

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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AT OTTAWA

According to latest news despatches from Ottawa the intention of the Government is to prorogue Parliament in the middle of May and hold another session in October. With the majority it has at its command the Government may do this if so disposed. It is very unlikely, however, that the closure will be requisitioned as the loyal Opposition is as vitally interested in the success of the forthcoming Imperial Economic Conference as is the Government. The Conference is certain to prove a very much greater event than was anticipated when the idea was first suggested by Premier Bennett in London. The Australian Minister of External Affairs, Mr. J. G. Latham, for instance stated in London on Saturday that "failure at the Imperial Economic Conference next July would mean disintegration of the British Commonwealth to small and insignificant fragments." "Our success," he said, "could be attained only if the conferees recognize new trade agreement must be based on genuine reciprocity." Mr. Latham also described the Empire as "a vast system of mutual markets within which there is political security, in itself a very real commercial asset." Australia is busily engaged preparing a tariff on reciprocal basis, and no doubt the other Dominions and colonies are doing the same. It is essential that Canada should have her arrangement completed so there may be no hitch when the discussions take place. Of this the Opposition is cognizant, and is likely to put no stumbling block in the way of the devising and developing of preparatory measures. After the Conference the Government intends calling Parliament together at the earliest possible date, October being suggested, for the purpose of ratifying or otherwise the arrangements made with the other parts of the Empire. Good progress is being made with the estimates in the House and the debate on the Budget itself is not likely to be prolonged, especially in view of the fact that nearly every member of the Opposition had an opportunity of expressing his views on the address.

BURNED FINGERS

One of the contentions of the Opposition at the last session of the Legislature was that the Government should take an excursion this year into the farm lending field. This suggestion was vetoed by the Government members, Hon. Mr. Sharp, Minister of Agriculture, pointing out that there were other and more practical ways of assisting the farmers. The methods outlined by Mr. Sharp were endorsed in a resolution which is being forwarded to the Governor General in Council, particulars of which have already appeared in The Guardian. What this Province would be saddled with had the suggestion of the Opposition Leader and his followers carried in the Legislature, may be gathered from an article which appeared in the Financial Post on April 9. The Post, a politically independent paper, says that "persistent encroachment by governments in the lending field during the last decade is becoming a matter of serious concern not only to the large lending institutions but to the body of taxpayers everywhere in the Dominion. Already two large scale government plans, those of Saskatchewan and Manitoba, are glaring failures and two other State bodies are lending money to farmers under conditions as to interest rate and as to security which cannot be safely followed by private lenders." The Dominion Government, entering the farm loan business in January, 1929, and making loans to the provinces for 23 or 32 years

NOTES BY THE WAY

Here is the oath drafted by Eamon De Valera in 1921—"I,..... do swear to bear true faith and allegiance to the constitution of Ireland and the treaty of association of Ireland with the British Commonwealth of Nations and to recognize the King of Great Britain as head of the associated states." The oath eventually incorporated into the constitution of the Irish Free State as law established, and that I will be faithful to His Majesty King George, Fifth, his heirs and successors by law, in virtue of the common citizenship of Ireland with Great Britain and her adherence to and membership of the group of nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations." In the circumstances, the more practical Irish people are scarcely likely to want to sacrifice a \$200,000,000 market for the sake of a few hair-splitting phrases. Mr. De Valera himself may well see the folly of it.

There is the story of the New York matron with an income she could not spend if she tried, who is said to have explained to a friend that she was sorry to have dismissed her chauffeur. The step had to be taken, however, despite the fact that he was a nice man and had a wife and three children, because it was imperative that every one economize at a time like this and she wished to set an example. It is similar psychology which is preventing many men from buying a new car or a new yacht, or having that addition built. They either believe that they are furthering the good of mankind by keeping their excess dollars, or they think that their neighbors will consider them "bloated plutocrats" unless they too do without something which they can very well afford. Anyone buying anything new these days is to be congratulated, not condemned.

If there is one man in Canada who today is not playing politics, it is the Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett. The ploy of it is that Mr. Mackenzie King and the Opposition cannot see their way clear to put country before party and to give the Government of the day a reasonable support until the nation emerges from an acute world-wide depression. That is what Hon. C. H. Dunning has said they should do.

It was the patriotic ideal that moved the Hon. R. B. Bennett when at the Imperial Conference in 1930 he proposed for the whole Empire the policy of economic co-operation which has since been adopted by a powerful British Government and by the British electorate. It was this that he had in mind when he called the Imperial Economic Conference, which is to meet at Ottawa next July, with a view to improving this Dominion's position and to binding all parts of the Empire more firmly together in closer trade relationships.

Britain's tariff on foreign imports is lower than that of Canada, and our tariff is lower than that of the United States but in the matter of taxation on incomes the people of Great Britain are hit very hard. Smaller incomes are exempt in this Dominion as in the United States, but in Great Britain the tax on our income of \$2,000 is \$148.00 a year or more than 7 per cent, while on \$5,000 it is \$747, or approximately 15 per cent, and on \$10,000 it is \$2,143, or more than 20 per cent. Of course there is taxation in other forms but in comparison with those of Great Britain the people of Canada have no great reason to complain.

In August, 1921, Mr. Roosevelt arrived at Campbell's Island, where he had a summer home. Before landing he tried his hand at catching cod, and fell overboard from the yacht's tender. On landing the next morning the party joined in fighting a brush fire all day. Next morning Mr. Roosevelt's leg gave him trouble, and within three days infantile paralysis had him helpless from the waist down. It was believed that he had picked up the germ in New York, when the disease was epidemic. About the middle of September he was removed to New York. Five years later he was still using crutches, and as late as 1928 wore leg-braces. Thus for seven years or more Roosevelt labored under a severe physical handicap. It did not, however, prevent him from taking an active part in public life, and in 1928 he became Governor of New York. His physical condition continued to improve and he is now very much in the running for the Democratic nomination.



By James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Yours

YOUR HEALTH BANKER
Some years ago I wrote a short series comparing the body to an automobile—the stomach was like the gas tank, the small intestine like the carburetor, the gas was the food eaten, and so forth. Once or twice a year I like to compare the body to a business, with its assets and liabilities—the assets being the body the folks gave you and what you have done with it, and the liabilities any inherited weakness, and any lack of care, or unfortunate happenings to your body.

A short time ago I came across a little booklet called Who's Your Health Banker? written by Dr. Geo. B. Lake, Chicago, which likened your health to your financial resources.

"You start life with a deposit of energy and resistance to disease bequeathed to you by your parents. You make deposits from day to day in the form of food, air, and sunshine.

Every physical act of work or play, every mental act, and every emotion (fear, anger, excitement) is a check drawn against your energy balance.

Do you keep your health balance in a sock under the mattress and spend from it hit or miss? Or have you made a contact with your health banker (your family doctor), so that he can assist you in keeping your energy account in a sound and flourishing condition.

A burglar, in the form of a long and serious illness may steal the savings of a life time tomorrow night."

To prevent losing your savings, your health, you should consult your family doctor and spend not less than an hour to an hour and a half having him examine you thoroughly. Tell him everything about your family and yourself that may have any bearing on your health. With all that you tell him, and all he can find for himself during the examination, he will be able to advise you whether to increase your deposits—food, air, and sunshine—or decrease your expenditures—mental, physical and emotional—or both.

He may discover that some of your investments from a health standpoint have been unsound and are likely to result in serious loss (disease). In that case he can always tell you how to escape from the threatening situation, or at least lessen the risk to the lowest possible point.

The thought then is that you should see your family doctor at least one or twice a year, and find out how your health balance stands. Remember, good health is the greatest human asset.



THE GARDEN HERETIC

I never had great joy in garden beds. That make an endless fight with life and death. I love to see the trees lift up their heads And shake them free, and freely take their breath. They say God walks in gardens, but I wonder If He could call a buttercup a weed! So give me space where live gold is no blunder, And let me plant a hawthorn for my need.

I love to know how many trees are greening The Spring because I gave them second birth; That trees of mine will witness lovers meeting When I shall be substantiate with the Earth. Ah! make what garden plot your eye may please, But do not die till you have planted trees! —Leo Chozza Money, in Time and Tide.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. For Bad Blood! The image shows a bottle of the pills with text describing its benefits for kidney health and blood purification.

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.

ELMIRA BRANCH SERVICE

Sir.—The people of the extreme Eastern section of this Province are today facing an alarming situation in the proposed discontinuance of the daily train service to Elmira, and through your courtesy I desire to point out that a very serious injustice is being done.

It is argued in some quarters that as the Elmira branch did not exist prior to 1912 and the people got along very nicely without it; that it is not necessary in 1932; that the cost of maintenance and operation today greatly exceeds the revenue obtained therefrom; and that the Railway management is forced in the interests of economy to discontinue the train service.

Now, it must be borne in mind that previous to the opening of the Elmira branch, the people of this section suffered untold hardship in hauling produce to the end of the rail at Souris—in some cases as far as fifteen miles. Very often produce was hauled to Souris over almost impassable roads in the spring and late fall, for instance when the mire would be almost to the axles. The whole district was completely isolated and when the roads were blocked in winter, communication with the rest of the world was practically cut off. An agitation commenced for an extension of the then Prince Edward Island railway from Souris, east to Elmira or East Point, and the question was a prominent issue at every election. The need for the extension was recognized on all sides and the agitation provided excellent football material for the politicians of the day. When finally the Government opened the Elmira branch the people obtained long-delayed justice and a new era dawned. As a result Agriculture received an impetus and the markets were placed within easy reach of the farmers, fishermen, and merchants. The road continued in operation for some twenty years without imparting in any way the efficiency of the Railway service to other parts of the Province.

The cost of operating the whole Canadian National Railway system is disgracefully in excess of revenue. In recent years, this system squandered millions of dollars in building and maintaining palatial hotels in centres already well and adequately served in this respect; in building branch lines in sparsely settled districts in Western Canada districts incapable of providing business for generations yet to come, and in equipping and operating de luxe trains to run parallel with other roads with whom they sought to compete for a business incapable of supporting two systems.

Year after year these same Railway companies, later merged into one system, came to Ottawa and "milked" the Government. The taxpayers footed the bills and the cry of extravagance went merrily on. Large staffs of officials were, and are, employed at fabulous salaries.

Today, with a huge deficit, with credits impaired, the High Priests of our Railway system proudly announce a hitherto unknown policy: economy. They are to eliminate "unnecessary" services. They reduce their employees' salaries and wages ten per cent.—a mere bagatelle when the reduced incomes of other enterprises are concerned. They are to close down "branches" that are not paying expenses. Yet the excessive salaries are paid their higher officials providing them with little short of a parasitical livelihood. The whole Canadian National system from Vancouver to Charlottetown is operating at a loss and if the Railway authorities were consistent they would not only close the Elmira branch, but close down the whole system, take in their sign and go out of business altogether. The railways of this country are maintained and operated, not for the purpose of paying dividends, but primarily to serve the interests of the country. (I except of course the C. P. R. and other privately owned roads).

It must not be forgotten that the taxpayers of every section of this Province have for over half a century contributed to the railway development of Western Canada. The people of this Province have seen their population dwindle to a little over 88,000 because of the non-fulfillment of the terms of Confederation and the loss of our markets as a result of that union with the rest of Canada. From 1873 to 1922 the people waited for steam communication with the mainland, the meanwhile seeing our growth retarded. Today the "home market" which was promised us in return, is closed to us by the exorbitant freight rates imposed by the Railways. Surely the people of a large and important agricultural district

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are not to be forced to pay for the folly and misguided zeal of politicians and railway heads. Is it not ridiculous in view of the financing of the road to Hudson Bay, a purely political concession to the politicians of Western Canada? A road penetrating the frozen wastes of Northern Manitoba to the gloom of the Eskimos and in Prince Edward Island a branch road serving a prosperous community closed by the Railway management because of economic conditions, is surely the height of absurdity! Surely, the Railway management should retain for us that which is our right, viz: communication with the rest of the continent and access to the markets for the produce of our farms. I am, Sir, etc., PRO BONO PUBLICO.

When April Comes

(Montreal Gazette) Rightly is April named the opening month. It is the forerunner of springtime. No period of the year is more gladly welcomed. None carries a greater influence. None speaks more subtly and eloquently to the human heart. This season contains in the germ all the rich treasure which the after days of gorgeous summer and ripe autumn better days to come. It sounds the prophetic strain. Its motif is the gloden age. Through all the weather moods which may melt down upon our old earth in the shape of snow-flurries, drenching rains, stinging sleet, or the fitful bluster of the east wind, the April spirit pursues its way with invincible bravery. There is something in the air that begets new hope when nature once more sets about the great business of renewing the face of the earth. It is amazing to reflect that the energy of nature is today as fresh and full as it was countless seasons ago, that no sign of steelessness or agedness appears upon the things which blow and grow about our doors, that each year the stuff which has been passed through the crucible and reduced to slag and ashes, afresh catches the flame of life and is wrought up into a myriad of forms of clean artistic beauty with which no human efforts can ever hope to vie. This springtime urge means more for the welfare of the race than all the scientific lore human folk have collated, and is of greater value than all the monumental works to which men have set their hands. It may be, as Chesterton somewhere suggests, that we modern folk have lost much of the simple sense of wonder and of awe which primitive peoples watched the motions of the seasons, the return of the light in the heavens and the emergence of springtime flowers from the clod.

But, if so, this simply bespeaks our stupidity. For the April lyric is a poem of beauty that never falls and never grows old, and what poetry is ever done into print is but the merest hint of that exquisite version nimbled amid alternate rains and sunshine—"When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim, Hath put the spirit of youth in everything."

The Black Museum

(Saturday Night) Of all the many museums of London, there can be none to equal the Black Museum. The Holy of Holies of Scotland Yard, the headquarters of London's police. It is entirely private, and very jealously guarded. It is in fact a private collection of mementoes of all the most famous crimes of our history, and it is moreover a cold fact that one of the chief reasons for the secrecy is that to show the exhibits to the "budding criminal" would go too far towards "giving the game away."

The Black Museum recalls all the most horrible and gruesome crimes of the century. Among its most ghastly relics are fragments of Mrs. Crippen's hair, dug up from the cellar of her husband's house where her mutilated body was found. The black wool masks of the Deptford murderers—an initial scratched on the handle of a workman's tool which led to his arrest, and the note scrawled with blood-stained fingers in which the notorious "Jack the Ripper" regretted that owing to lack of time he had been unable to cut off the ears of his latest victim in fulfillment of his promise to the police!

A ghouliah collection, but one filled with interest and instruction to those whose work is the detection and prevention of crime. In the corner a bunch of hangman's ropes gives mute testimony to the efficiency of the London police. The Black Museum is a great example of the little mistake which practically every criminal makes. The tiny zip that brings so many murderers to the gallows. There is little but a length of rope to remind one of Wainwright who murdered his wife, but buried her body in chloride of lime instead of quicklime. The second destroys, but the first preserves. There is a relic of Charlie Peace, burglar and murder-

er, but this is a tiny folding ladder, the forerunner of the telescopic ladders of the burgling fraternity of today. There is an oxy-acetylene blow lamp which was used to remove \$25,000 worth of jewels from a Piccadilly shop and a forged Treasury note labelled "made in Germany 1920." The only mistake in this otherwise perfect work of art is that the shading round the King's head is all the same color! High Treason is represented, and the uniform and sword of Roger Casement occupy a place not with the torso and skeleton map of the Irish Coast where he was landed from a German submarine. There are bombs, and Zeppelin relics, walking sticks and "jimmies," skeleton keys and "faked" dice, Prisms and mirrors. All the paraphernalia of crime gathered together through the years. A gruesome Museum in all truth but one which causes more than a little worry amongst the great brotherhood of Crime.

The Sunday school teacher, to the class (after reading with them the second chapter of Exodus): "What did the mother of Moses do to him soon after he was born?" "Please, teacher, she thrashed him," said one little chap. "What makes you say that?" asked the teacher. "Cause it says in the third verse. 'When she could not further hide him!'"

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