

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1929

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST

The Oratorical Contests in the different districts will be held on Friday of this week. For Queens County and Charlottetown the contests will be held in Zion Church Hall at 4 p. m. and at 8 p. m. respectively. His Worship Mayor Yeo, residing at the former, and the Hon. Premier Saunders at the evening session. In the course of the evening session a short musical programme will be presented. Miss Blanchard being the vocalist, and Master Horace McEwen, a leader in his art, the pianist. The prizes for Queens County and Charlottetown will be presented to the winners at this session. The judges at these two sessions, and for the two districts, will be Dr. F. J. Coffin, Judge Harold L. Palmer, and Hon. E. F. MacPhee. At 6 p. m. the Judges, and Committees, the contestants and their parents or guardians, will be entertained at supper at the Russ Hotel, by The Guardian Publishing Co.

It will be remembered that last year many were disappointed in being unable to obtain admittance to the hall in which the contests were held, because of the large attendance. We would strongly urge those who purpose being present this year to secure their tickets in advance. Tickets may be obtained at The Guardian office, or at the score of Messrs. W. W. Wellner, where the prizes are on exhibition.

The Contest for Prince County will be held in St. Mary's Hall, Summerside at 3 p. m. and for Kings County in the Oddfellows Hall at Montague at 8 p. m.

The International Oratorical Contest this year will be participated in by twenty-two countries, and is creating world wide interest. The Provincial Contest here will be held in Charlottetown, May 3rd, when the winners in the several districts will contend for the honor of representing Prince Edward Island at the Canadian Championship Contest at Toronto.

THE FACTS OF THE CASE

Elsewhere in this issue we reproduce the Hansard Report of the discussion in the House of Commons, on the much labored subject of the Murray Harbor Railway and Hillsboro Bridge. The Report speaks for itself. It shows that the Guardian's contention was quite correct in all that it said editorially and otherwise, regarding the government's intention not to rebuild the Hillsboro Bridge within the measurable future. That the bridge will be rebuilt in the indefinite future has not been denied. It will be remembered that during the campaign preceding the last general election at a public meeting in Charlottetown, Hon. Mr. Dunning Minister of Railways, promised that if elected, the government would standardize the Murray Harbor Railway. There was no indefiniteness about this promise. The impression he wanted to create and did create, was that the work was to be done as early as possible during the parliamentary term. When the question came before the Railway Committee, early in March, it was announced that a new permanent line was to be built between the Murray Harbor and Georgetown lines, to take care of the heavy traffic, and in order to avoid the necessity and expense of rebuilding the Hillsboro Bridge. In the meantime, during the Murray Harbor line would be standardized and equipped for light traffic, passengers, mails and baggage, the heavy traffic to be forwarded by the new line between Lake Verde and Pisquid. This the Guardian explained at the time.

The Liberal organ in order to inspire courage in the disappointed along the southern route, insisted

that the rebuilding of the bridge had not been abandoned by the government, and to add color to its insistence, put words in the mouths of the Queens County representatives which they were obliged to deny on the floor of the House.

A COMPARISON

The ancients used to portray Justice as a majestic female figure, with balance or scales in one hand, sword in the other, and eyes blindfolded. This typified trial, punishment, and impartiality. Judging from recent news, our cousins across the border have taken away the implements and left the bandage, and it doesn't imply impartiality any more. George McManus who murdered the gambler Arnold Rothstein in a New York hotel has been released on bail, \$50,000, before his trial. It is generally conceded that he will never be brought to justice. And who has heard any more of the gang murder in Chicago? Without going into figures this police and judicial laxity is bringing about a state of things which allows a murder a day in many of the larger cities.

In contrast, it is noteworthy that murders are diminishing in proportion to the population in Great Britain. The criminal statistics lately published say: "Observers . . . will agree that the strongest deterrent is certainly being found out and applied," for the total number of murders in 1928 was 140, including 41 infants under one year old. The incentive effort's put forth to capture the criminal, the certainty of trial, and the short time between sentence and execution are the deterrents which the U. S. A. might do well to imitate.

A LIBRARIAN'S VIEWS

The librarian at Newark, N. J., Mr. John Cotton Dana, who is known as one of the most outstanding men of his profession, has been, according to the New York Times, giving his views on the functions of the public library. These institutions, he thinks, should be guides for enquirers into the various scientific problems of the age, rather than a means for supplying the public with popular fiction—which latter he would turn over to the care of private circulating libraries. Mr. Dana does not advise the libraries to encroach upon the work of the schools nor to set up as teachers. The library is fulfilling its true function, he insists, "if it acts as a guide in adult education, tracing clear roads through the ever-increasing mass of information in print." All this is probably true, yet there is another way of viewing the matter. The library, which is supported by the people's taxes for the entertainment as well as the education of the people, cannot afford to cast aside the interest of the many to provide for the instruction of the few. For one who asks for scientific guidance there are perhaps a hundred who read fiction, and the library cannot afford to ignore them; for the reader of wholesome fiction, be it comedy or tragedy, undoubtedly gets an education thereby. The library has its sphere of guidance in that field, and usually is successful. One of the most disappointing things today, is not that so many read fiction, but that so many more do not read at all.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Hon. W. B. Butler must have read The Patriot's and The Guardian's comments on the rebuilding of the Hillsboro Bridge, judging by his ready admission Tuesday night that the bridge was not to be rebuilt.

Yesterday's heavy gale would seem to indicate that more of the planets have been conjuncting. Either that or it was a celebration of the approaching end of the blow in the Legislature.

Notes By The Way

President Hoover has not lost much time in putting his pre-election promise to the farmers into effect. He has opened the special session of Congress "to lay the foundations for a new day in agriculture," which, being interpreted, means that a new nightmare is in preparation for Canadian farmers. Those great Liberal Free Traders who have done so much to open the Canadian doorway to American, Australian, New Zealand and other farm produce will no doubt, pity the "poor" American consumer and have no thought or word of sympathy for the Canadian farmer. All these Liberal Free Traders are concerned about is their own particular pocket or position. If they happen to be middlemen importers they want to buy in the cheapest market, bring in duty free, or at the lowest tariff, and sell to the retailer at from 100 per cent upwards gross profit. It matters not to them that the home produce market is being ruined by the unfair competition. The agriculturist does not count with them except as a voter, and when election comes round, these Liberal Free Traders have all ways some nostrum to offer and dilute upon to distract the farmers' attention from the tariff till the election is safely over.

The farmers, if they are ever to count for anything in politics, must first get control of tariff. It is for them to do as their American brethren have done, refuse to support any candidate who will not, openly and above board, promise to amend the tariff so that the Canadian market will be freed from unfair competition from outside. It does not matter whether theoretically Free Trade is the best system in the world, or Protection the worst, Canada has only a choice between a tariff as high as that of the country that establishes her basis of cost, or ultimate bankruptcy. The United States fixes our basis of cost, as it attracts our wage earners by higher wages, and if we are to compete with her, we must pay the same rate of wages to retain our workers, or go under.

Those who understand Canada's tariff problem realize fully the gravity of the situation, and that is why Hon. Mr. Robb in introducing his budget, uttered a veiled threat that if the United States persisted in her intention of further raising her tariff against us we "would do something" unnamed. All we can legitimately do is to follow our neighbour's example and protect our own markets and home producers.

Our economic condition is really alarming, and it is hard for those who understand it to make the average elector realize our position. For instance, our internal and external debts amount to \$940 for each person, or \$4700 for each family. Our public debts alone impose a mortgage of \$2,350 against every farm and household of Canada. Our policy allows the United States—now strengthening its walls further against us—to bleed Canada not only of our population, but of \$200,000,000 every year on trade balance alone. In ten years the United States sold us \$2,000,000,000 more goods than we sold to the United States. We have imported goods our farms and factories could have supplied, while our factories here run on part time or been closed down. The manufacturing centres of the Maritime Province have been practically closed out by U. S. unfair competition, and the consuming markets at our doors for Island produce have been wiped out. Our farmers know pretty well that as the result of this disastrous economic condition much of their crop, especially potatoes, has been left to rot in their hands.

Farmers cannot sell to farmers and make a living. Nearly a million farmers' customers in the past five years have been driven away from Canada to the United States to make a living, and we have only got to look at the number of vacant farms here to see that the farmers are following their customers. And now to make matters worse the United States are preparing to raise their tariff farther against us, while we are lying supinely with folded arms, wondering what is going to happen next.

Oh, for a John A. MacDonald, or even a Williams Stevens Fielding to handle the situation!

To illustrate the present difference in the tariffs we may give the following:

Table with 2 columns: U. S. Lowest Duty and Our Lowest Duty. Items include Wheat, Corn, Hay, Fruits, Potatoes, Butter, Cheese, Eggs.



That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D. DOES YOUR BODY FIGHT FOR YOU?

During the previous epidemic of Flu-1918—we had a young officer as a patient in a military hospital whose Flu had gone on to a pneumonia.

He didn't appear to be very sick, neither temperature or pulse were very high, and yet as the consulting physician went into the history of the case he said "I'm afraid we'll never save this young chap."

Why? "Because his body is not putting up a hard enough fight for him. His white corpuscles, which should be increased many times in numbers, are not even slightly increased."

Now as you know when an ailment, an infection, attacks the body, all your resisting or fighting forces are immediately stirred to action; the heart beats faster, the temperature is increased and the little disease fighters, the white corpuscles of the blood, may be increased as much as four to eight times their usual number.

You can thus see what a tremendous help they are to you when you need them. Thus practically all the symptoms that arise are really for your benefit. The chill notifies you that trouble has started and the chill shakes or moves your muscles in an endeavor to create more heat.

The sweating is an endeavor to get rid of some of the surplus heat which has been made; too much internal heat can cause trouble.

Vomiting is likewise an effort on nature's part to get rid of some of the offending material that has got into the system, and is really a notice to you to do without food for a time so as not to complicate matters.

Diarrhoea is likewise an attempt on Nature's part to get rid of some of the offending material in the intestine, and diarrhoea should not be checked at the beginning of an ailment.

Even the eruption that arises with some ailments is, an attempt by the blood to get rid of offending material.

Now when illness attacks you what you have with which to fight it is the resistance of your fighting forces. These forces are what your folks handed down to you, what you have inherited, and what you have done with them yourself.

So you see it is a great thing to be "well born" physically.

However, what you have done or are doing with what your folks have given you is up to you.

Can you make any change, real change, in that body of yours?

When you see a heart that is beating 90 to 100 to the minute with a weak pulse, brought to 76 strong beats to the minute, within eight to twelve weeks by the simple method of slow running exercises, you can see what can be done.

And remember, the heart is the foundation of things.



THE SHEAVES

Where long the shadows of the wind had rolled. Green wheat was yielding to the change assigned; And as by some magic undivined The world was turning slowly into gold. Like nothing that was ever bought or sold It waited there, the body and the mind; And with a mighty meaning of a kind That tells the more the more it is not told. So in a land where all days are not fair, Fair days went on all on another day A thousand golden sheaves were lying there, Shining and still, but not for long to stay— As if a thousand girls with golden hair Might rise from where they slept and go away. —A. E. Robinson.

Landlady: "Good morning, Mr. Stipps. Did you sleep well?" New Boarder: "Only so-so. I'm afraid I'm not used to a three-season bed." Landlady: "Three season?" New Boarder: "Yes, one with no spring in it!"

40 p.c. Cattle 15 p.c. What the American farmers asked for is 100 per cent increase; what they are likely to get is 33-3 per cent increase. What is the Canadian farmer going to get? "The knock" as usual from our pro-American Liberal Government.

Schoolboys Of 40 Years Ago Meet In Oakland, Cal.

(Oakland Maple Leaf)

Residents of Summerside, P. E. I., and those who have gone from the confines of that pretty seaport town, whose memory goes back forty or fifty years, will remember John Gould "Truckman No. 1," who lived an honorable life, raised a splendid family, and passed away at a good old age. Of the family of nine children still living, but one, Fannie, (Mrs. C. Kenny) remains in the old home. All the others moved away to seek their fortunes elsewhere.

During the past month it was the writer's pleasure to meet Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Gardiner (Nelle Gould) of Boston, Mass., who were making an automobile tour of the Pacific Coast after having spent a couple of months in Southern California. Mr. Gardiner is a son of the late George E. Gardiner, of Misericorde, five miles west of Summerside, and a nephew of the late C. C. Gardiner, the well known horseman of Charlottetown, who spent many winters in California.

Young Charles C. attended the Davies high school in Summerside while young Walter Harrington was being trained in the same seat of learning over forty years ago. Both were "scrappers" in those far-away days, and the principal, Neil MacLeod, was often called upon to settle the disputes. It was therefore an unusual pleasure for both these men, grown in years, stature and experience, to meet in Oakland, California, last month, for the first time since their boyhood days. Walter and Charlie took pleasure in recalling happenings of the past in the old town, while the former was showing the visitors Oakland and environs.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner have lived in Boston about 35 years, where for nearly all of that time Mr. Gardiner has held a fine position with the Standard Plate Glass Co., of that city. They have three fine sons, two of whom are married. George W. is with the E. H. Rollins Co., Investment Bankers; Ralph C. is a salesman, and C. Leonard is with the A. C. Dutton Lumber Co., Boston.

Inquiring about the Gould children, now grown to mature years, Mrs. Gardiner informed me that William is still in the printing business on Tremont Street, Boston. "Will" served his time in the Pioneer office, Summerside. George has been in the employ of the Merchants' and Miners' Transportation Co., for several years, his early training in this business being received while working for "Doug" Gordon in Summerside. "Mont" is Captain of a "lighter" in Boston harbor; Frank and Bradford are also employed in the city of beans and brown bread; Wesley went west and is living in Alberta; Lettie (Mrs. Mathews) is residing in Los Angeles, while the other two sisters, Nelle and Fannie, mentioned above, reside, respectively, in Boston and Summerside.

THE LAND WE LOVE

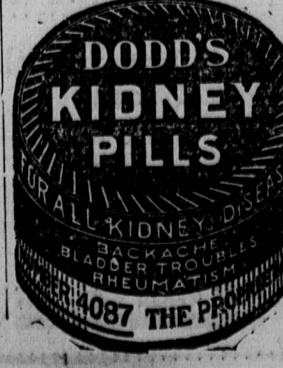
BY FRANK YEIGH

CANADA'S CHIEF EXPORTS

Q. What are Canada's chief exports? A. Canada's chief exports for the fiscal year 1927-28 totalling \$1,228,237,696 included the following—vegetable products, \$555,110,523; animal products, \$165,855,066; Fibres and textile products, \$10,001,073; Wood, wood products and paper, \$231,543,396; Iron and its products, \$93,755,234; Non-ferrous metal products, \$90,840,441; Non-metallic mineral products, \$25,283,865; Chemicals and allied products, \$17,892,904. All other commodities, \$15,026,353.

"They tell me that Jones has a very wide circle of friends." "That's perfectly true. They can't keep far enough away from him."

Pessimistic Post: "Is the editor in?" Office boy: "No." Pessimistic Post: "Well, just throw this poem in the waste-paper basket for him, will you?"



Motoring Through P. E. Island

(Written for Oakland, Calif., Maple Leaf by I. N. Kennedy)

I have been panning for a long time to tell about our trip, taken last fall, in Fred's big touring car. He told us, the night before we left, that the tourists were travelling with the car top down, so they fastened ours down securely in order that we might get a good view of the scenery as we passed along. When we awoke at 4 a. m. a heavy rain was falling, so, before leaving the shelter of the garage, they put the top up again. The dismal dawn did not stop us, and we piled in, seven of us, with luggage strapped to "side and rear." Jack, being young and slim, occupied one "jump" seat, the space beside him being taken up with a hat box. We left Sydney, Cape Breton, about half past five in this pouring rain, but about six o'clock the clouds began to break and a bright new sun shone through and glinted on the waters of East Bay. Patches of blue showed between the drifting clouds and we looked for one "big enough to make a Dutchman a pair of pants," saying it would be fine weather if we saw one before seven o'clock. (This is an old saying among Cape Breton folk.) By seven o'clock the day was assuredly fair, and we bowled along cheerily on the ninety-two mile run to Port Hawkesbury. Here is the Strait of Canso, which we must cross in a car-ferry. We made a good connection with the ferry, and landed on the extreme eastern end of the mainland of Nova Scotia about ten o'clock, and headed away for Antigonish. Our nice shiny car had picked up a lot of mud on the Cape Breton roads, and there was even more in Antigonish, which did not improve our appearance. However, we stopped only long enough to take gas and started on the forty mile run to New Glasgow. We were planning to make the Charlottetown, P. E. I., boat which left Pictou at five o'clock, and as the road was now like a boulevard, the big car hummed along like an express train. We reached New Glasgow at half past one, had lunch with friends, and enjoyed an hour's rest before starting on the last lap of our trip to Pictou. We reached this quaint and pretty town in good time and soon the car was safely on board the S.S. Hochelaga. This boat was built in the old country for some Crown Prince or other, for a private yacht, and is a magnificent boat. She has passed through many hands since then and is now used as a ferry between Pictou and Charlottetown. We examined with interest her beautiful interior, and as the afternoon was fine, we enjoyed the sail down Pictou Harbor and the sixty-mile run across the Northumberland Strait. Had dinner on board, without a thought of sea-sickness, as the water was smooth as a mill pond. We watched the red sun sinking into a sea of glass, and the dark outline of Prince Edward Island appearing against the sky. Nearer and darker it grew, and the glassy sea seemed to lift it up and press it against that sky. Then night came down and in a short while little lights began to prick the darkness, lights along the shore to guide the sailor, more lights—the lights of a city—and here we were, safely at our dock!

We rolled slowly along as he pointed out each familiar spot, changed of course, for he had not seen the old home for nineteen years. We put up at a fine hotel where the best of food was again served to us. In my opinion no such food exists anywhere as in Prince Edward Island. The reason for this being, I suppose, that the market is just at the door, one might say. Or maybe it was my excellent appetite, made keener by our long drives in the open air. We spent two days in Summerside, visiting many of the beauty spots which abound there, driving one afternoon to Bedeque where some of my husband's relatives still resided. We also visited a large fox ranch for which this Province is noted. The foxes are black and silver black, the latter being the more valuable. They are cute, shy little fellows, and run for their houses and burrows when strangers appear. This ranch was in a natural grove of trees, and contained about twelve hundred valuable animals. The smallest "ranch" we visited contained seven. So, you see, anyone with a little land can own a fox ranch in P. E. Island! The soil here is very suitable. The ranch consists of large wire enclosures, each containing two or more foxes, the wire being buried in the ground several feet to keep the little rogues from digging their way out. Sometimes they do, and then there is a merry chase. While we were there, a fox valued at \$300 got out of its enclosure, and after running up and down the lanes between the cages, scurried under a large wood pile. Everyone was on tip toe, but the manager, using caution and strategy, reached in and caught him by the tail and Mr. Reynard was dumped into his prison again. And wasn't he mad! The feeding of so many animals excited my curiosity and I was taken into the kitchen where their dinner was being prepared. It consisted of a mixture resembling thick soup which was stewing in huge boilers. I presume it consisted of grain and vegetables, though I have forgotten now what the man told me.

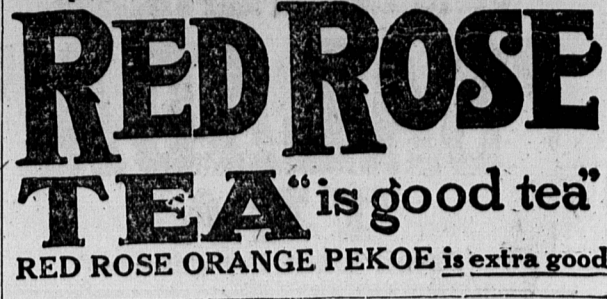
On the afternoon before we left we visited the old Church of England at St. Eleanors, a few miles out of Summerside. We reached there about evening and looked for the stone which marks the last resting place of my husband's father and mother. We found it, a dark granite shaft, standing among many others on a sward as smooth and green as fairy turf. We wandered there, seeing many names familiar to him, though not to me, among them the name of Ellis, an old family name which we had given our daughter. The scene there is one which stays with me; that green and silent churchyard overlooking the bay. We came away feeling glad that the old sailor slept there, with his face toward the sea.

We found the roads in Prince Edward Island very good, a red clay, which is fine except when it rains. They are very well marked too, and with out guide book in our hands we found no difficulty in getting about.

THE HAPPY ISLE

It was about nine p. m. when we reached Charlottetown, and after waiting for our own and other cars to be run off the boat, we went at once to the Victoria Hotel, since destroyed by fire. Here we found splendid accommodations and we all picked up our luggage and were tired out with our journey (by land and water) of two hundred and forty miles. I have called it "the happy isle" for that is how it impressed me. So still and peaceful it seemed in the hazy autumn twilight. We started in the morning (with top down in proper tourist style) for a trip around the southern shore of the island, and passed through Murray Harbor, Montague and many other pleasant villages, until, near evening, we reached the pretty town of Souris (pronounced "Sourie.") Here we put up for the night. I shall never forget the good supper we had served us by two pretty waitresses in a spotless dining room. Our sleep again was deep and dreamless. In the morning we viewed the magnificent scenery, looking across the glittering water to the Bay Fortune shore. This would be an ideal spot to spend a week or so, but as we were en tour, by nine o'clock we were again in the car, taking a different and shorter route back to Charlottetown, arriving at our hotel in time for dinner. And what a dinner! Roast spring duck, I remember, is what I ordered. As soon as dinner was over we boarded our "express" once more and headed for Summerside through, apparently, the richest and most prosperous section of the Island. The road ran straight for miles, stretching ahead of us like a brick-colored ribbon; beautiful farm land rolled away on either side, each homestead a little settlement in itself, with its found no difficulty in getting about.

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comfortable dwelling house and out-buildings. Grain was stocked in the fields; cattle and sheep grazed peacefully, not even lifting their heads as we slipped by. A soft and fragrant wind fanned our faces and the faintly overcast sky was gracefully shading to our eyes. About sunset we reached the outskirts of Summerside, the dear little town where my husband was born.

We rolled slowly along as he pointed out each familiar spot, changed of course, for he had not seen the old home for nineteen years. We put up at a fine hotel where the best of food was again served to us. In my opinion no such food exists anywhere as in Prince Edward Island. The reason for this being, I suppose, that the market is just at the door, one might say. Or maybe it was my excellent appetite, made keener by our long drives in the open air. We spent two days in Summerside, visiting many of the beauty spots which abound there, driving one afternoon to Bedeque where some of my husband's relatives still resided. We also visited a large fox ranch for which this Province is noted. The foxes are black and silver black, the latter being the more valuable. They are cute, shy little fellows, and run for their houses and burrows when strangers appear. This ranch was in a natural grove of trees, and contained about twelve hundred valuable animals. The smallest "ranch" we visited contained seven. So, you see, anyone with a little land can own a fox ranch in P. E. Island! The soil here is very suitable. The ranch consists of large wire enclosures, each containing two or more foxes, the wire being buried in the ground several feet to keep the little rogues from digging their way out. Sometimes they do, and then there is a merry chase. While we were there, a fox valued at \$300 got out of its enclosure, and after running up and down the lanes between the cages, scurried under a large wood pile. Everyone was on tip toe, but the manager, using caution and strategy, reached in and caught him by the tail and Mr. Reynard was dumped into his prison again. And wasn't he mad! The feeding of so many animals excited my curiosity and I was taken into the kitchen where their dinner was being prepared. It consisted of a mixture resembling thick soup which was stewing in huge boilers. I presume it consisted of grain and vegetables, though I have forgotten now what the man told me.

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It rained a little the morning we left Summerside (with the top up) and we skidded a bit, but driving carefully, we reached Borden in good time to catch the big car-ferry which carried us across to Tormentine, New Brunswick, a distance of nine miles.



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