

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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TUESDAY, JUNE 17, 1924

GOLDEN WEDDING

Today we have the privilege and pleasure of extending to Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Cotton hearty congratulations on their Golden Wedding Day. Fifty years ago today the then young happy couple were united in the holy bonds of matrimony in St. Peter's Cathedral by the then Rector, Rev. Mr. Hodgson, the marriage being the second solemnized in the Cathedral. Mr. and Mrs. Cotton have since entered largely into the life of the community taking an active interest in its affairs and being model citizens in every respect. Mr. Cotton has done more, probably, than any living man to mould public opinion in the province, for 47 years as the active editor of the Examiner and since then as a contributor to the columns of The Guardian. As a philanthropist and social reformer his work is well and worthily known particularly in the city of Charlottetown and many indigent children have occasion to rise and call his name blessed for his invaluable work in connection with the Children's Aid Society. Mr. and Mrs. Cotton have invariably been found present at lectures and gatherings of an intellectual and artistic character and have always been desirous of cultivating the finer and less materialistic side of life. The Guardian joins with their family and host of friends in wishing them many happy returns of the auspicious day.

IMPORTANT MEDICAL MEET

As previously announced in The Guardian the Maritime Branch of the American Association of Surgeons will meet in Charlottetown on July 9 and 10. Among those who purpose attending this meeting are some of the most distinguished physicians and surgeons in Canada and the United States, including some of our own doctors who have made enviable names for themselves in Montreal and other Canadian and American cities.

While the doctors will hold their own professional Conference, including clinics at both of our hospitals, they will also attend a public meeting in one of our largest halls and to which the public will be invited.

This is expected to be one of the most important medical meetings ever held in this city, important that is, from the representative character in the medical world of many who are to attend and important also for the opportunity it will afford the province for displaying its summer attractiveness. We have no doubt the local medical association, the City Council and our various organizations will take advantage of the opportunity to make the visit a memorable one for our distinguished visitors as well as to the city and province.

There are many reasons why a public meeting should be held in connection with this conference, many reasons why our people should hear a discussion on matters of public health by men qualified to speak authoritatively on such matters. We boast, and have wherewith to boast, of our ocean-washed atmosphere, our invigorating climate, our immunity from climatic extremes, the longevity of our people and the general healthfulness of our province. Yet, we have a record in the official vital Statistics, referred to in former issues of The Guardian, which is not to our credit, a record which, we submit, is entirely misleading while no doubt literally correct. According to this record our death rate from tuberculosis is high, the highest with one exception, namely,

ely, Nova Scotia, of any of the provinces in Canada.

In connection with this record there is one fact that must not be lost sight of, namely, that there are more Prince Edward Islanders scattered over Canada and the United States than there are in Prince Edward Island. Many of these, overtaken by disease or old age, return to their native province and, ultimately, they are listed in the Vital Statistics, a large proportion of these in the tuberculosis column. As a matter of fact there is comparatively little tuberculosis in this province at any one time and we believe our practising physicians will bear us out in this statement.

But there is another matter which is being freely discussed at present, namely, the prevalence of tuberculosis along the Atlantic sea board, steadily diminishing as we proceed inland till it reaches its minimum in the prairie provinces and again increasing as we approach the Pacific Coast. This is equally true of the United States.

Is a humid atmosphere conducive to tuberculosis? Our atmosphere is charged with moisture, increasingly so to the point of saturation on the immediate Atlantic Coast. If so, and if the ocean washed air of the Maritimes is conducive to general healthfulness with this one exception, what precautions are possible to minimize the tendency to tuberculosis?

It is a matter of definite statistical knowledge that in many of our cities, particularly inland cities, the death rate from tuberculosis has been very greatly reduced. Is there any reason why is should not be as greatly reduced elsewhere?

According to official statistics the maximum death rate from tuberculosis is in the following order: Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, the prairie Provinces then rising in British Columbia—and similarly in the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific. May we not also find an apparent cause in the fact that the three Maritime provinces have been less influenced by immigration than any of the larger inland provinces? In the former, with their comparatively smaller populations, with the young continually migrating and intermarrying for generations, is there not a tendency to physical deterioration?

These are matters of vital importance and we trust that at the medical conference to be held here we shall have an opportunity of hearing authoritative opinions expressed which may eventually lead to remedial and preventative measures and so acquit the otherwise exuberantly healthy Maritimes of a charge which at present hangs over them as a stigma.

ROAD DANGERS

The automobile driver is not the only offender on our highways; there are others. There appears to be still a lingering idea in the minds of some people that the auto is an alien on the roads, trespassing where he has no right to be and to be treated with as scant courtesy as one can get away with. This is regrettable and no good citizen would harbor the idea for a moment. Our roads are free; no one has a right to a monopoly of them and only the uncivilized in auto or carriages will withhold from another the right to his legitimate share of the roadway. It would add much to the safety of our roads if carriages, as well as automobiles would carry lights after night.

Notes By the Way

Hon. James Murdock was exonerated from blame by the committee on Privileges in Elections in withdrawing his deposit from the Home Bank two days before the bank closed its door. That is; he was exonerated by a majority of the members of the committee who were present and voted when the vote was taken. The vote recorded in the committee stood 14 for and 8 against him. It was not however, a majority of the members of the committee, but just one-half of their number which voted for acquittal, as the committee was made up of 28 members.

The committee was made up politically of 15 Liberals, seven Progressives and six Conservatives. The 14 who voted to clear Mr. Murdock included only 10 of the 15 Liberals and only four of the seven Progressives. The chairman did not vote as there was no tie. The eight who voted to condemn the accused Minister included all the six Conservatives and two Progressives, one of the latter being Miss McPhail. There were six absentees all of whom were Liberals or Progressives. Thus of the 28 members of the committee, 22 belonged to the Allied Liberals and Progressive parties, all of whom were under strong party obligations to save from censure the Minister to whom they had hitherto given their support.

It was a foregone conclusion that Mr. Murdock would be acquitted by a majority vote in view of the political complexion of the committee. It would never do for a Cabinet Minister to be censured by a committee four-fifths of whose members had been his regular supporters. But it must strike both the Minister and the Cabinet that there was a lack of heartiness and party fealty in the endorsement that was given him at such a critical time. Both Mr. Murdock's position in the Cabinet and his seat in the House were in peril and only 14 out of 28 members of the committee voted to save him from a censure that would have turned him out of both the Cabinet and the House.

This is only the first stage of the trial. From the committee is passed on to the House. But there as in the committee the result is also a foregone conclusion. Mr. Murdock will doubtless be whitewashed by a Liberal-Progressive majority in the House but that will not end the trouble. There may be hesitancy in the endorsement which Mr. Murdock receives in that quarter, absentees, possibly adverse votes from former supporters as there were in the committee. That will not help matters for either Mr. Murdock or his Government colleagues if such conditions arise.

But the vote in the House will not be the final stage. The governmental majority as in party duty bound will be expected to give Mr. Murdock a clean bill of health and honor, but that will not end the matter. According to parliamentary practice and tradition Mr. Guss Porter, who laid the charge against Mr. Murdock and has failed to prove it to the satisfaction of a majority of the House will be expected to resign his seat. In that case there will shortly be a bye-election in West Hastings where Mr. Porter has been elected by good majorities at every federal election during the past twenty years. Such an election will turn mainly upon what the electors think of Mr. Murdock's action in the Home Bank affair.

The King Government would like to avoid bye-elections just now, since Halifax and Kent turned out disastrously in last December. But the Government and Mr. Murdock would be almost as much interested in a coming bye-election in West Hastings, as would Mr. Porter himself. For if Mr. Porter should be re-elected it would give a political black eye to Mr. Murdock and the King government. If Mr. Porter should be endorsed at the polls there would be a loud call for Mr. Murdock also to resign and ask his constituents for renewed evidence of their confidence in him—a call which could hardly be denied. The proceedings so far have demonstrated that man in his own party think his conduct has been derogatory to the honor of a Minister of the Crown while in Opposition circles it is strongly condemned. And the end is not yet.

Your Birthday

JUNE 17.—You have a blithe, happy, hopeful disposition. You are artistic, but sometimes impractical. You are sympathetic and loving. Fond of your home life, but also very fond of outside amusements.



By James W. Barton, M.D.

FUNCTIONAL AND ORGANIC

You find yourself more interested in your body, in your health, than you were formerly. Without thinking very much about it, you take notice of what you eat in the twenty-four hours. You figure that meat once a day is enough for you, considering that your work is not heavy, and there is not much repair to the body necessary.

You find yourself eating some fruit, some rough vegetables, and a green vegetable such as lettuce or celery almost daily. Also you watch the intestine, knowing the importance of the removal of wastes from the body.

Lately, and particularly since the war you have been hearing the words "functional" and "organic."

Perhaps you have been to your physician because your heart seemed to be beating more rapidly than usual.

Your physician says "Oh there's no 'organic' trouble, just a 'functional' disturbance." Possibly it is your stomach and after repeated questions, or even tests he makes the same remark.

Now you say "Well that may be so doctor, but I've got the fluttering heart, and it disturbs me just as much as if it were 'organic', whatever that means."

Or you say "This pain in my stomach is the real thing, irrespective of what name you give it."

Now what does your doctor mean? Well, if you get very much excited at times, the heart will beat rapidly, or if you get considerable gas in the stomach it will press up against the heart impeding its movement, and making it beat rapidly.

You see both these conditions cause a disturbance in the beating of the heart and yet the heart itself is perfectly sound. Its function or action has been disturbed by an outside or other influence.

Similarly with the stomach, you may be eating something that disagrees with you, such as eggs, onions, or other food. It disturbs the function or action of the stomach for some time afterwards.

Perhaps your nerves are upset, and they effect the stomach so that its muscular walls can't work properly, and the lining secretes the stomach juice in the right manner. Food lies too long there, and fermentation causes pain. That is not like cancer or ulcer because they are due to processes in the walls of the stomach itself. These are organic disturbances, just as a leaky valve of the heart would be called organic heart disease. So then a functional trouble is where something is interfering with the action of an organ, but the organ itself is all right. Organic trouble is where the organ itself has something wrong with its structure.

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

THE ROAD TO MAKE-BELIEVE

By Constance I. Davies

Oh, the wonderful road to Make-Believe Winds into the heart of the hills of dream. Thro' the rainbow's arch to the cloudland vales, And away to the last pale starry gleam.

Oh, the wonderful road to Make-Believe 'Tis only the feet of the young may find— The young in heart—for the heart's grown old Have forgotten the way and are left behind.

So long as you still can find the way— Tho' Time may have silvered the brown and gold, Tho' wrinkles and furrows be many and deep— Oh, you need not grieve, you are not yet old!

You like to travel, and you are eager to learn and improve your mind. Be careful not to allow pleasure to interfere with business. Your birth-stone is a pearl, which means health and long life. Your lucky flower is the honey-suckle. Your lucky colors are light blue and white.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. THE OLDEST TRADE MARK. 1867 THE PHARMACEUTICAL CO. LTD.

Bailey Case Closed By Finding of Body

"FINIS" has been written to the Bailey mystery that excited England for several months, and the police will draw a line through a name in their ledger or make whatever other mark is customary when a case is finally disposed of. Major Norman Percival Bailey's body has been found floating in the Thames, and the world-wide search for him prosecuted by the English police is at an end. It is doubtful if people in the United States or even in Canada would have become much interested in the Bailey case, for it lacked the essential element of mystery. But in England if a man disappears and the police are unable to find him, it is an exciting occurrence because it is so rare. When they were unable to trace him when he was sought for the murder of his wife, it was assumed that he had committed suicide, but assumptions are not so satisfying in England as elsewhere. What the police demanded of them was absolute proof that the only reason Bailey was not arrested was that he was dead. That proof has now been forthcoming.

After a Quiet Party

Bailey was a young man with a first-class war record, who was a traveler for a firm dealing in motor accessories. He had a pretty bad time in the war, and this may have had some bearing on his conduct on the night of December 6th last. On that evening he and his pretty young wife, formerly Margerety Malkin, of Burslem, gave a quiet little party in their flat at Hove. The guests departed at 10 o'clock with the exception of Miss Morgan, who occupied the flat above them, and who remained talking until midnight, when she, too, retired. She said that the young people were on the friendliest possible terms, as devoted to each other as they had been since the day of their marriage. At eight o'clock the next morning the caretaker of the apartments saw Major Bailey, neat and well dressed and freshly shaved walk out of the flat with his brief case under his arm and go down the street, never more to be seen by anyone who knew him until the muddied Thames disgorged his body. A few minutes later the caretaker heard a cry from the Bailey apartment, and rushing there found that the servant had just made a frightful discovery.

A Murder for Love.

In the Bailey's bedroom lay the body of Mrs. Bailey, the bedclothes thrown back, and covered only by a sheet. There was a bullet-hole in her head and a knife five inches long had been driven to the hilt in her breast. A bullet from a service revolver lay on the floor and on the bed was a note which read:—"I did not do it for jealousy or cowardice, but just for love. If the police are looking for me they had better look down on the seashore."

The alarm was given at once, and a full description of Bailey flashed through the country. Every police officer in the British Isles was on the alert, with the public clamoring for a swift arrest. But the police were at fault. Nobody could be found who had been Bailey after he turned the corner from the caretaker's sight. To puzzle them still further notes began to arrive from the missing man, which indicated that he had not escaped from the country, and had not gone far from his home. One of the first notes discovered was written to the maid who discovered the body. It enclosed ten shillings owing to her and said: "I must have gone quite mad this morning and cannot yet wake up. Mrs. Bailey was the world to me. The war has made my nights awful to me for a long time."

Writes to Police. The Chief Constable of Hove

also received a note which read:—"I must have been very mad. I had a brainstorm and woke up in the night with yar horrors. The next thing I knew I was in London. Tell the Coroner financial matters did not affect me." The missing man also communicated with the editor of the Staffordshire Sentinel, Hanley, to this effect:—"Just before I go to join my dearest Margery I want to ask you to see that we are not wrongly judged. I must have gone completely mad, because my wife was an absolute treasure. . . I cannot understand my brain."

That Bailey in a fit of madness had murdered his wife nobody doubted, and that he would presently take his own life, seemed certain enough, but the police did not know whether the notes might not come from a confederate to cover Bailey's escape to a distant land. They knew that as a rule murderers who commit suicide do it immediately after the crime. Bailey seemed to be hanging on unduly. So they searched steamers and communicated with far-distant parts, all to no effect.

Had Gone to London.

An American returning from England, who bore a remarkable personal resemblance to Bailey, even down to a couple of artificial teeth and a scar on the arm, was arrested as he stepped down a gangplank in New York and questioned. It took him three hours to convince the New York police that he was not the man sought. The English police were handicapped by many false clues, the result of information sent them by hysterical people who had become interested in the case. Eventually they discovered that Bailey had reached London and taken a room in a Charing Cross hotel. In the room were found an empty brief case, some ammunition for a service revolver and a pad of writing paper containing the name of the Commissioner of Police and signed by Bailey. But there was nothing more. Quietly the search went on and a few days ago was rewarded when the Thames gave up his dead. Bailey had evidently shot himself through the head with the same revolver he had used on his wife, and his dying body had fallen into the river.

MURDERER AND HIS VICTIM

(By Dominion News Service) BUDAPEST, JUNE 16.—A strange scene thrilled the crowd in one of the picturesque corners of old Budapest when twelve policemen arrived with a manacled prisoner and two workmen carrying spades.

A cordon was made around the square, and the public surged forward to see the unusual spectacle of a murderer digging up his wife, whom he had strangled.

Stephen Porro, the prisoner, after being furnished with more wine than was good for him, had confessed to the detective that he had killed his wife in a jealous rage, and had buried her at the edge of the square one night.

He indicated the spot and watched the workmen dig, but they were slow, and Porro snatched the spade from one of them and began digging energetically.

"Ah! I've found the place!" he exclaimed at last, and stopped to pick up an object. The spectators nearby broke the cordon to see what he held in his manacled hand.

It was a potato which the murderer had laid on the woman's body "to mark the spot," he said, and it had sprouted.

The body was found in a sack. When the police asked if he had cut up the body the man answered indignantly, "Certainly not! I buried her decently in the proper way."

BANTAM COCK AS MOTHER

(By Dominion News Service) LONDON, June 16.—A novel sight which is creating great interest is that of a game bantam cock sitting on four eggs.

The cock, which is owned by T. Hyndman Co., Ltd.

Insurance Service. No merchant, manufacturer, farmer, shipper or banker will entrust his legal affairs to a chance acquaintance, nor permit a friend in distress to search a title or prepare a deed; yet it is popularly supposed that anyone is competent to write an insurance policy, although within a few hours the validity of that policy may constitute the only claim to thousands of dollars. We write all lines of insurance and with an experience of over fifty years, aim to give a complete service. Representing 20 leading insurance companies. HYNDMAN CO., LTD. The Oldest Insurance Agency in P. E. Island, Charlottetown, 61 Queen Street.

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Williamson, a collier of Coalville Leicestershire, became broody three weeks ago, and for eight days sat on "pot" eggs. These were changed for real eggs, and according to Mr. Williamson, the cock is disturbed he cucks and fusses like an old hen. There is much speculation regarding the outcome of the sitting of the "he-mother-to-be," and the brood is expected shortly. Mr. Williamson also owns a pigeon which hatched two bantam chicks. "Sandy," said a pompous Scotch laird to an old farmer, "you are getting very bent. Why don't you stand up straight like me." "Well," answered Sandy, "dye see y'r field o' corn?" "I do," said the laird. "Ye'll notice that the full heds hang doon an' the empty ones stand up."

I CANNOT READ THE FUTURE

I do not claim the ability to read the future any more than any other man who makes a study of conditions in his particular line, but if I were asked for a statement as to the possibilities of Silver Fox farming for the next five years, my conscientious opinion would be, that we are in for a period of greatly increased prosperity and better prices for Silver Fox furs than we have seen during the past two or three years.

Anyone who has studied the fox industry the last twenty years must know that Europe has been the great outlet for Silver Fox furs, and that all the world's records for pelts (which by the way have been captured by Prince Edward Island raised fox pelts) were made at the great London auctions. These pelts found their way to Austria, Russia, Germany, and France. From 1914 to 1920 these countries have been practically out of the market. Now Germany, Russia, Austria and France are again active in their demand for Silver Fox furs. The Germans are the largest buyers at the January Lamppson's sale, sending the price of good skins up 50% above the previous auction sales figures. Germany also was the largest buyer at the Danish sale held a month later.

This is good news for the fox rancher, as it means a broader market and steadily increasing demand during the next few years. The United States is also demanding great numbers of Silver Fox furs. Thus market conditions are being created which will take care of all the Silver Fox furs that can be produced, at prices that will yield a profit ten times greater than any other farming proposition one can engage in.

If you intend to take advantage of this condition you would be wise to start your ranch this fall and make your arrangements at once for the purchasing of breeding stock, and avoid disappointment in securing the kind and quality of foxes necessary to make for sure success.

Owing to my extensive connections in the fur industry of this Province, I believe I am in a better position than any other man here to advise and select for you the kind and quality of breeding strains that the fur markets of the world demand today.

Every fox I sell is scored by me and my score card goes with it. I also take particular pains to see that matings are satisfactory as to blood lines, etc., and that the matings are carefully proportioned. To ranches that require a change of blood, my services will be particularly valuable, as I am in a position to buy for them almost any desirable strain or type.

Book early and avoid disappointment. W. Chester S. McLure. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Canada. The Largest Direct Handler of Silver Fox Furs in the World. Judge at International Exhibitions, Montreal and Toronto. Also Judge at Boston and Muskegon Shows, 1920. My Score Card Goes With Every Fox.