

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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MONDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1924

TWO TYPES

"It is a pity," says the Ottawa Journal—referring editorially to the two speeches delivered in the City of Quebec last Saturday by Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen

Conservative Leader, "that what he said and how what he said was received" could not have been heard and seen by three classes of people in this country; those who believe Quebec unreasonably anti-Imperial; those who believe she can be kept a solid Liberal bloc by appeals to racial passions and those who profess to think Conservatism dead and damned with her people."

Mr. Meighen had addressed two of the largest and most representative meetings ever held in the City of Quebec, one on Empire Relations before the Canadian Club in the afternoon and one on Conservative and King Liberal policies at night. The afternoon meeting was attended by the Lieutenant Governor, a former Lieutenant Governor, the Chief Justice of Canada, members of Quebec government, judges, leaders of the bar, prominent members of both races and all creeds. Mr. Meighen, as the Journal puts it, "did not cringe nor posture nor indulge in weasel words. On the contrary he underlined his belief in Empire partnership and, above all, in Empire responsibility; and the reward of his courage was a sincere ovation coupled with the thanks of two splendid representatives of the two races, Sir George Garneau and Sir Richard Turner, V. C."

"I am not ashamed of the course I took in 1917," declared Mr. Meighen, "under similar circumstances I would take that course again." And the answer of the audience to this declaration was an ovation which clearly showed that they were with him in sentiment and admired his manly courage. He preached no new doctrine, it was the same gospel that he preached by the leaders of Old Quebec, Cartier, Laurier, the doctrine of the complete local autonomy with Empire partnership and responsibility, the doctrine believed in by the best element in Quebec, the doctrine also that has been sullied and misshaped by a few agitators and political self-seekers. It was only a few weeks ago that a prominent member of the Mackenzie King Cabinet appealed to the women voters in his constituency by asking if they were going to support the man (Meighen) "whose hands were dripping with the blood of their sons."

The better Quebec is rapidly learning that demagogues and agitators to whom many of them had listened too long are not the type of leaders to make their province the country it has a right to be. The day has gone by in which appeals to racial prejudices for isolation and separation will carry weight with the thinking people of Quebec. These racial and separatist appeals have done infinite harm in Quebec and have created misunderstandings in the other provinces. Mr. Meighen's direct, unequivocal and courageous declaration as to where he and his party stand has done more to stabilize public opinion in Quebec than all the transparently selfish agitators and opportunists have done to disintegrate it—and the time is not far distant when the race and creed cry in that province will fall on deaf ears. The reception tendered Mr. Meighen in Quebec is a lasting tribute to his manliness and courage. Quebec, like the rest of Canada, has no place for the time-serving and self-seeking politician.

seeker. She is ready to trust the man who has the courage of his convictions, who will face the issue squarely. "I am against the Crow's Nest Pass agreement because it is not right," he declared before a Western audience. "I am in favor of Empire partnership and Empire responsibility with local autonomy," he declared before a Quebec audience and both the Western and the Quebec audiences paid a tribute to his manliness and his courage.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Mr. R. E. Mutch knows the value of reasoned and informed criticism.

A majority of 55,000 for Prohibition has now been rolled up in Ontario.

When it comes to rowdyism at a political meeting a Conservative or Liberal "tough" is no more refined than a Labour "tough." They are all the same under the skin, and their passions are identical.

No matter what the result of an appeal (if any) in the Ontario London scandal may be, a jury of their fellows has condemned graft on the part of a member of a government and a patronage friend. It is a warning that will not go unheeded.

Many will regret the indisposition of Premier Veniot of New Brunswick who has been confined to his home since the Northumberland election. He was able though suffering from a severe cold, to attend a meeting of cabinet two days after the election, but since then his condition has been serious.

The brotherhood of man is going to be ushered in by the formation of a colossal steel trust among the five European nations of Germany, France, Britain, Belgium and Luxemburg which will combine to control all production of the Makers of Canada, Lafontaine, Cartier, Laurier, the doctrine of the complete local autonomy with Empire partnership and responsibility, the doctrine believed in by the best element in Quebec, the doctrine also that has been sullied and misshaped by a few agitators and political self-seekers. It was only a few weeks ago that a prominent member of the Mackenzie King Cabinet appealed to the women voters in his constituency by asking if they were going to support the man (Meighen) "whose hands were dripping with the blood of their sons."

Hon. E. A. Macdonald of Pictou, has declared war on the Colonial office and asserts the Foreign office is the rightful bureau to handle Canadian affairs. Dear Ned, didn't the bureaucrats of Downing street give you the deference you demand; or what has offended your dignity? Perhaps you expected to be met at Waterloo by His Majesty the King in State, and found not a single soul to greet you. Too bad, and you the High Admiral of the Three Trawlers Navy.

Great indignation has been roused by the discovery that "wet" propaganda was distributed in Ontario in Presbyterian Church Association envelopes. The Presbyterian Church Association President Mr. Thomas McMillan told the press that such use of envelopes was quite unauthorized, and that an effort would be made to find out who was responsible. Another official said that he understood a special meeting of the officers of the association would be held at an early date to discuss the matter.

Odd Tables—Occasional tables, they call them in England, and one must admit that they add much to the appearance and comfort of a room. Particularly attractive are those painted in black and red, or black and yellow with fascinating

NOTES BY THE WAY

Prairie Land was apparently much excited over the judgment of the Railway Commission in cancelling the Crow's Nest freight rates. "Amazing," "throttling of people's rights," "outrageous injustice," were some of the terms used by Mr. Forke, leader of the Progressives. Mr. Crerar, the Manitoba Free Press and other exponents of western opinion. The Ottawa Journal takes note of this perturbation and says:

"What has the Commission done? Briefly it has ended a rate condition of indescribable confusion, terminated a position reached by no principle, but by barter, eliminated rates that robbed Peter to pay Paul, which had not the slightest foundation in justice or equity. . . . Canada during the past twenty years has done everything possible for the West. Internal grain elevators, docks and shipping facilities on both coasts to handle grain, loans to purchase seeds (most of them never paid back) \$25,000,000 in a crazy Hudson Bay scheme; freight rates that meant loss to the rest of Canada; tariff concessions; exemption from taxation—these are but some of the things that have been done. Yet some of the people of the West clamor about discrimination!"

Was it Nebuchadnezzar to Baby, who cast Daniel into the den of lions? In common with many others we had long believed that it was. But the other day we read in our excellent religious weekly published in Saint John, a different version of the story. It was headed, "The Most Remarkable Lion Story in the World." That seemed quite right and proper. The story is a remarkable one in the old version and hardly less so in the new one. But the two versions do not agree. The original account, it may have been written by Daniel himself and he ought to know—says it was Nebuchadnezzar. The story published in St. John says it was Dar us. As Daniel is otherwise engaged and can't be called to the phone, perhaps the Editor of the Maritime Baptist will rise and explain.

The farmers of a past generation held to a maxim fixing the date for sowing field turnip seed, "On the 20th. of July, wet or dry." There was a jingle of rhyme about this which helped to fix it in one's memory. The question now arises: When will the farmers of Ontario sow their turnip seed hereafter, the weather over there being neither wet nor dry, but somewhere between the two?

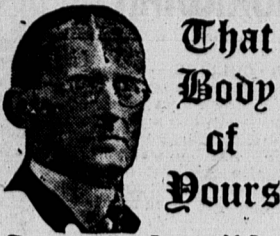
Much of the success of Chauncey Depew, the veteran humorist springs from the fact that many of his best jokes are told against himself. During a recent after-dinner speech, he related the story of a boy on whose father he, Mr. Depew, once paid a call. After his departure the father turned to the boy and said, reverentially: "Do you know who that man is? He is Chauncey Depew, the world's greatest story-teller."

The result was that when Mr. Depew called again he was met enthusiastically by the boy, who exclaimed joyously, as soon as the visitor entered the room: "Hallo! I know all about you!" "Really?" remarked Mr. Depew, slightly taken back by the vociferous nature of the welcome. "And pray, what do you know about me?" "Why, you're the world's biggest liar—father says so!"

Betting on election results is reprehensible and is at best a very indifferent forecast of what is coming. Two or three days ago a cable despatch from London related that Lloyds were offering 3 to 2 that there will be a Conservative majority in the Next House of Commons, to be elected on October 29. Also that the odds stood 3 to 1 that the Conservatives would get more seats than Labor, and that one big book-maker offered 200 to 1 against a Labor majority over all parties.

Says the Toronto Mail and Empire: "Everywhere there is coming home to the minds of the mass of the people the conviction that the King Government is a scourge the country has somehow brought on itself, and the national folly of the last general election is deeply repented." This is true, and nowhere is the repentance more complete and apparent than in Prince Edward Island.

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By James W. Barton, M.D. HUNGRY TISSUES

Since the success of Dr. Banting in the treatment of diabetes with Insulin research men are working night and day studying the chemical contents of the blood.

The various glands and their secretions are being put to tests of all kinds. The effect of the thyroid secretion upon the blood, and then the counter effect as it were, of the little adrenal glands which lie on the top of the kidneys, are being watched most carefully.

The first thing that Dr. Banting and his assistant, Dr. Best, noticed, was that the sugar in the blood was considerably less, after the injection of Insulin. After experiments upon animals, Dr. Best injected some Insulin into Dr. Banting, because the latter felt that if there was any danger to human life he as the originator should be the one to suffer, and no one else.

Accordingly, Dr. Banting's blood was examined before the injection and afterwards, and as in the case with the animals, his blood was found to contain less sugar.

Now, where had the sugar gone? It was still in the body all right, but it was not in the blood. Investigation showed that the tissues of the body in diabetic patients did not possess sufficient sugar. These tissues were actually starving for sugar, and yet were unable to take it from the blood as it passed through them.

However, when Insulin was taken into the system, the tissues of the body were given the power to absorb sugar from the blood as it passed through them. This built up the tissues and prevented that loss of weight or starvation which formerly caused the death of diabetic patients.

The Insulin is just the extraordinary quantity of secretion that diabetic patients needed, but were unable to manufacture for themselves. It seems simple enough now, but these two young men worked hard and faithfully before they succeeded.

Their success has stimulated work of a similar kind, all over the civilized world.

Your Birthday

OCTOBER 27.—You are a very busy person, and respected by your friends. Learn to take life easily, and don't excite yourself over trifles. Never allow jealousy or anger to gain control of you. Your love is impulsive and demonstrative, and you require steadfast love in return. You should marry young. Lead an outdoor life.

Your birthstone is the opal, which means hope. Your flower is the hop. Your lucky colors are yellow and white.

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

WITHHOLD NOT GOOD:—Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it. Proverbs 3:27.

PRAYER:—Dear Lord, may we not only remember Thy words, but prove in practice their truthfulness that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

FROM "TO AUTUMN"

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness! Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun; Conspiring with him how to load and bless With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run; To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees, And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core; To swell the gourd and plump the hazel shells With a sweet kernel; to set budding more, And still more, later flowers for the bees, Until they think warm days will never cease, For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Where the sings of Spring? Ay, where are they? Think not of them, thou hast thy music too— While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day, And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue; Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn Among the river sallows, borne aloft, Or sinking a sly light wind lives or dies; And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn; Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft The rebbreast whistles from a garden-croft; And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

Where Poetry Enters. What mankind demands in a book is vivid communion with the spirit of man, the lifting of insensate fact to a higher power through the intervention of imaginative art. Truth is the criterion of historical study," says Mr. Trevelyan, "but its impelling motive is poetic. It is in what he calls "the synthesis of the scientific and literary views of history"

Recommends The Poets As Best Historians

Not long ago a popular romancer, Mr. Raafael Sabatini, took a leaf out of the "Crimes Celebres" of Dumas and ventured upon the composition of a series of tales in which there should be more fact than fiction, but quite as much of the novelist as of the scholar. He called it "The Historical Nights' Entertainment." It is very entertaining. Here the Queen of Scots and Lord Darnley clash over the fate of "The Seigneur Davie." Here Mme. de Montespan does her dabbling in deadly waters. Here Boris Godunov and Walter Raleigh and Charlotte Corday and a score of other famous figures pass through their crises, and what research can find out about them the romancer exploits in a romancer's way. We turn the pages with mixed feelings. Lending piquancy to enjoyment is a sudden thought of what the historians would probably have had to say about this book twenty or thirty years ago. They would have been "dancing mad."

Scholarship and Industry.

They waged a bitter battle then, just over the methods of their craft. The writer of the bone dry thesis was all for the sanctity of what the New York Herald, in discussing the matter, calls the petit fait and the world well lost. To him such a rhetorical heightening of the fact as Proude was anathema, and from the "snip snap" of Macaulay he recoiled as from a page too interesting by half. It savored too much of the amateur to be interesting. The cry in that fair recent period was, above everything, for scholarship and industry. The star of Freeman was in the ascendant. Well, it has no longer declined, but there is another hypothesis to the force which has widened the historical heavens, and the gleams cast by the man of imagination, as distinguished from Dryasdust, are no longer assigned a status a little lower than that of a tallow dip. A book like Mr. Sabatini's is symptomatic of a new attitude in the historical field, and, as it happens, confirmation of this view of the matter is partly offered by one of the soundest of contemporary historians.

Where the Records Are Found.

It is Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan, the Garibaldi man, who in "The Yale Review" proffers this bit of advice to the student: "If he studies the Middle Ages, whatever else he reads he should read Chaucer and the Border Ballads; if he studies the Tudors he should read the Elizabethan plays; if the Stuarts, he should read Clarendon and Milton; if the eighteenth century, Smollett, Horace Walpole, Burke; if the industrial revolution, Cobbett and the social novelists of the period." Years hence, when his fellow countrymen are writing histories of the great war of 1914-18, he hopes that Walter H. Page's letters will be made use of, and he doesn't say this because of the facts in them, but because they are "literature." There is the nubbin of this accomplished historian's whole argument.

The Greek Historians.

Professor Bury, in his fine work on the Greek historians, points out, suggestively, that the early historical literature of the Greeks had no distinctive name. "It formed part of the general prose literature which was then springing up in Ionia and which included philosophical and scientific works, and, for instance, the fables of Aesop." Among the more progressive moderns it seems well that this ancient catholicity should be revived. Clio is no longer content with the papyrus on her knee. She craves other attributes than those of a "documentary" character. Somewhere in the letters of Byron there is a plea for prejudice in the historian. That seems, no doubt, a chancy weapon to put into ingenious hands, but, like so many of Byron's impulsively expressed ideas, it drives, somehow, at the root of the matter. After all, there is no life in the historical writing that is uncolored by human passion.

More Like It

Bill was pugnacious, but he didn't live long. A few days after his funeral his wife was hanging pensively over her front gate. A neighbor happening along stopped to commiserate with her. "Well, poor Bill," she remarked, "he'll be 'fitting the arp with the hangers now."

The Modish Ensemble

Suede finished cloth in a flat, ering shade of grey is chosen for one of the most attractive costumes of the season. Wide bands and sharp pieces of squirrel add to its chic.

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"MILLBANK" THE QUALITY CIGARETTE. Illustration of a large building.

writing lies. That way lies also the profit and the joy of the lay reader. If he would understand the inner spirit of the Renaissance, he would not advocate his reading Hewlett's "The Novels of Italy" instead of the historians. But if he neglected the fiction he would miss something that helps to revivify the fact.

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