

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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A Signal Victory

The magnificent victory won by Mr. J. Shelton Sharp, Conservative candidate, in yesterday's by-election in Second Prince furnishes striking proof, if such were needed, of the general feeling throughout the Province against the Lea administration. Everything that the Government and its party press could do to win a seat for Mr. Campbell, the defeated candidate, was done. He was sworn in, before his nomination, as a member of the Executive Council. The Second District of Prince, a District which for the past half century had never returned a Conservative candidate, was chosen as the "battle ground"—to quote a significant phrase of our contemporary; Trafalgar Day was picked for the election date, and the "victory" which the Government expected to achieve was to be "the first verdict of the people against the Bennett administration." Strange how the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agone! The electors of Second Prince proved not so amenable to the "big stick" as was anticipated. They insisted on thinking things out for themselves, and judged the respective candidates on their own merits and the records of the parties they represented. And of course, once the spotlight was turned on the Lea Government, on its callous repudiation of its election promises, its maladministration of the Prohibition law, its extravagant expenditure of public money, the "game was up." In the final stages of the "battle" the wild statements of the Liberal press undoubtedly helped to roll up a majority for Mr. Sharp. The people had had enough of incompetent administration; it was the crowning insult when the party organ resorted to vilification and abuse of its opponents in order to carry the electors off their feet.

The result of the by-election is at once a sweeping condemnation of the Lea Government and a signal tribute to the popularity and ability of Mr. Sharp, whom we congratulate most heartily. The Second District of Prince is also deserving of the warmest congratulations.

Nothing now remains for the Lea Government but to tender its resignation at the earliest opportunity, and give the electors generally a chance of returning a competent and business-like administration under the leadership of the Hon. J. D. Stewart.

The people have spoken!

Radium in Canada

Still another mineral is like to be added to the list of those produced within the Dominion of Canada, and this time it is one beside which the gold and silver which are now produced in large quantities are as nothing in value. The new mineral which has been discovered, and which it is hoped will prove to be present in quantities that will make its extraction possible, is nothing more or less than the precious metal radium.

It is in Ontario that the find has been made. The future mine is located on 456 acres of barren land in Haliburton County, near Wilberforce, and was discovered eight years ago by W. M. Richardson, who was prospecting for fluospar, a substance commonly used as a flux in the extraction of metals from their ores. The ore of the metal that was found is its most common one, uraninite or pitchblende. Samples of this were sent to the Dominion assayer, who reported that the ore showed the presence of radium in considerable quantities.

If the deposit in Canada proves workable, it will be of tremendous importance, not only to this Dominion, but to the whole world. Radium is one of the most useful of substances, and has been found to be of very great value in the treatment of cancer. However, the quantity of radium which can be obtained is very

limited. The only radium producing mine is in the Belgian Congo. The output of this is controlled by a monopoly. Other deposits have been found in other countries, but the quantities were always too small to be of any value. In the United States salts of radium have been found in Utah and Colorado. If, as has been reported, the Canadian mine is large enough to supply the needs of the whole British Empire, the mineral wealth of Canada will receive an important addition, and at the same time the "medical profession will be given the opportunity to use radium to a far greater extent than is possible at the present.

The Confederation Chamber

The removal of the Public Library from the Provincial Building affords the Government a much needed opportunity of removing the Provincial Treasurer's department from the Confederation Chamber to the room which the Library formerly occupied. Remodelling of the latter room for business purposes has been completed, and the staff is now moving in. The change, from every standpoint, will be a decided improvement. Not only will it facilitate business in the Treasurer's department, but it should enable the Government to maintain the Confederation Chamber in a manner more in keeping with its historic associations. The continued use of this chamber by the Government for office purposes, necessitated hitherto by the lack of other available accommodation, has tended to vulgarize what should be regarded with reverence and respect. Visitors from other Provinces have frequently expressed surprise that the room in which the first conference of Canadian statesmen was held and where the idea of a Dominion of Canada was born, should be converted to the utilitarian purposes of tax collecting. With the removal of this discordant note there should go a systematic endeavor to enhance the historic interest attaching to the chamber by every available means. Already there are some historic pictures and furniture in the room, which can now be displayed to better advantage. Other mementoes of the period can be added from time to time, as the opportunity for collecting these arises. The object should be to convert the chamber, as nearly as possible into a replica of what it was when the Confederation Fathers assembled there on September 1, 1864. This idea, we believe, would meet with general approval throughout Canada. Our national shrines are few, and none is of more intrinsic interest and importance than our own Confederation Chamber.

Editorial Notes

Good work, Second Prince!

No, little Peterkin, the Patriot roosters will NOT be out today.

What was it our contemporary said the other day about being "mad as a wet hen?"

The Lea Government chose Trafalgar Day for its defeat in the old Liberal district of Second Prince. The better the day, the better the deed.

Premier Lea needn't worry about a "legal adviser" to assist him in plotting Government bills through the Legislature. Soon he won't need any.

Opposition newspapers have ceased to assert that Premier Bennett's pre-election pledges are impossible of fulfillment. They are just now laboriously demonstrating that the ones he has already carried out are not producing such good results after all. When these results become so visible that their existence can no longer be questioned, the Premier's critics will probably seek to prove that they are just lucky accidents.

Notes By The Way

Appropos of the Government order just issued to stop import of Russian coal, says the Ottawa Evening Journal, what, exactly, is encouragement of trade with Russia going to do for us?

Russia's biggest export in the past has been wheat.

Wheat is Canada's biggest export. If we encourage Russian business, we will encourage the business of a country which is the most dangerous competitor we have in the world in our biggest line of goods.

Our importers of Russian coal say there will be return cargoes to Europe in the ships that bring the coal.

That's a bagatelle, but anyway such ships are not needed. Plenty of ships come in otherwise for all the cargoes that book for Europe.

Anthracite coal from abroad is still needed in the east of Canada, but if the Russian anthracite is cheaper than Welsh or American anthracite, this country would do well to accept a slightly higher price for other than Russian anthracite.

Welsh anthracite is the best in the world.

Observe that we have said nothing about the Bolsheviks.

We do not need more farmers in Canada as much as we need more workers of other classes to eat what the farmer grows. And this is why the farmer, if he is wise, will be a booster for industrial protection rather than for the other thing.

Industry is only one field in which research is busy. A great deal has been accomplished in the fight against disease, and the average span of human life has been materially lengthened as a result. We live in a scientific age, and science touches us at every turn, whether we work or eat or all or play. But the comforts and facilities we enjoy did not come to us of themselves. The means of producing them had to be looked for. Nature is a jealous guardian of her treasures and releases the secret of them only to those who spend toil in the search.

The Boston Transcript, perhaps the leading paper in the New England states, says: The alacrity with which Stanley Baldwin, former British Premier and now leader of the Conservative Party, has welcomed the suggestion of Premier Bennett of Canada that Britain adopt a policy of reciprocal preferential protective tariffs promises to make memorable the Imperial Conference now in session in London. It raises an issue for the Conservatives throughout not only the British Isles but the Empire which they are said to have needed, and it presages a fresh general election in which the Socialist Government of Ramsay MacDonald may meet its Waterloo.

If the business depression that has been riding us for the last few months has done nothing else, it at least has provided a stopper for a lot of the bunk and hot air that has been infesting the land in brighter days. The easy optimism of the old days of prosperity is gone, and in its place there is emerging an attitude of self-criticism and skepticism that is a great deal more wholesome.

The experience of the glass importers suggests that the day is past when the full amount of every tariff increase could be added to the price of commodities, regardless of their cost. The Bennett Government's fiscal policy is one that protects the consumer as well as the producer. Future tariff protection, it is safe to predict, will be conditioned on the willingness of manufacturers to keep prices down to fair levels, and on their good faith in doing so.

Canada, rounded out by its reciprocal relations with the United States, can become the United States of the British Empire if the policy which Premier Bennett has launched is conducted with foresight and moderation.

While Premier Bennett has the credit of putting the policy of protection to Canadian industry and the encouragement of trade within the Empire in a new and more emphatic way than any previous leader, it may be said that the Conservatives have always stood for these policies whether in or out of office. It is recalled that on March 18, 1901, Mr. Borden (now Sir Robert) moved, as leader of the Conservative Opposition in the House of Commons, in amendment of the budget resolution: "That in the opinion of this House the welfare of this country requires a pronounced policy of adequate protection and encouragement at all times to the labor, agricultural, manufacturing, mining and other industrial interests of Canada. And that in the opinion of this House, the adoption of a policy of mutual trade preference within the Empire would prove a great benefit



By James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Ours

SITTING IN SCHOOL

When I think of my early days in school where I had to sit with my arms folded or placed behind my back while the teacher taught the lesson, I often wonder that there were not more rebellious amongst us than there were.

To sit fifteen to twenty minutes in one position may have taught self control, but was not really good sense nor good healthy training.

I'm not advocating that children should sit in a slouchy attitude and prop themselves up by their arms, but to make children sit in one position for minutes at a time was not fair to their mental or physical growth.

For after all children are like other small animals; they like to move about, to be inquisitive about things, to shout, sing, stretch themselves and so forth. I believe that youngsters between 7 and 10 years of age should be given a chance to move or stretch every 10 minutes. This could be done by having them get up from their seats and walk around the room a couple of times and then back to their seats. This would give a "change of blood" from the brain and permit that moving or stretching of the arms, legs, and body, that every young animal needs.

There may be difficulties about this, the noise might interfere with work in other rooms below or adjoining. In such cases getting the youngsters up in the aisle, and giving a few stretching and bending exercises could be done easily and quietly.

This is all the more necessary now as the playground adjoining schools do not give the 100 square feet per pupil that is required. Further at recess and after school the youngsters that really play are the ones who need it least. The children that really need the play sit or stand around and watch the others.

Many teachers organize group games in which "every" youngster takes part because no high degree of skill is necessary. But again this is not general throughout the country.

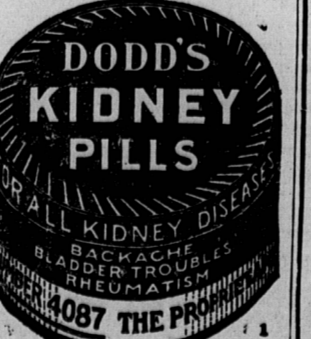
My thought then is that if the youngster is normal he'll want to move his body, arms and legs every ten minutes, and if he isn't he should be made to do it anyway.

The brain will be clearer, the circulation improved, and more real mental work done in the succeeding ten minutes than if no change of position had been given.



A SHIP NOW OUT AT SEA.

Some far-off day a Ship, now out at sea, Will reach these lands. Still hidden 'mong the stars, Nor west the sun, it has young gods for tars, Who scrub their wings and whistle blithe and free Amidst the smoke of Satan's cannonry. . . . So there'll be many wars, And kingdoms fall, before it cross our bars. With reefed sail, and safely anchored be O Ship at sea! come soon, lest in our eyes There grow despair. Long have our tents been east On shifting sands. And still our seers arise Who tell the future, but know not the past. O Ship at sea! what are such prophecies? Only the gods can bring the truth at last. —D. Morrison Jacobs in New York Times.



Revisiting The Front

(F. Yeats-Brown in The Spectator) Fifteen years have passed. The "pave" is the same. There are still the same sort of houses and people in the villages round St. Omer, whose towers and spires are silhouetted before me against a white thunderstorm. But did I ever really clip-clop along these roads on a furry-coated Waler? Now that I ride on balloon tyres, warm, comfortable, well fed, enjoying the intermittent sunshine, I seem to be another man.

Laire is changed. Where did the Colonel live? Where is the cafe where we foregathered? Here, at any rate is the church where I heard Mass on the frosty Christmas morning of 1914, and outside it stands a memorial to twenty-seven of the inhabitants, "morts pour la patrie," out of a total population of four hundred.

In the "estaminet" where I ask for beer everyone is a stranger. Out I go, forlorn, a ghost who cannot find his haunt. In the street, however, I meet old Grioche, the farmer who lodged us. Yes, madame is well, he says, and they are comfortable. The old place flourishes. He remembers. Remembers more than I do. For instance, he says that I was always climbing out of windows. Was I? Why?

As we go together to where Jack and Billy and I were billeted, memories throng thick and fast. Here is the barn where the men slept. There is the stable where Jack kept his first charger, and behind the stable is the field where we exercised the squadron when the roads were frost-bound. And in that front room, what long intimate talks we had, sitting round the little black stove! I would like to see Jack now. . . .

It returns, that fading chapter of my life, as I sip a glass of Mme. Grioche's strong red wine; all except the reason why I climbed out of windows. Why should I have done that? I can remember many details. Our food, the accounts I kept, Jack's new waistcoat, my horse, a bottle of Cointreau we bought in Bethune, the night we looked for German spies, "les bons Hindous," watching the milkmaids at work, the manure heap in the court-yard. But what sort of boy was I? He has vanished, there is someone else there now, with the same label, but new ideas, and new teeth—the latter false.

Was I really an English-French interpreter attached to an Indian Cavalry regiment? "C'est Monsieur l'interprete qui est venu nous dire bonjour," says M. Grioche to an old lady, as he walks back with me to the car. So it is true. I shake her hand heartily, but her face has quite vanished from my mind. "Vous etiez si jeune, si souple!" says the old lady, her mind, like Grioche's evidently connecting me with that forgotten incident. . . .

At the resurrection of the dead I wonder how many selves will want to occupy each body? Most of us of my generation, who have lived through strange times, will have two or three claimants at least.

It is the same with the towns in this part of the world, only they have already incarnated. Messines is a new place; and Bethune too, except that there remains the Horse Market, with the chains to which we tethered the squadron one damp and dismal night, while awaiting our turn for Festubert; our bellies empty, our feet swelled and frozen. On this August afternoon I stroll round the square with a cigar. At Gapaard Farm, which I remember as a very hot corner, a baby sits in a perambulator. It has that sagacious second-sighted look which some infants have, and looks far beyond me, to a future I cannot guess.

The steeple of Wytschaete cuts into the fleecy twilight as I drive towards Ypres. Corn is stacked on the Downs of St. Eloi. Below the ridge there are new houses with vivid red roofs. Some of our barbed wire is still doing duty hedging a Brabant cow or two. Near Oostaverne Wood is the memorial to the London Scottish, who sailed to France when I did, and came into action here for the first time on Halloween-e'en, 1914. They were magnificent

55 Shopping Days To Christmas

In other words there are 55 days before that "Day of Giving"—the wise shoppers will start making the rounds of THE METROPOLITAN STORE NOW, in order to escape the customary crush of that busy season. Then, take into consideration another advantage, at this season, The Metropolitan Store has a stock on hand which has not been gone over by eager throngs, and that which is left, purchased by gift seekers. START YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOW AT THE Metropolitan Store

men; girls admire their "epaulettes jupes." And now . . . "Villes Ecossaises!" . . . How beautiful are the gardens our Unforgotten in this mining as Loveliest of them is the Ramps Cemetery at Ypres, looking down on the still waters of the moat. Near by, trains screech and shunt, and rumble over the causeway to Roulers and Brussels. Here, under a very green lawn, the dead live again amongst their flowers, making an oasis of refreshment amidst slag-heaps, grime, and the iron fingers of industry. It is getting dark when I reach Ypres. Last time I was here—but my puny doings shame me on these ramparts and before this glorious Gate:—"To the Armies of the British Empire Who stood here from 1914 to 1918 And to those of their dead Who have no known grave."

The Menin Gate is one of the great monuments of any time or land. To our own people it must always be a shrine, but I see, by those around me, that it impresses men and women of various nations and various ages as much as it does me, who have come to see the names of men with whom I worked and played.

It is nine o'clock: we have gathered to hear the Last Post sounded. German as well as French tourists, and Belgian boys and girls, and British from all the seas stand here together; some of us pilgrims, some sightseers;

Just before the clocks strike, two Belgian policemen stop all traffic. We stand bareheaded. Buglers come forward. Then the old call rings out against the arches that bear the names of two hundred thousand of our dead. Above, the British lion looks eastward, unassuming, simple, strong.

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