

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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MONDAY, APRIL 25, 1927

OUR TEMPERANCE POLICY

Certain critics profess to be much concerned over what they deem the change of front of the Guardian on the question of Prohibition. Our conviction is unaltered. We still believe the only way to get rid absolutely of the alcoholic liquor evil is to prohibit the manufacture, importation, and use of alcohol either for beverage or medicinal purposes. Unfortunately, in the present state of public opinion the realization of that objective is not practicable, and reluctantly, we confess, we have had to seek a middle course; in the rigid control of the handling of liquor we think it is to be found. What were the immediate factors that brought home to us a middle course was necessary? We knew, as most thinking and perceiving people knew, that our present Prohibitory law was not effective. Although we could not but realize that smuggling, moonshining, and bootlegging were rampant, we thought public opinion was behind the law. The Stevens Customs Investigation, however, revealed the fact that a "bootlegger" in this province could be convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment, and never serve his sentence, because the Liberal Government at Ottawa, and the Leader of the Liberal Opposition here intervened; and no protest was raised by the organized Temperance forces though the facts were published in the Guardian. As the Stevens Committee reported, the "bootlegger" was laughing at the law, and not a voice except the Guardian's was raised in protest. Then came Rev. Mr. Herman's address on the Failure of the Prohibitory Law, delivered in the Prince Edward Theatre on Sunday, Oct. 31. Over a thousand grown-up people were present, and hundreds failed to gain admission. The address was published in both The Patriot and The Guardian. We, in our enthusiasm, rushed to the defence of the Law, and urged the Temperance forces to join us in upholding that law. What was the response? Absolutely nil. Only one letter was received in the Guardian in support of the Prohibitory law, and the ministers were articulately silent. A meeting of ministers from all over the Island was held in Charlottetown. The only layman present by invitation, in his enthusiasm submitted a resolution commending the Guardian for its stand for prohibition. The ministers present failed to adopt it, but substituted an innocuous one with the name of the Guardian strictly suppressed. Evidently we were not to receive much encouragement from that quarter. Not discouraged, however, we kept up the fight single-handed, not a helping hand coming voluntarily from any quarter. The only support we got in any shape or form was from two esteemed contributors whose contributions we ordered and paid for. The Ontario election which followed opened our eyes to the futility of depending upon so-called public opinion without putting it to the test. We then commenced to investigate what depth was behind prohibition here and found that the medical practitioners were sick of it. From every quarter we got the same story, prohibition was merely a blind, anyone who wanted liquor could get it without any trouble through the doctor, the bootlegger

We carried in our columns day after day these comprehensive and informative articles by "An Observer," and also two by the Rev. John James Sidey, but not one word of appreciation or approval of them was received from any but one individual. Prohibition opinion was dead. Men who originally had been enthusiastically behind the movement one after the other informed us that they were disappointed with the results, and were not prepared to enter the fight in its defence. In December a delegation of laymen representative of, but not representing, every church in the city waited upon the Guardian to ascertain whether we would not favour Mr. Ferguson's policy in Ontario. We replied that we stood behind the principle of prohibition, but if prohibition could not be enforced because of the neglect of the Federal authorities to put down rum-running and moonshining, we would be prepared to consider an improved measure. In the beginning of January another delegation waited upon the Guardian, and asked us our views which we gave. In the same month the Guardian interviewed the Premier and laid its views before him, stating definitely that while we were satisfied that in principle the prohibition policy was wise and prudent if it could be made operative, yet in view of its breakdown in practice we were of opinion the Government might find it practical to devise some system which would be more satisfactory, but that we did not think it would be an improvement to permit wine and beer to be sold in hotels. Another delegation waited upon us toward the end of the month, and we outlined to it what we considered would be a workable scheme of Temperance reform, and later, on February 2, sent a copy thereof by request to Premier Stewart. On February 10th the Field Secretary of The Alliance waited upon us after having addressed a meeting at the Head of Hillsboro, and to him we had submitted to the delegation. These proposals were practically what Premier Stewart and the Conservative Party have since embodied in their policy of Temperance Reform now to be submitted to the electors. It will thus be seen that the Guardian was not "converted" overnight on March 15, as claimed by some critics, but has worked out gradually, by its own Temperance policy, a policy, we feel assured, that will commend itself to all right thinking people, of whatever political stripe, who wish to see here a return to that respect for law and order which is possible only when public opinion is behind the law.

EDITORIAL NOTES. In all things, temperance! Of the most dangerous reformers the monomaniac is the most dangerous to the reform he advocates. Many sincere men and women in this province today are deeply interested in the promotion of temperance. They consistently stood by prohibition as it was the law of the land until after years of experience it proved a failure and a hindrance to temperance. When a measure which promised better results was proposed by, as their fellow countrymen in other provinces did, abandoned the discarded method and are pinning their faith to the new. This is not betraying, it is common sense and sincerity.

Notes By The Way

The New Brunswick Control Board consists of three members: the Chairman, Rev. R. G. Fulton of Saint John; E. G. Teed of Woodstock and F. J. Robidoux of Shediac. Their salaries are fixed at \$7,000 per annum for the Chairman and \$5,000 each for the other Commissioners. The present residences of these gentlemen are well distributed. The head office of the Commission will be located in Fredericton where also the principal store of liquors will be kept, and the Chairman will reside permanently.

Rev. R. G. Fulton is very widely and favorably known throughout the Maritime Provinces as a forceful and able preacher, a very successful pastor and exceptionally capable organizer. He is one of the leading ministers of the United Church in the Maritimes. A graduate of Mount Allison University, he has travelled extensively throughout Canada, the United States and Europe, and has held many important parsonates in the former Methodist Conference of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. He was the first Chairman of the Saint John Presbytery under the United Church when that Presbytery included the greater part of the Province.

From Charlottetown Mr. Fulton was called to Grafton Street Church, Halifax, and came thence to Centenary Church, Saint John. Apart from his ministerial work he held important offices in community service and gathered experience in dealing with the evils of the liquor traffic while he was a member of the Commission for administering the prohibitory law in this Province. He has now resigned his pastorate of Centenary Church and announced his intention to retire from the ministry of the United Church, as he regards his new position as incompatible with the office of a clergyman.

The Control Board will take over business on May 1. "There will be no hole and corner business about the stores of the Board," said Mr. Fulton. "It is the intention to have each one located in a prominent locality. There will be no sale of beer by the glass, it will be regarded as liquor and sold under the conditions laid down in the Act. And there will be no license for clubs. That can be considered later."

E. R. Teed, another member of the Liquor Control Board, has had a wide, extensive and valuable experience in merchandising in the wholesale grocery trade, a factor which fits well with the duties of his new office.

Ferdinand J. Robidoux, of Shediac, the French Acadian representative on the Board is 52 years of age, resides at Shediac, is a graduate of St. Joseph's College was for many years editor and publisher of the Montserrat Acadian, now a semi-weekly newspaper. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1911 and in the same year was elected to the House of Commons as the member for Kent County, N. B. He served six years in Parliament, has been Mayor of Shediac, and is a platform speaker of ability who speaks fluently in both French and English.

It promises to be a long remembered event in the life of young Canadians when on next Dominion Day they hear by radio the bells of Victory pealing from Parliament Hill in Ottawa, and know that they were set in operation by King George's own hand. Following that they may hear His Majesty's voice delivering his message to the Canadian people from a distance of more than three thousand miles over sea and land. It will be something worth while for the young men of today to proudly tell their children and children's children fifty years hence—"I heard King George deliver his message to the people of Canada Dominion Day, 1927."

Household Scrapbook

By ROBERTA LEE

Filling Cushions

A filling for cushions that will be found just as light and fluffy as feathers, can be made by cutting a roll of cotton into small squares, put these bits into a pan and heat in the oven for about 30 minutes. Do not let the cotton scorch. Each small piece will swell to several times its original size.

Clogged Drain Pipe

If the pipe of the sink becomes clogged, dissolve 1/2 pound of soap

per in 2 quarts of hot water and pour it down the pipe. Repeat if necessary. A solution of soda and vinegar poured down the pipe will dislodge grease.

Moths in Rugs

If moths get into a rug, cover the place with a wet towel. Apply a hot iron until the towel is dry. This kills both the moths and the eggs. Then sprinkle with salt every week before sweeping.

FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

A SERIES OF LITERARY QUOTATIONS FOR BOOK LOVERS

Monday, April 25th

BRITISH LANDING AT GALLI-POLLI, 1915

In fine weather in Mudros a haze of beauty comes upon the hills and water till their loveliness is unearthly. It is so rare. Then the bay is like a blue jewel, and the hills lose their savagery, and glow and are gentle, and the sun comes up from Troy, and the peaks of Samothrace change colour, and all the marvellous ships in the harbour are retransfigured. The land of Lemnos was beautiful with flowers at that season, in the brief Aegean spring, and to seawards always, in the bay, were the ships, transports, perhaps, than any port of modern times has known; they seemed like half the ships of the world. In this crowd of shipping strange beautiful Greek vessels passed, under rigs of old time, with sheep and goats and fish for sale, and the tugs of the Thames and Mersey met again the ships they had towed of old, bearing a new freight, of human courage. The transports (all painted black) lay in tiers, well within the harbour, the men-of-war nearer Mudros and the entrance.

New in all that city of ships, so busy with passing picket-boats, and noisy with the labor of men, the getting of the anchors began. Ship after ship, crammed with soldiers, moved slowly out of harbour in the lovely day, and felt again the heave of the sea. No such gatherings of fine ships has even been seen upon this earth, and the youth upon them made them like sacred things as they moved away. All the thousands of men aboard them gathered on deck to see, till each rail was thronged. These men had come from all parts of the British world, from Africa, Australia, Canada, India, the Mother Country, New Zealand, and the remote islands in the sea. They had said a good-bye to home that they might offer their lives in the cause we stand for. In a few hours at most, as they well knew, perhaps a tenth of them would have looked their last on the sun, and a part of foreign earth or dumb things that the tides push. Many of them would have disappeared for ever from the knowledge of those who had known them—by a fall or a chance shot in the darkness, in the blast of a shell, or alone, like a hurt beast, in some scrub or gully, far from comrades and the English speech and the English singing. And perhaps a third of them would be mangled, blinded, or broken, lamed, made imbecile or disfigured, with the colour and the taste of life taken from them, so that they would never move with their comrades nor exult in the sun. And those not taken thus would be under the ground, sweating in a trench, carrying sand-bags up the slope, dodging and in danger, without rest or food or drink in the Gallipoli night, till death seemed relaxation and a wound a luxury. But as they moved out these things were but the end they asked, the reward they had come for, the unseen cross upon the breast. All that they felt was a gladness of exultation that their young courage was to be used. They went like kings in a pageant to the imminent death.

As they passed from moorings to their way to the sea, their feeling that they had done with life and were going out to something new welled up in those battalions; they cheered and cheered till the harbour rang with their voices, and each ship, crammed with soldiers, drew near the battleships, the men swung their caps and cheered again, and the sailors answered, and the noise of cheering swelled, and the men in the ships not yet moving joined in, and the men cheered, till all the life in the harbour was giving thanks that they could go to death rejoicing. All men about to die, but the most moving thing was the greatness of their generous hearts. As they passed the French ships, the memories of old quarrels healed, and the sense of what sacred France had done and endured in the war, and the pride of having such men as the French for comrades, rose up in their warm souls, and they cheered the French ships more, even than their own.

They left the harbour very, very slowly; this tumult of cheering lasted a long time; no one who heard it will forget it, or think of it unshaken. It broke the hearts of all there with pity and pride; it went beyond the guard of the English heart. Presently all were out, and the feet stood across of or Tenedos, and the sun went down with marvellous colour, lighting island after island and the Asian peaks, and those left behind in Mudros trimmed their lamps knowing that they had been for a little brought near to the heart of things.—John Macfield.

Confederation Tales

BY BLODWIN DAVIES

CANADA—THE ELDER SISTER

Forget for a moment the British Empire with which we are familiar. Forget the Sister Dominions. Forget all the jewels of Empire strung on the golden thread of unity around the globe. Try to picture a mid-Victorian England engaged in a struggle with jealous and intriguing neighbors, under a widowed and mourning queen, striving to keep the peace of the world and to attain heretofore new world conditions, to new and speedy communication that threatened the demolition of her old isolation and the dignity of her seclusion amid her northern mists,—an England regarding rather wearily the growing youngsters who were demanding so much of her attention. Picture an England which had not yet knocked frequently at the world empire but was rather upset over the wealth of new colonies thrust into her unaccustomed hands, like a mother with a half-grown restless brood all demanding provision for their futures.

One of her daughters had already thrown off maternal control and had set up housekeeping for herself. Engaged frequently with daughter with a secret pride, a sort of consciousness that she was a chip off the old block and therefore a personality to be considered and contended with. Then came along some of her more docile youngsters from British North America demanding that they be allowed to form themselves into a second great North American Nation. They knocked frequently and persistently at her door with the same request, but England was still a conservative old lady and didn't quite see how the plan could work,—it was so new. She decided that the best way to keep peace among her impetuous children was to allow them to make their own plans, furnish their own house and manage their own affairs, and so she told them to go ahead and please themselves.

So it was that the British North American daughters called a meeting of their own, drew up their own plans, stated their desires, outlined their ambitions and submitted them to the Widow of Windsor for her approval. Who can doubt but that London severely grinned with delight over the indications that things that the tides push. Many of the members of the family agreed that they could develop and govern an unknown western empire as big as all Europe!

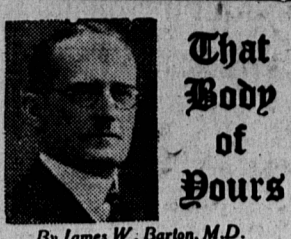
When at last the new charter of nationhood had been signed, sealed and delivered, the young Dominion of Canada set to work to make it her own. Link by link it forged the chain of unity from Atlantic to Pacific and at last was recognized by the nations of the earth as Canada, a power for good upon the face of the earth. When Columbus had crossed the Atlantic it was easy for others to do the same. So when Canada led the way in Confederation, other colonies followed suit and emerged into self-governing Dominions, with a variety of constitutions, adapted from British precedents, to meet local conditions. Gradually, the British Empire that we know began to emerge. The lion and her cubs began to occupy the attention of the cartoonists.

The South African war was a lesson in imperial statesmanship. The Elder Daughter allowed to come to the aid of the old Mother, to maintain the new dignity of citizenship, to chastise the unruly and to help in the establishment of an experiment of responsible government in nominally subject areas with jealous interest. There were seniors of course, but the British family tradition of patriotism and prophesies of dire portents for the silly old Motherland that allowed her children to get on the experiment of responsible government in nominally subject areas with jealous interest.

There were those who applauded what appeared to be a concerted effort on the part of all the children to sever one by one the bonds of standing—indeed of appreciation—British family tradition, and for the day of dismay which they believed would eventually dawn for England,—they convinced themselves that what they saw was really what they hoped for. Then did come the Crash of Doom. Somebody's doom and a lot of ambitious people hoped it was England's.

But the cartoonists licked their pencils and began to draw the lion and her brood again. This time the cubs had grown. They paced around the Mother Lion, full grown, velvet paws, steel-shin-swift to scent trouble, keen to hear alarm, with a throaty rumble of warning that the busy mischief makers should have heard, but didn't. Shoulder to shoulder, into the war went the Lions of the Seven Seas and though they returned from the conflict with mangled paws and tangled manes, return they did, everyone of them.

It was a proud day for Canada when she saw her sister nations speeding to battle for the freedom of mankind. In the past she had taught the world the meaning of responsible government and confederation in the British Dominions Beyond the Seas. We have a new name for the Empire now, sponsored by the King himself,—it is the British Commonwealth of Nations. The Motherland is an adjustable lady and she has not hesitated



By James W. Barton, M.D.

FORCED FEEDING AND EXERCISE

A few years ago there was much talk about neurasthenia, or tiredness of the nerves. This is a real condition all right, and cannot be brushed or smiled away. Formerly there were rest cures for this, and Dr. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia, got satisfactory results in some cases with absolute rest and a milk diet. However our new specialists have found out during the last few years that these neurasthenies are really emotionally tired, and the best way to get results is to try and have the patient surmount his difficulty, worry, sorrow, or whatever is interfering with his appetite and sleep.

This untangling business is often helped out by having the body worked vigorously. This means that all the functions of the body, except the brain, are given plenty of work. It is spoken of as the forced feeding and exercise treatment.

The patient is allowed a piece of bread or a couple of soda crackers with milk or coffee the first thing in the morning and is given a brisk walk. He then rests until breakfast time and is given a real breakfast of fruits, cereals, eggs, and so forth. Half an hour after this he is given another long walk, then a rest, then at 11 a. m. some light food, then work of some vigorous kind such as digging till 12-30, rest until 1 o'clock, then a real good lunch, rest, golf for two hours, a rest, afternoon refreshment, slight rest, another walk, a rest, a big dinner, a rest, an hour's hard gymnastic work, a hot shower, and to bed.

In other words the body is worked and the mind rested. What happens. The patient is so tired at night that he sleeps like a child. His stomach and intestines function right because the body requires the food on account of the work done. And the health is strengthened by the exercise so that the blood circulates better, and of course carries a better quality of blood to every part, including the brain. This is why health farms get results in the overworked business man. They treat him and care for him as they would any animal; food, work, rest, and again food, work, rest.

There may be an occasional patient in which the above treatment would be unwise but for most of us, it should strengthen the body and rest and clear the brain.

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

April 25, 1927

A GREAT CONTRAST:—For evil doers shall be cut off; but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth. Psalm 37:9.

PRAYER:—O Lord, we asked life of Thee and Thou gavest it to us, even length of days forever and ever, eternal life.

LOVE TIME

Springtime is love time, world full of joy— Singing bird, skipping lamb, happy girl and boy; Starflowers, windflowers, gleaming daffodils, Cowslips in the valley, and merry, trickling rills.

Summertime is love time, don't you love it best? Soft little fledglings in a downy nest; Columbine and cranesbill all along the way, Happy little children having holiday.

Autumn time is love time—In the beechwoods roam Squirrels gathering store of nuts for their Winter home; Brown bear hunting thro' the woods for a hollow tree,

to accord her children their new national rights and aspirations. She has held out the welcoming hand in the council halls of the world. At peace negotiations, at the councils of the League of Nations, she is proud to share the council table with us and the younger sister nations. Our opposition has come from other nations who in years gone by were loud in their commiseration of our "enfranchised" position within the Empire. Some of them were ready to lend us a helping hand to unloose the "shackles" of these have connections. Some of these have protested against our position as independent nations in the councils of the Parliament of the world. In days to come Canada's share in the creation of an entirely new principle of international coalition for students of history. In the meantime Canada has not so much been moulded by the Empire as the Empire has been moulded by Canada. And, as a matter of fact, the compact British League of Nations provided a very nice model for the world wide League of Nations.



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DAILY LESSONS IN ENGLISH By W. L. Gordon WORDS OFTEN MISUSED: Don't say "lit the candle." "Latched" is preferable. OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED: adequate; I as in "it," a as in "aid," accent last syllable, is preferred. OFTEN MISPELLED: auger (tool) augur (to portend). SYNONYMS: sensual, licentious, dissolute, debauched, self-indulgent, lascivious. WORD STUDY: "Use a word three times and it is yours." Let us increase our vocabulary by mastering one word each day. Today's word: DISAPPROVAL; disapproval; the withholding of approval. "The students expressed their disapproval."

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