THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

Morning Daily (Founded 1887)

President, Lieut.-Col. W. Chester S. McLure
Vice President, J. E. Burnett, F.J.I.
Secretary, Lieut.-Col. D. A. MacKinnon, D.S.O.
Editor and Managing Director, J. E. Burnett, F.J.I.
Associate Editor, Frank Walker

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
$5.00 per year (in advance) delivered to City.
$4.00 per year (in advance) mailed to P. E. Island
$5.00 per year (in advance) mailed to Canada and U.S.
Members Audit Bureau of Circulations

"The Strongest Memory is Weaker than the Weakest Ink."

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY, 15, 1939.

Away From Jargon

In a recent address the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Tweedsmuir, made some trenchant observations on one of the complexities of the day—the "isolation" of specialized knowledge. This isolation, His Excellency pointed out, has been aggravated at a time when it should be yielding to much broader needs of common welfare. It has developed a jargon of its own, and "the reason is that if you shut yourself up in a subject, you are apt to invent a shorthand in which you can communicate with other people interned in the mausoleum."

He was speaking at McGill University, but, comments the Hamilton Spectator, it was far from a merely academic issue. This is an age of specialists and experts. Yet the tragedy remains that these very people, who should be able to shed the most light, and offer the most constructive remedies for the harassing issues of the state and humanity, tend rather to form scholarly islands removed from the orbit of those who need their guidance. These are the "mausoleums" that create that disastrous gap between genuine understanding of economic and social problems, and those who are in a position to act. For it has become plain that the most strident voices of today are not those the most qualified to speak with authority, but those frequently the least qualified to do so.

In His Own Defense

It is to be hoped, comments the Sydney Post-Record (Independent) that Hon. Ian Mackenzie, Canada's Minister of Defence, had a better and more convincing answer to the critics of the Bren gun contract than the one he gave the House of Commons on Thursday night. Instead of discussing the report, the Minister assailed his political opponents with a barrage of abusive epithets, in some instances so coarse and vulgar as to raise a strong presumption that he had lost his balance and was groggy from the attacks he was attempting to ward off. One of his opponents who had criticized the precious contract had "a Prussian mentality," another was "a dirty liar" whose "head" the Minister threatened to "knock off" if he could get him outside the House. Dr. Manion's reasoned criticisms were described by Mr. Mackenzie as "the figments of his Hibernian imagination." The Conservative member for Mount Royal, W. A. Walsh, who is a school teacher and school inspector, was referred to contemptuously as "the splenetic dominie from Montreal." Another critic of the transaction, T. C. Douglas, C. C. F. member, was described as "this quibbling romancer from Weyburn."

Mr. Mackenzie concluded this general handout of inverted compliments (some of which he had to retract and which for the most part were expunged from the Hansard report) by boasting that none of his critics were responsible for Canada's defence but that "Mr. Ian Mackenzie of loyal highland Scottish descent is Minister of National Defence for the Dominion of Canada." Manifestly the Minister's contempt for his opponents is equalled only by his profound and magnificent sense of his own inherited importance.

These few sample passages and expressions, taken at random from Mr. Mackenzie's speech in his own defence, (says the Post-Record), give a fair idea of its general character and amazingly weak substance. It was, in short, an answer to nothing. In the circumstances he can hardly complain if the general public should share the view thus expressed by Hon. C. H. Cahan, who followed him in the debate:

"When Hon. Mr. Mackenzie was appointed to the Defence portfolio, neither the Prime Minister nor the people knew whether he would prove adequate to administer the department. He was chosen to head a department which was rapidly becoming one of the most important in the Government. It was a testing time for him.

"I submit," said Mr. Cahan, "that the report of Mr. Justice Davis reveals that he has been careless, negligent, incompetent and disqualified to carry out the administration of that high office in the interests of the people of Canada and of the Government which he represents."

The Harassed Citizen

This letter rightfully belongs to another column, but as it is more than usually human and self-expressive we may as well give it editorial prominence:

"Dear Mr. Editor," writes the harried citizen. "In reply to your request to send a cheque for my subscription, I wish to inform you that the present condition of my bank account makes it almost impossible. My shattered financial condition is due to Federal Laws, Provincial Laws, City Laws, Corporation Laws, Liquor Laws, Mother-in-laws, Sister-in-laws, Brother-in-laws and Out-laws.

"Through these laws, I am compelled to pay a business tax, amusement tax, head tax, school tax, gasoline tax, light tax, sales tax, and excise tax. Even my brains are taxed. I am required to get a business license, car license, truck license, not to mention a marriage license and dog license.

"I am also required to contribute to every society and organization which the genius of man is capable of bringing to life; to cancer relief, the unemployed relief and the S.P.C.A. relief. Also to every hospital and charitable institution in the city, including the red cross, and the double cross.

"For my own safety, I am required to carry life insurance, property insurance, liability insurance, burglar insurance, accident insurance, business insurance, automobile insurance, lightning insurance, unemployment insurance, old age insurance and fire insurance.

"My business is so governed that it is not an easy matter for me to find out who owns it. I am inspected, expected, suspected, disrespected, rejected, dejected, examined, re-examined, informed, required, summoned, fined, commanded and compelled until I provide an inexhaustible supply of money for every known need, desire or hope of the human race.

"Simply because I refuse to donate something or other, I am boycotted, talked about, lied about, held up and held down and robbed until I am almost ruined. I can tell you honestly that except for the miracle that happened, I could not enclose this cheque. The wolf that comes to many doors nowadays just had pups in my kitchen. I sold the pups, and here is the money.

"Yours faithfully,
"Michael McTurk."

Editorial Notes

French relieved Kimberly this date, 1900.

* * * *

The Protestants are having a joint prayer meeting in Zion tonight to hear a dicussion on world evangelization.

* * * *

Production of cheese in January amounted to 1,271,765 pounds in comparison with 2,077,613 in December and 683,889 in January, 1938. Saskatchewan was the only producing area to record a decline from January last year.

* * * *

Notwithstanding anything that may be said to the contrary, the question of peace or war now rests almost exclusively with Italy and her ambitions in the Mediterranean. The spark most likely to set the world afire will start there in connection with French North African possessions.

* * * *

A citizen suggests a dietitian should give periodic talks to students of Prince of Wales College. Far too many of the boys and girls, he says, are confined long hours in college, and when at meals hastily swallow their food to the disturbance of their indigestion. Not a few of the cases of sickness prevalent, he says, may be traced to faulty digestion, and a talk by a dietitian could do much to prevent it.

* * * *

Now that the City Council have blown off steam there should be a coming down to earth again and the facing of its problems. The city is in the unfortunate position of being without money to adequately provide for those unfortunately without work, and it is the Council's business to bombard the Campbell government to get them busy at Ottawa. Laissez faire both here and at Ottawa can have only one ending.

* * * *

It is quite evident that it was not the Conservatives but disgrunted Liberals who wanted Capt. W. J. Osborne Dempster to oppose the return by acclamation of Col. George A. Drew to the Ontario Legislature for Simcoe East. Premier Hepburn promised that there would be no official Liberal opposition, but Capt. Dempster in intimating his withdrawal from candidature said he had given a written undertaking to withdraw on the strength of an assurance that a candidate from within the riding would oppose Col. Drew.

* * * *

Speculation as to constitutionality of minimum milk price-setting by the Quebec Dairy Commission is rife in view of a judgment rendered in Superior Court by Mr. Justice Gibsone ruling that price fixing in the shoe repair industry through a provincial regulation was void. Operation of the collective labor agreement to fix prices for the shoe repairing industry on the Island of Montreal is against the interests of the public, a contravention of the Federal Combines Act, ultra vires of the provincial Government and therefore void, Mr. Justice Gibsone declared in two similar judgments.

* * * *

Some ingenious plans are being put forward in the United States, says The Spectator, for making taxpayers realize just what taxes they are paying. In New Jersey, for instance, it has been suggested that landlords note on their rent bills just what proportion of the rent is chargeable to taxes. A large rubber company wants the same thing done for tires. Gas stations do it now. "Invisible" taxes are not as repellent to the Canadian and American as they are to the Briton and Frenchman—so the theory runs. But if suddenly revealed in the cost of an article, they would probably provide a shock for the average consumer. It might bring home the price paid for government much more effectively than sermons and abstractions. The reaction would be at least interesting.

* * * *

The Prairie's gloomy view on world trade was expressed by Mr. George V. Ferguson, the managing editor of the Winnipeg Free Press in an address at the Canadian Club, Montreal, the other day. For almost 250 years until the end of the war, Mr. Ferguson said, Britain's "balance of power" policy in Europe had kept the doors of world trade open. And "out there on the Prairies we trade with the world or we perish," he reminded his audience. That was what made the Western farmer at heart a low tariff man, a free trader; "he sells in a world market or not at all." But that world was no more, the editor noted. He recalled the imposition of tariffs in England in 1931, the breakdown of collective security following the Manchurian incident and the beginning of Japanese aggression on the Asiatic mainland, "and it was not replaced by the old system of British imperial security" which up to the war had been able to keep the gates of trade open all over the world. Westerns wondered if it were only a temporary or a permanent change in British policy. Mr. Ferguson added that events since have made them wonder more. He mentioned Abyssinia, Spain and lastly Czecho-Slovakia, "and the failure to present a broad and united front to an aggressor who threatened to dominate the Continent." Not one of those steps from Manchuria to Munich "brings any real hope for the re-opening of world markets." All they meant was "the closing for ever new areas to peaceful traders like ourselves."

NOTES BY THE WAY

Alberta steer has won the championship at the Royal Winter Fair but at that it was nothing compared to the steer Premier Abernart gave the electors of that province. —Peterborough Examiner.

Except for the types of hats known as "exclusive models" or "creations," men usually pay as much as or more for their hats than women do. In any event the first cost is also the last for a woman's hat. She doesn't have to park it somewhere when she goes to lunch. In fact, if she took it off she would be regarded as a bit queer. Many hotels and restaurants have racks or stands whereon a man customer may deposit his hat while he eats, but to the man of substance, who has to maintain a certain status, or who ordinarily patronizes the class of diningroom where hats have to be "checked," his hat costs far more in the long run than almost any woman's hat does. — St. Thomas Times-Journal.

The Army Council is still pottering about with infantry reorganization. The Brass Hats have, ever since the war ended as well as during it, been quite unable to make up their minds what they want in the way of machine-gun strength. First they had a meagre machine-gun equipment for each battalion of infantry. Then they instituted a special Machine-Gun Corps. Then they disbanded the machine-gun battalions in favor of machine-gun companies for each infantry battalion. Three years ago it was thought finality had been reached at last. But now the 26 machine-gun battalions provided by the 1935 reorganization have been reduced to eight, the remaining 18 reverting to their former estate. The excuse for this fresh change is the high ratio of Bren guns now possessed by our infantry battalions, or soon to be so possessed. Amongst the former machine-gun battalions so reverting will be, when they return from their Palestine duty, the famous 1st Royal Scouts, known as Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard. —Ottawa Journal.

Following the discussion at the recent Winnipeg wheat conference on the relation between the price of wheat and the price of bread, the Budget, the organ of the Alberta Pool, publishes some figures from a research analyst. In general, the analyst states, it requires from four bushels ten pounds to five bushels fifteen pounds of wheat to make a barrel of flour—196 pounds. The outrun of flour varies with the grade of wheat and the method of milling. On the average, four and a half bushels of wheat, or 270 pounds, will make a barrel of flour and the flour will make 270 one-pound loaves. This means that one pound of wheat will make one pound of bread. A bushel of wheat — sixty pounds — will make sixty one-pound loaves. If wheat varies a cent a bushel, the price of a one-pound loaf of bread could properly vary one-sixtieth of a cent. As loaves are purchased only a few at a time, and as there is no coin smaller than a cent, it is not practicable to vary the price of bread unless there is a very great rise or fall in the price of wheat. A sixty-cent change in the price of a bushel would warrant a change of one cent in the price of a loaf. This, of course, takes no account of possible changes in the cost of the numerous other factors besides wheat that enter into the milling of flour and the making of bread. —Vancouver Province.

A few weeks ago a non-Aryan German, who had maintained a position in Germany, received a summons to go to the police station. He went expecting some new tax, but was promptly arrested and sent to a concentration camp. His wife, who knew nothing of the arrest, was surprised when her house was invaded by a squad of Storm Troopers. She was turned out of the house and guarded by armed men, while her furniture, personal belongings and indeed the whole contents of her house were thrown from the windows into the road and burnt before her eyes. The man in charge of the squad had been a friend and the schoolmaster of her children. As a last protest she said that she hoped he would leave some blankets to cover the children at night, but the wreck of her flat was complete, and in order to make it uninhabitable the windows were broken. Later, the leader of the Storm Troopers sought her out privately and expressed bitter regret for what he had had to do. He explained that he was a great deal suspect in the party and that this job had been particularly chosen for him because he was known to be a friend of the family. If he had not stood the test and carried out his orders wholeheartedly, he would himself have been sent to a concentration camp. —New Statesman and Nation, London.

What significance, if any, is to be attached to Mussolini's silence on international questions in the Fascist review in Rome on Wednesday, at which he was expected to make a startling speech? His discretion at this particular time would appear to indicate an improvement, not only in Anglo - Italian relationships, but also in the general political atmosphere of Europe. One of the chief sources of the trouble that has been engendered in Europe in recent years has been the practice of Mussolini and Hitler to make blatant and belligerent speeches from the housetops on international questions rather than to discuss them quietly through diplomatic channels as was the custom in pre-war years. During the critical days which preceded the outbreak of the Great War not a single provocative speech was made by any of the chancelleries of Europe. What would have happened if outbursts had taken place similar to those made by Mussolini and Hitler in recent years it is impossible even to imagine. It is safe to say, however that the war would have broken out sooner than it did. The silence of Mussolini on Wednesday last was an encouraging sign, and if negotiations through the established diplomatic channels could be substituted for unrestrained public utterances it is almost certain that peace could be established on a firm basis in Europe. These boastful speeches shouted from the housetops have frayed the nerves of the people and created suspicion, distrust and fear everywhere. If Premier Chamberlain could succeed in restoring the old method of quietly discussing international differences he would make a great advance in the restoration of normal political relationships in Europe.—Brantford Expositor.

PUBLIC FORUM

This column is open for the discussion by correspondents of questions of interest. The Charlottetown Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinions of correspondents.

HUNTER RIVER

Sir,—The story of Hunters Grove in your Saturday's edition was interesting. I remember a selection of poetry, "How Hunter River got its name" I think it was entitled but the Author's name as well as most of the selection have passed out of memory, but in it were incorporated some of the happenings mentioned in the narrative.

Some of your readers will no doubt be able to supply the missing verses parts of which were as follows if I remember correctly.

"But he took sick and long he lay
In depth of pine woods far away
With a pillow of hemlock beneath his head
And a lonely Micmac to watch his bed.

Years passed, the maiden received as true
What the little birds sang, that from nowhere flew
That her lover had perished from pain and cold,
And the charm that had vanished soon grew old.

And the last lines of the last verse ran thus:

"They buried him there beside the stream
That bears to this day the dead man's name."

In looking over Place —Names of Prince Edward Island compiled by the Secretary of the Geographic Board published in 1925 (in which there are several mistakes) I find, "Hunter River. After Thomas Orby Hunter stationed at Rotterdam 1746 as deputy paymaster of the English and Dutch troops. Lord of the Admirality 1761.

A local tradition that the river is so named because a hunter perished near it in a storm has no basis."

Which story is correct?
I am, Sir, etc.,
—J.

MR. DOYLE'S CASE

Sir,—In your report of the City Council meeting, Monday evening Mayor Foster is reported as stating: "as far as he was concerned personally, Mr. Doyle the man suggested by Councillor Hennessey had had a fair trial by the Police Commission a few months ago and did not feel that he should be put in a position of trust just yet." The above statement since it involves the character and reputation of Mr. Doyle demands explanation. We would ask if a secret trial before a Police Commission is Mayor Foster's idea of a fair trial, according to the British Constitution, for a British subject. Moreover since the trial was held in secret the public is compelled to take Mayor Foster's word that the trial was fair. It would appear that the trial was similar to many other things settled by the Council, "in caucus," without the benefit of publicity and with the public excluded. Concerning the assertion that Doyle could not be trusted the man in question has twenty-three years of honest and efficient service, without a blemish, to belie Mayor Foster's injudicious accusation.

Every man has a right to his good name and the esteem of his fellows and no man not even the Mayor has the right to deprive him of such. It ill becomes the holder of such a lofty position as Mayor of Charlottetown to seek to deprive a man of hitherto unspotted record of the good reputation he gained thereby. In justice to Mr. Doyle a fair trial open to the public not a hole in the corner trial, or a trial "in caucus" should be given him so that justice, the right of every loyal subject, may be rendered him.

In closing the lines of a writer come to mind:

"He who steals my purse steals trash
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

I am, Sir, etc.,
CITIZEN

"MILK VENDORS, ETC."

Sir:— If Daniel R. Jay would study my letters more attentively it would save the space required to correct his "misconstrued statements."

He first accuses me of referring to Dr Grant as a chamelon. This is one of his own vagaries. I made no such reference, but I did point to some of the many chamelon-like changes of the Liberal party, a vastly different matter.

Next, he blatantly asks,—"Further in reference to the milk question, What a deplorable comparison has been made in regard to one of the most essential foods of mankind! — comparing intoxicating liquors as a substitute!" What fevered nightmare put that in his cranium? Certainly not any of my letters. I did write the direct opposite, that milk bars were being established successfully and in increasing numbers in England, as substitutes for intoxicants.

In another brain outbreak he alleges that I "was suggesting that they (farmers) make contributions of their milk for relief purposes." It shows a dense knowledge of his "mother tongue" when my advice to the City Relief to pay farmers 2 1-2 c a quart for milk, for which they now get less than 2c, and to feed more of it to the poor, thus "helping both the farmer and the needy," Mr. Jay twists it right-about-face, as above.

I might add, to enlighten his understanding, that if I had suggested milk contributions from farmers for relief, in no country in the world would my appeal find a more generous response than in our Island homes. It would be hard to find a farm where a hungry one would be turned from the door. And it would not be with scraps from the table or a meal on a back bench in the kitchen, but at a seat with the family and a full dinner plate. Our farmers are well known for their charity, and unstinted hospitality.

A further perversion of my letter is that "farmers of today are expecting "Limousine Prices" jumbling his travesty with 8c turnips butter 18c, eggs 18c" etc. If he has a ten year old child in his house, to read my letter, he would know its text, referring specifically to the few, such as those who would ask wage earners $3.50 for a goose, which they could not sell at so extravagent a price and had to carry home to satisfy a "Limousine" greed.

He says.— "It is an instinct of mankind— and I don't think my friend is above it—to hope for the most he can get". This is the only one truth I can find in his long letter. May I go even further than he does and tell him that it is the essence of business economy to buy in the cheapest markets, and to search out the most profitable outlets for what he sells, and he is unjust to himself and the public interest if he does less than this.

May I remind him of his ancestors who cleared the woodlands, fed and clothed and educated their children selling eggs at 8 to 10c, turnips 10c, potatoes 16c, chickens 25c per pair, geese 30c to 40c ducks 25c, butter 10c and 12c, oats 28c, hay $16, lamb 3c to 6c, and that these pioneers left to their children rich fertile farms, and that there are those to day with tilted borsalinos on their heads, sporting (if not "limousines") some other form of rubber tires paid for from the heritages of savings of their fathers from farming on those despised prices.

I am, Sir, etc.
LEWIS P. TANTON.

"NIX GAMBLE"

Sir:— Dodging is sometimes rated as a science. Our erratic "Nix" occasionaly reverts to science mostly of illogical type. His limit of logic is reached in his conclusion that because I am not "proletarian" it confirms his original error that I am "a small property holder or business man."

If his view was broader, or his sense of proportion less limited, he would comprehend it as most reasonable that a taxpayer could be a "Goat" without being "Small" in any sense of the word.

He talks of "the class I represent" and of confirming "my fears." This obcession he may dismiss from his program of worries His communistic ideals have little prospect of control in our democratic countries, certainly not in my lifetime to haunt me with his shadows of gloom.

His salve of comfort to his commune friends that they "should not sorrow for the passing of the small business man as such, because there are none who exploit the proletariat more than the 'small business man' in his efforts to save himself," is at best an elaborate display of economic ignorance.

Proportioned to his ability it is the small business man that is the mainstay, particularly in this province, of the "proletariat." He is, prorata to his capacity, the largest taxpayer. In charity, conscious of his own difficulties, he is the most generous contributor. He is "small" and poor because he does not "exploit" any class.

Bring the dream of "Nix" into reality and eliminate the small business man and what the result? You add him and his staff to the unemployed on relief. You deprive the needy of a helpful sympathetic friend, and you put yourself into the vice of the soulless monopolists to munch you to feed heartless greed. We might even lose the amusing "Gamble" who has declared himself safe "as long as the present system lasts."

The Capitalist is a two-class division. The important of these is the one without which we would revert to primeval barbarism. It is composed of those who, following the scriptural injunction, "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," and practicing the thrift of the "ten talent" servant, created or amassed a fund which is today the foundation of economic stability, keeping in motion the wheels of industry and the indespensable benefaction to the working man. In the great factories and institutions of industry, mostly operated by men of the honest Christian type, this is exemplified to the full.

Then there is the vicious class, the gambling stock operators who with watered and worthless stocks, by exploiting the wage earners of the country, with prospects of limitless good from barren tracts, or oil from marshland wastes, swindle the masses out of billions of wealth, to reinvest in war and governments grafts, inciting conflicts between nations that the life blood of humanity may implement their stolen horde.

It is this class that supplies the food of propaganda on which the communist agitators feed, and which they dangle before the discontented and unemployed to create discord that they may fatten upon the sacrifices of ruined industry which they purposely create.

The masses of labor and industry are slowly but surely learning to realize that this is one of the primary causes of the depression, and the curtailment of their agitators excesses is one of the hopeful signs that "relief" may fail to become a permanent. And "Nix's" "regimentation of labor" as in the totalitarian countries" will fade into a will-o-the-whisp phantom with neither substance nor shadow.

I am, Sir, etc.,
ONE OF THE GOATS.

Mr. King's Cold Tubs

(Francis Giddens, retired private secretary, in the Ottawa Journal)

In Ottawa I used to take a cold plunge every morning in Winter —with water just as it came from the tap. When I got working as private secretary to Mackenzie King I was gratified to find he did the same thing. We had at least something in common, though my recollection is he wore fairly heavy underwear.

Our technique was about the same. We put a hand on either side of the tub and then went in with a quick slide on to the back, then hands again on sides and a fast vault over the edge. In ordinary temperatures we let out a "woof" or a "wow" as we went under, but in ice water Mr. King had his own specialty—a shrill squeal. He used to say when he got a clear, high note the bath was doing him a lot more good.

Mr. King and I have splashed around in cold tubs pretty much all over the world, but the most surprising experience was in Japan. Naturally, in one-tub stands, Mr. King had right-of-way and this time he went in and out of the tub in what must still be a bath record in Kyoto. And his customary squeal was a shriek. For the bath was not a cold one as we supposed but drawn by a Japanese attendant to the national taste—about 212 degrees Fahrenheit, I should say. The Japanese must be pretty tough hombres, the way they go into bath and other hot water.

In England cold-tubbing was all right but with unheated bathrooms a hot bath was not so hot. On steamships in Winter the salt water right from the ocean had Mr King squealing at his best. In India there wasn't any need for "woofing" or "wowing" let alone squealing. The water wasnt cold enough for any kind of kick.

I sometimes wonder if Mr. King picked up the seeds of his sciatica in those cold-tub days I get a touch of rheumatism myself now and then and I'm off that cold-bath stuff.

The Poets' Corner

EPITAPH

On A Poor Provincial Actor

Here lies a poor old worn-out blade,
Who, living, toiled like any Turk;
Yet never worked but when he played,
As playing was his only work.

By playhouse work, till past three-score,
He lived, unheeding time or tide;
And then, shut out from playhouse door,
The vet'ran in a workhouse died.

Thus, though in war he blazed, like Mars,
And shined in love, like bright Adonis;
His exit proves—'twas all a farce.
'Sic transit gloria histrionis.'

—John Collins (d. 1808.)

Minard's Liniment kills pain.

The Last of Our Overcoats

AT $10.00
5 only left in plain Greys and Brown regular $16.50 now $10.00

AT $11.00
2 only Raglan Tweed overcoats very smart regular $20.00 now $11.00

AT $12.50
7 only Raglan Tweeds Splendid quality regular $22.00 and $25.00. Now $12.50

AT $15.00
6 only Fashion Craft Overcoats Raglan Plaid effects, were priced $25.00 $27.50 now $15.00

AT $13.50
4 only plain blue Fashion Craft Overcoats Sold and worth $25.00 Now $13.50

AT $16.50
5 only Plain Grey and Blue Fashion Craft Overcoats regular $27.50 and $28.00 Now $16.50

AT $16.50
2 only Camel Llama coats Size 38 and 40 Regular $25.00 and $27.50 To clear $16.50

All Winter Underwear Stanfields Red Blue label included, 25% off

All Winter Caps and all heavy Sweaters 25% off.

Henderson & Cudmore
MEN'S WEAR

E. R. Brow & Son
Fire, Auto, Life, Accident, Sickness and Plate Glass Insurance at Lowest Rate
Agent at Summerside, Lloyd Lewis
144 Richmond St. Charlottetown

For a Delicious Cup of
Orange Pekoe Tea
Mr. Tea Pott Says:
Use BRAHMIN
Full Flavoured Tea

ATTENTION
Swine Breeders

NOW is the time to guard against
PIG - WORM
by using the most effective remedy on the market:
Mac's Pig-Worm Tonic Powder
It will thoroughly abolish all traces of worms, and improve the health of your herd
Price 35cts per lb.
Don't delay. Order by Phone or Mail. All orders promptly attended to.
Phone 315
The 2 MACS
Prescriptions A Specialty.
Remember there is nothing better for your Stomach than
Dr. Evans' Stomach Mixture
PRICE PER BOTTLE 85c.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

IT'S A QUESTION OF PERSONAL TASTE
These crisp winter days offer opportunities for sport and amusement. Some folks prefer skating and others get a kick out of fishing through the ice. But when Chewing Tobacco is mentioned the choice is simple. It narrows down "To One Brand."

HICKEY'S BLACK TWIST CHEWING TOBACCO

10c PER FIG 10c
"FROM SOURIS TO TIGNISH"
Manufactured By
HICKEY And NICHOLSON
TOBACCO CO., LTD.
Charlottetown P. E. Island