

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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Morning Maxim: When love isn't blind it is terribly near-sighted, which is almost as bad.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1932

DISCIPLINING WILLIE

Our local contemporary quotes Mr. Mackenzie King as saying that 180 of the tariff changes under the Anglo-Canadian trade agreement have been made by increasing the tariff. On Wednesday in the House of Commons Mr. King admitted he was mistaken on this point. "I should have said," he stated, "that out of 223 items included in the schedule, 138 were in the nature of increases in the tariff."

Mr. King's other argument against the agreement, quoted by our contemporary on Saturday, shows his insincerity even more glaringly. "The worst feature," according to the Liberal leader, is that the agreement binds Canada for five years. Has Mr. King forgotten that he "bound" Canada for twelve years when he negotiated the West Indies agreement? Evidently he has, or he thinks the people have.

Truly the Toronto Globe, leading Liberal newspaper, was right when it said that by their attitude towards the Imperial Conference agreements the political leaders of Canada would be judged. Mr. King's attitude has been so petty, so inconsistent and so blundering that if Parliament were a classroom and the Globe were the school teacher, undoubtedly by this time he would be standing in a corner with a dunce's cap, and with his hours of recreation cut short until he had learned his lessons properly. If other disciplinary methods failed he could be put to the task, after school hours, of filling his copy-book with the Globe's trenchant editorials on the success of the Conference and the duty of patriotic Canadians to support the measures adopted for wider Empire trade.

THE CATTLE EMBARGO

Exception is taken by the Montreal Gazette to the reasons given for the lifting by the British Parliament of the embargo against Canadian cattle. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, Under-Secretary for the Dominions, is reported to have explained that there is no further need to exclude Canadian cattle on the ground that they may be diseased; also, that as the length of the voyage affords sufficient time for the development of a disease, should it be present, it is no longer necessary to detain the animals at Canadian ports of shipment for the customary three days, and one day is to suffice hereafter.

Other changes include the elimination of the clause requiring the separation of the cattle from other animals on shipboard and the daily examination by an authorized veterinary officer of Canada; the three-day quarantine at the port of shipment is reduced to one, and the regulation requiring the branding of the cheek of each animal prior to shipment is also modified. In return, the British Government secures less restrictive conditions governing the entry of pedigree cattle from the United Kingdom into Canada.

NOTES BY THE WAY

President Hoover has his humor. He can laugh at a good joke, and best of all, he can laugh heartily at a joke on himself. It is not everyone who can do that. Funniest of all things to Mr. Hoover are the cartoons that have been drawn of him since he became President. He gets quite a kick out of them. Arrayed in a room which he calls his "Chamber of Horrors," Mr. Hoover has 20,000 cartoons of himself. Some are supposed to flatter him. Others have directly the opposite intent. And whenever the President gets in the jumps about things, he always finds it invigorating to check over the cartoons.

Mr. Huey P. Long, who used to be Governor of Louisiana and is now United States Senator, announced that he will take the stump for Governor Roosevelt. Mr. Long, sometimes known as the King Fish, will devote his special attention to ridding the United States of its millionaires. Prosperity can't return until the purchasing power is put back into the hands of the common people, and the consumer won't have any purchasing power as long as most of the wealth is in the hands of the few, the King Fish declares. It may not be possible; but if it is possible, Mr. Roosevelt should send the Senator to Europe or somewhere to remain until after the campaign is over.

In 1878 a young student of political philosophy, Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, born the son of a coachman on one of the Imperial Austrian estates in a Moravian village, came to America to wed Charlotte Garrigue of Brooklyn. In 1918, just forty years later he returned to present to the U. S. Government at Washington the plea of the Czechs, Moravians and Slovaks for an independent State. In both missions he was successful. After his first arrival he took back with him his Brooklyn bride. On the other visit he won the Lansing declaration of sympathy with his political ambition and on October 28, 1918; the Czechoslovak State came into existence. When he returned to Europe on the latter trip Czechoslovakia had been formally declared a republic and he was its first President.

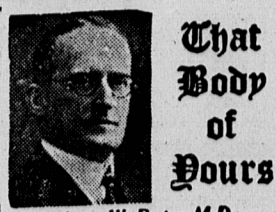
The real test of sincerity for any nation, in regard to disarmament, is how it reacts to proposals for abolition or reduction in arms or armaments which are useless except for purposes of attack. Nothing beyond what has already happened could better illustrate the futility of hoping for world peace merely by reason of treaties seeking to make war impossible by wiping out some part or all of the armaments now in use.

The Montreal Herald, one of the old time Liberal journals, says: The central point about which Mr. Mackenzie King groups his objections is the fact that the margins of preference are made operative for five years. This, he declares, ties the hands of the Government in regard to its fiscal policy and violates the principle of democratic government. Premier Bennett anticipated this objection when he had the agreement before the House. "We believe," he said, "that no less than five years will be required in order fully to demonstrate the value of these undertakings, and we are satisfied that if stability is desired, as it is, any period less than that would be too short a time in which to try an experiment so great."

The common travellers of Canada are to put forth special efforts to stimulate trade. Of course, that is the business at all times, but they are going to accelerate the pace; enliven the tempo; inspire greater confidence in the public mind. Something is needed to create a better frame of mind and loosen purse-strings. The commercial travellers know what it is: restored confidence. And when fifty thousand cheerful and determined men of the grip take the road each Monday with the fixed purpose of "selling Canada to Canadians" the results should be startling. Good luck to them!

A staff writer of the New York Herald Tribune says it is grotesque to suggest that Pennsylvania will vote Democratic for the first time in seventy-six years, whereupon the New York Times points out it would not be more so than for Texas to vote Republican, as it did in the last election, after eighty years of Democracy. If the straw votes are an indication, next week's Presidential election will be "grotesque" in many particulars.

As such cattle are required by the Dominion for the purpose of improving domestic stock, any means of facilitating importation is of advantage to the Canadian livestock industry as well as to the British exporter.



By James W. Barton, M.D. THE BLOOD STREAM IS THE LIFE STREAM

If you look at the blood as it flows in the blood vessel you see hundreds of little red blood corpuscles hurrying along in the middle of the stream, and along the edges a few of the white corpuscles. These corpuscles float in plasma—a watery solution of salts, sugar, and a sticky albuminous material. The red corpuscles, when they reach the lungs, fill themselves up to the limit with oxygen, which they carry to all parts of the body. By the time they reach the lungs they have lost much of this oxygen, and have gathered up on their way back to the lungs considerable carbon dioxide, which is a waste product from the tissues that have been working. This carbon dioxide is given up to the lungs by the red corpuscles and more oxygen is taken in to be carried to all the tissues again.

What about these white corpuscles? They keep close to the edges of the blood vessels, and if necessary can actually push themselves through the walls of the blood vessels to reach any point of the body that is in danger. Thus in a boil, or an abscess, you will find a white hard material surrounding the deep red or dark centre of the boil or abscess. This material is made up mostly of white corpuscles making a wall around the boil or abscess to prevent it from spreading to the surrounding tissues.

In addition to these white corpuscles attack and kill many harmful organisms in the blood stream. In fact if infection gets in the body, these white corpuscles may increase five to ten times in number in order to fight off these invading organisms. It is by counting the number of these white corpuscles in a small amount of blood that the physician knows how serious the infection really is.

Thus in ordinary health, some one has likened these white corpuscles to scavengers which gather up or kill the ordinary number of harmful organisms which get into the system. However in illness the white corpuscles are like a strong army defending the body from invaders.

The plasma or fluid in which the corpuscles float carries the food materials, after they are fully digested, to all the tissues of the body. It also removes the wastes to the organs which remove them from the body.

Thus with red corpuscles to carry the oxygen so that heat and energy may be obtained, the white corpuscles to fight off invaders, and the plasma to carry the food materials everywhere, you can realize why the blood stream is really the "life" stream.

Grotto Of The Sibyl

(Mail and Empire) The discovery of the grotto of the Cumaean Sibyl, near Naples, will remind many of our readers of the story in the sixth book of the Aeneid. It was there that she predicted to Aeneas the foundation of Rome. His ship having grounded on the shore, Aeneas ascended the hillside to see "the dread Sibyl, whom the Delian seer inspired with soul and wisdom to unfold the things to come." But Sibyl was accustomed to trust her verses to leaves which flew about in disorder, the sport of rushing winds and Aeneas prayed her to chant them herself. This she proceeded to do though she uttered a warning which has often been repeated since then: "... facilis descensus Averno Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras Hoc opus, hic labor est."

That is to say, in modern English, it is easy to go down hill but to retrace one's step and reach a purer atmosphere, that is the task, that is the labor. Then follows the description of his visit to the nether world, the meeting with the shades of his father, Anchises and others, the crossing of the Styx and his return to the outer world. But here a difficulty has arisen—There were two gates of Sleep, one of horn, the other of polished ivory. The former was an easy outlet to true shades. But Aeneas was dismissed through the ivory gate and false are the dreams sent through it by the spirits to the world above. Hence many commentators have exercised their ingenuity and learning.

According to the Aeneid the grotto had a hundred wide mouths, a hundred wide gateways, whence rush many noises, the answers of the Sibyl. But the real cave is smaller and recently, at least, has been put to more prosaic use. Part

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.

UNEMPLOYED ASS'N COMPLAINT

Sir—I would like to bring to the attention of the public a matter of great importance to our unemployed in this city, and one we believe should be looked into at once. I refer to the crew of the C. G. S. Brant working ashore. Last week the crew of this steamer have been scowling stone from Rocky Point to the Mari Wharf at Charlottetown for repair work.

I am informed by a former Deputy Minister of Labor in Ottawa, that the crews of government ships are not allowed to work ashore. Perhaps Mr. Clawson, our local agent can explain this matter. We would like to know who is responsible for those sailors doing shore work while hundreds of unemployed men are walking our streets. I fall to see what right Mr. Clawson or any one connected with the government has to order the crew of this government boat to do repair work on our own wharves. A sailor's work is aboard ship and stops there. There are men in Charlottetown with saws and gear for this kind of work who were unable to obtain work all summer. Why isn't this work given to them? Perhaps Mr. Clawson will answer that. This kind of thing must stop. Conditions are bad enough in our city now without the Marine Department trying to make it worse. Hoping that this matter will be looked into at once.

I am Sir, Etc. Lemuel Rush, Secretary, Unemployed Workmen's Association, November 6, 1932.



REVENANT

Surly that town's the scansion of my life: In that small house, high-chimney'd, I was born, And from yon Townsquare doorway stole a wife, And from the quay set sail one wildish morn: And other streets I trod, not greatly caring Which road it was that overpast the seas: And rich I grew, then poor, in my far-faring,— Till home for burial,—to those graveyard trees. Now, looking down on roof and house and street, Hearing the jackdaws, and the hawk's cry,— I wonder if a boy's impatient feet Rattled the purlieus once, and it was I? The living boy,—the deadman's memory,— Is it illusion, or reality? —Ernest Rhys, in London Observer.

Here And There In London

(Winnipeg Free Press) "It is easy to get about in London," so it is often said. In a sense this is true, but it doesn't tell the whole story. London is well supplied with buses and trams and there is no lack of taxicabs, even though many of the taxis do almost qualify as museum pieces. Also there is the "underground," which is a rapid, clean and comfortable mode of travel, burrowing, as old-fashioned provincials used to say, "through the bowels of the earth."

In a city essentially modern, a civic entity that has grown in the course of an ordinary lifetime from village to city status, we expect and indeed welcome all manner of improvements; but in a historic place like London, that has preserved throughout the centuries a homely and familiar aspect, any drastic changes strike one with almost a sense of shock. We miss, for instance, the old horse-drawn buses and the hansom cabs. It was a childish ambition—cherished in secret but never realized—that we would one day ride in a hansom; a seat on the open-topped bus to which we climbed by means of an iron ladder attached to the rear of the vehicle, is a reminiscence, yet grown so hazy through the lapse of years that it seems like a dream.

The motor buses now in vogue though powerful and speedy, do not provide an exceptionally fast service; in the first place, they are delayed by the congestion of traffic, and secondly, they follow a more or less circuitous route. This, indeed, is a peculiar feature of London traffic; even the "Underground" runs rings, so to speak, round the Inner and Outer circles, and on the surface, where streets converge from many directions as at Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly, Regent and Oxford Circuses, the pedestrian is faced with the crossing problem at its worst. That benevolent despot, the London policeman, is a godsend here, especially when aged or infirm persons are to be conveyed.

It is a truism that, generally speaking, you find what you look for—if you look long and dig gently; and it is possible that a statistician would find, in the course of a year, a considerable number of traffic accidents in the British metropolis. But a stranger living in London for three weeks, spending his daylight hours—and some not so light—in the streets, and never seeing even the ghost of an accident, acquires a new respect both for motorist and pedestrian. Here as elsewhere that most obnoxious of all vehicles, the motorcycle, comes roaring by when least expected. The words of the palmetist seem peculiarly applicable (applied strictly to the machine, of course): "I hate them with perfect hatred."



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A different emotion is aroused by those poor wretches who stand or sit in the busy thoroughfares offering for sale matches, pencils and such smallwares, and bearing such legends as "Totally Blind," "Paralyzed," "Aged Seaman," "Too Old to Work." Among these are the street "artists," one of whom called attention by picture and pamphlet, to his claim that his health had been ruined by plunging into polluted Thames water to the saving of human life.

It is a relief to get away from Oxford street—the favorite rendezvous of these poor meddlers—into Hyde Park (risking life or limb again at the Marble Arch) to hear the spellbinders, the orators who proclaim with vociferous eloquence a panacea for every unction. Their audiences, who, evidently, go to be heard as well as to hear, enjoy themselves immensely. There is no lack of hecklers but the best of good humor prevails, howbeit the affair degenerates, at times, into a verbal duel. Sheep graze in Hyde Park the summer long, but it is not primarily a pasture. And oratory, superheated

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