

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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TUESDAY, MAY 6, 1930

Another Election Gesture

It is now four years since the Duncan Commission recommended "immediate consideration" of the whole question of Maritime subsidy claims as well as interim payments to each of the three Maritime Provinces pending a final settlement of these claims.

Had the Government been sincerely desirous of implementing the terms of the Duncan report, there is no reason why it could not have appointed the Audit Board to make assessment of the claims, secured the consent of the other Provinces at an inter-provincial conference, and passed the necessary legislation at the parliamentary session in 1927.

Unfortunately, Hon. Charles Stewart, Minister of the Interior, let the cat out of the bag the other day when he assured Parliament that the Government was simply waiting for the Maritimes to come forward and present their claims.

According to the local Liberal organ, Hon. W. M. Lea, Minister of Agriculture, will assist Premier Saunders at the Audit Board enquiry. As Mr. Lea's published summary of our claims varies considerably from the Premier's, it is to be hoped that before going to Ottawa these gentlemen will settle the difference between them and present a united front.

By the by, what has become of Premier Saunders' visit to the Pacific Coast? He left here immediately after the rising of the Legislature, ostensibly to visit Vancouver; but evidently he never got any further than Ottawa, where he has been in conference with the powers-that-be, trying to straighten out Prince Edward Island matters in view of the forthcoming election.

A Sailor Poet

If, as now seems likely, the British Prime Minister appoints Mr. John Masfield to the post laureateship of England, it will be something more than a triumph for democracy. Masfield is democratic in the sense that his work is richly colored with experience and has a wide popular appeal; but there is also about his writings an inherent refinement, a subtlety and delicacy of touch, a passionate appreciation of the traditions

and culture of England; and it is these qualities rather than his sensational rise to literary eminence from poverty and obscurity that will appeal to the Prime Minister and the English people in their choice of a successor to the late Dr. Bridges.

Masfield's earlier struggles have naturally left their imprint on his work. The sea, and the friendships formed at sea, have had a great part in moulding his temperament.

Those splendid ships, each with her grace, her glory, Her memory of old song or comrade's story, Still in my mind the image of life's need,

Beauty in hardest action, beauty indeed, "They built great ships and sailed them" sounds most brave Whatever arts we have or fail to have;

I touch my country's mind, I come to grips With half her purpose, thinking of those ships, That art untouched by softness, all that line

Drawn ringing hard to stand the test of brine, That nobleness and grandeur, all that beauty

Born of a manly life and bitter duty, That splendour of fine bows which yet could stand

The shock of rollers never checked by land, That art of masts, sail crowded, fit to break,

Yet stayed to strength, and back-stayed into rake, The life demanded by that art, the keen

Eye-puckered, hard-case seaman, silent, lean,— They are grander things than all the art of towns,

Their tests are tempests, and the sea that drowns, They are my country's line, her great art done

By strong brains laboring on the thought unwon; They mark our passage as a race of men, Earth will not see such ships as those again.

In the preface to his collected poems published during the war, Masfield states that he did not begin to read "with passion and system" until 1896. He was then living in Yonkers, N. Y. Chaucer was the poet, and the "Parliament of Fowls" the poem of his conversion.

"I read the 'Parliament' all through one Sunday afternoon," he says, "with the feeling that I had been kept out of my inheritance and had then suddenly entered upon it, and had found it a new world of wonder and delight. I had never realized, until then, what poetry could be."

During the war Masfield served with the British forces in Gallipoli, and wrote a spirited history of the campaign. His war poetry, however, is confined to "August, 1914," a short poem that "went beyond the guard of the English heart" and established his reputation beyond cavil.

"Perhaps, when the war is over and the mess of the war is cleaned up, and the world is at some sort of peace, there may be leisure and feeling for verse-making. One may go back to that life in the mind, in which the eyes of the mind see butterflies and petals of blossoms blowing from the unseen world of beauty into this world.

And though, before this war, when I was writing, I saw little enough of that land, life is kind and wise and generous, and perhaps, in that new time, I may see more, and be able to tell more, and know in fuller measure what the poets of my race have known, about that world and those people existing forever over in England, the images of what England and the English may become, or spiritually are. Chaucer and Shakespeare, some lines of Gray, of Keats, of Wordsworth and of William Morris, the depth, force, beauty and tenderness of the English mind are inspiration enough, and school enough, and star enough to urge and guide in any night of the soul, however wayless from our blindness or black from our passion and our fallacies."

Notes By The Way

The international agreements signed since the war include the Treaties of Versailles, 1919; Washington, 1922; Locarno, 1925; Paris, 1927 and London, 1930. This is a creditable and progressive series, "but of course, as there always is the risk that unscrupulous nations will regard treaties as mere scraps of paper under certain circumstances.

Mr. Brady, M. P., for Skeena, a British Columbia constituency speaking at Weston, Ontario, a few days ago, referred to Premier King's five-cent speech as the government's epiphany. The reference is very much to the point.

The police of Toronto have won distinction in the past few months by their success in capturing bank-robbers and other criminals. It is satisfactory to know that in every case of detection the Canadian courts have acted with promptness and decision imposing upon the offenders well merited punishment sufficiently severe to be a strong factor in deterring other adventurers from attempting this means of procuring money.

The greatest ship ever launched both for size and speed is now being planned by the Cunard people. This ship is to be over 1,000 feet in length, and is designed to attain a speed of thirty knots equal to thirty-five land miles per hour—a speed attained only by a few war-ships and by sporting craft. The blue ribbon of the sea is now held by Germany, but Liverpool and Southampton, home ports of the Cunarders, can not rest quiet under this audacious challenge of the sea-going Germans.

"Quebec is to spend more than one-fifth of its total revenue on roads this season," says the Moncton Transcript. A man may make a better mouse-trap—or brew a better beer—and the world will beat a trail to his door, but Quebec isn't waiting for anything like that.

Of the \$1,249,422,000 worth of goods imported into Canada in the year ended March 31, approximately \$500,000,000 worth of manufactured products should and could have been made in Canada by Canadians. Practically all of the \$300,000,000 worth of agricultural imports should have been grown or raised in Canada. Over \$300,000,000 worth of raw materials went out to keep foreign workmen busy manufacturing them for the world.

It will now be up to the Liberal press and politicians to glorify the Dunning budget. Policies which in the Conservative column were anathema will now be sanctified as they stand in the Liberal column and in fact, the whole Canadian plan of salvation has been led into a new channel. One of the humors of the coming federal campaign will be the gyrations of our Liberal friends in an attempt to reconcile the new Liberal policy with previous representations.

The month of May so far has been true to its reputation. Alternate smiles and tears, Showers and sunshine have as usual been the rule; but through all the variations the coming summer is discernible.

"Those who profess familiarity with the intentions of the King Government," says the Evening News, "admit that it will be forced this year to take official notice of the manner in which, for eight years, the United States have throttled every profitable trade worked up by Canada with that country. Since 1921 through tariff enactments and through presidential warrants the United States have practically excluded Canadian competitive goods from the market. Particularly is this true of our agricultural products and today Congress is driving the final nails in a new tariff wall to kill off another \$90,000,000 a year of Canadian farm exports."

The Yacht, as stated by the Liberal organizer for Russell County, Ontario, that 25,000 have been driven out of the fruit and vegetable business by the tariff policy of the Mackenzie King Government was ample proof that the fruit and vegetable business of Canada could not exist in the same simper as the King tariff policy.



By James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Hours

FAT DIET IN EPILEPSY

Three years ago Dr. Helmholz of the Mayo clinic exhibited a five year old boy at Dallas, Texas, who had averaged an epileptic seizure or fit every six minutes during the twenty-four hours.

Under a strict fat diet he promptly improved and at that time had not had a fit for six months.

Dr. Helmholz then began using the fat diet on all epileptic cases, and in 60 per cent the results were favorable.

Even when the epilepsy was due to organic disease of the brain excellent results were obtained.

The results showed that the fat diet was more effective when the patient had attacks frequently, and not where they occurred at intervals of one or six months.

The whole success of the treatment depends upon the faithfulness of the patient in sticking to the fat diet. As many of these cases are children, and the diet means they cannot indulge in candy or sweets, it is often very hard on the patient and the mother to keep strictly to it.

While too much acid in the blood is not good for the average individual, in epilepsy the whole secret of success is to create an acidosis.

Therefore meat and fats are the foundation of the diet, and the starches and sugars must be decreased.

Now as one part of sugar or starch breaks down or uses up two parts of fats, therefore the amount of fats must be more than twice that of the starches in the diet.

To make this diet of practical use to the mother in preparing the food the following day's menu has been prepared.

Breakfast:—Small helping of tomatoes, lettuce, or cole slaw. One half ounce of French dressing. One slice of bread or saucer of oatmeal. Large serving of butter. Medium serving of lean meat or one egg cooked any style.

Dinner:—Large serving of cooked greens or tomatoes. Large serving of butter.

Supper:—Small helping of lettuce or tomatoes or cole slaw or celery or asparagus. One half ounce of French dressing. One biscuit. One glass of milk. Two slices of bacon.

This diet is for a five year old youngster and must be increased for older children. If the child feels weak, a lump of sugar, a piece of candy or an orange, will increase the sugar in the blood.

Spring is come, and all the day In fragrant fields I dreaming lie And watch the feathery cloudlets sail Like fairy ships across the sky.

In yonder copse wild hyacinths spill Sweet purple scented beauty round The fair frail yellow primroses Unfolding on the dew-starred mound.

Half fearing lest the amorous sun Should woo with flaming darts of gold Their pale chaste purity, and wake To love, each heart untouched and cold.

O hide thou not from love, my heart, Awake, awake while life is sweet; The roses wither all too soon And golden hours are all too fleet.

A crown of stars awaits thy head, About thy feet white blossoms break, And all Spring's colored splendor cries Awake, O sleeping heart awake! —Shirley Collocott.

THE LAND WE LOVE By FRANK LEIGH FOREIGN CAPITAL INVESTMENTS IN CANADA Q. What are Foreign Capital Investments in Canada? A. Foreign Capital Investments in Canada totalled as on January 1, 1930, \$6,146,709,000, viz: U. S. \$4,645,220,000; British, \$2,253,156,000; others, \$248,333,000. During the last 4 years America capital has come to Canada at the rate of \$186,000,000 a year; from Britain, \$22,000,000 a year. Canadian capital invested in Canada doubles foreign investments, or \$2,146 of Canadian for each \$1,000 of foreign money.

There had to be a change in the policy, as Canada needs to produce fruit and vegetables.

The Public Forum

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

H. D. McEWEN'S TRAVELS

VI.

Sir,—We are now homeward bound, having travelled many miles and talked with people in all walks of life, and naturally have come to some definite conclusions. When we consider that in the great United States there are 45,000 millionaires, some of whom have incomes of 100 million, and twenty-four have incomes of over 10,000,000 each. When we consider that the entire surplus wealth of this great country is in the hands of 24 per cent. of its population and as a result 76 per cent. are simply existing, and when there are 496 whose incomes are over a million each, and at the same time consider the fact, as stated in the Senate not long ago, that there are about 6,000,000 out of employment and hungry for want of work—and at the same time consider that 72 per cent. of the entire revenue of this nation goes for war purposes—all these things make us think and consider "wither are we drifting?" The taxes are enormous. In 1927 the local taxes were \$54.46 per capita; the state taxes \$13.96, and the Federal taxes \$34.40, or a total of \$102.82 per capita. When we consider all these things and couple them with the serious wave of depression that is sweeping over this continent just now, it starts us thinking hard. The professions in general are full to overflowing. Our colleges are sending out annually new recruits to the vast army looking for white collar jobs that are already full, and the rural population is decreasing, while the urban is increasing. In our opinion the present state of affairs in this country cannot last much longer, and great wisdom will be necessary to successfully avert the ship of state in the near future. This is the age of "rush," and people seem to want to be on the move going somewhere at forty to sixty miles per hour, and then rushing back at the same rate of speed. Life among the great army of workers is simply a struggle for an existence, and the future is mortgaged to an alarming extent. Everything from clothes to motor cars can be, and is, bought for a small down payment, and then so much per week for indefinite periods. Homes are bought on this plan when times are good, but when a period of business depression arrives, as at the present time, these too often have to be sacrificed. We saw a man in Texas, with his wife and four children driving an old Ford car looking for work who had spent his last dollar, and said he did not know "in the name of God" what he was going to do. This is only one case of similar thousands just now. People "down home," who may be inclined to complain have no idea of the struggle for a living among many in the great army of workers in this country. Like cattle, too many of us are too much inclined to think that there is better grass just across the fence in the next pasture. My observations, after travelling over many states and meeting many people in all walks of life convinces me that there is no country or place without its "drawbacks," and that contentment is a most precious jewel, and also that Canada offers better prospects today for a young man than does any part of the United States. I am also convinced that there is no better place on this North American Continent, and certainly no better people, than our own folk on dear old Prince Edward Island, the Garden of the Gulf and the Eden of all America.

I am, Sir, etc. H. D. McEWEN

Another five miles brings us to Cana of Galilee, where Jesus performed his first miracle by turning water into wine. We were shown the six original jars said to be the ones containing the mixture. Cana is a wretched, filthy place. We were besieged by women and children trying to sell their wares, and asking for "barkish." We follow the encircling hills and reach Capernaum on the beautiful Sea of Galilee. We are much impressed, as we walk around the shore, and pick up shells. We see two boats out on the lake, casting their nets probably the same as in the time of Jesus.

Capernaum was a city of 60,000 in the time of Jesus. The ancient synagogue has been excavated and the lower portion of the stone wall are being erected, rising to a height of five feet. This synagogue was supposed to have been erected in the first century, and covered an area of forty feet. This synagogue is authentic. Capernaum is close to the Jewish city of Tiberias, which is quite modern. Nearby are the ancient tombs of Magdala, the home of Mary Magdalene and Bethesda. Both speak of desolation. Absolutely no trace of its life is left. We return to Nazareth and spend our first night under the stars of Palestine.

Our next objective point is the Holy City, Jerusalem, directly south 112 miles. En route we pass through the plain of Estreleum, dotted over with big highly cultivated plots of sand and Z'ion villages. Flocks of sheep and goats, some herds of cattle and Arab huts are here. The automobile road follows very nearly the same highway as it did in the time of Christ. We pass through many of the old towns

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An Islanders

Trip To Palestine

MARGARET D. HARDMAN (Continued)

Hifa is now the main port of Palestine. Our cars are in readiness and we leave for Nazareth, twenty four miles east. As we leave Hifa, we notice a Singer sewing machine in an Arab Hut. The ride is ever changing and absorbing. We see men and women working on the roads, donkeys and camels trotting along with their packs, shepherds leading their flocks, Mt. Carmel to our right, always green and covered with lilacs, violets and anemones. Mt. Tabor is in the distance. We come to the Brook Kishon and we halt, which once ran red with the blood of the priests of Baal. Nazareth is reached, encircled by hills reaching 1100 feet above the sea. This is a quiet, peaceful town of 6000, inhabited by shepherds, vine dressers, craftsmen and farmers. We are driven to our hotel of rather ancient monastery, a large stone building surrounded by a high iron fence. There is a front yard with flowering trees and vines. We climb a long stone stairway, and reach the main room. We are very kindly cared for by the monks who serve a very good luncheon. We are taken to the Church of the Annunciation, where the Angel Gabriel appeared to Mary at a grotto in the rock, also adjoining where Mary and Joseph lived. The workshop nearby where Jesus worked at the carpenter trade and spent his early years. Mary's well where Mary and Joseph carried their water. The same well now supplies water for the town. It is fascinating to spend a few hours here, observing the social life of the present day Nazarenes who have changed but little since the time of Jesus.

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mentioned in the Bible, the village of Shunam, Nain, Jerzeel, where Ahab and Jezebul lived. Mt. Gilboa is in sight. We cross the plain of Dothan where Joseph's brethren were watching their flocks when they sold Joseph to a passing caravan going down to Egypt. Also Mt. Ebal and Mt. Gerizim. Continued on Page 6

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