THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1927

GROUP POLITICS.

EVERY now and again someone rises to solemnly inform us that democracy has failed and to prescribe a remedy for its resuscitation. It is well to occasionally remind us that there is a flaw in some one or other of our cherished institutions, well to point a warning finger at the fly in the ointment, lest we become too secure in our self-satisfaction. The presumed failure of democracy in this country necessarily centres around our distinctive system of government, namely, the two party system. In this system the alleged failure of democracy is being sought and the proposed remedy is intended to eliminate this root of all evil.

The group system of politics has been recommended and has been given a trial. We have had many forms of Farmer organizations, the Farmers Guild, Patrons of Industry, United Farmers, etc. To none of these, honestly tried as they may have been, will history ascribe any marked degree of success. The United Farmers of Ontario, the latest, indeed the only one, to achieve the prerogative of Government, ended disastrously, collectively and individually. Yet not for this would we condemn the system. Many worthy and honest attempt at betterment have failed.

An authority on the subject of Farmer Group Politics, offers this explanation: "Farmers are taking group political action because they are convinced that party politics is corrupt and inefficient. This being the case there is for them no alternative." This reason would satisfy most of us if, assuming that the premiss is correct, and that "party politics is corrupt and inefficient," the farmers composing the proposed group are themselves incorruptible and efficient. Neither history nor experience will justify this assumption.

The farmers, like other classes, constitute an active part in the present system. If there is corruption and inefficiency in the system, they must, like the rest of us share the responsibility. Is there any ground for believing that, as a sepaate group in parliament, they would be less corrupt and more efficient than any other group of politicians? The revelation of our political history is that no group and no class, or occupation possesses a monopoly of incorruptibility and efficiency.

That there are serious faults in our system of government is frankly admitted but the history of politics in this and other countries shows that honesty, and integrity and administrative ability, are not confined to any class. In whatever we have failed the plain truth is that "we all like sheep, have gone astray," not because of our political system but because of our human cussedness and our selfishness. We are seeking our own interests, not the interests of the state.

We must look farther and deeper for the causes of our frequent political strayings. Those causes are not inherent in the party system, nor has democracy failed. It has made mistakes and one of the mistakes is our indiscriminate method of selecting our representatives. Too often they are selected, not for any special qualification in administrative capacity, or political or other honesty. Too often they are selected and elected because of special attributes, among them the ability to spend their own money freely, to secure booms, such as branch railways, elevators, etc., for his own constituency.

The man competent to sit in parliament should be big enough to represent not a group, nor even a constituency, but the whole Dominion. Possibly when we discover a remedy for the ills of demoncracy and of the two party system we shall find it in a more intelligent method of electing our representatives and, possibly, also, in electing them for a whole province rather than for a single constituency, but that is another story.

CO-OPERATION.

THE spirit of co-operation is service and without this spirit co-operation must fail. The benefits of co-operation are now so self-evident that it is being very generally adopted in almost every walk of life, but in every walk of life also, "vile self creeps in," and to that extent co-operation fails. The throat-cutting methods of business of a past age are pretty well eliminated from our present system, but the idea of self gain can never be wholly eradicated. It has ever been true that "self-preservation is the first law of nature." This is necessarily so. From his first appearance on the stage of human activity man has been surrounded by enemies. These he has been compelled to fight, at first to death—his own or his enemies; later by compromise or barter, still later by diplomacy and give and take, but always with a view to—if not being a gainer, at least not to be a loser by his dealings with others.

Selfishness is not wholly to be deprecated. It is a spur to ambition, and ambition is the key to human progress. When men realize that they can best serve their own interests by co-operation with their fellows, they will adopt it, and then co-operation although transfored into the vice of selfishness will become more and more universally practiced.

In this province of ours, the smallest and the most prosperous province in Canada, we have achieved a large measure of co-operation and its benefits are everywhere apparent. Our biggest industry today is the cultivation of seed potatoes. To keep up the biggest and most profitable, co-operation has been found to be indispensable. This co-operation is far-reaching. Each individual grower is to a certain extent independent of all other growers. He may, if he can get away with it, ship a faulty product and make a larger profit than if he had complied with the regulations of the Association. Yet, if he yields to this temptation he knows that he, to that extent, sacrifices his own and his neighbors' prospects for future gain; so he, for his own sake as well as for the general business resists the temptation. It has happened more than once that a car-load of potatoes has been offered for shipment which had to be rejected by the inspectors. The shipper lost by the rejection, but the business of the community was saved.

What is true of the potato industry is equally true of all our agricultural interests. Time was when a tub of butter could be loaded with a brick, without fear of detection, and it has been done more than once. As a consequence the whole butter industry of the province was practically reduced to a point at which there was little money in it, even for the honest farmer. This fortunately has gone by and, today through rigid inspection, the whole dairy business is on a paying basis. Every producer co-operates with every other producer, not only because of his honesty, but because it is to his interest to act as if he were honest. As a matter of fact, the great majority of our producers, in every department, are honest and require no inspection but for the sake of the many, the few must be watched.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Speeding around the street corners has brought loss and injury to several people already this season. The important thing about car-driving is not the speed with which we can negotiate a corner, but that we can do it safely.

Anyone who is not satisfied with present weather conditions in this Province should go away to some place where they get all kinds of weather—rain, hail, thunder and lightning and cyclones; and take their pick from the variety.

Notes by the Way

THERE is great need for a vigorous war on weeds in Prince Edward Island. The need is greater because the crop of weeds grows larger from year to year. The increase is due to various causes. Some varieties of noxious weeds are so prolific that a single plant often produces a thousand seeds every one of which is liable to become a weed the following year. Winds and birds and even the flowing brooks scatter and plant these foul seeds far and wide. And every weed we know of is a hardy plant. Frost may kill the blossom on our fruit trees or damage a useful grain crop, the bug may multiply on the potato vines but against all these agencies of damage or destruction there are fifty varieties of weeds that are immune.

It is in the spring and summer seasons that the war against weeds should be most vigorously carried on. But these are the busy seasons among those engaged in mixed farming. And during and since the war there has been a scarcity of farm labor in this province with a proportionate increase in the cost. So while the farmer is busy with planting, cultivating, spraying and haying the weeds are left to grow apace. It not infrequently happens in the case of careless farmers that they sow weed seeds intermixed with their seed grain, or in their grass and clover seed when "seeding down" to grass.

And the slovenly or careless farmer who neglects the destruction of weeds is a real menace to his next neighbor on either side over whose lands the weed seeds from the farm to the delinquent. Surely it is bad farming that produces weeds instead of grain, potatoes or other vegetable foods. It is a conservative estimate that it costs the farmers of Prince Edward Island a million dollars yearly to produce their annual crop of weeds. We have many excellent farmers and they are not less careful than the cultivators of the soil in other provinces in the matter of keeping their fields clear of weeds.

Weeds flourish at the roadsides in our country districts without let or hindrance because what should be everybody's business is treated as if it were nobody's business. And in our broad streets at the sides there are here and there patches of tall grass and weeds looking very unsightly next to the well-kept lawns of their near neighbors. The one noteworthy difference between weeds on the farm and weeds at the sides of our city streets, is that in the latter case the noxious plants grow on land not intended to produce any valuable crop.

Hon. W. D. Euler, Minister of National Revenue, has predicted an increase of from $25,000,000 to $30,000,000 in revenue for the current year. This, says the Ottawa Journal,—is being interpreted as indicating a state of high national prosperity. The interpretation, in a measure, is accurate, but there is something else. There is also the fact, and a very important one, that the Government is collecting revenue this year that was being lost to the country last year. Income tax slackers are being made to pay up; smuggling is being suppressed. It is better to do these things late then not at all, but how much better still it would have been had these twenty-five or thirty millions been collected when the money was due.

The information comes from London that another British Dominion is likely to be erected in Africa, composed of the colonies of Uganda, Tanganyika, Rhodesia, Nyassa, and Kenya. The area of the new Dominion would be about 1,133,800 square miles and its population about 15,000,000. This would be much greater than that of the Union of South Africa, but the white or European would be hardly more than 300,000 or 400,000. Tanguanyika was a German possession before the Great War.

The two little words "wet," and "dry" have become familiar in Canada in recent years as each has now a double meaning. Using the original signification of the adjective, the Meteorological Office in Toronto gives out the statement that the month of July this year was the wettest in many years. In Ontario 5.82 inches of rain fell during the past month, creating a new record as the wettest July since 1841. That covers a period of 86 years. Some of the weather prophets had predicted a very cool summer, or no summer at all, but none of these weather-wise humbugs happened to guess that the season would be warm and wet.

The 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.

OUR ROADS

Sir,—Considering the light character of our surface soil, the weather we have had and the traffic of many motor cars, the main roads of this Province are just now in good condition for travel. They show that, by care and attention, with the use of the "split log drag," the roads everywhere in the Province can be made passable and pleasant to ride over. As the Province is, just now, between Governments; the contrast between the road officials of the two parties is the more apparent. As I remember, work on the roads in 1923 was stopped as soon as the elections were over and the road officials of the Liberal Party realized that they would soon be discharged. Now the work goes on greatly to the credit of the men who are in charge of it. If the incoming Government have the interests of the travelling public at heart they will maintain in office those superintendents and others who have kept their roads under their care in good order—and discharge only the others. Good roads, winter and summer are needed, and the Government should see to it that good roads are maintained. The interests of party hangers-on and shouters when elections are held, are of secondary consideration.

I am, Sir, etc.,
A PATRIOT.
Queen's County.
July 25th, 1927.

LOBSTERS AND OYSTERS

Sir,—I was greatly interested in your excellent article about our fisheries. The asset we have in them is certainly worth preserving to the extent that it is possible to do so.

I remember when many mackerel were caught in Summerside Harbor and when I could take a basket on my left arm and a hook in my right hand,—wade into Richmond Bay when the tide was low and, in a very short time, hook in the basketful of good large lobsters. That time is, of course, gone forever. But as you suggest Richmond Bay might profitably be utilized as a building place for lobsters as well as oysters. I hope that action may be taken to that end.

The lobster factories around Richmond Bay cannot, in existing conditions obtain the fish they require and do a business that will "pay." So if they would, at once stop fishing and the authorities would but enforce necessary regulations, Richmond Bay might again teen with lobsters and oysters—the best of fish—and be a source of production and profit.

Hoping that action may be taken to this end, and that your suggestive article may result beneficially.

I am Sir, etc.,
ONE INTERESTED.
Charlottetown,
July 27th, 1927.

HOUSEHOLD SCRAP BOOK

By ROBERTA LEE

Chewing Gum On Garments

To remove chewing gum from garments, rub the spot with pure lard, then rub on a quantity of soap. Follow this by washing alternately with water and turpentine.

Cockroaches

If cucumber peelings are scattered around the haunts of cockroaches, they act like poison. Or use equal parts of powdered borax and white sugar.

Keeping Silver From Tarnishing

If silver is wrapped in dark blue paper, or waxed paper, it will prevent it from tarnishing.

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

July 28, 1927

GOD RESPONDS: — For Thou Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon Thee. Psalm 86:5.

PRAYER: Turn us again, O God, and cause Thy face to shine, and we shall be saved.

MIDSUMMER

Is thus the world the tempest knew
In days that were December's?
Where are the wailing winds that blew
As Autumn turned to embers?
What fairyland of joy is this
That overwhelms our sorrows?
Can there be anything but bliss
In all the waiting morrows?

Through forest lands of sun and shade
Go forth while Summer tarries;
Resplendent days like this were made
For happy hearts and fairies.
Let every fear that cursed the past
Be buried, as a duty;
Rejoice, the noon is failing fast,
Seek out her bowers of beauty.
—By Thomas Curtis Clark.

Rub your scalp with minard's liniment

That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D

EMPTYING THE GALL BLADDER

I often wonder if as humans we have even a slight appreciation of what Nature does for us every day, every minute of the day.

We are familiar with the action of the little white corpuscles in the blood which increase in numbers whenever any illness, any infection attacks the system. They fight the invading organisms.

We appreciate to some extent also the fact that the heat of the body increases when trouble starts, and this very increase in heat helps the body to fight infection.

But even in the ordinary every-day processes of the body we see just as wonderful evidences of a Supreme Power, that has always our welfare at heart.

You see a certain food and your mouth waters with the saliva or first digestive juice, your stomach juice likewise begins to pour out onto the surface of the stomach at the sight of food.

Your liver not only makes the bile, helps make the blood, separates poisons from the blood, but actually stores away glycogen or sugar, so that if your system ever runs short of sugar, it serves it out to the blood.

And what about this bile that the liver stores away in the gall bladder?

Research men have wondered why Nature had such a small sack to store bile as it holds such a very small amount. It would need to hold many times this quantity to really supply the body's needs. However a great quantity of bile goes directly from the liver to the intestine to help digest the food.

What then is the use of the gall bladder?

Research men find that the bile in the gall bladder is thicker, more concentrated than ordinary bile, and thus a smaller quantity of it will do the work of a large quantity of ordinary bile in an emergency.

And what is the emergency?

These research men have discovered that when fats are eaten, that the gall bladder will immediately empty its contents into the small intestine, so as to break up these fats and make them fit to be absorbed into the blood.

In other words when fats are eaten and leave the stomach, they so affect the gall bladder that it immediately empties itself, (and thus supplies immediately this important digestive juice.

It is comforting to know that Nature is always just a little bit ahead of our needs.

FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

A SERIES OF LITERARY QUOTATIONS FOR BOOK LOVERS

Thursday, July 28th. Cowley died, 1667.

Milton requires almost a solemn service of music before you enter upon him. But he brings his music, to which who listens had need bring docile thoughts and purged ears.
—Lamb.

LUCIFER IN STARLIGHT

On a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose.
Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend
Above the rolling ball in cloud part screened,
Where sinners hugged the spectre of repose.
Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.
And now upon his western wing he leaned,
Now his huge bulk o'er Afric's sands careened,
Now the black planet shadowed Arctic snows.
Soaring through wider zones that pricked his scars
With memory of the old revolt from Awe,
He reached a middle height, and at the stars,
Which are the brain of heaven, he looked, and sank.
Around the ancient track marched rank on rank,
The army of unalterable law.
—George Meredith.

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BACK TO THE ISLAND

THE IMPRESSIONS OF AN ONTARIO VISITOR

By Frank Yeigh, Toronto.
Author of "Through the Heart of Canada."

Back to the Island again!

Back again for the 'steenth time. The lure of it never lets up, but sometimes it is increasingly powerful and will not say nay. It is at such a time as relentless in its attractiveness as the Lurler rock on the Rhine, or the power of the Trevi fountain waters in Rome to bring travellers back to the Eternal City.

So the East calls to the West:—Come to my shores and slopes, my farms and fields, my tree-crested hills and curving coves, my red roads and green pastures and dusky groves; come to my sandy beaches and rolling billows, and you will receive rich dividends on the investment of time and means—in health and stimulus.

So the day and the hour comes when a fine and fast Acadian train hurries the passenger Eastward and brings him to the portal of the Island province. Ere the big ferry casts off its ropes, the distant shore line of Prince Edward Island fringes the horizon. The hour soon passes that covers the water space between Tormentine and Borden, and as the end of the day comes, and the last leg of the journey is entered upon, all the glory of sun color lights up the landscape.

And what a winsome landscape it is! What bounteous fields of growing grain and root crops. What miles of luxuriant clover, impregnating the air with its delicious incense; what flocks and herds — did ever a Holstein have such a rich pasture? What cheerful-looking houses and big fat barns. What incomparable pictures that spell peace, plenty and prosperity!

There is, too, the charm of the ever-changing landscape as the leagues are checked off by train or motor, especially when a hill-top view is unfolded. Why, it is Old England over again! Here is a reproduction of the sloping Devon coast as you sail up the Bristol Channel to Bristol; there, the banks of the Mersey on the way to Liverpool. Each inlet of the sea, zigzagging its penetrating way far inland, creates banks of greenery in striking contrast to the red earth and the blue sky making a dome of the seen world.

Old Scotland, too, by the same token, is recalled, especially in reminiscent place names. How fitting, for example, it is that New Glasgow should be on the Clyde, and as memory reverts to many an English nature canvas in the homeland, so to old Scotia do mind and memory fly as replicas come within the rang of vision. There is a touch of France, too, in other place names, such as Malpeque and Bedeque, for "Abegweit" was for many a year under the French flag, from the far-off day of 1534, when Jacques Cartier accurately described it as a place where "all the land is low and the most beautiful it is possible to see and full of beautiful trees and meadows," and this is still true of our rich little Million-Acre-Farm.

Canada is Canaan, over again, the returned visitor thinks as the winding ways of the Island are traversed. The ancient Palestinian country was once described, in an ancient book called the Bible, as a land in which one could eat bread without scarceness. Is not that Canada, and Prince Edward Island in Canada Does anybody ever go hungry in this garden land? What a crop is in sight for this Jubilee year! The fields couldn't hold another row of potatoes or bushel of prospective grain. I'm told the potato yield sometimes reaches 400 or 500 bushels an acre. "There's the finest potato field on the Island," remarked a guide-friend as we motored from Victoria to Hunter River, and when I tried to figure out the possible yield of that one field, and the number of individual spuds therein, the arithmetic table fell down under the weight of figures.

Cows mean milk, and cream, and cheese, besides beefsteaks! A carfull of cream cans at Souris station, as at almost every other station—160 gallons in a single shipment—tells its own story, and, thanks be, some is saved for one's meals! Especially with strawberries. Ah, those Island strawberries of yours! They are the de luxe red beauties of their kind—when served, but my Island hotel hosts, why, oh why, did some of you serve rhubarb or jam or any preserved or tinned fruits in strawberry time?

Yes, the Gulf Garden looks prosperous in every corner of it, from Tignish to Murray Harbor, from North Point to East Point, and all between. How the shingled houses fit into the landscape, and the trees that shelter them, and the flowers that brighten them! I always enjoy puttering about and around an Island farm, like one up New Glasgow way. A dozen cows lined up for milking time, each carrying a capacity supply: deep and high mows just beginning to receive their stores of sweet-scented hay; lines of stalls where Dobbin and his fellow-workers rest from their labors after a well-spent day in the fields, and everywhere such flocks of Plymouth Rocks and well-groomed Leghorns, and duck and geese families. Eggs galore; boiled, fried or omeletted; roast chicken, and duck, and turkey for a Sunday dinner; framed by Island spuds, and Island peas—green, tender and luscious; and Island greens, and fruits—don't you wish you were here, and in my place?

I like to just sit and laze on the broad sloop of a frame farm house, and drink in the rare view of miles of cultivated rolling country, of fertile river valley, of patches of surviving forests, of houses and barns standing out in relief in the farthest distance. To the east a dip in the earth-line shows a bit of ocean green, while to the south the spire of Rustico church tops everything else in sight. How picturesque the country churches are, usually surmounting a hill like the ones at Springton, or Rose Valley, or over Cavendish way. And always hard by, in closest touch, the little God's acre mostly full to the fences of generations of pioneers and forefathers into whose heritage you and I have entered. Standing by the weather-beaten stones, and deciphering the obscuring letters, one wonders if the generation of today is carrying on their torch, or maintaining their standards of character. Here and there, too, are newer stones marking the graves of Island boys who did maintain all the traditions of their fathers in the testing fires of a great war. By the way, I was greatly struck with the war memorial in Charlottetown. It is unique among other monuments of its kind in the Dominion, with the trio of marching men instinct with life and action, facing the foe unafraid.

I chanced to be driving over an Island road on an August day in 1914, when the alarm of war filtered through to this quiet countryside. Your Island boys rushed to the colors so quickly that I have always understood they were the first in all Canada to get into uniforms, line up for action, and get actually into service by rushing to the Straits of Canso to guard the cable stations.

What a delightful holiday is offered by this little silver isle set in a silver sea. Do you Charlottetown Islanders realize what a fine playground you have in Victoria Park, with a background of forest and a foreground of sea, and with the line-up of ancient cannon happily long silenced? What picturesque tree-roofed streets and comfy-looking homes, and what an imposing group of buildings in the heart of the city! It was a pleasure to re-visit, in this Jubilee year, as a pilgrim to a shrine, the edifice and the room therein in which Confederation was born in the famous conference of 1864. It required little imagination to refill the chairs around the historic table and re-people the Chamber with the men who were perhaps unconsciously making history.

As one approaches Charlottetown, by land or sea, the cluster of steeples always recalls the three tall spires of Coventry town of historic and poetic fame. And what a sight, for well and sore eyes, is the Experimental Farm with its gorgeous display of flowers and crowded lily pond. The model institution made one wish to be a farmer, and a farmer in Prince Edward Island.

"I hadn't an idea Summerside is such a pretty town," remarked a fellow-traveller. But I had. The towns and villages are for the most part well-kept and that is good civic business. Civic and community pride should be conserved and cultivated. In penning this in Souris, where a notice reads that a garden party is to be held, "with tea served up till midnight," in aid of the local sidewalk fund, and the raising of money for new sidewalks, is good business for Souris, or any other place. I'm resting awile by one of the beautiful red beaches of the Island, with an outward view toward the Gulf, and a close-up of red headlands ready to receive the pounding surf of an Autumn storm. A lighthouse nearby blinks its safety notice by night and stands out by daylight in all its whitewashed cleanliness as a tower of strength.

It is worth, travelling many a league to go a-swimming from an Island beach and to let the Atlantic rollers play ball with one's body. Then to lie in the red sand, to dig one's toes into the deposits of the ages, or to build a beach fire, as a Zoroastrian worshipper—that is the life! Especially at Brackley and thereabouts, or along Souris way. The visitor to the Island could record many more impressions if the Editor were to give him a page of space. I haven't written a word as yet about Brer Fox, who should be worked in the provincial coat of arms. The beautiful little creatures have made a new source of wealth for many an Islander and many a Canadian in and beyond the Island, ultimately giving up their lives to keep My Lady warm. I haven't penned a line as yet about fish, in this Island of fish, though the excellent seafood served on the dinner tables is one of the many attractions for the tourist. While the Isaac Waltons may angle for their own trout supply. I haven't used up any copy paper on P. E. Island as a motor mecca. That's another story that will be kept for a motor magazine, but the lines limit has been reached, unless this is to be a continued story which, the Editor says, heaven forbid! The wanderer who lives "up Canada way" returns to his native province (not a bad one, with all its limitations and drawbacks) with a fresh stock of Island memories, and a renewed resolve to go East again as soon and as often as his creditors will permit.

DAILY LESSONS IN ENGLISH

By W. L. Gordon

WORDS OFTEN MISUSED: Don't say "I would jump at the opportunity." Say "embrace the opportunity."

OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED: abscond. Accent last syllable, not the first.

OFTEN MISSPELLED: verbatim; im.

SYNONYMS: increase, enlarge, augment, dilate, grow, extend, intensify, magnify.

WORD STUDY: "Use a word three times and it is yours." Let us increase our vocabulary by mastering one word each day. Today's word: UNKEMPT; not combed; neglected; untidy. "His face was dirty, and his hair unkempt."

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The Pine Tree Acadian

The New Week-End through service between Boston and Maritime Provinces points provided by the new train "The Pine Tree Acadian" is meeting with general approval as is evidenced by the numbers patronizing it, forming, at it does, a very convenient, yet quick means of transport between those points.

"The Pine Tree Acadian" leaves Boston every Friday at 3:20 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, arriving Saint John 5:10 A. M., Saturday, where connections are made with regular trains for Maritime Provinces points. Westbound, the passenger leaves Charlottetown 2:30 P.M., every Friday, arriving Boston 8:50 P.M., Saturday, Eastern Standard Time.
8166-7-28-th2i

A Rest Train

There is a train that runs between Montreal, Toronto and Chicago which covers the distance in very fast time and is among the fastest on the continent. The "International Limited" leaves Bonaventure Station, Montreal daily at 10:00 a. m., arriving Toronto at 5:40 the same evening and Chicago at 7:50 the next morning.

"The International Limited" is an all-steel car train, and carries a radio equipped compartment observation library car. This is one of the finest and fastest trains operated by the Canadian National Railways and the fine roadbed makes for smooth riding.

An additional fast train has been put on the route between Montreal and Toronto, "The Inter-City Limited" which leaves Montreal daily at 12:30 p. m., arriving Toronto the same evening at 8:30 and which has proved a popular innovation.

For Reservations, fares, etc., apply to any Canadian National Agent, or write or telegraph to Mr. F. W. Robertson, General Passenger Agent, Moncton.
8167-7-28-th 2i

LONDON, July 27.—Looking forward to celebrating her hundredth birthday soon, Miss Bannister, of East-street, Havant, has lived in one house for 98 years, is the last of 20 generations of residents, and the last of 11 children.