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CANADA'S RESOURCES

It is perhaps not as well known as it ought to be that Canada has greater natural resources than all the countries of Europe combined. We have five hundred million acres of rich arable soil of which only fifty million acres are under cultivation. It is only a matter of a few years and good government management when the remaining 250,000,000 acres are occupied and cultivated.

Canada has 85 per cent of the whole world's asbestos and we have touched only the fringe of it. We have 85 per cent of the whole world's supply of nickel and we are one of the world's greatest silver and gold producers. We have enough coal to last for the next thousand years; enough water power to drive, either directly or indirectly by electricity, all the machinery we can set up; we have the greatest lumber supply of any country or continent in the world and we have the world's greatest fisheries.

A GOVERNMENT THAT FAILED

The King government has been less than two years in office and in that short time it has written the word failure across the whole dominion. In no other similar period has such a record been written. In no other similar period have the predictions of the winners of an election been so utterly falsified or the predictions and warnings of their opponents been so unflinchingly fulfilled. An exodus unparalleled in the history of Canada has taken place; a number of banks have been in difficulties; industry has been paralyzed and commerce loaded down with crippling taxes which prevent expansion. Even agriculture, the basic business of the dominion has been held in check by unequal foreign competition in our markets.

Mr. Mackenzie King has not yet faced the people to whom he had spoken in 1921. He has not yet explained why his predictions of 1921 had not been fulfilled. Nor will he tell them because they will many in deep water.

no longer listen to him. He deceived them once; his policy has proved a failure, his promises unfulfilled, the people's confidence betrayed. Several provinces have already learned by grievous experience the cost of policies made to fit sectional interests, policies and promises manipulated to secure votes. Ontario learned it and took the first opportunity to correct it. Prince Edward Island learned it and did likewise. Canada is learning it and patiently awaiting the opportunity to follow suit.

THE ROAD PROBLEM

The Patriot's defence of the late government in its abandonment of the roads immediately after the election, namely, first, that contracts were let for two years and, second, that there was no money to continue the work is not logical.

If the contracts were for two years why were the culverts not put in? According to the statement of the Secretary of Public Works there was a substantial credit balance. So these two good reasons go the way of many other reasons ascribed to many doings and non-doings of the Bell government. The situation is that during the few weeks immediately preceding the election many miles of good roads were torn up, it is generally believed, to make jobs for prospective electors, and on the day after the election all this work was abandoned; cartloads of stone dumped in the middle of the road were left to be ground into smoothness by passing vehicles; soft torn up earth left to be converted into mud by the autumn rains. This has been thrust upon the Stewart government at this late season of the year to be put in at least possible condition before the heavy fall traffic begins.

The question of labor is a serious one. According to Secretary Boulter, who recently addressed the Rotary Club, the Potato Growers Association is finding it difficult to procure labor to harvest their crop. To find laborers for road work will be more difficult still particularly in view of the fact that within the past few weeks some 1,500 men left the province for the western harvest fields and for railway work in Quebec. An extraordinary thing about the Bell government road scheme is the damage they did to roads which had been in good condition before they touched them. One glaring example of this is to be found in New Perth, King's County. This was one of the best roads in the province. Today it is a veritable quagmire. The Kelvin Road, Prince County is an example of the wisdom of leaving well enough alone. This is one of the best roads in the country, kept so by ordinary labor in the spring and not torn up by any contract project.

The new government will have a difficult problem to face in straightening out this road matter and nothing can be done until, as already suggested in the Guardian, a survey of the whole road system is made. This will require time and we understand the Commissioner of Public Works already has the survey under way. In the meantime we must be patient, the Stewart government has been in power only a week although the Bell government has been dead but not buried for nearly two months.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Optimism with a sane backing is commendable; the optimism that takes one on thin ice in the unfounded hope that it will carry him is foolhardiness. The latter kind of optimism has landed

Notes By The Way

Harvesting is not yet general throughout this Province. At our Experimental Farm Station some plots of the early grain have been secured; and in the higher lands throughout the country many fields are already dotted with stooks heavily laden with grain. But for the most part, on lowlands and highlands alike, the crops are still maturing, and many fields are yet green. The harvesting season of this year is one of the latest on record. Yet the prospect of an abundant harvest was never brighter. The old saying that "slow growth is good growth," is shown to be true in our case this year. One of our foremost farmers at New Glasgow, in town last week, stated that he had never seen the heads of grain so well filled as they are this year—"notwithstanding all the talk about the weather." Only a great storm, or prolonged rain, or some extraordinary disaster will prevent the harvest of 1923 from being a record one.

While harvesting is unusually late, a great deal of "summer fallow" and autumn and fall ploughing has already been done. While farmers waited for the harvest of this year, many of them have wisely made preparations for the seeding of next year. Many red fields give variety of color to the splendid variegated landscapes by which our fertile island province is now adorned. Already the leaves on some of the trees are turning. Soon there will be added all the gorgeous tints of autumn.

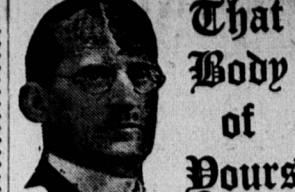
Our roads, improved at so great a cost of public money, and in many parts of the country quite passable now, will soon need repair. Indeed, repair will have to be constant if their excellence is to be maintained. Traffic will make ruts to be filled. In some places the roads have been so rounded that difficulty is found in keeping cars, carts and other carriages from slithering into the ditch, when passing each other. Already there have been accidents, some of them well-nigh fatal; and unless great care is taken by the drivers other accidents will happen. It has been suggested that the "split log drag" should be applied judiciously after every heavy rain, as well as in fall and spring, and that not only should the ruts be filled (or prevented from forming) but that the roadway, where too much rounded, should be somewhat flattened, so that the danger of "slithering" may be abated. We have no doubt that farmers living near the roads could be prevailed on to apply this split-log drag and keep the roadway as smooth and safe as possible pro bono publico, for a reasonable consideration. This is one of the first problems confronting our lately appointed Commissioner of Public Works and their efficient Provincial Engineer. Having been built up at a heavy expense of public money, economy as well as safety will require that the roads shall be well maintained. Good roads are a good asset. The farmer who can take to market over a good road a load double as heavy as he could over a bad road will not greatly grudge the expense that will be required to keep the roads in repair; and the man of business or pleasure may reasonably be asked to pay a little extra taxation in order that he may ride quickly and safely from point to point throughout the Province.

There is universal satisfaction at the Westward, over the recent widening of the gauge of the railway between Summerside and Tignish. The passenger cars now in use contrast pleasingly with those of the narrow gauge still found on all the lines East of Charlottetown; and the freight cars loaded at Tignish, Alberton, Wellington or any other point West of Summerside, may now be sent right through to their destination, whether it be Vancouver or Sydney, Halifax or Toronto. Cost of freight transfer is then avoided and time as well as money saved. It is hoped that Sir Henry Thornton and the general superintendent of the Eastern section of the people's railway, the C. N. R., will soon be enabled to widen the gauge of the line to Souris, Georgetown, Murray Harbor, Vernon River and Montague, so effecting another economical improvement and giving the people who reside East and South of Charlottetown facilities equal to those enjoyed by the people at the Westward.

It is to be feared that the dates fixed for the Provincial Exhibitions of this year are rather too early to enable farmers to attend and show their best products. The Exhibition at Char-

The Public Forum

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



By James W. Barton, M.D. ARE YOU MAKING A LIVING OR A LIFE?

Farmer—Labour

Sir,—As one travels over our beautiful province one cannot help but notice the lack of young men to carry on the work of farming, and for the reason of such a sad condition, one has simply to read a letter sent to leading farmers by the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, which says in part: "It takes 63 1/2 dozen or 762 eggs to pay a plasterer for one day of eight hours work. It takes 17 1/2 bushels of corn, or a year's receipt from half an acre to pay a bricklayer for one day. It takes twenty-three chickens weighing three pounds each to pay a painter for one day in New York. It takes forty-two pounds of butter or the output from fourteen cows, fed and milked for twenty-four hours to pay a plumber \$14 a day."

Is it any wonder then that our young men and maidens are leaving us by almost every train. Is it not time that something should be done to remedy such a state of affairs? Why is it the Danish farmer gets 72c of the consumer's dollar, while the American farmer gets but 35c. These are questions which must be settled if we want to get back our young men and to retain those that we have.

I am, Sir, etc. ROBERT M. BRODIE.

Night Trains

Sir,—I wish to draw your attention to something which does not take place in any of the cities of the mainland. I refer to the trains arriving at night on the C. N. R. at Charlottetown. They seem to blow just as hard as ever they can. Some years ago Superintendent Sharp had this cut out as there is no reason for it at all. The P. E. I. Hospital, situated as it is, gets the full benefit of this noise. Perhaps if this matter was brought to the attention of the Superintendent something might be done.

I am, Sir, etc. CITIZEN

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

FROM DAY TO DAY

Life

Life! I know not what thou art, But now that thou and I must part; And when, or how, or where we meet I own to me's a secret yet. But this I know, when thou art fled, Where'er they lay these limbs, this head, No clod so valueless shall be, As all that then remains of me. O whither, whither dost thou fly, Where bend unseen thy trackless course, And in this strange divorce, Ah, tell where I must seek this compound?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame, From whence thy essence came, Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed From matter's base encumbering weed? Or dost thou, hid from sight, Wait, like some spellbound knight, Through blank, oblivious years the appointed hour To break thy trance and reassume thy power? Yet canst thou, without thought or feeling be? O say what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee?

Life! we've been long together Through pleasant and through cloudy weather; 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear— Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear; Then steal away, give a little warning, Choose thine own time; Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime Bid me Good Morning. —Anna Letitia Barbauld (1743-1825)

BEAT AFTER DEATH

LONDON. That his heart continued to beat for about an hour and three-quarters after death was stated at the inquest at Hastings on Charles William Miller, sixty-eight, of St. Leonards, who died as a result of injuries sustained in a motor-cycle accident. Miller collided with another motor-cycle ridden by Lewis Foreman, of Sydenham, who said he had on his pillow seat his brother who was blind. "Death by misadventure," was the jury's verdict.

When I heard a speaker ask the question "Are you making a living or are you making a life" it certainly made me think of myself and of others. Now I have no desire to enter into the field of psychology, but the psychologist will be the first to admit that the condition of that body of yours is the answer to both questions. We've all got to earn a living, and like the fleas, on Mark Twain's dog, the earning of that living is one of Nature's ways of making us move about and take exercise, thus creating an appetite, and also making bathing and sleeping a necessary factor in our lives. By the "sweat of the brow" we were to earn our bread. So Nature behooves that if we do not sweat by working we must do it by playing or exercising. That body of yours demands it. But after all the making of a life is a higher thing than making a living because we haven't got to make the life, that is a higher life. And what do I mean by a higher life? Simply that you get by doing something else besides working. It may be playing, reading, the intensive study of something, welfare work for others, anything that just lifts you out and away from the everyday toll and work. Now what's all this got to do with that body of yours. Everything. If you keep it in good shape by seeing that it gets the right quantity and quality of food, that it is worked or exercised and bathed, that nothing interferes with the throwing off of the wastes of the body by the skin, kidneys, intestine and breath, then it will do its proper work for you. You see if the body isn't in good condition, by the time you have done the ordinary toll or work of the day, there is no strength or energy left for anything else. You cannot enjoy a play, a game or recreation of any kind. You have no desire for study, and the need of others does not enter your head. You are simply making a living and that is all you are doing. My thought is that everybody should have a "plus" life. It should not be a "minus" nor should it be just a "zero."

There's only one way to get the "plus" life and that is by going after it. Remember your body gives you everything because your body includes your brain, and thought and aspirations. So get it functioning. Work it, play or exercise with it, make it obey your bidding. It is a wonderful mechanism and pays or repays as you use or abuse it. Brilliant Career of Lord Birkenhead Lord Birkenhead, one of the most brilliant figures in contemporary British politics, is visiting this continent and is at present in Canada. The other night he paid a tribute to Secretary of State Hughes in Montreal, and it was a handsome one, though the paying of tributes of this sort is not what has distinguished the career of Lord Birkenhead in public life. He is reputed to be the hardest hitter in politics. He discards gloves and nails his opponents with his bare fists, and is not above taking an occasional gouge at them. Just at present he is out of office, a situation that has not sweetened his temper, but it is unlikely that he is out forever. He is in the pride of his physical and mental vigor, and it is a sure prediction that he will once more be called upon to serve his country. The present difficulty is in getting him fitted into a party. He was a Conservative, and no doubt considers that he is one of the real dyed-in-the-wool kind today. But he was a Lloyd George man and went down with the Coalition Government. One of his most intimate friends is Hon. Winston Churchill, after whom he called one of his sons. Fine Student and Lawyer. Lord Birkenhead's career has been a remarkable one, as the nickname of "Galloper" long ago given him indicates. He was born as F. E. Smith in the Liverpool suburb, whose name he adopted on being raised to the peerage, in 1872, and it is a mere coincidence that his birthday is July 12. His father had been a private in the English army, and the boy had no powerful and wealthy friends to help him along. Yet his talent was unmistakable and so was his determination to get an education. As soon as he began to write examinations all worry about finding money to pay his way through college vanished, for he proceeded to win one scholarship after another. Thus he put himself through Oxford, and was accorded the honor of election to the presidency of the Oxford Union. His success as a

lawyer when he began to practice was not less conspicuous and soon he became known as one of the most brilliant of the junior counsel. Of course he took naturally to politics as a Conservative and was elected in 1906.

A Tremendous Practice

Politics, however, were not permitted to interfere with his career as a lawyer, and it is said that he built up the largest and most lucrative practice ever created at the English bar with the exception of that of Lord Carson's. He had not reached office when the war broke out, when he was chosen to become censor. It was a thankless position and he did not retain it long. He chose to serve in France with the Indian troops and received mention in despatches. On the formation of the first Coalition Cabinet he was made Attorney-General. Later on Lord George made him Lord Chancellor but this office he relinquished when the Conservatives, led by Sir George Younger, revolted and subsequently overwhelmed the Georgians in a general election. Birkenhead was loyal to Lloyd George and fought strongly for him. He referred to Younger as the cabin boy who sought to take the wheel from the hands of the captain of the ship. He compared the Conservative Whip with the frog of the ancient fable, that tried to swell himself up to the size of a bull. Samples of Jibe and Jeer. Birkenhead showed himself to be almost as great a master of invective and jibe as was the earlier Lloyd George. In the House of Lords he shocked many of his hearers by referring to Lord Salisbury and Lord Selbourne as the "Dolly Sisters". He said that Bonar Law, when he surveyed his new Cabinet after the elections, must have felt like the Duke of Wellington as he inspected some of the raw levies sent out to him before the Battle of Waterloo. "I don't know what the enemy will think of them," said the Duke, "but by God they frighten me!" He was bitter against the former coalitionists who had rallied round Bonar Law and remarked: "Had I possessed the mental agility of others I think I might today still have addressed you in the capacity of Lord Chancellor. But nature, which gave me some gifts at birth, denied me others. I never was quick at see-

WHEN YOU ASK FOR CHASE & SANBORN'S SUPERIOR TEA YOU WILL GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR

Superior TEA organizing the Ulster Volunteers and was a hero to the North...

"Be Prepared" is the Boy Scouts motto, and a good one it is for all of us. Are you prepared to face a disastrous fire? "It is better to be sure than sorry." Hyndman & Co Ltd The Oldest Insurance Agency in P. E. I. Security Service

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