

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1926

ARMISTICE DAY.

This is Armistice Day, the greatest anniversary of the year, with one exception, Christmas Day. For all time to come the Eleventh Day of the Eleventh Month will be a red letter day in the history of the world, commemorating as it does the close of the greatest war the world had ever seen and, it may be hoped, ever shall see. The horror, the sacrifice, the almost universal ruin wrought by the war of 1914-1918 will, it is hoped, do much to convince men and nations that no country can afford to make war upon another, except where national honor is at stake; in that case loss and sacrifice, rather than dishonor, will inevitably be preferable.

There are many reasons why we should observe this anniversary. It commemorates the close of a colossal war, a war for freedom—not for a nation but for the world—a victory won at a fearful cost in life and property and, to the world, worth all it has cost. The graves of those "who nobly fought and nobly died" are still green, those bearing the scars of war and of sacrifice, the fathers, mothers, widows, brothers and sisters, to whom the day shall bring sad memories and a proud sorrow, are still with us. It is fitting that we should go with them today to the monument erected to commemorate the victory and in loving memory of those who fell. It shall be for all time to come one of the sacred shrines of our beloved Empire, a reminder of the price paid for our heritage.

The Eleventh Day of the Eleventh Month is a sacred day and should be so observed. The two minutes' silence at the Eleventh Hour, the most eloquent tribute to our beloved dead, we trust, shall be reverently observed. At the eleventh stroke of the city clock, every wheel on the streets and in the workshops shall stop, and every man and woman shall stop wherever they are, on the street, in the home, in office or in shop. This, at least, is as it ought to be and, we trust, as it shall be. It is expected that a two minutes' silence shall girdle the world, on sea and on land, and every loyal British subject will observe it.

The program of the service at the Soldiers' Monument was published in yesterday's Guardian, and it is expected that all our citizens will be present promptly at 10.45.

WHENCE COMES THE MONEY?

In this Province we have about 3,500 cars of an average value of \$1,000 each, making a total of \$3,500,000 invested in cars alone. We import several hundred thousand tons of coal, over 100,000 barrels of flour, besides tons of groceries, fruit, etc., etc. This money goes out of the province. Where does it come from? We have practically only three main sources of revenue, namely farming, fishing and taxes. From these three sources we pay for our cars, our gasoline and their yearly upkeep; our coal, our flour, our groceries and our whiskey, which we had forgotten in the above classification. With the exception of local wages paid in connection with these services the whole amount goes out of the Province. The \$3,500,000 for cars must be paid out again within five years at the outside; the outlay for coal, flour, groceries and whiskey must be repeated every year, together with such extras as may be added for increases as our needs increase.

It would be extremely interesting to know what our yearly net surplus is, if surplus there be, extremely interesting and important to know whether, with all our outlay, we are keeping ahead of the game. There are only about 85,000 of us and in addition to all the expenditures above we have to keep

up our schools, our churches, our charities, our provincial government with all its ramifications. How do we do it? The only answer to this question is that we are doing it and that we are yearly increasing the outlay. Our coal, flour, groceries and whiskey disappear every year; they are the unearning and the unreturning. Probably one-third of our cars enable their owners to earn double or more than double what they could earn without them. These are valuable and necessary assets. The other two-thirds are not revenue producers; they are a money-spending luxury. Are we coming or going?

THE ART OF EVASION.

It is a somewhat curious fact that, while everyone who heard Mr. Mackenzie King speak during his pre-election tour of the Maritimes, believes he made a definite promise that he would, if returned to power, implement the recommendations of the Royal Commission under Sir Andrew Rae Duncan, no one can say definitely that he did, and so far as we know, no newspaper has published, verbatim, such a definite promise.

The faculty of using words to conceal his thoughts is emphatically one of Mr. King's outstanding characteristics. It was the Hon. H. H. Stevens, of Customs probe fame, who said of Mr. Mackenzie King that he never expressed a definite opinion upon any public question, or took a definite stand on any policy. That this was his attitude on the question of Maritime claims has been pretty clearly indicated as it was also indicated during the last and previous sessions of parliament.

The Liberal newspapers, particularly in Western Canada, are now busily proclaiming that the Premier did not commit himself definitely to the carrying out of all or any of the recommendations of the Royal Commission, and that it remains for parliament to decide whether any or all of the recommendations be adopted.

Why, then, was the Commission appointed? If parliament is to decide whether the government of Canada has fulfilled its pre-confederation pledges to the Maritimes—and this is what the whole row is about—why did not parliament decide it without putting the country to the additional expense of a Royal Commission? And, if parliament is to decide the question, why did an employee of the King Government go about the country declaring that Canada had fulfilled all its obligations to the Maritimes? Premier King saw fit to ignore one, and perhaps the chief, recommendation made by the Royal Commission, namely, to make the Commission's report public at once. This, in the face of protests from the Maritime Provincial Governments and the Maritime Boards of Trade, he persistently refused to do. His attitude bodes no good to the Maritimes or to Canadian unity. The question of secession may yet be raised in the Maritimes.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Let "the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," float over every housetop today in honor of the greatest victory in more than a thousand years.

A fitting way to celebrate Armistice Day, to help the Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League, and to enjoy yourself, is to attend their full khaki uniform play, "Buddies," in the Prince Edward Theatre tonight. The play is so good that, if you go tonight, you can't help going tomorrow night. "Buddies" is a musical military comedy, and has been a wonderful success in New York. Comedy and pathos galore. Go to it!

Notes by the Way

That half the world does not know how the other half lives is true. But we who live in this charming and fruitful Garden of the Gulf perhaps ought to know more than we do about another island and its people who live in the far northern seas. We refer to Iceland. It has several points of interest for us and for Canadians generally and we may learn something from them.

Iceland has just about as many people as Prince Edward Island. That is, it had in 1917 some 92,000 odd, almost entirely native born, and they were increasing, having gained 20,000 in the previous 37 years. Like our own island, Iceland is rarely bothered with new immigrant settlers, but has a much smaller exodus than we have. So far those who have left Iceland have nearly all come to Canada and settled in our Prairie country.

Like our own people, the Icelanders follow farming as their principal calling, with fishing as the next most important vocation. Nearly two-thirds of the people live in the rural districts, while Reykjavik, the capital, has 15,000, and four other towns have approximately 2,000 each. The overseas trade of Iceland is quite extensive, consisting chiefly of imports of coal, cotton goods and fishing tackle and exports of fish, fish oil and wool. The trade is chiefly with Denmark, Norway, Great Britain and Sweden, and in 1915 the imports were \$7,220,000 and the exports \$10,900,000.

Iceland has a Governor, appointed by the King of Denmark, a Parliament consisting of an Upper House and a Lower House elected by the adult male and female population. Ordinarily it meets on the first week day in July in every other year, but may be called earlier at the King's pleasure. The session is limited to four weeks and only by special permission of the King can the time be extended. Members are paid two dollars a day for those who reside in the capital and two dollars and fifty cents if residing outside the city.

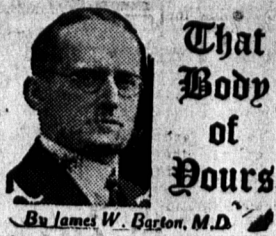
The Icelanders enjoy responsible government, universal suffrage, and old age pensions. They have no railways, and only 320 miles of carriage roads, along with 240 post offices and 187 telegraph and telephone offices, 2 banks, and 44 savings banks with 14,667 depositors and with an average of \$60 each to their credit. They are not rich, but they are intelligent and thrifty. In 1917 the farmers had 51,327 horses, 25,653 cattle, 603,697 sheep and 1,367 goats.

They don't raise grain, cultivation being confined to hay, potatoes and turnips. Apparently their food consists of home-grown beef, mutton, and fish, potatoes and turnips, with butter and milk. But they managed in 1917 to raise a revenue of \$4,000,000 and have a handsome surplus over the expenditure of the year. Such is thrift in the vicinity of the arctic circle.

Of course the weather is cold up there in winter, and the nights and days vary in length much more than they do with us. In the southern parts of the island the longest day is 20 hours, and the shortest 4, but in the most northern parts the sun at midsummer continues above the horizon a whole week and, of course, during a corresponding period in winter it never rises. There are large herds of reindeer in the interior, wild fowl including the elder duck, are abundant and the streams are well supplied with salmon.

Icelanders who have settled in Canada have prospered and in several cases have been elected to the legislatures. To them Canada is a veritable land of promise. Had they come to Prince Edward Island they would have thought it an earthly paradise. It is surely one of the hard things to understand why our own people should leave this favored isle and our home population decrease from year to year while the Icelanders in their frozen and barren isle stay at home and increase their numbers.

One lesson from the facts above recited is that there is something wrong with our immigration system. It is run down and never has it been in worse shape than in the past few years. It is condemned in Great Britain and in Canada. Another lesson is that next to the British Isles we should look for immigrant settlers in northern European countries whose people are industrious, thrifty and accustomed to a climate as cold as our own. Hundreds of thousands of immigrants brought to Canada at great cost have within a year or two migrated southward because of our cold winters.



By James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Ours

GAS POISONING ON STREETS. Some Philadelphia research workers undertook to discover whether there was an excess of carbon monoxide on the streets of that city. It was felt that the best individuals to examine in this connection would be the traffic policemen, who for hours at a time were right in the midst of the exhaust gases from automobiles. It was recalled that during the past few years, many of these men in the most congested districts of Philadelphia, have complained at the end of the day of symptoms that might be due to carbon monoxide poisoning; headache, nausea, and muscular weakness.

Accordingly two squads of traffic officers, 14 in one squad, and 18 in another, were examined after eight hours duty. Practically all showed a definite increase of carbon dioxide in the blood, the oxygen being displaced to a considerable extent. Although it was not thought advisable to ask these traffic officers if they were suffering with headache, nausea and weakness, where the amount of carbon monoxide in the blood was high, these officers nevertheless complained of these symptoms.

Fortunately where these officers got sufficient rest overnight, the carbon monoxide was well out of the system before they went on duty the next day. Where these officers complained about the symptoms mentioned above they were transferred to other sections of the city where there were little or no exhaust gases, and the symptoms disappeared.

These research workers state that "there is a definite risk of carbon monoxide poisoning on the streets of cities where automobile traffic is heavy." Perhaps you have noticed after a motor ride through congested traffic on a holiday, that you have not got the favorable reaction to the trip that you expected. And the remedy? The placing of the exhaust at the top of the car, above the heads of the passengers. At present these gases come from below and strike the nose and throat of everybody, whether passenger or pedestrian. Something will likely be invented in the near future to offset this carbon monoxide poisoning.

DAILY LESSONS IN ENGLISH

By W. L. Gordon. WORDS OFTEN MISUSED: "Use 'childlike' in good sense, 'childish' in a derogatory sense. 'Children are childlike, but men should not be childish.' OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED: lev-er. Preferred pronunciation of first e is as in "bet." OFTEN MISSPELLED: cohesion; s, not z. SYNONYMS: humble, meek, demure, deferential, lowly, subdued, unassuming, unostentatious, unpretentious. 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: BEGUILLE; to deceive; delude. "No longer was he beguiled by her artifices."

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

November 10, 1926

STRENGTH AND GLADNESS—"Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised. . . . Glory and honor are in His presence; strength and gladness are in His place." 1 Chron. 16:25, 27.

PRAYER—"And now to Thee our prayers ascend, O Father, Glorious without end; We plead with sovereign grace for power, to conquer in temptation's hour."

IN MEMORIAM

Be silent all ye passers-by! Ye pause awhile and ask: "And why?" Have ye forgotten who I am That keep my deathless watch on high? Then sense your pretty triumphs And your rushing to and fro, And come with me to the House of God Where Immortal Souls will go.

Hark to the voice of the organ! That roll of deep forbode Is the warring cry of nations

News from the Imperial Conference is not reassuring. The prolonged hesitation in reaching a conclusion in regard to inter-Imperial relations is unsettling and gives evidence that sinister influences are at work tending to gradually weaken the bond and prepare the way for dismemberment. Against this movement the Canadian Premier has yet not taken any decided stand. He has so far left the Conference in doubt as to Canada's attitude. This is to be deplored.

The Public Forum

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

RUM, ITS "PULL" AND POWER.

Sir,—Some years ago, there was great fear of being swamped by Asiatic emigration. The government was urged to take measures to combat the "Yellow Peril". We don't hear much of the matter now, but there is a greater peril threatening Canada today—a peril of our own making, of our own countenance, or our own support. To any unprejudiced observer, the alarming fact is apparent that rum is coming into its own. It is clear that governments are becoming afraid to fight the evil, owing to the power of the rum vote.

It seems to me that rum is now deciding what party is to be in, and what out. Look at the case of the federal election. The Conservatives gained the emity of rum-sellers, bootleggers, smugglers and drinkers, by the disclosures in the Customs Probe. Had the Conservatives gained, they would be bound to take drastic measures against rum and smuggling, hence every rum-seller, smuggler, runner, every drunkard, toper or moderate drinker, voted against them. What is that but rum rule? Who is prepared to say that the rum vote did not decide which party was to rule? If governments, instead of fighting the rum evil, must pander to it in order to hold power, what shall the end be? "What shall the harvest be?" I am sir, etc. OBSERVER.

ILLEGAL CIGARETTE SELLING.

Sir,—Our attention has been arrested of late by the prevalence of cigarette smoking among the boys of our city. It has become a very common sight to see boys scarcely in their teens, and some not many years out of the cradle, walking along the streets, assuming the posture and the smoking habits of men, all unconscious of such habits, effect and perils of such habits. Whatever our opinions regarding the use of cigarettes by those of mature years may be, there is but one attitude that can be taken toward this great menace to youth in the growing period of life. We realize of course that the home is the chief place for instruction and correction along this line, but failing there as we sometimes do, there is an additional safeguard granted by the law of our land, for the protection of our boys, in the form of a penalty, a fine against anyone who sells or gives to a boy under sixteen, cigarettes or tobacco. May we give an extract from the law.

"Every one is guilty of an offence, and liable on summary conviction, in the case of a first offence to a penalty not exceeding ten dollars and in the case of a second offence not exceeding twenty-five dollars, and in the case of a third offence to a penalty not exceeding one hundred dollars who directly or indirectly sells or gives or furnishes to a person under sixteen years of age any cigarettes or cigarette papers whether for his own use or not; or sells or gives or furnishes to such person tobacco in any other form other than cigarettes which tobacco he knows or has reason to believe is for the use of that person." Chapter 73—Assented to July 20, 1908.

It is high time for this law to be enforced in our city. We owe it to our boys. There are places where, according to information given us, school boys can go and buy their smokes; where the salesman does not hesitate to hand them out. If this is through ignorance on the part of the store-keeper—and we scarcely think it can be—it is time for a fair warning, and then in case of continued violation of this act by him who sells or gives to a boy, a good stiff

That drown the Voice of God; An empire vies with empire, And men must hear the call, And hurry forth their work and play Ready to give their all.

Hark to the voice of the organ! Hear the troubled tumult rise Till the deep-laid stones in the pillars shake

And re-echo from the skies; 'Tis the thunder of guns at Ypres, And the men behind them stand Firm as the iron of the guns they feed.

Or the rock of their native land.

Hark to the voice of the organ! Stop on stop doth arch In triumph more triumphant Than Handel's Wedding March; The song is a song of victory That will ring from age to age, But—have ye counted the cost of it all.

Or the names on the blood-red page? Hark to the voice of the organ! Like the sobbing of a child, The child of a man who fought and died That she be undeluded; She grew and grows yet greater With the country of her birth, But—the man who died that the child might live, Have ye forgotten his worth?

The notes die into silence, The last has throbbed away, The organ is gone and the pipes, And the man who made them play; Ye passers-by ye stay to ask; And the man who made them play? The man is dead and he died Eight years ago to-day. —Bernard J. Farmer.

Winchester A Mild, Blended Cigarette. Illustration of a man on a horse and a pack of cigarettes. Price 20 for 25¢.

Let us renew our determination to stand on guard for King, Flag and Empire. Lord God of hosts, be with us, thank God for the peace we now enjoy. Let us renew our determination to stand on guard for King, Flag and Empire. Lord God of hosts, be with us, thank God for the peace we now enjoy. Let us renew our determination to stand on guard for King, Flag and Empire. Lord God of hosts, be with us, thank God for the peace we now enjoy.

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