

President—W. Chester S. McLure. Vice-President—J. E. Burnet. Secretary—Lieut. Col. D. A. MacKinnon, D. S. O. Editor and Manager—J. E. Burnet. Associate Editor—D. E. Currie.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1926

THE CAMPAIGN

The campaign is now on in full earnest. The joint political meetings which opened last night at Grand View and will be continued throughout Queens County until the eve of election day will no doubt be well attended and the speakers on both sides will be given the usual respectful hearing. There is no reason why there should be any bitterness or any misrepresentation in connection with these meetings or with the issues involved.

The one outstanding issue before the people is which of the two parties shall rule in the next Parliament. The King Government is on trial. Its record for the past five years is before the people. This record is not hearsay or rumor. It is all known, or at least known as far as investigation, by a parliamentary committee selected by ex-Premier King, has gone. It is a foul record, a record of crime against the country, crime for the sake of holding office, crime known to and permitted by the then Premier and his ministers, crime which either through weakness or love of office they were unable or unwilling to check. Are these men worthy to be again entrusted with the government? This is the great question which the electors must answer for themselves and to the satisfaction of their own consciences. As to policy and promises, however plausible they may be, the question still comes back, are the men who have already broken faith with the people to be trusted again?

As to the candidates, Mr. R. H. Jenkins was a supporter of the King Government during the blackest and most notorious period in its history. He helped in the vain effort to whitewash its worst offenders and failed. He still defends it. Will it be to the benefit of the province or of Canada to send him again to help Mr. Mackenzie King? Mr. John E. Sinclair, the other Liberal candidate, is also an apologist for the King Government. He was not a representative during the recent session, but his present candidature indicates where he stands. Do the people want a repetition of the Government of the past five years? This is the question the electors must answer for themselves.

BECOMING PANICKY

Our Liberal friends are becoming panicky. They are already anticipating the outcome of the joint political meetings about to be held and, above all, denying the charges brought against the late King Government.

The people of this Province who possess average intelligence must feel humiliated and insulted when this kind of stuff is dished out to them; even fair-minded Liberals must feel insulted when they find themselves included with a party which is unreasonably and childishly defending and even denying official conduct which has brought the blush of shame to the cheeks of honest Canadians.

If our Liberal friends were honest, if they were even wise without being honest, they would accept the findings of the Parliamentary Committee, the majority of whom were supporters of the King Government, and denounce the official conduct that led to it. Instead, like the thief caught with the goods, they deny it and blame the Conservatives for raising a row just for political purposes. What kind of Government could Canada expect from a party proved guilty on sworn evidence and who still deny their guilt and even defend it?

The issues before the people in this province as in the rest of Canada is whether the King Liberals are worthy of being again entrusted with the Government. They have been censured by a majority of the members of the House of Commons for conduct unworthy of Ministers of the Crown, for permitting the country to be robbed of millions—estimated at an average of thirty millions of dollars a year since the party came into power. The spokesmen of the party defend their conduct and deny the findings of the investigating committee. Are we to judge the whole Liberal party by the screaming denials of their spokesmen? Is the Liberal party unrepentant, unashamed, worthy of being again entrusted with the Government of this country?

Mr. Mackenzie King, to divert attention from the misconduct of his Government, a Government which was fully cognizant of the debauchery in the Customs Department and permitted it, raised other issues, among them the so-called "constitutional" issue in which he charged the Governor-General with unfair and unconstitutional conduct. The charge was expected to do duty among any anti-British people throughout the country but, like a boomerang, it took the wrong direction and it has been called off although Mr. Lapointe is still wielding it in the province of Quebec. It is regrettable that even supposedly loyal Canadians were quite ready to turn Red and press this attack on the Governor-General for the sake of its presumed political effect.

So far as this province is concerned, the men who supported the King Government and who are now, through their spokesmen, defending its conduct, are on trial. Have they expressed any regret for the robbery and the immorality they are defending? Are they to be trusted again. This is the question the people are asking, and which they will answer on the 14th of September. "Constitutional" questions are not worrying the people. They do not care a fig who ordered the election; they are quite satisfied the Governor-General knew what he was about. As to fiscal policy the people want no tinkering and no instability. They know the fiscal policy of the Conservative party; no one knows, not even Mr. Mackenzie King knows the fiscal policy of the Liberal party for it is subject to all the political winds that blow. The people know all this and that is why every indication points to a substantial Conservative majority after the coming election.

There is no bond of sympathy, political or racial between the French Canadian and the Progressives. The feeling in Quebec is that the two groups have been equally yoked together to the detriment of Quebec interests and with loss of prestige to that Province. And in common with the electors of other provinces the people feel the desirability and the need of a stable Government and a settled fiscal policy which has been denied to the country under the King regime. These are among the reasons why a measurable increase in the number of supporters of the Meighen Government may be expected from Quebec at the coming election.

In seven general elections, 1904-1925, inclusive, Quebec has elected but 63 Conservative members to the House of Commons against 332 Liberals, so-called. This wholly abnormal condition cannot be explained on the ground of devotion to what are called Liberal principles or policy. No doubt the brilliant leadership of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the affection with which he was regarded by his compatriots was a very potent influence with his Quebec followers in his day, but his successor in the leadership of the Liberal party has not inherited in any considerable measure the qualities that command leadership in Quebec. In his time of greatest need ex-Premier King might have looked in vain for a seat in the Province where Sir Wilfrid Laurier was most dearly beloved.

It is quite apparent that the people of Quebec have no love for the Liberal-Progressive alliance; that they see the need for stable Government on a two-party basis, and are favorably disposed toward a moderately protective tariff policy. And now that the King Government is down and out the way is fairly open to give the new Conservative Government a fair trial. The King combination has had its trial and has failed. It has gone down loaded with scandals that have disgusted thousands of its one-time devoted supporters. Surely there is hope that the new Government will do better! And should it by any chance fail to do better, the people will still have a remedy. Thank Heaven, the people of Canada still have the power to turn and overturn until clean, honest Government is established in the land!

Insinuation and innuendo and threats of telling something about political opponents is poor argument, and savours of cowardice. Fair-minded electors prefer straight charges like the charges made and proved against the King Government, and those who stood by it.

The smugglers are having a hard time of it these days. Mr. Stevens does not appear to have any use for them in the present campaign. The bootleggers also are likely to be out of business. They will not support the Conservative candidates.

Notes by the Way

The record of Quebec as between the two old parties since Confederation affords an interesting study. That Province has been but little affected by the United Farmer or Progressive movements which have so greatly disturbed Ontario and the Prairie Provinces. From the beginning its representation in the House of Commons has been divided between the Conservative and Liberal parties. In the first seven Dominion elections, 1867-1896 inclusive, Quebec elected to the House of Commons more of the former than of the latter, the actual figures being 287 Conservative members against 233 Liberals.

During that long period Quebec was more Conservative than Ontario. Following the death of Sir John Macdonald in 1891 and the rise of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Quebec became pronouncedly Liberal. In 1896 only 16 Conservatives were elected; in 1900 only 7; in 1904 only 11; again 11 in 1908 and rising to 27 in 1911. Then came the war and the trouble over conscription, and in 1917 the Unionist Government led by Sir Robert Borden, although it was given a large majority in the Dominion, elected but three supporters in Quebec. The election of 1921 so far as the Province was concerned was so dominated by the feeling against conscription that not a single Conservative was elected. That, however, marked the turn of the tide, and four Conservatives were returned at the election in October last.

The war, which was a disturbing influence in Quebec in the elections of 1917, 1921, 1925 has now receded farther in the past and other more vital questions have come to occupy the attention of the electors of the French-Canadian Province. Among these is the fact that a Western Group, alien to both the older political parties, had come to practically dominate the Government and public policy of the Dominion. The electors of Quebec have as a body always opposed the group system in parliamentary government and now that they have seen the evils of that system they view it with increasing disfavor.

There is no bond of sympathy, political or racial between the French Canadian and the Progressives. The feeling in Quebec is that the two groups have been equally yoked together to the detriment of Quebec interests and with loss of prestige to that Province. And in common with the electors of other provinces the people feel the desirability and the need of a stable Government and a settled fiscal policy which has been denied to the country under the King regime. These are among the reasons why a measurable increase in the number of supporters of the Meighen Government may be expected from Quebec at the coming election.

It is quite apparent that the people of Quebec have no love for the Liberal-Progressive alliance; that they see the need for stable Government on a two-party basis, and are favorably disposed toward a moderately protective tariff policy. And now that the King Government is down and out the way is fairly open to give the new Conservative Government a fair trial. The King combination has had its trial and has failed. It has gone down loaded with scandals that have disgusted thousands of its one-time devoted supporters. Surely there is hope that the new Government will do better! And should it by any chance fail to do better, the people will still have a remedy. Thank Heaven, the people of Canada still have the power to turn and overturn until clean, honest Government is established in the land!

Insinuation and innuendo and threats of telling something about political opponents is poor argument, and savours of cowardice. Fair-minded electors prefer straight charges like the charges made and proved against the King Government, and those who stood by it.

The smugglers are having a hard time of it these days. Mr. Stevens does not appear to have any use for them in the present campaign. The bootleggers also are likely to be out of business. They will not support the Conservative candidates.

The issues before the people in this province as in the rest of Canada is whether the King Liberals are worthy of being again entrusted with the Government. They have been censured by a majority of the members of the House of Commons for conduct unworthy of Ministers of the Crown, for permitting the country to be robbed of millions—estimated at an average of thirty millions of dollars a year since the party came into power. The spokesmen of the party defend their conduct and deny the findings of the investigating committee. Are we to judge the whole Liberal party by the screaming denials of their spokesmen? Is the Liberal party unrepentant, unashamed, worthy of being again entrusted with the Government of this country?

Mr. Mackenzie King, to divert attention from the misconduct of his Government, a Government which was fully cognizant of the debauchery in the Customs Department and permitted it, raised other issues, among them the so-called "constitutional" issue in which he charged the Governor-General with unfair and unconstitutional conduct. The charge was expected to do duty among any anti-British people throughout the country but, like a boomerang, it took the wrong direction and it has been called off although Mr. Lapointe is still wielding it in the province of Quebec. It is regrettable that even supposedly loyal Canadians were quite ready to turn Red and press this attack on the Governor-General for the sake of its presumed political effect.

So far as this province is concerned, the men who supported the King Government and who are now, through their spokesmen, defending its conduct, are on trial. Have they expressed any regret for the robbery and the immorality they are defending? Are they to be trusted again. This is the question the people are asking, and which they will answer on the 14th of September. "Constitutional" questions are not worrying the people. They do not care a fig who ordered the election; they are quite satisfied the Governor-General knew what he was about. As to fiscal policy the people want no tinkering and no instability. They know the fiscal policy of the Conservative party; no one knows, not even Mr. Mackenzie King knows the fiscal policy of the Liberal party for it is subject to all the political winds that blow. The people know all this and that is why every indication points to a substantial Conservative majority after the coming election.



That Body of Yours

By James W. Brien, M.D.

When some infection enters the body, whether from some part of the body itself or from outside the body, immediately the blood calls out its reserves to give it battle. The infection is spoken of as a "foreign body" in the blood, and the blood calls out its antibodies to fight it.

In an attack of pneumonia for instance the white corpuscles in the blood will increase to two, three, four or more times in number. If the number is very high it shows that it is a severe attack. If the number is low it shows that the natural resistance of the blood is very poor.

However, research men are finding now that in addition to these antibodies found in the blood there is another element enters into the matter, namely the "complement," which as its name implies completes the fighting equipment of blood.

A Winnipeg research man experimenting on 230 normal persons, children, students, teachers and prisoners, and on 280 patients suffering with various ailments, practically the same results. That is the complement was normal. Of the other six one was found recovering from influenza, one from diphtheria, two were found to have kidney trouble, and the remaining one no special ailment was found although he was of a principal type, and complained of many pains as he had no other symptoms.

He found tons were so distressing that these newcomers take a back seat. This was the only original hard-earned by a decline as the patient's health improved.

What does this mean to you? That in health the amount of "complement" in the blood should be always about the same. If it shows a decrease of as much as 25 per cent then a careful examination for trouble should be made. You haven't got enough of that something needed to fight off trouble. In other words it is like going into a battle with a powerful well-trained army, but with poor equipment as to guns, ammunition, airplanes and so forth.

It may be then that part of the routine examination of the future will be an estimation of the "complement" power in the blood. If it is found to be low, your physician can prescribe the proper treatment.

Daily Lessons In English

By W. L. Gordon

WORDS OFTEN MISUSED: "Per cent" is both singular and plural. "Ten per cent was the profit." "Ten per cent of the boys were sent away to school."

OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED: "congress." Pronounce kong-gress, not kong-gress.

OFTEN MISPELLED: centennial; three's n's.

SYNONYMS: adage, axiom, proverb, motto, byword.

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: CHIVALROUS; knightly; gallant; courteous. "His ideas of chivalrous honor prohibited him from doing the man injury."

DAILY SELECTIONS FOR Guardian Readers

August 4, 1926. A GREAT COMMAND—"Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." Jos. 1:9.

PRAYER—Here am I, Lord, send "MY NEIGHBOR'S ROSES" The roses red upon my neighbor's vine. Are owned by him, but they are also mine. His was the cost, and his the labor, too. But mine as well as his the joy, their loveliness to view. They bloom for me, and are for me as for the man who gives them all his care. Thus I am rich, because a good man grew. A rose-clad vine for all his neighbors' view. I know from this that others plant for me. And what they own, my joy may be. So why be selfish, when so much is grown for you, upon your neighbor's vine?

The Man Nobody Knows

Instalment XVII.

A GOOD JOKE

APPRECIATION OF P. E. ISLAND.

SIR—When I called at your office a few weeks ago, I was a stranger to your little Island. I toured the land and its charm has gripped me. The tender greetings from your citizens, the hospitality of your people, the gracious interest shown to me as a stranger there I shall not soon forget.

Nor shall I forget the outstanding character that stamps her people; their love of home life; their appreciation of service, of helpfulness to others, their recognition of true values—these I found, not only in Charlottetown, but in the remotest rural valleys in Montserrat; in Murray Harbour. The sincerity and charm of these loved people is fascinating and enduring. I have traveled much in almost every state in my own United States but have found nothing to equal it.

I have been moved to write lines to commemorate my visit there. I write it in honor of one of our noble sons of the little Island, who as a boy, attended your schools, drank in the sunlight of your smiling skies and felt the tang and life of your invigorating salt air. I write it in honor of a certain Stephen G. Clow, for a year a reporter for the Guardian under the supervision of Mr. J. E. B. McCready, but who is now destined by the hand of Fate, not intent, to exile in my native land for a season. He is, I understand, the son of James Clow, who was an assemblyman in your island legislature for twelve years, an honored Christian gentleman. I write it in honor of this man, his home and reputable parentage, with the hope that you will publish it.

I left your shores reluctantly; I shall tell others of your marvellous country and people. I am Sir, etc. HARRIET S. SHELLEY.

THE EXILE'S SONG. Where far away from home and friends. For many a weary mile. My thoughts revert to boyhood days. In old Prince Edward Isle. That garden spot of all the earth. That land of shaggy pines. Of rolling fields, of meadow's wide. How memory entwines!

There, as a barefoot boy I trod. In rural winding ways, and I watched the great ships come and go. About her endless bays. I dreamed beneath her orchard trees. Of manhood's sterner call. I seemed a pent-in, wounded thing. And yearned to leave it all.

Now, when an Exile from her shores. In other lands I roam. I crave once more that richest dower. I love the land of home! The faces that in youth I knew. Come back to me in dreams; Life has weighed heavily with its cares. And nothing real seems.

The hopes that in my boyish way. Lead on to roads of fame. Are empty, things—how I reverse! That old "Prince Edward" name! So snugly set in hills. And craved the rushing Montague; The homey blackbird trills!

I've wandered under many moons. I've slept 'neath starry sky. I've seen the stranger as my guest. But this truth comes to me. There are no faces in the world. Like those I used to see.

Those dear home faces that I knew. The Scottish lore I love. Smile in across the waste of years. Thru every way I rove. Ah, can it be that men forget. Amidst life's rush and din. Those truer principles of life? To childhood mused in? Ah, do you think they can forget. Their mother's prayers and tears?

Can they forget the old schoolbell. That mellores thru the years? No, I wonder, remembering, I live. And wonder, in that distant Isle. Have things changed much since then?

What of the boys whom once I knew. Most of all. He was the treasurer of the group, harassed because expenses ran high and there was no certainty of to-morrow's income. Jesus brushed away such petty worries with a smile.

"Consider the lilies of the field," he exclaimed. "They toil not neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." That was it all very poetic. He knew that you can not get anything in the world without money. And it was his job to find the money. The other disciples had similar worries. They wanted to get it in the new Kingdom; they were properly initiated into the organization, were claiming to be followers of Jesus and doing miracles there. They fretted because there was so much work to be done and the days too short for doing it. But he towered magnificently above it all.

The Public Forum

This column is open for the discussion of subjects of interest. The Charlottetown Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinions of correspondents.

APPRECIATION OF P. E. ISLAND.

SIR—When I called at your office a few weeks ago, I was a stranger to your little Island. I toured the land and its charm has gripped me. The tender greetings from your citizens, the hospitality of your people, the gracious interest shown to me as a stranger there I shall not soon forget.

Nor shall I forget the outstanding character that stamps her people; their love of home life; their appreciation of service, of helpfulness to others, their recognition of true values—these I found, not only in Charlottetown, but in the remotest rural valleys in Montserrat; in Murray Harbour. The sincerity and charm of these loved people is fascinating and enduring. I have traveled much in almost every state in my own United States but have found nothing to equal it.

I have been moved to write lines to commemorate my visit there. I write it in honor of one of our noble sons of the little Island, who as a boy, attended your schools, drank in the sunlight of your smiling skies and felt the tang and life of your invigorating salt air. I write it in honor of a certain Stephen G. Clow, for a year a reporter for the Guardian under the supervision of Mr. J. E. B. McCready, but who is now destined by the hand of Fate, not intent, to exile in my native land for a season. He is, I understand, the son of James Clow, who was an assemblyman in your island legislature for twelve years, an honored Christian gentleman. I write it in honor of this man, his home and reputable parentage, with the hope that you will publish it.

I left your shores reluctantly; I shall tell others of your marvellous country and people. I am Sir, etc. HARRIET S. SHELLEY.

THE EXILE'S SONG. Where far away from home and friends. For many a weary mile. My thoughts revert to boyhood days. In old Prince Edward Isle. That garden spot of all the earth. That land of shaggy pines. Of rolling fields, of meadow's wide. How memory entwines!

There, as a barefoot boy I trod. In rural winding ways, and I watched the great ships come and go. About her endless bays. I dreamed beneath her orchard trees. Of manhood's sterner call. I seemed a pent-in, wounded thing. And yearned to leave it all.

Now, when an Exile from her shores. In other lands I roam. I crave once more that richest dower. I love the land of home! The faces that in youth I knew. Come back to me in dreams; Life has weighed heavily with its cares. And nothing real seems.

The hopes that in my boyish way. Lead on to roads of fame. Are empty, things—how I reverse! That old "Prince Edward" name! So snugly set in hills. And craved the rushing Montague; The homey blackbird trills!

I've wandered under many moons. I've slept 'neath starry sky. I've seen the stranger as my guest. But this truth comes to me. There are no faces in the world. Like those I used to see.

Those dear home faces that I knew. The Scottish lore I love. Smile in across the waste of years. Thru every way I rove. Ah, can it be that men forget. Amidst life's rush and din. Those truer principles of life? To childhood mused in? Ah, do you think they can forget. Their mother's prayers and tears?

Can they forget the old schoolbell. That mellores thru the years? No, I wonder, remembering, I live. And wonder, in that distant Isle. Have things changed much since then?

What of the boys whom once I knew. Most of all. He was the treasurer of the group, harassed because expenses ran high and there was no certainty of to-morrow's income. Jesus brushed away such petty worries with a smile.

"Consider the lilies of the field," he exclaimed. "They toil not neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." That was it all very poetic. He knew that you can not get anything in the world without money. And it was his job to find the money. The other disciples had similar worries. They wanted to get it in the new Kingdom; they were properly initiated into the organization, were claiming to be followers of Jesus and doing miracles there. They fretted because there was so much work to be done and the days too short for doing it. But he towered magnificently above it all.

That Wicked Diary

Montreal Standard says:—Where, the public will be asking, is "Josephine's Diary?" This state document, which he said to have swept certain tender consciences among the Progressives clear to the other side when everything else failed, has never yet in print that goes into newspapers. There are probably good reasons for this—public morals and the fact that the newspapers do not make a practice of circulating this class of literature in the home.

Josephine's Diary, as it is known at Ottawa, is a private diary kept by a young female chevelier d'industrie in Montreal, in which Cabinet Ministers and other high personages of State figure in more or less bacchanalian manner. The diary is said to be even franker than Jean Jacques Rousseau's Confessions, and considerably less delicate. The style is free and a copy of the diary being submitted to the Rev. Mr. Woodsworth for St. Agnes Macphail's inspection, that champion of virtue from Winnipeg.

Of the schoolmaster mild? They well they flood in thru the years. I am, once more, a child. The rainy Sundays, grim and still. The Scriptures learned at home. They grip my soul like clasps of steel. No matter where I roam!

Sweet, dear home faces, tender, true. So full of love and trust. I can't grow used to modern folk. Although I know I must. They live, the only friendships strong. The only chords worth while.—My Angels guard that land of home. My own Prince Edward Isle!

Harriet S. Shelley, the writer of the above letter and poem is a teacher in Carlisle, Pa., an author and poet. Her best known work is a volume of poems entitled Poems of Life and Living, a book which has received wide recognition and very favourable comment in the United States, Ed. G.

Powerful Medicine.—The following properties in six excellent bottles are concentrated in every bottle. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, formerly one of the most beneficial liniments ever offered to the use of man. Many can testify as to its power in alleviating pain, and many more certify that they owe their lives to it. Its wonderful power is expressed by the small price which it sells.

We recommend and offer for investment the New Issue of CITY OF CHARLOTTETOWN Five Per Cent Bonds Due 1946. We will exchange these bonds for your present holdings. J. M. ROBINSON & SONS, LTD. INVESTMENT BANKERS. Charlottetown, P. E. I. Telephone 291. P. O. Box 464. F. A. S. JONES, REPRESENTATIVE.

RELIEF FOR CORNS. Mac's Corn Cure is one of the best remedies for corns, and callouses. Painless in its action. Sure in its effects. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE ALSO. Blue Jay 35c. Freezout 35c. Putnam 25c. Hollaway's 25c. Hanson's Corn Salve and many others.

THE 2 MACS DRUGSTORE. PHONE 315.

IT'S TIME TO BUY HARD COAL. We will have the Schoon "Theoline" next week with 100 tons high grade Hard Chestnut Coal. Please send your order today for delivery from this boat. A. Pickard & Co. PHONE 240.

Never Failing Trout Tackle. When you go fishing be sure and take along all necessary tackle to meet varying conditions that will confront the angler. Select from our magnificent stock and you'll not select amiss. Trout Flies—the largest assortment of English flies in the Maritimes. Fly Rods—a large stock of split bignbos, varying in price from \$2.25 to \$20.00. THE WHITE DRUG STORE. J. G. JAMIESON.

E. R. BROW. 146 RICHMOND STREET CHARLOTTETOWN. Fire, Life, Accident, Sickness and Plate Glass Insurance at Lowest Rate. Agent at Summerside, Lloyd Lewis. Good Strong Stock Companies.

For the Good of the Liberal Party King Should Go Into Opposition