THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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Associate Editors—Frank Walker, and D. K. Currie.

Morning Daily (founded 1887) $5.00 per year (In advance,) delivered.
$4.50 per year (in advance) mailed to Canada and United States.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1935.

VICE REGAL VISIT

Prince Edward Island today is honoured by a visit from His Excellency, the Earl of Bessborough, Governor General of Canada, and staff, accompanied by Her Excellency the Countess of Bessborough and their son Lord Duncannon. Regrettably, it is a farewell visitation, prior to Their Excellencies' return to England. This should not be allowed to mar the occasion, however, which will be one of rejoicing at the opportunity of again welcoming His Excellency to the Province, and of meeting personally Her Excellency and Lord Duncannon.

On his previous visit, shortly after assuming the office of Governor General, His Excellency expressed warm appreciation of the attractions of Canada's Garden Province. On the present occasion they will see the Island at its best. Their stay will be brief, as they must leave this afternoon for Quebec, but it is to be hoped that every minute will be enjoyable.

During their residence in Canada Their Excellencies have endeared themselves to all our people, and the addresses of farewell, which will be presented to them in the Confederation Chamber this morning by Premier MacMillan and His Worship Mayor Kennedy will echo the sentiments, not only of the loyal citizens of Prince Edward Island, but of all parts of this Dominion.

DICTATORSHIP

An analysis of the election figures brings out one significant fact. That is that over 40 per cent of the votes recorded were Conservative. By a flaw in the electoral system this large minority class may remain, for the next five years, without a single representative in the Legislature.

This form of dictatorship is unique. A landslide of this character occurred in Wales in 1906, when the Liberal party, with 217,462 votes, captured every one of the 34 seats, the 100,547 Unionist voters having no representation in the British Parliament, which, however, includes English and Scottish members as well. This fact is cited in the Encyclopaedia Britannica as a regrettable instance of faulty representation. "The division of the whole electoral body into constituencies is, after all," says the Britannica, "only a device for getting over the difficulty of the electors voting en bloc, and it does not seem to justify the conversion of a real majority in the country into a minority as represented in parliament, nor the complete exclusion of a substantial number of the electorate from parliamentary representation—so far as their views are concerned—at all."

This fact does not seem to concern the Liberals and Liberal press here, who rather rejoice in the fact that our Parliamentary system has been rendered null and void by an electoral miscarriage. The Toronto Globe, however, takes a much more serious view of the situation. Its comment appears elsewhere in today's Guardian; and its blunt reminder to Mr. Lea that his party has gained a power to which it is not entitled, is all the more significant as coming from the leading Liberal newspaper in Canada.

QUEBEC REACTION

"Liberal rejoicings, at the election results in Prince Edward Island," says the Montreal Gazette, "were loudly spoken here at the outset, but there was a very decided tone of regret that the people of one of the provinces would so utterly throw into the discard one of the two main political parties. This, in Liberal opinion, was looked upon as a direct setback to the existing parliamentary system, which requires a government in power and an Opposition to criticize, as voiced by Premier Taschereau in Montreal last week when asked to comment on the Stevens movement. Mr. Taschereau on that occasion, in expressing himself against third parties, laid down the principle that two parties were sufficient, and also necessary.

"As to the effects of the Prince Edward Island elections on the approaching federal elections," says the Gazette, "the reaction here was mixed. It was pointed out that while there might be claims that the people of the Island province had voted against Premier Bennett's policies, as Hon. Mr. Lapointe declared at Quebec, there had been nothing in the campaign itself to indicate that such was the case, and the more matured feeling, generally, was that the result of the elections was due to the general dissatisfaction and loss of confidence in the old line parties. Moreover, it was also pointed pointed out that the Island opinion in federal affairs meant very little, since on a population basis there should be only two members in the House of Commons from that province, and that the fact that there were four members was due to an amendment to the British North America Act, brought about by a Conservative Government."

EDITORIAL NOTES

Tomorrow—the first Sunday after the Fall.

The fixing of Thanksgiving day for Monday, October 14, leaves approximately a month between it and the next statutory holiday, Armistice Day, Monday, November 11.

No fewer than six million men and women will be eligible to vote at the forthcoming Federal election, which is a quarter more than shown on the basic list last year.

The Conservatives have now a majority of 25 in the Senate, and when the remaining vacancies are filled from New Brunswick (2), Quebec (3), and Manitoba (2), this will be increased to 32.

Among the economies proposed for the new government when it takes office is the pensioning of Mr. L. B. MacMillan, Deputy Minister of Public Works, and the substitution of a brother or son of one or other of the members.

We have not checked the figures, as it is unsafe to do so until the official return is made, but a correspondent points out that on the figures published 42 per cent of the voters, property and franchise combined, on Tuesday will be unrepresented in the legislature.

There is something seriously wrong with the City election vote which the official return will probably clear up. In the franchise vote 1516 were polled more than in 1931, and at one poll the total franchise was 1,150 whereas on the Federal register for the same poll only some 300 names appear.

A movement is on foot to forestall Mr. W. F. Allan Stewart as prospective Minister of Agriculture by having him appointed successor to his cousin Mr. H. R. Stewart, Deputy Secretary-Treasurer. This would clear the way for Mr. Lea's resumption, health permitting, of the agricultural portfolio. Mr. J. Walter Jones is slated as leader of the unofficial opposition, as he pledged himself to form an "eastern block" of members to insist upon hard surfaced roads, etc.

In the event of Mr. W. F. Allan Stewart consenting to the shelving operation, the proposal is to invite Dr. Yeo to run for his vacant seat with a view to appointing him to the portfolio of Health and Education which otherwise was to have been abolished. If Mr. Stewart is recalcitrant, Mr. Sydney Fielding is the next choice for Deputy Secretary-Treasurer.

We don't know what it was about but "Afterwards" is a peculiarly apt title for the poem which Mrs. Angus L. Macdonald, wife of the Premier of Nova Scotia entered in the poetry contest conducted by the Nova Scotia branch of the Canadian Authors Association. We believe Mrs. Walter M. Lea also will be fully qualified and competent a year or two hence to indulge in reflections on the now and then of political promises and performances.

What brought Japan to a sudden halt in imposing a 50 per cent. surtax on our pulp, paper and salmon, was Mr. Bennett's intimation that it would be considered a violation of the Anglo-Japanese treaty of 1911, to which Canada is signatory. Under this agreement Japan's actions would automatically bring a retaliatory imposition of a 33 1-3 per cent. ad valorem surtax on Japanese goods entering Canada. Negotiations are continuing in an effort to iron out the trade difficulties between the two countries.

As an indication of the stress and strain of present economic conditions, the United States has decided to mint and put into circulation half-cent and one mill coins. This means the beginning officially of a lower standard of living. These coins are the equivalent of the farthing and mite common in England in the past and circulation.

Notes By The Way

Whatever the reason, a particularly stern regulation has been broken, and a convict has been permitted to attend the obsequies of a close relative. This is reassuring. If it means that "red tape" may be severed by kindly consideration for a man saddened by the death of members of his family, a forward step has been taken. No one can claim that this is a "coddling" of men imprisoned for the expiation of crime. There will be hope it means merely that the official heart has influenced the official head of penitentiary administration. That will be regarded by the public as something gained. And prison history has been seen in the making.—Toronto Globe.

Students of Canadian history have been impressed of late by the thought that many present difficulties would disappear if young people were prepared to face pioneer conditions and make a way for themselves as earlier generations did in this country. There is too great a tendency to wait for governments or organizations to create favorable opportunities, and too much dependence upon services and conveniences and environment which exist only because of the toil which others performed many years ago.—Woodstock Sentinel Review.

Englishmen are accustomed to claim that their armed force will never be used except to maintain justice and freedom. Foreigners are not always able to feel confident of this. In any case, why should the French or German peoples be expected to accept without more ado the British estimate of what is just, especially where British interests are involved? There should be an unshakable determination to submit every dispute to the appropriate form of arbitration and to accept the award.—Dr. Temple, Archbishop of York.

A relic of a by-gone age, an age in which people were imprisoned for their debts, and made to undergo tortures and suffering while incarcerated, is being demolished in Wales. It is the gaol at Carmarthen, one of the oldest 'debtor' prisons in Britain. Built in 1789 by John Nash, distinguished architect, who designed Buckingham Palace, the prison contained a treadmill on which the prisoners toiled as they worked the prison water pump. Down deep underground were cold, clammy cells in which a solitary gas jet provided the only light.—Windsor Star.

Signs of a new drive against Jews in Germany multiply. Dr. Goebbels, who must be distressed at possessing so few of the outward characteristics of the blonde Nordic himself, did his utmot to set the fires of racial hatred ablaze in a speech in which he conceded that a Jew is indeed a man in the sense in which a flea must be admitted to be an animal, and declared that Germany wanted the Jew no longer. —The Spectator, London.

Italy continued to despatch troops to Abyssinia during June, and our Pacifists continued to denounce her, but the only Italian reaction to their denunciation was shown in a Press campaign against England. Italy is not so well informed about us as France, she appears to think that Professor Gilbert Murray and his colleagues on the League of Nations Union represent this country. The Italian Press was therefore filled with vehement attacks upon British hypocrisy in regard to Empire building.—National Review.

The compromise, whatever its merits, has failed. It went to the extreme limit of any concession compatible with Ethiopian sovereignty, and probably beyond that limit. The Duce, however, wants more, and anything further would involve the surrender, by League Powers or by the League itself, of the integrity and independence of one of its members. The plain issue, then, cannot be evaded. The League must either deal with Mussolini as with a Power openly preparing aggression, or it must confess itself impotent and bankrupt. A second failure of the Manchurian type it could not survive.—New Statesman and Nation (London.)

The death occurred at Mombasa on Tuesday night of Matthew Wellington, a native who shared the hardships of Livingstone's later years and was one of the devoted band who craried the missionary's body to the coast. Wellington was thought to be about 100 years old. He had lived at Mombasa for many years and was looked after at the Government's expense. When he was presented to the Prince of Wales during the Prince's first African tour, he stated that he escaped slavery in early childhood by the timely intervention of a British warship. He was the last living link with Livingstone.—Johannesburg Star.

Italy continues to pour troops and equipment into Africa. Soldiers, aeroplanes, tanks and guns are being concentrated along the borders of the Italian colonies, and counter-preparations by Ethiopian forces are taking place across the border. Meanwhile Mussolini struts about Rome screaming wild promises to revive the glories of the ancient empire. "Italy today is rewriting a heroic page of her history," he shouts, as he goes on fomenting a war with a colored people who cannot match the Italians in numbers or strength.

Japan appears ready to take on the Russians, Mongolians and Chinese combined. It looks as if it may be Russia's role to stop the Japanese conquest of Asia, as it was Austria's to turn back the Turks who rolled up to the walls of Vienna in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Napoleonic war days, but which have long since been practically eliminated from ordinary business

That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

A WEAK MUSCULAR HEART MAY CAUSE SYMPTOMS OF INDIGESTION

As you know the heart is made up entirely of muscle and this muscle is supplied with nerves which cause it to contract or squeeze out the blood into blood vessels which carry some of the blood to the lungs to be purified and the rest of it to all parts of the body to give nourishment to and carry wastes away from all the tissues of the body. The power of the stroke behind this muscular pump (the heart) must be strong enough to push the blood away and bring it back again. Formerly the heart was thought to have some suction or drawing power which brought the blood back, but it is really the squeezing first stroke that does all the work.

Now when the heart begins to lose some of its power there are certain symptoms—shortness of breath, swelling of the feet, or both—which tell the patient and doctor just what is wrong.

However there are other symptoms due to lack of power (or compensation) of the heart which the patient does not think have anything to do with the heart.

Drs. D. Branisteanu and I. Fainita, Berlin, tell us that loss of appetite, indigestion, coated tongue, feeling of fulness after meals, heartburn, belching up of gas in the abdomen, and constipation may be due to lack of muscular power of the heart.

The general opinion naturally is that slowness or stasis in the liver, stomach, and intestines is the cause of these "indigestion" symptoms.

These symptoms studied twenty-two cases where these symptoms existed in patients with weak muscular hearts. They examined particularly the action of the stomach and liver by means of the X ray and other tests. The patients were treated by means of rest, and digitalis (a heart stimulant) for a number of days, and then the lining of the stomach was examined by the X ray. Also some of the stomach juice was withdrawn to find out the activity of the stomach, and the activity of the liver was learned by examination of the blood and the urine.

The X ray of the stomach revealed a swollen or inflamed condition of the lining. The liver was failing to do its work properly in over 80 per cent of the cases

Thus these indigestion symptoms mentioned above were due to "slowness" or stasis of the stomach and liver, and this slowness in turn was due to the weak muscular power of the heart. In these cases then rest and a heart stimulant is the proper treatment in order to prevent the stasis rather than treatment for the stomach and liver.

Ethiopia And The Ark

(Exchange)

Are the crown jewels of the Queen of Sheba and the contents of the Ark of the Covenant now possessed by Haile Selassie of Ethiopia? So the Emperor declares. The Ark of the Covenant contained primarily the reconstructed tablets brought by Moses from Mount Sinai, along with other treasures of historic value. Whether genuine relics or fabrications cannot be told until subjected to an examination. It is asserted that Ethiopia became possessed of them through Menelik I, the son of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

The Ark of the Covenant was the most sacred relic of Israel, and the copy of the tablets bore the Ten Commandments, which thereupon became Israel's fundamental law. It was said to hold also the rod of Aaron which blossomed into flowers (Numbers XVII. 19); and the golden vase filled with manna gathered from the desert when Israel spent forty years of travel (Exodus XVI., 33-34.) The Ark was borne by priests during the period in the desert.

Its first resting place seems to have been Gilgal, a camp where Israel remained for a time after crossing the Jordan. Thence it was borne to Shiloh, and again to Kirjath-Jearim. It was captured by the Philistines, but returned to Israel (I. Samuel IV., 11, and VI., 7 to 16). In time it rested in David's palace, and finally in Solomon's temple. That is the end of its authentic history.

Whether or not it was destroyed during the siege of Jerusalem is uncertain. Tradition has it that it was taken to Italy and then to Africa, but historic evidence of such a claim has not been established. It may have been destroyed during the struggle that ended in the captivity, but proof thereof is wanting.

There is nothing in the way of evidence now known to support the claim that it is a possession of Ethiopia. Granted that Menelik I. was the son of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, the Ark of the Covenant was in Jerusalem centuries after his death. The body of the Ark, being of wood, could not withstand much handling after more than twenty centuries. The contents, however, were of less perishable material. If they still exist and if they are a possession of Ethiopia they are the most important testimony in support of Biblical history.

Life may be an adventure, as many look upon it it to be, but in its largest sense life is a raw product from which we weave a bit of permanence from all its elements—our minds and our hearts being the means by which the loom presents its finished product. Life, after all, is what we choose to make it. Perhaps it may become a poem, a continuous song, or an endless research. To some, unfortunately, it means only tragedy and despair. But God never meant that this latter should be the case. He meant that everyone should have his measure of happiness. In the blue sky, beyond to the stars, or close to the innumerable scenes of nature, are to be found a thousand secrets ready to be told to those who will but catch the spirit and meaning of all things created. He who created beauty in the world never meant that this life of ours should become a "vale of tears." Rather did he mean that each of us should know his "Spring of Joy."

—Ex.

Most Scared Man In Europe

(Z.Z. in Winnipeg Free Press)

Signor Mussolini has ascended dizzy heights, but to save himself he has to scale higher. He has promised a fertile empire he is afraid may turn out to be a dead sea. The cup of admiration that has been drained has to be refilled. Will the new intoxicant be quaffed joyously? Or will it poison them who have to accept it, or him who proffers it? The fates must be leering, and it may be, indeed, that Signor Mussolini is the most sacred man in Europe today.

He is in many ways head and shoulders above the few who maintain for brief spans with masterly adroitness dominance in world affairs, and he has impressed this on the mind of a devoted but awed (and some say cowed) Italian nation. He demands the centre of the stage for every part he plays, and anyone stepping momentarily between him and the spotlight is instantly banished into the shadows. His fury is often for effect only. He can sound clarion notes without expecting responses. He reaped patriotic acclaim by declaring he would go to war with Greece, knowing he would not because he was unprepared for war. He defied the League of Nations without incurring withdrawal when withdrawal would have been injurious to him. The sonorous roll of his fervor stirs his people, but sacrifices for the wars he would have waged have been, and are, gloomily foreboded by masses.

Signor Mussolini has held the stage because he is unrivalled as the world's greatest exponent of the efficacy of advertising. He knows never to court the news unless he can pretend to be doing something, but he always sees that there is something he has done or said to keep him in the news. He raised himself to horsemanship by being shown in a thousand photographs jumping horses over three-foot fences. He bared himself to the waist to be shown sweating in the sun as he stooked grain in the Pontine marshes he reclaimed. He lets people see him as the common soldier he claims he is still, but he scourges any forgetfulness that he sits where Caesars have sat.

He gets things done, no matter how much they may cost. He put new life into a moribund mercantile marine at the peril of national commercial solvency, and for a season an Italian ship was the wonder creation of Atlantic shipping. Every tumbling waterfall was harnessed for power now ungenerated because there is no raw material to process. Trade abroad was expanded to suit political ends. Shrewd consular co-operation with enforced banking assistance enabled Italian interests to permeate the Middle East of the Red Sea lateral, to the economic and political discomfiture of the British. Signor Mussolini has convinced his people that they can revive in themselves the greatness of the Roman imperialists, and he has promised to restore that greatness to them.

This role of sustaining patriotic prestige in national well doing has been played by him consistently and ruthlessly. He awakened a slumbering Italy, if only to bankrupt her. He has kept her in the forefront of the picture, provided he stood foremost among the supreme. His policies have been designed and his plans made to serve explicit purposes. They have intermittently fanned embers of old Roman grandeur smouldering in the national breast. They have prevented the people from getting stuck on the lower end of the see-saw. Italy might be declared to be getting richer and amassing power when it was becoming poorer and poorer. But when Italians became hungrily aware of this, their gloom was dissipated by the glamor cast to refresh their inspiration. Sentiment came in at the back-door and romance issued at the front-door of any home, no matter how humble, and young people were led in processions of hundreds of couples to the altar of marriage. Revivified Italy wants more sons to carry the rifle and hurl the bomb, and more daughters to bear still more sons.

To inculcate the Roman tradition, every weakening of the national sense of superiority was fortified. Romans were told to gaze beyond the Mediterranean and feast their eyes upon the world. Their air fleet crossed and re-crossed the Atlantic. This mass flight was said to have been incurred at a cost so excessive that the name of its brilliant commander, Air Marshal Balbo, had not been mentioned in the Italian press with becoming respect until within the last few months. He may have succeeded too well not to have incurred envy, although his flight momentarily inspired a people whose fervor was dropping behind the aspirations of their Duce. There was always something doing to manifest this greatness or this humaneness. Army corps marched formidably to Austria's boundary when little Dolfuss was assassinated and though the blood of the farmer-premier was all that was shed, Mussolini found pretext for expanding the Italian army. Italy's military strength in the field has now been increased as inordinately and as oppressively as has her commercial enterprise paid for out of government subsidies. The nation too poor to import its needs finds these risen costs unbearable.

A return for the outlay is promised and hope is to be restored by action. The Duce has megaphoned conviction to his own people, that Italy is about to have her glory restored, and he has trumpeted to the world that the strong arm of might again smites the Mediterranean peace. He lays the blame for Italy's troubles on others shoulders, and fulminates that the Italian people (commanded to procreate) are suffocating for lack of elbow-room. He means to give back a vanished colonial empire in Africa. It is the vision that has enticed Italians for fifteen years, the vision of a vast, a productive and an absorbing colonial empire. To it Mussolini has now to lead them.

He has gone too far either to retrace or to retract. He must win something, either by war or by bluster. He dare not stop to wonder whether he may be leading his people to a promised land or losing them in a wilderness; whether his vision is not a mirage. He is ensnared in his own net. Is he scared? Who can doubt it? He plays the part of bold confidence, but is over-bold for dread not to be in his heart. He knows too much to be unaware of the gruesomeness of the chance he is taking. His people have not forgotten Adowah, but like others are easily fomented into making it the cause for revenge. He remembers Alfonso and the slaughter of the Spanish by Adb-el-Krim. He remembers the years the Riffs defied Lyautey of France creating the new Morocco.

Signor Mussolini does not want to share a fate as ignominious but worse than that which the burning sands of north Africa meted out to Alfonso. And Signor Mussolini mauling Abyssinia is far from being a Lyautey reconstructing Morocco. Signor Mussolini is intelligent, even if blindly emboldened by forces of his own forging. He must be scared by what long-drawn out aggression in hottest, fiercest Africa may mean to Italy, and what it may do to him.

THREE MONTHS SAILING

POONA, India, July 24—(C.P.)—The sailing section of the Royal Connaught Boat Club had its best river sailing season it has ever experienced this year. For nearly three months races were held daily except Sundays.

R. B. Bennett

(Boston Christian Science Monitor)

He stopped short at public ownership of the new Bank of Canada, let alone the chartered banks, amalgamation of the two railroad systems under the Government, inflating the currency even to the extent permitted by the gold coverage, or materially lowering interest charges on borrowed money. He refused to take any of the spectacular "fliers" at codes and price-fixing indulged in by President Roosevelt with mixed results. To those convinced that the present system cannot be readjusted, his efforts were foredoomed to failure. To the apparently greater number who believe it can still be made to function satisfactorily, he has gone far enough, or even too far, in the way of State interference. All will agree, however, whatever the immediate or future results of his administration, that he has proved himself to be a leader of rare ability and courage—one worthy to be classed in history with John A. Macdonald and Wilfred Laurier.

The Poets' Corner

NIGHT WIND

I love to think this fragrant air
I breathe in the deep-bosomed night
Has mixed with beauty and may bear
The burden of a heart's delight.

This may have been the burning breath
That uttered Deidre's love. It may
Have been a note outlasting death
As Sappho sang her heart away.

It may have fanned a joy so deep
That Ilium must pay the price
And under desert sand must sleep
Heroes and towers in sacrifice.

And this rich air, it may have been—
To bring these dreams, so sweet a throng—
Sighed by the lovely listening Queen
While Solomon had sung his song.

So it will take from me, from thee,
Ere from our being it departs,
And keep for lovers yet to be
All the enchantment of our hearts.

—George William Russell ("A.E.")

Isle of Peace

(M. T. G. in Christian Science Monitor)

Persistent as dreams of a tropic isle, clear as the sound of a distant bell, is the summer call of "down East." Every way that leads thither, be it way of the highroad, the sea or even the air, is a way of delight and keen anticipation. Progress along it means flight from noise and bustle and the confusion of cities, the abandonment for a little of routine and convention, a turning back of time itself until we know again the tranquility of a quieter day.

The frontier lies nearer to the rising sun than in that day. Faster transportation, larger and more numerous hotels, the radio, increasing numbers of motorcars have introduced modernity to much of the down East country that our youth was wont to deem "primitive."

But the down East of yesterday still exists. There is yet a land yonder, and within easy reach, where the ways of old continue to satisfy where quiet reigns and the uncounted hours pass serenely, where life's tempo is rhythmical and the days are full of sweet repose.

True, men call the island by other names. To some it is the "Garden of the Gulf," to others the "Scotland of North America," and so on. But I prefer the "Isle of Peace," and when you yourself come to visit fair, tranquil, happy Prince Edward Island I think you will acknowledge the aptness of the designation.

Through the "Maritimes" the way eastward is veritably a road to yesterday. That is to say, having left "hustle" as far behind as the St. Croix or perhaps even the Penobscot, you seem to be turning backward a page of time with every advancing league. The highway, pine-bordered knows the horse again; even the oxcart is a common thing. And then, when you come to a picturesque little Nova Scotia town and board a curious craft that was once the pleasure yacht of the Crown Prince of Austria and now constitutes the ferry across the Northumberland Strait to Charlottetown, you have reached yesterday's world, the heart of down East. And yonder, long blue-veiled line on the St. Lawrence Gulf horizon is the isle of peace.

Here, if anywhere, is England in the New World, here in the isle that saw the birth of Canadian federation. English ways are Prince Edward Island's pride, and an English loyalty that is like New Zealand's. Through meadows and over downs that recall Kent and Devon lead the reddish-brown roads that know the leisurely tread of the farm horse but rarely the noisome rush of the motorcar. Kine, sturdy as the Argentine's, graze contentedly on this rich pasturage and thrive in the sea-born air of the isle of peace.

From the wharves of Charlottetown, Prince Edward' 12,000-population capital and metropolis, the craft of sail are still more numerous departures and steam on motor vessels. There is brisk trade with Newfoundland, whose farm products and few cattle come almost entirely from the "Garden of the Gulf." You see a small "tramp" flying the world-encircling Norwegian flag setting forth at sundown with a noisy and uneasy deckload of Prince Edward's cattle destined to remote Newfoundland "outports." A schooner "lying in the offing, her topsails shot with fire," is out yonder off Point Prim, waiting in the falling twilight for the tide to serve. St. John's, Newfoundland, her hailing port, deep-laden with seed potatoes, Prince Edward's chief "primary" product, is about to sail for the far northern outpost.

Here in this land of a scant 100,000 people and 2,000 square miles most of it potentially productive there is enough for all. Two score coast villages from Tignish to Murray Harbor have their little fleets of schooners, and out of the bounty of the deep are the coastal folk well maintained.

There is a fellowship in the isle of peace like that of a huge family and it welcomes the visitor of a summer's month with a genuineness that has no association with material considerations. Its greeting and its hospitality are those of a Surrey village or a hamlet on Exmoor. For here in the heart of the real down East is tranquility and repose, days of unhurried serenity and nights of sweet abiding quiet, the zest of western ocean breezes and the soothing redolence of northern blossoms.

HAMILTON—Farmers of Niagara district still calling for help and all applicants for farm work are quickly engaged.

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