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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1929

EXAMPLE FOR CANADA

The farmers of the Western United States are practically unanimous in pressing for still higher tariffs on foreign products coming into competition with their own.

It is argued that increase in tariff would not necessarily mean an increase in the retail price. With low-priced foreign competition eliminated, American farmers would stabilize their industry and be able to reduce their prices.

Why should the farmers of Canada look on idly while those of the country next door are exerting their tremendous influence to have the United States market closed still more tightly against the staple agricultural products of this country?

DANGEROUS PRECEDENT.

The return of President-elect Hoover from his tour of Latin America has started something in Washington. He was accompanied on his southern tour by a corps of newspaper reporters, representing all the chief journals and news-gathering associations in the United States.

was not going well in his pilgrimage of peace. But on the return of the reporters the truth has leaked out. Everything written for publication had to pass through the hands of a censor appointed by Mr. Hoover, who edited rigorously. Passages were deleted. Despatches were held back and broad hints were given to the correspondents they had better leave certain subjects alone.

The seriousness of the incident, argues the Mail and Empire, is to be found not in what happened in South America, but in what may happen in Washington when Mr. Hoover becomes President. Will there be an effort to establish a censorship here? In time of peace a press censorship is an intolerable usurpation of authority and would be opposed by any decent newspaper in any Anglo-Saxon country.

PREMIER RHODES' STAND

The attitude of the people of Nova Scotia with respect to the Tariff Advisory Board is trenchantly summed up by the Moncton Daily Times, as follows:—

"Premier Rhodes of Nova Scotia has refused to appear before the tariff commission, which is again holding meetings to enquire into the steel and coal industries. Mr. Rhodes gives as a reason the fact that this matter was gone into by the Duncan Commission appointed by the King Government two years ago and that the next step is up to the Government at Ottawa. He might have given other reasons for abstaining from a part that would not be elevating to himself as a member of the provincial government chiefly concerned.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Shrinking news of the King testifies to growing strength.

The rebellious Doukhobors who refuse to dress are fighting for the right to freeze.

The ex-Kaiser's book, "My Ancestors," might have been worse. It might have been entitled "My Progeny."

The ex-Kaiser is passing man's allotted span, still unrepentant and still yearning for a chance to strut again in shining armor.

A British scientist has made a prediction that in process of time man will be born toothless. Somehow we had an idea, mistaken, no doubt, that men and women had been born that way for a while back.

The mail wagons are appearing once again resplendent with the historic G. R. the coat of arms and the designation "Royal Mail." "It is well," suggests the Toronto Globe "that these insignia should be restored. But the question is: Why were they removed?"

Notes By The Way

The National Executive of the Canadian Chambers of Commerce, meeting recently in Hamilton, put forward an important suggestion. It was that the Board of Trade of Great Britain should urge British manufacturers to establish branch factories in Canada, and to aid in interesting a still greater extent investment of British capital in the Dominion. The success of United States branch factories in Canada should be sufficient to remove any fears that British industrialists and capitalists may have regarding the success of such ventures.

Anton A. Tibbe, the reputed inventor, or discoverer, of the corn-cob pipe, has gone to his reward, and the smoke from millions of "meerschaums" will halo his memory. His was a great feat. Before his time, pipes were of dead-white, fragile clay, temperamental meerschaums, or shining briar. Some considered the "T. D." plebeian, and too dry. The meerschaum required a heavy initial investment, and none but indefatigable geniuses of a peculiar sort had the patience to complete the coloring process. The briar was the most satisfying of all, but the best variety were pretty expensive. The corn-cob, cheap, durable, sweet, democratic but not vulgar, has earned the place in the world which hám and eggs, baked beans and bread and butter have in the diet. Like the meerschaum, it is colorable, and without heroic endeavor. Like the clay, it is cheap. Like the briar, it has longevity.

"Coal has been used for fuel only a little more than a century," says a paragraph going the rounds of the Canadian press. The statement, says the Glace Bay Gazette, is misleading as well as curious. Coal dug in Cape Breton was used for fuel more than two hundred years ago. In 1720 it was mined on a small scale from the outcrop on the Morien coast for the use of the workmen and garrison at Louisbourg, and before the middle of the century coal was being taken from a point known as Burnt Head, on the shore of Glace Bay. By 1827, which is more than a century ago, the General Mining Association had been formed in England to operate on a large scale the colliery which had been working at Sydney Mines for more than 40 years previously.

"But this record is comparatively recent, compared with that of England, where coal was used as a fuel in the middle ages. Old English statutes contain references to the use of coal, and its regulation, as far back as the 14th century. The date at which coal first came into general use as fuel, is not known, with certainty. It is conjectured to have been used in a small way as early as the Norman Conquest. In the 16th century it was used as domestic fuel as well as for forging purposes. Early in the 17th century, or more than 300 years ago, hundreds of craft, somewhat smaller than the colliers which carry coal from Cape Breton to Montreal, were used in the Newcastle coal trade."

A little light begins to shine on Einstein's already celebrated but still unpublished five pages—or is it three? The German mathematician believes that after ten years of toil he has come into possession of one of the most important of Nature's secrets. It has been a long boiling-down process. Gravity went into the pot along with electricity and all the electro-magnetic progeny, including light and heat; something came out which has the essence of all of them. If Einstein is right there is but one basic physical law. The father of relativity sums up his results for the non-mathematical world as follows: "The same force which swings the electrons in their ellipses around the centre of the atom is the force which swings the earth in its yearly route around the sun and which makes us the gift of light."

The tremendous interest shown in his new theory by persons who can never fully understand it seems to have stunned Einstein at first, but gradually he is getting used to it. Really it shouldn't surprise him. Every man with an ounce of brains in his head spends a little time now and then wondering about the nature and workings of the universe in which he lives. When somebody announces that he has made a discovery which elucidates any of the dark mysteries of matter, time and space, people will climb fences and break down doors to get into his



By James W. Barton, M.D.

HOME LIFE AND WORK

I have spoken about a preacher in the old country who was in the midst of a serious church union disturbance.

He was the subject of many bitter attacks in a portion of the press, and at public and private meetings. Notwithstanding all this, he went about his work, well, happy and smiling.

Asked how he could maintain such a calm and happy front he replied "Everything is all right at home with the wife and children; they are all well."

I likened this man's home life to the recharging of a battery each night when he returned home, as he thus disconnected the wires of his busy troubled life, connected them with the storage battery of the home life, and thus was ready the next day for his work.

Now Glenn L. Gardiner studying the lives of industrial workers, tells us that the home life of the worker has much to do with his producing his product at the factory.

He says "The worker whose home life is not healthful, who is not eating the right food, who does not get enough of the right kind of rest, is sure to lose his pep in his job."

Observation of lunches carried by working men led to the conclusion that there is a close connection between what a man puts into his stomach and what he puts into his job."

What about this? There isn't any question but that only three things enter into the health of the worker. Work, food, and rest.

If he is working in an up-to-date factory he is likely getting proper light and ventilation, as he does the physical work required of him. The other two factors, food and rest, depend upon himself and his wife or housekeeper.

Clean food, well balanced in meats or eggs, vegetables and bread, milk, butter and fats, with plenty of liquids, is squarely up to the housewife. That is her job.

His rest depends upon himself. Not less than eight hours of solid sleep should be his portion, if he is going to be able to do his work properly and avoid the accidents that happen so frequently to tired workers.

Daily Lessons in English By W. L. GORDON

WORDS OFTEN MISUSED: Do not say, "You are pretty fortunate to receive the money." Say "very" or "rather fortunate."

OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED: rapacious. Pronounce ra-pa-shus, first as in "ask," second as in "pay," accent second syllable.

OFTEN MISPELLED: yacht. SYNONYMS: butchery, slaughter, massacre, carnage, havoc.

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: EVOLUTION; the act of evolving; development or growth. "The evolution of events has brought this condition."

The Land We Love By FRANK YEIGH

1928 as Canada's Greatest Year

Q. In what respects was 1928 Canada's greatest year?

A. 1928 was a record year of building construction, a record year in tourist revenue, the best industrial employment year since 1920. Canada has become a billion dollar Dominion—plus. Newsprint production exceeded 2 billion tons. Water power development exceeded 5,000,000 h. p. Mining production set a new record of \$271,000,000. Life insurance companies' assets exceeded a billion. Canada again led the world in wheat and flour exports. Canada's gross agricultural wealth rose to 8 billions. Montreal again premier grain shipping port on continent. 1928 was the most successful year in Canadian history. Canada had its banner year in the automotive industry. Canada's wheat yield, per acre, again led all countries. Canada is steadily climbing to second place in world's gold production. Canada's bank deposits rose to \$225 per capita. Canada's net production value is nearing 4 billions.

Chinese have been using more than 1000 since peace was declared that

That Body of Hours

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Indigenous Simplicity

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly—William F. Jones

In the casual habits and mental behaviour of the peoples indigenous to them, the true understanding of the Latin American countries may be found. Observers often make the mistake of looking for complex psychological processes and oblique explanations in these people. The secret of understanding them rests in simplicity, not complexity. Their ideas, their thoughts, their actions, are childishly simple. Like children they give free vent to their emotions; like children their amusement is generally at the expense of someone else's discomfort; like most children, they are inherently honest, but sometimes put their own trivial gratification foremost at unexpected moments.

In 1922 I had occasion to travel about over the state of Tabasco in Mexico on a river steamer. These steamers have no definite schedule, merely zigzagging back and forth from one town to another. If you happen to be going to any particular place, you need no more than the ability to endure the food. Eventually you will arrive. But a friend of mine, on one occasion, started off on one of these steamers for another town, and on the fourth morning awoke to find the boat docked at the place he started from. During the night the steamer had taken on a load of cattle and changed its plans.

It was my fortune during my own voyage to have a cabin the door key of which had been lost. The Indian cabin boy kept a chair and stick near my cabin door, and each time I wanted to enter he stood on the chair, and reaching through the transom with the stick, dexterously pressed on the catch inside. The replacement of the lost key had never occurred to anyone.

The top deck, where passengers were permitted to walk about, had lost a large section of its railing on one side. It had been removed, so we were informed, along with a number of passengers who had been leaning against it at the time. It had not been replaced, because as long as it was not there people would not lean against it. Its absence was a measure of safety. Very logical. But when the captain was asked why the rest of the railing was not removed to make the deck entirely safe he could not answer.

The man who has not travelled in such a steamer has yet to know the apex of discomfort. Most of the steamers are vessels which have, after years of service, failed to pass the boiler-inspection tests in the United States. I never saw any attempt to clean the ships, inside or out. Table linen is never changed. At meals one sits down before a stack of heavy white plates which have been only imperfectly washed. The inevitable soup is always hodgepodge of whole vegetables, containing always several large whole cabbage leaves. But why continue.

I traveled once up the Gulf Coast of Mexico on a boat called the San Juan. She is on the bottom now, and should have been then. There were no regulations governing the number of passengers or the amount of freight. This boat had cabins for 16 people, but I was number 84 on a passenger list of 96. The freight not only filled the hold but covered the decks. The main deck was covered to the height of the railings with cases of empty beer bottles being returned to the famous brewery at Orizaba.

A short distance out from Carmen, one of the cylinder heads blew off the engine with a tremendous rumble, and great clouds of steam poured through the hatch. The ship drifted aimlessly for several hours and no effort was made to effect repairs. An accident had occurred, and beyond this no one, for the time being, seemed able to think. Meanwhile everyone on board became exceedingly friendly and good-natured. Families established camps all over the boat, even building little fires in their charcoal brazeros and cooking their meals. The noise of conversation, mixed with the crying of numerous infants, became appalling. Groups of men gathered together for serious argument and discussion, accompanied by much gesticulation. One would have judged that they were discussing politics or international affairs, but a visit to several groups which seemed the most serious disclosed the following subjects of debate:

How many eggs does a turtle lay? Are the mangoes raised in Cuba superior to the mangoes raised in Vera Cruz? Has the Spanish language more or fewer words than the English language? Are the roots of mangrove bushes actually roots or are they branches?

On the boat was a man who had a collection of Mexican stamps, and as I happen to be a collector, I asked him if he would sell them. We spent two hours discussing the price. In the discussion nearly every male passenger on the boat participated. In fact it became a matter of personal moment with all of them. Finally, when we had agreed upon a price, the man

Costa Rica is building a number of

Jamaica exported nearly 17,000,000 bunches of bananas last year.

could not sell them because they belonged to someone else.

Among the Indian natives I have seen the trait of honesty so often that I have no patience with the prevalent opinion that the native is a thief. One custom that surprises the stranger in the larger Mexican cities is the casual way in which people carry sacks of money about the streets. There being no paper currency, business houses send boys and clerks to and from the banks, unguarded, carrying thousands of pesos.

Perhaps under no conditions are the racial characteristics in Latin America better displayed than on a railroad journey. Traveling by rail to the Latin American is a picnic. It may be a business trip, but he gives the impression that the ride exists for the pure joy it affords him. He becomes, while travelling, an inveterate eater, as well as an irrepressible conversationalist. He buys food in bulk through the train windows at stations, much of it brilliant in hue; his preference is fruit of all descriptions, very juicy, along with candies and cakes dyed in vivid shades of red, yellow, green and blue. In Mexico the favorite fruit is the papaya, a large yellow melon. In other places it is the pineapple ripened on the bush. Only in Latin America can one see a whole pineapple devoured by a single person.

Before you have been an hour in your train coach you know intimately everyone in the car, and everyone talks to everyone else at the same time. It becomes a bedlam of conversation, in a space in which the air reeks with the odor of food and where the floor is littered with fruit peelings and swimming in fruit juices. Ample time should be allowed for farewells before you reach your station, for you will find yourself called upon to shake hands all around, and let many of them pat you on the back and tell you what a great friend you are.

One day I was sitting with a friend in a sidewalk cafe in Villa Hermosa when a donkey loaded with sugarcane stalks came down the street. An Indian with bare feet walked behind. Only the donkey's small feet showed beneath his burden, and his head was similarly submerged in sugar cane. In front of our cafe he decided to go no farther, and lay down in the street. Then all we could see was a pile of motionless sugar cane. The driver first tried verbal persuasion, and then brutally prodding the donkey's face violently with a stick. This the donkey resented, so he stood up and began to kick vigorously. As this divested him, piece by piece, of sugar cane, he gradually came into view. Sugar cane scattered in all directions, of small boys collected and taunted the donkey man and made off with many sticks of cane. Meanwhile the donkey, having completely removed his burden, stood unconcernedly in the street with head and ears sleepily drooping. The driver was beside himself with rage and finally did a curious thing. He threw his hat in the air and when it landed in the street he jumped on it several times, and then, returning to his donkey, rested his head affectionately on the donkey's neck and wept copiously. To him tragedy, rage, and then despair, a whole day's labor gone.

In such incidents as these, trivial and amusing as they seem but in reality very serious to these people, the story of Latin America is exposed.

The Poet's Corner

THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Mortality, behold, and fear, What a change of flesh is here! Think how many royal bones Sleep within this heap of stones; Here they lie, had realms and lands, Who now want strength to stir their hands;

Where from their pulpits sealed with dust, They preach, 'In greatness is no trust!'

Here's an acre sown indeed With the richest, royal's seed, That the earth did e'er suck in; Since the first man died for sin; Here the bones of earth have cried, 'Though gods they were, as men they died!'

Here are sands, ignoble things, Dropt from the ruined sides of kings, Here's a world of pomp and state Buried in dust, once dead by fate. —Francis Beaumont, (1584-1616)

Vergil City Discovered

Buthrotum, the mysterious city mentioned by Vergil, has finally been found in northern Albania by Italian scholars. Relics that date back to the bronze age have been unearthed on the site, together with baths, statues and other evidences of Greek and Roman times. Elaborate mosaics indicate that the citizens of Buthrotum were worshippers of Neptune.

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SOME DAY! There is perhaps some much desired thing that you are looking forward to some day. It may be a home, a trip or some cherished dream of your own. Whatever it is, regular deposits in a Savings Account in this Bank will bring realization closer. It is a simple matter to open an Account with us. Interest compounded half yearly.

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What Can Happen While You Wink Condensed from Popular Science, E. E. Free Years ago, when kings were plentiful and apt to be knifed or shot, soldiers used to keep clear a space around each royal person; a kind of safety zone within which no intending assassin could penetrate. Each human being, whether he knows it or not, goes through life surrounded by just such a neutral zone; a space within which men, automobiles or other objects may be extremely dangerous, beyond which they are safe. For some people this sphere of safety is narrow, for others it is wide. Its actual width for you is fixed by how long it takes you to think. For example, tests of 57 typical automobile drivers made by the U.S. Bureau of Standards showed that the average time needed to see a danger signal, realize its meaning, and begin to press the brake lever was a little more than half a second. In this time a car travelling at 40 miles an hour would move 30 feet. That is the minimum width of the driver's zone of safety. But some persons need more time than this; they do not begin to press the brake lever until a full second or even two seconds after the danger signal has appeared. Cars driven by such slowly-reacting individuals would travel, respectively, 60 feet or 120 feet; not merely before the car could be stopped, but before the driver even began to bring it to a stop! Since 1921, more than 3,500,000 people have been injured and more than 100,000 killed by automobiles in the United States, while money losses have been more than \$3,000,000,000. Professor Charles F. Park of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, expert on automobile traffic, states that the situation is growing worse. Manufacturers are advertising faster cars. People will buy these cars. Average highway speeds are increasing. Sixty-nine percent of the highway accidents in Massachusetts last year, Professor Park computes, were due to speed "too fast for existing conditions and the kind of driver." Few motorists know, the Massachusetts expert argues, the one most important thing about themselves—that is, the characteristic which psychologists call the "reaction time." It is this that measures the width of the safety zone which you must guard, as soldiers guard the open space around a king. The menace of slow-thinking drivers on the highways is impossible to compute. No one can say how many thousand lives, how many mil-

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