether our local Liberal

Notes By The Way

"There is no Government," said Mr. Meighen, when the election of Speaker was about to be considered. On the other hand a special despatch from Ottawa to The Patriot of Friday last states that Mr. Mackenzie King, speaking the night before, "made it clear that the Government proposes to resume its full powers when the speech from the throne is delivered." The said speech from the throne has been delivered.

The Liberal theory appears to be that there is still a government, although the Prime Minister and eight of his colleagues have been defeated in one or other of the four provinces of Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Ontario and Manitoba and not one of them has found a seat since being defeated. It therefore appears that Mr. Meighen is quite right in saying that there is no government.

Instead therefore of Mr. King stating "the Government will resume its full powers," the most he could truthfully say would be that the remaining fragment of what was once a Government would usurp the powers which the King Government had once possessed and attempt to carry on.

In the days when Premier Meighen succeeded Premier Borden and Mr. King was leading the Opposition, Mr. King was loud in his denunciation of Premier Meighen as "a usurper" and uttered "without a mandate" from the people. Yet Mr. Meighen was at that time a duly elected member of the House of Commons, and as Premier was supported by a very large majority in the House!

If under such conditions Premier Meighen was "a usurper and without a mandate," then what shall we say of Mr. King today? What must he think of himself? Where is his mandate from the people to rule this country and tell the people what he and his Government propose to do. Does he not stand convicted out of his own mouth and by his own words, uttered in Parliament when he had a seat there, as the most audacious usurper known to parliamentary history?

He has no seat in Parliament, no voice or vote, and no majority of elected supporters in that body. He has not yet made known where he will try to get a seat. The mandate of people at the polls refused him the majority which he dissolved the House to get, and gave him and his Government a minority instead. And an acting Premier is appointed to lead the fragment of a government and to lead the House in his stead!

Be it observed that nobody but a Premier with full powers could appoint an acting Premier. By no such authority was Mr. Lapointe designated to that position. Mr. Mackenzie King had no authority to attempt to appoint another to fill his place as Premier after his own defeat. Mr. Meighen is doubtless quite right in stating that there is no Government, and that when Mr. Lapointe nominated Mr. Lemieux for re-election he was speaking only as a member of the House.

If Mr. King has by his own words proved himself a usurper of the Premiership since his defeat, what shall we say of the acting Premier, Mr. Lapointe? The country has been afflicted with acting Ministers since 1921. Mr. Robb was for years acting Minister of Finance while Mr. Fielding was disabled. And there were others including an acting Minister of Immigration. Since the election in October last we have the additions of an acting Premier and acting Ministers of Railways, Labor, Trade and Commerce and Secretary of State.

And now for want of real Ministers enough to go round the 18 or more departments these are to be recast, two into one here and there, to make them fit the emergency without incurring the danger of defeat in by-elections! This is foreshadowed in the Speech from the Throne. Thus the Man Without a Seat goes on mixing and muddling the country's affairs into a political chaos.

But still there is hope for the country. There is a much larger number of able men in the new House of Commons than in that which was dissolved last year. The October election cleared the House of much useless lumber and replaced it with better material and there is good reason to believe that the sound common sense of the majority will in due time bring order out of the political chaos now existing. Until then, be the time longer or shorter we must possess our souls in patience. In the business world there are hope-

That Body of Hours



ANOTHER HELP IN LUNG TROUBLE

When the X-Ray meal, bismuth was first used to diagnose troubles in the stomach and intestine it marked a new era in medicine. That the progress of this material could be traced from its entrance into the body, to its exit some days later, seemed nothing short of wonderful! And now our lung specialists have taken a leaf from this book. The early method of diagnosing consumption or lung trouble was by "sounding" the chest. Unless the condition had progressed a considerable distance it was called Bronchitis, and thus a great deal of valuable time was lost.

But with the advent of the X-Ray, the cavities and healed spots were brought into view and a correct diagnosis was made much earlier. And now another definite step forward has been made along the lines of the bismuth meal in the intestine.

A solution of iodine in a vegetable oil is the substance used. It is a local anesthetic to the larynx, a tube is slipped into the windpipe and a small amount of this iodine solution is poured in. The patient is then moved about in such a way that the oil will run where it is wanted, and an X-Ray picture is taken. The oil making a black picture wherever it goes, shows up cavities and dilated air sacs.

Of course some folks criticize these new methods, and tell us that our physicians are depending upon all these mechanical aids, and the time will soon be at hand when all delicacy of touch, necessity for careful weighing of facts and symptoms will be lost, and our physicians will be mere automatons.

But why do we have physicians? Are they just to attend lectures, attend the various clinics, learn to diagnose cases and so forth just to develop themselves and their technique?

No! Their work is to relieve suffering humanity, and to learn to recognize the early signs of all ailments that come to mankind.

To prevent trouble is their biggest work. And so this new device to make clear points about lung trouble, that the most skillful physician would not possibly discover, will be just one more aid to them in their work for the world's sufferers.

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

January 11, 1926

CONFIDENCE—"And the Lord said... I have known Abraham to the end that they may keep the way of the Lord, to do righteousness and justice." Gen. 18:17, 19.

PRAYER:—Eternal Father, enable us so to live and teach that our children and youth may do Thy will in righteousness and justice.

TODAY AND TOMORROW

If Fortune with a smiling face Strew roses on our way; When shall we stoop to pick them up? To-day, my love, to-day. But should she frown with face of care And talk of coming sorrow, When shall we grieve—if grieve we must? To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those who wronged us own their faults, And kindly pity, pray; When shall we listen and forgive? To-day, my love, to-day. But if stern justice urge rebuke, And warmth from memory borrow, When shall we chide—if chide we dare? To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those to whom we owe a debt And harmed unless we pay, When shall we struggle to be just? To-day, my love, to-day. But if our debtor fall our hope, And pleads his ruin through, When shall we weigh his breach of faith? To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If Love, estranged, should once again His gentle smile display, When shall we kiss his proffered lips? To-day, my love, to-day. But if he would indulge regret Or dwell with bygone sorrow, When shall we weep—if weep we must? To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys The minutes will not stay; We've always time to welcome them. To-day, my love, to-day. But care, resentment, angry words, And unavailing sorrow, Come far too soon if they appear To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

ing but the hand of Heaven or our own folly can blight the Dominion

Munsey a Giant in Publishing World

Frank Munsey's death closed one of the most remarkable careers in the history of American publishing. It is a long time since the death of any American who had not been conspicuous in public life brought so many tributes of regard and affection, as that of Mr. Munsey. He began as a poor boy on a Maine farm, and as the result of hard work, persistence, unflinching confidence and an uncanny knowledge of what the reading public wanted he amassed a fortune variously estimated at from \$25,000,000 to \$40,000,000. He died without direct heirs, an aged sister being his nearest kin. Mr. Munsey was a bachelor and on more than one occasion he deplored the fact, but never hinted at a blighted romance. He never received anything but a common school education for he went to work while a youngster in a general store. Later he became a telegraph operator and it is said had only a day's practical instruction, his subsequent mastery of the key having been acquired by intensive study and practice. It was from a little Maine city where he was chief telegraph operator that he bore down on New York with the determination to succeed in the publishing business.

The First Magazine.

He was twenty-eight years old when he arrived in the great city, his earthly possessions being the clothes he stood in, forty dollars in cash and a grip full of manuscripts which he had bought for \$450. But he had a promise from a friendly stockbroker that he would advance \$2,000 of the \$4,000 which Munsey said he needed to start a magazine to be called The Golden Argosy. But the broker's promise proved a delusion. The promise of another friend in the publishing business to advance \$1,000 was also withdrawn and Munsey was left with the remains of his forty dollars and the manuscripts. Eventually he interested another publisher and The Golden Argosy saw the light in December, 1882. Five months later the publisher failed. Munsey was obliged to take over the good will of the publishing plant in lieu of the \$1,000 the publisher owed him and he then began a desperate struggle to get the magazine going. A Maine friend lent him \$300 and this kept him while he learned the publishing business basically, to use his own phrase. He owed \$5,000 at this period and contracted a debt for another \$10,000 in an advertising campaign to get his magazine well launched.

The Ten Cent Idea.

After long days of struggle in the office, tolling by candle light, Munsey set to work to write a story that would bring popularity to his magazine. The result was a six thousand word serial entitled "Adrift in a Great City," into which he put his best efforts. The story was worth advertising he thought, and the advertising put new life into The Golden Argosy. But the work was hard and the rewards were slow. Four years after beginning the magazine, its name shortened to The Argosy, it was earning him \$100 a week and he was paying off his debts. He wrote another story called "The Boy Broker," and this drew more readers to the magazine, and it reached a circulation of 15,000, with a net income of \$1,500 a week. But the circulation began to slump! In 1891 he started Munsey's Magazine to take the place of the failing Argosy, selling the joint publication for 25 cents a copy. The single stroke that did more than anything else to found his fortunes as a publisher was to reduce the price to ten cents. Publishers and distributors agreed that this was folly. The largest distributor in the country refused to circulate his magazine until Munsey by dint of what he called "bribe" caused readers everywhere to demand it from the distributor. The first issue numbered 40,000, but eventually it reached 1,000,000 and gave the publisher an annual income of \$700,000.

The Champion Consolidator.

He bought other magazines from time to time, including The Scrap Book, The Railroad Man's Magazine, the All Story Magazine, and the Ocean. He made few mistakes and much money and then launched out in the newspaper field. At one time or another he owned seven dozen American cities. At the time of his death he owned but two, The Sun and the Evening Telegram of New York. He bought the New York Herald and later sold it to the New York Tribune people. He bought and extinguished the New York Globe, one of the finest evening newspapers in the United States. He was much criticized in newspaper circles for his purchases, and for the elimination of papers that had an honorable tradition and many warm friends. But Mr. Munsey had his own ideas on the matter. He argued that a newspaper to maintain its independence had to be wealthy, and that it could be wealthy and influential only when it was part of a powerful organization. In a word he applied the methods of big business to newspaper publishing.

A Newspaper Menace.

His ideas on the subject were expressed publicly when he made his last consolidation of New York papers. He said then "There is no greater menace to a community than newspapers that are struggling to keep alive in an overcrowded newspaper field and without strong financial stamina. The New York evening newspaper field is now in good shape through the elimination of an oversupply of evening newspapers. Three evening newspapers have been eliminated as individual entities from New

Ready Money for Opportunity or for emergency



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Capital \$10,000,000 Reserve \$19,500,000 Total Resources \$230,000,000

The Three Contests

That Hon. Frank McPhee has the contest in Cardigan won is a foregone conclusion; and the tone of the electors at the different joint meetings has demonstrated this opinion clearly. The people of Cardigan are not so blind to their own interests as to spurn the benefits of having the Department of Public Works offered for their acceptance. They know what it means and from long experience understand that their turn has come, and they intend to hold on to them. They know that any other district in the Province would appreciate such a benefit and show thankfulness and this is what we believe that district will do and is not capable of doing anything else. Moreover, they have the offer of choosing a young man of energy, talent and high repute to represent them and they may be relied upon to record their approval of the offer. They have everything to gain and nothing to lose by accepting such fair treatment at the hands of the Stewart Government.

Lost Speech From Fright

COBALT, Jan. 10.—A Toronto fur buyer named Bemson was attacked by a pack of wolves North of Temiskaming late last evening when coming down with a load of furs on a dog team. There were eighteen wolves in the pack which Bemson shot four. The wolf pack got all his dogs but one, absolutely deprived of speech by the fright. He managed to get to North Temiskaming last night and was brought to the Cobalt Hospital this morning.

Harvester Company Takes Chance On Corn Price

CHICAGO, Jan. 10.—Dollar corn today became a reality for buyers of farm implements. Confident that corn will reach one dollar or more a bushel within the next six months, the International Harvester Company today authorized its dealers to accept any merchantable corn in payment for farm implements on the basis of one dollar a bushel for no. 2 corn at Chicago. The company said it wanted to restore confidence in the corn belt, and added that if corn goes above one dollar before the farmer is called on to deliver next May or July he can sell it elsewhere and pay for his implements in the regular way.

WISER EATING.

How differently we are eating today from the methods of our fathers twenty years ago. Then the tables groined with viands and the guests groined afterwards. Our hardy forefathers were outdoor workers and rail riding, permitted hearty eating. Then came the indoor stage when we were still overladen and died young. Now we are learning to adjust ourselves and more sanely, have trimmer figures and more resistance to disease. The old English served several kinds of meat at a meal, and almost no vegetables or fruits. Our grandmothers baked pies every day—heavy mince pies and rich puddings and wonderful cakes, besides meats and potatoes and hot breads for almost every meal. Today we are eating less meat and bread and fewer potatoes and are serving daintier dinners. Many, we have learned the value of growing home foods, and salads have come into their own. In Cafeterias, where the eaters choose what they want, the menus are selected with surprising wisdom. Milk forms the base of many a noon lunch with baked apple, a dish of stewed prunes and a salad and perhaps a sandwich. Those who eat out are doing well, but there is much room for improvement. The spirit is much more a general household love to prepare a generous meal for her dear ones, and with pleasant conversation about the home board, the temptation is to eat too much. Every housewife should know about proteins, carbohydrates, vitamins and mineral salts; and should see that the meals are well balanced with some of each. She should also know how to provide for the growing boys and girls that they may be well nourished, but food herself and her husband to keep both slim. Those who live to good old age are not fat people, but the stouter and wrier. Fat effects the brain, and is clogging to mental activity as well as to physical. It also effects the spirit. We will be savier with less surplus flesh to encumber us. The vital organs will work better and elimination of body poisons will be more complete. The diet rich in vegetables and fruits is the wholesome diet. Growing children need hearty foods. Milk is good for all, one quart daily to each child, and a pint for each adult.

YOUR BIRTHDAY

JANUARY 11.—You are kind-hearted, constant and attractive. But secretive. Once you become a friend you are a friend for all time. Be careful in these friendships, as you are inclined to overlook serious faults in others. You will be successful as a merchant, politician or teacher, and will make a happy marriage. You are very good-tempered. Your birth-stone is a garnet, which means faithfulness. Your flower is a snowdrop. Your lucky colors are navy-blue and black.

NO USE TALKING

When the thermometer is down to zero and the snow begins to fly, there is satisfaction in knowing that your Coal bin is well stocked with good Coal. If not already supplied, we will be pleased to have your order today. We can supply the best Coke and Wood. A. Pickard & Co. PHONE 240

COLD IN THE HEAD

At this season of the year Colds are very prevalent. At the first sign of a Cold in the head get a trial box of our special Cold Capsules. After the second dose your Cold is aborted. 35 Cents Trial Box THE 2 MACS Drugstore 149 Great George Street

Would Remove War Guilt



Israel Zangwill, who takes part in a movement in England to secure the elimination of the clause in the Versailles Treaty which accuses Germany of war guilt. The verger was showing an American visitor over the ancient church, "A great many people sleep within these walls," he said solemnly pointing to the inscription covered floor. "Is that so?" remarked the visitor. "Some way over in our country. Why don't you get a more interesting preacher, one with some punch in him?" Too much pressure when rolling pastry will make it tough.

C.M. LAMPSON & CO

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