

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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Mr. Dunning's Agnosticism

Finance Minister Dunning says that in his opinion increased tariffs for Canada would not help to solve our unemployment difficulties. It might be asked, then, what will solve these difficulties? Apparently Mr. Dunning does not know. His attitude, in view of the fact that he has no solution of his own to advance, is a rather hopeless one. It is much more depressing than poor Mr. Heenan's. Mr. Heenan disposed of our unemployment problem by denying that there is a problem; Mr. Dunning tries to dispose of it by denying that there is a solution. In the meantime, in every large centre from Montreal to Vancouver, the unemployed are parading the streets, demanding employment. Wouldn't it be a good thing if we had a party in power that did recognize that there was an unemployment problem, and that had a policy of some kind with which to tackle it?

Tariff protection may not be the panacea for all our political ills. No rational Conservative would advance such a contention. But the bitterest opponents of protection must admit that it is, at any rate, a policy, and that it has behind it a party uncompromisingly determined to carry it out. The government of which Mr. Dunning is a member, on the other hand, has no policy. While Mr. Dunning is criticising tariff protection in the West, Mr. Euler, the Minister of National Revenue, has just been commending it in Ontario. Premier King, when in Ontario or Quebec, has always a kind word to say for protection. When in the West, of course, he is quite in accord with Mr. Dunning. But that's the way it goes. Nobody knows what the Prime Minister's real opinion is about protection. Nobody knows what the King Government's policy is, or whether the tariffs are going up or down at the next session of Parliament.

The thing that makes for success in governments, as in individuals, is singleness of aim, intestinal stamina, conviction, moral ability to hew to the line, to make straight towards a definite goal. The thing that makes for failure in governments, as in individuals, is vacillation, indecision, "watchful waiting" for something to happen. The fact that it will be admitted even by Mr. Dunning, is strikingly exemplified by the Conservative party in its unqualified adherence to tariff protection, alike for industry and agriculture. The other, whether Mr. Dunning admits it or not, is unadmittedly illustrated in the political manoeuvring and side-stepping of the present administration at Ottawa.

The Butter Tariff Issue

By a curious coincidence, in the period immediately preceding the annual meeting of the Provincial Dairy Association, when the National Dairy Council was preparing its brief against the wholesale dumping of New Zealand butter into Canada for presentation to the Tariff Board and when protests from dairy organizations all over Canada were being received by the Federal Government, the local Department of Agriculture took occasion to circulate the dairy men of this Province on the crying need of a co-operative or central selling agency for the better marketing of their product. Naturally, when the provincial association met, there was much discussion on this point and a resolution suggesting that it be given further consideration was adopted. The main issue, however, and the one which had everything to do with the marketing of the home product—namely, the unequal competition from New Zealand—was scrupulously avoided by departmental officials, both in the fatherly circulars sent out for the advice and guidance of dairymen and at the meeting when the matter was brought up by the president and other independent speakers.

Was the emphasis placed by the Department of Agriculture on the need of co-operative marketing justified by the circumstances? The Dairy Commissioner, in his annual report, stated that the average price received for butter by our Island factories was from one to two cents above the prices paid in Montreal. This would indicate that our local salesmen are at least equal to the high pressure salesmen of the Quebec metropolises.

Again, during the week of the farmers' convention here there were 3,000,000 pounds of New Zealand butter landed at Halifax. This amount is equivalent to 200 carloads. It was offered delivered in Montreal at 35 cents per pound; in fact, some lots sold there below that price. How can the Canadian dairyman, with centralized selling, or any kind of selling, meet this competition?

The only cure for the present situation in the dairy industry is tariff revision. This was evident to all who attended the meeting of the Dairy Association, but many were hesitant to discuss the matter because it involved, as they believed, politics. On this point, the Farmers' Advocate, in a recent editorial, speaks out strongly. It suggests that when the manufacturers and other interests desire a tariff revision, either upward or downward, they forget their party affiliations and proceed with business; whereas farmers often shun and refuse to discuss a question of this kind. Certainly nothing can be gained by discussing political issues in an agricultural conference or convention; but the tariff is such an important matter, affecting the farmer to such an extent in his cost of living, cost of operations and in marketing, that it can no longer be shelved or disregarded. Instead of being a political question the tariff, and especially at the present time the butter tariff, is a vital economic one.

Our City Police

The final quarterly inspection by the retiring Council of the Police Department will take place this afternoon at 4 o'clock in the Police Court. His Worship Mayor Yeo will deliver an address and the occasion will be an interesting one. The efficiency of the Police Department during the past two years has frequently been commented upon, and the Police Committee, of which Councillor B. Roy Holman is chairman, deserves great credit in this connection.

Page The Purists

Commenting on the press criticism of Premier Ramsay MacDonald's phrase "It is us" in referring to the British navy at the opening of the naval conference, a correspondent in a Toronto exchange argues that in the estimation of thousands of English-speaking "non-purists" the Prime Minister was right on more counts than one. Nearly every one, poet, peasant and professor alike, is now using the forms, "It's me," "It's her," "It's us." We are in for these accustative-nominative forms whether we wish it or not. Furthermore, the local Department of Agriculture took occasion to circulate the dairy men of this Province on the crying need of a co-operative or central selling agency for the better marketing of their product. Naturally, when the provincial association met, there was much discussion on this point and a resolution suggesting that it be given further consideration was adopted. The main issue, however, and the one which had everything to do with the marketing of the home product—namely, the unequal competition from New Zealand—was scrupulously avoided by departmental officials, both in the fatherly circulars sent out for the advice and guidance of dairymen and at the meeting when the matter was brought up by the president and other independent speakers.

Notes By The Way

Already February has brought us a cold dip in temperature. North and northwestern winds have brought it to us across a frozen continent. This serves to remind us that the 8th day of February, 1861 was the coldest day the writer ever experienced in 90 years past. That day was passed in Penobscot, New Brunswick, a little more than half way between Saint John and Moncton on the railway.

The night previous there had been a rain storm which ended about eight o'clock. The moderate wind from the southwest suddenly shifted to the northwest and blew with increasing velocity. In the morning it became a gale which blew all day at about 70 miles an hour and the mercury recorded 28 degrees below zero.

Never before nor since can we recall a fall of 62 degrees in the temperature in so brief a period of time. The gale broke young and vigorous ornamental trees planted in front of our home and swept them away like chaff. The cold gale had swept over Ontario the day before and was there remembered as the cold Thursday, but the wind was not so violent nor the cold so intense as it was central and northern New Brunswick. Neither the Cold Friday nor the famous Saxby Gale of eight or nine years later seem to be remembered in Prince Edward Island.

It is years since the Duncan Report was presented to the Dominion Government and it seems strange that our claims, although in part implemented had been then apparently pigeonholed and forgotten at Ottawa until the question of giving the Prairie Provinces the natural resources within their boundaries came up.

New and important claims for the Maritimes have arisen out of the special awards to Manitoba and it now appears that all our claims new and old are to be adjusted by an audit board at Ottawa, in the appointment of which no Maritime province had any voice.

Surely this is not the form of final settlement that was contemplated by the Duncan Commission. They thought our claims urgent and immediate, not matters to be postponed from year to year as has been the case. They likewise doubtless thought and hoped that any future board of audit or estimate having to do with our claims in any way would have in view the need of an early and final settlement, and would be composed of men as representative painstaking and impartial as they themselves had been.

The Coal Fund in aid of the poor, founded by the late Dr. Jenkins, is much more needed this winter than it was a year ago. The fund has been exhausted this year in midwinter partly because of colder weather and partly because the contribution thereto have been fewer than in former years. The need for more contributions to the Coal Fund will doubtless be promptly responded to by our generous and charitable citizens who have never hitherto disregarded such an emergency. The Coal Fund is a really noble charity.

It appears by reports from Ottawa that in the matter of broadcasting by radio the annual licence fee is to be increased from \$1 to \$3, the number of receiving stations greatly reduced and Sunday Church services cut out. This last limitation will be a disappointment to many who by reason of age, sickness or infirmity are unable to attend the public services which they formerly frequented. They enjoyed listening to a sermon or two on Sunday. It was not altogether to escape the collection that they stayed at home.

The exodus of Canadians and newly arrived immigrants to the United States is an unmeasured number. Those who cross the border openly in legal fashion are counted, as also are returning Canadians who state their intention to reside permanently in Canada. But these figures take no account of the number that cross the border southward by underground methods. The number of these is known to be very large.

The devices by which they effect their purpose are as various and secret as those of the rum smugglers. They are assisted often by relatives or chums living in the States, or by employers on the other side or by regular man-smuggling agencies operating on both sides of the line. It is well known that thousands of immigrants come from Europe to Canada yearly for the sole purpose of getting into the States. They take advantage of assisted passages across the ocean and then steal their way secretly across the long boundary into "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Imports of raw cotton into Hungary from the United States last year was 40 per cent greater than in 1928.

Because of tight money conditions, Hungary has stopped its railway construction program.



By James W. Barlow, M.D.

That Body of Yours

Did you know that one in every fifty persons is more or less lacking in brains, in what is called a mental defective?

And yet this one fiftieth produces from 25 to 33 per cent of the population of our prisons, so as a matter of fact there are many more criminals drawn from the mentally defective classes in proportion to their percentage of the general population than from the rest.

Now this is certainly a large percentage but until recently it was thought that the percentage was nearer 60 per cent, that is that two out of every three criminals were mentally defective.

This means of course that our prison population is made up of many more persons with normal and superior intellects than with mental defectives.

Following these investigations further it has been definitely shown that many mental defectives are leading good lives.

Now why do I talk about this? What has this to do with health, with that body of yours?

Simply the fact that the surroundings of these defectives when they are young has much to do with whether they will enter the criminal class or lead useful lives.

And the surroundings aside from the home are what communities supply in the way of playgrounds.

A boy, or girl also, who gets an opportunity to play with others, in the outdoors, taking his or her part in the various games learns to fit into the scheme of life better than when this opportunity to play does not exist.

A judge of a juvenile court told me that when a playground was placed in a community, the number of juvenile offenders brought before his court immediately decreased.

Further that the boys who had been summoned before him previously, now expended their energies in games. In fact some of the worst had become leaders, captains of teams, and were real influences in preventing other boys from going wrong and having to appear in court. My thought then is that when the question of playgrounds and their cost come up for decision in a community that they remember the above facts.

Also that normal children need these playgrounds, and games also, if they are going to adjust themselves to life about them.



FROM "ULYSSES"

The Poet's Corner

I am a part of all that I have met; Yet all experience is an arch where thro' Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades Forever and forever when I move. How dull it is to pause to make an end, To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use! As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life Were all too little, and of one to me Little remains. . . . Vile it were For some three suns to store and hoard myself And this grey spirit yearning in desire To follow knowledge like a sinking star, Beyond the utmost bound of human thought. —Tennyson.

THE LAND WE LOVE

By FRANK YEIGH

NOVA SCOTIA IN SCOTLAND

Q. In what sense is there a bit of Nova Scotia in Scotland? A. There is it is said a small area on Edinburgh Castle near the entrance to the Castle that is legally Nova Scotia under a law that has never been repealed as told by H. V. Morton in his "In Search of Scotland." The explanation is that during the reign of Charles I. this small area was declared Nova Scotian territory in order that newly made Nova Scotian baronets might "take seizen" of their lands without crossing the Atlantic to do so. It is an interesting fact therefore that this piece of wall and pavement in the heart of Edinburgh is legally in Canada.

The Public Forum

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

THE WOMEN'S LIBERAL CLUB

Sir.—I understand that Mrs. E. T. Higgs, President of the Women's Liberal Club of Charlottetown, has been canvassing the members of that club to sign a petition in favor of one of the aspirants to the office of Judge of the County Court. What I would like to find out from Mrs. Higgs is if the purpose of organizing such a club is to promote the interest of one Liberal for office against another Liberal for the same office.

It is rather an important principle especially when put into effect by the wife of a man who sometimes seeks the votes of all Liberal women. Perhaps she may find this out.

I am, Sir, etc., LIBERAL WOMAN.

THE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION AND FUNERALS

Sir.—I would like to voice a layman's views regarding the conduct of funerals by our clergymen in the hope that the Committee appointed at the last meeting of the Association will use them in their deliberations in preparation of their report for the March meeting.

The adoption of a uniform ritual for funerals being the form in which association first dealt with the question, later considering the conduct of funerals generally, may easily be disposed of by the use of a gramophone for which records might easily be obtained. But seriously, funerals during recent years have become in very many instances the enactment of a farce.

I have attended funerals in city and country where two, three or even four ministers have taken part, one announcing hymns, another reading scripture another reading (I was going to say offering) a prayer and if and when an attempt was made to sermonize in most cases it resolved itself, into a eulogy of the deceased about whom a minister is likely to know the least. At a certain funeral, standing with two others while the minister was praying about the merits of the deceased, fastening on the wings and assuring us of his salvation after death, one said to the other "just listen to that" — the other replied "he didn't know as we did."

The minister knew the deceased as a member of his choir and attendant at church functions. We know him as a week-day man whose days were spent in comparative idleness and his nights at card playing and attending every dance within a radius of ten miles, no doubt all in preparation for this wonderful after-life. Why in the name of all that's sacred didn't that minister give the party a chance during life to at least attempt to merit a few of the bouquets.

My idea of the conduct of funerals shared by scores with whom I have talked, calls for the preaching of a positive gospel message, assuming of course that the minister conducting the funeral has such, for the reason that at most funerals, especially here in the country, audiences assemble which could not under any other conditions be got together. — Then hereafter let us hear of the salvation before death for the benefit of the living, leaving the passing of judgment on the merits or otherwise of the deceased with those in a position to do so. And let one minister officiate giving the others an opportunity to prosecute their divine calling in agitating and seeking to save lost souls before death.

I am, Sir etc LAYMAN

ORIGIN OF SURNAMES

Hurry

An Aberdeenshire surname originating from the place-name Oris or Ury. In early records Urr, Urr, Urr, Wm. Ury (1476), Hurre, Hurry, Hurry. The derivation is from the Gaelic urraigh ('gh pronounced y), "abounding in yew trees."

Porteous.

An officer of the law, who probably had charge of the "Porteous-roll," a name still used in Scotland for a list of criminal cases. Crest, a turtle-dove, with olive branch in beak. Motto, "I wait my time"

Shields.

Also Schele, Sheil, Sheild, Shield, Shiel, etc. A shield or shelter is a hut or summer residence for shepherds, nowadays also a cottage for sportsmen. "Shiel" is found in many of our surnames, and is presumed to be derived from old Norse skjal, "shelter."

Stroyan.

The place-name Stroyan occurs in Perthshire, also in Skye, and Stroyan at Criff, the latter Struin, A. D. 1920. Probably derived from the Gaelic struth, "a stream," with diminutive an, "little," thus meaning "a little stream."

Melrose

Circs 750 A. D., Malros. "Old Melrose, which is on a peninsula formed by a loop of the Tweed, suggests the meaning of base or blunt promontory."

Matthews.

In England this signifies Matthew's son. Derived from the Hebrew Matthew, "Gift of God." — G. D. P. Weekly Scotsman

What "Bucketing" Means

It would no doubt surprise some people to learn how large a percentage of the community is mystified by the word "bucketing" which has been appearing daily in the press in connection with the great of certain mining brokers and prospective investigation of others says the Toronto Saturday Night. It is a word of curious derivation which came into use many years ago when there was little or no regulation of the brokerage business and when "bucket shops" were numerous in the downtown sections of most Canadian and United States cities.

Generally speaking "bucketing" means a speculative transaction on margin in which no actual securities or assets change hands and in which the customer to all intents and purposes makes a bet with his broker as to the future price of a security. Fifty years ago when the number of incorporated companies whose shares were traded on the stock market was small, this form of speculation was largely confined to wheat; and to typify the shadowy nature of the transaction some forgotten humorist spoke of it as "buying a bucket of wheat." The phrase caught on like wild fire and within a short time the offices of brokers in which no transactions in tangible assets were recorded became known as "bucket shops"; and their mode of doing business as "bucketing."

For about three decades "bucketing" has been illegal in Ontario and in most other parts of America but a good deal of it has gone under cover, especially in times when the stock market was depressed. In the old days speculators dealing in such establishments did so with open eyes. They took a sporting chance, precisely as does the man foolish enough to think he can make money betting on horse races when he lays his bets with handbook men. Under the modern system which the provincial governments of Canada are trying to stamp out the vast majority of customers are blindfold. They imagine they are actually buying securities on margin, and do not know until the crash comes that the broker has treated the deal merely as a bet. A "book-making, Abraham race, once described the business in which he was at that time engaged as pitting "my luck against your judgment." If the horse you had bet on lost it was his luck, if the horse won it was a triumph of the other fellow's judgment.

This is precisely what "bucketing" signifies, except that to-day the speculator imagines he is really buying something whereas the betting man knows he is merely taking a chance on a horse. The crying evil of "bucketing" and that which led to its being legalized is that the broker cannot conceivably make money unless the client loses. Legitimate brokerage houses make their profits from commissions on the turn-over of stocks; and it is their interest to give honest advice to their customers as to the value of the shares in which they deal. It is on the other hand in the interest of the bucketeer to induce as many of his clients as possible to buy stocks of doubtful value likely to fall in price. If as is usually the case the customer is speculating on margin and not entitled to ask for immediate deliveries of shares, the lower the stock falls, the better the broker's opportunity to "sell him out" and pocket the margins which have been put up on stock never purchased. Altogether "bucketing" under the modern system is a rascally business, based on deception and betrayal.

Dinosaur vs. Hayrake

What will the new Spanish Dictator have to say to the Madrid scientists who have been so badly fooled in Morocco asks the Toronto Globe? These learned men let the world know—reluctantly, of course, as becomes men who are modest as well as great—had discovered the remains of a great dinosaur which had crept about the world a few centuries ago, and were piecing together the somewhat scattered remains. Apparently a defunct dinosaur occupies a good deal of ground but these were zealous men and tackled their work with utter disregard for union hours or regulation. But something happened; there came a lull in activities in this particular salient of the scientific front and then the utter rout of a cherished theory. Reluctantly, word was sent back home to Madrid that the skeleton-like thing probably was not a dinosaur at all. Why? And then out came the whole humiliating story—humiliating to science, and to Spain. One section of the monster, in quite a remarkable state of preservation, bore the name and trademark of a well-known Chicago firm of implement manufacturers. Even science could not explain away this. Admitting that a dinosaur—even lived a few thousand years ago, and knew nothing of calories, might be careless about its diet, it hardly could have assimilated a modern hayrake, made in Chicago. What did the Rifles of Morocco want with hayrakes, anyway, and why should they leave such implements lying in the way of a little landslide that happened not so long ago—at least not so long as to justify the theory of contact with reptiles and other strange things that are now extinct? But being fooled in this way has its value. Other scientists will be more cautious and careful. The experience in Morocco should be noted everywhere. In older Ontario one may see abandoned hayrakes—admittedly a sign of bad farming—which, in a few thousand years hence, when they are unearthed, may have all the learned men guessing, and the best that can be hoped is that time will deal roughly with the name of the manufacturer. Cases of canned food abandoned or forgotten by present-day prospectors in the North country may indicate to the future scientist that articles put in nature's refrigerator during the ice age have been wonderfully well preserved, and that this indicates how much better things were done in some lines long ago—such as the building of tombs, dinosaurs, ice boxes, and so on. Yes, it behooves the scientist of today and his successor in the years to come to walk warily, as implement manufacturers have been very busy during the last two or three decades.

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