

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1924

LET THE TRUTH BE KNOWN

"Let the truth be known and we shall know what to do," said the Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen at a mass meeting in Victoria, B. C., a few nights ago. He had referred to the fact that Canada had had the three best harvests in her history, that, notwithstanding this, the year 1924 found her with an increased debt, a lost population and with her business life firmly gripped by depression. There was no reason for this, he said, except that the government is on the wrong track in national policy. Proof of the correctness of his conclusion, if proof were needed, is in the fact that the business depression and the exodus began only when the change in the national policy was contemplated, when the government, in order to secure the support of the Progressives, yielded to the latter's demand for a change.

With Mr. Meighen's statement that Premier King is but a puppet in the hands of the Progressives, every reasonable Canadian will agree. Mr. King himself knows it, the Progressives know it, Liberals and Conservatives alike know it. They know that the Progressive prop were withdrawn from the Liberal government it would fall like a house of cards. And they know also that the policy demanded by the Progressives in Western Canada is not a policy which can in any way promote either industrial or agricultural or commercial prosperity in Canada. They know that the "death knell of protection," prematurely acclaimed by Progressives in parliament, was the signal for the disastrous exodus which began when tariff tinkering began in Ottawa; that had it been the death knell of protection it would also have been the death knell of Canadian industry and Canadian agriculture.

The "death knell of protection" has not yet been sounded. It was a threat, a forerunner of what would occur if Liberalism, propped up by Progressivism would survive long enough to bring it about. Fortunately for Canada the death knell was for another funeral, that of a government which in three years has wrought incalculable damage, but not death, to Canada.

"Let the truth be known and we shall know what to do!" This is the policy of Mr. Meighen and his party and Canada today wants the truth. The policy of Mr. King and many of his party is to hide the truth, to declare that all is well, that Canada is prosperous and satisfied under the "beneficent rule." How prosperous and how satisfied is written in lurid letters across Canada in closed factories, vacant farms, empty homes whose former occupants are now in the United States. "Let the truth be known!" It is not pessimism or treason to tell it. It must be told and then "we shall know what to do."

BATTERING AN OPEN DOOR

Mr. Meighen in British Columbia the other day said something worth repeating:

"I resent strongly the attitude of a small section of the press and others that we must be continually battling with Downing Street to preserve our autonomy intact; that eternal vigilance is the price of our liberty. That is bursting through an open door, for the head of no British party—Liberal or Conservative—would withhold that liberty from us. The attitude of the British people is that the destiny of the Dominion is to be declared and directed by the Dominion people alone."

Mr. Meighen here expressed a truth familiar to every Canadian statesman for the last quarter of a century, says the Ottawa Journal. Every now and then some new episode in our external relations is heralded as a victory over Downing Street. Yet it is precisely when

through an open door. The statesmen of Britain, instead of opposing, welcome Canadian development. And "Downing Street" is one of the hoariest bogeys in the nomenclature of politics.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Only the coalman complains these days.

Oh, to be a child again—just for tonight, at the Strand.

Hon. J. H. Myers is ably filling the position of acting Premier.

The two principal events for next month are booked for the 9th and 25th respectively.

The little boys sent to reformatories the other day were motherless. Think of it, and if you know of any others.

Premier Stewart has been specially invited to the Conservative Conference at Toronto next week, where he has been put on the programme as one of the principal speakers at the afternoon and evening meetings.

Those people who scoff at the idea that the peace of the world depends upon the British Navy may guess what would happen to our own defenceless international boundary were the British Navy eliminated. The Bayleites would be all Yankees, of course, but the rest of us would be under sod, in durance vile, or carrying on a guerilla warfare for our God-given blessed independence and British Empire citizenship.

The Sir Thomas Wyatt whom our Communist propagandist cites as his distinguished forbear, and whom he also blames, apparently, for the seditious and rebellious blood in his veins, was none other than the poet, diplomat, and reputed lover of Anne Bolyn for which, or whom, he literally lost his head. He lived so far back as four hundred years ago, and why Mr. Bayley should resurrect him now as an ancestor and excuse is a matter for psychologists to explain.

It is just as we suspected, Mr. W. D. Bayley who lectured under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. is a socialist propagandist of a very marked and insidious type. In the sketch of himself which he contributes to the "Parliamentary Guide" he boasts that his "ancestor, Sir Thomas Wyatt, was executed for sedition or rebellion", and that in religion he is "Labor Church". What is Labor Church? Nelson's Encyclopaedia defines it thus—"A socialist religious organization without a theological basis founded in Manchester in 1891." So here we have a propagandist seeking to undermine our theology, education and constitution, claiming the hospitality and platform of our Y. M. C. A. for the propagation of his socialistic and heterodox doctrines.

Two years ago we had a discussion on, and agitation for, a winter service by airplane. We were turned down on two counts, (1), that airplanes could not land satisfactorily in winter, (2), the expense was prohibitive. Evidently both these objections have been overcome in Quebec for we find in connection with the inauguration of a passenger and freight service by air to serve the new gold mining district, that there is now available a machine that has proved to be excellently adapted for use on snow with skids. The frozen lakes or harbours provide perfect landing places for this machine. It will carry conveniently a ton or more. It has been calculated that with steady operation this machine will deliver supplies, at a distance of 50 miles, at a cost less than that of teaming over the winter roads. What more does anyone want between here and Sackville when the stormy wind doth blow, and our

Notes By the Way

There is great perturbation in Western Canada over the decision of the Railway Commission cancelling the Crow's Nest freight rates. At least the newspapers out there indicate that condition of things, and the phrase "a gross injustice" is moderate compared with the language used to denounce the Commission and its verdict. The Toronto Globe takes note of the resolute attitude of the West in refusing to be bound by the Commission's judgment and asserting that Parliament must fix a maximum rate of freight for wheat and flour that the Commission cannot exceed or alter.

"Whether those Western views meet with the approval of the government of the day," says the Globe, "cannot as yet be ascertained." Premier King desires to consult his colleagues before announcing any policy. "Judging from present-day utterances, these Progressives will be unwilling to compromise on this basic principle. It is conceivably that upon its consideration may swing the prospects of a closer alliance between the Progressives and the Liberals. The question of freight rates in the West looks to be very much in politics. Perhaps it may even overshadow the tariff as the theme of popular discussion."

Yes! Western freight rates are very much in politics just now. And it is at a very inopportune time for the King Government. It has halted the negotiations for fusion. It has aroused resentment in the West simultaneously with those ominous and continued "rumblings in the Maritimes." It has strengthened the hands of the Gincer Group among the Progressives and among Quebec Liberals who are alike opposed to fusion. And the Premier and his colleagues have only themselves to blame for the present trouble. It all came from their past surrender to the Progressives on freight rates, following the surrender on the tariff, both made as the price of support.

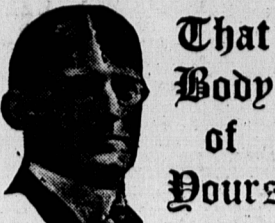
The "dry" victory in the Ontario plebiscite has attracted much attention throughout both the United States and Canada and is generally looked upon as the "turn of the tide" toward prohibition throughout the Dominion. It was a great disappointment to the Moderates on Leaguers who had counted confidently upon a sweeping victory in the Big Province, to be followed, by like "wet" triumphs in the Maritimes, as one Moderate's advocate put it, "with the possible exception of Prince Edward Island."

The Springfield, Mass Republican in commenting on the result in Ontario takes note of the fact that in Massachusetts, the only state in which the question of prohibition was a direct issue in the recent elections, the "dry" vote was increased by 130,000 over that of two years ago, and although the "wet" vote was also increased by 22,000, there was a net gain of 108,000 in favor of prohibition. The Anti Saloon League has published a statement that of 22 Senators elected in the recent elections only one can be classed as "wet" and four others who cannot be counted dry are in favor of the enforcement of prohibition.

There is no apparent danger of the United States now or hereafter going back on prohibition. The "dry" voting strength in both the Senate and House of Representatives appears to have been substantially increased and President Coolidge's announced policy of vigorous enforcement of prohibition is endorsed by the immense popular majority he and his party have received. "Rum Row" with its fleet of liquor laden ships and vessels has been reduced to a small fraction of its former proportions and bootleggers have felt compelled to sharply advance prices to their thirsty customers.

Tenders for construction of a million dollar elevator at Halifax are to be called for shortly, according to Mr. R. E. Finn, M. P. for that city. The promise was made at the by-election there a year ago, but the defeat of the Government candidate put off the fulfillment indefinitely. Halifax already has elevator capacity that is seldom used. It seems worse than useless to build another while shipping all the wheat to Portland. A million dollar elevator with nothing to elevate would only decorate the Halifax waterfront and prove as useless as another Scribe Hotel.

A bull movement on the New York Stock Exchange is usually due in November and has now materialised and broken all records. It means little to the ordinary mortal who does not speculate, time and nearly as many were sold on November 12 last year. The substantial value of the advance may be measured by the business



By James W. Barton, M.D.

HEALTH AND WEALTH

A wealthy business man was consulting a physician in a distant city. After the consultation, he asked the physician "When shall I come again?"

The physician said "When will you be in this city again?"

"Just the very day and hour you want me to come."

"What about your business?"

"I've only got one business in life at present, and that is to get well, and at my best physically. Nothing else really matters."

He was past sixty and had many infirmities.

However for the preceding couple of years he had been ailing, first with one little sickness or infection, and then another. An accident and a couple of operations, had brought him below par physically, but he knew what he wanted, and intended to get, and that was the ordinary good health he had previously enjoyed.

I sometimes think that in these days of hustle after business and money, that that big asset, good health, is sometimes not considered.

It was Emerson I believe who said "Give me good health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."

And after all, what is worth wanting to get up in the morning to tackle things, that enjoyment of your meals, of recreation, and of sleep. What has life in it that is worth more than to just feel good all the time?

It is hard to understand how men are considered hard headed business men, have not figured this thing out from the business standpoint.

I remember a young chap in the South whose uncle had left him One Million Dollars.

He attended gymnasium classes regularly, played golf during the season, was careful of his diet, and just generally enjoyed good health.

Speaking to me one day he said, "Do you know why I do these things?"

"Oh, just to feel well and up to your job," I said.

"Yes, made up my mind to make another million dollars, and this is the best way to do it. My health is my biggest asset."

Think it over.

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

NOVEMBER 14, 1924

KINGDOM IS WITHIN.—Neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for behold the kingdom of God is within you. Luke 17:21.

PRAYER.—May we this day enthroned Thee, O God, most Merciful and Mighty, supreme in our lives that the Kingdom of God may be in us and abound.

IN THE SUNSHINE OF YOUR LOVE

If all the world were a garden fair, And you were the tiniest rosebud there, I'd kiss the dew from each petal sweet.

As proof to you of a love complete.

If all the suns of a thousand skies Shone down on me as their chosen prize, They'd be as clouds in the heav'n above.

For I live only hoping for your sweet love.

Once more I gaze into your eyes Like stars that shone up in the skies; I seem to see a heart waiting for me.

Vainly my hope arises.

Ah! fly with me fleet as a dove, I swear by all heavens above; Till oceans run dry I'll live and die

In the sunshine of your love.

Your Birthday

NOVEMBER 14.—You are quick-tempered, but are always sorry the moment you speak hastily. You like children, and are fond of home life, but are rather too reserved. Remember that love is easily frightened. Cherish it.

Your birth-stone is the topaz, which means fidelity. Your flower is the chrysanthemum.

Your lucky color is grey.

Some Sidelights On Detectives of Paris

Some years ago, before Sherlock Holmes and Sexton Blake pegged out a claim for Britain, all the great detectives of fiction had their homes in Paris. And the Parisian "secret police" were in actual fact a terror to law breakers long before Scotland Yard came into existence. Even to-day, though detective science has made enormous strides in every civilized country, the sleuth-hounds of Paris are second to none in cleverness and courage. Both qualities are very necessary, for the French Police are sometimes given very knotty problems to unravel. And they have, too, to wage constant war with the Parisian apache, the most dangerous and ruthless hooligan in the whole world. When the apache is in danger of arrest he will charge his would-be captor with lowered head, effectually disabling him by a crashing blow "below the belt." But the Paris policeman is too wary a bird to be easily caught, according to a story in Answers. Stepping quickly aside, he deals his man a heavy blow in the nape of the neck as he passes, thus placing him hors de combat, or with raised knee he counters the blow, and before his dazed aggressor can recover sends him to earth with a sledge-hammer fist.

Under Enemy Escort.

With what coolness the detective can face even a large gang these ruffians the following experience of Monsieur Goron, late chief of the Paris Service de Surete, will show. Once, after midnight, M. Goron was walking alone and unarmed along the solitary road that borders the fortifications in the Pantou Quartier when he saw a number of apaches sitting round a fire. It was too late to retreat, for he had been seen, and no doubt recognized.

"I was not long in making up my mind," he says. "Going up to the group, I said:

"Good-evening!" they repeated without enthusiasm. Then they stood motionless, eyeing me suspiciously.

"I want you to do me a favor," I continued. "It is a long way to the police headquarters, the road is not very safe, and I shall feel obliged if two or three of you will accompany me so far."

Then, pointing to the two most villainous-looking members of the gang, M. Goron asked them to act as his escort. Sullenly responding to the invitation, the brace of desperadoes accompanied him back to headquarters.

Actor and Bloodhound.

Had M. Goron shown any hesitation or fear he would almost certainly have lost his life. But there is no emergency to which the Parisian detective is not equal and no risk he is not prepared to take. At an hour's notice he will start on the track of a murderer or burglar, and disappear, perhaps for weeks, in the lowest slums of Paris, rarely returning without having run his quarry to earth. For this purpose he can assume any one of a score of disguises, each so clever as to baffle detection. He will play the role of butcher or beggar, count or cabman, and play each to the life. He combines, indeed, the skill of a bloodhound with the nose of a detective. One week he may be a professional Hercules who had committed a particularly brutal murder. Another worked as scullion at a restaurant, and only left his plate-washing when he had discovered a couple of much wanted thieves among his fellow-employees.

Five Thousand Arrests.

More than five thousand arrests stand to one detective's credit, the majority of them effected single-handed and almost all at considerable risk. Yet he has only received injuries—and these but slight—on four occasions. Such work as this forms only a part of the duties of the Paris Service de Surete, which spreads its close meshed net over the whole of the capital and far beyond it, for the Prefect has his secret agents in all the principal towns of Europe. No one enters Paris without the Surete knowing all about him within twenty-four

The Public Forum

This column is open for the discussion by correspondents of questions of interest. The Charlottetown Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinions of correspondents.

WARNING TO WINSLOE

Sir,—It has been brought to my notice by very respectable citizens that the conduct of certain young men who gather at or near the Winsloe Hall on Tuesday evenings is not of the generally approved type. I would like to make it known, as an officer of the law, that the Young Peoples' League of the Methodist Church have the hall rented on Tuesday evenings for their private use. Their meetings have been disturbed frequently in a way that is not in keeping with law and order. Be it known to all that if further trouble is made, for those who are trying to lead our young people out into a better and a fuller life and citizenship, the offenders, regardless of who they may be, will be dealt with according to the law.

I am, Sir, etc., JOHN DIAMOND, J. P.

MR. BOULTER ASKED FOR INFORMATION

Sir,—Your issue of Oct. 31st contains a report of an address on the Seed Potato stunt on made by Mr. Wilfred Boulter, Secretary of the Potato Growers' Association before the Rotary Club at Charlottetown. Part of the report reads as follows:

"During his address Mr. Boulter read an extract from a letter that had been sent from an island potato grower to the buyers in the south giving such pessimistic reports of conditions here, showing the enormous production, and dwelling on the low price that the Association was reluctantly obliged to make a reduction of 25 cents per bag in order to make sales. (The letter had been sent back to the Association by one of the buyers.)"

It is currently reported that I wrote the letter in question and Mr. Boulter appears to be the originator of the report. In justice to myself and to any other island grower whose name may be connected with the matter I again ask Mr. Boulter, as Secretary of the Potato Growers' Association, to have a copy of the letter in question printed in full in your columns showing clearly the extract he read before the Rotary Club, and pointing out his objection or objections to it.

Speaking for myself I may say that I have not written any letter to any Southern buyer giving false information. It is quite possible however, that by selecting an extract from a letter of mine and dwelling on it in a wrong impression may be given as to the real nature of the letter. I have already asked Mr. Boulter whether or not he connected my name with the letter but he refused to tell me. I have asked him to send me a copy of the letter but he told me that

neither he nor his stenographers had time to do so. And I have asked him to have the copy of the letter printed, but I have not yet seen it.

I shall now continue, Sir, to watch the columns of the Guardian for a letter from Mr. Boulter giving in detail the information herein sought. Then should I appear to be connected with the letter which caused the Association to reduce their price, I shall again seek space in your paper to deal with this matter further.

I am, Sir, etc., AUSTIN A. SCALES.

Nature is not governed except by obeying her.

Tests for Detectives.

It is perhaps scarcely to be wondered at that the Paris detective system is such a perfect machine, for not only are its officers chosen from the best material in France, but they are trained for their work with a thoroughness unknown in any other country. It is only after a long period of schooling by experts that they are allowed to commence their duties. How exacting this training is may be gathered from the following test which a student must pass at a very early stage of his coaching. He is placed in the centre of a brilliantly lighted room. After a few seconds the light is extinguished and the pupil is then expected to draw a plan of the furniture and other objects in it. In another test, after a moment's glance, he is asked to describe a face accurately, giving color of hair and eyes, and then to pick out a portrait of it from hundreds of other photographed faces. A third and still more difficult test is for the student to enter a darkened room full of curious and unusual objects, and, after passing his hands over them, to leave the room and give a minute account of its contents.

Look over any other make of furnace and make comparison with the "SUPREME." The more thoroughly you compare, the more convinced you will become that the "SUPREME" is the supreme value of today.

All cast iron—Daman's sanitary casing; easy to set up and to remove for cleaning. All heat goes into the house, so that by this system you save from 25 per cent to 50 per cent of fuel, and all the apartments are uniformly heated. All the most recent scientific discoveries applicable to a warm air furnace are found in the "SUPREME."

We have one set up in our basement and will be pleased to show it in operation.

Sole Agents for P. E. Island

The Rogers Hardware Company Ltd.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

THE SENSATION OF THE AGE "Plastigrams?"



You will own a Waterman's

Notice the pens in the hands of the veterans—the men who have been using fountain pens for twenty and thirty years. Usually, it's a Waterman's

A lost or damaged pen, perhaps an unsatisfactory one, led them to Waterman's. They became pen-wise. With Waterman's they stayed. It is their pen to-day.

History repeats itself. Sooner or later, a Waterman's will come your way.

You will appreciate its "fit" in the hand; the larger ink container; the smooth, steady flow; the easy-writing, everlasting tip.

And when you come to veteran years, you will be a veteran Waterman's user too.

Selection and Service at the Best Shops

Waterman's The Ultimate in Pens

Waterman's Fountain Pen

WATERMAN'S PENS are sold by E. A. FOSTER

CENTRAL DRUGSTORE, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

THE WHITE HOUSE A prize of \$500 was offered in Washington's administration for the best design for a house to serve as a home for the president in Washington. James Hoban, an Irishman from South Carolina, was the successful competitor. His sketch contained so many wings and colonnades that the public was horrified, and frills and gingerbread decorations were eliminated. The result was the two story White House as we know it now. Washington laid the corner-stone of the building in 1792. It was completed in 1799. The year of Washington's death.

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