

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1927

RAILWAY RATES.

The explanatory statement by the Canadian National Railways, published in yesterday's Guardian, will have been read with considerable interest by our readers, with more interest perhaps than satisfactory conclusion. It will be seen at once that the matter in dispute is in the interpretation of the Act by the Government and the Canadian National Railways respectively. These are bound up together, one as the nominal master, the other the nominal subordinate, and each asserting its own authority. As the whole question has been submitted to the Supreme Court of Canada and is therefore sub judice, we shall await final decision before making comment.

In the matter immediately at issue between the federal government and the National Railway on one side, and the general public on the other, the question of freight rates only is raised. There is another question which, sooner or later—and the sooner the better—must be taken up by the government, the railways and the people, this is the matter of passenger rates, eastward and westward. Going westward the passenger rates are much lower than coming eastward, that means that going westward is like going down hill and consequently easier than coming up the hill backward to the east. This partly explains why so many Maritime Province people go westward, and why so few of them return. While many who have gone West, and who may yet go, have done well there are many others who find it difficult to make enough to pay their way back. On the face of it this is a distinct discrimination against the east and there is no reason for it except to people the west with eastern people, as well as with immigrants. It is no secret that this system of rating was inaugurated by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, which had millions of acres to sell, but this is no reason why the Canadian Government and its people's railways should participate in such discrimination.

OUR COMPETITORS.

There are competitors, some of them members of our Commonwealth of Nations, some of them outside of the Empire, whom we can compete successfully in any line in which, as Canadians, we specialize. There are others, within and without the Empire whom we cannot. Our basic industry, in all of Canada, is agriculture and the corner stone of agriculture is dairying.

Recently, in order to prove to the world that we are a nation, qualified to make our own treaties with foreign countries, we entered into several treaties, some of them with sister British Empire dominions. One of these treaties or trade agreements was made with New Zealand, and that rapidly growing Dominion is a direct competitor with us in dairying. We trust our young folk will have advantages over us which make competition with them a very one-sided affair. In the first place they have pastured practically the year round while we are obliged to house our cattle for five or six months in the year. In the next place they have the advantage of water transportation with Canada, which is much cheaper than railway transportation. We understand that New Zealand can land butter in Halifax or Vancouver at two cents per pound, which is much lower than it can be landed at either port from the centre of Canada.

This New Zealand butter comes into Canada at a nominal rate of duty and, being produced more cheaply than a long list of victories.

cheaply than Canadian, having the advantage of cheap transportation and the low duty is a serious competitor for the Canadian farmer.

Preferential tariffs within the British Empire is in every way commendable, but no member of the Commonwealth is expected to sacrifice its own interests by giving a preference which will subject it to unfair competition. The treaty with our Antipodean sister may be sisterly and, in some ways British, but charity begins at home. There has been much protesting on the part of Canadian dairymen against this treaty, and even our New Zealand fellow Britishers are not satisfied with many of its provisions although they do not object to the terms on which they can get their butter into Canada. There are other considerations in the making of a treaty than proving that we are a grown-up nation able to manage our own affairs.

HOCKEY.

There is probably no other sport in which our young people, particularly our young men, can find so much real physical and even mental training as in hockey, and the hockey season is now upon us. The successful hockeyist must have strength, endurance, swiftness and courage and self-control and the training of these qualities will strengthen each. Mind and muscles are trained. The quick eye, the ability to think and act simultaneously, good judgment as to how and when—all these are prime necessities in the development of these ties the great benefit of the sport. The mental development resulting from the game is the great asset and there is no reason for it except to people the west with eastern people, as well as with immigrants. It is no secret that this system of rating was inaugurated by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, which had millions of acres to sell, but this is no reason why the Canadian Government and its people's railways should participate in such discrimination.

Other facts about the New Brunswick liquor law are that if a city police officer lays the information the entire fine goes to the city, and the fines are heavy. These had before all gone into the Province treasury. This tends to place the cities and towns in support of the law. The provincial police, Mr. Fulton said, are doing wonders in hunting down violators in the country districts. Of course, the N. B. Control Commission has been believed, of which flagrant instances were cited in the address. There are two Government stores in Moncton and this has been the subject of criticism. But before the new law came in there were 105 diving lines in the streets where old and young boys and girls could go in and get their flasks filled. Under the new law no one under 21 years of age can get a permit.

Best of all, public opinion and support are behind the new law, as they were not behind prohibition if we are to credit Mr. Fulton, and those who know him will believe that he tells the truth, whatever the less reliable may say. In any case, if the new law should prove to be no better than prohibition the good people of New Brunswick will know what to do about it when another election comes due.

So many tragedies from fire have been recently recorded in the press, this year as in past years, that the civic authorities, as well as individual citizens should exercise the greatest watchfulness and care in regard to the fire danger. Exits from public assembly rooms, fire escapes where needed are not all as they should be. These things are the subject of discussion from time to time, but in a number of cases where grave concern has been felt and expressed, nothing has been done.

There can now be no reasonable doubt that Christmas is coming. It is in the air. Many prefer the present snow habit of little by little rather than getting it all at once, and then having into Canada at a nominal rate of duty and, being produced more cheaply than a long list of victories.

EDITORIAL NOTES. There can now be no reasonable doubt that Christmas is coming. It is in the air. Many prefer the present snow habit of little by little rather than getting it all at once, and then having into Canada at a nominal rate of duty and, being produced more cheaply than a long list of victories.

Notes by the Way

Intemperate, abusive, discourteous and even libellous language towards opponents has been characteristic of the press advocates of prohibition in this Province for months past. They would have us believe that theirs is a high and holy cause. If such it is, can it not be advocated and defended without maligning and traducing everybody who holds a different opinion from their own? If prohibition cannot be defended in temperate language, it is not worth defending. Any one can have a decent respect for prohibition, knowing that it is held in regard by many people who are worthy of respect. But when a press advocate of prohibition prints language which, if used in the presence of his opponent, would provoke a breach of the peace, he is not helping the prohibition cause. Decent prohibitionists have just reasons to be ashamed and grieved over the lubrications of their scribes.

Mr. R. G. Fulton, for thirty-two years an honored minister of the Methodist Church, and well known in Charlottetown, where he preached acceptably to the largest Methodist congregation in this Province, is now Chairman of the Liquor Control Commission in New Brunswick. Recently he delivered an address before the Rotary Club in Moncton, where he related some of his experiences under the prohibitory law in Prince Edward Island. Here for some years he devoted his efforts to have the law enforced. "I can assure you I did my best," he said, "but we failed to gain the results expected and decided that the law could not be enforced."

In 1921 Mr. Fulton returned to New Brunswick. He was surprised at the conditions there. Prohibition was not enforced or respected. It had bred disrespect for all law, contempt for the sacred oath. This contempt for law had led to many crimes among them. Men in court swore that black was white. The rum-runners were reaping a rich harvest from the sale of illegal liquor. Six leading rum-runners of the Province had grown rich. In all, they had made about \$3,000,000 in profits at the expense of the Government. Was it not better that the government should receive the revenue from the sale of liquor, rather than the rum-runners?

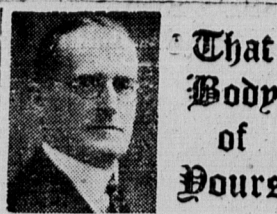
It appears from Mr. Fulton's statement in Moncton that when the temperance people there got the prohibitory law in 1916 they thought that their work was done, and neglected the educational work they had before carried on. That was the way here until the election passed seized them and then there was no such thing as temperance without prohibition. Education in temperance and self-control, are always needed. Without self control being established within the man, no law can prevent the formation of the drink habit, or save the confirmed drunkard.

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By James W. Barton, M.D.

LEARNING MORE ABOUT EPILEPSY

One of the most distressing ailments, and one of the cause of which the medical profession has yet to learn, is epilepsy or fits. No matter where these unfortunate individuals happen to be, the attack comes on before they can protect themselves from falling. Although it is considered, a nervous brain condition, there is usually some stomach or intestinal disturbance that starts the attack. Some one has said that while the fire starts in the brain, the match that starts the fire is a disturbance of stomach or intestine.

Operations have been performed, including the removal of the appendix and also portions of a large intestine, which have brought about immediate cures. Unfortunately a considerable number of these cases, after a few months or a few years, have had attacks again. This is likely due to the fact that some condition of the body, some habit, some article of diet, some accumulated conditions in the abdomen, so affect the nerves supplying these parts that these nerves in turn interfere with the blood supply.

The blood vessels become constricted so that for the time being the circulation is almost at a standstill. Now in conditions where the blood supply to the heart is interfered with, as in angina pectoris, it was found that anything that would open up the vessels would thereby get blood to the heart, and relieve the attack. For years inhaling amyl nitrite has been the ideal treatment. As it opens up the blood vessels, the patient inhales the fumes. Acting on this idea two French physicians have been using these inhalations of amyl nitrite in cases of epilepsy. From 3 to 5 drops were inhaled on a commiseration, and renewed at each inhalation. The inhalations suppressed the convulsions, or actually prevented the seizures when given as soon as the first signs appeared. This showed that the widening of the blood vessels in the abdomen can prevent an attack of epilepsy. An dthis knowledge may be a big step on the way toward finding out the cause of epilepsy.

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

December 17, 1927

FAITHFUL WAITING:—Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress; so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until that he have mercy upon us. Psalm 123:2.

PRAYER: So would we daily serve, waiting on Thee, O Lord, and hereby renew our strength.

December 18, 1927

OUR HELP:—Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth. Psalm 124:8.

PRAYER: O Lord, let Thy hand help me for I have chosen Thy precepts.

A BALLAD OF CHRISTMAS

There was a gentle hostler (And blessed be his name)— He opened up the stable The night Our Lady came. Our Lady and St. Joseph— He gave them food and bed. And Jesus Christ has given him A glory round his head.

So let the gate swing open. However poor the yard. Lest weary people visit you And find their passage barred. Unlatch the door at midnight. And let your lanterns glow Shine out to guide the traveller's feet To you across the snow.

There was a joyous hostler Who knelt on Christmas morn Beside the radiant manger Wherein his Lord was born. His heart was full of laughter. His soul was full of bliss. Given Jesus, on His Mother's lap. Gave him His hand to kiss.

Unbar your heart this evening And keep no stranger out; Take from your soul's great portal The barrier of doubt. To humble folk and weary Give hearty welcoming— Your breast shall be to-morrow The cradle of a King. —Joyce Kilmer.

Modern Etiquette By ROBERTA LEE

Q. What is the polite thing for a girl to do or say to dispose of an undesirable partner at a dance? A. She should ask him frankly to take her to her friends. Q. Does a woman use her professional title on her visiting card? A. No. Q. What is a demi-tasse, and how is it used? A. It is a small cup, generally used for the after-dinner coffee.

Happenings of The Week

You never can tell when the acorns fall. How great the trees will grow. But in distant days in their shady glades, Thousands of folks may go. And gratefully rest from the piercing sun. And linger in peace till the day is done.

You never can tell when you do a deed. Just what the end will be. But for distant ends you are sowing a seed. Its growth you may not see; But all kindly deeds find productive soil. And shelter and comfort the folk who toil.

The London Evening Standard states that it understands the Prince of Wales is planning a visit to the Kenya Colony and Great Britain's other East African possessions. The date for this trip has not been fixed definitely, but is not likely to be next year because of the Prince's existing engagements.

Mrs. W. H. Peñick was hostess at a delightfully arranged afternoon bridge on Wednesday at her pretty home 299 Euston Street.

The engagement was announced in London of the Duchess of York's brother, Captain Michael Bowes-Lyon, to Miss Elizabeth Cator, daughter of Mrs. Cator, of Woodbastwick Hall, Norfolk. Miss Cator was a bridesmaid at the Duchess of York's wedding.

Mr. Hector McInnes, K. C. of Halifax, was elected president of the Board of Managers of the Hall School for the Blind at the 57th annual meeting held Tuesday.

Mrs. G. A. W. Robertson is leaving today on a holiday visit to her daughter, Mrs. H. M. Carty, in Halifax.

The nicely arranged annual tea and sale, under the auspices of the ladies of Zion Church on Thursday afternoon, was a very delightful affair and proved very successful in every way.

Mrs. A. W. Weeks was hostess for the afternoon weekly Bridge Club on Thursday.

Miss Dorothy Hutcheson's many friends are sorry to hear of her ill disposition, and are looking forward to her early complete return to her usual good health.

The annual high tea and sale at Notre Dame Convent Monday and Tuesday was widely patronized, and proved a most enjoyable gathering.

Lady Elizabeth Byng's English friends are disappointed because of her decision to be married in Kenya. But this decision was made owing to the fact that the bridegroom's recent visit to England makes it impracticable for him to take the journey so soon again. Lord and Lady Stafford will take their daughter to Africa soon after Christmas, and her marriage to Mr. Michael Lafone, only son of Major and Mrs. E. M. Lafone, will take place in Kenya Colony in January. Owing to her early departure, Lady Elizabeth is already receiving gifts from her friends. Among the many donors are Lady Mount Stephen, the Viscount and Viscountess Byng of Vimy, the Earl and Countess of Cavan, Lady Margaret Boscawen and Cora Lady Stafford. Her entire trousseau is being made by her cousin, Lady Victor Paget.

(Continued on Page 5)

Gifts for Milady IMPORTED PERFUMES

Gift selections of the finest. THE only time in the Gilbert and Sullivan partnership when Gilbert was responsible for the music as well as the words, was Jack Point's song, "I have a Song to Sing O" in "The Yeoman of the Guard." The metre of the song had worried Sullivan for some time. He told Gilbert eventually that it was a nuisance and he did not know whether he was going to do anything with it.

GILBERT was a great yachting man, and he made his crew sing all the chanks, he himself joining in. He never forgot to remember the tune of an old chanty which had been running in his head, and which had given him the lift for the words when he wrote them. He told his partner about this ancient and re-

The 2 Macs DRUGSTORE 149 Great George Street Telephone 315

AN ATTIC SALT-SHAKER

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AN unexpected gust of wind blowing into a room through an open window near which Stan V. Henkels, a renowned book auctioneer, was showing some friends an open book containing a lock of George Washington's gray hair many years ago, took the curl very neatly from its resting place and wadded it out of the window.

EVERYONE present, including Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, the well-known ophthalmologist, who relates the incident in "Books and Bidders," rushed to the street, and although a thorough search was made the lock of hair was never retrieved.

"AS we returned to the entrance of the room," says Dr. Rosenbach, "an old negro employe of Henkels' came out. 'Wait a minute!' Henkels exclaimed, as an idea came to him. 'He grabbed the ancient and surprised servant by the hair. Selecting a choice curly ringlet, he clipped it off with his pocketknife, then placed it carefully in George Washington's lock, closing it tightly.'

"SEVERAL days later," the doctor declares, "I saw the locklet put up for sale. The bidding was brisk and the buyer later expressed himself, as being extremely lucky. But Henkels, who was the soul of honor, could not listen quietly for long. He told of his, as well as Nature's, prank with the original lock of hair, and offered to refund the money. The purchaser refused, saying he had given no thought to the contents, anyway; that his interests lay only in the 'locklet.'"

AFTER the Hugh sale in 1912 in London, Harry Elkins Widener, an enthusiast collector, slipped a volume of Bacon's "Essays" in his jacket, a second edition which is almost as rare as a first—and, turning to a friend, said: "I think I'll take that little Bacon with me in my pocket, and if I am shipwrecked it will go down with me."

With what prophecy he spoke the little knew (recalls Dr. Rosenbach). A few days later he was one of the victims of the Titanic disaster.

AMY LOWELL was, as all the world knows, devoted to Keats. She believed herself spiritually attuned to him.

"I shall never forget the last time I visited at her home near Boston," says Dr. Rosenbach. "After a delightful dinner, we went into her library, where we lighted our cigars and talked. 'Suddenly she leaned toward me, and with an excited brightness in her eyes, said: 'Doctor, there is a certain book I want more than anything else in the world! Keats' own copy of Shakespeare, with his notes through it.' 'I put my hand in my pocket and smiled. For one of those unusual chances which really do make truth stronger than fiction, I had that very volume in my pocket. She caught her breath and grew very pale with joy as I handed it to her.'"

ISRAEL ZANGWILL used to be fond of telling a tale about his little son Oliver—now grown up—to illustrate the debt he owed to his wife for taking such good care of him. Seeing a snail in the middle of the road, near Far End (then some at East Preston, Sussex), Mr. Zangwill removed it humanely to the hedge.

"WHAT'S that for?" asked Oliver, then a mere baby. His father explained that if the foolish snail continued to wander about in the middle of the road it would certainly be run over.

"Then why doesn't he get a little 'o look after him?" asked the little boy, drawing upon his daily experience of woman's sphere in married life.

ONE night at Monte Carlo when Melba and Caruso were singing in "La Boheme"—they were in the middle of the death scene—Melba was suddenly startled by a strange, quaking voice which seemed to come from Caruso as he bent over her. "I went on singing," says Melba (in "Melodies and Memories," "but I could not help wondering at the time if Caruso was ill, for his face was drawn and solemn, and every time he bent down there was this same extraordinary noise.

"AND then, with a gulp which almost made me forget my part, I realized that he had a little rubber toy in his hand, which at the most pathetic phrases he was pressing in my ear. You know how difficult it is to stop laughing when you are supposed to be solemn; but when you are supposed to be dying, the temptation is almost too much to be borne."

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INTO this hammock at the terminus he would have three porters to carry him. He was a big man, and it always required three. Then the conductor of the train would fetch three more porters to get him erect again when he reached his destination.

G. K. CHESTERTON has long been a familiar figure in Fleet Street—"The Street of Adventure." As Philip Gibbs aptly named it—but in the old days one used to see him in all his glory, seated in a chop house writing his articles with wall-eyes around him lest he should absently walk out without paying for what he had had. One day three more porters to get him erect again when he reached his destination.

SULLIVAN sketched out the complete setting of "The Lost Chord" while he sat by the death-bed of his brother Frederic. It was his last composition for many months. The song, when published, swept the world, and the inevitable penalty of popularity followed—it was parodied, to Sullivan's disgust. He wrote to the parodist: "I wrote 'The Lost Chord' in sorrow at my brother Fred's death don't burlesque it."

SULLIVAN gave one of his manuscript copies of "The Lost Chord" those scribbled notes that had come from the depth of his suffering to his lifelong friend, Mrs. Ronalds, a famous American hostess living in London. She was a very gifted amateur singer and Sullivan openly said that she alone brought tears to his eyes with his own notes.

MRS. RONALD'S rendition of "The Lost Chord" was famous. King Edward—then Prince of Wales—once remarked that he would travel the length of his future kingdom to hear Mrs. Ronalds sing "The Lost Chord." When she passed on the manuscript was, by her instructions, buried with her.

LEONARD WOOLF, essayist, (husband of Virginia Woolf, the novelist), tells an amusing fact about Herbert Spencer, the philosopher. When Spencer travelled, he went by train, reserved an entire compartment for himself (a compartment in Europe usually has a seat on either side, but no berths), and had a hammock from side to side.

Miand's Liment for carache.