

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1927

WELCOME VISITORS.

PRINCE Edward Island will extend a hearty welcome to the 225 excursionists from the Province of Quebec who are due to arrive on the 10th instant. This visit is all the more pleasing, as it is a "follow up" of former excursions from the province of Quebec, indicating that the previous experiences were enjoyable. Nothing can contribute more effectively to Canadian unity and mutual understanding than those inter-provincial visits. This is especially true of visits from Quebec, which, by reason of having a different language, is to a certain extent isolated from the English-speaking provinces. The language difficulty, however, is being rapidly overcome. The French language is being taken up more and more by our English-speaking people while the French are acquiring a better knowledge of English. It is rare now for a group of men and women to be exclusively dependent upon French or English. In any case there is a universal language which is intelligible to all, especially to all Canadians, that is the language of friendliness and brotherliness and, whether our visitors from Quebec understand our words or we theirs, we shall understand the kindness and the friendliness which exist between the two races, and the people of our province will, we feel assured, do everything possible to make the visit mutually enjoyable.

The excursion is under the auspices of Le Devoir, one of the leading French language newspapers in Canada. Mr. Henri Bourassa, M.P., one of the most eloquent orators in Canada, will accompany the party. They will arrive in two special trains, and will first visit their fellow countrymen in Egmont Bay, thereafter coming to Charlottetown, where they will be fittingly entertained by His Honor Lieutenant Governor Hertz, who is always ready to make our occasional feel that they are welcome and entitled to the best we have. It is hoped our visitors will be given an opportunity to see as much as possible of our Province, for naturally they will be making comparisons, and their own province is a strong competitor with any province in Canada.

DAME FASHION

DAME Fashion is a curious jade. Her demands are imperious. The pace she sets must be followed step by step regardless of comfort or cost or life itself, for social death is the penalty of disobedience. And yet, occasionally, a rebel appears on the scene, defies the imperious jade and gets away with it. The rebel, however, must be sufficiently well established, must have a standing of his own upon which to depend before he defies Her Ladyship. The ordinary man or woman would not dare to ignore her behest. In fact, her kingdom is the kingdom of the ordinary people and her subjects betray their plebeian standing by their meticulous obedience to her dictates. The number of followers is indicated by the furore created by the occasional rebel; the temporary nature of her dominance by the multitudinous readiness to follow the rebel, the greater than she.

The uncertain tenure of Dame Fashion's power was clearly exemplified in Montreal the other day. The day was terribly hot. A banquet had been prepared in honor of Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister of Great Britain. In addition to being Prime Minister, he is personally popular, regarded as one of the biggest men in the British Empire. He had probably never experienced such heat as he did that day in Montreal. Why should he add to his discomfort by wearing a heavy morning coat, a light vest and a hard boiled shirt? He wouldn't do it. Let Dame

Notes by the Way

Right Hon. Stanley Baldwin is the subject of a short sketch in the Toronto Star, from which we condense a few notes. He ranks among the very interesting of Britain's long line of Premiers. He has almost mysteriously fought his way to his great position. Ten brief years ago or so he was what is called "unknown." He was surrounded and topped by other figures, all possible Premiers. The Cecils, the Chamberlains, Lord Curzon, Winston Churchill, the most versatile and chameleon of all political diving ducks, now disappearing here, now bobbing up there, were among those above and beyond him. He was not, as he is not yet, even, of the exalted non-titled class were Canning and Peel and Gladstone and Disraeli. He, alone among British Premiers, save for Bonar Law, was a business man. He had no literary record, but he has one now. His writings have betrayed a rare gift of fancy and of delicate expression. There are all the more welcome and surprising because his best known previous utterance was to the effect that he prefers his pigs in Worcestershire and his cracks in the village inn to all the pomp and power of politics.

In any case he won the Premiership; and that at one of the most crucial hours of England's history. Then he lost it. Then "he came back." It will probably be conceded that he has, lost in prestige and prospect since his return to power. It is to his credit that he has captured a crew comprising such diverse elements as Sir Austen Chamberlain and Lord Cecil and Johnson-Hicks and Birkenhead and Churchill, not without clash but without crisis. Perhaps it is to them the blame belongs for some of the indubitable errors which render it unlikely that Mr. Baldwin will survive another general election.

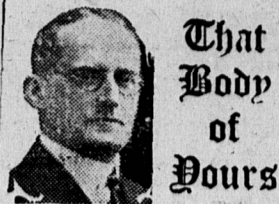
One of the doubtful "moves" was the despatch of troops to China. The good or evil of this is still and will long remain a topic of debate. The breach with Russia stands a point of debatable wisdom, contrary as it doubtless was to all his personal instincts. His solution (?) of the coal strike eruption has added nothing to his fame or his future, futile as all cappings of all Vesuvius are bound to be. The proposal to renew the conflict between the Lords and the Commons was probably the illest omed project of his career. It is difficult to conceive how a man so well-poised could have so suddenly started to walk backwards, as Mr. Baldwin certainly did when he dreamed of disinterring the Lord's veto power that was committed to the dust fifteen years ago. Had he succeeded Labor and Liberals would certainly have been united after a fashion that would have left no doubt about the Government of at least the immediate future.

But he remains an interesting and admirable figure. Through all the years of his official greatness he has not outgrown the simplicity, the heartiness, the homeliness of an English gentleman. Standing on the deck of the steamer as he embarked for Canada, a voice from the dock shouted, "Where's your pipe?" and Baldwin waved the precious brief before their eyes. And he grinned—which was better still. That pipe story is almost a parable. He has stuck to it, scorning the dainty and aromatic substitutes of the less masculine among the great. And then, too, he was once requested by some flitting flunkey, at a levee in Buckingham Palace to "stand aside," only persons of importance being permitted near the presence. And again he grinned. Mr. Baldwin is welcomed to Canada not only as a statesman, but also as a Premier who remains true to his pigs and his pipes and those rugged principles of plain democracy which all Britishers, peers or peasants delight to honor. He will celebrate his sixtieth birthday at Ottawa today.

It is noted as a happy coincidence that the British Premier visits the Dominion in its Jubilee year and celebrates his own sixtieth anniversary in Canada in the same year. What is of especial interest here in Charlottetown is that at the request of His Honor Lieutenant Governor Hertz, Mr. Baldwin has consented to deliver a short address from the balcony of the Provincial Building at some time during his short stay in this city. Many will be delighted both to see and hear the distinguished visitor.

It appears now that Premier King, and a number of his colleagues in the Ottawa Cabinet will accompany Premier Baldwin and his party in their visit here. Hon. Messrs P. J. Veniot, Postmaster General, and J. L. Reiston, Minister

the balance as between one species and another. With the decrease in bird population the balance is being disturbed and we must have the increasing insect pests. This is one of the most serious dangers of



By James W. Barton, M.D.

THE SPOILED CHILD GROWN UP

Someone remarked recently "Funny world! To require fitness in doctors, lawyers, and so forth, and do nothing about parents." You have met the man or woman with what is called the "inferiority complex." He is always trying to escape from the responsibilities of life because he doesn't feel that he fits into the scheme of things the way he should.

The editor of the Canadian Medical Association Journal tells us that the lack of courage is often the result of the conduct of the parents in their upbringing of the youngster. Perhaps the youngster had some slight physical defect, poor vision, imperfect hearing, or other condition, and the parents tried to "face the difficulties" for the youngster instead of having the youngster face the difficulties for himself. Thus a child that receives every-thing from others rarely develops a normal view of life.

"These children, spoiled by persistent petting, are apt to fail when faced with difficulties, unless they are educated to acquire a command of their will power in every situation." Research men in child welfare and our psychologists also, tell us that we cannot start at too early an age to teach the youngster that he must behave, must give and "take in play, that he cannot escape punishment due him.

If the youngster has any defects these must be recognized, corrected insofar as this is possible, and the youngster's resistance and courage built up, instead of "giving in" to him because of his defects. I know this sounds like severe measures, but all must agree that the editor is right just the same, as we study the problem of the "neurotic," as this individual is called when he grows up.

"The aim of the parents should be to develop a feeling of independence notwithstanding any defects that may be present, thus giving him sufficient self confidence to develop his responsibility to the world in general, a respect for others, and a strong desire to be of service for the general good." This all means like common sense as you think it over. You can't live your child's life for it, and expect it to develop properly.

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

August 3, 1927

A FINE PURPOSE.—I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever; with my mouth will I make known Thy faithfulness to all generations. Psalm 89:1.

PRAYER.—I will pay my vows unto Thee, O Lord, in the presence of all the people.

LIFE There comes a time for laughter, and there comes a time for tears.

There's much to make us weary as we journey up the years. And the best is oft the heaviest and the worst is hard to bear.

But life is gall and honey and a man must take his share.

Be brave when skies are stormy, be joyous when they're blue. There'd be no joy in living if no task you had to do.

Were all the worries ended and all the storms blown by. We'd sicken of men's laughter and long to hear them sigh.

The world is in the making and man to faith must cling. To-day the task is dreary, to-morrow rest may bring.

And all the past is over. The distant goal we see Is but a hint of splendor that strength may bring to be.

There'll come a time for laughter, but it's the care you meet. And it's the task completed that make the laughter sweet.

The soul is in the making, and growth is born of pain. And the eyes which weep this morning shall light with smiles again.

—By Edgar Guest.

year. What is of especial interest here in Charlottetown is that at the request of His Honor Lieutenant Governor Hertz, Mr. Baldwin has consented to deliver a short address from the balcony of the Provincial Building at some time during his short stay in this city. Many will be delighted both to see and hear the distinguished visitor.

That Body of Ours

GILLIOM—INDIANA'S YOUNG APOSTLE OF TOLERANCE

(By Norman Klein) Staff Correspondent of Evening Post.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 2. — You never can tell.

A Missouri letter carrier by the name of Lindbergh decides suddenly to give 'er the gun. And the first thing you know about him he's streaking across the national consciousness; he's leaving a frenzy of newspaper headlines in his wake.

Out here today in Indiana — this community so strangely tormented with self-reproach and native pride and the fear of God — there is a corn-fields Voltaire who threatens to break through, too.

Like Lindbergh, he has modesty and he has courage. But this newcomer's craft is politics. It is even less certain than a flimsy monoplane.

His name is Gilliom — Arthur L. Gilliom. His pet antipathy is "the obnoxious tyranny of bigotry and intolerance."

Let the East — yes, let the whole country — keep an eye on this Mr. Gilliom, who is the Attorney General of the State of Indiana. There is a possibility we are going to hear more from him in the next twelve months.

Of late his friends, as well as voters of a "liberal" trend of mind, are getting excited, despite the terrible Middle West heat.

They shake off the steaming, shimmering air currents as if they were hordes of mosquitoes about their heads and they declaim with that naive self-consciousness of the Hoosiers when he gets fanatical about anything that this Gilliom is prophesying, newly arrived, albeit his heels still are muddy with the anonymity of the corn lands.

In Disfavor With Drys. His enemies — there are many hundred clergymen, W.C.T.U. women and churchgoers who dislike him — say Gilliom is merely a political tumbler; an ambitious man, but sadly misguided, hopelessly deluded.

And Gilliom; well, he smokes his cigar shrewdly; he matches his words like he watches the ashes on his cigar; he waits his time and says slowly:

"Please keep me in the background — I am not important in this." To tell the truth, Mr. Gilliom is not important as yet. He may never be. And then again, he may. Only recently he emerged on the front pages. This came with his surprising espousal of medicinal whisky, outlawed in Indiana.

FOR THE SCRAP BOOK A SERIES OF LITERARY QUOTATIONS FOR BOOK LOVERS

Wednesday, Aug. 3rd. Eugene Sue died, 1857. Columbus sailed, 1492.

ULYSSES:—Come, my friends, 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

Push off, and sitting well in order, smite The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths Of all the western stars, until I die.

Brave Sea-Captain, Norse Seaking—Columbus, my hero, royalist Sea-king of all it is so friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee the disgraced and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of Night. Brother, these wild sea-mountains, bounding from their deep bases (ten miles deep, I am told), are not entirely there on thy behalf! Messengers they have other work than floating thee forward;—and the huge Winds, that sweep from Ursa Major to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant-waltz through the kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity, they care little about filling rigging or filling wrongly the small shoulder-of-mutton sails in this cockle-shell of thine! Thou art not among articulate-speaking friends, my brother; thou art among immeasurable dumb monsters, tumbling, howling wide as the world here. Secret far off, invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies 'help in them; Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad South-wester spend itself, saving thyself by dexterous science of defence the while; valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in when the favouring East, the Possible, springs up. Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress; 'help in them; Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad South-wester spend itself, saving thyself by dexterous science of defence the while; valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in when the favouring East, the Possible, springs up.

Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress; cheerly encourage; thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself;—how much wilt thou swallow down! There shall be a depth of Silence in thee, deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles deep; a silence unsoundable; known to God only. Thou shalt be a Great Man. Yes, my World-soldier, thou of the World Marine—service, thou wilt have to be greater than this tumultuous unmeasured World here round

HOUSEHOLD SCRAP BOOK By ROBERTA LEE

An Umbrella Stand If a towel bar is screwed against the kitchen wall, or on the back porch, with a shallow tray or vessel beneath, it makes an excellent umbrella stand.

Sewing Hint If the sleeves are overcast into a garment, instead of basting, they can be more easily stitched in by the machine.

Vaseline Stain About the only medium for removing vaseline stain is to sponge it with ether.

DAILY LESSONS IN ENGLISH By W. L. Gordon

WORDS OFTEN MISUSED Don't say "his advice is reasonable," when you mean "timely" or "opportune."

OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED: news: as u in "tube," not as oo in "food."

OFTEN MISSPELLED: jeopardy; note the so.

SYNONYMS: rebound, recoil, recede, reverberate, react, retreat.

WORD STUDY: "Use a word three times, and it is yours." Let us increase our vocabulary by mastering one word each day. Today's

The fight rages bitterly up and down the State today.

But Gilliom is not wet, he will tell you, although the drys roll hurt eyes when you speak his name.

He dares stir a hornet's nest in an Indiana that is approximately 70 per cent dry, because medicinal liquor is the first obstacle in his self-assigned crusade. He can fight. He won the office of Attorney General over the opposition of the Ku Klux Klan.

He says he's taking one step at a time. His friends say Gilliom is convinced he has heard a cry in the wilderness—a summons to take up the sword against intolerance wherever he may find it in his own Indiana, and later, perhaps, in the rest of the land.

So this Evening Post observer invites you to watch out for Gilliom, the one-man crusade.

Riled by "Quidnuncs." One arrives at the conviction that it is Gilliom's idea—in that almost hushed-voice way of his—that there is an emotional unrest in the land. In short, a slowly smouldering rebellion among the best of our citizens against sumptuary laws, against this fast-rising barricade of State legislation, against the oppressive ways of the quidnuncs.

The quidnuncs? They are the busy-bodies who, he feels, seek to hold human nature in snaffle and curb bits. They rile Gilliom beyond measure when he gets fanatical about anything that this Gilliom is prophesying, newly arrived, albeit his heels still are muddy with the anonymity of the corn lands.

"People in Indiana aren't like others," he told this reporter. "They are suspicious. If you've got something different to offer them you must go slowly."

"I'm waging this fight to legalize the prescribing by physicians of medicinal whisky right now. It's quite an undertaking."

"Well, are you in favor of legalizing light wines and beer?" "Not a word on that, please."

"How about censorship — books, movies, the stage?" "He shook his head."

"I'll not talk about all that just now."

Sarcasm of Stratton "Dr. John Roach Stratton, the fundamentalist preacher in New York, says you should have let your children die while they were critically ill and your physician decided some medicinal whisky was urgently needed."

"I'd get the whisky again, a thousand times," Mr. Gilliom turned in his chair, his voice lifting to an angry defiance. "If a doctor tells me whisky is needed to save the life of a member of my family, I'll get the whisky."

He paused, grimaced briefly. "As for that man Stratton and his kind—" he said, and didn't finish his sentence. Nor would he make further comment.

Gilliom's particular antagonist known to be wet." The fact is, it is said, Mr. Lennon Sr. retired from the liquor business before his son was born.

Cites Dry for Contempt Attorney General Gilliom had Superintendent Shumaker cited before the Indiana Supreme Court for contempt of court. It is expected the court will announce its verdict in a few weeks. Shumaker, meanwhile, is worried. Gilliom is grim.

"We trust that the next election will give us a Supreme Court that

(Continued on page 5)

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