

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1929

CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION

As announced in our advertising columns the annual meeting of the Queen's County Liberal Conservative Association will be held in the Board of Trade Rooms next Tuesday, the 22nd inst, at 1.30 p.m., and a convention for the selection of two candidates to represent the party at the forthcoming federal election will be held in the Strand Theatre at 2.30 p.m.

The annual meeting will, as usual, deal with matters of routine business and the election of officers for the ensuing year. The convention will consist of five delegates from each poll in the county, and will be concerned chiefly with the selection of two candidates to contest the interests of the Liberal Conservative party.

Much interest is manifested in this convention, and it is felt that the tide of Liberal Conservatism has perceptibly risen in recent years, and that Queen's County will, after the next general election, be represented in Parliament by two Liberal Conservatives and on the Government side of the House.

It is important that both the annual meeting and the convention shall be fully representative of the party and of the county, and it is gratifying to note that already duly accredited delegates have been elected in the different polls. The enthusiasm with which the forthcoming convention is being acclaimed augurs well for the success of the party at the coming election, which must be held not later than 1931, and may be held in 1930. The opinion is now well-nigh universal that the county is practically unrepresented at present, and that the time has come for sending to Parliament of other than figure-heads and rubber stamp representatives. Notwithstanding noises to the contrary and reiteration of alleged benefits accruing from the present representation the fact remains that any benefits accruing to the province have been secured through other influences than those of the Liberal representatives. It is felt that a change is due at Ottawa, and the forthcoming convention will, it is believed, act accordingly and nominate candidates who, when elected, will worthily represent Queen's County and the province.

THE POTATO SITUATION.

Various and contradictory rumors are in circulation at present regarding the potato market situation. These rumors for the most part are inspired by interested sources, and there seems to be no definite light or leading with regard to the situation. We are told on the one hand that the Central Canadian market is glutted with Ontario and Quebec potatoes; we are also told that 400 cars a day are being shipped from the State of Maine to the New York and Boston markets. The combined effect of these rumors is to lead to the conclusion that there is little market either in the United States or in Canada for our potatoes. The sources of information generally speaking are interested and the reports must be taken with the proverbial grain of salt. There should, however, be some reliable and independent information regarding the general potato situation, in which case farmers would be able to judge whether they should sell at once or hold for a possible increase. Such information would naturally be looked for from the Department of Agriculture, but that department is silent and no definite information is forthcoming which would guide the producer. The situation in Central Canada, where we sold approximately 800,000 bushels last season, is of great importance to the people of this province, but this year nothing is definitely known regarding supply and demand in that market. It would be well if the department would give

some information on this point. So far as the Cuban market is concerned the three steamers now loading in our harbors will be the only ones to reach their destination before the enhanced duty goes into effect. The situation in the eastern United States cities is still a matter of speculation, but the want of any guidance with regard to this makes it uncertain for the farmer how to move. Our Department of Agriculture will do well to look into these matters and give such information as it has available under the circumstances.

INTER-IMPERIAL TRADE

At a recent meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, the question of imperial trade came up for an airing. Statistics were quoted showing that the total importations from Great Britain in the fiscal year 1929 were valued at \$194,020,573. Of this total goods to the value of \$123,393,818 entered Canada under the low British preferential tariff duties. In other words, 64 per cent. of the exports from Great Britain to Canada came in at the lower rates of the preferential tariff. Canadian exports to Great Britain during the same period were valued at \$429,730,495, of which only goods valued at \$14,905,896 were entitled to the benefit of preferential tariffs, leaving the balance of our exports, \$414,824,599 to enter Great Britain under the same competitive terms as goods from foreign countries. To the large percentage of British products entering Canada under the preference must be added a considerable total representing commodities against which no duties are levied, though the free list is, of course, of general application. It is fair to the Mother Country to say that when and where "safeguarding" duties have been imposed, some consideration has been given to the Dominions, and Canada has had some advantage in this regard. That advantage applies to less than four per cent. of this country's exports to Britain, for the reason that no British government, with or without will, would apply the safeguarding principle to foodstuffs including such a staple commodity as wheat—in which Canada is so largely interested. Public sentiment in Britain would not allow it, and whether public sentiment is right or wrong does not much matter, so far as practical politics are concerned. This is the main obstacle in the way of imperial preferential trade on an equal reciprocal basis, and it is an obstacle which imperial conferences cannot overcome, especially in view of the dislike of Mr. Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to the preferences already enjoyed by the Dominions in the British markets.

EDITORIAL NOTES

While it is probably a matter of prudence to toot the horn before running over a pedestrian it is not necessary to keep on tooting after the accident has occurred or the danger of an accident has been averted. Some of our autoists have already acquired the sobriquet of insane tooters. There is no reason for the continuous horn tooting indulged in by many of our amateur drivers.

One of the most amazing contacts of the present with the long-dead past is reported from Mexico, where workmen preparing an aviation field unearthed an ancient city that yielded relics of a civilization thousands of years old. Dense tropical jungle had covered the site. Many strange articles are being exhumed, but the most startling of all would be discovery of the petrified remains of an old-time aeroplane. Mexico was quite a place many centuries ago.

Notes By The Way

Subscriptions to the Sanatorium Fund have been remarkable in number and the generosity of the subscribers, if we judge by the published list, which is not yet quite complete. Rich and poor have contributed, realizing painfully how great is the public need. The need is indeed very great, for the number of afflicted ones for whose care and cure provision is about to be made, is very large in proportion to the small population of the province.

It is regrettable that the drive for a popular subscription had not been undertaken years ago when the Dalton Sanatorium was still in existence. In the meantime many victims of the White Plague have died, while many more have passed beyond the stage at which complete recovery could be hoped for. All the while there was a willingness in the minds of a host of people to contribute as they are now doing. But that is a thing of the past. What is now being done is the best atonement that could be made for past neglect. And it is creditable alike to those who devised the plan, to those who gave their valuable time to the work of soliciting subscription, and to each and all who contributed to the Fund. The Saunders Government is the only party not deserting of any credit in this connection. It is composed of members who turned down \$75,000 compensation suggested by the Federal Government, and has failed to even promise to realize on our claims at the coming conference. The \$69,000 promised by the present subscribers, together with the \$30,000 from the Government will not be sufficient to erect and fully equip a suitable sanatorium, while the \$12,000 promised by the Government for upkeep will not nearly cover the deficit. The people will therefore have to be prepared for an annual subscription call or increased taxation.

It will be remembered Premier Bell declared again and again it would take \$150,000 per annum to run the Sanatorium, and Mr. Lea made no demur to this. How much do the Commission think it will cost per annum, and how are they going to finance it?

Only two weeks now until the Ontario election, and the liquor plebiscite in Nova Scotia, both of which are matters of political and social interest here. There is a lot of fun in these voting competitions, especially among those who are possessed of a sense of humor and who don't take politics too seriously. The immediate result will be known when the ballots are counted. Beyond that it is idle to speculate and always unwise to make a wager. Premier Ferguson is counted "a bonnie fighter" by his many admirers, but his opponents promise to give him "the fight of his life" this time.

Organized Labor "makes and breaks and works its will" in Great Britain, as it would gladly have done a few years ago, but was then too far in the minority to effect its purpose. It is stronger now, and is playing the game of politics with much more energy and boldness. And just now in the far-off Australian Commonwealth under the Southern Cross, Labor has won another victory.

Labor once before held sway in Australia but was beaten by a combination of other parties led by the now defeated Premier, Mr. Bruce. This will no doubt give further hope and comfort to Premier Ramsay MacDonald in his ambition to push forward great schemes of reform in the United Kingdom, the British Empire and the world. We do not doubt his sincerity in the belief that he is planning and working for world peace. So are many other great leaders.

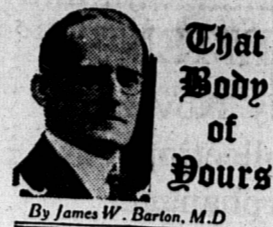
World peace is an ideal objective, but it is as we fear yet farther off in the distant future than many of the advocates and lovers of peace may dream. The inspired prophets placed on record in ages past visions which seem to preclude the hope that the last great war on earth is past. To those who in this materialistic age still believe in the truth of ancient prophecies the greatest war of all the ages is still to come.

The long summer drought in many lands has of late been succeeded by copious rains and floods. In Canada experience has led us to expect less snow than usual in the early winter after heavy rains late in Autumn.

A volume laid upon the Altar in the National Memorial Chamber in the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, on August 4, 1927, when it was dedicated by the Prince of Wales. It contains the names of nearly 70,000 Canadians who fell in the Great War or died as a result of war service. The Tower is itself a notable tribute to the dead, and is already a pilgrimage center for thousands of visitors.

THE LAND WE LOVE

By FRANK YEIGH
THE BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE
What is the Book of Remembrance?
The Book of Remembrance was



By James W. Barton, M.D.

ORGANIZED TO FIGHT RHEUMATISM

One of the encouraging things you see about you is the organization of groups, often small groups, whose object is to relieve some special form of human suffering.

First there were tuberculosis organizations and they have taken that ailment from first place to fourth place as a cause of death.

Then came the cancer organization, and although the cause of cancer is still unknown, these organizations, by showing that early cancer can be cured, are saving thousands of precious lives yearly.

Then came the heart organizations because they realized that more people die of heart ailments than from any other one cause.

They have been teaching that heart ailments come often from simple infections and that the removal of these and rest will enable many of these cases to live long useful lives.

And now there are 'rheumatism' organizations being established throughout the world whose object is to try and find out the cause of rheumatism, and in the meantime try and discover the best method or methods of treating it.

And one of the first points to remember is to get the idea that once you have had rheumatism you are likely to always have it in your system, but you will only have an acute attack when something 'special' starts it. For instance you may have an attack and have some infected teeth removed and in a short time the rheumatism disappears.

Or you may have an attack of tonsillitis and an attack of rheumatism follows shortly afterwards. The attack passes away in a few weeks and you have no trouble until you have another attack of tonsillitis or more infected teeth. And the point is that the safest thing is to assume that with every attack of rheumatism, the heart is affected, and that by rest and proper medical attention you can safeguard the heart.

These rheumatism organizations are agreed that "the most probable site for rheumatism to begin is the tonsil", as shown by the majority of cases of rheumatism following acute tonsillitis.

All such organizations are worthy of our support.

The Poets' Corner

AUTUMN

(A Villanelle)
Unloved by me is Autumn's waning ray,
(Symbol of vanished hope and pale despair)
It speaks too much of death and drear decay.

Autumn, too, often tells of pathways grey
Its leaves of Fever's touch and anxious care,
Unloved by me is Autumn's waning ray.

Lovely each twining mist at break of day
Crimsoned by rising sun, yet everywhere
It speaks too much of death and drear decay.

Though sweet the song of fruitful labor's pay
Where fields of golden corn lie smiling-fair,
Unloved by me is Autumn's waning ray.

Even where wondrous tint may light our way
Or maple's glory blaze beyond compare,
It speaks too much of death and drear decay,
Unloved by me is Autumn's waning ray.

—Lewis Wharton.

The Function Of Poetry

Judging by the number of critiques which have recently appeared upon this topic, it would seem that ours is not quite the prosaic age some would fain have us believe. In point of fact there is no lack of versification. A notable aftermath of the Great War has been the stimulus given to the poetic faculty, an issue that once more reminds us that the greatest poetry has never been produced during piping times of peace, but is the outcome of struggle and turmoil, the offset of rugged conditions, much as the rainbow spans the thunderous cloud. "Men learn in suffering what they teach in song." It may well be that men turn to poetry as a relief from the troubles which overcome us as a summer cloud, and feel the need for some freer and more refreshing view of life than is offered by the starkly standardized or deterministic concepts which stiffen and set mortals like cogs in the social machine. But if this freer and larger expression of life is sought in poetry, it goes far towards showing that, as Emerson says, every man at heart is a poet, and consequently the sights, sounds, colors, forms and motions of nature clothed in the raiment of the beautiful, sing home to the soul and are delicately sensed even though the intellect can find no scientific account or formal explanation of these emotions. And herein lies a curious paradox. It has been remarked that the seventeenth century, which from one viewpoint is described as the era of fashionable artifice and decorum, from another angle reveals itself as the fertile era of genius. The creative impulse was never more active; and the giant intellects which appeared under the influence of the Renaissance, effectually rescued Europe from the shackles of medieval superstition and stereotyped promises. So says Professor Whitehead in his study of "Science and the Modern World."

But does not this dictum happily hit off the special function of poetry? One felt difficulty is that of finding any definition of the poetic function which will satisfy the mind, or properly describe its generic character and relations. Hence the definitions advanced by philosophers and critics are almost countless and somewhat bewildering; and this for the simple reason that the Muse refuses to stay itself within the limits of any one of them. Its rationale is not subject to either the scientific modus or the logical faculty. "Poetic license" is a meaningful phrase. Proverbs which describe poetry as the eloquence of verse, the spirit of art, the sister of music, the imitation or idealization of nature, and the overflow of the surcharged feelings, have all their value as approximations. But a hint, upon which it is worth while to pause, is afforded by the statement that poetry is the soulful protest of the emotions against the domination of intellect, and its sphere the whole area of nature and the entire keyboard of humanity. Its immense liberalizing influence follows as a consequence. This feature cannot be too strongly stressed. Has any age, strictly deterministic in thought, ever yet produced any poetry worth the reading? None superior to the "forced gait of a shuffling nag." On the other hand, in supplying voice for the dumb wonder which the glory of the universe calls forth, it might easily be shown that poetry has exercised a liberating power extending that of any other single art, and probably the equal of all other arts put together. Thus, Greek poetry emancipated free will against the decrees of fate; Jewish poetry, devotion and trust, against outward law and commandment; Dante's poetry, the humanities against feudalist tyranny, and Chaucer's the springtime of fresh buoyant emotion, against the iron monotony of medieval habit. And the like breaking of the crust of custom "heavy as frost" may be traced throughout the Victorian Age, quite falsely dubbed by some primness. The claims of poetry, considered as a transcendent force capable of rendering the finer shades of spiritual meaning, will hardly be denied. In the language of Sir Francis Doyle, poetry may be accepted as "one of nature's silent promises to the heart, one great stimulus for the advancement of the race, and one source of abiding greatness in man." We know

of no lines wherein the liberalizing influence of the poetic faculty is better expressed than those of Godfrey Saxe—
"The Poet's License—'tis the right To look on all delightful things Throughout the world of beauty. 'Tis the fee— Of earth and sky and river To him who views them royally To have and hold forever."

A young man went in to the minister and told him with a very long face, that he had seen a ghost.
"Where and when?" asked the pastor.
"Last night," said the timid man. "I was passing by the church and up against the wall of it, did I, without the shadow of a doubt, behold a spectre."
"In what shape did it appear?" inquired the pastor.
"It appeared in the shape of a donkey," replied the man.
"Go home and hold your tongue about it," rejoined the minister. "You are a very timid man and have been frightened by your own shadow."

It was the noon hour in a business office and the only occupants were a pretty girl clerk and a customer who was waiting for the return of the boss. He was a nosy individual, this customer, and had asked the girl all the intimate questions he could think of—who was her favorite boy friend, how much she made a week, if she didn't think it was a shame the way grafting was going on in the city government, and why she wore a pink hat with a blue dress. Finally he inquired idly: "And what time do you go to lunch?"
"O' any time is all right," she replied brightly. "Whenever it's convenient for you."

She: "When we are married I will share all your sorrows."
He: "But I have none."
She: "I said when we are married."

Usher (to cold dignified lady): "Are you a friend of the groom?"
The Lady: "No, indeed! I am the bride's mother."
"I say BILL," said a bricklayer to his mate, "what's a cosmopolitan?"
"Well," was the careful reply, "if there was a Russian Jew living in Scotland with an Italian wife smoking Turkish cigarettes at a French window in a room with a Persian carpet and a German hand playing 'The dear little shamrock' after a supper of Dutch cheese made into a Welsh rarebit—you'd be quite safe in saying that chap was a cosmopolitan."

The Wife: "There are two ways of looking at every question."
The Husband: "Yes, I know. You—and the wrong one."
When fickle Peggy jilted Dick Her conduct cut him to the quick. And drove him to despair; But this it was that hurt him most— She sent him back his ring by post. And marked it "Glass, with care."

Miss Elderleigh: "Why, I don't want these photographs; they don't do me justice."
Photographer: "Justice? Lady, you don't want justice. You want mercy."

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DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

OXO Is Meat and Drink to You. Usher (to cold dignified lady): "Are you a friend of the groom?" The Lady: "No, indeed! I am the bride's mother." "I say BILL," said a bricklayer to his mate, "what's a cosmopolitan?" "Well," was the careful reply, "if there was a Russian Jew living in Scotland with an Italian wife smoking Turkish cigarettes at a French window in a room with a Persian carpet and a German hand playing 'The dear little shamrock' after a supper of Dutch cheese made into a Welsh rarebit—you'd be quite safe in saying that chap was a cosmopolitan."

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