

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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MONDAY, APRIL 29, 1935.

PAGE MR. LEA

It is evident, from Saturday's comment in the Liberal press, that notwithstanding its leader's statement to the contrary, the experimental highway projects undertaken last fall are to be made a Liberal campaign issue.

Our contemporary is in error in assuming that the raising of this issue is objected to by the Government or by The Guardian. The objection taken was to the misstatement that the repairs at Southport were being made at the taxpayers' expense. The Liberal party, if it sees fit, has a perfect right to make the question of experimenting in these projects a campaign issue; and the Conservatives are quite prepared to meet it. The point emphasized in these columns on Saturday was the inconsistency of our contemporary's statements with the attitude of the official Liberal Opposition.

Moreover, we note that while Mr. Lea's attempt to formulate a complete Liberal "platform and policy" proved a failure at the Lenten banquet, there were some planks which, apparently, met with the approval of the party machine and Mr. Lea was permitted to "outline" these at the banquet. They included:

"A thorough investigation into the most efficient and most economic systems of road building."

This, be it noted, is merely a re-statement of the MacMillan Government's policy to which our contemporary objects. For it is obvious that no "thorough investigation" can be conducted without practical experiments being made in different processes, as was done last fall.

We have then, on the one hand, not only the Legislature unanimously endorsing the Government's policy, but a re-statement of that policy included, as a matter of paramount importance, in the Liberal skeleton platform "outlined" by Mr. Lea; and on the other hand we have the local Liberal press, vociferously claiming that because the Conservatives denounced the extravagance incurred on the McIntyre highway and exposed the cracks and flaws which developed in that \$27,000-a-mile sand-asphalt project within a few months of its completion, therefore it will fight, tooth and nail, and to the last ditch, against the Conservative policy, notwithstanding its party's adoption of the same policy in its draft platform.

This is the position, and we submit that it has no parallel in provincial political history. Whom does the Liberal organ represent? We asked that question Saturday, and we ask it again. It is speaking for itself alone, or is there some nigger in the Liberal party wood-pile who has views on highway construction that conflict with the policy of experimentation and investigation? We know, from past history, where such views lead. We know what the McIntyre highway cost; we know that the present Government's road-making experiments have been conducted at one-quarter the expense, and that permanent concrete highways at Berden and Summerside have been built at less cost per square yard than was incurred in Mr. McIntyre's sand-asphalt project. That, of course, is the reason underlying Mr. Lea's ready acceptance of the Conservative programme, and his frankly expressed desire that it should not be made a political issue.

Our contemporary has other views: It is quite clear about its opposition to the course which Mr. Lea wishes to follow. It is not so clear, however, as to the authority on which it professes to speak. That, after all, is the important point to many of its readers. "Where do we go from here?" is the question which they must be asking themselves, after reading the first thrilling installments of our contemporary's essay in policy-making.

EDITORIAL NOTES

When is an experiment not an experiment? According to our contemporary, when it does not click.

It was significant that the Anti-Christian demonstration in Berlin was held in a sports palace and not in any of the great churches.

It was Dean Inge who declared that the rank-and-file of any country were non-positive Christians held together by a minority of true, practising Christians.

It is surprising how worried Liberals are getting over Mr. Bennett's successor. They are sure to be greatly relieved, we don't think, when they find Mr. Bennett succeeding himself.

Sales of gasoline in January were as follows, with the 1934 figures in brackets: Prince Edward Island 23,000 (21,000) gallons, New Brunswick 377,000 (308,000), Quebec 4,268,000 (3,793,000), Ontario 14,538,000 (13,564,000), Manitoba 1,242,000 (989,000), Alberta 1,893,000 (1,761,000), British Columbia 2,411,000 (2,585,000). Nova Scotia and Saskatchewan sales not yet received.

Sales of gasoline in Canada in 1934 totalled 534,782,018 gallons compared with 484,966,879 in 1933. Sales by provinces were as follows, with the 1933 figures in brackets: Prince Edward Island 2,640,000 (2,519,000), Nova Scotia 20,003,000 (18,635,000), New Brunswick 13,640,000 (12,574,000), Quebec 93,511,000 (87,077,000), Ontario 262,977,000 (228,416,000), Manitoba 27,894,000 (24,896,000), Saskatchewan 36,785,000 (31,837,000), Alberta 45,194,000 (40,324,000), British Columbia 42,338,000 (38,689,000).

In Quebec they intend legislating against the peddling of shares from office to office and door to door. Here are some of the "teeth" which Premier Taschereau hopes will bite the salesman who tries to make the investing public the bitter: No broker or salesman shall call upon any individual at any residence for the purpose of trading in securities. The words "call upon" include telephone communications. No salesman shall trade in securities for a broker other than the one for whom he is registered as salesman, unless the written consent of the broker from whom he is registered has been filed with the registrar of the act. No broker shall employ directly or indirectly any person as salesman unless such person be registered.

In the United States they are suffering from the election to the various legislatures of men incompetent through the lack of education or of ordinary common-sense. Zion's Herald, the oldest Methodist Weekly in the United States, has this to say on the subject: "In the midst of the hysterical clamor in many states and even in Washington itself for the passage of 'teachers' oath' bills, we timidly venture to suggest an intelligence test for legislators. Why not? Is it preposterous to demand of our lawmakers some token that they possess qualifications not only in flag-waving but also in the reasoning process? What protection have the citizens of this country against coarse manners and general incompetence in legislative halls?" The Herald expressed the belief a remedy would be found if each legislator were forced to "pass a self-examination calculated to reveal his fitness" before being seated.

There are good dictators as well as bad dictators, and according to the irresistible Lady Astor, Dictator Kemal of Turkey is a democratic dictator or a dictator democrat, whichever you choose, but in the good class. In an interview in Istanbul where she was attending a women's congress, her ladyship declared: "I pity the German and Italian women whose only rights are making children by order of the dictator-rulers of their countries. In England, the United States, Turkey and other free countries, women also bear children, but not by order. I am the happy mother of six children, but was not ordered to have them. The present state of affairs in Germany and Italy," she said, "may provoke serious revolutions in those countries. I consider Kemal Ataturk (President of Turkey) a dictator, but different from Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin. His intelligence prevents him from boasting about armies, guns, and other deadly weapons. Knowing precisely what he wants, he calculates all the consequences of his acts."

Notes By The Way

Mr. Coole on this occasion told of the man who was accosted on an Ottawa street by a thug who threatened that he would blow the brains of the victim if money were not forthcoming. "Well, you might as well blow out my brains," replied the victim. "I can live in Ottawa without money, but not without money."—Edmonton Journal.

Queen's University has done a fine thing by offering its hospitality to a famous Jewish professor, who has been driven out of Germany because of his race. He will pursue research work at Queen's, and it is hoped he will be spared the spectacle of any fellow professor going around applauding the Nazi system.—London Advertiser.

Under the new conditions, with everybody seemingly desperately anxious to be graded and controlled, Government has become a vast clearing house for all the ills, hopes and ambitions of society. Rightly or wrongly, paternalism is the order of the day, a form of collectivism that our forefathers never dreamed of, and with it has come a revolution in the character of government and additions to the task of government, for which government is not equipped.—Ottawa Journal.

Unemployment remains the great obstacle, but it has to be remembered that this is due in great measure to restriction of immigration in overseas countries. Had the British people been able to move in their accustomed way, a heavy loan would be lifted from the Treasury. Great Britain therefore is deeply concerned in the restoration of prosperity throughout the rest of the world, and especially in British countries. When these countries learn the essential lesson that balanced budgets are the key to prosperity—learn John Bull's way—daylight will appear.—Toronto Globe.

De Valera has until lately appeared likely to prove an exception to the rule that revolutionaries given responsibility discover that after all existing forms work best. At last, however, he seems to be going the road of others in the Empire who yearned for republicanism and "independence." As yet he has not gone far, but it would not be surprising to see him soon as strong for the Empire as South Africa's General Hertzog.—Telegraph Journal.

A press despatch from the Ethiopian capital tells of a decree of the Emperor for obligatory military service including both men and women. In drafting women, however, it was made plain that female military tasks would be confined to nursing and the like, with little probability that women would be actually trained in fighting.

The best statisticians are very skeptical. They respect their tools, but they never forget that their tools are not magic wands and divine rods. If we as laymen are going to use statistics as freely as we now use them, we shall have to learn from the statisticians how to be thoroughly skeptical, particularly when the statisticians indicate a result contrary to common sense and general knowledge.—Herald-Tribune.

A meeting in Massey Hall, Toronto, at which it is said three thousand people were present, recently demanded for preparations by the Canadian Government. It will astonish most of us that this country meditates making war on anybody, but there appear to be some anxious souls in Toronto. It is quite the funniest city in Canada. Always there is a sense of some kind which passes and nobody is hurt. Nobody wants to be an alarmist, but only a group of mad fanatics would assert that the modest appropriation for defence approved by Parliament is too great. This is by no means a peaceful world in which we are living.—Ex.

Neither for their own sake nor for that of the roads should motorists use the highways unless they positively must. Driving is not safe and even a light car will cut up the surface when the frost is coming out as it is now, later than usual. A few years ago the highways would have been closed altogether. Now it is possible to be less strict in this way and more is left to the good sense of motorists who should not, however, take unnecessary advantage of a concession. If they do not exercise self-restraint the authorities may be forced to reimpose the old prohibition.

It is never very easy to decide exactly which straw it is that breaks the camel's back, but there is never any doubt that when straw after straw is piled on, the aggregate burden will eventually break the back.—Brookville Recorder.

In demonstration against war, fascism and such things, students in United States colleges skirmished with each other and employed sticks, stones, eggs, fists and feet as weapons. The peace advocates in question evidently believe in fighting for their conviction.—Montreal Gazette.

The French newspaper rumor of a secret treaty between Germany and Poland is not so ridiculous as Germany would have others believe. Nothing of this kind is summarily to be rejected, especially when it affects Germany. Nevertheless this report can be taken with a grain of salt. There are just sufficient circumstances to make it improbable, although it is very likely that just such a treaty has been considered at some time, and it is possible that it has not even now been dropped.

Draconic control of industry and prevention of excessive capitalisation are foreshadowed. Here again, it is a case of locking the stable door after the horse is stolen. Re-

That Body of Yours

By James W. Dixon, M.D.

FOOD MORE IMPORTANT TO HEALTH THAN CLIMATE OR HEREDITY

I have spoken before about the two African tribes, living side by side on the highlands of Kenya—the Masai and the Kikuyu. They are thus living amid the same atmospheric surroundings and have the same choice of foods.

The Masai eat meat, milk, and blood as their staple foods. The young men and warriors eat these foods entirely while other members of the tribe eat some bananas, beans, millet, and maize.

The Kikuyu eat cereals, sweet potatoes, plantains, beans and green peas.

"At all ages the Masai males (meat, milk and blood eaters) are taller and heavier than the Kikuyu males, and are much stronger; in fact the Masai women are as strong as the Kikuyu men."

Throughout their primitive history the Masai lorded it over their puny neighbors and to-day are courageous lion hunters. Of 1875 Kikuyu men called up for service in the Carrier Corps, 10912 were immediately rejected on medical grounds. Of those accepted 17 per cent were rejected after a 100-mile march as physically unfit.

Now we are not Masai Africans, do not live in Africa, do not hunt lions, or belong to the Carrier Corps, so it would be unwise to confine ourselves to a diet of meat, milk and blood. This would be consipitating, and harm the kidneys.

Nor would we do well on the vegetarian diet of the Kikuyu tribe of cereals, sweet potatoes, beans, and peas. We would cause thin blood and lack of strength, for your blood needs meat, eggs and milk.

A diet somewhere between that of the Masai and Kikuyu is suitable to us and the sooner we realize that we are what our food makes us the better. Let your food experts advise those with a scientific laboratory training where experiments on men and animals give accurate results—that nutrition has more to do with what we eat than with climate and heredity.

The experts advise that we continue the daily use of meat, milk and eggs, green vegetables cooked, and a salad of raw foods—fruits or vegetables. Salads are filling, and encourage chewing, which aids digestion.

Memories Good And Bad

(Y. Y. in the New Statesman and Nation)

The question whether the possession of a good memory is altogether desirable has often been discussed, and memories of the past have sometimes tried to make out a case for their superiority. A man, they say, who is a perfect remembering machine, is seldom a man of the first intelligence, and they quote various cases of children or men who had marvellous memories and who yet had no intelligence to speak of.

I imagine, however, that on the whole the great writers and the great composers of music have been men with exceptional powers of memory. Let two statesmen attempt to recall the same event—what happened, for example, at some cabinet meeting—and each of them will tell you that the other's story is so inaccurate that either he has a memory like a sieve or is an audacious perverter of the truth. The frequency with which the facts of the autobiographies and speeches of statesmen are challenged suggests that the world has not yet begun to produce ideal statesmen—men who, like great poets, have the genius of memory and of intellect.

At the same time, ordinarily good memory is so common that we regard a man who does not possess it as eccentric.

I have heard of a farmer who, having offered to take the baby out in a preambulator, was tempted by the sunny morning to pause on his journey and slip into a public house for a glass of beer. Leaving the infant outside, he disappeared through the door of a saloon bar. A while later his wife had to do some shopping, which took her past the sleeping baby. Indignant at her husband's behavior, she decided to teach him a lesson. She wheeled away the preambulator, picturing to herself his error when he would come out and find the baby gone. She arrived home, anticipating with angry relish the white face and quivering lips that would soon appear with the news that the baby had been stolen.

What was her vexation, however, when just before lunch her husband came in smiling cheerfully and asking: "Well, my dear, what's for lunch today?" having forgotten all about the baby and the fact that he had taken it out with him.

How many men below her rank of a philosopher would be capable of such absent-mindedness as this? Most of us, I fear, are born with probably efficient memories, and are incapable even of forgetting a fishing-rod in a railway train.

In 1861 some traces were found of their winter quarters. In 1864 it was learned from Eskimos that white men had been seen dragging a boat on the shore of King William's Island. In 1865 a party went down the MacKenzie in canoes and ascertained that an attempt had been made by the expedition to reach a Hudson Bay training post. At that point the government gave up the search, but Lady Franklin sent out another expedition under Captain McClintock in 1857. Eleven years after Franklin's ships had sailed. This expedition solved the mystery, found some of the skeletons, and discovered records left by Franklin telling the story of their doings up to April, 1848, when they left the two ships which had been ice-bound since September, 1846. Franklin had died in 1847 and the party was starting the next day after the record stopped, for Back's Fish River. An Eskimo woman described how the white men had fallen down and died as they walked.

Dickens' Watch In Toronto

(Fred Williams, in the Mail and Empire)

The watch which Charles Dickens, the novelist, gave to his son, Captain Francis J. Dickens, of the North West Mounted Police, and which fell into the hands of the Indian looters at Fort Pitt in April, 1866, was for a long time in Toronto. Indeed, it may still be here.

Mr. W. B. Cameron, in his "War Trail of Big Bear," was led into error (one of the very few in his remarkable history) when he was told that the watch was returned to England after Francis Dickens' death. Instead, the watch had additional romance added to it. I am told by two very reliable correspondents the watch was left in Toronto and how it was saved from oblivion. Mr. T. W. Gibson, of the mines department, writes:

"I served as sergeant in the Queen's Own Rifles during the rebellion, and well remember Inspector Saatchewhan from Fort Pitt with a raft full of refugees, and, as ranking officer, took command of the police detachment at Battleford. He was a man of middle life, with brown hair and beard. He did not appear to have many associates, but was in the habit of taking long walks on the prairie, accompanied by his dog. I came in contact with him through receiving a note from him to release a white prisoner, who, along with a number of Dick's men, had been in my charge after a pound-maker's surrender.

"Dickens shortly afterwards left the police and arrived at Toronto, presumably on his way home. He was wearing a watch, but it was not his father's watch, but did resemble it, and it was sold by the pawn-broker. Eventually, it came into the hands of Mr. E. S. Williamson, who was a clerk in the Department of Crown Lands, a great collector of Dickensiana, and at one time president of the Dickens Fellowship here. Being desirous of setting the watch going, he gave it to a jeweller for repairs. In a secret recess of the watch the jeweller found a tiny lock of fair hair tied with a little piece of blue ribbon, and saw the watch and hair together with the name of Mr. William's name on the possession of the Ontario Museum. It is a link between the great novelist and Canadian history which should not be permitted to be lost to posterity.

Miss Margaret Pennell, a past secretary, tells me that after Mr. E. S. Williamson's death the watch was purchased by the Dickens Fellowship branch of the Ontario Museum. It is a link between the great novelist and Canadian history which should not be permitted to be lost to posterity.

A Storied Flag

(Halifax Chronicle)

A flag which for over fifty years had lain in a cache in the Arctic north and recovered by Captain Bernier in 1906 and presented to the St. George's Society of Halifax on St. George's day, takes the memory back to the ill-fated Franklin expedition of 1845. Sir John Franklin who, with the Erebus and Terror, manned by 128 officers and men, set out to discover the North West passage, was an experienced explorer. A rear-admiral in the navy he had fought at the battle of Copenhagen and also at Trafalgar.

In 1818 he had his first taste of Arctic exploration, and in 1819 he was placed in command of an expedition which was to travel overland from Hudson Bay to the shores of the Arctic. He explored the Coppermine to its mouth and after varying vicissitudes returned to England in 1822 after being three years away. Again in 1826 he returned, tracing a possible northern port of the northern coast. From 1836 to 1845 he was governor of Tasmania. Returning home, the old exploring fever again seized him and he took command of an expedition in 1845 to discover the northern passage. The company had three years' provisions with it, and no uneasiness was felt, until three years had elapsed, when no news coming, expedition after expedition was sent out to search for them.

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It was this expedition of McClintock, which cached supplies in case any survivors should remain and would come upon them, which placed the flag, recovered in 1906 in the cache. The purser of the Bernier expedition, Mr. Wingate Weeks, has given it over to the St. George's Society for safe keeping, and it will be placed in the Public Archives for preservation for all time. It has a hectic interest, making touch as it does with the ill-fated expedition which suffered so dreadfully after most heroic efforts to save their lives.

Attention Truss Wearers

To those of you who are unfortunate enough to have to wear a Truss we ask the question, Are you satisfied with the one you are wearing? Does it fit properly or is it an out of date style, causing untold agony. We can provide a perfect fitting, modern up to date Truss from a large assortment, just received. Call in and let us fit you or phone and let us send you some for fitting. All sizes and styles at prices to suit everybody.

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Ends Lame Back This Easy Way

Steel Worker Tells How Dodd's Helped Him

"I am 64 years old and have been wearing Dodd's Kidney Pills for about 20 years," writes Charles D. Horne, New Glasgow, N.S. "I had a lame back and lumbago when I saw Dodd's Kidney Pills advertised and thought I would try them. A friend also recommended them. I found they helped me. When I have a lame back I turn to Dodd's Kidney Pills and I am soon feeling better. I am a steel worker and when fellow workers ask what is good for a lame back, I always say—Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills

The Ideal

Something I may not win attracts me ever, Something elusive, yet supremely fair.

Thrills me with gladness, yet contents me never, Fills me with sadness, yet forbids despair.

It blossoms just beyond the path I follow, It shines beyond the farthest stars I see;

It echoes faint from ocean caverns hollow, And from the land of dreams it beckons me.

It calls, and all my best with joyful feeling Meets to reach it as I make reply;

I feel its sweetness o'er my spirit stealing, Yet know that ere I attain it I shall die.

—F. E. Coates, Atlantic Monthly.

The European Hurdy-Gurdy

(Montreal Gazette)

Ever and anon the plaint is heard that in the realm of political activities diplomatic practices lapse into what has been termed "barrel-organism," meaning that we hear the seltaine tunes with wearisome iteration. Never has there been a more salient instance of this than is furnished by the so-called tri-partite accord said to have been reached at the Stresa conference. The parties have resulted in the publication of a report which in respect to its sordidly dictatorial, may pass muster; but as regards its actual value the document resembles nothing so much as the elaborate calculations helms made by professional experts of the higher mathematics, and "which usually wind up in "progressive" abstractions simply cancelling each other. Not a single crucial item of the broad international problem that awaits a satisfactory solution has been brought to a decisive issue.

The ultra-cautious tenor of the communiqué causes disquiet, and compels to fall back upon the more than twice-told tale of some vague unilateral desire that negotiations should be pursued for the development of the Eastern Locarno pact, for the enhancement of the Western non-aggression defensive alliance in and through the good offices of the Geneva League, and for the limitation of armaments concerning which it is merely announced that the tripartite conferees "remain anxious to join in every practicable effort for promoting international agreement."

As regards Great Britain, France and Italy the "accord" is supposed to stand in good countenance. Yet no definite word has been heard from the officials at Berlin, who have not budged from the position which Germany has the right to an equity rearmament corresponding with that of any other European major power, and that no third party shall be allowed to interfere should Germany and Austria wish to come together to form a commercial union. The Austrian imbroglio is still the storm-center of the situation. And as touching

reach a Hudson Bay training post. At that point the government gave up the search, but Lady Franklin sent out another expedition under Captain McClintock in 1857. Eleven years after Franklin's ships had sailed. This expedition solved the mystery, found some of the skeletons, and discovered records left by Franklin telling the story of their doings up to April, 1848, when they left the two ships which had been ice-bound since September, 1846. Franklin had died in 1847 and the party was starting the next day after the record stopped, for Back's Fish River. An Eskimo woman described how the white men had fallen down and died as they walked.

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Dodd's Kidney Pills

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