

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

President, W. Chester S. McLaughlin; Secretary, Lieut. Col. D. A. MacKinnon, D. S. O.; Editor and Manager, J. E. Burnett.

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"THIS NEGLECTED SPOT"

How often in driving through this province the words of the immortal "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" are recalled as a bit of wilderness, roughly fenced in and dotted here and there with tumble down monuments and marble slabs, reveals the fact that it is a cemetery.

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid A heart once pregnant with celestial fire. Hands that the rod of Empire might have sway'd Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

Graves once lovingly kept green and strewn with flowers, marble tombstones once erected to mark the last resting place of a loved one—now unkempt, neglected, abandoned to the profane feet of human vandals and even of cattle! Our neglect of these sacred spots is proverbial and is only relieved here and there by an occasional sacredly guarded respectable churchyard bespeaking love of and reverence for the dead.

This Island was one of the first places in Canada to be settled. In our cemeteries lie the men and women who laid the foundations of the province of today. The names of many of them live only in memory or on moss-grown tombstones hidden in neglected cemeteries. Some are recorded in the history of Canada and of the British Empire.

Here in Charlottetown, by the side of one of our principal streets lies what is still known as "The old Protestant Cemetery," closed some fifty years ago to burial because there was no further room. After being neglected for years some renovation was carried out by private contribution but, in view of what it contains of the early history of Charlottetown and of the province it is sadly lacking in the dignity, the reverence and the obligation we owe to those who now sleep beneath its tangled weeds and grasses.

In the inscriptions on the monuments and tombstones one reads the names of men and women who were leaders in government, in statesmanship, in the church, in citizenship, in commerce; men who laid the foundation of Charlottetown, who served under the Imperial government and under the then Colonial government; men sent by their Sovereign to assist in the government of the young British Colony, one of the then few British Colonies in North America. Casually reading the inscriptions as one threads his way over the rough ground and through the unkempt grass, one reads many names once household words in the province and still fondly remembered as leaders in their day; many family names which have completely gone out of our citizenship.

Here are a few taken at random: T. Heath Pringle, Lieutenant Governor of Prince Edward Island; James Barden Palmer, Barrister (Grandfather of ex-Premier H. J. Palmer); James Jarvis, Chief Justice of P. E. Island.

Benjamin de St. Croix, M. D., D. C. L., Surgeon General to His Majesty's Forces.

Susan, daughter of Colonel John Ready, Lieutenant Governor of P. E. Island. (This lady was an aunt of Lord Milner).

John Philip Collins, "Late Colonial Secretary of His Majesty's Council."

Captain the Honourable Ambrose Lane, Town Major and Inspector of Militia.

John Stewart of Mount Stewart, "of His Majesty's Forces and Colonel General of this Province."

added. The point we wish to make is that this old cemetery is far from being the historically attractive spot it ought to be, far from expressing the reverence and respect we owe to the men and women to whom we are largely indebted for much of what we have and are.

We have no doubt that, considering the historic value of much that lies in this almost neglected spot, the Federal Historic Sites Commission would gladly supplement any local efforts that might be put forth to make this old cemetery the place of civic attractiveness and historic value it ought to be and we trust that a move will be made to restore it to the honored place it has a right to occupy in our city and province.

BUY AT HOME

We commend to the careful consideration of our readers the advertisement, elsewhere in this issue, of the Economic Committee of the Associated Boards of Trade. A few moments' careful consideration will solve the question for all reasonable men and women. Our home merchants are paying their share of the taxes, of the cost of our schools, our churches, our charities. Foreign concerns which pay no taxes here and which are interested in us for the money they can get out of us have entered into competition with our merchants. They get our money and the money goes out of our province never to return. Were this money spent at home with our merchants it would reduce our local taxes. It would enable our merchants to sell cheaper and we would all be benefited.

When it appears that the mail order catalogue price are lower than those of the local merchant, the honourable course is to talk it over with the local merchant, and it will be found that in nine cases out of ten he can give equal or relatively equal advantages. In any case, if unsatisfied, the local merchant is here to make it good. It is absolutely wicked as well as shortsighted to accept the word of the catalogue and send the money away without first ascertaining what the local merchant can do. We are sending away millions of dollars that ought to be spent at home to help build up our province. Buyer, think this over.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Yesterday was a good sample of our frequent Indian Summers and as welcome as any other kind of summer.

Men have been known to lie on political questions who would not lie on any other matter unless it was absolutely necessary and men have given and accepted bribes who are otherwise unsaleable and unpurchaseable. What kind of animal is the political bug?

The Patriot is indignant that the leading Liberal organ at Montreal, Le Soleil should have been guilty in the recent election of "repensible" conduct in an endeavour to stir up opposition to the Conservative party. Of course it blames The Guardian but that is the Patriot's little way.

Once more the world is assured that the long looked for cancer cure has been discovered. This may be the genuine cure, but time alone will reveal it. There is no doubt that modern science will some day discover a cure for this and other obscure diseases but "art is long and time is fleeting." This certainly, scientifically, commercially and industrially considered, is the greatest age in the history of the world. We have much that our forefathers lacked and we lack much that future generations will enjoy. Each age is the best so far but the best is always yet to come.

Notes By The Way

Mr. A. M. Belding, of St. John, who recently twice crossed the continent in the effort to educate other Provinces in Maritime problems and difficulties, and more recently attended and spoke at the meetings of the Maritime Board of Trade in this city, is a well known daily contributor to the Times Star of Saint John, under the headline "As Hiram Sees It." Mr. Hiram Hornbeam is presumed to be a farmer located in the rural regions of his Province, and speaks in the language of "the Settlement." And this is how Hiram talks to a convenient reporter about his visit to Charlottetown:

"I hear," said The Times reporter to Mr. Hiram Hornbeam, "that you were in Charlottetown last week."

"Yes, sir, I was," said Hiram. "It took me from seven o'clock in the mornin' till seven at night to get there. Them folks on the Island has more patience than Job had. They got—as fer as I kin see—the wust railroad service in Canada. Here they are with their pertaters an' other produce to ship an' the winter comin' on—an' they can't git cars—an' they can't git a good service on their own railroad—to say nothin' o' the kind o' service they git to the mainland. When I seen that Island—the hull of it a garden—I couldn't help thinkin' if it had a fair show it 'ud be one o' the richest places in North America—yes, sir, but it's like ourselves—away down here with a small population—an' no influence up to Ottawa—an' it hes to live on the husks o' politics. It does so—an' it ain't right—by hen!"

In like fashion Mr. Hiram Hornbeam has kept his eyes open as he made his trans-continental tour, and making his philosophic and sometimes humorous comments upon what he saw and what he heard from the many public personages and business men whom he met and conversed with by the way. Although he made much of his tour during the time of the election campaign, he managed to avoid political entanglements or discussions on the trip. From what we have above quoted our Island delegates to the Winnipeg Conference may count confidently upon good support from the Saint John delegates when our just claims for more favorable consideration are presented.

Mr. Robert Forke, leader of the diminished body of Progressives elected to Parliament in a recently printed interview stated that "he did not wish to say anything at the present time that would embarrass the Government." In this he shows a truly forgiving spirit as the Government had embarrassed Mr. Forke by defeating a large number of candidates in the election. Mr. Forke apparently also takes account of the fact that the King Government is already considerably "embarrassed."

It is generally admitted that the tourist season of 1925 establishes a new and higher record than ever before and one in which every Province shared in better measure than ever before. Each section has some attraction peculiar to itself which invites summer visitors. It is estimated that a million individuals from the United States visited Montreal during the summer of 1925, and that the motor tourists alone brought into Canada and left behind them on their return \$150,000,000, a sum equal to one quarter of the value of the Canadian wheat crop of this year.

There is every reason to hope that this traffic may increase rapidly during future years. In the nature of things those Provinces that lie in touch with the American border and which enjoyed the lion's share of this year's tourist business will profit most from such increase, but much can yet be done for Prince Edward Island if the railway authorities heartily cooperate with our alert Tourist Association to speed up the transportation, diminish the cost and increase the comfort en route of the many who would like to visit The Garden of the Gulf.

It is now fifteen days since the electors polled their votes in the Dominion election. It is not flattering to the authorities who appointed the election officials here that we do not yet know who are elected in Queen's County. We know who have been returned at the head of the poll in every county, city and electoral division throughout the big Dominion except this one in which so many Guardian readers are very deeply interested. Here alone election returns are as slow as potato shipments and they are slower than the slowest anywhere else.

Immigration will be one of the

That Body of Hours

By James W. Bates, M.D.

A NEW FIND

A Brooklyn physician has been investigating the bile, and finds that if a certain substance is absent from the bile, that the bile thickens, and stones are found in the gall bladder. This substance apparently has the power of keeping the bile at its proper fluid condition.

However he tells us something else about this substance that is of interest to everybody. You will remember that the intestinal tract has circular muscles running around it and the large intestine in addition has long muscle fibres on its outer sides which look like the braid or stripe down the trouser legs of some of our uniformed officials.

Now the idea here is that these long fibres on the outside will contract and draw up a portion of the intestine behind some waste material in the intestine, and then the circular fibres will contract upon this mass of material and push it further along down the intestine. He tells us that this secretion in the gall bladder has a "regulating" effect upon these long and circular muscle fibres, so that they work nicely together, first the long fibres drawing back the intestinal wall, and the circular fibres contracting upon the contents.

If however there is an absence or smaller amount than usual of this secretion in the bile, these muscles do not work together and they behave like any unregulated piece of machinery. There will be the pulling back of the long muscles with no circular action to send the material forward, or there will be the circular movement without the drawing back action. Thus constipation, diarrhoea, or other intestinal disturbance may result.

A steady flow of this substance is present in health, and when more sense is used in eating, that is neither overeating or undereating. Any exercise whatever that makes you breathe deeply or any bending or twisting exercise, should help in the formation of this substance, and in making it flow with the bile into the intestine, to do its work of regulating the intestinal muscles. We are certainly a wonderful work of creation.

WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES The night falls chill Low by the mill; The moon peeps lonely o'er the hill; The dusk grows deep With silent sleep, And lo, the gray, sad willows weep.

Through gloomy rift The moonbeams sit, The dream is o'er, the dark clouds drift.

Now all turns grey, The wind lyes play, What do they say? "Lo breaks the day." —Wellington P. Mackenzie.

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.

"BLAMING THE FARMER."

Sir—I pursued with real enjoyment, the recent letters of Mr. John D. MacIntyre. Altho I do not agree with many of his statements, I have always noticed a spirit of good fellowship and good sportsmanship, pervading all his epistles, and have felt that his rebukes were dealt in a most charitable manner. To "Critic," "Amicus," and "Optimist" I wish to say that although their criticisms were just, they were not delivered in the same jovial, human manner, they were in the letters which called forth their criticisms. But the champion who has come forth on behalf of Mr. MacIntyre, signing himself M. A. F., Rhode Island is the fellow who has got my "gliner up." M. A. F., regarding your reference to the man allowing Bridget to chop wood etc., while they sat around spitting on the floor and stove—I have mentally counted twenty of my friends and one hundred acquaintances and neighbors in this and adjoining neighbourhoods, and can not find in that one hundred and twenty, one man, who allows his wife to spit wood, such hay and mend the battered barn door, while he sits about, the house spitting on the clean floor and stove. In the first place, Prince Edward Islanders are not loafers. In the second place, if Bridget had to do so much outside work, she would never have time to keep the floor and stove clean.

You ask "M. A. F." where we are and where we will be a few years hence. We are on an Island, the smallest province of our glorious Canada, which God has bountifully blessed. It nevertheless has a few handicaps. We are enjoying the many blessings, a fairly good crop, good prices for our produce (this year) and a good British Law. Meanwhile we are working our best to overcome the results of the few handicaps, such as early frosts, long cold winters, etc. Where we will be a few years hence remains to be seen. We are not fortune tellers.

Re poor times, poor crops, etc., which you enumerated in your letter, we sometimes hear those same reports from R. I. with additional poor houses, poor marriages. Re your remarks on better and more convenient homes, in this settlement and adjoining neighbourhoods, the farm homes have an average of ten well ventilated, well lighted rooms, not including cellars nor attics. A large per cent of some homes have running water in houses and barns. Many are electrically lighted. Yes, "M. A. F." many of the farmers do put in gardens or help, friend wife, do so. The month in which we plant our gardens is a busy one for the farmers. The women, however, are well along in their spring house cleaning, and why shouldn't they help the men folk with the garden? Later on the men help to weed and look after it.

P. E. Island products are not second to none. If the farmers do not make any more out of the tourists than they do out of some of their American forty second copies, who come down here, in the summer months to escape the heat and get a breath of air and drink cream and eat the best of the land sleeping till nine and ten in the morning while Mr. and Mrs. Farmer toil in house and field, Waxing fat trying to "swank" it over the farmers. They go after a couple of indolent months, leaving a big grocery bill for the farmer to pay, and some old clothes and shoes, run down at the heels, in payment. Their parting words are, "If you ever come to R. I. Drop in and see us." That is the type of tourists the Farmer mostly gets, so please do not let the arrow point this way too strongly. It is not lucrative business for us. Easy enough for them to say, "We came, we ate, we hated to leave."

Assuming that "M. A. F." is a former P. E. Islander, I sympathize with him as he has found neither leisure nor pleasure, for he informs "Amicus" that they can only be found in one's own home. Assuming that he is a Rhode Islander, I can not see that its any of his business, what we do, or say, or intend to do on P. E. Island. Stick to your own little Island "M. A. F." you'll find lots of room for improvement. Even the "Rhode Island Reds" don't get a look in on P. E. Island. In concluding, I wish to say I live in an average neighbourhood, among average farmers. I am a born P. E. Islander and am as proud of it as the Scot is of "Auld Scotia," and the Irishman of his "Erin."

"M. A. F." if you are a dreamer, who has seen visions and dreamed dreams of our beloved Island, come back and share our joys and sorrows. Gassing will never bring your dreams to a reality. I am, Sir, etc., A FARMER'S WIFE.

Your Birthday

NOVEMBER 13.—You are fond of speaking your mind, and love travel and change of scene. You read a great deal and are a good talker, entertaining and have a contented, happy nature. Your home life will be happy if you marry suitably and never listen to gossip. Your birthstone is the topaz, which means fidelity. Your flower is the chrysanthemum. Your lucky color is grey. Nearly all the criticism I get is like that of the weary mother who said to the nurse "Just go upstairs and see what Tommy is doing and tell him not to." —Mr. Baldwin.

A PROVINCIAL ORGANIZATION. FOR nearly 60 years the Bank of Montreal has maintained offices in the Maritime Provinces ready to accept monies upon deposit, and loan these funds to farmers, merchants, manufacturers and business men generally upon terms consistent with sound banking and the proper custody of its depositors' funds. Since the first office was established in 1867 at Halifax, the Bank has spread throughout the Maritime Provinces until today it has 29 offices in these Provinces, with headquarters at Halifax, ready to give prompt and efficient service. Small accounts are welcome and are accorded the same service as that given to large amounts. Customers of the Bank have all the advantages resulting from a Provincial Organization, combined with the strength and facilities of a nation-wide Banking Institution having world-wide connections. BANK OF MONTREAL Total Assets in excess of \$700,000,000 Headquarters for the Maritime Provinces 205-207 Hollis Street, Halifax

Bobbed-Haired Thinking

(Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post, Dec. '24. Lothrop Stoddard.) The Affiliated Knockers have their headquarters in New York City. Although no part of America is deprived of their presence, it is in New York that they are most numerous—and most articulate. From the vantage point of Manhattan Island shell-speckled young men and bobbed-haired ladies—often not very young—survey the land, and in books, magazines and futuristic verse tell the world what a lot of corn-fed hicks inhabit the outlying provinces of America. Their common aim is to knock—and to knock down, if possible, though usually with no very coherent idea of what is to be built up afterward.

To peruse these outpourings of our radical intellectuals, as they call themselves, is to uncover a mine of unconscious humor as well as to understand their peculiar make-up. The keynote of this whole extensive literature is a systematic disparagement of everything characteristically American. Our laws, our institutions, our ideals and, last but not least, our selves come in for the severest condemnation.

To a greater or less extent our radical intellectuals despair of the republic and accordingly tend to seek salvation more through the destruction than through the upbuilding of the present order. That is the plain truth of the matter, and it will do us no good either to ignore it or to get angry about it. The wise thing to do is to study this movement, thereby coming to understand it and learning how to deal with it.

Every generation breeds a number of restless, highly emotional individuals, congenially dissatisfied with things as they find them and forever seeking something new. There you have the born radical. He is, of course, a very different person from the true reformer. The difference between them—and it is a very vital one—springs from their temperamental make-up and outlook on life. The true reformer seeks to reform—to take existing conditions and fashion them into something better. His attitude is thus fundamentally destructive.

The true radical, on the other hand, is governed by his emotions, which tend to throw off the influence of reason and common sense. That is why the term "radical intellectual" is such a misnomer. The born radical is not an intellectual, but an emotional, and should be recognized as such. Radicals are largely actuated by motives quite other than those with which they credit themselves. What they are really after is a satisfactory outlet for their emotional cravings. In times of stress and change persons of radical temperament gravitate naturally to the burning issues of the day and may play an important part in public affairs. These being just the times when multitudes of people are uncertain or discontented, the radical propagandists, with their fanatical zeal and boundless self-assurance, carry

conviction to doubting minds and make many converts to their doctrines. They thus tend to intensify discontent, inflame passions, and make constructive solutions of current problems more difficult. For we must again remember that the radical's attitude tends to be a more or less destructive one. This arises inevitably from his distorted, irrational outlook. The genuine radical takes an abnormally simplified view of life. All reality's complexity and fine shadings disappear, and he sees the world in a glaze of emotion in which there are only glaring high lights and inky shadows. Impatient of balanced judgment and contemptuous of prudent compromise, the radical displays an instinctive intolerance of opposition that knows no bounds. Ignoring or rejecting facts that run counter to his feelings, he loses all sense of proportion. With his distorted vision he sees all ills rolled together in one intolerable evil, not as separate phases of many situations in which good and evil are mixed. Here the destructiveness of the radical attitude becomes apparent. For such an attitude tends to injure not only his converts and the community but also the radical himself. Fanatically devoted to an aim which can rarely be even approximately attained, continued failure and disappointed hope envelope the radical zealot in despairing pessimism. Even more pathetic is the harm done to many of his converts. Multitudes of persons who might otherwise have led successful lives have been swept off their feet by radical propaganda into unhappiness and even into ruin. Consider the effect produced upon the individual who abandons America's traditional ideals for the cheerless, pessimistic creed professed by many spokesmen of present-day radicalism: Our American philosophy of life is rooted in optimism. It is a robust gospel of self-respect, self-help and common sense. The average American believes, not that America is perfect but that it is solidly built on sound foundations. He has confidence in our basic ideals and institutions, and he is convinced that by and through them satisfactory solutions to our problems can be worked out. This is not spread-eagledism, neither is it Pollyanna. It is a sane forecast that the breed and spirit which conquered the wilderness, forged a nation, and brought that nation to its present high level will continue to display the intelligence needed to meet conditions as they shall rise. Now consider the numbing, chilling effect upon the individual who abandons this American attitude

(Continued on Page 5) Have you laid in your winter supply of Coal? It is time you did. We are ready to fill your bins with all good Coal, the best at the lowest prices. A. Pickard & Co. PHONE 240 "GRIPPE" CURE For warding off or curing that attack of Grippe we have the remedies. Mac's Cold Cure 25c. Laxative Bromo Quinine 30c. Buckley's Cold Tablets and Inhaler 50c. Those preparations have proved beneficial in every case. THE 2 MACS Drugstore 149 Great George Street Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention.