

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1924

TAXATION

We are frequently and piously told that among all the world's uncertainties, there are at least two absolute certainties, namely, death and taxation. In this country at least both are assured; the former is always afar off; the latter immediate and pressing. We naturally take such precautions as we can to avoid death, particularly in cases of epidemics, when the danger is imminent, but ordinarily we go on deliberately and knowingly defying the grim reaper by our manner of living, by breaking the speed laws and in many other ways.

We maintain a somewhat similar attitude towards taxation. True, if there is a more than ordinarily extravagant orgy of public expenditure there is a little row kicked up among the politicians, accusing or excusing as their political inclinations may dictate; but ordinarily we regard without a tremor the revenue of the country poured out like water where undertakings many of which are of no earthly benefit to the country and are calculated only to give some politician a job or buy up a constituency for the representative of the party in power. The taxpayer, as a rule, knows this but he only squeals when the dread messenger reaches his own door with his own personal tax bill.

For instance, during the fiscal year ended March 31, 1923, the deficits on the Canadian National Railways and the Canadian Merchant Marine amounted to \$67,509,577. It is an enormous sum but no one taxpayer was obliged to pay it. Like death it was looked upon as the common lot. In the same fiscal year the total amount collected in income taxes was \$69,111,538 so that it took the whole income tax and eight million dollars more to pay the railway deficits alone. Yet at the last session of parliament new railway construction amounting to some hundreds of millions was as calmly provided for as if we had the money in our federal pocket and no taxes to pay.

The National Debt, like the ordinary taxpayer to contemplate. It is to him a sort of infinitude and he does not connect it in any way with the taxes he personally has to pay. Yet these accumulated deficits, these exorbitant expenditures on political railways, on Royal Commissions, on junketing expeditions to the ends of the earth constitute the taxes he has to pay. These taxes are a burden both to business enterprise and to individuals. Last year the burden amounted to \$6.80 on every man, woman and child in Canada. All did not pay this amount. It was paid by the business of the country and to that extent was a burden and a handicap to business which, unencumbered by such a load, would have been in a position to give more employment, pay better wages and further advance the development of the country.

NEWS

"Why, says the Mail and Empire do not newspapers tell more of the good men do and less of their evil deeds?" It is sometimes asked. It is suggested that the newspaper be requested to refrain from publishing tales of wrongdoing. It were these beasts are not supposed to be, trout and salmon, a pleasant and the edifying events of the day. The modern newspaper draws upon many sources of information in many lands. The good one tells of political, business and social movements and advances in the field of science, and probably a prelude to a series and is not piggishly in its recognition of good fish stories, the season for

Notes By The Way

The American Federation of Labor is a numerous and influential body with an astute and able leader in Samuel Gompers. Some weeks ago he gave out that the Federation as a body would take no part either in favor of Coolidge or Davis in the presidential election. Now Gompers has changed his mind and it is announced that the Federation will support Lafolette, not that his platform is entirely acceptable to them, but that it comes nearer than those of either of the two old parties. The later announcement will no doubt tend to strengthen Lafolette.

Not that it means that he can be elected, or that the organized labor vote can be made anything like solid for any one of the three principal candidates. Many of the organized workers are dyed-in-the-wool Republicans or Democrats and will vote accordingly. But a majority of them, and probably a large majority may be expected to follow Gompers' lead. That fact will add to the prestige of Lafolette as a candidate, strengthen his campaign and prepare the way for further accessions before the November voting.

Usually it is difficult to get a large vote for a candidate who is generally conceded cannot be elected. That is Lafolette's case. But he has undoubted ability and enjoys a large measure of popularity in his own and several adjoining States. His band of supporters have faith in his honesty. Republican and Democratic leaders affect to believe that his candidature is a quite unimportant factor in the contest, while Democrats claim that he will take more votes away from the other party than from theirs, and vice versa. Both the old parties, however, appear to look upon Lafolette's candidature as an unwelcome and disturbing element.

Broadly speaking, the southern states are Democratic and a number of the other states are confidently set down as fairly safe for Coolidge or for Davis. Should the contest between the two old parties prove to be close, any states captured by Lafolette might turn the scale one way or the other. The significance of the Federation of Labor having decided to give their support to Lafolette lies in the fact that it might enable him to carry one or two states that otherwise he could not win.

The announcement is made in the Liberal organ that a series of twelve public meetings will be held in this province beginning on Monday evening next, to be addressed by Hon. John E. Sinclair, Mr. D. A. MacKinnon, M.P., Mr. A. E. McLean, M.P., and Mr. A. C. Saunders, M.L.A., leader of the Opposition. It further appears from the editorial announcement that "it is chiefly for the purpose of educating the people on public matters both federal and local." We are led to infer from what follows in the same article that the dear people are in a rather deplorable state of darkness and ignorance in regard to such things, for we are told that "few people see the Hansard and fewer still read reports of long speeches in the daily press!"

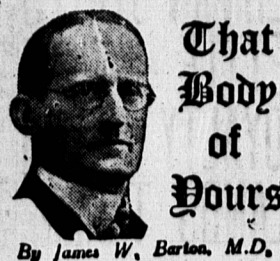
"Few, and fewer still!" It is painful to think that in the editorial judgment of the Liberal organ so very few persons had read those 15 to 20 column reports of the speeches of Hon. John E. Sinclair and Mr. J. J. Hughes, first printed in Hansard and later reprinted in the esteemed Patriot. Thousands and thousands of copies of these deliverances were printed in Hansard. Other thousands were reprinted, and specially commended to the readers' attention as able and statesmanlike masterpieces and mailed to Liberal readers in the three counties. And practically nobody read them—they could not be coaxed to read them even by the valued editor's eloquent and persuasive entreaties!

It may seem an unflattering introduction to the Liberal orators to have the public told in advance that nobody reads their speeches and therefore they are calling the people together to lend their ears to a re-deliverance. But so it is. Who should know better than the Liberal organ the ineffectiveness of the speeches it has printed or the "ignorance" of those electors for whose benefit they were printed? Strange to say Mr. J. J. Hughes is not included in the announced list of speakers who are to re-deliver the speeches they made while in Ottawa. Why is this? A resounding chord in the music will be missed if his voice is not heard.

THE PIONEER REJUVENATED

The editor of our esteemed western contemporary, the Pioneer, has evidently entered into the fulness of the great life out of doors. In its last issue, within the space of three quarters of a column we are told of an encounter with a turtle, a tortoise and a seal in places publishing tales of wrongdoing. It were these beasts are not supposed to be, trout and salmon, a pleasant and the edifying events of the day. The modern newspaper draws upon many sources of information in many lands. The good one tells of political, business and social movements and advances in the field of science, and probably a prelude to a series and is not piggishly in its recognition of good fish stories, the season for

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS
Ned—Do you believe in the language of flowers? Ted—To be sure. That last one I sent Miss Chamber tell me I'll have to do without



By James W. Barton, M.D.

HELPING THE HELPLESS

One of my earliest recollections is seeing a mother lift her child from the table, hurry to the kitchen sink and bathe the child's feet in hot water. The child was having a convulsion.

After the convulsion was past, castor oil was administered. Some years ago the physicians thought they had a cure for another nervous affliction, epilepsy or fits. They were removing a portion of the large bowel where the waste matter accumulated, before it is thrown out of the body.

It helped every case for a while, and some were permanently cured. I remember a physician who kept a patient free from attacks for over a year by washing out the stomach three times a week.

Others have reduced the number of attacks more than fifty per cent by washing out the lower bowel three times a week.

Physicians in charge of hospitals for instance patients have attained some remarkable cures by cleansing out the intestine vigorously for some weeks.

Does this mean then that all these nervous conditions, convulsions, fits and insanity, are due to constipation?

No; Most of these conditions are of nervous origin, often hereditary. What is my point then?

That the intestine that is sluggish, that permits the accumulation of waste matter, simply poisons the blood.

This "poisoned" blood goes everywhere including the brain.

Now if you run or do some other hard exercise you get out of breath.

Why? Because when you work you manufacture fatigue poisons, which enter the blood.

When this poisoned blood goes up to the brain it warns the centres in the brain which control your breathing, that they must make a lunge work faster to get more oxygen into the system.

That's why you breathe so fast when you exercise.

Similarly then if the blood is poisoned that goes to the brain, that brain can hardly act normally.

Why the clearing of diseased teeth, diseased tonsils, growths in the nose, a chronic appendix, has freed many sufferers from the bondage of the above nervous afflictions, and last but not least the removal of the old arch enemy—constipation—has been the biggest liberator of them all.

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

CANADIAN BOAT-SONG

Under the above heading, the Edinburgh Scotsman, in discussing the departure of the Hebrideans, published the following song with the words, "From the Gaelic—Published in 1829," and says:

"How the heart of the Highland exile throbs with love for his native isles, and for the home of his fathers, is beautifully described in the words of an unknown authority."

Listen to me, as when ye heard our father Sing long ago the song of other shores— Listen to me, and then in chorus gather All your deep voices, as ye pull your oars.

CHORUS

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand; But we are exiles from our fathers' land, From the lone shelling of the misty island Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas— Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland, And we in dreams behold the Hebrides. We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley, Where, 'twixt the dark hills creeps the small clear stream in arms around the patriarch banner rally. Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.

When the bold kindred, in the time long vanished, Conquer'd the soil and fortified the keep— No seer foretold the children would be banish'd, That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep.

Come foreign rage—let Discord burst in slaughter! O then for clansmen true and stern claymore— The hearts that would have given their blood like water, Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar.

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand; But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

RED PURSE

It is reported that everyone in Paris is carrying a bright red glance

Stole Great Picture And Returned It

Another of the curious family of art thieves has been at work in California. His particular job, the theft of the "Entombment of Christ" from the walls of the E. B. Crocker Art Gallery at Sacramento was not a simple one, but it was performed with a delicate fineness that told of the bizarre combination of a clever, well-trained thief with that of art connoisseur. Contrary to the usual methods of the underworld connoisseur, the priceless old painting has been returned, accompanied by an unsigned note reading:

"God has forgiven me. You will find my body in Stow Lake."

The theft of "The Entombment" recalls the mysteries that have surrounded the robberies of older art relics. It is of the same, well executed plan of the now famous disappearance and recovery of the precious painting of the "Duchess of Devonshire," by Gainsborough, which was shrouded in profound mystery for twenty-five years. It took a gentleman sport, a gambler who gambled with everything—in brief, the late Pat Sheedy—to restore it.

Pat Sheedy Understood

Those who still remember this mystery of old might want to read again of one who understood that type of underworld "boss" that resides in palaces and defies, by his very elite friends, the combined efforts of the police forces of nations.

Pat Sheedy did understand; he understood enough to win the faith of the faithless. But the mystery of the disappearance of "The Entombment" must needs pass into the hands of the police, for the old diplomatist and gentleman sport died with a low-muttered curse against the gambling business and a life conclusion to be handed down to the unrighteous in the new generation—"the higher you go the lower you go."

According to the New York World the stolen painting was brought in Europe about 1872 by Judge E. B. Crocker. It is entitled the "Entombment of Christ," and was pronounced by critics to be an original Guido Reni. It was bought as such by Mr. Crocker. The central figure is the body of Christ being placed in the tomb, while surrounding the body is a group of six figures. "The Pieta," by Reni, the original of which is in the Church of the Mendicants, at Bologna, Italy, shows the body of Christ surrounded by eight figures.

May Have Been Model. It is believed by some experts that the stolen painting of the entombment may have been made by Reni as a model for the larger production. That the theft was accomplished by the hand of a "crook connoisseur" is easily evidenced by the curious aspects of the robbery. While the curator was lured to an upper gallery by forbidden smoking, the thieves entered and quietly cut the picture from its frame. That the knowledge of the directing connoisseur of the theft was expert is indicated by the fact that a larger reproduction of the picture in the same gallery was undisturbed. Other larger, but less precious paintings, also were found intact. The robber of the famous old Gainsborough portrait, Adam Worth, performed just such tricks. One morning London was startled by the news that a painting had been cut bodily from its frame in Agnew's Gallery in Bond Street. Certain building alterations were being conducted at the gallery, and the thief—who evidently had studied his plans very carefully—knew every inch of the ground. In cutting the painting from the frame however, the knife broke off in the heavy canvas and a portion of the blade dropped down behind the picture, the canvas being slightly torn in one place. It was through this rent that Agnew was afterward able to identify the painting when negotiations were being made for its restoration.

Long a Mystery. For more than twenty-five years the exact whereabouts of the picture were unknown. It was through the understanding of Sheedy that the thief, Adam Worth was persuaded to tell his story. Worth's confession revealed one of the most remarkable stories ever told in criminal annals. He began life as a tramp and sneak thief, and when about forty years old had "risen" to the leadership of the greatest crooks in the world. In those balmy days he was occupying a splendid house in London, to which some of the best sporting men of the day resorted. He was known merely as a wealthy American living in England to spend his surplus. He had a fine steam yacht in the Mediterranean and he min-

NINTH of the series dealing with the establishment of the BANK OF MONTREAL at representative points in CANADA and elsewhere



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from time to time, was victimized 000— a conservative estimate— by his accomplices, though Worth from the public Worth fell upon himself took little part in these evil days. He was reduced to poverty. Worth had come to rely. It was at this time that he looked upon by his confederates as 'came in contact with Sheedy, who the brainiest man in the business, brought his case to the attention and all the efforts of the police in of Robert A. Pinkerton. By gaining England, France and America fail the faith of the reduced criminal ed to connect him with some of and promising him safety. Sheedy the most daring robberies known its original frame.

Picture Gambling. Sheedy's philosophy of picture gambling was expressed by himself in an interview given before his death: "I buy pictures as a business proposition," he said, "but it's gambling at that. These people up in Fifth Avenue don't understand the game. Now, not only know the painters before I purchase, but I know how much duty was paid on the pictures right here at the port of New York."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Pain.

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Your Birthday. AUGUST 8.—You like to have things "shipshape" round you. Probably good at languages. If you choose to take the trouble. An inquiring mind. Capable of deep affection if the right person strikes the right chord. At your best when up and doing. Kind-hearted, ready to lend a hand in case of need, inclined to be extravagant. Love will be always at your side. Your birthstone is the sardonyx, which means a happy married life. Your flower is the poppy. Your lucky colors are orange and red.

First Golfer: "Hullo, old man! You told me you couldn't get away for a game this morning." Second Golfer: "It was touch and go, my boy! I tossed to see whether I should take the wife and kiddies out shopping or come here, and, would you believe it, it took half-a-dozen spins before I could get it to come right!"

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