

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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MONDAY, JANUARY 30, 1928

CHARACTER

NOTHING on earth—or even in heaven—is as important as character, and nothing is as sure as that character is moulded in childhood. This is the lesson that parents must learn if they hope to reap the reward of worthy parenthood, children to be proud of when they mingle with other children and when they grow to manhood and womanhood. It is the lesson, also, that conscientious teachers must learn if they hope for true citizenship. The child whose only fear is to be found out, whose only terror is the big stick, enters upon manhood crippled in soul. He carries with him through life the idea of being able to "get away with it." He has not learned to resist temptation and is liable to fall at any step that offers temptation. From infancy the child has an intuitive sense of right and wrong. It is only an incipient consciousness but it is slowly and surely developing just as he or she is taught. From earliest childhood he should be taught the difference between what is his own and what belongs to someone else, and he should be taught to respect that ownership. He is not to be prevented from stealing the cookies or the sweets or the coins by locking them up, for that is only to tempt him to steal when he gets a chance, and the chance is sure to come sooner or later. He should be taught that these things are not his unless they are given to him and, be taught also moderation in the use of cookies and sweets and—in the matter of money—he, if it be at all feasible, should be paid a wage, proportionate to his age, for a specific service. Undue restriction and restraint should be avoided. Too much "Don't" has ruined many a boy and girl. They must have liberty within definite limits, the limits being defined by what is right and wrong, and the ordinary boy or girl, if taught at all, will readily recognize these. The aim of all teaching should be to strengthen the child's character. In the presence of things which he would dearly love to have as his own and which he knows are not his own and that it would be wrong to appropriate for himself, the child is learning his lesson in resisting temptation. He may fall to it and, if he does, he should not be too harshly judged. Many a good man and good woman has fallen before temptation and regained possession of their better selves. It is told of a certain king of Israel that he yielded to temptation and yet was a "man after God's own heart," not because he yielded, but because he had the manliness and the grace to own up to it, to repent and to make restitution. The courage and manliness of confessing one's wrong-doing, of whatever nature it may be, and whatever its consequences may be, should be constantly instilled into every child. The damaging effect upon character is not the actual yielding to temptation but the attempt to conceal it, to live a double life, a life of lying and deceit. The appalling list of young criminals seen almost daily in our newspapers should be a solemn warning to parents and teachers. The life story of every such criminal reveals the fact that the criminality originated in misdirected childhood, in want of self control, in want of moral courage, all of which can be trained out of a child when the training is begun in infancy. It has pleased a merciful Providence to permit the pathway of life to be strewn with temptations of infinite varieties from the cradle to the grave. They are not strewn for our stumbling, but for our moral strengthening. We cannot remove them, but we can learn to overcome them, and if we stumble and even fall before the election, and some of its

there still remains the possibility of recovery by courageously admitting it and resolving to make a better fight against our weaknesses.

ENFORCEMENT AND RESPECT

WE hear and read much these days from certain quarters about enforcement of law; would it not be well to have something to say, once in a while, about respect for law? We are filling our jails with the victims of enforcement, but respect for law in this province is at a very low level, perhaps the lowest it has ever reached. This is true, also, of the United States. Enforcement of law there has become an art, while respect for law appears to be a dead letter. Recently we published a report of an investigation into the working of the Volstead Act. The Assistant Attorney General, Mrs. Willebant, a woman of outstanding intelligence, gave evidence as to how the Volstead Act was generally enforced. She gave the number of convictions under the Act year by year from 1922 to 1925. The convictions in that time increased from 22,000 to 28,000, and fines from \$4,000,000 to \$7,681,000. In face of evidence from such a source as this, there can be no doubt as to the enforcement, in certain quarters at least, but in the matter of respect for law the evidence clearly shows that it is a steadily decreasing quantity and the United States today, with its apparently rigid enforcement, has the unenviable reputation of being the most lawless country in the civilized world. Let us now by way of a change give some attention to respect for law, otherwise we may at a not distant date reach the level of our law-enforcing southern neighbor.

Canada's Progress. The Imperial Conference of 1926, says the Saint John Telegraph-Journal, the strides taken by Canada towards world leadership have been more than remarkable. This cannot be attributable to any great change or development in Canada herself along the line of desiring participation in world politics, but rather to the realization on the part of foreign nations of the full national status of the Dominion of the British Empire. Canada sits now in the Council of the League of Nations, the equal there of the Motherland, not only in the eyes of the Empire, but in the eyes of the world. Now with legations established, or about to be established, in Paris, Washington and Tokio and with French, United States and Japanese ministers to carry on the diplomatic business of their countries at Ottawa, Canada's nationhood is impressed with the seal of approval by the leading world powers outside the British Empire.

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EDITORIAL NOTES

It is safe to predict that there is going to be a change in the weather.

The interchange of hockey matches between Charlottetown and Summerside teams makes a pleasant break in the daily grind at both centres. The interest taken in these games is indicated by the fact that on Friday night the train from Summerside brought over three hundred hockey fans, many of them from points along the railway. Friday was, of course, an unlucky day for the Abbies, and evidently the lucky one for the Crystals, but the main thing is that the visitors and visited enjoyed the sport.

There is an ominous silence in local political circles, but there is a good deal of talking and thinking on the outside. There seems to be an impression that, like the cross-eyed butcher, the Government is not going to strike where it was looking for it. The barometer, the police court reports,

Notes by the Way

THE Geographic Society of Geneva has compiled a curious "Report on World Calamities"; that is, floods, great storms, and so on that happened in 1927. It appears that last year there were 98 floods and 75 cyclones. America led the list of calamities with 25. Canada had some floods, but very few cyclones, and no destructive earthquakes and had on the whole a good year. Prince Edward Island, best of all, had no floods, cyclones or earthquakes, and made no record at all in the list of great calamities such as afflicted and distressed less favored sections of the world.

The airplane service between Moncton and the Magdalen Islands piles on a route that crosses Prince Edward Island and gives to thousands of our people a view of the plane in its flight as it goes and comes, always in the day-time. It has become a familiar and a pleasing sight. And it must be still more enjoyable to the inhabitants to receive these frequent visits and receive their letters and papers from the outside world during the winter season in their isolated northern homes.

The grain harvest of 1927 in Canada was indeed a bountiful one and it has been wonderfully exploited in the governmental propaganda sent out from Ottawa. Many estimates were prepared by the Bureau of Statistics while the harvest was growing, and from time to time as it matured, and when cutting began, and when threshing began, and when the first wheat was put in the elevators, and still the Bureau is working out further details about the wheat crop, all in such form as to give the impression that the King Government had created the harvest. That feature has been a bore there were farmers and farm laborers who did a lot of hard work to the grain fields, and a kind Providence sent the sunshine and the rain, without which there might have been no harvest at all. The King Government, King himself, Robb, Lapointe, Dunning, and their colleagues had about as little to do with the production of the harvest as had the man in the moon.

Years ago the erection of "skyscrapers" began in New York, and scores of the larger cities in the States and Canada have now their hotels and office buildings of twenty or more stories in height. Quite recently, Sir Edwin Lutyens, a very eminent British architect and artist, visited New York, looked over the tall structures there and gave forth his opinion that they are good for no more than forty years' duration. No one can prove that he is wrong, for few if any of the skyscrapers have yet reached the time limit he has set. If an earthquake should come (some of the tall ones might probably tumble down.

Here in Charlottetown our architects and builders have been cautious and have made no very rash venture in the way of lofty stores, hotels, or other buildings. Time may justify their prudence. In any case we can afford to wait a few years to find out whether Sir Edward Lutyens is right or wrong in his judgment. Land is not yet so valuable here as it is in New York, or even in Toronto and we can build broader instead of higher while the sky-scrappers await the test of endurance.

Some of the press advocates of prohibition apparently think that by calling names and applying insulting epithets to all who do not agree with them they can win favor for the Saunders Government. It is really having quite the contrary effect. It tends to widen the breach existing in the camp and which already threatens its disruption. As for the Government, there is no record of any new Administration in this Province which in the like period after coming into power broke so many of its pre-election promises, and so disappointed its supporters and friends.

With the last cold snap has come the first interruption for the season of the mail service to and from the mainland, coupled with unusually dangerous conditions of sidewalks and street crossings in this city. In the interregnum between the outgoing of the old City Council and the incoming of a new one there has been a sad neglect of some matters affecting the safety and welfare of those who use the streets and public walks.

former friends are making overtures with the public with a view to correcting the astigmatism. It is suggested that there would be no harm in increasing the quantity of alcoholic medicine prescribed by the doctors—just a feeler to see how the public would take it. The public is making up its own mind and is watching the barometer, the police court reports,



By James W. Barton, M.D. MAKING MILK SAFE

Perhaps once in a year or once in five years, you have noticed a sort of "burned" taste to milk you were drinking, and have wondered if this business of "pasteurizing" the milk wasn't being overdone; because the taste is likely due to this cause. Yet if you were to drink milk in its "raw" state you would be taking chances on serious illness, if not death itself. Now except perhaps sugar, milk is the cheapest food you can buy, and it is also an all round food. No food is perhaps more universally used.

And because it is so generally used it is "responsible for more sickness than all other foods taken together." Typhoid fever, tuberculosis, scarlet fever, summer diarrhoea, and other children may all be traced in many cases to "raw" milk. Severe epidemics of typhoid fever have been caused by unpasteurized milk.

When you remember that considerable percentage of cattle have tuberculosis, you are quite willing to favor anything that will make milk safe. What is the process of pasteurization? It means heating the milk to a temperature of 145 degrees Fahrenheit, at which it must be held for 30 minutes, and must then be promptly cooled to 40 degrees Fahrenheit.

Milk treated in this manner will keep sweet for several days under proper conditions. Just how much food value and vitamins are lost by this process is hard to estimate, but this loss cannot be considered when we remember the terrible toll raw milk takes sometimes.

This danger is recognized is attested by the fact that every health officer in the United States and Canada, agrees that the pasteurization of milk is an absolute necessity as a public health measure. Now all cattle cannot be tested, methods of handling milk not seem to be only common sense on the part of a municipality to see that all milk is pasteurized, and thus rendered safe. So if occasionally you think the pasteurization has been overdone, and it occurs very seldom, remember that it is an evidence that who ever is supplying your milk has been pasteurizing it, and that you are thus being kept free from infection as far as your milk supply is concerned.

HOUSEHOLD SCRAP BOOK By ROBERTA LEE

Butter Economy One pound of butter can be made equal to two pounds by adding gradually to one pint of butter one pint of milk and a little salt, beating it with an egg-beater until smooth. Put in a mold and set in a cool place.

Water Filter Absorbent cotton is an excellent filter for muddy water, as all of the foreign matter will adhere to the cotton. As soon as the cotton has become dirty it should be renewed.

A use for tissue paper If some tissue paper is kept on the toilet table it will be found very useful for drying the skin thoroughly, and for rubbing cold cream off the face.

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

January 30, 1928

ASSURANCE—Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name; the righteous shall compass me about; for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.—Psalm 142:7.

PRAYER—Lord, Thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress.

THE DAY'S RESULT

Is anybody happier because you passed his way? Does anyone remember that you spoke to him today? The day is almost over, and its tolling time is thru;

Is there anyone to utter now a kindly thought to you? Can you say tonight in parting with the day that's slipping past, That you helped a single brother of the many that you passed? Is a single heart rejoicing over what you did or said? Does the man whose hopes were failing, now with courage look ahead?

Did you waste the day or lose it? Was it well or poorly spent? Did you leave a trail of kindness? Or a trail of discontent? As you close your eyes in slumber do you think that God would say: "You have earned one more tomorrow by the work you did today."

BULL DOG

"BURROS."

A TRIBUTE TO THE PROSPECTOR

(By Wm. C. Robinson, in the Union Oil Bulletin.)

Where did the burro come from? Where did he first mate and by what right he still among us? Slow, deliberate, awkward, sad-eyed, grotesque in appearance, and sometimes even pitiful to look upon, how is it that he has come down through the ages and now stands unchallenged before the world as the prospector's servant, companion and faithful friend? He has survived not because of his beauty, for he is anything but entrancing, but he has survived because of his inherent worth and his own native ability to cope with adverse conditions.

Through thick and thin, through heat and cold, through famine and pestilence, through prosperity and through adversity, this untiring, long-suffering and unemotional little creature has shown a constant and a dependability excelled by no other four-footed animal, excepting only the dog. A native of Mesopotamia, his origin antedating the earliest records either in sacred or in profane history, the burro is the only living beast of burden, outside of the camel, that neither nature nor man have been able to improve upon. He was pre-destined to occupy a certain sphere, and to fulfill a certain well-defined duty towards mankind. He has done his work so well, so satisfactorily and so faithfully that there has been no occasion for improvement in either his nature, character or physical being. Were he not made perfect for the purpose for which he was intended, he would either have been improved upon or he would have become extinct in the all-perpetuating struggle for the survival of the fittest and would today be but a mere passing subject for zoological interest. The might just as well attempt to "paint the rose" as to try to improve upon the burro, insofar as the purpose for which he was created is concerned.

In the sixteenth century, we find that Sancho Panza, the hero of Cervantes' "Don Quixote" had for his everlasting and faithful friend a donkey, and when Cancho had failed as a ruler of men, he sought refuge and consolation in his donkey. Upon taking leave from his king's cares, Sancho went into the stable, embraced his donkey and kissed him on the forehead, saying: "Come here, my friend, thou faithful companion and fellow-sharer in my travels and miseries; and when they are over, I will care for thee as I care for my broken feet, and feed thy little carcass, then happy were my days and months and years. But since I forsook thee and clamored up the towers of ambition and pride, and sought for a kingdom, and tribulations, and four thousand torments have haunted and worried my soul." Mounting his donkey, Sancho said: "Make way, people, and let me return to my former liberty. Let me go that I may seek my old land and rise again from the death that buries me here alive. I was not born to be a governor, nor to defend islands nor cities from enemies that break in upon them. St. Peter himself was at Rome, which is as much as to say he was born to it. Let me now with my donkey tread again on plain ground. Every sheep to his mate. Let not the cobbler go beyond his last."

Now then, in our day, drawing a lesson from the teachings of Sancho, we might, by the same token, very well say: "Let every prospector stick to his burro."

Today in Egypt—the cradle of civilization—the land of romance and of dreams—where the sun shines its brightest and where the atmosphere is, next to our own, the most soothing on earth—the donkey is present in all his glory. The Egyptian boys earn a living with their pet donkeys, and these boys walk alongside, with the eager tourist sitting on the donkey's back. If the tourist be a Frenchman, the boy calls his donkey "Napoleon"; if a German, he calls him "Kaiser"; and if the tourist be an American, he calls the burro "George Washington" or "Uncle Sam." Thus, we see how the gullible globe-trotter is flattered and cajoled and his small change taken away from him at the expense of the innocent donkey.

The burro is the only living animal that can stand the hardship of the American prospector's life. A horse or a mule would die of privation and despair if he were forced to suffer half the hardships, grief and toil that the burro thrives under. If it were not for the burro, the American Desert would today still be an unclaimed and unexplored waste. When the desert seems to times to literally smoke with withering red-hot vells which rise in succession from its furnace-like hell, then it is that the burro means most to the prospector. Thunder and lightning, intense heat or bitter cold, the sirocco sand storms and the white dust of the alkali waste are all met with courage and patience by the burro. When in his attempt to cross Death Valley, the prospector loses his way, and worst of all, his senses, and with only his instinct to direct him, it is to his burro that he turns for deliverance out of his inferno. When his tongue swells and sticks to the roof of his mouth, when his thoughts are confused and he is becoming lost in blind oblivion, and when his weary legs no longer stand up under him, it is then that the prospector instinctively leans upon his burro and depends upon him for deliverance from torture and certain death.

It is a well-known tradition among the desert prospectors that when once they have lost their way, all they need to do is to unpack their burros, leave them to their own resources, and they will surely find an oasis. Never does the burro mislead a man in the desert for a lake of water. In the insufferable heat of the great Mojave desert the burro has, time and again, gone for four days without a drink. For his food, while in the wilderness, he eats sage brush, greasewood, cacti and whatever other forage there may be at hand. Those who are familiar with his habits will know how he will hover around the camp-fire of his master, waiting for some scraps from the frying pan or the Dutch oven. Flapjacks, bread, meat and vegetables of all sorts from his master's board are to him sweet dessert. In an emergency he will eat anything which will sustain life.

The burro will refuse a trail that is impassable, and as for quicksands, he fears them beyond measure, but he can be trusted to navigate them if it is possible for animal to do so. He will step gingerly inch by inch, upon a thin sheet of ice, or upon the salty crust of a desert sinkhole; and any place into or over which a burro refuses, of his own volition, to go, it is unwise for a human being to attempt to negotiate.

The burro is generally reckoned to be slow and deliberate but just allow a rattlesnake to cross his path and you will see that he is as quick as a flash while in the act of killing the snake. Zane Grey, in his book called "Tappan's Burro," tells the following pathetic story of how Tappan, as he stops at a desert water hole to unpack the three hundred pound load from the back of his burro. "Jenet," says Tappan, "you're worthy of a better life. You're a ship of the desert." Here we are with both grub and water, a hundred miles from any camp, and what but you could have fetched me here? No horse! No mule! No man! Nothing but a camel, and so I call you my kind, Jenet, there'd be no prospectors and few gold mines. Reckon the desert would be still unknown. You're a great beast of burden, Jenet, and there's no one here but me to sing your praise.

And of a golden sunrise, when Jenet was packed and ready to face the cool, sweet fragrance of the desert, Tappan was wont to say, "Go along with you, Jenet, the mornin's fine. Look at the mountains yonder, and a desert, red living from hole to hole. All purple an' violet. It's the life for us, my burro, an' Tappan's as rich as if all these sands were pearls." But sometimes, at sunset, when the way had been long and hot, and rough, Tappan would bend his shaggy head over Jenet and talk in a different mood: "Another day gone, Jenet, 'nother journey ended, and Tappan's only older, wearier, sicker. There's no reward for your faithfulnes, an' only a desert rat, livin' from hole to hole. No home! No face to see! Some sunset, Jenet, we'll reach the end of the trail, and Tappan's bones will bleach in the sun and no one will know or care."

The discovery of many of our great mines has been directly credited to the burro. Numbers of us have heard Jim Butler tell how, in stooping to pick up a rock to throw at his burro, he discovered the famous Tonopah of Nevada mine. Butler, Dunbar and Sullivan were supposed to have been discovered much in the same way. The discovery of numerous other well-known mines are likewise credited either directly or indirectly to a burro. These are the more often they are repeated the more authentic they seem, but whether these stories are based on fact or on fiction, the burro has unquestionably played a most important part in the discovery and early development of many of our great American mines. Verily, then, without the Burro, the Brains, the Brown, and the Beans, we would have no Leadville, no Cripple Creek, no Comstock, no Goldfield, no Tonopah, no Butte, no Globe and no Phoenix.

Often do I recall that one day some eighteen years ago in company with several associates I started across Death Valley behind a burro train. The heat was intense—the atmosphere oppressively heavy. A sand-storm was brewing and our burros sensed the danger. They were unwilling to go forward. We held a consultation and since we knew the traits of the burro better than we knew the danger signs of the desert, we turned back and thus avoided what was almost certain destruction. This is but one of my many experiences with burro trains. Having thus been thrown more or less in contact with the burro for so much of my life I have seen enough of his faithfulness, his patience, his courage and his kindness to love him. Surely if animals have souls the spirit of the burro will dwell in immortality, for he has ever been the so-called faithful companion and untiring servant of the sturdy trail blazer, pioneer and prospector—the combination that has played such an important part in the winning of the West.

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The Land We Love By Frank Yeigh

Three Rivers.

Q. Where was Three Rivers? A. Three Rivers was an outpost of New France three centuries and more ago, and it was here that a Recollet monk, Father Le Caron, celebrated the first Mass on this part of the St. Lawrence on July 15th, 1615. The city itself was founded in 1634 by Chevalier de LaViolette, and was called Trois Rivières because at this point three branches of the St. Maurice join the St. Lawrence. Located in the primeval wilderness this was the farthest point west Frenchmen had dared to make a settlement. Here the Indians journeyed to sell their furs, and here was the meeting place where the French and the Indians made their first treaties. It was from here many of the most important expeditions against the Iroquois and the British were planned and started owing to its close proximity to the Richelieu River on the south shore.

Novelist Near Death PARIS, Jan. 27.—The condition of Vincent Blasco Ibanez, Spanish novelist as reported to the Havas agency from Mentone at 10 o'clock tonight was extremely grave.

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DAILY LESSONS IN ENGLISH By W. L. Gordon

WORDS OFTEN MISUSED: Do not say "she looks very badly." Say "bad." OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED: mellow; ow as in "low, not mell-a." OFTEN MISPELLED: decollete; study the olete. SYNONYMS: altitude, height, elevation, eminence, acme, acclivity, loftiness. 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: DEMONSTRABLE; capable of positive proof. "What I claim to be true is demonstrable."

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It's the little things that count

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Three Rivers.

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