

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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TUESDAY, JULY 19, 1927

PREMIER BALDWIN'S VISIT.

WHILE regretting the brevity of Premier Baldwin's visit to Prince Edward Island, from 8.40 p.m. on August 16, leaving next morning at 9.30 for Pictou—still we are grateful to the authorities, at Ottawa, who have charge of the itinerary arrangements, even for this brief call. He will spend only three days in the Maritimes on his way back to England. The itinerary allows only a few hours in Saint John, Charlottetown and Halifax, thereafter leaving Canada at North Sydney. The visit will permit of only a glance at the Maritimes after seeing Canada from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

Doubtless the principal cities will interest the great British statesman, but it is quite probable that he will be more impressed by the great distances, the immensity of the cultivated and cultivable stretches and the general bigness of this young country and its wonderful possibilities. The visit of the British Premier will form a new link between the Mother Country and her eldest daughter and will undoubtedly do much to strengthen the mutual relations of the scattered members of the far-flung British Empire.

It is to be regretted that arrangements had not been made for inclusion of the Maritimes in the itinerary of the three hundred British newspaper men who are coming, to begin their Canadian tour at the City of Quebec. Those in charge of the itinerary of these men evidently think that Canada's eastern boundary is Quebec, and that east of that is not worth talking about. The newspaper men are to join Premier Baldwin at Quebec City, accompanying him thence to the Pacific Coast. Whether they shall see the Maritimes on their return has not been announced, but evidently another opportunity to help the Maritimes by such publicity as would be effective in the United Kingdom has been overlooked in the interests of Western Canada.

A tour of the Maritimes by a small army of British newspapermen would have meant just such publicity as is needed in the old land to direct attention to the opportunities for British settlers in the older provinces, but, apparently, the attractions elsewhere still take precedence. However, we shall hope that our visiting newspaper men will at least hear of, if they do not see, that there is a very considerable portion of Canada east of the port through which they enter the country.

POULTRY PRODUCTION.

THE World Poultry Congress to be held at Ottawa from the 27th of July to the 3rd of August, will interest many persons in this province. The object of the Congress is to bring together those Canadians who are particularly interested in the poultry industry, to the end that there may be improvement in respect to it. The most efficient methods of production, standardization and distribution of poultry products are to be discussed, and measures are to be adopted towards co-operation in the breeding and management of poultry. It is stated that the Governor-General and the Prime Minister will officially open the Congress on Wednesday, the 27th of July, and that "many of the world's most famous scientists will present papers at the several meetings in connection with the Congress."

AUSTRALIAN ENTERPRISE.

THE enterprise of trading in Victoria, Australia, was last week evidenced by the receipt in New York of fifty boxes of juicy grapes, on ice, direct from Australian vineyards. The passage by steamer occupied fifty-eight days. That Aus-

tralian enterprise is not appreciated by the officials in New York was evidenced by the rejection of the fruit on the plea that a fruit fly existed where the fruit was grown. It is stated, however, that the grapes were in a remarkably good condition. So they were sent on to Montreal. Victoria, it is stated, hopes to send grapes to the United States and Canada throughout the coming winter seasons.

EPIGRAMS.

SINCE the time of the ancient Greeks the epigram has been one of the most widespread and persistent forms of man's literary expression, and though it was originally an inscription for engraving on a monument it has long since been turned into a weapon of sarcasm savoured with wit. This wit and wisdom of the centuries has been collected by Mr. Walter Jerrold into a neat volume of "Epigrams," which comprises most of the cleverest examples that have been written in rhyme.

As usual, the feminine sex has come in for a deal of the railing, and the state of matrimony, its "blessings and misuses," has supplied a fertile source of inspiration for nearly all the best epigrammatists.

"On a Wife's Portrait," is the title of one satirical quatrain:—  
"How like is this picture, you'd think that it breathes  
What life! What expression! What spirit!

It wants but a tongue," "Oh, no!" said the spouse,  
"That want is its principal merit!"

Again a wagish cynic tries to solve a conjugal problem:—  
Which is of greater value, prithree, say,  
The bride or bridegroom?—Must the truth be told?  
Alas, it must! The bride is given away;

The bridegroom's often regularly sold.  
The first part of the book is devoted to historical and political epigrams, which are as full of stings and honeyed sweetness as a hive of bees. Henry Luttrell had a very poor opinion indeed of the House of Commons, if what he wrote expressed his true sentiments:—  
To wonder now at Balaam's ass is weak;  
Is there a day that assess do not speak?  
Applicable to every dull orator is Thomas Moore's answer to the riddle, "Why is a pump like Viscount Castlereagh?"  
Because it is a slender thing of wood  
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,  
And coolly spout and spout and spout away  
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood.  
Ebenezer Elliot has a scathing contempt for "trade unions":  
What is unionist? One who has yearnings  
For an equal division of unequal earnings;  
Idler or bungler, or both, he is willing  
To fork out his penny, and pocket your shilling.  
The clergy come in for their full share of cynical attack. Here is an epigram on church-going which no one will dispute:  
"Attend your Church," the parson cries;  
To Church each fair one goes;  
The old go there to close their eyes,  
The young to eye their clothes.  
Many of the epigrams quoted bring out all that is most cruel and savage in human nature; others, cynical and scorpion-tongued it is true, reveal to the wholesome light of day the frailties and follies of mankind.

Notes by the Way

The Women's Institutes throughout the Dominion intend presenting a memorable pageant at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto this year. The pageant will be entitled "The Mothers of Confederation" and the performance will demonstrate the entry of the provinces into nationhood and the development of young Canada. The Institutes are arranging for a special day for each of the nine provinces during the exhibition on which outstanding speakers will give addresses, and the exhibits and demonstrations will portray the native products and industries.

British Columbia will specialize on its horticulture, sweet pea and bulb industries; Alberta on educational and health work; pottery making and cooking utensils will be featured by Saskatchewan; Ontario will demonstrate extensive work in agriculture and nutrition and the Junior Institutes will display a pageant illustrating their activities. Quebec will send two exhibits representing work done by the French and English Institutes respectively. Handicraft industries, and woven rugs will be a feature of the Nova Scotia exhibits, while, New Brunswick will present its attractions for tourist visitors, and Prince Edward Island having established an exchange in Charlottetown for the fine work our women are doing, will show this work and also the opportunities which are open to rural women.

Altogether the Daughters of the Mothers of Confederation are expected to make a splendid demonstration of women's work in making the Dominion of today what it is. Surely the Jubilee ought not to pass out of memory with the masculine element credited with having alone made Canada great. Those who think the men did it all will have another thought coming when the Women's Institutes produce their nine day's wonder at the National Exhibition in Toronto.

Already the hay harvest in Ontario is half completed and the crop is reported to be a record one. In fact the yield of field crops throughout nearly all the provinces afford promise of being bountiful, although in one or two provinces, not up to the very highest recorded yield. The apple crop in Nova Scotia and Ontario is also reported to be distinctly larger than that of last year, while British Columbia hopes in the coming autumn to reach for the first time the million barrel mark. Everything that grows in Prince Edward Island, trees, flowers, grass, grain and roots—are growing luxuriantly, and even the weeds are very strong and vigorous in some neglected spots, where the warfare against them has been neglected.

It will be hard for our Government or people to live up to the splendid panegyric paid us by His Excellency the Governor-General at Halifax after his visit here, but our province at least need fear no rival of its fair fame, as the Garden Province of the Dominion, renowned among the Nine as the most beautiful among them all. His Excellency was undoubtedly sincere in his tribute or he would not have said it in Nova Scotia where they are a little jealous of us as he doubtless knows.

Government Control is evidently gaining headway as is evident by repeated reports from some of the "prohibitionist" candidates elect, who say they are bound only by what they told their constituents during the campaign and not by the written pledges which the Temperance Alliance say they all signed. What a member promises to his constituents is a valid contract, but a promise made to the Alliance which that body had no right to ask a candidate to make, is open to argument and dispute. Amongst them be it!

"Vote for us, defeat the Stewart Government, and we will give you whatever you want," was a widespread secret canvass among prohibitionist candidates during the campaign. And never before were there so many spoiled ballots in an election in this province as during this election. Many of these must have been purposely spoiled, as our electors have always been intelligent enough to mark their ballots properly. What is the explanation of these purposely spoiled ballots?



By James W. Barlow, M.D.

INFECTION AFFECTING EYE-SIGHT

One of the little points you may forget frequently, is that a slight infection may be doing its work in the system, and because it is doing it quietly and without any real pain, you are at a loss to understand why you are cranky, out of sorts, and feel so tired all the time. You may go in this way for months. Then perhaps you feel a pain in the hip, knee, back, or elsewhere, and your doctor locates the infection in the teeth, tonsils, sinuses, gall bladder or elsewhere.

Now if the pain had not made itself felt, damage to the system might have gone on for a long time. A rather interesting incident in this connection is related in a little booklet describing the United States Aviation Service. One of the regular fliers, who had passed an excellent physical examination two months previously, and who was considered a first class pilot, made a very faulty landing in the presence of the medical officer.

The medical officer learned that during the previous two weeks, his landings had all been faulty. In answer to the surgeon's questions the pilot admitted that when he was flying well above the ground he was all right, but when he was landing he didn't seem to be able to gauge distances properly.

The medical officer tested his vision and found that "he could read at only twenty feet distant, the printed letters he should have read clearly at forty feet."

What had caused such a deficiency in his eyesight in two short months? A close examination revealed an infected tonsil which was removed the following day.

As the poison manufactured by an infected tonsil remains in the system for some time after the tonsil is removed, this pilot was not allowed to go up for two months.

He then passed a perfect re-examination, and made a perfect flight and landing, with the medical officer as a passenger.

The lesson of course is plain. Poison in the system can affect any and every tissue, and if you feel dull, sleepy, without ambition, get yourself overhauled by your family physician, and ask him to give you a whole hour of his time in the doing of it.

When the sun goes out,—a catastrophe that is bound to be,—mankind will have long ago disappeared. The last inhabitants of earth will be as destitute and ignorant, as feeble and dull-witted, as the first. They will have forgotten the arts and all the sciences. They will huddle wretchedly in caves alongside the glaciers that will then roll their transparent masses over the half-obliterated ruins of the cities where now men think, and love, suffer and hope. All the elms and lindens will have been killed by the cold; and the fir will be left sole masters of the frozen earth. The last desperate survivors of humankind,—desperate without so much as realizing why or wherefore,—will know nothing of us, nothing of our genius, nothing of our love; yet will they be our latest-born children and blood of our blood. A feeble flicker of the regal intelligence of nobler days, still lingering in their dulled brains, will for a while yet enable them to hold their empire over the bears that have multiplied about their subterranean lurking-places. Peoples and races will have disappeared beneath the snow and ice, with the towns, the highways, the gardens of the old world. With pain and difficulty a few isolated families will keep alive. Women, children, old men, crowded pell-mell in their noisome caves, will peep through fissures in the rock and watch a sombre sun mount the sky above their heads; dull yellow gleams will fit across his disk, like flames playing about a dying brand, while a dazzling snow of stars will shine on all the day long, in the black heavens, through the icy air. This is what they will see; but in their heavy witness they will not so much as know that they see anything. One day the last survivor, calico allured to hate and love, will exhale to the unfriendly sky the last human breath. And the globe will go rolling on, bearing with it through the silent fields of space the ashes of humanity, the poems of Homer and the august remnants of the Greek marbles, frozen to icy surfaces. No thought will ever again rise towards the infinite from the bosom of this dead world, where the soul has dared so much,—at least no thought of man's. For who can tell if another thought will not grow into consciousness of itself, and this tomb where we all shall sleep become the cradle of a new soul.

—Anatole France

Mindard's Lintment for scaly scalp.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND AS A TOURIST RESORT

Some Interesting and Delightful Locations Described For "Guardian Readers."

By Harold Messervy

Leaving Tracadie Bay our road swings to the right, and leads toward Savage Harbor. On our left we catch at times between the trees as they fit by our glimpses of the dunes and some small sand locked lakes. These lakes, too, have their share of trout for the angler who has at his disposal a flat-bottomed boat to fish them from.

The section of the country through which we now pass is not so fertile as most of the Island. Here are large stretches of swamp and blue-berry barren, empurpled just now in places with the flowers of the sheep laurel. Their dreary and monotonous extent is dotted sparsely with small rounded spruce trees while here and there a black and sullen tarn dimly reflects the sky from its lifeless surface. These are not pleasant waters. Should murder stalk abroad at night, these dreary barrens seem fit scenes for the last act of horror—those pools of black water meet custodians of the dead. Not willingly would they give up their charge until the dread trumpet sounds its final and irrevocable summons to all flesh to appear and answer for their deeds.

But why such gloomy reflections when we know that these sombre acres will soon be gay with color-touched here and there by the master hand of the first frost of Autumn and the bright clothes of the laughing children who gather the harvest of the blueberries and cranberries which are so abundant here? Excellent eating, these blueberries. And they stand canning so well, too. Here's a hint to someone with means to invest. Let him build a canning factory, and can our native wild fruits—strawberries, raspberries, cranberries, blueberries. This is an almost virgin field, and I am sure it would well repay the investment.

Presently our road enters a more fertile region. It now runs along the side of a little valley at the bottom of which lies the streamlet that drains the waters of the barren into Savage Harbor. This stream, bordered by dark and sombre spruces lies to our right, while on the left small farms run back to lose themselves from sight towards the crest of the rounded hills. But our little valley soon broadens out; the ground to the left grows less stony and the farms larger. The road climbs a little higher; a stretch of gleaming water appears ahead. It is an estuary of Savage Harbor into which the stream flows. Higher yet climbs our road. And now in front of us, a little to our left we see the distant spire of St. Andrew's Church standing out white against the darkness of the firwood. Beyond this, its lines softened by the bluish haze of distance looms the highland on the other side of the Hillsborough river. The car descends a slope, and once

more our view is confined to the woods and fields which border the roadside.

Following our trail, we have now turned south, and are going in the direction of St. Peter's road. Each rise we ascend gives us a nearer glimpse of St. Andrew's spire and the country south of the Hillsborough. We are at one of those places where the Island is at its narrowest. Barely two miles separate the waters of the Hillsborough, which flow to the Straits of Northumberland, from those of Savage Harbor, which run to the Gulf. So deeply indented is our province with large bays and estuaries that this is true at not a few points. Indeed, in the days of the earliest settlers, before roads were cleared through the forest and when most of the travelling was done in canoes, portages were made at these points by travellers wishing to go from places on the South Shore to those on the North Shore (as for instance from Charlottetown to St. Peter's) and vice versa.

Before long we reach St. Peter's Road. Here we swing to the right, thus heading towards Charlottetown. Soon on our left we pass a large village down on the banks of the Hillsborough, and about half a mile from our road. This is Mount Stewart. It marks the end of the navigable part of the river and is the junction of the railway lines from Charlottetown to Souris and Georgetown respectively. Of course, fine sea trout may be caught here, as at all points on the Hillsborough, when, in their annual migration to fresh water they have reached this place. Two excellent hotels in the village, the

PRAYER: Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.

THE PALE MOON  
moon, why art thou ever pale?  
Why, looking down upon this earth at night,  
A never-falling sentinel,  
Why dost thou shed so wan and white a light?  
Is it because thy constant course,  
Wound through the starry realm  
this earth to cheer,  
A faithful vigil ever kept,  
Fatigues thee, thou lone, silent, pallid sphere?  
Or is it that from thy vast height,  
Beholding this vile world so dim  
with tears,  
Thy visage pales at the dread sight  
Of bold transgressions and debased careers.

Great orb! Full well may'st thou turn pale—  
What! Hast turned away thy full round face,  
Till it a wan, thin crescent grows,  
From such sad view to gain a breathing space?  
Indeed, 'tis well thou turn'st again—  
While darkness reigns o'er the domain of night,  
Revenge and vice run rampant here,  
Their loathsome track concealed, all goodness blight.  
O moon, may'st thou be twofold blest  
May thy allotted path be ever bright  
Thy silvery rays ne'er cease to shine  
On this dark earth of ours, thou queen of night.  
—Gurney Emerson Smith.

HOUSEHOLD SCRAP-BOOK  
By ROBERTA LEE

Mosquitoes  
A good mosquito remedy is made by mixing equal parts oil of sassafras and alcohol, and touching to the hands, face and legs. Or rub the face and hands with a little oil of pennyroyal.

Watering Plants  
When going away for several days, place a number of bricks in a tub, set flower pots on the bricks, and pour in water to cover the bricks. The plants will draw sufficient moisture.

Sandwiches  
Sandwiches can be kept fresh for hours if they are placed in an earthen receptacle of any kind, covered and then placed in a vessel of cold water.

DAILY LESSONS IN ENGLISH  
By W. L. Gordon  
WORDS OFTEN MISUSED: Don't say "a couple of men were standing on the porch." Say "two men."  
OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED: domestic. Pronounce the last syllable as "ill."  
OFTEN MISPELLED: singe. Singe, note the ei.  
SYNONYMS: flatter, praise, puff, cajole, humor, soothe, persuade.  
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: BRUSQUE, rude, abrupt in manner. "He shook hands brusquely and walked away."

The Better Things in Life

EDUCATION!

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"Ross" and the "Savoy" minister to stream and the slopes of the hills lies a border of flat marshland, from which in season the farmers reap a good crop of marsh hay. These lands remind one of the country about low the river. Here, between the (Continued on page 5)

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Guernsey Breeders' Picnic and Field Day will be held at the Experimental Farm, Wed. 20th! Everybody Welcome!