THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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Morning Daily (founded 1887) $5 00 per year (in advance) delivered, $4 50 per year (in advance) mailed in Canada and United States.

MONDAY, APRIL 23, 1934.

ANNIVERSARIES

Today is a memorable anniversary date in British history. It is, in the first place, St. George's Day, and dear to Englishmen the world over for that reason. It is also believed to be the anniversary of Shakespeake's birth, though according to the Encyclopedia Britannica, while there is record of Shakespeare's baptism in the parish church of Stratford-upon-Avon in Warwickshire on the 26th of April, 1564, the exact date of his birth is not known. By general consent, however, the two anniversaries—St. George and Shakespeare — are commemorated together.

Yesterday and today also mark the anniversaries of two momentous engagements of the Great War—the victory of the British Navy at Zeebrugge, and the heroic part played by the First Canadian Contingent in the first gas attack, launched by the Germans in the Second Battle of Ypres, in an effort to break through to Calais and the sea. The story of the latter epic engagement has often been told, and it has been described as one of the most vital achievements in the history of war. Elsewhere in today's issue appears a summary of it, from the New York Sun.

To Canadians especially, it should be one of perennial interest and inspiration.

THE FARMERS' BILL

The Natural Products Marketing Act, which Mr. Mackenzie King is doing his best to kill in Parliament, has for its purpose one leading object: it is to enable farmers to take up the active management of their own affairs. In matters of export, inter-provincial and even domestic trade, however, it is obviously necessary that any schemes undertaken be supported by Federal and Provincial legislation. This explains the compulsory features in the new Act. As an Ontario exchange puts it, many agricultural marketing schemes in the past, while approved by the large majority of those engaged in the industry have not operated effectively owing to obstruction on the part of selfish interests concerned only with their own profit and regardless of consequences to the industry at large. Price control is difficult. But control and direction of the system and processes of marketing has always been possible, however unrealized it has been in the past as a farmer prerogative.

THE BENNETT WAY

The Financial Post notes that by placing an exchange dump duty against New Zealand butter, the Bennett Government has relieved Canadian dairy farmers of the menace of large scale imports and declining prices. The Order-in-Council imposing the currency dump declares that the New Zealand pound shall be valued at par—$4.86 2/3—instead of the current value of $4.11. This can be done without abrogating the Canada-New Zaland trade treaty. This dump is equivalent to about three cents per lb. which, with the treaty duty of five cents per lb. gives a total protection to Canadian dairy farmers of eight cents per lb. This is believed to be adequate to protect existing price levels until such time as the new butter crop comes on the market.

The action by the Government in this case has not been accompanied by a fanfare of trumpets. Yet there is no doubt but that it has been the means of saving our dairy producers many thousands of dollars in ruinous competition.

RELIEF COSTS

A rather arresting feature of the budget introduced in Parliament last week was the announcement that total relief expenditures since 1930 have amounted to $130,500,000. The provinces have been assisted under the Relief Act to the extent of $60,700,000, including a net amount of $12,540,000, loaned last year. It is somewhat gratifying to know that, with the exception of Saskatchewan, all provinces have met their interest charges on these loans as and when due. Saskatchewan has been unable to pay interest and has tendered treasury bills in lieu of cash. There is ground for hoping that these loans will be progressively smaller in the future and that loan charges will be met by all provinces as business conditions improve. The Government's policy as outlined by Mr. Rhodes is to keep this form of assistance down to a minimum, but to provide it at that minimum as being generally advantageous to the Dominion. It is encouraging to find, by the way, that the Canadian Farm Loan Board in which the Government is financially interested has paid all interest as it has accrued.

It is very apparent, says the Montreal Gazette, that the budget deficits would be not much more than half the actual figures if the operating losses of the Canadian National system could be eliminated. The railway deficit paid by the Government last year was, as stated, $58,900,000, and the net loss of the system, including unpaid interest on Government loans, etc., was $97 650,000. The sum required from the Federal Exchequer was a little less than in the previous year. The estimated deficit requirement for 1934 is $48,800,000 in a total railway budget of $85,800,000, a betterment of more than ten million dollars. Such a saving will be helpful, if the estimate is fulfilled, but even at forty-eight or forty-nine millions the deficit presents a problem of major proportions.

AS OTHERS SEE IT

The political antics of Mr. Mackenzie King are evidently causing amusement across the international boundary line. This, at any rate, is how the Philadelphia Public Ledger sums up his campaign:

"The leader of the Liberal Party in Canada, Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, is at present engaged in calling all good Canadians to the colors. He is warning his fellow-countrymen that the time has come to choose between a dictatorship and the preservation of British institutions. He implies that, from the broader political viewpoint, Canada is in a Bad Way. This will be news to many Americans. The impression has been that Canada's troubles have been relatively slight, that our neighbors have come through the depression as well as might be expected, or better. It is rather shocking to learn that the term "dictatorship" is being bandied about across our northern border just as it is with us . . . Mr. King hopes, of course, that it will end in putting the Liberal Party back into power in Canada and he hopes that it will be done at the next election. The solution of the problem is not, perhaps, quite so simple as that. But nearly everybody will agree that a dictatorship in Canada would cause surprise."

RESEARCH COUNCIL

Each year the awarding of the scholarships by the National Research Council brings to public attention that all over Canada students have tied their wagons to the star of knowledge and are determined to add to the storehouse which mankind had acquired. Afore time, comments the Winnipeg Free Press, the Adventurers took ship and set out for the unknown seas but these days there are no more seas left uncharted. The test tube waits though, and the telescope. Eleven of the scholarship holders will study chemistry, eight physics, two bacteriology, one biology, one zoology, one physiology and one mechanical engineering. The intentions of the fellowship and studentship holders are not set forth but most of these will be following the same line.

Not often, of course, does a great discovery illumine the minds of men, but every one which does burst forth has behind it the patient and obscure labors of hundreds of persons. Trial and error, a little gain here, a brilliant guess which must be tested beyond the possibility of error, all these accumulate, and the confines of knowledge are extended.

From these results of pure science those interested in applied science take their material and work it over until it grows beneath their hand so that presently it is put into service for all mankind.

The Canadian Research Council does its part in paying its debt to the past and to the future in encouraging the attaining of new knowledge and it is a matter of congratulation that among the students of our universities, both east and west, there are many young men and women eager to carry on in the great pursuit of learning.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Gorlitz in Selesia claims a distinction which is probably unique in the world. A clock in this ancient Silesian city has not shown correct time for over 650 years. In 1258 a conspiracy was formed to murder the councillors as they left the town hall at noon. Conscience, however, overtook one of the conspirators, and he put the clock forward seven minutes. As a result, the would-be assassins arrived on the scene too early and were arrested by the watch. Today the clock is still kept seven minutes fast in memory of the councillors' escape.

Notes By The Way

Tulsa Daily World—The reckless driver thinks that all these motor shows and the mechanical perfection of the machines and the good roads are all intended for his benefit, so that he can crowd in more speed, take more chances and scare and kill more people with comparative safety. There are lots of people like that.

A very interesting article entitled "Bees versus Rheumatism," claims that a cure has been found for this malady. At first one is inclined to regard the statements it contains with some degree of skepticism, but remembering the wonders that scientific research has brought about, it is not always wise to dismiss even the weirdest theories without some deliberation. In this instance, the newest aid to medicine, the Bee, which performs a big task in supplying us with that delicacy, honey, comes to the rescue and contributes its life that rheumatics may live without pain. A remarkable case is that of a hunter who caught acute rheumatism in one knee during a nocturnal hunting expedition. The first application of a live bee brought relief. Four more bees were applied a week later and the pain disappeared completely." Not all cases are successful, so the article says. There are relapses, "which necessitate a repetition of the treatment, and there are also complete failures, but the number of cures and improvements predominate."

Auckland News: Diplomatic means, quite unexceptionable as still a normal method of fellowship, can be pursued in spite of Japan's notice of withdrawal from the League. The step does not take any country outside the concert of the world. This may be viewed as an unfortunate fact. Were the League an actually comprehensive organization, to withdraw from it would be to go into the wilderness. But the United States and Russia have never accepted membership; Germany has given like notice of withdrawal; Brazil has not returned to the fold; some minor countries are outside. And a considerable amount of world-wide collaboration goes on, under League auspices as well as beyond them. Mr. Hirota's determination to do his utmost to maintain active and friendly relations with everybody must, therefore, be taken as practicable. It is doubtless sincere and will be implemented—so long as the East Asian policy of Japan is not challenged.

Postmaster General Farley in a recent address at the Hotel Commodore, New York, said: "A lot of people have the impression politicians are not to be trusted. I have been active in politics better than twenty-odd years and I find more honesty and truth-telling among politicians than any other class. No man can get anywhere unless he is, because they tag you if you're not honest and don't tell the truth."

Figures given by Mr. Charles McCrea emphasize the extraordinary rise of gold production in the Dominion, especially in the Province of Ontario, where silver and nickel are also mined. Twenty-four years ago the gold mining industry was just beginning in Ontario. The Transvaal has led the world in gold since the mines of the Rand became a source of supply in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The Transvaal still produces more than half of all the gold everywhere mined. Gold mining in the United States and Australia, formerly the two great sources of the metal, has been declining over a long period of years. Canada has stepped into second place as a gold country, next to the Transvaal, and her resources show no sign of nearing exhaustion. In fact there is still considerable territory in Canada which has been only imperfectly surveyed by the mineralogist and where the possibility of gold awaits the prospector.—N.Y. Ex.

"There is nothing quite so miraculous to me as something coming right out of the ground in the shape of a plant or tree. To think that a tiny seed of some sort can be planted in any rich soil and come up and perform its life, in one place as well as in another, is truly wonderful. The thrills of childhood remain when we used to plant the vegetable garden in the Springtime—and how each day we watched to see the first sign of sprouting into the light. Nature does such a fine job in distributing its tree and flower beauty above the earth, but if we want especial beauty about us we must plant it ourselves. We cannot expect our neighbours to plant our garden for us.—Exchange.

Brooklyn Eagle: Horse thieving is looking up again in parts of the West, according to a current item in the news. This is deplorable, but it has its brighter side. Men have not grown particularly more wicked, but horses have grown more valuable. We witness not a decline in human virtue but a rise in equine worth. When horses grow valuable enough to steal one must suppose that business in rural parts has improved. The only sad thing for the horse is that if business improves enough the rural folks will want automobiles again.

The New Statesman and Nation (London): Mr. Eden's travels and conversations are only incidents in a series of much more important manoeuvres and negotiations which are now going on behind the scenes. The Great Powers, having abandoned or sterilized the League system, are now engaged in the preliminary operations necessary for building up a system of armed alliances similar to that which existed before the War and produced it.

Earned friendships have no equal, for these are the friendships that we travel along with throughout the years. Those, on the other hand, who become our associates because of earned or inherited wealth, or because of some temporary fame or acclaim, are apt to know us no longer when such circumstances have been removed. Knowledge and experience always have to be earned. They cannot be brought and they cannot be given to us. They must come through stress and sweat, "dust and toil," as Gissing would say. Then every joy has a charm of its own, and every phase of beauty carries with it its own especial thrill.

That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

THE GREATEST HUMAN ASSET —HEALTH

Some years ago one of the largest, if not the largest, industrial organization in the world, wanted to find out why so many of their staff—office and road staff—seemed to fall away in their work and either resigned or were discharged.

Accordingly a Professor of Economics was placed on their staff and was able to point out the various causes of why these executive or employees resigned or were discharged.

And at the top of the list, leading every other cause by a great distance was ill health. Other causes were financial distress and domestic unhappiness or illness, but ill health stood out like a great stone wall blocking the progress of these men.

It is not hard to see that even if the individual has a good brain and plenty of ambition he can only go as far in business or in life as his body will take him.

Dr. Emyln Jones, in the Pennsylvania Bulletin of Statistics says, "Good health is not only a valuable asset in itself, it unlocks the door of all other faculties." Loss of confidence is one of the most serious effects of ill health; many a man of great accomplishments has been left behind because he has not the power to use them. He is so afraid of making mistakes that the psychological moment has gone past, before he has made up his mind.

Trace back the history of characters such as this and you will find that in almost all cases they have been weakly individuals, who, on account of their lack of vigor and health, were afraid to take the plunge.

Everything in this world varies according to the way it is looked at, and we are liable to make wrong conclusions when we are not feeling up to the mark.

Thus, the above statements of Dr. Jones agree exactly with those of Lord Chesterfield who said, "An attack of indigestion, a sleepless night, and a rainy morning, can make a coward out of one who might otherwise have been a hero."

I believe the above statements from three different sources make it only too clear that the greatest human asset is good health.

Good health is attained and maintained by observing just three things—the right amount and kinds of food, the right amount of exercise or play, and the right amount of rest and sleep.

Philosophy Of Clothes

(Exchange)

Carlyle in "Sartor Resartus" expressed surprise that up to his time little or nothing had been written by way of philosophy or history on the subject of clothes. "The vestural tissue namely of woollen or other cloth; which man's soul wears as its outmost wrappage and overall; wherein all his other tissues are included and screened, his whole faculties work." With the exception of this book, we do not know that there is any work in which the subject is philosophically considered. We must not forget the advertisements in which the snappy clothing of some particular brand is acclaimed as a passport to worldy success; inspiring confidence in the employer, while ill-fitting garments handicap him in the race. In this there is a gleam of truth. The most intellectual countenance, shining with thought and kindness, may fail to win admiration or respect when the clothes are shabby and wrinkled. In youth the desire to attract the other sex is an obvious motive for adornment. But even when this season is past, when the waistline has expanded far beyond the chest measurement, when the hair has departed or turned grey, the interest in clothing survives. Middle-aged and even elderly men are seen looking wistfully at the samples shown in the tailors' windows; though one was heard to confess mournfully that the stuff looked better in the window than on his own form, from which the grace of youth had departed.

One wonders what Carlyle would have thought of the epidemic of black, brown and other colored shirts which has broken out in various parts of the world. It cannot be explained as a phase of the quest for beauty. It seems rather to denote a passion for uniformity and a desire to express one's sentiments and thoughts by symbols and ritual. It is a labor-saving device. It is easier to wear a black shirt than to explain the philosophy of fascism, easier to wear a brown shirt than to expound the fundamental principles of nazism. Under the most rigid dictatorship it is impossible to sound the depths of the heart or intellect of every individual. He may be thinking of the most lawless things, allowing his imagination to roam over forbidden fields. But he can at least be forced to wear the right colored shirt and give the right salute. There may be the most dangerous variety of thought within, but at least there is uniformity without. Such is the weakness of the flesh that all but the most courageous shrink from beatings or enforced swallowing of castor oil. And so, besides the love of uniformity in some, there is in others what Milton calls "the forced and outward union of cold and neutral and inwardly divided minds."

The First Gas Attack

(New York Sun)

The first gas attack launched by the Germans on the pleasant evening of April 22, 1915, stands out as one of the great horrors of the world war, indeed of any war. The second battle of Ypres had just begun. The Germans had started shelling the town two days before, seeking to block the bottle-neck through which ammunition and supplies passed to the allied troops holding the salient. Heavy guns rained steel on Ypres. Fifteen children playing in the streets were among the killed. John Buchanan paints a graphic picture of the first gas attack and of the havoc it created:

"About 6.30 our artillery observers reported that a strange green vapor was moving over the French trenches. Then, as the April night closed in, and the great shells still rained upon Ypres, there were strange scenes between the canal and the Pilken road. Back through the dusk came a stream of French soldiers, blinded and coughing and wild with terror. Some black deviltry had come upon them, and they had broken before more than a human fear. Behind them they left hundreds of their comrades stricken and dead, with froth on their lips and horrible blue faces. The rout surged over the canal, and the road to Vlamertinghe was choked with broken infantry and galloping gun teams lacking their guns. No discredit attaches to those who broke, for the pressure was more than flesh and blood could bear. Some of the Zouaves and Turcos fled due south toward the Langemarck road, and in the early darkness came upon the Canadian reserve battalions. With amazement the Canadians saw the wild dark faces, the heaving chests and the lips speechless with agony. Then they too sniffed something in the breeze, something that caught at their throats and affected them with a deadly nausea."

The gas and the hail of steel that accompanied it tore a four-mile gap in the allied lines, and through this breach poured the German soldiers. Had they succeeded in pressing their advantage they might easily have turned the battle into a rout, won the Channel Ports and decided the whole course of the war. But in the thick of the gas, unsupported on their left where the stricken French had melted away, the Third Canadian Brigade held its ground. Overwhelmed with superior numbers of men and guns, and sick to death with the poison fumes, the Canadians refused to retreat. Two battalions of the First Canadian Brigade, which had been in reserve, were brought up at midnight and flung into the gas-sodden wood at St. Julien and held its outer fringe until the sheer weight of four German divisions forced them back. Two more Canadian battalions charged the Germans, carried their first trenches and held on.

That April night lives like a nightmare in the memory of those who survived. All was wild confusion. Staff work was impossible. The British reserves at Ypres, hurrying forward to help stem the gray tide, moved through waves of sickly chlorine. Supply trains jammed the congested roads. Guns bogged. The first British re-enforcements reached the gap during the early hours of the twenty-third.

All that day and all the next day the fighting was intense, the brunt of it falling on the dogged Third Canadian Brigade. One British company sent to its aid was completely wiped out. And the worst of the battle had not yet come. At 3.30 a. m. on April 24 the Germans launched a second gas attack. Pumped from cylinders, the gas was carried in great clouds toward the allied lines. There had been no time to prepare for it.

News of the gas attack had been flashed to London and Paris and thousands of women were toiling feverishly to make crude masks, but it was days before any of these arrived at the front. Men fought with wet handkerchiefs wrapped about their mouths, or socks or strips torn from their shirts, and these afforded but little protection. The gas stung and blinded, made men vomit. The wounded had no chance at all, for the heavy gas sank into trenches and shell holes, smothering those who were lying there.

Twenty thousand allied soldiers were gassed, of whom 5,000 died in agony. Why the Germans were not able to sweep their way through the gaps has never been explained. The tattered Third Canadian Brigade was ordered to retire, but some of its units, remnants of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth battalions, could not be moved and they kept on fighting. Up on the Grafstafel ridge the Eighth Canadians withstood wave after wave of gas without budging an inch. Had they broken, the line could not have been saved. Losses were terrific. Three Canadian battalion commanders were killed. In the Fifth Battalion only five officers remained. Of fifty-eight machine-gun men in the Thirteenth Battalion thirteen survived, in the Seventh Battalion only one. Rightly has the bloodstained ground about St. Julien been called the Thermopylae of Canadian arms.

Another Change

(St. Catherines Standard)

A Toronto paper publishes the story that still another Liberal House Leader in the Legislature may step out owing to disagreement with the nominal leader, M. F. Hepburn, M.P.

It will be remembered that Dr. McQuibban and eight Opposition Members voted against the beer and wine bill, while the remainder at the bidding of Mr. Hepburn voted with the government on this measure.

The spectacle of a party facing both ways on this issue was thus presented. And the result it is said, has not been pleasant within the party itself. Certainly the official Opposition addicated its duty on this issue.

The domestic troubles of a party as a rule have little public significance, but with an election coming soon what chance has a party got to win which is plainly divided within itself? And if such a party were successful what kind of rule would it afford the province? It is the latter contingency which is of direct public interest.

The Poets' Corner

SPRING IN THE WOODS

The naked branches spread beneath the moon,
Their shadows cast upon the melting snow,
That spite of April showers and warming sun
Still lingers in the woorland depths below.

There is a gentle night wind floating by,
Waiting upon its errant path to bring
The scent of wetted bark and evergreens,
And all the forest fragrances of spring.

The blood is flowing in the heart of trees,
And from a little cabin in the glen,
Where maples cluster close, a light shines clear,
For sugar-making time is here again.

—Ermina Carpenter Holland.

Churchill Raises A Gale

(Montreal Gazette)

Mr. Winston Churchill has that streak of peculiar genius of which it has been observed that when nature fashions a daring personality she breaks the mould. For many years past he has been one of the stormy petrels of British politics and it is sure that his piquant figure will never be allowed to fade away from the parliamentary scenario so long as the gift of audacious publicity can keep his visage to the forefront. The years which usually temper the ardent impulses of youth and beget the philosophic mind appear to have very little restraining effect upon the hot blood of a Churchill which "o'er-leaps a cold decree" and knows no concealment or reserve whenever the urge comes to say something that must needs be said, albeit to others the outburst may seem a piece of dramatic bombast or the gallant spectacle of one who swishes the rapier and "lets fly" with all the frenzy—real or assumed—that betokens the lust of battle. Of Winson Churchill it has been remarked that the "man who could survive the Antwerp and Gallipoli hazards of the Great War will survive anything except national education." He has seen more wars than any other man of his years. He has smelled powder on three continents. His intellectual fearlessness is notorious and carries him along in the spirit of his own reply during his days at Harrow School to a crony who asked him what profession he thought of choosing: "The Army, of course, so long as there's any fighting to be had."

And ever since Winston Churchill took "a shot at politics" this militant impulse has been uppermost. A personage of extraordinary abilities, versatile talents, and forceful utterance, he is capable at any moment of springing a surprise. His latest high adventure along these lines is the indictment brought against Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary of State for India, charging the latter with having connived with some others in "cooking up" the data and evidences relative to the British proposal in favor of self-government for India. Mr. Churchill stoutly avers that the actual facts have been colored and distorted and that by this means the real inwardness of the situation in India has been deliberately disguised and concealed. The gist of Mr. Churchill's plaint is that the memorandum was so revised and redrafted that the evidence as to the general ensemble of affairs in India was reduced to "a poor, shrunken, emaciated thing."

This charge, of course, is denied by the Secretary for India, who, on his part, declares that Mr. Winston Churchill has but "discovered a mare's nest," and that the memorandum was amended only after members of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce had been to India and had seen for themselves the real position of things, and had approved the plan of readjustment embodied in the British Government's proposals. Sir Samuel Hoare also adds that he himself and all the members of the acting committee will welcome the parliamentary investigation for which Mr. Churchill has called. The Speaker of the House of Commons has ruled that a prima facie case has been made out and the House has agreed to the motion for inquiry. Mr. Churchill has long and vehemently opposed the attitude of the present Government towards India, contending that its plan of Indian self-government is all awry and bound to come to grief, a scheme the more confused and aggravated by negotiations being carried on behind a white-washed fence. It will be interesting to see whether the outcome of the inquiry now to be set in action tends to support Churchill's contention or whether it will demonstrate that the charge brought against Sir Samuel is a mere canard.

Zulu Dance For The Prince

(Moncton Times)

A report from Maritzburg, South Africa, says dances barbaric in vigor, form and fury but intended to exemplify the joy and respect of the Zulu people for the royal visitor were set before Prince George there during his visit in the course of his tour of the Union. More than 300 chiefs were present, with groups of their immediate lieutenants, tribesmen and families. Twelve of these chiefs, exercising authority over large areas, were presented with walking sticks by Prince George, who was very pleased with the songs and dances.

It was a thrilling moment, says the Maritzburg report, when the regiments of natives, in all their elaborate and savage finery, leaped from their orderly lines in the long grass and took possession of the mown ground immediately in front of the Prince. With their shields flung up high and brandishing their fighting sticks and battle axes, they rent the air with an ear-piercing yell. This was the beginning of the dances. Beaded and decked in a hundred monkey tails, several of the chiefs who came forward to pay their respects to Prince George contrasted sharply with others dressed in the drab suits of the European. Their headgears of scarlet and black feathers shook violently as they pranced back to their followers after saluting the Prince who was dressed in naval uniform.

Under a canvas-covered dais, the Prince and the members of his entourage, all in ceremonial uniforms, were greatly impressed as they looked over the scene of seething black humanity. "Bayete! 'nkosi," a song of royal greeting, sung by both men and women, was beautifully harmonized as chief after chief came forward to lay at the feet of Prince George gifts characteristic of the Zulu handicrafts.

Eminent Canadians

(Exchange)

Two eminent Canadians passed away in the month of April, on the same date in the month, though in different years.

On the 17th of April, 1892, a notable figure in Canadian politics passed by the death of Hon. Alexander Mackenzie. Born in Scotland, he came to Canada as a young man and worked as a stonemason, it is said on the Parliament building at Ottawa which he was to afterwards dominate. Eventually he became the leader of the Liberal party and Prime Minister of Canada in 1873, holding office until 1878. After the defeat of his ministry he led the Opposition in the House of Commons for two years when he retired and was succeeded by Hon. Edward Blake.

On the 17th of April, 1928, the death of Sir Clifford Sifton at Toronto removed a man who had been in the public eye for over 40 years. Attorney-General of [Mani]toba from 1891, he, in 1896 [entered] the Laurier Cabinet as Min[ister of the] Interior and at once inaugu[rated a] vigorous immigration policy. [In] 1906 he resigned from the C[abinet] because he differed from the [Prime] Minister on the school cla[uses of] the bills creating the provin[ces of] Alberta and Saskatchewan. [There]after he devoted his time to [amas]sing of a great fortune, w[ent] into politics only to conde[mn the] reciprocity proposals of his [former] colleagues in 1911 and again [in] the war when he aided in th[e form]ation of the Union Cabinet. [He had] been knighted June 1, 1915.

After a special exhorta[tion in] support of foreign missions, [when] the contribution plate was [pre]sented to a certa n man, he [said to] the holder,"I don't believe in [miss]ions."

"Then take some out," said [the] deacon; "it's for the heathen."

Two year old steers and o[ver on] Canadian farms increased in [num]ber as at December 1,1933 (4[...]) against 361,800 at 1st De[cember] 1932, the largest increases be[ing in] Quebec, Ontario, Saskatch[ewan] and Alberta.

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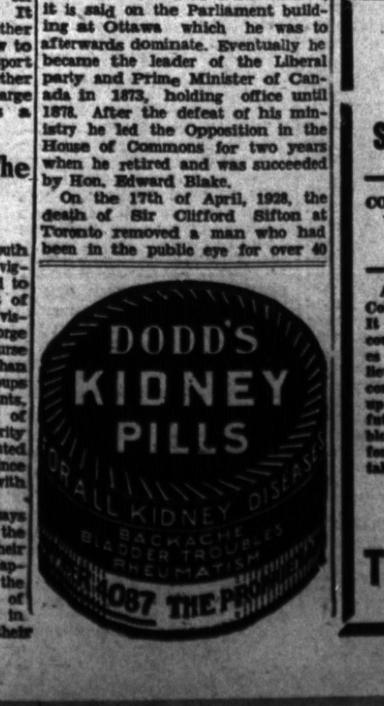

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