

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1928

THE NEW CAR FERRY

In the Guardian of Dec. 22nd we published a brief report of an interview with Premier Saunders with reference to the new car ferry. The report appears to be inconclusive and in some respects unsatisfactory. The Premier states he was informed that the new car ferry will cost upwards of \$2,000,000 and that the total expenditure for ferry, piers, dredging, etc., may amount to over \$4,000,000. Surprise has been expressed that no mention of these extra millions was made either in the Canadian Press despatches of the delegation's visit to Ottawa or in any of the subsequent interviews given by the Premier since his return, prior to the above mentioned one of Dec. 22nd. It is quite conceivable that the alterations required at Borden and Tormentine, together with the cost of the ferry, might amount to upwards of \$4,000,000; the question that the public are interested in is, whether any definite assurance was given the delegation that these expenditures would be made. We are told that the new steamer will be an oil burner and will cost upwards of \$2,000,000. Is this definite? Did the delegation receive the assurance that this expenditure would be made? Did they receive any assurance that the alterations to the piers would be undertaken?

Some months ago The Guardian pointed out the urgent need of obtaining definite information as to the construction of the new steamer and its adaptability for the service required. The Boards of Trade promptly took the matter up, and after consultation with railway officials and representations made by the latter asked that work on the plans be stopped until a full presentation of the case could be made at Ottawa. The delegation, headed by Premier Saunders, was the result. This delegation proceeded to Ottawa with definite proposals embodied in a resolution passed by the Associated Boards of Trade of the Island and endorsed by the Maritime Board of Trade. The people now want to know what transpired at the Ottawa conference, and whether any promises were given beyond the vague assurance that the matter would receive earnest consideration. The ventilation so far given to this subject resulted in holding up a work which, had it been carried out as originally planned, would have been unsatisfactory and inadequate to the needs of the Province. Are the Boards of Trade satisfied with the light now thrown on the matter? The new car ferry was expected to be in operation in the fall of 1929. What are the prospects for the fulfillment of this expectation? Is it the intention to proceed at once with the work or are the interests of the Province to be subservient to possible political needs during the coming Federal election? This is the time to find out.

THE CLOSING YEAR

It is customary in all lines of business, as the year draws to a close, to take stock, to ascertain if possible what progress has been made, what successes have been achieved and what failures must be marked against the account. The necessity for stock-taking is not confined to the merchant, the manufacturer or the artisan; it is equally necessary in every walk of life. The question which the stock-taking is intended to answer is, whether we are better or worse, at the end of the year than we were at the beginning. If we have made no progress we have lost a year, and a year is a large fraction of the span of human life—too large a fraction to be lost. Have we made money during the year? We may have amassed wealth and yet be poorer than

we were a twelvemonth ago. We may have barely made ends meet, and be better off, spiritually and morally. There are many things more important than wealth that enter into the reckoning. Even the sum of our visible labors of the year is not all. As Browning has pointed out:—

Not on the vulgar mass,
Called "work" must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price,
Over which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightaway to its mind,
Could value in a trice;

But all the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet
Swelled the man's amount,

DANGEROUS FOOLS

A Western paper reports that a man called up the office recently and in all seriousness asked if recruiting had been started in the city for the war in South America. Echoes from the tumult raised by far away Bolivia and Paraguay had been very audible to him. War! War! The words kept sounding in his ears, and sounded good. All the excitement of military men and a trip to the distant and unknown land. Why, he might be another Bolivar, another great liberator of South American people, he thought. But whether it would be Paraguay or Bolivia, he would be the new Bolivar, for he did not know. The reporter, in reply to his query, said no recruiting had been started to his knowledge. He volunteered the information that war had not theoretically been started.

"Oh, it hasn't, eh? That's too bad," came back over the wire. "Are you a military man? Have you had any war experience?" queried the reporter. "No, not much; just a few months," came the answer.

The military enthusiast signified his intention of keeping in touch with the authorities, and would be ready at short notice. This man, unsophisticated, it is true, is a type to be found in the upper as well as the lower levels of life. He had had a taste of war, and it taught him nothing beyond the fact that there were opportunities for loot, excitement and adventure which the restraints of peace prohibited. These are the men who, wherever they are, cause war. They are fools, but they are dangerous fools.

GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND

THE Great Seal of England, which is affixed on all solemn occasions to documents expressing the pleasure of the King, was used recently for the first time by the Commission appointed to act for the King during his illness. Adopted for the first time by Edward the Confessor, it was entrusted to his Chancellor for safe custody, but Chancellors in those days were not famous for longevity or for remaining long in office, so it sometimes happened that frequent gaps occurred before the next appointment, when the seal was not legally available, so there gradually developed the office of Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, a permanent official, who was a great officer of State and usually a peer of the realm. An Act of Elizabeth in the time of Lord Keeper Sir Nicholas Bacon defined his status as entitling him to "like place, pre-eminence, jurisdiction of the laws, and all other customs, commodities and advantages" as the Lord Chancellor. Sir Robert Henley (afterwards Lord Northampton) in the reign of George IV was the last Lord Keeper, and the office is now amalgamated with that of Lord Chancellor, whose appointment is automatic on the handing to him of the seal.

At a probable loss of postal revenue the first year of some \$300,000, but experience has proved that every reduction of letter postage soon results in larger revenues, owing to increased correspondence.

His Majesty the King is evidently on the way to recovery. There is no other man living whose severe illness could have created so much anxiety or whose recovery would evoke such deep and widespread satisfaction and gratitude.

The post-office business throughout the Christmas season in almost all Canadian cities exceeded past records in the transmission of letters, cards, parcels and happy greetings. The telegraph offices were also busily employed day and night transmitting joyous messages of regard and good will.

Notes by the Way

A friendly John Bull and a friendly Uncle Sam are depicted by Racey in a brief, amicable colloquy over the boundary wall about the mischief makers that are trying to stir up trouble between them. The conversation runs as follows:

Friendly John Bull: "I wish we could kick these blooming pests into kingdom come. What?"
Friendly Uncle Sam: "You said a mouthful, John."

In the meantime John Bull in reality has been warned not to be too friendly with Washington lest he may alienate the friendship of France, Italy and other European powers who look upon Uncle Sam as an exacting creditor. Japan also has grievances, believing that the refusal on Britain's part to renew the Anglo-Japanese Treaty was prompted by the Washington Government. And the Central and South American republics are all jealous and suspicious of Uncle Sam as an overbearing and dominating neighbor who is constantly meddling in their affairs and offering unasked-for advice.

So the Premiers, Presidents, Foreign Ministers and diplomats generally are having a hard time just now finding out and steering clear of the rocks and shoals, winds and fogs that endanger their respective ships of state. Britain must make no alliance as that would at once throw Italy into the arms of Germany, who are now coquetting, while on the other hand there are those who suspect France of becoming too friendly with her old enemy across the Rhine. Of course, some of the things imagined are seemingly impossible, but with Italy under the thumb of Mussolini and Russia ruled by Lenin, who can tell what may happen next? It would seem that suspicion rules the roast all around.

"A Century at Chignecto" by Will O. Bird, is the title of a very interesting volume recently issued and copyrighted by the Ryerson Press of Toronto. The book purports to be "the truth about the Acadians," based on the fact that Longfellow's "Evangeline" presented one phase and one only of the history of the ill-fated Acadian people, and in so doing won the sympathy of the world. Mr. Bird, who has grown up from a boy in the district, almost at our own doors, has made an exhaustive study of historical records and all the available data, presents the other side of the picture and shows how, stirred up by intriguing agitators of that period the French residents in British territory were a festering thorn in the side of the British Government and a long-continued menace to the British people of the district. This sort of thing continued until some drastic measure to curb it became inevitable. Further, Mr. Bird gives a considerable amount of data regarding the expulsion of the Acadians which Longfellow and other historians have not even hinted at.

This is only one feature of the book. It tells the story of "the most interesting neck of land in North America," from the days of early discovery right up to recent years, when old Fort Cumberland, the key-spot of the district has been constituted a National Park by the Dominion Government. It tells of the waves of battle which passed over the fields of the Isthmus, of the life of the soldiers in the forts of the district, of the intrigues of religion and politics and latterly of industry in the millions wasted in the partial construction of the much-discussed Ship Railway which was to revolutionize the water-borne commerce of the Maritimes.

All in all it presents a procession of adventure and romance centering in the history of the district with which every Canadian should be acquainted. Mr. Bird has evidently done a good deal of "digging" and backs up his statements with quotations from historical documents. There is much romantic and of tragic interest in this volume of 245 pages. Terrible acts of cruelty and savagery were practised in the warfare of those times in which Indians took part, and in regard to which many writers disagree widely. Many Acadian, English, Scotch, Irish and American family names are recorded in the story, whose descendants are still residents of one or other, or several of the Maritime Provinces.

Penny postage throughout the British Empire will be very welcome to all who write or receive letters within that vast area, distributed around the world. It is officially stated that 20,000,000 letters go out from Canada yearly to destinations under the British flag, 80 per cent of which are directed to some part of England, Ireland or Scotland. Canadian post office officials estimate

That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.
FEAR AS CAUSE OF INDIGESTION

One of the most miserable individuals you meet is one who is under the impression that he has some serious disturbance of the stomach. He goes the rounds of the physicians and before one physician has had any real opportunity of trying out a diet or some medicine, he becomes discouraged and consults another.

I am not referring to the individual who has some real trouble such as an ulcer or cancer, but to the one who has been thoroughly examined by test meal, X ray, and otherwise and has no organic trouble. As you know the treatment is usually a soft diet which by lack of roughage causes constipation, and this condition is thus added to the dyspepsia or indigestion from which he suffers.

Dr. S. C. McVicar tells us that the outstanding feature in all such patients is really "fear," and the ideal treatment is to try to overcome this fear and to let him for an hour or more if necessary as the patient tells him everything.

If the physician is not willing to do this, the patient may naturally feel that he hasn't learned all the facts of the case. The next step is to make as thorough an examination as possible including the use of the fluoroscope, so that the physician and patient may actually see what is taking place in the stomach.

The usual test breakfast is made, and also X ray pictures taken. After such an examination as this the patient is often so completely reassured that a cure takes place almost immediately.

If there is anything worrying the patient, anything affecting his mind, everything possible is done to relieve or remove it. He is encouraged to eat the same things as other folks because he is assured that there isn't any reason why he shouldn't.

So if any member of the family or you yourself are upsetting yourself and everybody else by being afraid to eat ordinary wholesome food and picking and choosing at every meal, think the above over, and if there is no organic trouble, and nothing on your mind, just try eating ordinary everyday plain meals at intervals of five to six hours apart.

Daily Selections for Guardian Readers

December 28, 1928

SPIRITUAL SATISFACTION—Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.—ISA. 55:2.

PRAYER—"Come ye that love the Lord, And let our joys be known."

THE UNDYING

Can nothing cast a shadow on the wall?
I tell you someone's stirring in the hall—
I see his dripping tallow candle flare
As he comes winding, winding up the stair—
You must believe me—with his golden head
Thrown back in gesturing of youth
long dead.
(What is that? The ticking of the clock?)
He wears black breeches and a satin ruff,
And ruffles fall about his hands in fine
Lace folds as mellow as the candle-shine
Itself. Tonight is such a breathless night,
I wonder at the flaring of the light
So still, so still, except for his sounds, Stop!
That creaking was the fifth stair
from the top.
I tell you someone's there. What does he want?
Climbing these stairs? Why does he come to haunt
This ancient house and me now at the last,
A youth alive with beauty that is past?
—Carolyn Hall.

Wife-ing It

Condensed from the Women's Journal Nov. 28 by Ann Herenden.

Much has been written about the Reversible Wife, the rather exciting new model, pale pink chiffon on one side (for evenings and Sundays) and sensible blue serge on the other for week-days, nine to five. The Wife with a Job.

Here she is at 8:45 A. M., perfectly pressed and spotless, alertly stepping off to work (as banker, diplomat, radio operator or what-not). Her three perfectly washed children, their lessons learned, their tummies full of cooked breakfast food, are to be seen easing off to school in one direction, while her husband, a rather tall, quiet fellow, hastens toward his office in another. At 5:30 here is our heroine again, but entirely pale pink chiffon in her personality. Listening to the children's accounts of their day, putting on the Florentine napkins because guests are expected, or win-somely helping husband with his pearl studs as she reminds him that the tall blonde guest, Mrs. Williams, is now married to a Mr. Jackson but prefers to be called Miss Sewell.

That is the way the Reversible Wife has for some time been depicted, and three-quarters of the picture is shameless faking. Let us pause and pick on the Wife with a nickel. She can stand it. I will put up her bed, and dirt on the piano keys. Her complexion needs attention; the embroidered guest towels are stiff as boards and her correspondence with her old school friends has lapsed. She is preoccupied and a little tired, and the snap and color has gone out of the sacred fire that really is hers to tend—the sacred fire of hospitality.

At the office, where three-quarters of her energy is expended, there are necessarily of days. When the clock leaves, when Johnny comes down with the measles—she is bound to miss appointments, to be a little less than suave and co-ordinated.

She makes mistakes, perhaps important, perhaps unimportant. An able woman can be a fairly good business or professional person and a fairly good housewife, or she can be a very efficient business woman and a quite poor housewife. I have never yet met in real life the prodigy of magazine and newspaper fame who is a really good at both at the same time. Yet as a result of this fame, women are now expected to be 200 percent effective, 100 percent in the home and 100 percent out of it. We are expected to be two complete persons.

How about bringing up our daughters with the idea that there is, among the careers now open to them, one that is for the moment nameless, but while the warp of it is made up of old values, of trust and hope and devotion and widely pride, the woof shimmers with new lights and modern colors—with the reflections of a later day. Why not point out to them that this unadvertized profession is interesting and quite worthy of consideration even among such superstitious as antichoke raising, deep sea fishing and bareback riding?

How to designate this profession? And what is the title of the woman who practices it? "Housewife"? No. "Lady-of-the-house" has been debased by tramps and hand-outs. In any other language a title would suggest itself. Come sta la Signora? Madame se trouve bien? Our own language lacks a designation for the 100 percent wife. Of the lady who is "only a married woman" we are apt to say: "Oh she isn't doing anything since she married. My friend Ethel falls into this class. She is terribly pretty and has exquisite taste. She could have remained a career, a famous actress, daughter with a big allowance and trips to Europe. Instead she threw in her lot with a delightful, eccentric inventor. She has made an adorable home, cooks ambrosial meals out of round steak and tomatoes, answers the telephone all day long and keeps his rather oddish rich customers happy. When Richard wakes up at three in the morning and says: "Darling, I have an idea for an elevator that goes sideways and in, Punch and Judy show in it," Ethel says: "How lovely!" and gets up and puts on a Korean negligee and makes the coffee and gets everything ready for work.

And yet I have heard Ethel criticized because she "doesn't bring home any bacon." Because she doesn't collect wages she is a pampered doll.

No, Ethel has simply chosen a way of living which I shall call, for the moment, "wifing it."

What sort of person is fitted for this and how should she function? Whether does it lead those who find in it their "absolute vocation"?

First of all, a woman herein inscribed must be what Chesterton, carelessly, says all women are, "The Divine Amateur." She must become a mosaic (but not hard and not cold) of many of the virtues and all the talents.

Success in this nameless, fameless calling demands among other things, discretion, bravado, fortitude, poise, playfulness, the ability to put two and two together and to count ten slowly.

On no account must the entrant expect any solace from her own ego (she may get it, through, gratis. That's the exciting part—the unexpected, unaccountable prizes that may come to her at odd moments). But she cannot be certain of engraved loving cups, blue ribbons or banquets and speeches.

Nevertheless, to its votaries the Nameless Profession brings thrills not discoverable to any aviator at any altitude. The women enrolled therein may keep house. But her superiority is not measured by the number of hens in her preserve; it is something personal about her wifing it.

With good reason to be a wife into which circumstances were apt to thrust her.

Wife-ing it is a profession which one may choose from amongst many others. It is a profession which one may choose from amongst many others.

Justice a Contrast

(The Montreal Gazette)

If we take the pleasant unctious to our souls that British justice is more effective than American justice, there is further comfort in the fact that our neighbors seem to agree with that opinion. At all events, many American jurists have written in the same quite strongly. We may recall the article contributed to the Atlantic Monthly some little time ago by Mr. George W. Alger on "The Irritating Efficacy of English Criminal Justice." "There are special reasons," he observes, "why we should be interested in the operation of English criminal law. One reason is that it seems to work far more satisfactorily than our own." Further along he says of American criminal law: "It is intolerably bad, and we are ashamed of it."

In support of this condemnatory attitude toward the American judicial system, especially in the treatment of criminal cases, the author presents some rather startling facts. That is to say, they would be distinctly disturbing to us if we on this side of the international boundary were not familiar with them by reason of our peculiarly favorable position as onlookers. Without quoting Mr. Alger's exact words, which will take up considerable space, it must suffice to say that he points to such cogent facts as that fifty years ago there were 20,000 prisoners in English local prisons and 8,000 now; that fifty years ago there were 10,000 prisoners undergoing penal servitude and 1,800 now; that the number of local prisons had been reduced in that period from 113 to 31, and prisons for offenders sentenced to penal servitude from 12 to 4. These are impressive figures. On the other hand, he shows that in the State of New York alone there are four times as many prisoners undergoing penal servitude as in the whole of Great Britain. Prison population has increased 27 per cent within the past five years. At first blush this would seem to imply a good deal of activity and success in the prosecution of criminals; but that implication disappears when Mr. Alger alludes to the contemporaneous increase of lawlessness. "The alarming growth 'in our criminality' is the way he puts it in a summing up sentence.

Mr. Alger identifies one of the causes contributing to this unsatisfactory American situation in the law relating to the right of appeal, and to the delays which attach to the practice in that regard. In the Sacco-Vanzetti case, for example, took seven years to reach finality; and that is no more than fairly illustrative. In England, when a man is convicted he goes to prison and stays there until his appeal is decided, while in the United States he is invariably let out on bail. In England, the average length of time that elapses between conviction and the disposal of the appeal is five weeks. In the United States, it is from one to five or ten years. In England, under the Criminal Appeal Act of 1907, the judges are concerned only in determining whether or not justice has been done at the trial and the reasonableness of the sentence. In the United States, the court is hampered by a wide variety of legal prescriptions and is without reviving powers as to the sentence, with the obvious result that justice is often defeated in the most flagrant way. In that relation, some significance must be attached to Mr. Alger's allusion to criminal trials being made "a public spectacle" in the United States, to "bad judges chosen for political reasons only," to "our court disrespected," and to the pertinent fact that "England trusts her magistrates." No one, even the most ardent and patriotic American, can deny that such differences are vital in their bearing on broad results. Yet Mr. Alger refuses to yield to pessimism. He sees many of the best minds in his country aroused to the gravity of the situation. "We are today studying, he says, 'our criminal law more thoroughly, systematically, and on a wider scale than ever before.' Out of this awakened disposition he hopes for comprehensive and adequate reforms. "We are returning," he further intimates, "to neglected duties and the task of demonstrating to ourselves and the world our capacity for creating and maintaining a nation which is not industrially prosperous but politically civilized." It should perhaps be observed that Mr. Alger, who must call out and accept love and service as well as give it.

One grows impatient with generalities. Let me tell the story of one woman who has been to her profession what Lindbergh is to his. This person was well started (she was 30 or so) in her own line—a special kind of writing which was bound eventually to give her an enviable personal position in letters and in life. She met a man—a foreigner extraordinary along a quite different line than hers. They were married and for a few years nothing was heard of her.

She emerged after a while under his name, under his flag, doing an amazing job of organizing, enhancing, completing his work. She had mastered his specialty. Books and articles flowed from his pen (which in many cases was her pen). A man grew up as a by-product out of the travels, position in letters and in life. She met a man—a foreigner extraordinary along a quite different line than hers. They were married and for a few years nothing was heard of her.

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Season's Greetings
To our loyal friends who have had so large a part in the upbuilding of our business, as well as to those we hope to serve in the future, we extend our sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

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Check Your Bearings!
We travel fast on the journey of life, striving to reach a haven of independence, before the evening of old age overtakes us. The New Year comes, another milestone, and bids us pause to check our bearings. The road to independence is plainly marked—the highway of life insurance. Why take an unknown road? You can purchase a Great-West Life Endowment at age 60 or 65 for a very moderate premium. It protects your family too. Let us send you particulars.

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The Land We Love
BY FRANK YEIGH
SASKATCHEWAN'S WEALTH
Q. What are some of the evidences of Saskatchewan's wealth?
A. Saskatchewan is rich in a wider variety of natural resources than is usually realized. It is much more than a leading wheat growing province of the Dominion. Agriculture, however, leads with an annual wealth production of between \$400,000,000 and \$500,000,000 from its field crops, live stock and other farm products, and this large amount is steadily increasing. It has 70,000,000 acres of good land, only a small portion of which is tilled. Other sources of wealth are lignite, clay, glass, sand and oil shales; a large mineral area of gold, copper, etc., extensive high water resources, the same in lumber and pulp, furs and fisheries.

Daily Lessons in English
WORDS OFTEN MISUSED: Do not say, "A crowd of men were walking towards us." Say, "was walking." "Crowd" is the singular subject.
OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED: foregone. Accent last syllable, not the first.
OFTEN MISPELLED: guerrilla; double R and double L.
SYNONYMS: unsteady, wavering, inconstant, fickle, changeable, variable.
WORD STUDY: "Use a word three times and it is yours." Let us increase our vocabulary by mastering one word each day. Today's word: PHEGEMATIC; sluggish; apathetic; indifferent. "He has a phlegmatic temperament."

Household Scrapbook
By ROBERTA LEE
Mattress Stains
But the mattress in the sun. Make a thick paste of starch and cold water and spread on the stain. Leave for two hours and then rub off. Repeat if necessary.
Dish-Water
A good way to dispose of dish-water and soap-suds is to pour it about the roots of currant and raspberry bushes, or young trees.
Serve With Beef
Horseshadish, mushrooms and applesauce may be served very acceptably with roast beef.

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