

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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MONDAY, JULY 4, 1927

LOOKING FORWARD.

DURING the past several weeks we have been looking backward over the road we had traveled for the previous sixty years. It was a magnificent road, albeit a road of many difficulties, some of them long insurmountable but finally overcome. Who, sixty years ago, would have dreamed of building a railway over or through the Rocky Mountains? Yet it was accomplished. Who could have dreamed of bridging the St. Lawrence immediately above the city of Quebec? Yet, it was finally accomplished, although, like all great achievements, at a great cost in human life. The impossibilities overcome all along the way are immeasurable. And this is our hope today as we look forward. There are similar impossibilities in the future, but these, too, will be overcome.

Man started on his career with a divine injunction to subdue the earth, and have dominion over its creatures. Gradually he has been carrying out his great task. In the course of ages he secured dominion over the creatures, compelling them to do his bidding. He subdued the ocean with its terrors and its dangers. His dug-out log canoe has grown into the modern ocean liner. He has sailed into the heavens; he has captured and harnessed the powers of the air, making them carry his voice from continent to continent. He practically has all nature under his hand and in every sphere of it he is almost master. How much more he shall master and subdue to his will, who can guess? Of one thing only we can be sure; he shall go on from conquest to conquest, doing his little human bit in achieving that "divine event to which the whole creation moves."

Here in Canada Nature has richly endowed us. We have only begun our task of building a nation, but we have the material in forest and mine, in homes and our schools, in our churches and colleges and universities. We have the experiences of the ages and we are of the breed that has overcome the obstacles of past ages. We, too, shall go on conquering and to conquer if we are true to ourselves and to those who have gone before us and blazed the trail for us.

GRACIOUS MESSAGES.

ON Friday last, Dominion Day, the people of Canada had the privilege of hearing the messages, respectively, of His Majesty King George and his personal representative, Viscount Willingdon, Governor-General of Canada, to this country on the occasion of our Diamond Jubilee celebration. This privilege was one of the latest triumphs of science, the broadcasting from Ottawa to the remotest corners of the Dominion of the spoken word. Perhaps this was its greatest significance, the greatest proof of the wonderful achievement of science in the sixty years of our existence as a confederated dominion. We have marched, breast to breast, in the forefront, industrially, commercially and scientifically with the oldest countries in the world; we have shared in all that science and education have brought about in the world; we have staged the most ambitious broadcasting radio undertaking the world has ever known. This alone made the celebration of Friday an epochal event in the his-

tory of our great young nation. The addresses both of His Majesty and His Excellency were the typical addresses of British statesmen; brief, concise and direct to the point. No round-about verbosity such as is too much in evidence on this side of the Atlantic, and even in our own Canadian parliament and in Canadian legislatures. We have much to learn from the Mother of Parliaments. The celebration was in every way worthy of the occasion, worthy of our sixty years of progress and to be cherished in the memory of all who participated in it.

AFTER THE CELEBRATION.

AFTER the strenuous days of the past week and the calm of the Sabbath, our people are now looking forward to the visit of Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Viscountess Willingdon. No time could be more appropriate for this vice regal visit than while our blood is still thrilling with the patriotic exercises of the Diamond Jubilee celebration, and at no other part of Canada will Their Excellencies receive a more cordial welcome than in Charlottetown, the Cradle of Confederation.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The clerk of the weather was on his best behaviour on Friday.

The next event is the visit of Their Excellencies Viscount and Viscountess Willingdon on Thursday next.

Keep your hunting flying all this week and those who failed to decorate should emulate their neighbors.

Prohibitionists who believe in prohibition for others and not for themselves had a delightful aromatic bouquet about their breath on Friday.

It is understood that the Hon. David McDonald's friends are insisting that he is the right man for the Ministry of Public Works. He is the oldest parliamentarian now in the House and has been passed over for office in favor of younger members in past parliaments.

Titles have their use as marks of appreciation for services rendered and the celebration of great occasions. Owing to the action of the majority of the House of Commons, Royal titles are not possible, but the Government at Ottawa got over the difficulty nicely by creating Governor Hertz and ex-Governor D. A. MacKinnon Honorables for life.

A word of congratulation is due to the Diamond Jubilee Celebration Committee under the presidency of Mr. Justice Arsenault, for the splendidly organized arrangements carried out without a hitch. A special word of praise is due to Mr. H. R. Stewart on whom the bulk of the executive work fell. He is the right man in the right place.

If rumor be true the axe is going to fall heavily among local government officialdom when Mr. Saunders come into his own. But we expect rumor is a lying jade on this occasion and it is scarcely credible that a party which protested so vigorously against the use of the ambitious broadcasting radio undertaking the world has ever known. This alone made the celebration of Friday an epochal event in the his-

Notes by the Way

The Jubilee Celebration is over, so far as our City and Province are concerned, and the one impression prevails, that it was splendidly successful. Charlottetown and the entire countryside were looking their best in verdure and bloom, and the bright sunlight of a cloudless day set forth the attractive features of our fair city in the most engaging fashion. Seldom have there been more visitors to the city from rural districts, and probably never before were so many motor cars on our streets.

One has but to imagine the greater celebrations in the larger cities of the Dominion, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Vancouver, or those in Saint John, Halifax, Quebec, Hamilton, Calgary and the scores of smaller towns between the two oceans to conclude that the Sixtieth Anniversary of the Dominion far surpassed anything of the kind that had ever been seen or heard in Canada. It was so wholeheartedly patriotic and united and so free from any note of dissent or discord as to be in every way admirable.

Thousands of our people listened to splendid and inspiring music of the now world-famous Carillon at Ottawa and to the ringing patriotic addresses and messages broadcast from the Federal Capital. And our local programme for the day and evening was carried out with a precision, a dignity, and heartiness that reflected high credit upon all who took part in the proceedings of the day.

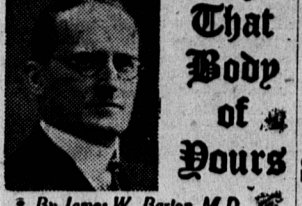
The Fathers of Confederation received due honor for the great work they performed sixty years ago, and since and their living descendants were duly honored as the survivors and kindred of that noble band of statesmen who had "built better than they knew". And prominent notice was taken of the historic fact that Charlottetown is the veritable Cradle of the Great Federation. May it never be forgotten that to the smallest Province of the Dominion this great honor belongs. And it is a real cause for satisfaction that the Jubilee Celebration had emphatically established the great fact and impressed upon the minds of the Canadian people.

Gradually the Canadian people have been learning more and more about Prince Edward Island. They have learned that we had a Legislature and a government making and administering our own laws since 154 years ago and antedating the famous Declaration of Independence by three years, also antedating seven of the other provincial governments and Legislatures of the Dominion by 15 to 132 years. The stately old grey-stone building in which the first Confederation Conference was held is older than one half the Province while our government and Legislature, had each their centennial year before we entered the Dominion and that was 54 years ago.

An epoch making literary event of this year the production of the Ode on the Diamond Jubilee by Wilson Macdonald as reprinted in the Guardian of last Saturday. It is a great poem, nobly planned, a model of poetic craftsmanship, a worthy tribute to Canada and the Motherland and to the men who made them great. We hope it may be widely read and its admirable patriotic sentiments stored up in the memories of young and old.

Truly the Fathers of our Country have been greatly honored during the Jubilee. Millions of pictured pages sown broadcast throughout the land have reproduced their faces and their forms to the view of millions of their descendants who never saw them in the flesh, and have retold the story of their great achievements. It is not given to us to know how much of what is being done on earth is revealed from day to day to the great majority who have passed beyond this bourne of time and space.

But it aught that transpires on earth is made known to those who have passed into the Great Beyond, we may well believe that the Fathers of the Dominion in their present exalted estate are not unconscious of the heartfelt chorus of acclamation and gratitude that was paid them here. For of this great state fabric they were the architects. The Fathers, now in the clear upper sky, must know, as we would wish them to know that the Dominion has grown to greatness now, is still greatly free and nobly prosperous, and with gratitude to the Giver of the Good and to them who face the future with a great



By James W. Barton, M.D.

BACK ACHE

I like to talk occasionally about pain in the lower back, because the number of individuals suffering therefrom is indeed great. Just why some folks think lower back pain is due to kidney trouble, is because they think of the kidneys as being in the lower back, whereas they are much higher up. A simple method of getting a general idea of their location is to bend the arm at the elbow and let forearm lie across the back. The forearm will be over the kidneys. As a matter of fact most of these lower back pains are due to an infection in the joint between the hip bone and the last spine bone, or between the second of last and the last bone of the spine. In the majority of cases it is due to infection from teeth and tonsils. One other cause, and one that is seldom thought of is that these joints can be sprained just as can the ankle, knee, or other joint. It is estimated by Boston specialists that perhaps twenty five per cent of these backaches are due to sprain.

There is this point also to remember, and that is that one might have an infection in the joint, have the offending teeth or tonsils removed and get relief, and some months or years afterwards, sprain the joint and set up a new irritation. So severe are some of these lower back pains, extending often down into the sciatic nerve in hip and leg, that very severe measures for relieving same have been suggested.

Dr. C. E. Ayres of Worcester, Mass., says that the most effective way of dealing with this condition is to actually fasten the bones together and prevent any movement there whatever.

Now if movement is prevented or limited, there should be a relief from pain and perhaps such a surgical procedure is sometimes necessary.

However in the majority of these cases, as treated at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, a simple tight strapping with two inch adhesive from a point an inch below the point of the hip bone on one side, across the lower back to the same point on the other side, gives great relief. After about six days the strapping is removed and a supporting belt adjusted. This is worn for months so that the movement in joint is limited and the pain, even on exertion, gradually disappears.

Don't suffer with backache. Let your doctor find out whether it is an infection or an injury, and give you appropriate treatment.

FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

A SERIES OF LITERARY QUOTATIONS FOR BOOK LOVERS

Monday, July 4th. (St. Ulric.)

How well-behaved are cows! When they approach me reclining in the shade, from curiosity, or to receive a wisp of grass, or to share the shade, or to lick the dog, held up like a calf, though just now they ran at him to toss him, they do not obtrude; their company is acceptable, for they can endure the longest and hottest days without being entertained.—Thoreau.

TWILIGHT

Twilight it is, and the far woods are dim, and the rooks cry and call. Down in the valley the lamps, and the mist, and a star over all. There by the rick, where they thresh, is the drone at an end. Twilight it is, and I travel the road with my friend.

I think of the friends who are dead, who were dear long ago in the past. Beautiful friends who are dead, though I know that death cannot last; Friends with the beautiful eyes that the dust has defiled. Beautiful souls who were gentle when I was a child.

DAILY LESSONS IN ENGLISH

By W. L. Gordon

WORDS OFTEN MISUSED: "Moneys" is the correct plural for "money," not "monies," because the "y" is preceded by a vowel.

OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED: memory. Pronounce as three syllables, and not money.

OFTEN MISSPELLED: patronize; ze.

SYNONYMS: disaster, calamity, accident, mishap, misfortune, casualty.

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: PERMUTATION; the exchange of one thing for another. "The permutation that time effected could not be erased." hope and a sublime trust in the future of our beloved country.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND AS A TOURIST RESORT

Some Interesting And Delightful Locations Described For "Guardian Readers."

(By Harold Messervey)

In every one's remembrance there are certain pictures stamped as it were, in a changeless ink. The coloring may fade a little with time, but the lineaments remain and leap clear out to the minds eye as memory turns the pages of the album of the past. And all such scenes have a certain significance. The censor does not store away for reference the banal or commonplace—but only deathless pictures timely outlined by some great emotion. Be it evoked by fear, horror, death, or perchance glory, wondrous ecstasy or transcendent love lines.

One such scene I often recall. We were standing on the deck of the car ferry, my friends and I, one evening in late July gratefully relaxing in the cool breezes of the Strait of Northumberland, doubtly welcome after the inferno of glare, dust and cinders we had passed through in our train journey from sun parched Ontario. Not a cloud was in the sky, save in the west a few feathery wisps, whose golden fringes already presaged their store in the glory of the approaching sunset. About us, in glassy stillness, the darkling waters of the strait stretched fleckless and unbroken, save by the waves cast up by the rush of our progress and the smaller ripples thrown from the bows of two laden fishing boats on their way home to the Cape Tormentine shore, whose outlines were now fading, astern into the purple mists of evening.

For a while we leaned on the after rail and looked astern, interested in the flight of four or five sea gulls which were following us. How we admired and envied the wondrous ease and grace they showed, as with scarcely a motion of their wings they soared above the masts wheeled about our ship in great circles, or dived like leaden plummetts after some morsel dropped from the vessel—some particle visible to their sharp eyes alone. The minutes passed and ever lower

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

July 4, 1927

THE REDEEMED SOUL:—My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto Thee; and my soul, which Thou hast redeemed. My tongue also shall talk of Thy righteousness all the day long. Psalm 71:23, 24.

PRAYER:—My soul doth magnify Thee, O Lord.

BRITAIN AND HER DOMINIONS

She stands, a thousand-wint'ered tree, By countless morns imparied; Her broad roots coil beneath the sea, Her branches sweep the world; Her seed, by careless winds conveyed, Cloth the remotest strand With forests from her scatterings made. New nations fostered by her shade, And linking land with land.

O ye by wandering tempest sown (Neath every alien star, Forget from whence the breath was blown That watted you afar! For ye are still her ancient seed, On younger soil let fall— Children of Britain's island-breed, To whom the mother in her need Perchance may one day call. —Sir William Watson.

HOUSEHOLD SCRAP BOOK

By ROBERTA LEE

Clothespins

New clothespins will not break as rapidly if they are soaked for 30 minutes in a vessel of boiling water, to which is added a little baking soda. Rinse them in cold water and let them dry in the sun.

Polishing Silver

Mix equal parts of whiting, ammonia, and alcohol. Apply with a flannel, allow it to dry and then polish with tissue paper.

The Umbrella Stand

A sponge in the bottom of the porcelain umbrella stand will often prevent its breakage, and will also absorb the water.

sank the sun. Like a globe of molten gold he hung, very low now in the western sky. In his ruddy glow the sea gulls changed from white to rosy pink. And then we turned and went to the bow of the ship. No painter's pigments can do more than give a meagre likeness of the sunset's glory. Still less can they do justice to the red banks of the Island as they replaced the sunset light. Perhaps as a born Islander, I am biased. If so, I cannot help it, indeed I am rather proud of it. But I have been to the West Indies and have seen the sun rise upon the green and lofty cones of Eustaceus and Java. Glorious they are, certainly, like emerald gems upon the sapphire seas of the south. Our northern waters never take that wondrous shade of blue. Yet these lands I have seen fade into insignificance beside that picture of our Island resting in the golden western glow that July night.

We were now close to the Bordine shore. Away on our left, a dark line on the horizon, lay Sea Cow Head. Suddenly at the end of it a tiny star flashed out. They had just lit the lighthouse in preparation for the oncoming night. And ahead of us stood forth clearly the warm and ruddy glow of the sandstone cliffs crowned by a chequered pattern of many shades of green; that there, green colour means I knew, a field of oats; yonder lighter shade one of potatoes; that greenish flash a mass of spruce trees. Here and there, too, we could see a patch of brighter hue, almost white—daisies! Another purplish patch—clover!

Among the fields stood the cottages and their attendant farms, all white and clean, like little squares of fresh washed linen.

All this may sound very trite and commonplace to us who are used to the beauties of our province; but to me, coming as I did from a long stay in Ontario whose fields under the hot inland sun had long been wilted nearly gray, it was like a glimpse of paradise.

My friend was entranced. Though an Ontario man, proud of his native province, and inclined to look somewhat askance at me when I spoke to him of the beauties of our homeland, the Island had won him. He turned to me and said: "It is perfect. You haven't praised it enough. I never saw so many shades of lovely green."

Such was the picture Jacques Cartier gazed upon that bright June morning in 1534. He who had voyaged afar to many lands said of our Island that it was "the fairest that may possibly be seen, full of goodly meadows and trees." And all who have since been to its hospitable shores bear witness to the verdict of the first white man to visit our home, Abegweit, "Cradled on the sea."

A Grand Holiday

(By W. L. Cotton.)

IN the course of his brilliant patriotic address to the children of our schools, the Rev. Dr. Gauthier spoke of love of country as the expansion of filial love; and our Lieutenant Governor Carvell is reported to have said that "there is more loyalty to the square mile in Prince Edward Island than in any other part of Canada." The aptness and truth of both these statements were illustrated in the enthusiasm and zest with which the people of this Province, young and old, entered into the exercises of the Diamond Jubilee, now ended. The first of July, 1927, was, indeed, a grand holiday. The weather was perfect. A light fog in the early morning soon gave place to brilliant sunshine; and the brightness of the day continued until the sun went down, and the first thin half-circle of the new moon appeared in a cloudless western sky. Appropriately the first movement in the celebration was towards the cemeteries in which lie the remains of those Fathers of Confederation who passed away in Charlottetown. Appropriately, too, the first of the public exercises of the day were begun in the Chamber in which the Fathers of Confederation

Advertisement for Neilson's Jersey Milk Chocolate, featuring an illustration of a chocolate bar wrapper and the text 'From beginning to end quality' and 'the best milk chocolate bar made 5¢ 10¢ & 25¢ sizes'.

also, and delivered messages from the Governor-General and the Prime Minister of Canada. The radio then brought music and addresses from Ottawa—not heard to advantage—and then Mr. Percy Pope delivered a carefully prepared and instructive address on the History of Canada. This was followed by a stirring patriotic speech delivered by the Rev. Dr. Gauthier, and addressed particularly to the "rising hope of the future," and by patriotic songs sweetly sung by the children, under the direction of Professor Fletcher. Then the militiamen in camp "marched past," the Lieutenant Governor taking the salute at the flag, and the proceedings of the afternoon were ended.

In the evening there was another great crowd at the Park to see the fireworks and the town was en fête. The number of people present and the number of automobiles they brought with them, were alike wonderful. Children in arms and just able to toddle were amazed by the fireworks which were admired by the boys and girls and older people present. Taken for all in all, the First of July this year was the finest and best holiday we have ever experienced. There wasn't any hitch in the proceedings—though some disappointment was expressed that the chimes at Ottawa were not more distinctly heard here. Great credit is due to His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, Mr. Justice Arsenault, Mr. D. A. Stewart and others who had the direction of the events. That the love of Canada has roots deep in the instinct and affection of the youth, manhood and womanhood of the people of this province was made evident in the proceedings of the Diamond Jubilee Celebration.

Appearing in court to collect back alimony, a Michigan woman was told that her husband had died. Isn't that just like a man!—Border Cities Star. Manager—You are asking a day off to dig in your garden, but I find you haven't any garden. Clerk—"Someone has taken it off the windowsill" then.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Advertisement for 'Camera Time!! Are You Ready?' featuring 'THE ENSIGN' camera and 'THE 2 MACS DRUGSTORE'.