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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1929

A LASTING MONUMENT

The benefactions bequeathed by late Hon. J. H. Bell, ex-Premier Prince Edward Island, recorded Saturday's Guardian, will be a lasting monument to his memory. Mr. Bell was an active and busy man living a more than ordinarily long life. He had amassed considerable wealth by thrift and industry, and he has left a generous legacy of it for the benefit of those less fortunate than he was.

FALSE ECONOMY

According to our Ottawa despatch in Saturday's Guardian the King Government purposes to withdraw a grant of \$1,100,000 to the provinces for technical education. The Minister endeavors to justify the withdrawal on the ground that the grants were authorized the expenditures consequent upon which had not been foreseen, and that educational matters are in the hands of the Provinces themselves; that the subsidies to the Maritime Provinces had been increased, thereby increasing their ability to carry on the matter.

So far as the latter is concerned, would appear that the Saunders Government has not taken the same view of it. But that by the way, the usual excuses can be found for almost any political movement, but it is curious fact that the King Government has discontinued practically all the provincial grants authorized by former Conservative and Union Governments.

The Dominion parliament, on the recommendation of the Union government, enacted in 1919 legislation authorizing the government to contribute \$20,000,000 toward the cost of highway construction throughout the country. The King Government, it is true, took steps to keep the scheme in operation until March 31, 1919, by which date the whole of the appropriation of \$20,000,000 had been distributed among the provinces, but then allowed the legislation to expire, and it has since granted no further aid to the provinces for the construction of highways.

A MARITIME NEED

In an excellent article on the immigration claims of the Maritime Provinces, the Saint John Telegraph-Journal says in part:

"In the early days, when the West came into Confederation and the railways were built and the people brought in, the Maritime Provinces loomed large in population and wealth, and contributed largely to the cost of the building up of the western territories. In more recent years, the growth of population west of the Lakes, and the great increase in wealth and population in Ontario and Quebec, have made the relative proportion that the Maritimes have contributed to this immigration, pioneering, railroading and developing scheme somewhat smaller, but, nevertheless, it has run into substantial sums of money.

"It is now time that the Maritimes made a demand that this condition of things be reversed—that money be spent to bring immigrants into the Maritime Provinces. The hackneyed excuse that there is no free land in these Provinces can no longer be offered as a reason for inactivity, indifference and hostility towards Maritime ambitions in this line that has been evidenced by both political parties at Ottawa during the last forty years.

"When the western development was undertaken, there was no hesitation about the whole wealth of Canada being placed behind the construction of the C. P. R. There was no hesitation in after years in financing, out of the national pot, the construction of another pioneer road, the G. T. P. There was no hesitation at Ottawa about guaranteeing the bonds of a still further and, up to that time, private development, under the name of the Canadian Northern. Nor was there any hesitation in pledging the credit of the Dominion, of which the Maritimes form a part, when the Hudson Bay lands were needed to prepare the way for western development.

"All these things were good in their time, and subsequent events have justified their wisdom. But the time has now come when the tide has got to be reversed. The Dominion of Canada, which has got behind the west and made it a success, has got to get behind the east and make it a success. A vigorous immigration effort is one of the best and surest ways of accomplishing this latter."

"If the Dominion of Canada can tax the people in the Maritime Provinces to help build railways, buy lands and maintain an immigration staff in Europe, to say nothing of hauling that immigrant across the Atlantic and then half way across Canada all to build up the West, then it is high time that we in the Maritimes realized that we are not asking any charity but merely demanding our own when we insist that the vacant lands of the Maritime Provinces be systematically listed and bought at a fair valuation and then sold to the newcomer at a price which will not mean a loss to the public treasury, but which will in some measure do for the East what has been done for the West. The Maritime horse needs more oats."

EDITORIAL NOTES

Nothing but the peelings may be left of alien spuds when tariff revision is completed in the United States, says the Vancouver Province. American growers are demanding an increase in the tariff from 30 cents to a dollar a hundred weight. The New England States claim that potatoes from Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia are cutting into the market in the Eastern United States and also Cuba, where the United States growers formerly had a monopoly of the market for seed potatoes. Potatoes from Bermuda, also are complained about, although these are chiefly early varieties for the high-priced market.

Notes By The Way

The Chignecto Canal must be kept to the front by the press, the public men, the Boards of Trade of the Maritime Provinces, and it will be if our people are alive to their vital interests in transportation, their just rights and the urgency of the present situation. There has been since the Dominion was formed an expenditure of untold millions by our Federal Governments upon Canadian canals, and these waterways, unlike the railways, are free of tolls to all who use them, whether they be Canadians or foreigners.

Canadian canals are operated at a loss and an ever-increasing expenditure on capital account to widen, deepen and build extensions of them. And just now a new and colossal expenditure is impending to make a greatly enlarged waterway from Lake Ontario to the sea. It is not only impending and approaching. It will inevitably be constructed in the near future, either as an all-Canadian or an international work.

The Maritimes have almost no canals, but they have put their shoulders under the heavy burden of paying equally with other sections of Canada for a vast canal system from which they get no benefit and no consideration. Fair play demands that these unequal and unjust conditions shall be readjusted and as far as possible equalized by the construction of the Chignecto Canal.

The construction of this important and greatly needed addition to our system of water transportation would cost a few million dollars, perhaps four or five millions—a mere drop in the bucket of Canada's canal outlay. Be it also remembered that a canal through the isthmus of Chignecto was projected long before the Maritimes joined the Dominion, and its early construction by the Canadian Government was promised us as inducement to enter the Union.

Good faith between Canada and the Eastern Provinces demands the fulfillment of that promise of 65 years ago. There are other considerations that plead for the Maritime Canal. Its construction would greatly benefit each of the three Maritime Provinces in their trade intercourse with each other and would equally benefit all waterborne traffic between the St. Lawrence and ports on the Atlantic coast of the United States, the West Indies and South America. It would shorten the distance of water carriage on the Atlantic coast by hundreds of miles.

The need of the hour is line upon line and precept upon precept to so awaken our own people and the rulers and people of Canada to the importance of this great work that the St. Lawrence Waterway shall not be undertaken until the Chignecto Canal is coupled with it as a prime requisite of the Dominion canal system.

Prince Edward Island since it became united with Canada long enjoyed the distinction of being the most sober of all the Provinces and also the most free from crime in proportion to the number of its population. It is not quite satisfactory to right thinking people that since our prohibitory law was enacted and under prohibition the number of our people has diminished by more than 20,000; while there are more of them now in the Dorchester Penitentiary than there were 27 years ago, and also more in our county jails.

A plebiscite on prohibition is promised by the Saunders Government to be taken this year. It will cost some money, and the provincial treasury is not overflowing after all that the Government has borrowed. More taxes must be laid on in the near future—and year by year there are fewer people to pay them. And in its brief career the government has contrived to waste more of the public money than any previous administration in a like period of time.

The alarming increase of mortality from the "flu" in England after it had considerably diminished in America is remarkable. It is also the subject of comment that while hitherto this epidemic had come westward to America from across the Atlantic, this year its desolating course has been eastward from America to Europe.

Spain's dictator, Primo de Rivera, according to a press despatch, has issued a ukase that has caused the pedestrian to rejoice and the motorist to gnash his teeth. It specifies that any motorist who hits a pedestrian, whether with serious results or not, shall go to prison for six years. Should the pedestrian be fatally injured, the motorist shall go to prison for twelve years. Dictator Rivera is most specific in stating that wealth and social position will avail nothing so far as mitigation of the penalty is concerned. It is said that the Spanish pedestrian, erstwhile so terrified and humble, is now high-hatting the motorist to the queen's taste. In Barcelona, so it is stated, most of the taxi drivers have thrown up their jobs. This may possibly be through resentment at being deprived of their favorite outdoor sport, for, of course, under the circumstances the game is hardly worth the candle. But this ought to make Spain a great country for walking.



By James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Ours

EXTRA LUNG SURFACE WHEN NEEDED

A man boasting about his motor car will tell you that it has a wonderful pick-up, and will go from five to fifty miles in a few seconds.

This is no doubt a wonderful point about motor cars, and yet did you ever think about that body of yours, and how quickly it can be going its fastest and hardest work?

You step on the gas of a car and if you step too hard you get no particular response, because you have to work it up to its full speed gradually.

However someone just pushes a pin into you, or you see something that frightens you, and you reach your maximum speed immediately. You can get your speed up in about the fraction of a second.

You and I never pause to think about the fact that we can change from a lying down position to the actual speed of a one hundred yard dash in practically "no time."

You can thus see how much more perfect that body of yours is than any machine made by man.

And yet despite the difference between lying down and running at full speed, there is practically no heating up of that body of yours. In fact, the most vigorous exercise you make take will not send your temperature up more than one degree. Work cannot heat up your body to a dangerous point.

And yet when you do a tremendous amount of work, you manufacture a great amount of carbon dioxide. This must be removed from the blood and thence out of the body by way of the lungs. To supply oxygen to make up for the loss of oxygen thus thrown out, the lungs must pump a great amount of oxygen into the body. And the heart must of course pump extra blood to lungs to get rid of the wastes manufactured. It must then pump this new pure blood to all parts of the body to take the place of the used up materials that were thrown out as wastes. Dr. E. D. Churchill of Boston tells us that in addition to the breathing being faster and deeper, there seems to be parts of the lung that are in a sort of resting condition, but immediately the need arises these spaces, or parts that are resting, spring into action and thus give more lung "surface" which gives out carbon dioxide and takes in oxygen.

This is just one more example of how Nature keeps always ahead of our needs.

THE POET'S CORNER

FROM 'AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE.'

A robin redbreast in a cage Puts all Heaven in a rage. A dove-house filled with doves and pigeons Shudders Hell through all its regions. A dog starved at his master's gate Predicts the ruin of the state. A horse misused upon the road Calls to Heaven for human blood. Each outcry of the hunted hare A fibre from the brain does tear. A skylark wounded in the wing A cherubim does cease to sing. The game-cock clipped and armed for fight Does the rising sun affront. Every wolf's and lion's howl Raises from Hell a human soul. The wild deer, wandering here and there, Keeps the human soul from care. The lamb misused breeds public strife, And yet forgives the butcher's knife. He who shall hurt the little wren Shall never be beloved by men. He who the ox to wrath has moved Shall never be by woman loved. The wanton boy that kills the fly Shall feel the spider's enmity. He who torments the chaffer's spite Weaves a bower in endless night. The caterpillar on the leaf Repeats to thee thy mother's grief. Kill not the moth nor butterfly, For the last judgement drawest nigh. He who shall train the horse the war Shall never pass the polar bar. The beggar's dog and widow's cat, Feed them and thou wilt grow fat. —William Blake, (1757-1827.)

In Old Stamboul

(F. Yeats-Brown in The London Gazette)

We were in the Dormitory of the White Eunuchs. Two centuries have passed since the slaves of the Sultan ordered the affairs of the harem from these blue-tiled rooms. Yet at the gate of the Seraglio three sexless attendants may still be seen—survivors of the last of the house of Othman—who were moved here as captives when the Sultan was exiled from Yildiz Kiosk. They were pointed out to me by a Turkish lady journalist of twenty-three, my charming guide for the afternoon.

One of these eunuchs was a plump little dwarf. "He hates women," my friend told me, "and when I used to come here, often he used to turn his back on me and scream."

The old Turkey and the new... Handcuffs are hanging on the wall of the Dormitory, also a large stick with a thong in it, into which the feet of those about to be bastinadoed were twisted. I know, for I have seen the things in use. The dwarf knows too. But my friend, who speaks seven languages, writes for the newspapers, and is dressed a la Parisienne, does not know. The sight of her, which rejoices my eyes, makes the dwarf scream, while a man being bastinadoed, which makes me feel sick, probably beats cockfighting for the dwarf. So the world goes strangely, especially in Turkey today.

You must visit first the Old Seraglio, if you would know something about modern Turkey. The Seraglio is now a museum, but the most human and interesting one I know. Take the glories of Byzantium for granted if you like (as Mohammed the Conqueror did), you must know something of the clever and ferocious predecessors of the present Ghazi. The beautiful old Council Hall, for instance, where the viziers sat, is a sermon in stone. Above his viziers, unseen behind a marble trellis, the Sultan listened to their debate. So today, although the Ghazi is only seen by the elect few he has a very accurate idea of what everyone throughout the country is doing. Again, the actual living places of the Sultans were small, both here and at Yildiz. So at Angora today, the President and Prime Minister live in cottages, partly no doubt to mark the life of strenuous simplicity they lead, but also because the Turk is a nomad at heart.

Let us enter the room of the de-functo Sultans. It is an amazing sight. Ranged in the order of their succession, stand lay figures of all the rulers of the house of Othman, from Mohammed the Conqueror to Mohammed the Reformer, dressed in their original robes, decked in their real jewels, armed with their splendid weapons and coiffed with their enormous turbans, in which glittered sparkle and glow. The emeralds in the hilt of the poignard of Mohammed II—three of them pigeon's egg size, and a fourth, still bigger, in his turban—mesmerized me with their size and splendour. So did the dress of Bayezid, which was much the same as Mohammed's, but perhaps richer in lustre of pearls. Suleiman's rich broderies are worthy of his title of Magnificent; his turban is adorned with a triple tiara of rubies, as if in memory of the blood he shed for Roxeliana's sake. Murad IV, who took Baghdad in 1638, has a marvelous suit of chain-armour, with greaves, helm, visor, and vam-braces set with great pearls. Over the throne of Ahmed III. (1703) is hung the biggest emerald in the world. The gold throne of Selim is almost invisible under its weight of jewels. In short, the whole place glitters with the visible vanity of the eye, and beyond that, with an invisible but very real vanity of race. As we come to the later Sultans, however, we see the marks of decadence; the chaste magnificence of rarely gives place to a diseased profusion—bedroom basins in gold, soup-plates encrusted with unhygienic turquoise and sapphires—trash jostling beauty—worldly possessions run amok. Then come the roccoco rooms of Mohammed the Reformer, who introduced the fez and frock-coat. For the next change you must go into the streets of Stamboul where the work of Mustapha Kemal the Ghazi, or Gazi, as he spells it, is fulfilling itself in flesh and blood. His conquests are perhaps greater than those of past Sultans, for besides material achievements, he has gained victories over the prejudices of a people almost as stubborn as ourselves, capturing its heart and mind. That is more than the taking of a city. Mohammed the Conqueror overturned Byzantium, the Ghazi has laid siege to the hidden forces of Tradition. In the fight now in progress (much of which remains unseen) he may kill good things as well as evil, but it is beyond question that whatever older men think, the rising generation has cause to bless him.

Of the urkey that has passed I take the Baghdad Kiosk as one symbol of headgear decreed by the Ghazi the part of the world.



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THE LAND WE LOVE By FRANK LEIGH

Q. What is Canada's Hydro Power Status? A. Canada's utilization of power has increased 180 p. c. in the past 10 years and now stands second in world in utilization of hydro power. The 5,000,000 h. pp in use, represents capital of over \$900,000,000, while developed power wealth is conservatively estimated at 28,000,000 h. p. Only 15 p. c. of the estimated flow at maximum development is developed over a billion and a half is invested in electrical development, a sum that is being steadily added to.

REMEMBERED WAR HEROES

During the great war Canadian troops garrisoned the Island of St. Lucia, which, because of its facilities for docking and coaling large ships, is one of the most strategic points in the whole Caribbean Sea. A number of Canadian soldiers died while on duty there, and they are buried in a very beautiful cemetery in the suburbs of Castries.

When the R. M. S. "Lady Nelson" was making her initial voyage, inaugurating the new Canadian National Steamship service between Canada and the British West Indies, Peter R. Jack, Chairman of the Harbor Commission of Halifax, who was the personal representative of the Prime Minister of Canada and the Federal Government, placed a wreath on these graves, when, homeward bound, the ship called again at St. Lucia. The Governor of the colony, Hon. C. W. Doory, and the Mayor of the town of Castries each placed a wreath in honor of the Canadians.

The ceremony took place under most extraordinary and impressive circumstances. The "Lady Nelson" did not arrive at St. Lucia until late afternoon. The sun had set when the official party left the ship, and the short tropic twilight gave only time enough to motor to the cemetery. The simple ceremony of laying the wreath took place by the light of dimly burning lanterns. There was no bugler, but the call of the night bird flying over the palm groves was more impressive than any note of the "Last Post."

The whole setting was extraordinarily reminiscent of those lines describing the funeral of Sir John Moore at Corruna. "We buried him darkly at dead of night, The sods with our bayonets turning, By the struggling moonbeam's misty light, And the lantern dimly burning." The cemetery in which these Canadians are buried is not far from the Morne Fortune, upon the slopes of which a hundred years or more ago British and French soldiers performed some of the most valorous deeds in the annals of either country. Morne Fortune is said to be the most fought over bit of ground in all the Western Hemisphere. It was taken by the English from the French seven different times, each occasion involving heavy fighting.

The War Graves Commission is taking their usual care of the graves in St. Lucia, and practically the same type of memorial has been erected here as marks the graves of British soldiers who lost their lives in the Great War in almost every part of the world.

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