THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

Morning Daily (Founded 1887)

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Editor and Managing Director J. R. Burnett, F.J.I.
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"The Strongest Memory is Weaker than the Weakest Ink."

FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1938

Educationists In Session Today

This is a big week for Charlottetown with the Provincial Exhibition and Eastern Canadian Tennis Tournament in full swing. Another important event is the meeting here today of the Canadian Education Association and the Canadian Association for Adult Education, which will see distinguished educationists in attendance for the discussion of educational problems. The morning sessions, which will be held in the Canadian National Hotel, will be of special interest to teachers and will include addresses by Mr. W. Dewar McDougall, principal of the Normal School at Edmonton, Alberta, Dr. C. C. Goldring, Superintendent of Schools, Toronto, and Dr. C. E. Stothers, Public School Inspector, Ontario. The evening session at Prince of Wales College Hall, to which the public is invited, will be addressed by Miss Nora Bateson, of the American Library Association, who established the Carnegie Demonstration Library in this Province, and Dr. Albert Mansbridge, of London, England, president of the World Association for Adult Education. Today's sessions conclude a series of successful meetings held this week in the Maritime Provinces by the Canadian Education Association and Adult Education Association.

Rothermere Press & Chamberlain

Within the last few days there has been an obvious bias in the British news coming through U.S.A. sources, and that bias is anti-Chamberlain with the apparent object of undermining his authority and position in European affairs. The following Canadian Press cable from London is therefore enlightening:

A charge that Lord Rothermere was encouraging Germany to attack Czechoslovakia was one of the highlights of an exchange of correspondence made public in London between the publisher and Wickham Steed, former editor of The Times of London.

Mr. Steed fired the first shot in a letter dated July 18, asserting that an article by Lord Rothermere in his Daily Mail of the same date was "based on misleading information and may help to bring on a European war into which Great Britain would be drawn willy-nilly."

Lord Rothermere, replying, called Czechoslovakia a "monstrosity of a country" and contended that some of the dominions would declare neutrality if Britain went to war over the Central European issue.

The Rothermere article had warned that if the Czech minorities question was not settled to the complete satisfaction of Germany by the end of September, no astute observer of European affairs "will consider Czech independence to be worth three months' purchase."

Mr. Steed in his letter, remarked: "Why you should wish to weaken the defense of this country by encouraging Germany to attack and if possible obliterate Czechoslovakia is a mystery to me."

Replying on Aug. 3, Lord Rothermere wrote: "The day Great Britain goes to war in pursuit of some aim or design in Central Europe, two or three of our most important dominions will declare their neutrality and, by doing so, bring an immediate end to the British Empire."

Mr. Steed charged Lord Rothermere's information about the dominions was faulty.

"They would approve of, and support, resistance to an attack upon the defenses of Great Britain and upon the essentials of British freedom," he wrote.

Lord Rothermere retorted on Aug. 10:

"If you or any one else are so foolish as to believe Great Britain and her dominions will fight for the Moscow-owned Prague government, you are laboring under some strange delusion."

A Bear By The Tail

According to an Ottawa correspondent, the King Government with respect to the Rowell Commission is in the well-known position of the man who had the bear by the tail. In view of the hostile attitude of the Premiers of Ontario, Alberta and Quebec the findings of the Commission can have no authority whatever. Yet Prime Minister King says, "Certainly the Commission will report." Strong though the arguments are for abandoning it, and foredoomed though it may appear to be to proving barren of results, political necessity requires that it go through all the motions of carrying out its terms of reference. Why? Because of the expense. The Commission's bills will mount beyond the half-million dollar mark, and it is not inconceivable that the total expenditure upon it may approximate three quarters of a million dollars. The outlay of this amount of the taxpayers' money manifestly requires a report of some kind as its minimum justification.

Furthermore, the ostensible purpose of the Commission is the pursuance of national unity, one of the main planks in the otherwise nebulous platform upon which the King Government was elected in 1935. The ministry can hardly take the attitude now that the most elaborate step which it has taken so far towards the realization of the policy which it stressed almost beyond any other has been an abject failure.

Yet is it obvious to everyone that disunity has never been more rampant than since the Commission began its inquiries. As against the contention of Mr. King that the investigation was intended to be only a fact-finding body and preliminary to a conference of all provinces with the Dominion, it is pointed out that the provinces which have refused to participate in the work of the Commission are wholly unlikely to enter into any conference to implement its conclusions. That any serious attempt will be made to get the provinces to unite in implementing the work of an inquiry which they have formally repudiated is not expected at least until after another general election.

For all practical purposes, therefore, Messrs. Hepburn, Duplessis and Aberhart are recognized as having pronounced the obsequies over what was originally planned as the most ambitious investigation undertaken in the entire history of Confederation.

Editorial Notes

Lord Haldane died this date, 1928.

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It is practically all over, and mighty well over, for another twelve months. It has been a great week for all concerned, and the closing day of the Exhibition bids fair to equal its three predecessors both for weather and entertainment.

* * * *

Lord Tweedsmuir has sustained another bereavement in the death of his seventy-eight years old uncle, Mr. John Masterton at Broughton, Peebleshire. He was an elder in the United Free Church, and subsequently in the Church of Scotland for the long period of 41 years.

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Patriot headline: "Our Premier To Be Known As Dr. Campbell." Shouldn't this be saved for his political obituary after the next general election? In the meantime we presume the new Doctor will still want to be known as Premier Campbell.

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Having made the belated discovery that Hon. Dr. Manion's unemployment policy is in accord with the attitude of the Campbell Government as expressed before the Rowell Commission, our local contemporary wisely announces its intention to "refrain from further discussion at present."

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Last week the United States Golf Association advised its member clubs to post on their bulletin boards the following thunderstorm "don'ts":

Do not raise clubs or umbrellas above one's head during a thunderstorm.

Keep away from isolated trees, exposed sheds, wire fences, hilltops and wide open spaces, if possible.

Seek shelter in a cave, depression in the ground, deep valley, foot of a steep cliff, grove of trees.

* * * *

The Ottawa Journal says the Liberals are already calculating upon a shakeup in the Cabinet due to the anticipated retirement of Mr. Dunning from the portfolio of finance. It says Messrs. Ilsley, Euler and Gardiner are aspirants for the office, but that no immediate change is anticipated. They had better take care that Mr. Dunning, returning from his vacation here like a lion refreshed, does not take over the Government himself, insisting upon Mr. King carrying out his behests in the matter of finance and tariffs. Mr. Ilsley is a young man in a hurry, who knows it all; Mr. Euler is by training and instinct a hard-headed tariff respecting business man not given to soothsayings; while Mr. Gardiner, as a financier and diplomant, "is to laugh"; he is too provincial in his outlook and in the hands of officials as a department head. No, we do not see any heaven-sent successor to Mr. Dunning in the aspirants mentioned.

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Jade, the precious rock only associated with the Far East, has been found in the pure state in the Lytton area of British Columbia. A huge chunk of it, weighing fifty pounds, two feet long and a foot thick, was presented to the Provincial Museum recently by Assistant Commissioner T. W. S. Parsons of the Provincial police, who is a collector of curios. Mr. Parsons said as far as he knows it is the first time jade has been discovered on the North American Continent in its natural state as it comes away from the rock. Other pieces of jade have been found in the Bridge River District of British Columbia, but always in smooth boulder form, ground down by creeks and glacial action. Mines Department experts who made a preliminary examination of the rock said they believed it was pure nephrite, or jade.

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Music lovers in Charlottetown and throughout the Province will regret to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gomez and family are leaving early next week, to make their home in Vancouver, B. C. As an accomplished violinist and teacher of music, Mr. Gomez has few peers in Canada, and his residence here during the past few years has done a great deal to stimulate interest in good music. He has also contributed generously of his time and talent to promoting other community enterprises, notably the Little Theatre movement, in which he has participated on various occasions as actor, stage manager, and scenery designer and painter, as well as orchestral leader. His zeal and enthusiasm have been as invaluable as his long experience in work of this kind. To his wife and family, themselves talented musicians, the public is also indebted for devoted co-operation in building up, under Mr. Gomez's direction, a fine symphony orchestra which is a credit to the Province.

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Agriculture cooperative associations throughout U. S. A. are repaying their members more than $25,000,000 annually, the Farm Credit Association reports after a survey. In 1936, states the FCA, the cooperatives paid the expense of their business and then turned back $25,380,000 to farmers as patronage dividends and plowed back $13,306,000 into their organizations. More than 4,000 of the 10,752 farmer-owned cooperatives which market one-third of the nation's farm products have saved money for patronage dividends. The typical dividend-paying association has a membership of 200 to 300 farmers and has yielded dividends of $6,000 to $7,000 on an annual business. California farmers received the largest gross amount of patronage funds, followed by the agrarians of Minnesota. More than 54,000 farmers had an annual saving of $7 on oil and gasoline purchases.

NOTES BY THE WAY

Mussolini on his 55th birthday has apparently kept himself fit physically. When he made a speech on the wheat situation the other day in the harvest fields of the reclaimed Pontine marshes he stripped to the waist, revealing a firm, healthy body. And a few weeks ago, when he was driving past a detachment of soldiers on the road, he got out of his car and led the battalion on the run for half a mile. And it is hot in Italy, too!—Toronto Star.

F. D. Patterson, head of Tuskegee Institute, reports that there were no lynchings in the first six months of 1938, adding that this is the first time since records have been kept that the score has been zero. In the first six months of 1935, 1936 and 1937, there were four lynchings each. It is pleasant to think this represents a natural development of public opinion against mob action, in favor of orderly processes of justice. No doubt a contributing factor is the growing sentiment in favor of the anti-lynching bill which would financially penalize communities in which these outrages occur. Anyway, it is a historic zero. — St. John Post-Dispatch.

One of the results of the entente cordiale was the gift by the Comte de Suzannet, a well-known collector of Dickensiana, to Lady Dickens, a daughter-in-law of the novelist. It contained sixty autograph pages of MSS, including the ninth chapter of Nicholas Nickleby, which Lady Dickens at once presented to the secretary of the Dickens Fellowship for preservation in the Dickens House in Doughty street. The French Ambassador who took part in the proceedings spoke of Dickens' frequent visits to France and said he could rightly be called the first pioneer of entente cordiale.—Hamilton Spectator.

The Council of the Town of Amherstburg from Mayor McGee down are to be complimented on the care they have exercsied in the handling of finances the past few years with the result that they have kept the municipality on an even keel at a time when many other Ontario towns have gone down and are under Government control of their finances. Ratepayers sometimes squirm because the Scotch thrift and closeness of the Amherstburg Council bears down on the doing of many improvements that might be undertaken in the community—but it takes money that may be needed in retiring debentures or paying other bills that must be looked after.—The Amherstburg Echo.

The memoirs of the late Sir Robert Borden, one of Canada's better Prime Ministers, will be released within the next few months. An Ottawa contemporary, noting that Earl Baldwin is busy destroying any of his papers "that may hang somebody," takes occasion to speculate whether Sir Robert was equally discreet—whether, in other words, his memoirs are really hot stuff or only a series of reticences. Knowing what we do of Sir Robert's character, we should expect these literary testaments of his to be admirably discreet. Yet even realizing this, we shall be extremely disappointed if they do not make lively reading. Sir Robert Borden was a great gentleman. For him a closed door was a blank wall: It contained no keyholes, posthumously or otherwise. The very nature of his public pronouncements, voiced in the great and ponderous tradition of Victorian and Edwardian statesmanship, precludes all possibility of a gossipy book published in his name.—Montreal Herald.

If the Federal Government considers it wise to fix a minimum price of wheat, or to offer a subsidy to those producers who might be forced to sell below a certain price, or to buy, like Mr. Bennett's Government did in the case of all the wheat which the market could not absorb, it may be foreseen that other workers whose industry is more precarious than that of the farmer, will in their turn demand that this type of paternalism shall work equally to the advantage of their calling. The first to put their names on this relief list will be the Canadian fishermen, particularly those of the eastern provinces, whose lot is almost always pitiable. By a sort of economic paradox, it seems that every effort undertaken by the Government to help the fishermen has worsened their condition, while working to the advantage of the business enterprises which buy their fish. As a matter of fact, in favouring a policy of bonuses, of warehouses, of quays, of transportation services for the perishable product of their fisheries, overproduction has always been encouraged without ever achieving an increase in the market price.... All of which proves once again the risks which a government runs when it tries to interfere in the play of economic laws whether in fixing prices, wages, and bonuses or in encouraging or discouraging production. —L'Evenement Quebec.

There can be no question that for a workman with a family on his back, compulsory education is advantageous from the double point of view of education and economics. Compulsory education would assure him: 1. That his children would be adequately taught. 2. That the training of his family would not cost him a cent until his children reached the age of thirteen or fourteen years. Suppose he has, let us say, eight boys and girls and that all their books and manuals are supplied free and all school fees are abolished, at the end of their schooling he will have realized great savings and he will have the satisfaction of leaving no illiterates behind him. What self-respecting man can remain indifferent to such advantages?—Le Jour Montreal.

The Crown paid £1,700, or about $8,500, "in cash and goods" to the Mississauga Indians 150 years ago for the site on which Toronto now stands, according to "Robertson's Landmarks". That figure would scarcely buy sufficient land for a hot-dog stand in downtown Toronto today, when the assessment of the city is nearly one billion dollars. There were two palavers with the Government agents before the Crown secured the property of the red men. The first treaty had not described the tract of land, 250,808 acres, to be conveyed, hence the second gathering. It would be interesting to know what became of the descendants of the chiefs, warriors and people of the Mississauga nation who sold the site of Toronto for the price of a modest modern dwelling house.

Japan's no war in China is running a bit over the expected six weeks. It is now possible to compare this week's business with the corresponding period in '37.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Courting couples are to be allowed to hold hands in church at a special service for young people which the Rev. J. T. Hodgson, vicar of Trinity Church Wood Green, N., is holding tomorrow.—London Daily Express.

Many married men frankly admit much of their success can be attributed to the encouraging words spoken by their wives at times when tasks seemed formidable. Our bachelor friends should make note of that.—Kitchener Record.

That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

EARLY TREATMENT OF CANCER OF THE STOMACH SAVES MANY LIVES

"The first symptoms to be noticed in the great majority of cases are an unsettled discomfort after meals, and an unaccountable loss of appetite. The patient is usually of the cancer age (40 to 70) and has never suffered with indigestion before. With the failure of appetite there is a steady loss of weight and, as a rule, a progressive development of anaemia (thin blood)."

I am quoting a description of stomach cancer by Dr. John Morley, Manchester, in the British Medical Journal.

It is this insidious (hidden) onset of cancer—just a lack of appetite, a little stomach discomfort, and loss of weight from not eating enough food—that makes cancer of the stomach such a distressing and almost hopeless disease.

By the time the other signs of cancer appear it is often too late to save life.

The other signs or symptoms present are severe pain, vacant expression in face, sunken features, general loss of weight, skin pale, dry, and sallow, blood in the stools, vomiting, and, in the majority of cases, an irregular mass of tissue felt over the stomach region. Thus when the early symptoms—loss of appetite, dull pain and loss of weight—appear, physicians now have the stomach contents examined after a test meal, because in stomach cancer there is an absence of free hydrochloric acid. In addition, an Xray of the stomach is taken after giving some barium sulphate which gives a black shadow and shows up any break in the lining of the stomach.

An analysis of the stomach contents and the Xray examination together with the three early symptoms mentionel above—loss of appetite, distress after food, and loss of weight—enables the physician to discover cancer early. Further, the fact that the patient is past forty years of age is another point about cancer of the stomach.

Early operation of stomach cancer gives many cures; late discovery is always fatal. Now that the stomach is known to be almost the commonest seat of cancer in the body, the above points should be kept in mind.

The Poets' Parade

(Hamilton Spectator)

To judge from the report of the Authors' association last June which appears in the July issue of The Canadian Author, it might almost be thought that the authors had anticipated Professor Glover's remarks at McMaster university last week. At any rate, the "Poets' Parade," as one section of the magazine is headed, takes up the gage of battle and assails the class in general with which Dr. Glover temporarily associated himself.

The "embattled bards," to adopt the author's description, include Nathaniel Benson, Michael Casey, Lloyd Roberts, Dorothy Herriman, Wilson MacDonald and others, with messages from Sir Charles G. D. Roberts and Audrey Alexandra Brown. Lloyd Roberts was aggrieved to think that our younger poets, "unlike those of Ireland, England and the United States, are without honour in their own country. Why is this so? We are a nation practically without competent and courageous critics." He points out that only in China are poets honoured above soldiers and politicians.

Michael Casey attempted to define the business of being a poet and thought he might best express it as "being in a state of constant astonishment." Which, after all, is but Francis Grierson's praise of the faculty of wonder, which he thought it fatal to the thinker to lose. Mr. Casey suotes Eugene O'Neill, who said: "I am not concerned with the relationships between men and men; I am concerned only with the relationships between men and God."

Miss Brown defended the traditional methods of the poet's art. "Many critics," she said, "declare that 'modern poetry' is the only real poetry, and that work conforming to the old patterns is not merely dead, but already dust." Yet she believed "the firebrand of ultra-modernism far less dangerous to poetry than the dry-rot of tame versification."

Sir Charles Roberts declared that "both schools produce at their best excellent verse; which any competent and impartial reader must appreciate as essential poetry. But at their less than best it is another story." Sir Charles also pointed out that "the modernist is apt to wrap his thought, if any, in incomprehensible jargon. He will parade his shirt-tails to attract attention."

It does not appear that any of the speakers noted the outstanding weakness of the poet's position. The world in its present state is not interested in poetry. People no longer read it in public. It is rather a stigma to be known as having written poetry. It is forgotten that poetry involves the highest faculties of the mind and soul. These things are not now marketable. When people once more begin to buy poetry, the day of the poet will bring more sunshine and less cloud. Meanwhile he may get better poetry out of the cloud than out of the sunshine he anticipates.

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.

"OUR GARDEN PROVINCE"

Sir,—In consideration for the sons and daughters of Prince Edward Island, who have gone forth and immortalized the land of their birth, by their intelligence and capability in the high positions to which they have attained, I wish to take exception to the statement which was made by one of the speakers at the opening of our Provincial Exhibition last Monday evening. He stated that P. E. Island is little known in many parts of Canada, which does not seem fair to those men and women who are known from coast to coast, who love and cherish their Island home and who speak with pride of their early associations in the various parts of our province, in which their relatives still reside. While I have not the time to look through any data on the subject, and am writing this just from memory, I will mention a few names of those who have helped to make our Island province known, not only throughout Canada, but also in the neighboring Republic.

In statesmanship we had Franklan K. Lane, who was Secretary of the Interior in President Wilson's Cabinet, and James Jeffory Roache, who was U. S. Counsul to Genoa, Italy. In education we have President Schurman of Cornell University, New York State. In literature we have Lucy Maud Montgomery and her "Ann of Green Gables". In industry we had Sir Charles Dalton who put fox-farming on the map.

In the Hierarchy of the Church, we have Archbishop Sinnott of Winnipeg, Archbishop McNally of Halifax, Archbishop McGuigan of Toronto, Bishop Nelligan of Pembroke, Bishop Morrison of Antigonish, Bishop Kelly of Oklahoma and the late Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax.

Students from our St. Dunstan's University and from Prince of Wales College, have travelled far afield in Canada and other countries, telling of their college days in our Garden province, while the whole of Canada must bow to Prince Edward Island as its birthplace. We still have in our Provincial Building here in Charlottetown the very table around which were seated the Fathers of Confederation and the very chairs in which they sat while they mapped out and brought our great Dominion of Canada into existence.

Last Monday evening when the commentator was telling us that some one from the mainland was asking him how to get to Prince Edward Island (which any road map or time-table could have shown him), instead of answering that it was nine miles from the nearest point in the mainland and to take the car-ferry across, if our commentator had shown his surprise and righteous indignation at the lack of knowledge on the part of his enquirer, it would have been a golden opportunity to expatiate on the part which our Prince Edward Islanders are taking in the making of the history of Canada.

I might also mention our Island missionaries, men and women, who are labouring in far-off China, in Alaska and among the Esquimaux and Indians of Northern Canada, and all of those who have gone from our shores, have told about the beauties of our garden province to those persons of their adopted countries.

Another speaker, on Monday evening, spoke of the lack of publicity of our province to those across the Atlantic, which is unfortunately too true, but if people on the Continent have not heard of P. E. Island, it is probably that it occupies such a small spot in area on the maps of the world, that they just overlook it. They forget that good goods are done up in small parcels and that precious gems are small in size but great in magnificence. Our little Prince Edward Island, is a priceless little gem, which casts its brilliance over the rest of Canada, through the medium of its illustrious sons and daughters who are proud to tell everyone of their Island home.

Out of courtesy to the local commentators whom I have spoken of, I would like to sign my name, which is Mrs. M. M. Murphy, Charlottetown, P. E. I., but it just would not seem like an article from my pen, if I did not sign my old nom-de-plume.

I am, Sir, etc.
M. M. M.

THE MILK LAW

Sir,—My friend Mr. Hemming approves the discussion on this subject, with the slight reservation re my letter which he thinks,—"couched in somewhat immoderate terms," and that neither I nor the House discussed the greatest feature, viz, health.

To the first I answer that I believe the best way to kill a rattlesnake is cutting the head off behind the ears, and not by tickling the rattle on the tail with a straw. To the second, the bill having no power or relation to health, and **exclusively** a measure to create a monopoly to further tap the pockets of consumers, discussion was properly confined to the crudities of the Act. I did, however, answering Dr. Croken, refer to this also.

If Mr. Hemming will study the report of Dr. Croken he will find a prolific field of grist for his "health" mill. The units of bacteria, expressed in thousands to hundreds of thousands, in one or two cases over a million, will give employment for his pen and wits, to find how and where increasing milk prices to the consumer can avert the plagues.

No better Inspector than Dr. Croken can be found, and I fail to see where inspection laws can be made more comprehensive than in the City by-laws and regulations. But I can see where Dr. Croken's skill and assiduous attention to duty is physically incapable of doing what would tax the genius and energy of five competent men. And I can plainly see where there is not one source of City milk supply conforming to all regulations.

Pasteurization is supposed to destroy bacteria, and give us milk safe for human consumption. But the Inspector's analysis shows all of these with thousands of bacteria present. There are of course helpful as well as dangerous bacteria, when dead it becomes sediment, but there is no table showing the proportion of virile, dangerous, or healthful bacteria given; I am not now going to discuss this, further than to remark that from this source, unlicensed and uninspected primary producers supply a very large quota of the City milk supply. And by the unlawful dictum of the Act and the Board, consumers are compelled to pay extortionate prices for these, and prohibited from the right to seek elsewhere for a safer product.

If you read the stringent regulations under City laws, and investigate conditions you will be surprised how few of them are observed by distributors, or that they afford any improvement over the natural cleanliness of our father's milkmen of the Victorian period, when milk of equal quality was delivered at our doors at 3c to 4c per quart.

Milk must be delivered in "covered" vehicles. Open your eyes and look. Each bottle must be labeled giving name of distributor and designating "grade" of milk. Have you ever seen a curiosity of this kind? All milk cows must have the tuberculein test every year. With milk coming indirectly from probably over 1000 primary producers, who can declare that this requirement has reached every source, and one tubercular cow can infect a distributors whole output, in some cases. Chains, weighted, must embrace the neck of every cow in stable, to prevent its lying down to absorb dirt from its bedding. Are these chains in evidence, from Souris to Summerside to Charlottetown whence we get our butter-fat and milk food supplies?

Stables must have concrete floors, ceiling tightly boarded, walls matched boards, all whitewashed at least once a year, must be cleaned out "twice daily." There shall be a stand for hand basin, a bucket of clean water and towels "for cleaning udders before milking." Manure "kept at least fifty feet from stable." Yard shall be kept clean and drained. Milking stools kept clean made of iron, painted white.

Will you find these conditions complied with, or even 5 per cent or say the "Board's" 3.5 per cent, of them amongst the thousand and more producers furnishing Charlottetown's milk, butter and ice cream consumption?

Flanks and udders shall be clipped. No manure or dirt allowed to collect on cows. Cows must be brushed daily, an hour before milking. Udders shall be washed and cleaned with a dry towel before milking. Milker shall not wet tails while milking. Could our efficient Inspector certify that any of these things have been done, or is there a sane person who believes that even 1 per cent of suppliers complies with these requirements of law?

Milk house must be twenty feet from cow stable, thirty feet from a privy vault, two rooms, one for washing and sterilizing, the other for insulated tank to cool and preserve the milk, rack for placing sterilized bottles, equipment consist of steam boiler, bottle washer, sterilizer, bottling machine and insulated cooling tank. An ice house containing two tons of ice per cow.

These are selections from the many regulations which space prohibits enumeration here. I must however add one more, Sec. 8.

(c) "Unwholesome milk or cream, or milk or cream that is fermented or that is tainted or impregnated with any disease germ, odor or any foreign matter or thing whatever."

What does the published reports of the inspector show? Is there a solitary sample shown to conform to these?

These are laws made to protect consumers. Even the "Board" is not allowed to function until these laws are complied with. But because it is only the unfortunate consumer who suffers it is unimportant whether these laws are enforced or not. But that other law, which permits consumers to be fleeced beyond reason or endurance, whose pockets can be filtered to the last cent to enrich the monopolist, you will find a machinery, if they dare the venture, to enforce the full measure of the unlawful oppression.

I am, Sir, etc
LEWIS P. TANTON.

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The Poet's Corner

COOL TOMBS

When Abraham Lincoln was shoveled into the tombs, he forgot the copperheads and the assassin . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs.

And Ulysses Grant lost all thought of con men and Wall Street, cash and collateral turned ashes . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs.

Pocahontas' body, lovely as a poplar, sweet as a red haw in November, or a pawpaw in May—did she wonder? does she remember? . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs?

Take any streetful of people buying clothes and groceries, cheering a hero or throwing confetti and blowing tin horns . . . tell me if the lovers are losers . . . tell me if any get more than the lovers . . . in the dust . . . in the cool tombs.

—Carl Sandburg.