

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1924

Saturday being Empire Day and a public holiday The Guardian will not be issued on Monday.

EXAGGERATIONS

The meeting of the Great War Veterans Association held on Tuesday night, called to discuss the alleged wholesale dismissal of returned soldiers by the Provincial Government followed along the lines anticipated and unfortunately not a few exaggerations were indulged in. The returned soldiers are entitled to all the consideration possible to give them, and nothing is too good for them. The trouble is there are Liberal returned soldiers and Conservative returned soldiers. When the Bell Government was in power all the returned soldiers receiving appointments were of the Liberal stripe. When the election came about last July the Conservative returned soldiers worked for the return of a Conservative government in order that they too might have a share of the leaves and fish-eries promised them as a reward for their services at the front. Unfortunately there are not jobs sufficient to go all round. The state of the exchequer when the Stewart Government came into power was such that rigid economy had to be practiced in order to get the finances of the province back to a solvent condition and therefore it was not possible, even if it were desirable, to create new positions to which the Conservative returned soldiers could be appointed. What was the government to do in these circumstances? Bolt and bar the doors against these brave and deserving Conservative returned soldiers forever or until such time as the Liberal returned soldiers saw fit to retire on their own volition or give up the ghost? Only one side of the question was heard at the meeting. There are two sides to every question and the government no doubt has its side which has yet to be disclosed. The Conservative returned soldiers who have been applicants for positions have also their point of view. So long as we have party government we shall have party patronage; it has been so in the past, is so in the present and will be more so in the future. "Tis pity, 'tis true," but there it is. People who are not politicians deplore the state of affairs and cannot understand why it should be so, but politicians, Liberal and Conservative, who have to run elections know that their best workers and most ardent supporters are to be found among those who desire to share in the patronage.

The returned soldiers back in civil life have lined themselves up with one or other of the two great parties and the Conservative returned soldier naturally expects that his claims are as worthy of recognition as those of his fellow soldier in arms who has lined up with the Liberals. All this may appear to be very mundane and very unromantic, but unfortunately it is human nature and so long as we have government on political lines we shall have governments who will seek to give patronage recognition to their supporters and workers. We have no intention of discussing the merits of the respective cases but would simply point out that instead of there having been "wholesale dismissals," or even 40 or 50 there has not been one dozen and in every instance, except one, the new appointee was also a returned soldier.

EDITORIAL NOTES

It is both gratifying and encouraging to learn from visitors to the Upper Provinces that Spring is more advanced here than in Toronto or Montreal. This is unusual and probably presages a warmer summer than usual. The comparative absence of rain to date is somewhat remarkable as the rain has been abundant in the Upper Provinces.

NOTES BY THE WAY

That the Government Railways on Prince Edward Island should be all standardised is an urgent necessity in the opinion of everybody who lives here, or who has occasion to travel over them. That the work has been so long delayed is little to the credit of the Government of the day or of our representatives at Ottawa who are its ardent supporters. At the best we cannot hope that the work can now be done in time to help the tourist traffic of this year. That is of itself a serious drawback in view of the hopes that had been raised looking to a great enlargement of the number of summer visitors during the coming season.

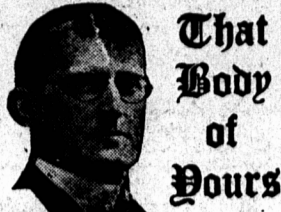
Present conditions on our railway are a bad advertisement not only for the Island, for the Government and for attracting summer visitors but also for Government ownership of railways. From the beginning our railway has been under government ownership and control. It was indifferently built in the first place, on very crooked lines, with many sharp curves and after fifty years of operation it is yet by no means sufficiently ballasted. This of necessity involves slow movement of all trains—much slower than on the National in the Maritime Provinces. It is no blame to our conductors, engineers and trainmen that this is so. They are quite the equal of other railway men elsewhere in skill and efficiency.

During fifty years past our Province has been kept in this position of inferiority in regard to railway accommodation. Our people have been compelled to travel in narrow cramped up cars, on trains that run at only half to two-thirds of the speed maintained in other parts of the Dominion and for this skimmed service have had to pay the same rates as those who travel in palatial comfort on the fine cars of the Maritime Express or Ocean Limited. We are still "wearing out" the old narrow-gauge first and second class baggage and postal cars of a past generation on half our railway mileage. As if any thing were good enough for the people of Prince Edward Island.

This is humiliating to what remains of our provincial pride. But it is economical—by a sort of economy that is applied in this Province only! Compared with the mainland we ride second-class here, while in other provinces they travel first class at the same cost, with this further difference that the motor cars on the public highways run past the National trains when rolling along side by side. Visitors from abroad judging us by our part of the National system, naturally think us a slow-going people, for indeed we are that, when on the National rails in our home Province.

The Ottawa Government think it urgent to build just now a thousand miles of standard gauge railway lines in other Provinces. Our four representatives give cheerful support to the twenty-six branch railway bills. They gladly spend a couple of millions to buy the Scribble Hotel in Paris, with a colossal rake-off to the "go-between who negotiated the purchase. Half of the hotel price would have standardised the Island Railway and put it on decent shape from Tignish to Georgetown. But the King Government and its four island supporters bought the Paris hotel and condemned us to go on with our narrow-gauge track and worn-out rolling stock till now.

Living in Ottawa on their swollen indemnities and pulling wires for prospective salaried positions, as common report has it, our representatives seem to have forgotten or to be quite indifferent to the humiliating position in which our Province has been left. Surely they have faithfully served the King Government! But they and the Government have rendered but scant and mean service to Prince Edward Island. Naturally they desire to avoid asking support from the electors. When a member of Parliament becomes a mere office seeker his public usefulness is gone. That has long been only too apparent, and in the meantime our Province has been treated with contempt and has suffered untold loss.



By James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Ours

KEEPING AN EYE ON YOURSELF

You sometimes wonder whether it is wise to give into little ailments and go to bed, or to stay on your feet and fight them off. If you were sure it was a "little" ailment then by all means don't give into it. But if in addition to feeling tired, well, if you just seem to be a little lazy and don't feel like doing anything mentally or physically, then you just be "up and doing." It is a mistake to coddle yourself.

But if in addition to feeling tired, you find your pulse rate is up ten to twenty beats, that you are breathing more rapidly, feel hot all over and very thirsty, then don't take any chances but get to bed. These symptoms of tiredness, rapid heart and breathing, along with the slight feverishness and thirst, are the indication of something "wrong" in your system. Now it may be slight, but you don't know the cause of the trouble nor its extent, and you should take no chances.

As I've said before, some enemy has invaded the system, usually but not always, due to your own carelessness or thoughtlessness. This enemy must first be thrown out, and so your heart beats faster and your lungs breathe more rapidly to help to do this job. Then you aid the process by cleansing the bowel, and making the skin more active by inducing profuse perspiration.

Thus with all the processes in your body that throw out waste matter working overtime, that part of the work is being looked after. The enemy is being gradually removed from your body. However there is one more thing necessary. With your body doing all this work for you, it is up to you to nurse its strength.

If you keep on your feet, trying to fight off the enemy, you are asking your heart to do five times more work just by keeping on your feet, than it would have to do if you were lying quietly in bed.

It is the one organ that will carry you through your illness, why not give it a chance to do its work? If you rest quietly in bed, and the illness or infection as it is called is slight, you'll be up in a day or two, with only that much time away from your work, and fit to do your work.

If the infection is slight, and you have stayed at your work, it may be a week, ten days or longer before you feel "just right."

If the infection should be a serious one, the going to bed gives you your best chance to fight it successfully.

So if any ailment comes along, use a little judgment in the matter, as suggested above.

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

SAND

I am lord of the waterless waste, I am king of the desert, I fill the lone spaces and sprinkle the floor of the sea; I sift and I crumble my atoms with passionless labor. While the ages swing on to their goal and the centuries flee.

I am patient; I wait while the times and the season go over, Ere I swallow your pomp and your pride, the work or your hands.

I have hidden your far-famed cities, your tombs, and your temples, And their glory lies choked 'neath the weight of devouring sands!

Ye are dragging the past from the deep of untroubled oblivion, And piercing the secrets of old? It is well: I can wait. Can ye conquer, O pagans, whose life is a breath and a yawn? Nay, behold, I am ancient as Time, relentless as Fate!

Your Birthday

MAY 22.—You possess great ability, which will not awake unless you are so fortunate as to have your ambition aroused. Do not let your pride gain too great a hold. You are gentle, kind and generally sincere, and if you are fortunate in securing a mate who will bring out the best in you, you will be very happy. Despise jealousy and gossip, and only cultivate the best.

Your birthdate is an emerald, which means success in love. Your dower is a lily. Your lucky colors are red and yellow.

The Public Forum

This column is open for the presentation of questions of interest. The Charlottetown Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinion expressed by its correspondents.

SAVE THE WOODLANDS

"I think that I shall never see A poem so lovely as a tree. A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed Against the earth's sweet flowing breast; A tree that looks at God all day, And lifts her lovely arms to pray: A tree that may in summer wear A nest of robins in her hair; Upon whose bosom snow has lain; Who intimately lives with rain. Poems are made by fools like me, But only God can make a tree." —Joyce Kilmer.

Sir.—The substance of this article was suggested by a proclamation recently issued by His Excellency the Governor-General upon the better conservation of our forest resources, upon which subject a literary competition advertised in Liberal papers only, open to the pupils of our public schools, has, incidentally, been arranged by the local liberal organ.

The proclamation of His Excellency is particularly appropriate and timely; for, within the last few years, the losses by the different provinces on account of forest fires alone can scarcely be estimated. Indeed the time seems not far distant when, from an economic point of view, the valuable woodlands of our fair Dominion shall have been completely ruined.

Many agencies contribute to this destruction. In this province carelessness on the part of farmers and woodmen when burning brush in the spring and summer seasons is one great source of danger. All piles of brush should be isolated as much as possible from old fences and growing timber. Advantage should be taken of the wind when blowing from a favorable point. This, of course, is usually done by experienced woodmen. Damp earth should be thrown around the edges of the piles of brush so that the supply of water should be within reach should there be any probability of the flames spreading. If these and similar precautions are taken, the danger arising from this source shall have been reduced to a minimum.

Picnic parties are sometimes very careless when camping in the vicinity of woodland or brush. Too often a fire is lit without any regard for the possible consequences. In fact young people should not be permitted to organize camping parties without being in charge of some person of mature judgment and experience. In all cases fires should not be lit within twenty yards of brush or growing timber, and the coals or embers should be completely extinguished before the campers leave the place. By taking these precautions they not only show a consideration for the safety of private property and for the personal feelings of the owner, although, perhaps, they know him not, but incidentally, they assure themselves a more cordial welcome should they return to the place on some other occasion.

Smokers, too, in their tramping and hunting excursions through the woods, across the fields, and down country lanes should exercise the greatest care in the disposal of match ends, cigarette tips, etc. Those, still ablaze, perhaps, are often thrown among the dry grasses, withered leaves and brush. The origin of many disastrous fires has been traced to this source. Trampers, therefore, and sportsmen in general should make the disposal of their waste smoking material a matter of conscience, since they are practically beyond the reach of the law—should the latter be invoked by some irate farmer or woodman.

Children, sometimes, either through a spirit of mischief or through lack of proper training light fires in fence corners and similar places. These very often get beyond their control doing considerable damage before they can be extinguished. Children, therefore, should be warned repeatedly against the dangerous habit of lighting fires not only around the barns and premises, but in the fields or elsewhere. In this way much annoyance as well as loss may easily be averted.

Those three agencies are mainly responsible for the losses on account of forest fires in this province—and, I believe, in the other provinces as well. Had persons only exercised a little more thoughtfulness and care, and had the people in general been trained along the lines of forest conservation, much of the damage that has been done would have been considerably lessened. If the people, therefore, could be educated to take a personal pride—a personal ownership, as it were—in the beautiful groves and woodlands of our country, then, and only then, shall they have a sense of individual responsibility in the matter of forest conservation and protection.

I am, Sir, etc., EDUCATOR

NON-ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES DURING 1923

During 1923 the amount spent on non-alcoholic beverages amounted to between 3.50 and 4.00 per person in the United States, says a writer in a current issue of The Progressive Grocer.

Founder of Quakers Born 300 Years Ago

One might say that it is an amazing thing that George Fox was born only three hundred years ago, but the thing that is really amazing is that religious persecution and bigotry flourished so recently. He was one of the last of the distinguished victims of it in England, and today is honored with such men as Wesley and Wyclif as the founder of a great religion. In the days of Fox, the separation between Church and State was nominal. Men were put to death for their religious opinions. A man like Fox, so obviously to us nowadays a religious man, a man of good-will and kindness, spent years in prison and might, with a bit of bad luck, have experienced his heretic opinions upon the scaffold. Some of his followers were put to death; others were tortured. Gradually they were able to convince the public that they were not really a menace to existing forms of government and existing religious bodies. Then they were tolerated, and eventually came to be held in some such half contemptuous respect as the Salvation Army in its early days. George Fox was the founder of the Quaker religion.

Dangerous Opinions

Three hundred years ago, and indeed later, it was dangerous for a man, even a free-born Englishman, to hold strong religious views unless they happened to coincide with the views of the majority. The majority was now of one kind and now of another, so the wise man followed the example of the Vicar of Bray, if he was called upon at all to make any public profession. When Fox was a small boy, Archbishop Laud was the leading bigot, and with the Episcopallians was doing what he could to stamp out Presbyterianism. When the Presbyterians got their chance, which continued for some thirty-five years until the Restoration, they were quite as stern as the Episcopallians and equally convinced that they were doing the work of God. They did not take to heart the remark of Oliver Cromwell, who upon one memorable occasion urged his hearers, for the love of Christ, to consider the possibility of their being mistaken. At the age of eleven, George Fox had such strong religious beliefs that he did not hesitate to declare them upon all occasions, however inconvenient. He was not more tolerant than the others, but perhaps he did not have the desire to be a tyrant.

George Fox

His parents designed him for the ministry, but before he became a preacher he was a shoemaker and a shepherd. It is related that on one occasion being at an inn with some companions he refused to drink with them, but threw down the table a groat as his contribution to the conviviality, and rushed out of the room to spend the rest of the night wrestling with the Spirit. At nineteen he had a vision, and obeying its instructions, he spent four years in solitary wandering. There after he began to preach his interpretation of the Gospels to all who would hear him. His work was seriously interrupted by various sojourns in jail but when he could not preach he could write and the force of his character began to make his name and his strange new teachings familiar to many. He was a big man of great strength eating little and sleeping little. His voice was loud and his utterances measured and his interpretation of the Holy Scriptures was such as to make a strong appeal to serious simple-minded people.

The Martyrs

Fox's ministrations took him to several European countries and British colonies. The seed he sowed in America fell on fruitful ground, and soon there were little groups of Quakers in New York, Massachusetts and elsewhere. These groups were swollen by English emigrations despite the efforts of the American authorities to crush the movement. At first Quakers were deported to Barbadoes, but in 1658 the Governor of Massachusetts decreed that the death penalty might be inflicted if thought advisable. To test the law, which gave them the alternative of death or banishment, three Quakers, one a woman, returned. The men were executed on Boston Common and the woman after being twice reprieved was also put to death. Three years later a fourth was judicially murdered, this being the last execution of a Quaker on the American continent. The sect slowly won respect and as it produced its share of men acknowledged to be eminent, men like Penn and Whitler, its teachings spread and now though it is not a large sect there is none looked upon more kindly by people with different religious views.

The Quakers

The society which he gathered round him was called the "Friends" from Christ's words: "Ye are my Friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." He used the archaic pronouns "Thee" and "Thou" because they appeared in the Bible. He had an idea that he was breaking the commandment against perjury by an act of worship except to God if he took off his hat in salutation. His refusal to doff his hat was considered mere boorishness by his contemporaries and brought the Quakers ridicule as well as persecution. To this day they do not doff even in Church except when they offer prayer, when they are directly addressing God. Fox was offered a captaincy in Cromwell's army but refused it on the ground that somehow or other all wars arose from lust. Nothing has more distinguished the Quakers from the beginning than their abhorrence of war. This also has increased their

Famous Novelist Farms At Burwash

Our readers will be shocked or puzzled when we announce that Rudyard Kipling decided to spend the rest of his days at Burwash, and they will be relieved when we explain that Burwash is a little village in Sussex. It is the scene of some of his most charming fantasies which appeared in "Puck of Pook's Hill" and "Rewards and Fairies." There he dwells in the ancient kingdom of the South Saxons, amid men who are almost as changeless as the fields about them, and who have little desire to change. There a man who has tillered the soil for only a couple of generations is regarded as a newcomer, and is as yet on probation. News of the outside world penetrates slowly there, and the most resounding literary fame there is, as a rule, the faintest echo, but the Burwash people know that Kipling is a great poet. They consider him the greatest writer in the world, and no doubt, have the idea that he was in some obscure way a contributor to the Bible, or, perhaps, to the Shakespearean plays. It is Kipling's great hope that in time he may be accepted not as a writer, but as a farmer.

Belongs to the Soil

That Kipling should have become a freeholder, that he should till the soil even vicariously, and engage in the breeding of live stock was a certainty. Nobody could love the very earth of England as Kipling loves it, and having the means, not become the possessor of some of it. From John of Groat to Land's End it is all more or less holy ground to him. He would have been at home in any part of the country, but nowhere could he have found more congenial surroundings than in Burwash. He has considerable holdings in farm land, and he has also established a herd of pure bred Jersey cattle. No doubt he also has chickens, pigs, and a dog or two. He does not pine for the bright lights of London or whatever are the equivalent to bright lights in that climate. He does not hanker for brilliant conversation. He is content to wander over his farm and chat with his laborers, or with the neighbors whom he meets in the country lanes. He loves to listen and absorb the wisdom that comes of many generations' close contact with the soil. It is understood that he has adopted as his favorite proverb an old Sussex saying, "E'very time a sheep has

Avoiding the Madding Crowd

One reason why Kipling chose Bateman's as his home is that the region around Hallington, Brightling and Burwash is not traversed either by railway or highroads. It is not on the track of the tourist hordes. Its beauty is rich and enduring, but lies a fraction of an inch under the surface. It does not show up well on picture postcards. Kipling has honored the ancient traditions by not modernizing his farm operations or his house more than is necessary for comfort. He has no telephone. Telegrams arrive leisurely, and travel-

Local Unpopularity whenever a particularly congenial war was fought, but they have done their share and perhaps more in staunching the wounds of war, and in the necessary part of war work that concerns itself with caring for the wounded and homeless.

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he loses a bite." H. G. Wells would perish in Burwash. Kipling thrives there.

A Mournful Man.

Fletcher Allen, writing in the New York Times, says that the war has greatly changed Kipling. If we are to accept his writings as testimony, at no time did he accept the conflict in the spirit of the jingo. He did not view it as he might have thirty years ago when he created Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learyod. But he did not, either, regard it as Wells and the "brittle intellectuals" did, to use one of his own phrases. As it proceeded he became sadder. The death on the field of battle of his son was a terrific blow to him. Perhaps the peace lowered his spirits more than the war. His neighbors say that it used to be his custom to sing as he walked about. That is the way he made up some of his poetry. His love for making music of his verses explains the swing and rhythm of them. But he sings no more. He walks with a far-away expression in his eyes, the expression noticeably deepening after the last elections which threw out of power Stanley Baldwin, his cousin. He continues to write, but not so copiously as of oldtime, and not so felicitously, if one may judge from his latest poem about the roads of France, but nothing is more likely to be more swiftly falsified than the suggestion that Kipling has written himself out.

Kipling's Home.

Bateman's is a house dating back to the sixteenth century when Burwash was more noted for its industrial activity than for agricultural pursuits. All the guns used in the Tudor navy were forged

(Continued on Page 5)

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