

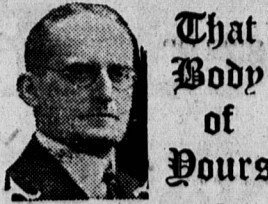
THE CHARLOTTE TOWN GUARDIAN

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1927

Notes by the Way

THE Saint John Telegraph Journal tells that 64,473 tourist motor cars have entered New Brunswick this season, an increase of 25,779 over the like period of last year.



By James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Ours

HYGIENE A WORLD FORCE. In these days when the people of all nations are really desirous of peace, and would gladly add any movement that would give a lasting peace to the world, it should be worth our while to think of every movement that is spreading everywhere.

Premier Baldwin has won golden opinions wherever he has been seen and heard since coming to Canada. The impression he has made is reflected in the advice of an Ontario newspaper to the coming Conservative convention in choosing a new leader for the party.

Mr. Baldwin himself was hardly spoken of as a possible leader five years before he was called to that position and the same was true of Sir Wilfred Laurier in Canada. It is true that there are "as good fish in the sea as ever swam in it," but not every fisherman gets a big fish and not every political convention makes the wisest possible choice when called to select a leader.

The Liberal party in Canada has found its leaders in Ontario and Quebec. Mackenzie, Blake and Mackenzie King hailed from Ontario and Laurier from Quebec. The Conservative party has taken a wider range, but still not very wide. Sir John Macdonald, Mackenzie Bowell, and Arthur Meighen were Ontario men, Abbott a Quebec man, and Thompson, Tupper and Borden were from Nova Scotia.

Neither New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Saskatchewan, Alberta or British Columbia have yet given a federal party a leader, nor has Manitoba in the strict sense of the word. Mr. Meighen when he became leader and Premier held an Ontario seat although at other times he had sat for Portage la Prairie, Manitoba. The rapidly growing importance of the four western provinces and the ability and influence of their leading representatives have aroused a desire for leadership in the West which may have its effect in the coming convention.

The Great West cannot be expected always to follow an eastern leader. And to a true Westerner the West is at least equal to the East, and the division point is at the head of the great lakes. To them Ontario Quebec and the Maritimes constitute "Eastern Canada." The Convention is to meet in Winnipeg and the West will no doubt be largely represented thereat. The Maritimes, because of the distance and the time required to make the return journey are not expected to be so fully represented as the Western and Central Provinces and we are not likely to have any candidate in the running for the leadership.

Immigration to Canada is increasing, although but slowly since it was checked by the war. It has been mismanaged and neglected sadly for years and is yet far from satisfactory. Settlers from the British Isles are the most desirable, because they speak our language and are accustomed to British institutions. Next in order of desirability are native born citizens of the United States, who speak our language and are acquainted with farm machinery and with modern methods of cultivation of the soil and harvesting field crops on a large scale. Australia is doing much better than Canada in getting settlers from the British Isles.

It is not satisfactory that the settlers who have come to Canada during April, May and June of this year were so largely from countries where the English language is not spoken as the common language of the people. These have everything to learn. Only 35,000 of these were English-speaking people from the Mother Country and the United States, against 42,000 from alien countries. It is most desirable that we shall do better in the future in that regard. Hon. Mr. Forke, Minister of Immigration, is, we believe, giving careful attention to his duties and Canada has received a splendid and world-wide advertisement of its advantages and prosperity through the Jubilee celebration, the specially more of the right sort.

There is no scurvy on board ship, thanks to the knowledge of proper foods to carry. Vessels are inspected and the spread of disease from one country to another is thus prevented. The milk for babies is now made safe by law. Infants and young children are vaccinated against the serious ailments of childhood. The knowledge that rheumatism comes from infectious teeth and tonsils, and that rheumatism causes heart disease, means more careful treatment in these apparently simple ailments. The health organization of the League of Nations brings the best hygienic knowledge of the world to a common distributing point, from whence it will go to all countries of the world.

The preservation of the health and lives of a nation is of first importance, hence it can truly be said that the knowledge of hygiene is really a "world force," and should be a factor in attaining world peace.

Southey born, 1774. If a man walk in the woods for love of them half of each day, he is in danger of being regarded as a loafer; but if he spends his whole day as a spectator, shearing off before her time, he is esteemed an industrious and enterprising citizen.—Thoreau.

SONG FROM "THE PRINCESS." Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height; What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang). In height and cold, the splendour of the hills? But cease to move so near the heavens, and cease To glide a sunbeam by the blasted pine; To sit a sturgeon upon the sparkling spire; And come, for Love is of the valley, come down And find him; by the happy threshold, old, Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maze, Or red with spirited purple of the vats; Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk With Death and Morning on the silver horns; Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine; Nor find him dropped upon the firths of ice; That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls To roll the torrent out of dusky doors; But follow; let the torrent dance thee down To find him in the valley; let the wild Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke; That like a broken purpose waste in air; So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth Arise to thee; the children call, and Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound; Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet; Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn, The moan of doves in immemorial elms, And murmuring of innumerable bees.—Tennyson.

visit of the Princess and Premier Baldwin and in other ways. We may therefore hope that we shall hereafter get more immigrants in and especially more of the right sort.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND AS A TOURIST RESORT

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

CAVENDISH-BAY VIEW

By Harold Messervy. FROM the middle of this bridge at Bay View, we see the little estuary unfold in a beautiful as we move along. It would pay to drive slowly here, simply on account of the placid charm of the scene, even if we were not forced to do so by the bad state of the approaches. The water, even in the channel, is not deep, and if you look down you can easily see, through its limpid clearness, the beds of mussels on the bottom, over which, it may be, a little crab is crawling, or some predaceous star fish going stealthily about his treacherous business.

For you must know that the star fish, far from being the innocent creature that it seems, is so far as mussels and oysters are concerned, a veritable monster of destruction. Like ourselves, he is especially fond of oysters; but he has greatly improved upon our clumsy methods of getting them. He does the trick this way. The oyster, like all other animals, must breathe and also eat. When he was very young he was able to swim about, and forage for himself. But—and here he sets a most commendable example to many humans—the oyster settles down in life quite early. Coming to a rock, an old shell, or other suitable place, he lies down on his left side, attaches himself, and remains so for the rest of his days. So that now the oyster spends most of his time with his shell opened just a little, to allow the water to circulate freely through his gills and to bring him particles of food.

Well, the star fish, in his leisurely march over the beds, comes upon an oyster, who, more likely than not, will have his shell open. You have doubtless heard the expression "As dumb as an oyster," and doubtless too it seemed very appropriate. But the oyster is not so dumb, (using the word in its slangy sense this time) that he doesn't know when danger is at hand. Sensing the approach of his enemy, or perhaps even seeing him, (for oysters, the scientists tell us, have eyes, though you might not think so) the oyster closes his shell with a snap. This doesn't bother the star fish a bit, he simply throws his arms about the oyster gets his mouth (which is in the centre of his body on his under side) into position at the edge of the oyster shell and waits. Before long the oyster opens his shell just a little to breathe or to eat, and this is the moment the star fish has been waiting for. He wedges the end of one of his arms into the opening so that the oyster can't close up again, then he proceeds with a performance, that, very few other animals can imitate. He simply turns his stomach inside out and projects it through his mouth into the oyster's shell. Here, strong digestive juices are poured forth by the intruding stomach, with the result that it is not very long before the unlucky oyster is killed, softened, and finally absorbed.

So the oyster fishermen will be wise, if, when a star fish comes up in his long, instead of throwing it overboard, he lets the animal stay in his boat till it is killed by being dried up. It doesn't do to mutilate the star fish and then throw it back; that won't kill it. These creatures are very tenacious of life, so much so, that if you cut one in two and put the severed portions back in the water, each will sprout new arms and soon you will have two complete star fish, where there was only one before.

But there is abundant life in these waters, other than crabs, star fish, and mussels. Fish may be seen darting in and out among the tufts of rockweed, or playing about the piles which support the bridge. Some are large, quite evidently sea trout; others are smaller, perch, gudgeons, or perhaps, the tiny stickle back—that curious little fish which has the unique habit of building a nest for its eggs. And to preserve the balance of nature, here also are many of the birds which make these fish their prey. Wheeling and darting about in the air, never very far from the surface of the waters, are the graceful terns. Now and then one hovers for an instant, nearly stationary; you can see that he is looking at something in the water. Suddenly he dives, and in an instant is in the air again, a small fish in his scarlet beak. There are kingfishers, too. These are even more expert at hovering than the terns. They poise themselves, in the air, their wings beating rapidly, and even in a strong breeze, keeping their

position as if fastened there with invisible strings. When these dive, they drop to the water like a stone, and if they have made a catch, fly with it at once to some tree top, there to eat it at leisure, or give it to their young.

Far, different from these in his manner of fishing is the great Blue Heron, that graceful wader of the shallow marshes. He is quite common on the shores of the rivers and bays of our province, where he is generally called the "crane." Watch one of these birds in flight, however, and you will soon see that he is not properly named so. The cranes all fly with their necks stretched straight out, but the herons always carry their heads drawn in against the shoulders, their necks being curved below. The heron, in the method by which he gets his catches, shows all the proverbial patience of the angler. If you watch, you can see him stand motionless, up to his thighs in the water until you are tired looking. Then perhaps, you may see the head poised on its long neck, strike like a serpent at something in the water. He has made his catch. And when he moves he is so careful. Very cautiously and deliberately he advances, one step at a time, so as not to alarm the small fish which play about among the weedy pools where he wades. Yet, for all that he is so intent on his angling, he keeps a sharp eye open for danger, as you will discover if you try, no matter how carefully, to approach him. You will do very well indeed, if you can get to within fifty yards of him without his taking flight.

Today on the shores of this estuary, we can see many of these great birds standing like grey statues. On the left of the bridge, as we resume our journey, the serried banks of spruce trees, far up the estuary descend almost to the edge of the water. Near at hand, the spruce wood gives way to open fields, bordered, just at the edge of the low bank, with a fringe of graceful white birches, which here and there lean outward, overhanging the waters. Patches of marsh grass grow out into the shallows in many places, their light green furnishing a charming contrast with the dark tint of the soft woods, and the red of the low banks.

On our right the shores on both sides fall away in graceful curves, where the estuary widens to mingle its waters with those of New London Bay. A small motor boat is making its way up the winding channel. So still is the air this afternoon that only the double line of ripples thrown from her bow disturb the glassy surface of the water. And the silence is broken only by the "put! put!" of her engine, mingled with the loud cries of the terns.

From Bay View our road skirts the shore closely as it follows along the Trout River to Stanley Bridge. There is one spot—you will know it when you come to it—where, at least if it is afternoon, you will want to pull up for a few moments. The road here passes through a patch of wood. To right and left, you are flanked by borders of the great Willow Herb, whose magnificent spikes of purple bloom stand fully four feet high. On the right the wood is a mere fringe

of trees, lying between the road and the top of the river bank. When we passed by this spot, the afternoon sun was shining brightly down upon the river. From its rippled surface, his rays were reflected to our sight, broken into myriad beams of glittering gold. Above the waters rose the green slopes of a hill, on which, strung like beads along the red road, could be seen the outlying cottages of the village of Stanley Bridge. And standing in dark outline against the whole like the tracery of some glorious cathedral windows, were the trunks and branches of the fire.

(To be continued)

UNFORTUNATE BEGINNING

Mr. A. C. Saunders has made a very bad break at the very outset of his career as Premier. He has published in the Patriot, together with their photographs the personnel of his new government without waiting upon His Honour the Lieutenant Governor to invite him to form a government. The recognized procedure, as even a tyro in politics knows is for the government defeated at the polls to formally tender its resignation to the Lieutenant Governor who asks the retiring Premier to recommend a successor. The retiring Premier usually, though not invariably, names the recognized leader of the Opposition. His Honour then sends for the gentleman in question and asks him if he is prepared to form an administration. The successor expresses his willingness to do so and the governor enquires when he will be prepared to submit the personnel. The successor states the hour and when the list is submitted, the governor gives his approval and the swearing in takes place.

Mr. Saunders has dispensed with all this formality and has boldly taken the world into his confidence, ignoring His Majesty's representative, His Honour the Governor.

The new government is pretty much what was predicted in The Guardian except that Mr. Lea has been able to snatch the portfolio of Agriculture from the expectant hand of Mr. Peter Sinclair. Mr. David McDonald, the veteran member of the party, has been turned down as Minister of Public Works, the portfolio going to Mr. J. P. McIntyre. A reference to the Executive, published elsewhere in this issue, shows that it contains six Protestants and only three Catholics, while insult is added to injury by the fact that the only two Irishmen among the Liberal representatives have been ignored. It is evident the Liberals have not succeeded in dividing the honours according to the time-honoured though unwritten law which recognizes the respective claims of both creeds and all nationalities. Perhaps at the eleventh hour Mr. Saunders may see or be shown, the desirability of changing his slate in the direction indicated.

Premier Stewart will tender the resignation of his government this morning and the swearing in of the new Premier and his administration will take place this afternoon, provided His Honour the Governor does not otherwise decide.

WHAT IS PERSONALITY?

WE speak of men and women as possessing an attractive personality. What constitutes the attraction? We are impressed by the personality of some whom we have never conversed with, whom we may have met casually, of whom we know nothing. They inspire confidence without seeking it. We are prepared to believe them if they speak to trust them if occasion should necessitate their assistance. Similarly there are those whom we instinctively distrust, in whom we can take no interest.

Curiously, the person whom we are so ready to trust, in whom we are so ready to believe, may be an unmitigated rogue, for many trusted rogues have an attractive personality as many honest men and women have found to their cost.

Attractiveness of personality, then, is not always an unerring index of worthiness. It may be an artificial cloak for concealment.

This latter is usually short lived. The cloak is almost sure to be blown aside by some one of the many currents which occasionally blow across life's pathway. The only really attractive personality is that which has behind it truth, honesty

and the courage of self-reliant strength.

The Bishop of Ripon, writing on Personality, said:

"We are tempted in estimating life to attach wrong value to things; we rate our powers of mind too highly; we adorn with fictitious importance our theories; we cling superstitiously to the narrow range of prejudices which we call our opinions; meanwhile we forget that the total man is more than his views; the aura of his influence widens or shrinks, not by what he thinks and says, but by what he is; the outflow of his personality spreads further than his words, and flows into other hearts with penetrating power."

The physical or mental weakling, the man or the woman who has not the courage of their conviction has no personality that can attract or inspire confidence or trust. Personality is a reflex of what is within. If there is nothing within or if what there is within is impure, untrue, or artificial the personality reveals it.

An attractive personality is a natural gift. It is the outward and visible manifestation of sincerity and truth and earnestness. It cannot long be successfully worn as a garment. The gold brick man or the foreflusher may, for a time, cover himself with artificial attractiveness but the disguise sooner or later disappears. Nothing counts in personality but truth and honesty.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Everyone is now demanding that something should be done at once to save our street side trees. They are being seriously, perhaps fatally damaged by caterpillars.

The testing of the brakes and gear of automobiles by the police is a move in the right direction. Some cars have been found to be defective and dangerous.

Everyone knows the right way to act but it is always the other fellow who doesn't. The man whose car gets caught at the level crossing blames the train for it.

The Liberal Government at Ottawa opened the door for the smuggler and the bootlegger and it will be found a difficult undertaking to close it.

Visitors to Charlottetown are greatly surprised and disappointed that there are no public band concerts this summer. We have practically everything else required for enjoyment and there are few things that give more pleasure on a mild summer evening than a good band. What has happened?

There still are those who begin gathering up their wraps and starting for the door when the National Anthem is being played or sung. A request thrown on the screen for the observance of common respect during the rendition might have the desired effect upon those who are able to read. The others, and they are the few, might take the hint.

The most spectacular sight at a theatrical performance is the gum chewing girl and the noises accompanying the proceedings perhaps the most amusing—to those who like that kind of a noise. Some people enjoy it, others violently object to it and contend that chewing gum in public should be made a criminal offence. Yet there is something placid, though perhaps, not particularly elevating in the nonchalance with which the gum chewing girl plys her vocation. A poet in reminiscent mood once said:

A gum chewing girl and a cud chewing cow, Are somewhat alike, but they differ somehow; But how? Oh I know now, There's a thoughtful look on the face of the cow.

For "choosy" summer appetites SHREDDED WHEAT

Tempting and nourishing, with cool milk and fruit, A complete refreshing meal

Used as a phrase of address, sit to you! Somehow, we feel that we've known you for "ages." Walked with you, talked with you, happy and free. How you appeal to the hearts of your people. More like a fairy-tale prince, That's the key! That is the key you possess, sit, unloosing Hearts which are sealed to emotions, until, Wakened and stirred by the charm of your nature, There is the homage that nothing can kill. Welcome to Canada, prince of good fellows! Canada, proud of her Jubilee dress, Waits for you, longs for you, son of her Ruler. Proud of you, prince, and of all you express. Modesty, your fullness, courage and friendship, These are the attributes nothing shall dim. Know that Canadians, eager, expectant, Wait, and their love is not merely a whim!

HOUSEHOLD SCRAP BOOK By ROBERTA LEE Boys' Pants.

When making pants for the boys, try cutting the backs of the pants (or bloomers) double. When a hole appears, turn in the worn edges and hem down to the under goods. The two pieces will be faded alike.

The Land We Love By Frank Yeigh

The Research Council of Canada. Q. What is the Research Council of Canada? A. The Research Council of Canada is an important department, supported by the Dominion Government for scientific research. It is proposed to set up a National Research Laboratory in connection with the Council. Although hampered by funds, it has rendered a high service, and there is room for much more to be done along many lines that will aid in promoting the economic development of our natural resources.

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers August 12, 1927

THE DAY OF THE LORD: Return, O Lord, how long? And let it repent Thee concerning Thy servants. Psalm 90: 13. PRAYER: We thank Thee, Lord that Thou are long suffering, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to Thee, and have life.

TO THE PRINCE (Aubrey S. Williamson, in Toronto Star.) Prince of good fellows, magnetic and wistful, Happy to know you are once more across! Somehow, a dignified ode wouldn't fit you. Say: We're too fond of you, roses to toss. Finding you splendidly, cheerfully human. Something about you so gracious and true, Why, "your royal highness" seems icy and distant.

For Weak Stomachs For loss of appetite, weak or disordered stomach, you need Even's Stomach Mixture.

The 2 Macs DRUGSTORE 149 Great George Street Phone 315

August Clean up Sale of Men's Suits \$19. Thursday morning we start our August clean up Sale of Young Men's and Men's Suits. 75 Strikingly handsome Young Men's Tweed Suits, all sizes. Everyone new this season, latest models, regular values \$25.00, \$27.50 and \$29.50 will be sold in this August clean up sale at \$19.00. Now is your chance to buy smart clothing at a real saving. See windows. Henderson & Cudmore 101 GRAFTON STREET