

The Charlottetown Guardian

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Federal Contest Next Year?

Some time ago it was suggested in these columns that the King Government might attempt next year to seek a fresh mandate from the electors, and that it behooved Conservative organizations to be prepared for such an emergency.

The same suggestion now comes from Mr. Norman MacLeod, Ottawa correspondent of the Windsor Star, who gives, as one of the reasons for a surprise move on the part of Dominion Government, the possibility that the present business expansion may not overlast 1938, and that it may be followed by a brand new depression in the following year.

"It is only some ten days," writes Mr. MacLeod, "since the Ontario political pot subsided from its recent furious boiling. Yet already the fire is dancing under the Federal cauldron—with some observers prophesying that the lid is due to blow off unexpectedly, a whole lot sooner than most people anticipate."

Specifically the suggestion is being mooted that Prime Minister King, impressed by the success of Premier Hepburn's strategy, is inclined to attempt to duplicate it. A recent meeting at Ottawa, attended both by the Federal Ministers and the two chief organizers of the Liberal party, Norman Lambert and Senator Donat Raymond, is said to have discussed the whole situation in a conference which lasted from morning till midnight.

"Instead of talking about the peace of Europe," writes Mr. MacLeod, "the Cabinet Ministers discussed with Messrs. Lambert and Raymond the equally vital—to them—question of the politics of Canada. The conference, as already mentioned, was a lengthy one. Had it lasted much longer the Ministers who board at the Chateau Laurier would not have been able to take their dinner in the cafeteria, but would have had to patronize the main dining room at a la carte prices."

According to the reports that reached the press, Premier King, as presently advised, favors a 1938 election. In addition to hoping to take the Conservatives by surprise, there is the additional factor that a temporary business recession is under way in the United States. So far, Canada has not been affected to any extent, and the expectation is that, with the congressional elections due next year, President Roosevelt can be relied upon to take steps to meet the situation. There are economists at Ottawa, however, who foresee the end of the Rooseveltian spending policy when the congressional elections are over, and the consequent commencement of another depression from which Canada will not be immune. It is being forecast for either 1939 or 1940—in either of which years the present Liberal Ministry will have to face the people.

It might be difficult for the King Government to justify an appeal to the electors two years before Parliament's statutory time-limit expires; but Mr. King is an adept at finding political issues, and "needs must when the devil drives". It was by skillfully exploiting the last depression that Mr. King got into office in 1935, and he is too shrewd not to know what would happen if he went to the country under conditions like those which the Bennett Government had to face at that time.

In this Province there is no doubt as to the growing strength of Conservative sentiment; the recent party convention, attended by over a thousand delegates, being the largest and most enthusiastic ever held in this Province. From now on, Conservative effort should be concentrated on organization in every polling division.

Morbid Literature

The Woodstock Sentinel-Review wonders how far "crime is stimulated by trashy literature that suggests abnormal action"; "the indiscriminating news-stand in Canada and the United States is cluttered with magazines carrying material that appeals to low intelligence and morality," the editorial adds. "A major percentage of that kind of reading ought to be barred in Canada. It is mostly of foreign origin and it has a terrifying capacity to excite weak mentality into criminal action."

"This," comments the Hamilton Spectator, "is an old complaint, but it seems impossible to get any remedial action. That much of the literature which pours into this country is of a highly sensational nature, destructive of sane judgment and healthy morality, is not to be denied. Just why the government should be indifferent to this corrupting influence it is hard to say. The authorities are keenly conscious of the danger arising from toleration of impurity of a physical kind, but they close their eyes to the harm done to susceptible minds by this filthy flood of indecencies which is allowed to circulate undisturbed."

That this is a real menace to which the Ontario papers refer is realized by most thinking Canadians. It was one of the points made by Rt. Hon. Mr. Bennett in speaking in Charlottetown recently, in connection with the Canada-United States agreement under which this kind of shoddy American literature—along with other kinds which are above reproach—enters Canada at low duty rates. When the Conservatives took office in 1930, Mr. Bennett explained, "we found that there were about 1,750,000 of American magazines circulating in Canada every week or fortnight. When I saw what was going on in this country, the slow, unconscious influence of all these American magazines on our national life, I said, 'Well, if you are going to send them here you are going to pay for sending them', because their advertising gave them enormous sums of money by reason of their circulation. We put an increased stamp tax on them and they paid us \$800,000 a year. That reduced their circulation by three-quarters of a million, and increased the circulation of Can-

adian magazines, not to that extent but proportionately. That is all gone now (since the Washington agreement). In six months the circulation of their magazines increased another three-quarters of a million, and the \$800,000 revenue was lost."

"I ask you, my friends," Mr. Bennett continued, "how can you build a nation under those circumstances? That is what I could not bring myself to see, and I don't believe the sober second thought of the people of this country would want it to be done... We have got to have policies that have for their purpose the interests of Canada today, Canada tomorrow, Canada the day after tomorrow."

There is no question about the high standard of many American periodicals. Neither is there any question about the harmful effect of the cheaper and more widely circulated publications which appeal to immature minds.

Editorial Notes

This is a great anniversary—Chaucer died, 1400; Agincourt, 1415; Balaclava, 1854.

Not long vacation for the British Parliament. It prorogued on Friday and reassembles tomorrow.

Peace is indispensable to civilization and progress, according to Secretary of State Hull. Most people will concede this with mental reservations. It must be admitted that "war hath her victories", as well as peace, and world "civilization and progress" has not been at all times intimately associated with undisturbed peace and quietness.

It is announced that the Anglo-Indian agreement negotiated at the Ottawa Imperial Economic Conference of 1932, which was due to terminate November 13, 1936, continues in effect until such time as the two governments concerned find it convenient to reconsider the terms. For the purpose of revision, if necessary and desirable.

Our Campbell Government evidently "knows its onions" when it blandly announces to all and sundry that "board to the extent of \$3.50 per week for those attending from outside centres" will be paid those taking advantage of their youth training plan. Do they expect them to board at the Canadian National Hotel with such generosity? Why our legislators get only \$20 per day for attending the annual session.

Hides and skins were imported to the value of \$466,280 in August as compared with \$283,128 in the same month last year, of which \$200,106 came from the United States, \$106,866 from New Zealand, \$67,308 from Argentina and \$33,801 from Cuba. Cattle hides were worth \$330,082 compared with \$141,308 sheep skins \$78,948 compared with \$45,780. Domestic exports of hides and skins were valued at \$499,013 compared with \$271,274 a year ago, of which the United States took \$383,315. Cattle hides and skins amounted in value to \$344,494 compared with \$230,501, calf hides and skins \$99,913 compared with \$32,151, sheep hides and skins \$22,223 compared with \$2,324 and horse hides and skins \$16,672 compared with \$6,249.

Most newspapers burn their old newspaper mats, but The Guardian for some years has been selling them for lining garages and barns. We are now interested to learn that in the city of New York this new use for them has been recognized and adopted for ceiling insulation as well. Mats from newspapers in the forty-eight States have been used, including those of The New York Times for this purpose in a new building in Rockefeller Plaza, New York. Acoustical engineers charged with soundproofing the new Bijur offices considered many types of insulating boards and decided on newspaper mats because tests showed them to have unusually effective sound-absorption qualities. The porous texture of the mat was said to remove room resonance, while at the same time lowering resonance causing echo vibrations. The engineers also found that the naturally rough surface of the mat, formed by type characters, makes a perfect diffuser of sound vibration.

Tragedy, swift as a lightning bolt, turned the gayety of an M. P.'s wedding banquet in England the other day into sudden consternation and grief. The occasion was the marriage of Mr. W. Roston Duckworth and Lady Catherine Reynolds, at Knowle, Warwickshire. Mr. A. E. G. Chorlton, well-known Lancashire Conservative leader, proposed a toast to the bridal pair in a speech which convulsed the guests with laughter. Mr. Chorlton's wife and two daughters and a score of members of Parliament, including his younger brother, member for Bury, listened as he joked about the bridegroom's political life. Then he stopped in the middle of a sentence—"I am all confusion"—and dropped dead. Mrs. Chorlton was taken to Lady Reynolds's room and the bride comforted her. Later the newly married couple were persuaded to carry out their honeymoon arrangements, and they left sadly for Paris.

An extraordinary machine that is to scientist and engineer, with their intricate mathematical problems, what the adding machine is to the clerk with his simple columns of figures, has been invented at Sydney University, Australia. By tracing curves on a sheet of paper, it reduced the weeks ordinarily required for complicated solutions to a matter of hours. The first model is being sent to England to be duplicated for possible world-wide use. It can be adapted for problems of railway engineering, range tables for artillery, statistical investigations, physics, bacteriology and ionospheric and electrical research. It will, for instance, work out in a few minutes exactly how to safeguard any electrical system, either of wiring or machinery, against lightning flashes. The inventor is D. M. Myers, a young research physicist of the Radio Research Board of Australia, and is one of the first results of the Federal government's five year's grant for research in Australian universities.

There is a certain grim poetic justice in the fact that the anonymity which surrounds these pirate

NOTES BY THE WAY

Those in responsible public positions have had no easy task in deciding the wise course to follow under unprecedented conditions. This theory favours public retrenchment in good times and generous spending during depressions, but it presumes that reserve is accumulated during the one period for use in the other. Governments have not yet learned to function that way. Probably, when and if another serious depression arrives, experience during the last six years will prove profitable. We have had at least two notable examples worth studying: that in the United States since President Roosevelt took office, where public spending to provide work has reached stupendous proportions; and that in Great Britain, where other orthodox policies were adopted.—Toronto Globe and Mail.

Certainly the municipal situation needs overhauling. The limited taxation powers of municipalities and their increasing burdens make the taxation on property very high, a point that is stressed by many students of the problem.—Sault Ste Marie Star.

England's Lord Nuffield, great motor magnate who began life as a bicycle-mender, has given Oxford \$500,000 for a College of Social Studies, the while offering it \$500,000 for the Oxford College, plus \$1,000,000 additional endowment for medical research. Lord Nuffield, within the past few years, has given away \$45,000,000, evidently thinking he can distribute his wealth more wisely than the Government could distribute it. Whether he is right or wrong in this, he seems to be making a fair job of it.—Ex.

Rather grudgingly the U.S. health service admits that men are learning sense, though slowly. Modern garments and fabrics for masculine use are an admission that it is much warmer in summer than in winter and that the shedding of an overcoat or even heavy underwear is not enough. But man still submits his neck meekly to the collar and tie. For that matter, would a woman Dame Pashan said she should.—Peterborough Examiner.

It is a modern fashion to confuse these ancient guilds with the trade union, although in fact as many differences as resemblances mark the two. The great distinction is that of all the members of a craft, employers, journeymen and apprentices, and not merely of employees. It was a community in and of itself, with certain rights and prerogatives respecting his trade, commonly recognized as usually embodied in a royal charter. But it nevertheless contained within itself certain seeds which later bore fruit in various aspects of trade unionism, as, for instance, in the closed shop. As early as 1804 the Cordwainers' Society of New York for the first time demanded that employers hiring men who did not belong to their organization or accepted less than their agreed upon scale of wages.—New York Sun.

Although natives are proverbially tough, Kumalo, a Zulu, who employed Mr. Maves in the Harristown district, must be one of the toughest. Kumalo was sent to a neighboring farm in a trap drawn by two horses to deliver two bags of mealies. The horses took fright and bolted. The trap went over a stone and Kumalo was hurled into the air. However, he clung on to the reins and, after being dragged nearly 400 yards over the field, he brought the horses to a stop. Then they swung round with the trap and one of the wheels went over his chest. As he rose one of the animals lashed out at him and hit him on the head, flinging him on to his back. He rose immediately, and then, after resting for about ten minutes, drove on apparently unconcerned.—Johannesburg Star.

Those who know their Bible will find more than ordinary interest in the news these days from Palestine. British policemen ambushed on the Bethlehem Road—sniping near Mt. Hebron—concentration of armed men near Solomon's Pool—patrol of Jerusalem itself by the military. The old place-names—that are among our earliest bits of knowledge come in a new atmosphere.—Hamilton Spectator.

Speaking at the banquet in Tokio of the Japan-British Society the British Ambassador, Sir Robert Clive, made a blunt reference to the misguided ideal of some officials called on to deal with foreign residents or visitors to this country. "I cannot help feeling," he declared, "that much of the time, energy and money devoted to propaganda in this country is often lost through the series of thinking subordinates who are tied to too rigid interpretation of certain rules. Here in Japan a tendency seems to be growing to suspect that every foreigner is concerning himself with things that are not his concern and prying into matters which he should ignore. I suppose that several hundred British people come to Japan annually, but I have a feeling that many more would come if they did not have to go through such an inquisition before landing and did not run a permanent risk of being arrested for unwittingly taking a photograph in the wrong place.—Hong Kong News.

Nowhere is there any great upsurge of public demand to restrict or reduce services which municipal governments perform. Virtually every municipal body is constantly being demanded for increased services, but there seems never to be with that demand any realization that the cost of such expansion must be met. Frequently, too, original appropriations for new services may be small but entail commitments for larger expenditures in the future. If tax limits are to be imposed, it seems only equitable that there should be a limit, too, on the number, kind and quality of services a municipality is to furnish.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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That Body of Hours

By James W. Doran, M.D. CORONARY OCCLUSION—BLOCK IN BLOOD VESSEL SUPPLYING HEART WALL

A man of sixty, meeting a physician acquaintance on the street, said to him, "I've got a touch of indigestion—a couple of pork chops, have you anything in your bag that will relieve it?" The physician gave him a couple of tablets and thought no more about it.

Three hours later, the patient died of "acute indigestion" apparently. However an autopsy revealed that he had died of coronary heart disease or coronary occlusion (blocking of a blood vessel) as it is called, and his history showed that he had suffered with a number of these attacks of so-called "indigestion."

Dr. Bernard S. Kleinman, in Hygeia, says, "Coronary heart disease is the result of wear and tear on the blood vessels in general and on those of the walls of the heart in particular." In a series of 145 cases at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston it has been shown that many of these patients had been suffering from diabetes or abnormally high blood pressure. It stands to reason that these two conditions should lead to coronary occlusion because the lining of the blood vessels in diabetes and high blood pressure become hardened, clay-like and brittle in patches. If a particle of such brittle patch becomes detached, this particle is carried in the blood stream until it reaches such a point that it cannot proceed any farther and at this point occludes or blocks the circulation of the blood.

The pain of an attack of coronary occlusion, while occurring in the same region as in angina pectoris—spasm—that is under the breast bone and up into left shoulder and arm, is more severe, more prostrating, the patient being cold, clammy and ashen gray and often bathed in perspiration. Dr. Kleinman emphasizes the following points: 1. Coronary occlusion is caused by the wear and tear of the blood vessels that nourish the walls of the heart. 2. Diabetes and those with high blood pressure are somewhat predisposed to this disease. 3. It occurs in middle age and during the latter half of life. 4. The symptoms in many cases are not clear-cut, and may be thought to be acute indigestion or indigestion. An electro-cardiograph examination is necessary for recognition of these doubtful cases. 5. Coronary occlusion is a grave but not a hopeless disease, if the condition is promptly recognized and proper treatment is begun at once.

Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth! How he sets his bones To bask in the sun, and thrust out his knees and feet For the ripple to run over in its mirth; Listening to the while, where on the heap of stones The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet. That is the doctrine, simple, ancient, true; Such is the trial, as old earth smiles and knows, If you loved only what were worth our love, Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you; Make the low nature better by your throes! Give earth yourself, go up for gain above! —Browning.

The Poet's Corner

AMONG THE ROCKS

Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth! How he sets his bones To bask in the sun, and thrust out his knees and feet For the ripple to run over in its mirth; Listening to the while, where on the heap of stones The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet. That is the doctrine, simple, ancient, true; Such is the trial, as old earth smiles and knows, If you loved only what were worth our love, Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you; Make the low nature better by your throes! Give earth yourself, go up for gain above! —Browning.

submarines makes it possible to blow every one of them out of the water without offending a single citizen, and without running the risk of a formal war. Pirate submarines are not unlike gangsters. They can be put on the "spot" without peace-loving citizens worrying over much about them. Having placed themselves beyond the pale of the law, gangsters place themselves in many respects beyond its protection in the international field, do pirate ships. The only flag they can legitimately fly is the skull and crossbones.—Hamilton Spectator.

WALE IN PRO GOLF GLASGOW (OP)—A new triangular professional international golf match which will compete is scheduled for Glasgow, Oct. 21-23. It will be Wales' first try at international golf.

"NERVES" SHE CALLED IT

Losing interest—losing friends—she never went out any more—always too tired. "Nerves" she thought—but it was her kidneys, the filters of her blood, that needed attention. Delay meant danger. She took Dodd's Kidney Pills at once. The improved action of her kidneys helped clear away blood impurities and excess acids. Fatigue, headache, backache, lack of energy, disappeared. (17) Dodd's Kidney Pills

The Prince: A Memory

(Sir Andrew MacPhail in Toronto Saturday Night)

"What did the Prince say to you, as he came away, laughing?" "I am not going to tell." "Then, what did you say to him, that made him laugh?" "I just said to him, as I would say to one of yourselves, 'Good-bye, Dear.'"

The woman was the most venerable in the large room; and the Prince being young and shy had sought her company as a refuge against the young and beautiful. Yet I thought it proper to warn her against the traditional power of princes to captivate women by their charm; and this Prince possessed that power above all others. He was the Prince of Wales, the title always borne by the eldest son of England's King. This was his first visit to America, in the summer of 1920; his first land-fall upon the Canadian coast, Prince Edward Island, whose lofty designation had been acquired from another Edward, fifth in ascent from himself, the father of Victoria.

The Renewal and her consorts which had borne him overseas lay in the spacious harbor of Charlottetown. A boat's-crew of eight put off from the warship, and rowed with powerful rhythmic strokes across the water sparkling in the late morning sun. A single person sat in the stern-sheet; the boat came alongside the quay; he sprang ashore and mounted the gangway which was covered with awnings and carpeted in red.

As the Prince of Wales for the first time set foot on American soil, there was no cheering; merely a murmur of awe at the historic meaning of him, and admiration of his fair and youthful beauty. He seemed to emerge from the sea like some fabled visitant. The spectators thronging the quay were mainly of Highland descent. They affected to believe that this was their Bonnie Prince Charlie come over the water again. To many a woman he was her own soldier son who never would return. He was not embarrassed; he spoke to all who ventured to speak with him as if he had come amongst his own. That same woman said, "This young man has been well brought up." Early as it was, some of the Highlanders had been drinking in preparation for the ceremonial. One of them with tears streaming down his ancient face kept repeating to himself the obscure litany of his welcome: "I fought for his father; I fought for his grandfather, I fought for his great-grandmother; I would like to strike a blow for that young fellow too."

Nor were the Highlanders embarrassed. This was not the first time a Prince of Wales had come before a previous Edward had before a similar visit, and the remembrance yet remained. In this Island there is a tradition of high birth and good breeding; and when the Prince appeared his appearance was as natural as the sun above the horizon. This Island was the last refuge of the feudal system. It was originally divided into sixty-seven estates which were assigned to a corresponding number of important personages in England with the obligation of placing their landlords upon them. Some of these landlords visited their estates, and to this day one will be shown in an old house the very chair whereon one of those mighty ones had rested. They brought with them their relatives. The Governors brought aides, justices, and secretaries. Some of them remained to live in reflected or intrinsic glory, and gave to the place a sense of dignity and style. In addition, the Highland immigrants brought with them their own sense of particularity based upon the practice of the Clan.

In a community, therefore, in which all lived in daily intercourse with the descendants of those important persons, although now fallen materially from their high estate, in which nearly every man lives upon his own inherited land, there was little alarm over the arrival of the Prince. A similar ancestral spirit prevails in Oxford. A Mahatma applied from admission to All Souls College. When the Dean was informed that a Mahatma was reincarnation of a member of the Trinity, he declined to admit him on the ground that the undergraduates never would stand it. He was recommended to apply to Magdalen. The President of that particular College made no difficulty; he had had the Prince of Wales the year before. When the Prince acceded to the throne as Edward VIII, the President was pleased to observe that another Magdalen man had done well.

In these intervening years the Prince of Wales has spoken with many American women. It may now be of interest to know something further of the first conversations he ever had with an American woman—for Canada is after all in America—a conversation, it may be added, from which he turned away with young laughter. The woman was the "Master's Wife," a title she retained from the early days when he was Master of the School, at Orwell. To clarify the narrative, or even to make it possible, it must be disclosed that she was my mother, and he my father.

Chief Justice Mathieson, who at the moment was also acting Lieutenant-Governor, had issued invitations to a reception for the Prince, and the Master's wife was included in the number, himself being dead. She announced firmly that she would attend. This resolution, we all believed, merely arose out of a further resolution to have a new dress made—for the last

time. For many years she had in the house a length of heavy black poplin ribbed and lustrous with silk and flax, which she received from a son who had a passion for rich fabrics. The presence of the Prince was held to be sufficient warrant for converting the fabric into a garment; but the task was not easy. Local skill was inadequate. If the materials were entrusted to an establishment in the town, there was no surity that it would not be wasted, or all the remnants returned. In the end she decided to go to the town for a week and engage an artist who would work in her own room under her very eye. She was determined also that the dress "should be high in the neck and with long sleeves." This was to be her final protest against the prevailing fashion. We had at the time—and still have—at Orwell a carriage, known as a Victoria or more correctly and in derision as a barouche, that is, a four-wheeled low vehicle with folding top, two inside seats facing each other, and a high front seat for the driver. This carriage came to the place some years before when motor cars in other places made horses obsolete; but with its rubber tires, Morocco leather, and blue cloth it was yet a sumptuous affair. It could be drawn by two horses, but the nature of the roads prescribed a single draught. This Island was the last place in the world, except Bermuda, to protect itself against the motor car, as it is yet the last place in the world to protect itself against alcohol by a law of prohibition. Although there was no motor car, there was a horse corresponding with the weight and beauty of the carriage. Her name was Gipsy I, a name which she inherited from a predecessor. How Gipsy II came to Orwell, how it came about that she was driven by Barrett—all those years of war from Ypres to Cologne, her friend and mine—in the barouche that carried guests to the reception of the Prince of Wales—all this is contained in the army records. The Master's wife by reason of her age and tall strength—she was then nearly eighty-five—excited a natural interest in that gay company. The new dress alone would have made her remarkable. The black poplin was adorned with embroidered silk, another household treasure, and she herself described the whole effect as "a regal robe." It is little wonder that the Prince with his discerning eye was attracted, and engaged in a conversation from which he turned away, laughing. By a curious sequence of events there was with us at Orwell a young soprano singer from the Metropolitan Opera in New York. Within the next month she perished in a railway accident near New Orleans; her name by this time will have been forgotten. When the Marine Band from the Renewal, who were making the music, finished their program and were putting up their instruments, this singer went quietly to the piano, and in ten minutes sang three songs. The songs were: "The lark now leaves her watery nest, and climbing shakes her dewy wing." "Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings." "Sol-veig's song," yearning for the absent Peer Gynt. To the Prince the songs were familiar; he himself was a musician; he has composed a March for the pipes, and plays that instrument with professional skill. In exquisite deprecation of his own knowledge, the Prince expressed surprise at such excellence in a place whose musical achievements had hitherto escaped his attention. In the spirit and sweep of the opera the singer knelt before him; and as he raised her from the floor she kissed his hand and murmured as she had been duly instructed, "Sir, I have never been off the Island!"—and fled. He was quick to discern that this, and indeed the whole day's performance, was conducted in a spirit of fun at which he afterwards expressed a sense of relief and delight.

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The Chief Justice was a master humorist. On the way home the Master's wife remarked with a touch of old acerbity: "The last time the Prince of Wales was here, it was your aunt Janet who went with your father." That was sixty years ago. Now it was clear why she herself persisted in going this time. She did the following year. At a very early age I had formed the childish design of marrying a well-grown young woman

instigated by her invitation. In preparation for the new way of life I built a house of snow, and gathered birch bark for a fire; but I lacked a costume suitable for the ceremonial. I asked the Master for his "military cap and sword." This cap was a splendid affair with its plume of white feathers. His military career, I learned much later, was confined to a militia Company in which he was lieutenant; but the plumed cap suggests that he must have been transferred to the staff, possibly as paymaster, for his accounts are yet in existence. There is also extant his "marmalade of musketry drill," written in his own hand, and probably copied from an official source. I never saw him in uniform, but often heard him repeat old commands on a loud musical tone, as part of a narrative. The command that astonished most was "Prepare to meet the Cavalry."

In the year 1860, he formed part of the guard of honor that received the then Prince of Wales in Charlottetown. New uniforms were required for the event, but the tailors were overwhelmed with work. The War Office merely issued the blue cloth, and left the forces free to make their own garments. His wife undertook the work for him. A tailor, Sandy Stewart by name, who lived two miles away, agreed to cut the long tunic and supervise the sewing. The tailor, to ensure a perfect fit would spread the cloth upon the grass and have his customer lie upon it, so that the cloth might be cut to conform with the figure. She went to his shop every morning and sewed all day. She often pointed out the shop and the Enman house where she had her dinner. The blue coat with red piping was duly finished in time for the parade, but for some domestic reason it was her sister-in-law, not herself, who witnessed the spectacle. Now, at last, the old grievance was allayed. It is a reasonable surmise that this old theme was the subject of the conversation from which the Prince turned away, laughing.

BUSH OFFERED BOSTON CONTRACT (A.P. by Guardian's Special Wire, MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 21.—Don't Bush, manager of the Minneapolis American Association baseball club said today he had been offered the managership of the Boston National League club. "The Boston job is mine if I see the word," Bush said.

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