

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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PIONEERING DAYS

It is interesting to speculate, now and again, on what would happen if we found ourselves back in the Prince Edward Island of the early settlers. Could we endure what they endured with faith unshaken and ambition undaunted? It is extremely doubtful. An article in the current issue of the Dalhousie Review by Professor D. C. Harvey makes this point obvious. The romantic glamour of the fiction writers is absent from this review of "Early Settlements and Social Conditions in Prince Edward Island"; Professor Harvey probes for and reveals the actual facts; but to one endowed with imagination these facts are surely more fascinating than fiction. Quaint names of old sailing vessels bringing brave emigrants are mentioned, such as the "Lovely Nelly" and the "John and Elizabeth". Professor Harvey estimates that the population of the Island would not be over 1300 on the eve of the American Revolution. As for conditions among the English speaking settlers in the Colony at that time, let this paragraph suffice:

"On the whole, it was a struggle for bare existence without thought of social relaxation, education and religious facilities. From the point of view of religious guidance, the Tracadie settlers were better off, in that Father James MacDonald served them as well as the Acadicians. The other settlers were largely Presbyterian, and saw no clergyman of their own faith prior to 1791. On that date, Dr. MacGregor found that there were no good books in circulation at Covehead, but the young people of Malpeque, 19 years of age, had never seen a minister, and did not know how to behave in church. Even in Charlottetown two visits from Rev. John Eagleson, in 1773 and 1774, afforded the only opportunity for religious observance, prior to the arrival of P. J. Desbrisay in 1775. At this date also, there was not a school nor a school teacher on the Island."

The inadequacy of communications was such that, in the words of Governor Patterson, "from here (Charlottetown) to Princetown, and all that quarter of the Island, a single man is obliged to hire a boat to the head of the Hillsborough River, from thence to travel by land to St. Peter's, and there wait for a passage by water to Richmond Bay." Notwithstanding Patterson's valiant efforts to have roads made, little was done to improve communication for many years. When Dr. MacGregor visited the Island in 1791, he found "there was not a road on the Island, with the exception of one between Charlottetown and Cove Head. There was scarcely even a blaze between other settlements."

Of three isolated Scottish settlements described by Professor Harvey, that of Covehead had the best start, the settlers having landed without accident, and thus saved their provisions. The Malpeque people had lost their supplies; at their very door, later settlers at Covehead and St. Peter's had been plundered by American fishermen and privateers, and the Tracadie man had lost one shipload of provisions, so that all were more or less victims of fate. "But they were men of pluck and resource, fit subjects to found a new colony."

MIXED METAPHORS

Now that the Legislature is in session it would be well for inexperienced members on both sides of the House to get a firm grasp of their metaphors. Metaphors are apt vehicles of forceful expression in political speech making, but their unskillful use is likely to create anything but the effect intended. Lack of thought of the meaning of the expressions used—the habit, born of mental laziness, of using stock phrases without reference to context, or common sense—is responsible for the occasionally ludicrous examples of mixed metaphors which one finds in the speeches even of practiced orators. Let the unpracticed take warning

from the following typical examples:

Assemblyman Russell S. Wise of New Jersey declared the other day that "the time has come to take the bull by the horns and stop playing the ostrich with the intolerable condition that exists under our very eyes."

Lady Astor, speaking on the Education Bill a year or so ago, declared it was "a bitter pill, but with a silver lining."

Attorney-General Pooley gave voice in the British Columbia Legislature a few sessions ago to this curiously jumbled metaphor: "Why," asked Mr. Pooley, "why will not the honorable gentlemen consent to throw their cards on the table and play cricket according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules?"

Front benchers as well as those who occupy more obscure positions mix their metaphors on occasion. There is the well-known instance of Mr. Stanley Baldwin, who declared a couple of years ago that every politician he had ever heard speak on the iron and steel trade had "put both feet into it up to the hilt."

THE PREFERENTIAL

In an informative review of the new British Tariff the Royal Bank's Monthly Letter for February reminds us that the idea of Empire Trade preference was first given force in Canada and that nearly all British products received substantial preferential treatment here. The principle of British preferential, it says, was first introduced in 1897 when Canada adopted a tariff one-eighth lower than the general as applicable to imports from Great Britain. A direct British Empire preference, consisting of a remission of 25% of the duty ordinarily paid, was established in 1898. In 1900 this remission was increased 33 1-3 per cent, but this method of preference was abandoned in 1904 for a specially low rate of duty on almost all imported dutiable commodities. The extent of this preference was materially increased by each of the last two tariff revisions.

It will be a dramatic moment in Canada's history, says the Monthly Letter, when representatives from all British countries gather to discuss means for promoting greater economic stability for the Empire. It is probable that there will be discussions of both monetary and trade relationship. Each part of the Empire will hope to export a large part of its goods to the Mother Country and each, in turn, will expect to make a far larger proportion of its purchases from other Empire countries. All sections of Canadian industry—agriculture, fishing, lumbering, mining and manufacturing—are keenly interested in the outcome of the Conference. The ideal of the Conference is worthy of general commendation. The component parts of the Empire can surely expect from each other an understanding and co-operation in trade affairs which is conspicuously absent in most international relations. It is this principle which constitutes the basis for hope that no effort will be spared to bring the Conference to a successful conclusion.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Mr. Trotzky, who, with the late Mr. Lenin, led the forces of revolution and brought the Red regime into power in Russia, has again had the doors of the country slammed in his face. Trotzky has been an exile from Russia for several years. Now he, his wife, son and thirty odd Russians have been formally stripped of their Soviet citizenship and forbidden "for all time" to enter the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. "Counter-revolutionary activity" is the official reason given for the ban.

NOTES BY THE WAY

Radio "crooners" are being banged for and aft. Cardinal O'Connell, with righteous indignation, says that the man who whines that way—well, he just isn't a man. There is no man who would lower himself to such an art as that. It is a degenerate low-down sort of an interpretation of love.

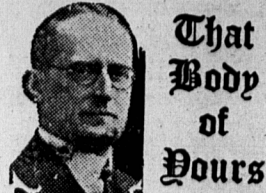
As a side-light to the political situation in the Irish Free State, it may be noted that DeValera, the much self-vaunted champion of the Free State people, is a native of the United States. He was born in New York and his father was a Spaniard, though his mother happened to be an Irish woman. While speculation is rife as to his course when he assumes the reins of power, it must be assumed that altogether his followers in the Dal includes a number of gunmen and law-breakers, yet he must have a large body of law-abiding Irish people behind him, who were more anxious for a change of government than for a complete severance of British connection and will be loath to see put into effect the doctrines preached by DeValera while seeking place and power.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain, in what must for all time stand as a great Parliamentary speech, devoid of rhetoric, simple and crystal clear, set forth a program that only the blind can fail to grasp in all its significance. Great Britain is awake to economic realities at last. There will have to be much hard thinking, much hard work in preparation for Ottawa. For Mr. Chamberlain's speech means either that the Empire has to become an economic unit, broad based on preferential agreements among its many component parts, or that Great Britain herself will be driven to take an independent line for her own salvation. Neville Chamberlain has kept the faith with his father. How "Joey" would have expanded with pride had he been permitted to see his own leading his country into the haven of protection. But he would have removed his eye-glass hastily as he looked closely at the business-like speaker on the Government front bench. Neville! But Neville wasn't destined to do this! The son marked out for that honor was Austen, who inherited his father's political mantle, with monoclé attached. Yet "Joey" would quickly have found out that both his sons had carried on the work that he began. Though he cannot boast the filial joy that must now be Neville's Austen Chamberlain has been in the same shoes as Chancellor of the Exchequer. But that was in the days when the mass of the British people were still repudiating Chamberlainism. Since then he has turned from finance to foreign affairs, where he has won greater laurels for himself and his family as the hero of Locarno, for which the King delighted to honor him with the Star of the Garter.

It is not surprising, to learn from Australia that the Antipodean Commonwealth is now absolutely opposed to action by Great Britain against Japan on the ground that "if Britain made the navy available for an economic boycott against Japan, a state of war would exist between Britain and Japan in which Australia and every other part of the Empire would be involved." Simultaneously we have from London an announcement by Sir John Simon, British Minister of Foreign Affairs, that the Mother Country is opposed to any such action against Japan, and that it will object at Geneva to any such action by the League of Nations.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin probably personifies more than any other man in politics at the present time the honesty, common sense and loyalty of the British character. The universal esteem in which he is held, while Mr. Lloyd George is the object of an almost universal contempt, does real honour to his countrymen.

Our hopes lie in the prospects involved in the Imperial Economic Conference, which is to be held at Ottawa next July. If this gathering achieves what is expected of it, Canada will obtain invaluable trade preferences in the Mother Country and other parts of the Empire, and a great forward step will be made in co-ordinating all the countries under the British flag for their common benefit. Now it is proposed to build an impassable tariff wall around the Empire. The fact is that if by taking thought and care, Canada and the Empire can be made more prosperous, they will be in a position to buy more than ever from the rest of the world—to do in short, a greater business than ever with other nations.



By James W. Barton, M.D.

INOCULATIONS FOR THE COMMON COLD

That the common cold is a great factor in lessening resistance to other ailments has been amply proven.

I have spoken before about the great number of cases that develop over the 'week end', so that Monday morning finds more people away from work owing to 'colds' than any other day in the week, despite the fact that the individual has had one to one and a half day's rest and has been able to eat as much as he wished with no hurry or worry.

Thus it is generally believed that too much food, and too much rest after eating too much food, leaves so much waste in the system that the white corpuscles of the blood are kept busy taking care of these wastes, and so cannot fight off the harmful work of the organisms that cause the cold. These organisms are always in the body, but do not usually do harm unless the system is 'run down', tired, or has too much excess wastes, all of which keep the white corpuscles of the blood (disease fighters) so busy, that they can't fight off the organisms causing the cold, and as some of your friends have taken these inoculations for cold, without getting any relief, you may wonder if these inoculations are really worth trying.

Dr. R. W. Ward, Montreal, gave a large group of factory employees inoculations over a period of two years with ordinary 'stock' vaccines with the idea of trying to prevent affections of nose, throat, and chest. Care was taken to select those people who had a bad record of trouble from these disorders. Careful records were kept over a period of four months, of the time these people lost from pneumonia, bronchitis, influenza, colds and tonsillitis, and their record was compared with that of a group consisting of all the other employees of the factory. In 1929-1931, there were fewer absences among the vaccinated group, although the number of days lost per hundred in this group was slightly greater than in the group who were not inoculated. Most of those inoculated seemed to feel that they had been benefited.

Dr. Ward believes that the stock vaccines cannot be considered a sure prevention of the above mentioned ailments; that they do benefit a large percentage of people is apparent from the fact that the number of absences in regular 'old' sufferers can be reduced to the absence of those who do not usually suffer from colds.

In other words, if you continue to have colds despite careful diet and regular exercise, the inoculations are worth trying.

Japan's Big Job

(Montreal Star)

If China really settles down to a long war, Japan will have a tremendous job on her hands. Time is strongly on the side of the Chinese. They are largely a primitive people and can get along without export trade. Japan will die without it. Then a sense of patriotism and race solidarity is bound to be developed if Chinese soldiers continue to die in defence of Chinese territory. The drafting of Chiang is the best evidence of this. He most emphatically did not want to go to war. But the example of the plucky "Nineteenth Route Army" proved too contagious. Now it is thought that his entire force south of the Yangtze is in the defense works of his countrymen.

This spirit is likely to spread. If practically the whole Chinese people can be induced to boycott Japanese goods because of the shooting of Chinese soldiers in Manchuria, there is no guarantee that these same people will not be infected with a willingness to fight then they see their soldiers bombed, shelled and bayoneted in the very centre of their seaboard at Shanghai. If they are once aroused to the fighting pitch, it is exceedingly likely that a watching world, largely sympathetic with the Chinese cause, will find means to arm them. Already an American flier has been shot down fighting in their ranks. Their manpower is, of course, inexhaustible. So Tokio sees itself facing an almost endless struggle against an inchoate nation, with four hundred millions to recruit from and half Asia to retreat over.

It is hard to see, indeed, how Japan can bring such a war to an end. The Chinese have already re-

Canal Scheme Not An Unmixed Blessing

(Fredericton, N.B., Gleaner)

What will happen to Fundy's famous tides if the Chignecto Canal, mooted for many years, becomes a reality with the present government, and the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy are joined? That is the question that is agitating many Bluenoses whose homes and livings are on the shores of that narrow neck of water, which projects like a thumb between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and which in season, rolls up tides as high as forty feet—never less than twenty. A Royal Commission, appointed by the present Federal Government to inquire into the desirability of the canal, has reported favorably upon the undertaking, and the question "What will happen it—?" is becoming of major interest in the Maritimes.

There are savants who say that the canal will put Fundy's tides in the same class as those of all other bays in the world—a mere six or seven feet—and this is said to be by no means an unmixed blessing. Upon the credit side of the ledger, towns such as Hantsport, Windsor and Port Williams, once centres of shipping trade, look forward to having deep water at their wharves all day long, which local economists pressage, will mean a revival of the days of the eighties. Through the canal, tremendous amounts of shipping will pass, they say, and not all of it will pass by the Fundy ports.

But there is something on the debit side. The Fundy tides have been a great factor in attracting tourists to the Land of Evangeline. An incident is on record that amply illustrates this. One day, at low tide, when the Avon River is merely a trickle of brown water through a sea of red, jelly-like mud, a young lady stood upon the Avon Bridge at Windsor and gazed down at the mud. After a few minutes, she left the bridge. In just six hours, when there was thirty feet of swirling, turbulent salt water rushing upward beneath the bridge, the same young lady took her stand at the same spot and watched. On this occasion, she had a companion with her.

"There!" she said, after a minute, "I've seen it—now I'm going home!" She was an American school teacher, who had come all the way from Vermont to see the Fundy tides.

She is not alone. Every year hundreds of tourists, whose sole object is to see the tides, visit the shores of Fundy. The fame of these tides is world-wide.

The inshore fisherman, too, is worried. For him, fishing along the "Bay shore" is simplicity itself indeed. At low tide, he goes far down the wide expanse of sand and mud that is laid bare, and erects a fish-trap, making use of brush, twenty-foot poles and nets. Then he goes home, and waits for the next low tide. In his trap he is likely to find anything from the lowly hake and cod to the aristocratic herring and halibut. One does not use a boat for this sort of fishing—one uses a wheel-barrow.

If the canal is cut, and the tides becomes normal ones, the wheel-barrow will have to be beaten into dorries; and the fish-traps now in existence will be of no more use.

Of course, to offset this, such towns as Hantsport, which possess at high tide fine, long, sandy beaches, will profit greatly through increased numbers of "summer resorters." At present, in these towns, there are about two hours bathing a day; then there would be twenty-four hours with plenty of water.

moved their capital from Nanking. Their screenlike armies can sway back and forth over the country without suffering a conclusive defeat, and yet keep up a semblance of war which will be quite sufficient to kill Japanese trade from the Great Wall to Canton. It is likely that the whole Japanese program was based upon the belief that the Chinese would not fight. But every shell fired by new Chinese guns toward the Whang-poo is a proof that, pushed hard enough, the Chinese will fight. And they are excellent soldiers, living on little, enduring hardships that would disable Europeans, and having plenty of courage. What they have lacked in the past is leadership.

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The Poet's Corner

IN LIMBO LAND

(A fragment, found among the papers of the late Mr. J. E. B. McCready.)

I had a strange dream about Limbo Land As strange a country as ever was planned; There were mountains and plains and rivers and seas And sun, moon and stars such as here one sees, And four seasons, rain, snow, heat and cold such as here, Day and night much the same and the month and the year. There were humans and beasts and birds, much the same, Some were healthful, some sick, some crippled and lame, Some happy and joyous; they were born, lived and died Much as we; some were rich and swollen with pride, And others were poor, afflicted, distressed, And some suffered hunger and some were oppressed.

And I asked of a man whom I met on the road Concerning the land where he had his abode, Its name and location and other such things. He bore all the signs age and poverty brings But he answered me promptly, in very good cheer, "At least, my good brother, I know why I'm here."

"Well, that's more than I do," I said, in reply, "Or why I was born—where I'll go when I die."

I answered him sadly; life's mystery seemed Very heavy upon me the while I had dreamed. "I know very well . . ."

A Sea Of Words

(Exchange)

The untimely death of Edgar Wallace in California has given publicity to the tremendous volume of that lamented author's literary production. The world stands agape at the knowledge that this prodigiously energetic writer turned out some 200 novels, 1500 short stories and scores of plays.

It appears that he is being accorded fame on the bulk and quantity rather than upon the excellence and quality of his works. The remarkable fact is that ninety-nine one-hundredths of his work will have to be forgotten in the mists of time before critics can really take the measure of the man.

He turned out such a colossal mass of mediocrity that his really excellent works, like "Private Selby" and the Sanders stories, have been lost in the avalanche.

And what has happened in the individual case of Edgar Wallace is happening throughout the whole literary machinery of this age.

As never before, we are deluged today with words.

The Vatican library has collapsed with the weight of them.

The United States congressional library started off 80 years ago with 35,000 books. Today it has 4,292,000 volumes, to say nothing of maps and pamphlets and directories.

The great library at Munich is actually cracking from weight of the war books piled in it since the Armistice, and thousands are still coming along.

And how much of all this mass literature is really worth reading! How many thoughts of actual value have been set out in literary form in the past hundred years?

The truth is that this genera-

Advertisement for 'BLACK TWIST' CHEWING HICKEY & NICHOLSON. Includes image of a hand holding a cigarette and text: 'The chew for you. A better tobacco and a better cure—that accounts for the popularity of our "BLACK TWIST" CHEWING HICKEY & NICHOLSON.'

tion is so smothered in written words that it has lost the power to sort out those that are worth while. Upkeep. Girl's Father—Young man, I don't know whether you can support my daughter, but you can certainly keep her up.

THIS SPECIAL FRIDAY and SATURDAY SALE FOR

Table listing Patent Medicines and Toilet Preparations with prices. Includes items like Scott's Emulsion, Nujol, Vinol, and various face powders and lotions.

CANDY table listing Royal Seal Fruit Jellies, Lymans Fruit Flavor Gums, and Pattersons Old Homestead Candles with prices.

SOAPS table listing Pure Glycerine Soap, Fleur de Hill Regular Soap, and Pure French Castile Soap with prices.

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Regular Sale Price 49c—This Week 44c lb.

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Advertisement for Imperial Fox Biscuits. Includes image of a fox and text: 'Improve With Imperials. IMPERIAL FOX BISCUITS. IMPROVE BY PROMOTING Health of Foxes. ENHANCING Appearance and Market Value of Pelts. ADDING TO Size of Litters. INCREASING Number of Pups Reaching Maturity. "FOR SUCCESS, FEED IMPERIALS" IMPERIAL BISCUIT COMPANY, Ltd. Charlottetown, P. E. I.'

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