

THE CHARLOTTE TOWN GUARDIAN

Notes By The Way

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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1929

THE CAR FERRY MUDDLE

The first news in two months regarding the new car ferry, published in Saturday's Guardian, will be received with surprise and disappointment by everyone in this Province. Since the announcement by Sir Henry Thornton on July 2nd that tenders for the new steamer would be called for within a few days, not a word has been heard regarding the progress of the work, but it was left, despite the silence of the Liberal representatives and Liberal press on the matter, that every effort was being made to complete the plans and begin construction at the earliest possible moment. The statement of the Minister of Railways on May 30th last in the House of Commons, that tenders would be called before very long and that it was expected the boat would be delivered within fifteen months, was supplemented by the visit here of Mr. Duguid, marine designer of the Federal Department, and his statement that "the policy of the Department was to expedite the calling of tenders as soon as possible in order that the new ferry may be ready to handle next year's crop." These assurances were accepted as authoritative, and it was confidently expected that the new service would be in operation by the fall of 1930 at the latest. Even this date, in view of the many delays since the original appropriation of \$1,000,000 had been voted in parliament, was regarded as a belated one; but it was never dreamed that an additional year would elapse before the work would get under way.

The Guardian, during the past two months, repeatedly called attention to the need of continued vigilance on the part of our Federal representatives and Provincial Government in keeping in close touch with the Department of Railways and in furnishing to the public, from time to time, whatever information was available as to the progress of the work. This suggestion went unheeded. If the Liberal members at Ottawa knew anything of what was going on, they said nothing about it. The Provincial Government appears to have washed its hands completely of the matter. The assurance of the Minister of Railways and the president of the Canadian National Railways, hailed at the time as evidences of the generosity with which the MacKenzie King Government was treating the little Province of Prince Edward Island, had lulled the people into a feeling that all was going well; and the elected representatives of the Province both at Ottawa and at home, whatever inside information they may have had to the contrary, remained discreetly silent.

Now comes the report, through Mr. F. M. Sclanders, honorary secretary of the Maritime Board of Trade, that the new car ferry will not be ready before 1931. The information was received from the Department of Marine and Fisheries, and the reason why it came through a Board of Trade official is particularly significant. It was, says the Canadian Press, "in answer to a query forwarded by Mr. Sclanders in following up action on a strong resolution of the Prince Edward Island delegation at the annual meeting of the Maritime Board of Trade held in Halifax during November last." It was Mr. Sclanders—not Premier Saunders, or Mr. Sinclair, or Mr. Jennings, or the indefatigable representative for Prince County whose interference in the emergency service last winter was so noticeable—who secured the desired information. And now that Ottawa has spoken, and has admitted failure to implement the solemn assurances given through the Railway Minister and Sir Henry Thornton, what are these gentlemen going to do about it? Are they even now pressing for a full enquiry into the matter, for a publication of all the details connected with the holding up of the plans and the calling

for tenders? Or are they content that the promised steamer should be kept dangling before the eyes of the electors on the eve of the next federal election, thus serving to fool the people for another four years? If they had any such intention, the vigilance of the Maritime Board of Trade has gone far to upset their calculations. Knowing the facts, the people are likely to demand a full and searching investigation, and the parties responsible for the continued delay in bettering our transportation service, whether they sinned through negligence or with malice aforethought, will have to face the consequences.

A LIBRARY SUGGESTION

The suggestion has been received from a citizen keenly interested in the subject that the new Public Library and Memorial Gallery now being erected on the Market Square should contain not only a museum of provincial interest but a section devoted exclusively to Prince Edward Island literature. At present there are volumes in the Public Library dealing with the history and geology of the Island, as well as fiction and other works by Island authors, but doubtless owing to the limited number of these books and also to the lack of room in the present building, no special provision has been made for their accommodation. The new library building will afford sufficient space for this innovation, and it is one which might well receive careful consideration by the officials in charge.

A section of the library devoted exclusively to Island literature would have many advantages. It would be a source of great interest to tourists and other visitors, and would be of much convenience to Island students. Starting with the books now on hand, it could be expanded in course of time into a most valuable collection. There are many volumes of considerable historical, scientific and literary interest dealing with Prince Edward Island which are not available in the present library, but which might be secured, either by purchase or by donation, if provision were made for their accommodation.

A public library in a province such as this cannot compete in number of volumes with the libraries of larger centres. We cannot hope to keep up with the output of modern fiction which the printing presses are turning out today. The acquisition of a complete selection of modern historical, biographical, sociological and scientific works would be an even more expensive undertaking, and it is extremely doubtful if the number of readers would justify the outlay. We must be content, by judicious selection from among the vast number of books, old and new, which merit attention, to cater to the taste of the general reader and, wherever possible, to improve this taste by inciting interest in the great classics of literature which all libraries possess but which are so seldom seen off the bookshelves. There is but one field in which we can specialize with any hope of success, and that is in the collection of books of distinctly local interest. By devoting a section of the new library to volumes of this kind we might eventually build up an excellent collection which would be absolutely unique, and which would attract the attention of every cultured visitor to the Province.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Charlottetown Guardian, acridly, and justly, comments on the barring by mails and customs of the United States of the book "Uncle Siam," written by a native Indian—Oxford man at that—in reply to Katharine Mayo's ten days by the Ganges, "Mother India." Wholesale derision will greet the United States' delicious lack of humor.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Alarming news from Jerusalem under date of September 3, told that Emir el Hussein, Grand Mufti and President of the Supreme Moslem Council in Jerusalem, had warned Great Britain that 60,000,000 Moslems in Egypt, Syria, North Africa and Arabia are on the verge of revolt. The Emir had been an opponent of the British mandate since its inception, and it is reported that he has the ability to swing the Arabs into action on the plea that the British and Jews must be forced out of the Holy Land and the adjacent territories. He has the allegiance of many powerful sheiks.

There are persistent reports that Col. T. E. Lawrence is again in the Arabian desert. British officials have denied that he is in Palestine, but there has been neither denial or confirmation of Cairo despatches that he hurriedly left, under a disguise. It is said that he has grown a beard and is travelling in the habiliments of an Arab, having full knowledge of Arab language and customs. During the war he continually wore the long, head shrouding of a desert chieftain, not only as a means of keeping himself inconspicuous, but also because that form of dress is the only one serviceable in a desert where the sun and sand burn and whip by day and where bitter cold winds cut to the bone at night. In informed circles Col. Lawrence is held to be the only man capable of meeting the threatened revolt, and it is generally believed that on conditions becoming serious, the soldier-diplomat was ordered by the Colonial Office to make an effort to maintain peace among the tribes who, if left alone, would inevitably throw in their lot with the Emir.

The Jews are quite numerous in our Canadian cities, especially in Montreal and Toronto. They are naturally distressed by the serious troubles in the homeland of their ancestors, and, moreover, many of them are quite indignant with the attitude and action of Great Britain as the Mandatory Power in control of Palestine. Mass meetings of the Jews in Toronto were announced to be held on Wednesday last, and The Globe in its issue of that day printed "A Judicial Jewish View" of the situation. It begins with the statement—

Britain explicitly guaranteed the restoration of the Jewish National homeland and Britain will honor her bond. But The Globe goes on to point out that the war was ended by the general acceptance of President Wilson's "fourteen points" which points included the right to self-determination by the peoples, and it is obvious that if Palestine were given this right of self-determination the Jews would retain no standing whatever. All of which goes to show that Britain is pledged to a policy in Palestine which is attended by difficulties and dangers never before voluntarily assumed by any Power that has appeared on the pages of world history.

Liberal provincial Governments have been defeated within a comparatively few years past at elections in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Ontario, Manitoba, British Columbia and Saskatchewan—six provinces out of nine. In Prince Edward Island a Conservative Administration was defeated during the same period—a temporary reverse as a host of people believe. On several vital matters Premier Saunders and his ministerial colleagues are almost hopelessly divided, and if current reports are to be trusted their contentions are like the bars of a castle.

Henry Ford is blamed in his own country because he establishes branch factories in foreign lands to make Ford cars, and by so doing he escapes paying customs duties which his American competitors have to pay. His well-paid workers in foreign fields spend their earnings in the lands where his branch factories are, of course, and towns are built around them wherein local merchants supply them and their families with food, clothing, furniture and all the necessities of life. All this goes to the foreigner, and none of it goes to benefit the average citizen of the United States.

A bonfire was lighted at The Hague to celebrate the word that the conference of Germany's creditors had reached an agreement which gives Great Britain at least three-quarters of the increased reparation payments persistently demanded by Mr. Snowden. The New York Times correspondent tells that as Snowden came out of the conference he was asked if everything was all right. Whereupon, "in a strangely angelic voice, with the softness of a girl, Mr. Snowden replied: 'Yes, I believe so,' and he rode away whistling.

The new Car Ferry in 1931! How like it he can "jump it"—we have done that suit the Prince Edward long been accustomed to that sort of Island people? If anybody doesn't of thing now,



That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

THE WASHWOMAN OF THE BLOOD

As you know the washwoman in the home or at the laundry endeavors to get the clothes as clean as possible and to the degree that she gets them cleaned, we classify her as good, fair, or poor. Now as mentioned before, the washwoman of the body, that washes your blood clean, is the liver, and so your liver can be classified as good, fair or poor.

One of the expressions that you hear frequently is "sluggish liver." This means that the individual has a liver that is a little "slow" with its work, so that the blood does not get washed of its "impurities" as rapidly as it should.

This would be called a "fair" liver. One of the natural impurities that is in the blood due to the work of the cells are doing all the time, is lactic acid.

If the liver is doing its work properly it will not allow the amount of lactic acid in the blood to get too high. If it allows the lactic acid or other impurities to increase too much it would be classed as only a "fair" or even "poor" liver.

A poor liver is where it is doing such poor work that it becomes inflamed as also does its appendage the gall bladder, and so the skin becomes jaundiced and often gall stones are found in the gall bladder.

Now where there are no symptoms of jaundice, no pain from gall stones, no colic and yet your doctor suspects that the liver is to blame for your "tiredness" or lack of ambition, he can now make a very simple test and find out if the liver is really doing its work.

A specimen of blood as withdrawn from the vein in the forearm in the morning before breakfast and after half an hour's rest.

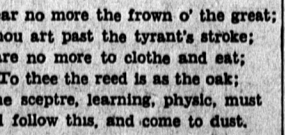
Into the same vein of the other forearm a solution of lactic acid is injected, taking about one minute of time to get all into the vein. Specimens of blood are then withdrawn from the other arm immediately after the injection is completed, and after intervals of five and fifteen minutes.

The amount of lactic in these specimens is then learned.

If the liver is doing its work properly it will not allow the amount of the blood the small amount of lactic acid that was injected and so the amount of lactic acid in the blood is really unchanged.

However you are not likely to need this or other liver test if you keep your liver active by bending exercises or deep breathing exercises.

Overeating of rich foods, fats particularly, interferes with the liver's ability to keep your blood pure.



SONG FROM "CYMBELINE"

Fear no more the heat o' the sun, Nor the furious winter's rages; Thou thy worldly task hast done, Home art gone, and 'tween thy wages;

Golden girls and lads all must, As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great; Thou art past the tyrant's stroke; Care no more to clothe and eat; To thee the red is as the oak; The sceptre, learning, physic, must All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash, Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone; Fear not slander, censure rash; Thou hast finished joy and moan: All lovers young, all lovers must Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No excoriser harm thee! Nor no witchcraft charm thee! Ghost unlaid forbear thee! Nothing ill come near thee! Quiet consumption have; And renowned be thy grave.

—Shakespeare.

Converted into an ambulance, an airplane recently took a woman patient from Paris to Southampton, England, oxygen being administered on the way.

BOOKS AND BALLYHOO

(The Ottawa Journal.)

One of the extraordinary things about these strange times is the vogue achieved by certain books through what is known as Ballyhoo. Of this, phenomena, hardly creditable to public discrimination, there are illustrations galore. All of us remember when everybody was raving over Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes." A third rate story, badly written, at times hopelessly dull, and with fantastic, impossible characters, the book became a craze. Supposedly great critics hailed it as a masterpiece; it became the text for sermons; and society women purred over it. Not to have read it was a social misdemeanor. It was not until serious critics exposed its shoddiness, and others subjected it to ridicule, that its popularity waned. Today, who ever hears of poor A. S. M. Hutchinson?

Some months ago an American lady wrote a book about the South Sea Islands. Purporting to be the woman's own experiences in the Pacific, and written with a certain raciness, it achieved a marvellous success. According to the reviewers, nobody, not even Stevenson, had ever so caught the spirit of the Pacific; and the Book of the Month Club, which ought to have known better, took the volume to its bosom. Then, however, a curious thing happened. A gentleman who had travelled widely in the South Seas, wrote to the Book of the Month Club and pointed out that certain things which the author had included in her book could not possibly have happened, that she was hopelessly wrong in her geography, and that the whole book indicated that she had not even seen, let alone lived in, any of the islands she described. The outcome, to make a long story short, was that the woman admitted that she had never been to the South Sea Islands at all, that what she had written was made up from what she had read in books written by others. It was a bad black eye for the Book of the Month Club.

There was the case of Emil Ludwig. Ludwig, after producing his "Bismarck" and his "Napoleon," was hailed as a genius. Copying the style of Lytton Strachey and Andre Maurois, and with the advantage of being a German, which is supposed to stand for scholarship, he became something of a cult. People raved over him and read him and eulogized him, and it was not until, puffed up with vanity, he essayed to write a Life of Christ, that the critics turned upon him and exposed his lack of scholarship, his unscientific methods, and the worthlessness not only of his "Christ" but of his "Napoleon." Journal readers will recall how Mr. Martin Burrell, marshalling all the historical documents, demolished particularly his chapter on Napoleon's experiences at St. Helena.

Our final illustration—a more recent one—is the most amazing of all. It concerns the author of that much ballyhooed book, "All Quiet on The Western Front."

Herr Erich Maria Remarque declared that he was retelling his own experiences as a private in the German army in 1917 and 1918. He wrote with a certain vividness; almost trick writing; and immediately the alleged critics hailed his story as a masterpiece. This, we were told over and over again, was the book of the war. Here, said the reviewers, is the truth at last about the war; and it was even hinted that what Remarque told of the German army was probably also true of the Allied armies; that British and Canadian soldiers were also the spiritless driven sheep depicted by this German.

Well, it now transpires that Erich Maria Remarque, who told so vividly about his experiences in 1917 and 1918, never had those experiences. From the "Army, Navy and Air Force Gazette," published in London, England, we take the following illuminating extract:

"All Quiet on the Western Front."

In view of the vogue of Herr Erich Maria Remarque's book, the "Deutsche Offizierbund," has been at pains to find out something about his military career, and the "Militar Wochenblatt," of July 18, reprints the results of these researches. His real name is Paul Erich Remarque. He himself has stated in his book that he took part in the war in 1917 and 1918 as a full private. After the revolution, however, without authorization, he wore officer's uniform and the Iron Cross, 1st Class. A certain Herr Hans Hakemayer, who is quoted in the German publisher's advertisement and is believed to be a theatrical critic in Hanover, wrote to the "Hannoversche Landeszeitung," that Remarque, in 1918, was Lieutenant of the Reserve in Infantry Regiment No. 91, and returned home with the Iron Cross, 1st Class, and the Frederic Augustus Cross, 1st Class; but the "Offizierbund" definitely states that Remarque obtained the rank and decorations



WITH war as a background, ancient Greece emerges in history as the home of intellect and culture. Cultivation of philosophy and science was mingled with a love of beauty and of the arts.

Among people of such creative genius it is but natural to find the need for insurance protection being met. Not in the manner of today, it is true, but still we learn that during periods of invasion and warfare, Military Societies and Civilian Guilds provided for the burial and for the dependents of their members, while the family of a sailor lost at sea was cared for through the generosity of the Grecian trader.

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tion from the Workers' and Soldiers' Council. He had to admit this during an official investigation. In the list of those awarded the Frederic Augustus Order, 1st and 2nd Class, neither the name Remarque nor anything sounding like it, appears. Not one of the survivors of Infantry Regiment, No. 91, officers, n.c.o.'s and men, who cover practically the whole war period, has ever known of the person Remarque.

"This would be scarcely possible, for after his training with the Ersatz battalion he was only quite a short time with a Front Recruit Depot on the Western Front. Then, possibly, during a temporary employment in the Recruit Depot, or more probably as a result of an aeroplane attack or long range gun-fire, he was wounded, and remained in hospital until the collapse in November, 1918. In hospital he appears to have picked up ideas for his book from the wounded, and it must not be overlooked

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