

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

\$4.00 per year (in advance) mailed in Canada and United States. Morning Daily (founded 1877) \$5.00 per year (in advance) delivered.

President—W. Chester S. McLara. Secretary—D. S. O. MacKinnon. D. S. O. Associate Editor—D. E. Currie. Editor and Manager—J. K. Barnett.

TUESDAY, MARCH 12, 1929

TIME FOR ACTION.

As pointed out in Saturday's Guardian, the Government has decided to abandon the rebuilding of the Hillsboro Bridge for the accommodation of standard gauge freight traffic. The intention now is to make permanent the proposed branch between Lake Verde, on the Murray Harbor line, and Pisquid, on the Georgetown line. The motive of the Government in thus ignoring the increasing transportation requirements of the people along the south side of the Hillsboro River is presumably one of economy; but this motive alone will scarcely appeal to our people who have waited for many years for the fulfillment of oft repeated promises to standardize the road. This kind of economy at the expense of an important farming and commercial section of the Province, is the worst form of extravagance. It may be assumed at once that the Hillsboro Bridge must be rebuilt, sooner or later, and that fact should be kept constantly in mind. It will of course be necessary, when the work of reconstruction is under way, to have some connection between the Murray Harbor line and the Georgetown line, in order that traffic will not be tied up. The problem, so far as the Government is concerned, should resolve itself into the most economical method of doing this.

It has been suggested, as the best solution of this problem, that a line of railway between Montague and Kinross would take care of the traffic during the reconstruction period, and would be permanent because of the fact that when the Hillsboro Bridge is rebuilt and standardized the railway distance between Charlottetown and Montague would be 28 miles as against 47.6 miles now via Mount Stewart, while the distance between Charlottetown and Georgetown would be reduced by this route 13.6 miles including the double run on the Montague branch, so that Charlottetown to Georgetown via Montague must ultimately become the main line.

As the distance between Kinross and Montague is six miles, and as the estimated cost per mile of the proposed branch between Lake Verde and Pisquid is \$37,000, there would be a saving in estimated cost of \$140,000, while the distance of "dead haul" is practically the same. Thus, by connecting the Murray Harbor branch with the Georgetown branch at Montague Junction via Montague a great saving in freight would be effected on all shipments originating on the Murray Harbor branch for water shipments from Georgetown without loss to the railway.

It has been contended, on the other hand, that a branch line between Lake Verde and Pisquid is required for the people of that section of the country. The Guardian is not suggesting that these people should be deprived of railway facilities. They are as deserving of consideration as any other part of the Province, but there is no legitimate reason why the permanent line should be diverted in their direction at the expense of another important section. This idea of robbing Peter to pay Paul is bound to lead to dissatisfaction and, in the end, to greater expense on the part of the Railway. In the interests of the Province it is necessary that the Hillsboro Bridge be rebuilt to accommodate present day traffic, and no scheme that ignores this requirement should be considered for a moment. It is the duty of our federal representatives to impress this very strongly upon the officials in charge, and the opportune time to do it is now, before the plans are approved in Parliament. It was by prompt action on the part of our business people, after the matter was pointed out in the press, that we secured a reconsideration of the plans for the new car ferry and finally an increase in the appropriation for that service of two and a half million dollars. If we are to secure a satisfactory standardization of the Murray Har-

bor line the same prompt action will be necessary. The reconstruction of Hillsboro Bridge, even at a cost of \$870,000, should be insisted upon. If it is the final decision of the Government to build the branch line between Lake Verde and Pisquid, then let there be an absolute guarantee that this will not mean the diverting of all freight traffic in this direction at the expense of a large and important section of the Province, but that the long promised standardization of the Hillsboro Bridge for freight traffic will be carried out.

OUR WINTER ROADS.

During the soft weather of the first of the month, the roads were in a very bad condition owing to the accumulation of water under the snow. This might easily have been prevented by opening drains to the gutters and allowing the water to run off. At present there is a much greater depth of snow on the roads and within a few days the sun will have got in its work and the trouble, if not prevented, will be even more serious than it was a week ago. If there are any overseers or other officials, they should make provision for a condition that is sure to arise. The drains should be opened before the slush is formed, and be ready for it when it comes. There was nothing done during the recent spell of soft weather, and the condition of the roads at that time is a sufficient warning to prepare for the worst which is yet to come.

WAITING FOR HOOVER.

In the act of making further tariff reductions, of which the chief benefit will go to our neighbor, says the Toronto Mail and Empire, Mr. Robb went through the motions of rolling up his sleeves at the United States. His very qualified talk of the possibility of considering the possible effect on trade of changes being proposed in the new tariff schedules of other countries, was a very poor show of spirit. It would excite only the contempt of the Washington protectionists. They have not the smallest fear of his taking up the cudgels in behalf of his own country. We have their answer in the remarks made by the new president at his inauguration. Though the Canadian budget throws more tariff favors at his country, he is not moved thereby to show any tariff consideration for Canada, any more than he is moved by Mr. Robb's feeble posturing on hypothetical grounds. There is no beating about the bush, no "ifs," no nods or winks in Mr. Hoover's way of expressing himself. He is determined that his party's pledges of farmers' relief and further tariff protection to farmers shall be implemented with as little delay as possible. To carry out these pledges he says: "I shall therefore request a special session of congress for the consideration of these two questions." This, he says, is called for "in justice to our farmers, our labor and our manufacturers." How different his tariff sympathies from those of our government! His talk is not of swelling the revenue and of reducing the debt, though under the tariff policy he stands for the debt of the United States has been tremendously reduced and the burden of taxation has been greatly eased. He is concerned for interests hardly mentioned by our government—for the welfare of the farmers, the labor and the manufacturing interests of the country. Our government can go on truckling to the United States to the end of its rapidly dwindling lease of power. It will not change his purpose to make the odds heavy in favor of his own country, no matter how harsh the consequences may be to Canada.

A potato flour plant is to be established in Carleton County, New Brunswick, to take care of the large unsold crop of last year. The enterprise is to be assisted by the Provincial Government and promises to be of great assistance to the potato growers. The starch factories are also absorbing more potatoes this year than usual owing to the low price of the raw material. Potato flour is not a new thing. It has long been in use in Belgium and Germany. Any country which imports wheat flour in large quantities and produces potatoes plentifully should have a potato-flour plant. During the war there was in Europe much mixing of potato flour with wheat flour where the latter was scarce, and the result was a decidedly healthful food product.

It will not be long now until the winter has passed, the flowers appear in the gardens and we shall hear the music of the singing-birds, returned from their prolonged vacation in the South. Just now we must "heap on more coal, the wind is chill, but let it whistle as it will"—we'll make the best of it. Winter has some drawbacks. Otherwise Shakespeare would

Notes By The Way

The 85th birthday of the Toronto Globe occurred recently and the Border City Star remarks upon the fact. "At 85," it says, "the Globe occupies an eminent position in the newspaper world and is ably sustaining the best traditions of the profession." Most readers of the Globe are probably of the same opinion. But not all of them will very heartily endorse The Star's view that "once partisan but not slavishly so, The Globe is today an independent of the independents," or that "it cannot even be accused of having Liberal leanings."

On the contrary, we regard the fine Toronto paper's political editorials, ably written as they are, as sometimes strongly Liberal in their tone, and at other times quite severely critical of the Ottawa Liberal Government and its policy. Apparently we are given the political emanations of two editorial writers whose views are not in agreement with each other, and The Globe trumpet seems to give an uncertain sound.

There are a number of newspapers in Canada claiming to be independent in the interim between elections, in order thereby to extend their influence and popularity, which when polling day approaches throw off the mask and unfurl their real party colors.

Cheaper and swifter justice is coming more and more into practice in Canada. Trial by judges and magistrates without juries are less costly and in the main, results are more satisfactory than in case where juries figure in the court proceedings. It frequently takes considerable time to empanel a jury at the beginning of a trial and at the end they may not agree on a verdict in which case another jury must be called and all the witnesses re-examined. Statistics of the Department of Justice show that in 1927, against 1,087 trials by jury there were 2,997 trials by judges without jury. Magistrates as well as judges can usually be trusted to administer justice impartially and speedily in the many thousands of cases which come before them, whether indictable or non-indictable offences are involved.

Sunday last gave further evidence of the air-mindedness of Charlottetownians. Those who went up gave glowing testimony of their great enjoyment of their first flight. One lady said that the ten minutes trip passed so happily that it seemed to be not more than two minutes; but was easily worth the price charged. Another spoke of the experience as "a new thrill," which is something that many are seeking in these pleasure-loving times. The price of potatoes has gone down, but there is still money enough in what has been facetiously called "Spud Island" to pay for flying trips at 50 cents a minute.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, son of the late Dr. Holmes of the same name, poet and humorist, is a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He recently celebrated his 88th birthday and is the oldest man who ever sat in that court. He is still very active both mentally and physically and is distinguished among his younger colleagues as a very venerable, wise and just. Being asked whether he intended to resign, he replied, "Not till God calls me."

The destruction of Churches by fire seems to be of more frequent occurrence than that of dwellings in proportion to the number of such buildings. It is always a source of regret to many when a church edifice is thus destroyed and the cost of rebuilding must be faced. The Catholic congregation of Souris is the latest instance of a Church fire, and calls forth general sympathy.

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By James W. Barton, M.D.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

When our ancestors had to hunt for their food they had bodies like our own. However they were never absolutely certain just when their next meal would be at hand, and so they ate most heartily when they secured some trophy of the hunt. They ate herbs of course, but the big part of the meal was animal flesh.

When a little later agriculture and fruits came to hand, there was less need for flesh. These, with oils or fats, and water, complete the varieties of food now available to man.

To this day some folks feel that they need meat three times a day because their ancestors were big meat eaters.

Other individuals believe that now there is the different grain foods that these with fruit and milk, should be the ideal food for man.

However although man is the same type of being as his ancestors, with the passing of the ages there certainly have been changes in the glandular system, influenced also by the climate of the different countries inhabited by man, and with these changes have come differences in the manner in which foods are handled by different races in the world, and also by the different types of people of the same race.

What is my thought? An Arctic explorer, Steffanson, reports that our Eskimos living on meat alone never have cancer, and Mr. Garrison, tells us that the natives of India, living on fruits and vegetables, never have cancer, nor do they have intestinal trouble of any kind.

Now for the rest of us that live in a temperate climate it would seem that some point half way between the extreme meat eater, and the extreme vegetarian would be about right.

If we err at all it is likely in eating too much meat, which should be a good part of the everyday diet of a farmer, mechanic, or others working hard with their hands, but should be about one seventh of the daily diet of an office man.

However there is one place where we can't make a mistake and that is in eating plenty of fruit and vegetables no matter where we live or the nature of our work. Dr. M. E. Bircher tells us that "a fruit and vegetable diet, largely raw, carried out for four to six weeks acted to bring a high or low viscosity of the blood to normal."

In other words if the "stickiness" of your blood was too high or too low the fruit and vegetables corrected the condition.

So you can't go wrong, except in some skin ailments, in eating fruits and vegetables anytime, anywhere.



KNOWLEDGE

What is more large than knowledge and more sweet? Knowledge of thoughts and deeds, of rights and wrongs, Of passions, and of beauties, and of songs; Knowledge of life; to feel its great heart beat Through all the soul upon her crystal seat; To see, to feel, and even more to know; To till the world's old wisdom till it grow A garden for the wandering of our feet. Oh, for a life of leisure and broad hours! To think and dream, to put away small things. This world's perpetual leaguer of dull naughts; To wander like the bee among the flowers. Till years shall find us laden, feet and wings Grown heavy with gold of many thoughts. —Archibald Lampman.

DECORATION FOR NURSE

George today personally conferred the insignia of the Royal Red Cross, second class, on Nurse Davis, one of the five who attended him during his illness. His Majesty had the medal of the order specially sent down from London, so that he could present it today, in token of his appreciation for the unremittent care and attention of Nurse Davis, who is leaving on her holiday.

That Body of Ours

Non-Stop Poetry

(D. E. Cameron in Toronto Saturday Night.)

It looks as if we were in for new records in sustained poetic flight, and long-distance, non-stop metrical hops. Benet's John Brown's Body, with its 10,000 lines, is an arresting performance by way of a start. It is typical of the aspiring spirit of the day that it was freely reported that this remarkable poem ran to 100,000 lines. There was something splendid about such a rumour, and it was bound to awaken the spirit of emulation, and stimulate others to an attempt to surpass so notable a feat.

Already the post has laid on my desk a four-page leaflet from Lewis McKennie Turner, of Baltimore, Md., announcing Belle Boyd, The Rebel Spy, an epic poem of 200,000 lines. Mr. Turner supplies a few samples of his verse:

"Belle reports to Stonewall Jackson. I have to report, sir: The folks are all well.

Then Jackson confided: We're in great need of shell, And the worst of it is, we've no cotton to sell.

To which Belle replied: Now isn't that hell! Here follows (sic) historical data for contrast.

And far, far away in Fredericktown Dame Barbara Fritchle (sic) is sewing a gown; And Honest Old Abe, in a new pair of boots,

Is telling a story to several galeots."

Mr. Turner evidently has no ambitions to establish an altitude record, but will be satisfied if he can keep the tail of his muse over the barbed-wire fences long enough to pass John Brown.

The fourth page of Mr. Turner's announcement tells that a competitor is in sight. Brigadier-General Mannie Guest is marching east with a poem, Wyoming Nell, 150,000 lines strong, and a spirited engagement is expected all along the Wabash.

It is to be hoped that the non-stop poetical championship will not find a home across the line, without a spirited effort to hold it for the Dominion. Some-one should come away with a sustained flight on Musky Mary, the Pride of the Peace, a poem in 10x lines,—x to be decided by the long-windedness of the last holder.

After all, there is something attractive in the idea of long poems. There are some poets, like Crabbe, about whom we like to think that they are going to keep on for a long time, and may not stop at all. They give us the feeling that if they do stop, it will be because they want to, and not because they are forced to the ground by running out of gas. The metrical romances of the middle ages were really non-stop poems. The Roman de la Rose runs to 22,000 lines without exhausting itself, and one has the feeling that but for the fact that minstrels had to stop to eat and sleep, and were subject to the contingency of thirst, they could have gone on indefinitely. Romance has always been laudably longwinded, and has had no difficulty in filling in the ten days of a plague, or the thousand and one nights, at need.

The standard of length set by Homer and Virgil seems to have been accepted as proper by some of the more austere poets. Dante confined himself to this scale of length, and so did Milton in his Paradise Lost. MacKail has pointed out the curious fact that Boccaccio has 9,996 lines in his Teselle, which is exactly the number of lines in Virgil's Aeneid. It looks as if Boccaccio wanted to show that he could equal Virgil, but considered it unbecoming to pass the master by even one single line.

Not all the famous poets, however, were content with the classical scale. Bolardo took 35,000 lines for his Orlando, and Ariosto, following him with the same theme, passed him by the handsome margin of 5,000 lines. Our new Elizabethans were a longwinded race, and even coveted the championship for length in poetry. Spenser acknowledged the generous desire to "outgo" Ariosto, and so bring the championship to England. The Faerie Queene, as he left it has 35,000 lines, but it is only half of what he set out to write. Further, it is not

like as I is.

I am, Sir, etc.

THE LAND WE LOVE

By FRANK LEIGH

CANADIAN POSTAGE STAMPS Q. What is the history of the Canadian Postage Stamp? A. The first Canadian postage stamp, a three-penny red one was issued in 1851 and is now valued by stamp collectors at \$125.00 if unused. Another early and rare Canadian stamp is a twelve-penny black one valued at no less than \$1250.00 if unused. A modern stamp catalogue takes up seven closely printed pages to mention the total issues of the Dominion since stamps were introduced.

generally known that the Faerie Queens was projected as itself half of a greater poem, that, if completed, would have run to 150,000 lines. So Spenser had the right idea, according to modern conceptions of what a great poem should be. It was not lack of will that stopped him, but the fact that no-one, not even John Bunyan, has been able to carry an allegory on anything like so long a flight as Spenser attempted. He also suffered from the Elizabethan handicap, which does not so seriously limit us, of thinking it necessary to write poetry, and not merely lines.

It is a mistake to think that the longwindedness of the Elizabethans was a childish obsession with them. It was one expression of the richness and expansiveness of the world they lived in so enthusiastically. Their closeness and exuberance is flesh of their flesh and blood of their blood.

We also live in a rich and expanding world. It may be that poetry, attracted by the possibilities of our great open spaces, is thinking again of pricking o'er the plain. We may be about to find utterance for the things that stir in our hearts, in a poetry of expansiveness and exuberance, and if our poets want room to be poetical in, they have plenty of precedent for taking it.

The Public Forum

This column is open for the discussion by correspondents of questions of interest. This Charlottetown Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinions of correspondents.

MAIL COURIERS AGAIN

Sir:—In a recent issue of your valuable paper I see a plea has been put forward on behalf of the mail couriers on the ground of fairness. I have in view the cases of two mail couriers, which occurred within the last three or four years. Tenders had been called for two routes. The then couriers were under bid, thrown out of employment and their jobs taken by the present couriers. One of these men thus thrown out had, I understand, very little to fall back on; in fact he almost entirely depended on the mail carrying for a living.

What sympathy did these men then show? What fair-mindedness did they then exhibit? Just about as much as a Bengal tiger. Their whole motive then as now was greed and their plea for sympathy is ridiculous. They did not regard the men whose jobs they took as having any rights; therefore how can they now expect anyone to allow them the respect they claim and sneak into a lifetime position under public sympathy.

If these men are not getting angry who determined their salaries? They themselves did. They placed the value on themselves and their work and they can blame no one. The work on a route and the abuse is talked of. They knew all about this work when they took the job. They knew the experience of the mail couriers before them and they knew what was exacted from them. Moreover are all those men doing their work efficiently? How many mistakes are being made? This is a point that should be investigated thoroughly.

If the couriers are not content with their present stipend let them resign and go into public competition at the figure which they think will pay. I am fairly sure that men will be found on nearly every route in the Province to do the work for the money the present couriers are receiving.

Now do not worry about any innovations that may be introduced within the next four years. The Department will not ask any man to do what is not in his contract, and will call tenders if it puts the extra work on the couriers. But the present couriers do not like tenders. They prefer a lifetime job with a big salary and then do as they like; goodness knows some of them try to do as they like as I is.

QUERY?

Sir,—During the last few days a "progressive" series of effusions promising to eclipse in prolixity even the "Tale Without an End," under the caption: "The Teachers' Salaries," and signed, "C. G. Duffy," has been appearing in the columns of the Evening Patriot. For the most part, as everyone who has given these labor-ed elucidations even the slightest attention knows, these epistles are nothing more than futile piffle and silly twaddle, containing nothing more potent than the hackneyed commonplaces and the insane drivel

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