

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1929

WE HAVE WITH US TODAY.

Citizens of Charlottetown will extend a cordial welcome to the members of the Canadian Good Roads Association which opens its sixteenth annual convention in the Confederation Chamber this morning.

The business for which the delegates are meeting is a very important one. The official programme, published in The Guardian some time ago, shows that every phase of highway problems will be discussed by specialists, and much benefit should result from the deliberations.

Like other provinces, Prince Edward Island has its own problems in road-making, and the solution of these problems is becoming increasingly important with the development of speedier and more numerous vehicles of travel.

Much emphasis will no doubt be placed upon problems of safety as well as of comfort and convenience in highway travel. With the progress of speed and efficiency in transportation there has gone an alarmingly increased fatality list, and it will be one of the chief concerns of the Canadian Good Roads Association to discuss remedial measures whereby these casualties can be reduced to the minimum.

This is the second occasion on which the Association convened in the Maritime Provinces, and the selection of Charlottetown this year will result in much valuable publicity for the Province. It is to be hoped that weather conditions will prove favorable, and that a pleasant as well as profitable time will be enjoyed by the visiting delegates.

THE LATE DR. JENKINS.

In the passing of Dr. Steven R. Jenkins last Sunday this country has lost an outstanding figure in the medical profession, and the Province an ideal citizen. None who knew Dr. Jenkins—and he was known throughout the length and breadth of the Island—but was aware of his fine qualities of mind and heart, and among his fellow practitioners he was held in the highest esteem, no less for his kindly attitude towards the younger members of the profession than for his long experience and recognized ability.

Throughout this Province, where Dr. Jenkins was best known, he will long be remembered for his many services to the community. Interested in every movement that had for its purpose the betterment of hygienic, social and educational conditions, he gave freely and generously of his financial means as well as of his time and talents.

ed throughout the coming years. By the nursing staff of both hospitals he was regarded with the respect and veneration of a "guide, philosopher, and friend," and his brisk step and cheerful greeting, so frequently awaited in moments of anxiety at the sick-bed or the operating table, never failed to inspire hope and confidence.

To the doctor, as to few men of any profession, come opportunities for service in the highest degree—for the amelioration of pain, the comforting of the sick and dying, the counselling of the young and inexperienced. Dr. Jenkins, as he advanced in years and in professional skill, mellowed in understanding and sympathy. Ministering to humanity became, as it were, a second nature to him, and he seemed always to be engaged, wherever one met him, in this beneficent task.

CHIGNECTO CANAL AGAIN

Now that the Chignecto Canal project is up again, it is to be hoped it will progress more rapidly than it has done in the past. The survey promised by the MacKenzie King Government leaves us just where we were one hundred years ago, if the following extract from a letter from New Brunswick to a gentleman in "Charlotte-Town," published in the Prince Edward Island Register of May 20, 1828, is to be believed:

"With regard to the Canal to connect the waters of the Bay of Fundy with those of the St. Lawrence, the only information I can give you is this—that Sir H. Douglas has written very urgently to the Government at Home, to adopt some preliminary measures respecting it; and His Excellency's recommendation on this important work is supported by documents from the several Provinces of British North America, to show the utility and advantage of it, as regards other Colonies, as well as the immediate importance of such a communication to New Brunswick; with these documents are all that were transmitted by His Excellency Gov. Ready, in May, 1827, by which the advantages of such a Canal to Prince Edward Island is clearly exhibited. This communication was made in February last, to Mr. Huskisson, together with Plans, Designs, Reports and Estimates. The probable cost of the undertaking is estimated at £100,000. In what way this amount is to be raised—what proportion the Government may be able or disposed to give—what proportion the Legislatures may grant and what is to be raised as shares, is not yet fixed on. The transit trade is likely to be very extensive through the Canal, not only for consumption in this Province, but also for the purpose of being warehoused for exportation, during the winter, for the West Indies, as the Canada and Prince Edward Island are laid under great disabilities during winter by frost. St. John and St. Andrew's are accessible all the year. It will give me much pleasure to afford you any further information you may wish; but I apprehend that Governor Ready will bring the subject, in some shape or other, before the Legislature of the Island, during their present Session."

A TIMELY SUBJECT.

The tariff in its relation to agriculture, which is the subject of tonight's public meeting at the Strand Theatre, is one of great practical interest to all our people. Of the speakers, Messrs. W. E. Tummon, M. P., and W. E. Rowe, M. P., are practical Ontario farmers with first-hand knowledge of their subject. Mr. W. G. Ernst, M. P. for Lunenburg, N. S., is a brilliant orator and has distinguished himself in parliamentary debate. As the tariff question must come up for discussion in the not distant future, our people should make a study of the subject, and no better opportunity could be offered than at the meetings addressed throughout the Province on the present occasion.

Notes By The Way

There are fewer centenarians in Canada than there were in past years, remarks an exchange, and it goes on to tell that this is singular in view of the large increase in the population of the country. In 1881 there were 209, but in 1911 only 120. In 1921 the centenarians had increased to 183, but still were not as numerous as they were 40 years earlier notwithstanding the improvement in living conditions.

A similar state is noted in the Old Country by the Centenarian Club of London. In England and Wales the number dropped from 141 in 1881 to 110 in 1921, while in Scotland they dropped from 57 to 35 during the same period. In Ireland (North and South) centenarians reached the extraordinary number of 620 in 1881, but only 314 in 1911. Within the present area of the Irish Free State the figures were 566 in 1881 and but 248 in 1911 and 114 in 1926. There was no official census in 1921. The Centenarian Club points out that the decline in the number of very aged persons at each census does not tally with the general assumption that the average expectation of life is extending.

Racing of carrier pigeons is carried on from time to time by breeders and fanciers of these interesting birds in Ontario. This year the result was quite surprising to their owners. About a week ago some 2,000 pigeons were taken from their coots in Toronto on a Saturday afternoon and carried by train to a point 100 miles distant from their homes, and there set free. A. T. McAree, who tells the story in The Mail and Empire, states that the general expectation of their owners was that the birds would be returned on the wing in about two and a half hours.

The day was not an unfavorable one for bird racing, but only 24 of them returned the same evening and hardly any more made their appearance on the following day. What happened to deprive these birds of their homing instinct seems a profound mystery. Migratory birds in flocks fly a thousand miles or more southward in the late fall and return in the following spring without fail. Perhaps Jack Miner, who is wise in bird lore can explain the mystery of the racing pigeons.

The Canadian hen is doing her duty nobly, according to account in Agricultural and Industrial Progress, a C. P. R. publication. In 1928 egg production per hen in Canada, as compared with the average of seven previous years had increased by 22 per cent, and the total number of hens on farms had increased by 32 per cent., the total of eggs produced by over 60 per cent, and the value by about 100 per cent. The three Atlantic Provinces in 1928 accounted for 12,692,708 dozen eggs, worth \$3,934,740. Some eggs are still exported from Canada and about an equal quantity imported. Canadians consume more eggs per capita than any other nation.

"Canada is buying from the United States twice as much as she sells to her. Canada is selling to the Motherland twice as much as she buys from her." This terse statement is made by the Toronto Globe, which goes on to point out that while this condition exists the U. S. Congress proposes by further drastic exclusions to shut out another hundred million dollars' worth or more of yearly purchases from Canada. The fact is recognized everywhere that the Dominion must transfer to Empire markets at home or abroad as many as possible of these purchases now made in the United States. "The only alternative," says The Globe, "is economic servitude."

While there is little if anything new in this presentation of it in a Liberal journal is something quite novel. The Peace River country into which a railway now enters from Edmonton is claimed to be very fertile, and it is the last large block still open for homestead entry. During 1928 the population was doubled by the number of new settlers, as many going in as had entered during the previous 15 years. The number of homestead entries this year has already nearly doubled those of 1928.

The greatest industrial centres in the Maritimes are Saint John, N.B., and Sydney, N.S. Saint John leads with 129 establishments capitalised at \$33,487,839, and a production value of \$28,090,757. Sydney, home of the steel industry, follows with 29 establishments, capitalised at \$42,367,892, and a production value of \$16,068,478.

The demise of Doctor S. E. Jenkins, the skillful and greatly beloved physician of so many households in this city and province, has cast a deep shadow of sorrow and mourning over the town and country. He was yet in the prime of life and after having rendered the highest possible service to the community in which he lived was preparing, for still greater service and sacrifice in years to come. He has

That Body of Yours. By James W. Barton, M.D. INSULIN AND LIVER DIET

As you think of some of your friends or acquaintances who have died of diabetes you naturally regret that insulin the juice from anacras was not discovered sooner. For it is only too true that diabetes has carried off many strong vigorous personalities, in the prime of life, who could have made contributions to humanity.

And when you think further of the cases of pernicious anaemia which were always fatal. True, they were kept alive for one, two, or even three years, by the use of blood transfusions but death always ensued not later than this.

I remember a professor of medicine proudly showing me a case which he had been able to keep alive for nearly three years. This was most unusual.

To-day all over the civilized world pernicious anaemia is being cured by the liver diet, first demonstrated by Drs. Minot and Murphy.

Now although liver is effective nevertheless the liver itself, eaten fresh, is considered the most satisfactory method of treatment.

So notwithstanding all the attractive methods of serving it, it has been found necessary to try and increase that patient's appetite for liver.

A German research physician, having in mind the fact that if one's liver is in good active condition, the appetite is usually good, and that if it is not in good condition that appetite is usually poor, hit a happy idea.

So he injected fairly large doses of insulin twice a day.

The appetite immediately improved in all cases—eight in which this insulin treatment was given.

It is rather gratifying to see these two discoveries of the past five years proving so helpful when used together in these formerly fatal cases.

What heart could have thought you?— Past our devious (O fillgre petal) Fashioned so purely, Fregletly, surely, From what Paradisa! Imagineless metal, Too costly for cost? Who hammered you, wrought you, From argentine vapour?— "God was my shaper, Passing surmised, He hammered, He wrought me, From curled silver vapour, To lust of His mind:— Thou couldst not have thought me! So purely, so palely, Tintily, surely, Mightily, frally, Insculpted and embossed, With His hammer of wind, And His graver of frost." —Francis Thompson.

THE LAND WE LOVE

THE FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN CANADA

Q. When did Sunday Schools start in Canada? A. The first Sunday School on record was at Halifax in 1783 in connection with St. Paul's church. An old record says that in 1780 "there were distributed to poor children of the Sunday Schools of Halifax, 15 great coats, 65 shirts and shifts, 70 pairs of stockings (all wool) and 35 pairs of strong shoes, all of which cost \$30 7/8 2/3." The first Sunday School in Lower Canada was at Quebec, being established by Prince Edward in 1793, whilst the first in New Brunswick was at Saint John in 1812. The first in Upper Canada was probably at Kingston in connection with St. George's church.

A Selkirk Romance In Prince Edward Island

THE STORY OF AN EARLY CANADIAN SETTLEMENT (By Blodwen Davies, in The Canadian Magazine.)

(Continued from Yesterday's Guardian)

The Canadian Mayflower The coming of the "Polly" had all the elements of romance, and to the residents of the Belfast district the honor of descent from a Polly passenger equals, or surpasses in value, the descent from a passenger of the "Mayflower."

The Cove is still beautiful. In place of the woods, farmlands now reach to the brim of the sea. The sandstone headlands, crumbling into russet piles, guard the entrance. Inward toward the end of the cove, the land slopes downwards to lower banks. It is a spot typical of that vivid coloring for which the Island is celebrated, the red of the soil, the green of the verdure, and the sapphire blue of sea and sky. Prince Edward Island came close to being called New Ireland, and not even old Ireland had a better claim to the title of the Emerald Isle.

Toward the foot of this Cove, the small boats bearing the emigrants landed. It was August, when everything was looking its best. They had been many weeks cramped into the limited quarters of the old warship, on stale food and staler water. Ferocious Gaelic prayers drifted upwards as they set their feet on solid earth again. Chief of all their wants was fresh, cool water. About the foot of the Cove are several springs. One of these flows steadily and quietly in such volume that a little stream trickles icily through the grass and spreads itself over the sandy beach, on the way to the sea. It may have been that one of the children scampering over the sand ran into the icy water and cried out at his discovery. They followed the little stream inland a few hundred feet, to its source. So it was that to this particular spring the eager settlers first came and drank and sat themselves down around the bowl-like depression, while each and all had their fill.

This spring is a treasured landmark on the farm of Alexander MacMillan, who, with his five children, led me to it across fields of swaying oats. It is guarded by an old fir tree which stands, sombre and lonely, in the midst of the field. Wild roses and daisies grow around the water's edge. It is one of three springs marked on a map made some years after the arrival of the Selkirk settlers and still in the possession of Mr. MacMillan.

There is a curious association between the MacMillan family and the Selkirk settlers which I was able to trace through old letters and documents stowed away in an eighteenth-century hide-covered trunk in the MacMillan home.

The land on the opposite side of the Cove was deeded in 1793, to Captain Alexander MacMillan, an Irish Loyalist, by Governor Patterson, in exchange for some other lands. The consideration was an annual rental of one peppercorn. MacMillan was a hot-tempered, unlucky gentleman, who lost everything in the Revolution and neglected to make claims for compensation until it was too late. For some reason or other he left his wife and family on the Island and went to England, probably to press his suit with the government. In his absence the claim was regarded as abandoned and along with all the other lands in the vicinity, was sold to Lord Selkirk. No sooner had the Highlanders settled there than MacMillan instituted suit against Lord Selkirk for return of the lands. That suit continued for twenty-six years, for after Lord Selkirk's death it was maintained with his estate. Poor old Captain MacMillan never returned to the Island but lived to be a feeble old man, totally absorbed in his lawsuit, sacrificing everything to it, and able to write of nothing else. In his letters, lying in that little trunk that came with him to the Island after the American Revolution, is the record of that life absorption. Even his wife has only casual reference in long letters rehearsing his grievances, to his son.

Eventually MacMillan was awarded six hundred acres, in exchange for his five hundred, on the opposite side of the Cove and the owner today is the fourth Alexander MacMillan in direct descent from the old Loyalist, and the husky eldest son of the family is Alexander the Fifth.

There are treasured the first Alexander's swords and guns, old deeds bearing the names of Patterson, Desbrisay, Phillips, Calbeck, Fanning and others familiar to the earliest days of the colony. The farm is on the site of the old French village of Belle Face and frequently the farmer turns up bayonets or flint heads with his plough. In one corner of a field is a little fenced bit, the burying ground of the French, which the first of the Selkirk settlers shared.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

This is a statement that doesn't always materialize, but in this instance it is an absolute fact.

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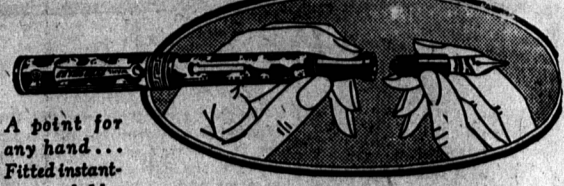
To the east of it is a circle of old stones, lost in the undergrowth, where once the shrine of the burying ground stood. Sometimes under the tall grass one finds bits of the native red sandstone, scraped roughly into the initials of some long-ago Frenchman, and here and there a fallen stone bearing the name of a Scottish successor. Only one stone still stands, bending rakishly, and ere long it, too, will succumb and lay flat beneath the tangled weeds.

Night in Prince Edward Island has never fallen on more strange a sight than that of the first Selkirk camp. In a half mile curve around the Cove stood a row of little wigwams, built from fir branches. By each wigwam blazed a bonfire and in its eerie light the killed Highlanders and the women in their plaid shawls moved about. Each family had its little pile of household goods. From blaze to blaze of the red and golden fires tramped the pipers, blaring out the wild pibroch of triumph and promise. And back of the strange, wild scene, full of color and life and motion, was the dark wood soon to fall before the axe of these homemakers and nation-builders.

They had their blacksmiths and carpenters, doctors and teachers, preachers and elders, and Selkirk engaged natives to show them how to put up log cabins. So enthusiastic were the Scots to be at the business of building and clearing that one day Lord Selkirk himself came upon an old lady lustily wielding an axe upon a tree trunk. Her sons were away and she thought to push their progress on a bit. She had cut in such a way that eventually the tree would have fallen exactly across the little home they had put up, so Lord Selkirk called a halt to her labor just in time.

For two months Selkirk remained on the Island with them, a sort of Chieftain to this new clan which was taking root so easily. In that first autumn all labored together in the erection of warm dwellings, and the winter passed in felling trees. By spring they were all ready to set to with a will to prepare the ground. The spring is long on the Island and summer warm and swift. That year these thirty folk cultivated an average of two acres for every able-bodied man among them and their first crop consisted of a great harvest of potatoes, of such quantity and such excellent quality that it alone would have been enough for the support of the party into the following summer.

And today Prince Edward Island is known as "Spud Island" and exports seed potatoes all over the continent of North America! In addition to growing their own grains and vegetables that first summer, the Highlanders built boats which to fish, and within a year the settlement was independent in the way of food supplies.



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President Hoover says:

"I often wonder why it is that insurance must be secured by solicitation. It is indeed due only to one thing, and that is the lack of appreciation of the fundamental character of the investment that they make in insurance, which is an investment in savings, and savings in a form that brings to them not only a direct return from savings but an enormous return in social benefits. I believe that it is our duty that we should encourage the whole theme of insurance. Other countries have found insurance so fundamental to their commercial and economic fabric that they have given special impulse to insurance through exemption from income taxes in respect to that sum of money that may be invested in insurance itself. It is but a sign of our lack of realization of the values of insurance that we have not long since adopted into our national tax fabric this particular and invaluable impulse to the increase of insurance in its many forms."

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