

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1928

GROWING BETTER?

HOW often the question has been asked, "Is the world growing better?" And with what misgivings and headshakings it has been answered, even grudgingly, in the affirmative? How often decidedly in the negative?

Those who have read the history of recent centuries in cultured England, France and Germany—to go no further afield—of their social life, of their courts of justice, with their pre-arranged judgments, their religious customs and superstitions, will have no difficulty in answering the question with a decisive and positive yes.

Still, we have not attained to the pinnacle of moral and religious goodness which two thousand years of Christian teaching might be expected to bring to us. We have carried with us, into our civilization some remnants of the habits of the dark ages, some untamed and uncontrollable natural propensities of the cave man.

INSINCERITY. ONE of the vices retarding civilization is insincerity. Few there was no room for him in jail.

are who do not, occasionally at least, yield to the natural human desire to appear better than they really are. This aspiration has its benefits. It is commendable to seek the good opinion of men and women, commendable, for that purpose, to appear to be better than we really are for such exercise in appearing to be good may eventually result in improvement.

The law usually can take care of the latter, but the self-righteous Pharisee is a stench in the nostrils of all.

RUBBER STAMPS

It is becoming increasingly evident that we would have saved money and been as well off if, instead of going to the trouble of electing three Liberals to represent us at Ottawa, we had sent three rubber stamps expressing approval of anything and everything done—or left undone—by the King Government.

What about the Maritime freight rates which have not been reduced? What about the second Car Ferry and the accommodation at Borden and Tormentine? According to our elected rubber stamps these things are all right and the Government has done all it could to implement the recommendations of the Duncan Commission.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The political prohibitionist who saw no signs of drink on the day of the civic election, and gave the Prohibition Board credit for it, must have put his telescope to his cork eye. There were many "evidences" and quite a number of drinks, one of whom appeared in the police court next morning and was dismissed—probably because there was no room for him in jail.

Notes by the Way

WHETHER it was women or men who "sought out many inventions," as recorded by the Preacher in Ecclesiastes, need not occupy our attention greatly. Solomon with his seven hundred wives and three hundred other feminine intimates was not in opposition to make a fair, or modern estimate of women as a class, or of their value in the home or in the social circle.

It is due to the aged women of today as it has been to those of ages past, to say that in one point at least, not to mention others, they excel their brothers. It is in that mysterious realm of feeling that is known as intuition. It may be described as an instinctive knowledge or grasp of a subject which comes to them instantly without the slow process of logic or reason and study that seems necessary to their brothers or husbands.

The Liberal women, or women Liberals of Canada are to be organized nationally at a general meeting to be held in Ottawa in April next. This seems to be a natural forward movement quite proper and necessary to the lady electors of both the Liberal and Conservative parties in Canada.

Through the national organization of Liberal women we are told "it is hoped to inculcate the principles of Liberalism, blending the practical application of principles with the ideal." A pretty sentiment truly, but if we ask for a definition of Liberal principles we shall find only the most vague, gross, incongruous and contradictory answers to our question.

Liberalism in Quebec, where the largest compact body of that name reside, is as different from the free-trade Liberalism of the Prairies as is the robust Patriotic and British Liberalism of the Toronto Globe from the Washington worshipping Liberalism of Mackenzie King.

Premier Ferguson, speaking of age pensions the other day, pointed out that under the present plan by which the cost is equally divided between the Dominion and the Provinces, it would cost Ontario \$5,000,000 a year. While it might be a matter for future consideration he held out no prospect that the Provincial Government would now accept it.

Conan Doyle foresees a tremendous calamity to happen to the world in the near future. This is depressing and may have an unhealthy effect upon some minds. There has been a record of many calamities by war, the successive period of gripe earthquakes and floods, during the past ten years, and other calamitous occurrences may be yet in store for our warning or correction.

A new German motorcycle carries two persons in a car in front, the driver occupying a saddle in the rear.

That Body of Ours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

DIFFERENT CAUSES OF COUGHS

Perhaps you are bothered with a constant cough, which has defied all the drugs usually taken to check same. I have in mind the dry hacking cough which is so common during the cooler weather, but is sometimes present at other times.

Another cause is catarrh, whether the kind with excessive secretion, or the other, the dry type. The specialist often by touching a sensitive area in the patient's nose can bring on a coughing spell. And the application of cocaine to this sensitive area will relieve it.

Another cause is the presence of impacted wax in the ear, because the same nerve that supplies the ear has a branch that runs to the nose and throat. The removal of the wax causes the cough to cease.

Then of course there is the cough due to irritating fumes, or dust at your work, and from overindulgence in smoking.

Someone has put them into two main classes, the cough with expectoration, and the dry or irritant cough. The expectorating (spitting) cough should be encouraged, when the dry cough only shakes the entire system, and should be stopped.

Winter cough is due to living indoors in an overheated, overly dry atmosphere, which serves to irritate the lining of the nose, throat, and bronchial tubes. Vessels filled with water, or the water containers attached to radiators, help this condition to some extent.

It is not of serious origin it is an "early" sign, and you'll have every chance to overcome the trouble.

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

February 11, 1928. OUR GOD IS GREAT—Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable.—Psalm 145:2.

February 12, 1928. GOD IS GRACIOUS—The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy.—Psalm 145:8.

MIDDLE-AGE. I'm not getting any richer in the sense of minted gold. But the days are getting richer with the pleasures that they hold.

For the joy of living deepens with the passing of the years. And man seems to get his bearing as his middle-age appears.

I have done with youthful pleasures and turned to other things. And there's no day God gives me but some interest is watched for, there is something just ahead.

Always something to make bright the way in which we tread; A friend who may be coming, or a task, I want to do— That I find a thrill in living in a world that's ever new.

So I give no sigh for pleasures that have lost their lure for me. Does it matter I'm no longer young as once I used to be? That my football days are over is a fact I long have known.

EDGAR A. GUEST. knows any more than other mortals as to what is coming next. The future is, as we believe, wisely hidden from our view by a kindly Providence.

WOODSMEN—Keep Minard's handy.

Happenings of The Week

THE lady's irate countenance assumed a purplish tint, as she struck an attitude of re-monstrance: "My dear, 'tis BRIDGE we're playing; permit a subtle hint Required by your recent demonstration!"

"I led you—see—a DIAMOND! Did you think it was a SPADE?" (Her tones were those of great exasperation) "If you would use intelligence, mistakes would not be made— There'd be no need for this re-primination!"

REALLY, some people!" She fixed a stony gaze Upon the cause of her disapprobation. Who turned from red to ghostly white, then crumpled in a heap O'ercome by her, so just, humiliation . . .

Mrs. Harry Brown entertained at an exquisitely arranged Bridge at the Victoria Hotel on Wednesday evening, fourteen tables being played. On Friday evening Mrs. Brown entertained at an equally enjoyable dance.

Mrs. J. D. Stewart was hostess at a small but delightfully arranged Bridge last Monday evening.

The many friends of Miss Lillian Earle will regret to learn of her illness in the P. E. Island Hospital, where she underwent an operation Thursday. Miss Earle is a general favorite in musical and social circles and her early recovery is earnestly looked for.

The sudden death of Dr. James Warburton came as a severe shock to a wide circle of relatives and friends. Sincerest sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

There has been some talk lately about flowers not being worn again, but judging from the latest shipments from Paris to New York, this is not at all the case and it is not likely to be for some time to come. At present violets appear to be in the lead, but in a more varied array of colors than formerly.

The Young Men's Commercial Club supper and dance on Tuesday at the Victoria Hotel is still a pleasantly discussed social event of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Strong left Thursday morning for their home in Montreal, where they will spend a few weeks before returning to the city.

Mrs. G. Filmer was among the hostesses entertaining at a mixed Bridge on Wednesday.

Miss Dorothy Gordon, daughter of Mrs. D. Gordon, leaves Tuesday morning for Montreal, where she will enter the Royal Victoria Hospital to train. During the week she was the guest of honor at several social gatherings, including a tea on Tuesday afternoon, given by Miss Marjory Stewart, at her pretty home, 19 Greenfield Avenue, and on Wednesday evening at a party, Miss Helen Foster being hostess.

Palm Beach reports that, generally speaking, daytime costumes may be divided broadly into two groups, as far as numerical repetition is concerned—the one or two-piece crepe or crepe satin dress; and the knitted costume which is most often combined with crepe. Lake Geneva, Paderewski, one evening after dinner, sat down at the piano and began to play Chopin.

WHEN Mme. Vanderveelde, wife of the Belgian statesman, was visiting the Paderewskis some years ago at their beautiful place on Lake Geneva, Paderewski, one evening after dinner, sat down at the piano and began to play Chopin.

Mrs. J. E. Cameron, Mrs. T. White, Mrs. G. L. Dunlop, Mrs. Arthur Henry were joint hostesses Wednesday evening, when they entertained a wide circle of friends at Bridge in the K. of P. hall, which was very cosily arranged for the happy occasion.

Mrs. Murdock McKinnon was hostess for the Monday evening Bridge Club this week.

There has been a delightful round of entertainment among the younger social set this week, prior to the Lenten season so quickly advancing.

AN ATTIC SALT-SHAKER

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FIFTY YEARS ago, Eddie Foy, the comedian—then at the start of his comic-career—was "working" the honky-tonks (as western gambling cabarets were called) in such hard-boiled towns as Leadville, Dodge City and Butte. Many of the diverting story he has to tell—in his very worth-while reminiscences, "Plowing Through Life"—of a vanished era and society, already become legendary.

THERE was Horace A. W. Tabor, for instance, who had a spectacular career if ever a man did, being for a brief period, U. S. Senator from Colorado.

"He like myself," says Eddie Foy, "was one of the sort generally referred to in those days as a 'strictly self-made man.'" When his new opera house in Denver was receiving its interior decoration he came in one day and found a sculptor modelling a plaster bust in low relief on the wall.

"Who's that?" he demanded. "That's Shakespeare," replied the artist.

"Shakespeare?" echoed Tabor. "What the hell did he ever do for Colorado?"

AFTER THE Denver Opera House was finished, Tabor was given a banquet by the citizens, at which it was suggested that it would be highly fitting for a portrait of the great man and his daughter (whom he had christened "Silver Dollar") to adorn the lobby of the theatre. Tabor agreed, but added that he didn't want the work botched by any of "these inexperienced American artists." He and Silver Dollar expected to visit Europe soon, and while there would have the painting done by one of the Old Masters!

WHILE in Leadville Eddie Foy took part in a production of that old-timer "The Black Cook," staged by an itinerant actor named Sullivan.

"I played Rudolf, the hero of the piece," says Eddie, "while Sullivan essayed the part of the heavy. On the first night there had already been several hitches and miscues when we reached the point where Sullivan and I were in dialogue.

"HE WAS supposed to answer a speech of mine with: 'Well said, me lad, well said!' But I mistook my cue and said in on him several phrases ahead of time. He swelled visibly and his face turned purple under his makeup. Finally, he ejaculated: 'Well said, me lad, but said too damn soon!'"

"It got a big laugh from the audience, and I am convinced that most of them thought that line was in the script."

THE DIFFERENCE between wit and humor is aptly defined in this story told by Lord Rosslyn in his memoirs, "My Gamble With Life."

One night, he (Rosslyn), Comyns Carr and Beorcham Tree were "chinning" in the Garrick Club when the conversation veered to that debatable question.

"Everyone was laying down his own definition," says Lord Rosslyn, "when Comyns Carr, with a wink at me, turned on Tree and said: 'Now for instance, Tree, you may have wit, but you have no sense of humor.' 'Tree rose like a trout at the bait.' 'What do you say?' he almost roared, but Comyns Carr with a poise on Tree's arm quieted him amid much laughter.

"Come, come, Tree, you've just proved my statement," he said.

"CRITICS," once said John Galsworthy, "are very like mosquitoes—they will have your blood; and I know a lady who, after an operation, came to with the words: 'I don't want to be a self-supporting independent economic agent; and I want to be loved.'"

"The literary man comes to understand the knives of the critics with the words: 'I don't want to be a double-barrelled copper-plated literary artist. I want to be read.'"

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for many years, and who always got a "little bit tight" on a Saturday night. "I used anxiously," he says, "to make my dresser which at the stage door for her arrival and let me know how she seemed. 'She's very bad tonight, sir,' he would say. 'She patted the cab'orse when she drove up to the door. She's always extra bad when she pats the cab'orse!'"

MENTION of "dressers" leads Mr. Maude to remark that they are—or used to be, anyway—great characters. After a summer's vacation and on returning to the theatre, the actor asked his London dresser how he had been amusing himself during the summer evenings.

"Well, sir," said he, "I went to 'dawnces at Crosse and Blackwell's Jam and Pickle Factory—the girls is very pretty there! 'Ah, were they they nice girls, and did you enjoy dancing with them? 'Yes, sir, they was very nice indeed on a Jam night, such as Raspberri Jam night particularly—but on a Pickle night they was awful!'"

A QUAIN OLD actor named Blakely, with whom Mr. Maude appeared in "London Assurance" early in his career, had to be kicked by Maude in the course of the play's action. At the first rehearsal Blakely offered his colleague a most tempting target and the latter took full advantage of it.

Arthur Bourchier, who was also in the cast, at once stepped forward and explained to Maude the proper way to kick anyone on the stage, i. e., with the side of the foot instead of the toe.

Blakely bent down for Bourchier to show how it should be done, and, after the kick, turned round and said genially: "Yes, I prefer Bourchier—Maude's such an earnest actor."

IN "David Copperfield" Dickens introduced several members of his family. The youthful Davis is the youthful Charles, himself, his biographer. His mother, although she was drawn at full length in Mrs. Nichelby is also sketched in some of her aspects in Mrs. Micawber. The whole pitiable episode of David's life as Dickens' life as wrapper and pasteurizer in a blacking factory. Wilkies' Micawber is John Dickens, Charles' father—all of which I get from James O'Donnell Bennett's delightful essays "Much Loved Books: Best Sellers of the Ages."

IT IS just one hundred and eight years since Washington Irving's creation, Rip Van Winkle, stepped out of a twenty-five page story to become a citizen of the world. Rip was included in an unassuming volume called "The Sketch Book," modestly published under the pseudonym, "Geoffrey Crayon." The first printer of

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