

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1924

MENACE TO PROSPERITY

Fox ranching is one of the principal industries of the Province. It brings an annual revenue of round about \$2,000,000. A strong revival has set in recently, a recovery from the aftermath of the war, and the prospects indicate a boom in fox breeding that will bring fortunes to many. Just as the ranchers have become optimistic they experience an unexpected setback by the discovery that their industry, enterprise and initiative may be brought to naught in a night by the depredations of a person or persons more cunning and destructive than the foxes themselves. The burglaries at Mount Edward Road ranches clearly indicate that more than one individual was concerned in them. It required more than one man to handle and hoist out of the Jenkins' ranch sixteen or eighteen pups. The burglars must be discovered and made to suffer for their crime.

No doubt the Provincial authorities will exert every effort to solve the mystery, and they must be backed by the fox men as a body. Why not offer a substantial reward for sufficient evidence to lead to a conviction? If the culprits escape detection now, no ranch will be safe, for the value of the stake will induce further depredations. The Dominion police are in Halifax. Would it not be well to call in the assistance of these experienced and efficient sleuths? Ranchers individually are preparing to protect their property and are advertising for armed watchmen. Tragedy may follow, probably innocent lives may be sacrificed, and upon whose shoulders shall lie the blame? No time must be lost and no effort must be spared to bring the culprits to justice. The ranchers are in no mood to be trifled with.

MR. HUGHES ON EGGS

Mr. J. J. Hughes, M. P., for Kings has told parliament what he is going to support the new budget and, incidentally, what he knows about eggs and the egg market. The following extract from the Hansard report of his speech tells what he knows, and also, gives a hint of what he does not want to know, about the egg market:—

"The estimated production of eggs in Canada is 48,000,000 to 50,000,000 a year. We import \$2,000,000 and export very nearly \$2,000,000. It is a seasonal production. We import eggs largely at the season of the year when we are not producing them here. It is a product the people want to get if possible in a fresh state and can anybody say that to place a duty on the small amount we are importing at a season when the farmers and poultrymen have no fresh eggs to sell in the months of December, January and February, could be of any possible advantage to the poultrymen or farmers of this country."

A farmer in Mr. Hughes' constituency, on reading the above, remarked, "There is just one statement there that I agree with, that is, that people want to get their eggs, if possible, in a fresh state, but the farmers of this country would not worry about the state of the eggs they would pass on to a politician who would use such an argument as that."

Within the past three or four weeks eggs dropped in price here from 40 cents to 18 cents. Mr. Hughes knows and every farmer knows that they dropped because several carloads of cold storage eggs came into the market from Chicago. He knows also, and all our farmers know, that winter production of eggs is now so general

NOTES BY THE WAY

The Private Bills Committee of the House of Commons before whom the Church Union Bill is now pending is composed of 64 members of the House. These gentlemen are classified denominationally as follows: Presbyterians 21 Roman Catholics 22 Anglicans 8 Methodists 8 Congregationalists 8 Other Denominations 3

There has been intense interest in the discussions before the committee and many more have sought to be present at the discussions than could be admitted to the room. Mr. J. H. Sinclair of New Glasgow, who is a Director of the National Railway Board, and was on his way from the west to Halifax told the Halifax Chronicle some of his impressions gathered while in Ottawa and watching the committee's proceedings as an interested spectator. When asked what would happen to the bill before Parliament? Mr. Sinclair said in part: "Whatever happens the bill in the Commons I will say it will have hard sledding in the Senate which is regarded as the special guardian of trust funds. A well-informed Senator told me that if the promoters of the bill do not agree to amendments its life will be short." But with reasonable amendments Mr. Sinclair thought present difficulties could be amicably settled.

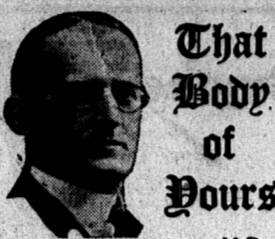
The housing problem in Great Britain is a very serious one. Twenty years ago practically every man who wanted a house could rent one. But some 15 years ago Lloyd George as Chancellor of the Exchequer levied a heavy tax on the profits of builders and this checked building operations, which later during the war, were almost suspended. Scarcity of houses inevitably followed. Landlords raised rents and Parliament enacted a law forbidding such increase and guarding tenants against eviction. This did not work well and was modified and bonuses were granted to those who would build houses of a certain type. But the shortage is still so great that it is stated 1,200,000 more houses needed in the Kingdom. The Labor Government insists that 300,000 new houses shall be built every year for ten years, but the moment a big building programme is put under way up go the prices of material and labor.

Builders fear to take the risk of such advances and of inevitable strikes when the work gets under way. Something must be done and the Labor Government is placed in a difficult position. In Scotland it is said that there are 140,000 people living more than three in a room. With the present enormous load of taxation, a million of unemployed who are able and willing to work and the acute housing problem superadded just now, there are heaps of trouble and discontent in the Old Land and the task of these who are called to govern it and device means to restore prosperity and contentment is surely not an enviable one.

The Budget debate drags its slow length along at Ottawa with little that is new or startling developing. Some members have grown weary of it and raised a call for shortening the speeches yet to be delivered. It was given out the other day that Mr. Fielding was expected to make his appearance in the House on Monday and give his

(Continued on Page 5.)

that there is practically no off season. Fresh eggs are available in Charlottetown and other cities during the whole winter and it was a fairly profitable business till the American eggs knocked the bottom out of the market. We are in competition with American eggs summer and winter and particularly during times of comparative scarcity when our farmers would have a chance to make a little profit from their improved poultry houses and better laying strains of poultry. The poultry business of this country has been built up at a very considerable cost. It is almost worthless now because of American competition.



By James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Hours

WATER

There is considerable controversy regarding the value of water to the system. Years ago some one working on theory only, advised that water be not taken at meals as it diluted the gastric juice, and so the juice would be just that much weaker.

Other suggested that as all the cells of the body were about half water, and were like little fish in that they needed water in which to swim, therefore we should drink lots of water.

Along came some athletic trainers and showed that in training a boxer, an oarsman, a footballer, any athlete in fact, water liquids of all kinds, should be cut down to the lowest possible point, so as to get the athlete down to his lowest possible weight consistent with strength.

To combat this we have others who suggest taking quarts, yes gallons of water daily, as it flushed out the intestine, the kidneys, and the skin. That it was just like the street flushing machine that washed down the dirt and dust from our asphalt pavements into the sewers.

Now what about all this? Well, it is just like everything else, there is some basis of fact in most of the ideas quoted.

As to diluting the digestive juices by taking water at meals. A little liquid at meals actually softens the food and makes it easier for the stomach to handle it.

Too much water at meal times means that the stomach may drop down slightly from the weight of the water and distension, and so make it difficult for the stomach to throw the food into the small intestine.

Your cells need water, but they can't take care of more than they need, and you are only burdening the waste system when you take more than is necessary.

In regard to athletic training too much water is a big mistake where you are attempting to reduce weight. The water is taken up by the cells of the body and you are just that much heavier.

The general rule here is to take a drink of water whenever you are thirsty, but take a very small drink. Taking gallons of water to flush the system is a mistake. It doesn't run through you without change. It has to be handled.

If you are a foundryman, or work where you are perspiring all the time, gallons of water daily will not hurt you.

So use your common sense in the matter. If you are below weight don't be afraid to drink a glass of water with your meals, and a couple of glasses three hours after meals.

If you are overweight, you'll find that you'll lose pounds monthly, by cutting down your liquids.

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

TO HIS SAILING BOAT

Hillaire Belloc

Now shall I drive her, roaring hard a weather Right for the sail and leave them all behind;

We'll quite forget the treacherous streets together And And—or shall we find?

There is no pilotry my soul relies on Whereby to catch beneath my bended hand; Faint and beloved along the extreme horizon That unforgetful land.

We shall not round the granite piers and haven To lie in wharves we know with My little Boat, we shall not make the haven— It is not of the world.

Somewhere of English forelands grandly guarded It stands, but not for exiles marked and clean; Oh! not for us. A mist has risen and marred it:— My youth lies in between.

Your Birthday

MAY 7.—While your mind does not act rapidly, you are shrewd, keen, and clear-sighted, seldom arriving at a false conclusion. You have self-esteem, ambition, and ability. Your married life will be pleasant and your children happy. You should have plenty of friends, and be successful in all business undertakings. Your birthstone is an emerald, which means success in love. Your flower is a lily. Your lucky colors are red and yellow.

The Public Forum

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

NOTES OF TRAVEL

Sir,—Leaving Sacramento, the capital of California, we are running through a beautiful valley with large orchards and vineyards on every side, and sometimes fields of alfalfa, and here I saw the first hay being cut and baled. It was a little after dark when we arrived at Oakland Pier. This pier is built out into the bay a long distance, and from here we go on board a large ferry boat for San Francisco, a distance of five miles; a fresh breeze is blowing in through the Golden Gate from the Pacific. About twenty war vessels, part of Uncle Sam's fleet, are in the harbor, and these are projecting their powerful searchlight rays in every direction. At the ferry station all is bustle and hurry as the big crowd from the boat mix with the crowd outside the gate. The streets are brilliantly lighted, the sidewalks are a moving mass of people, while the traffic of street cars and autos seem densely packed. The electric signs in varied colors and fantastic shapes, each one spelling out its own advertisement. All of this has a more or less bewildering effect upon the stranger. I drive three or four blocks to the Continental Hotel, in a taxi, for which I pay one dollar and fifty cents. I register at the office, where the manager remarks "You are out here a long way from home." My bed here without meals cost two dollars each night. While here in the city I tried to inquire into the death of my wife's uncle, the late Mr. George Fraser, formerly of Kingston, P. E. I. He was engaged in the piano trade, and had gone down the coast about nine miles south of the city, on a collecting tour, where he had attended a picnic in the afternoon, but did not arrive home that night. Search was made, and the body was found floating in the water near where the picnic was held. The body had no coat on; there was no money found on his person, but otherwise there was no appearance of foul play, and no bruises, excepting such as might be made by the wash of the waves among the rocks. An inquest was held, but nothing more was learned, and his death still remains a mystery.

Leaving San Francisco for Los Angeles, I took what is known as the Valley Route, or by the great San Joaquin Plain, stretching south for three hundred miles, an average width of fifty miles, bounded on the west by the coast range of mountains, and on the east by the great Sierran range. The marsh lands at the head of San Francisco Bay have been dyked and reclaimed, and much of it is now valuable land, where once the wild hogs roamed among the tall tule rushes. Along the foothills are numerous oil wells, and scores of great common tanks. The rivers, where in former years sternwheel boats towing immense barges loaded with wool, wheat and lumber went to and fro, are now almost dry, their waters having been turned over the valley by canals, irrigating purposes. The plain that used to be the feeding ground for huge flocks of sheep, cattle and pigs, is now wherever water can be had to irrigate, covered by fruit orchards and vineyards. Arriving at Madera, I met my oldest brother John, and his wife, whom I last saw forty-six years ago. I was a young man, now over a hundred years old, and we soon recognized each other, as we talked of the old days in the seventies. Many changes have taken place since then, but how this valley is changed. Madera is now a town of five thousand inhabitants with a courthouse, high school, and grammar school, a park and sanitarium. It is now the county town, surrounded by orchards and vineyards, where forty-six years ago, when I had last been here, there was not a green tree, but only a lumber yard at the end of a flume, which floated down the lumber from a mill in the mountains fifty-two miles away. In the park here I saw a wonderful variety of trees, shrubs, and flowers, and many beautiful and gayly colored birds; strange-looking fish swimming to and fro. The monkeys in their playhouses doing stunts with almost human intelligence. I also stood within three feet of a huge alligator, eight feet long, with his teeth, and his little eyes from which rolled a tear before he closed them. He resembles a black, rough barked log, and lying perfectly still one might pass close by him without noticing him. On Tuesday, April 8th, I went by car to Fresno City, where my brother Edward has his home. This is a city of seventy thousand people, in the great raisin country. This is the most celebrated fruit centre perhaps in America. I visited the market, well supplied with new potatoes, and new vegetables of all kinds. Wagon loads of oranges are retailed at twelve to twenty cents per dozen. I visited the great Fresno raisin packing house. This plant covers twenty acres, and in the busy season gives work to seventeen hundred hands; seven hundred of these are girls. Here we watched the process of seeding and packing Sun Maid Raisins. The girls with nimble fingers, fill and close different sized packages, working by piece work, they make as much as five dollars per day. The wooden boxes are nailed by automatic machines. These raisins are sent to every part of the world, and it is the largest industry here.

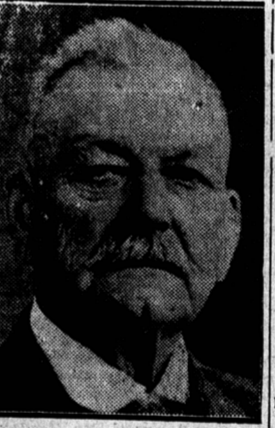


Before You Invest, Investigate

In an effort to become wealthy, men and women lose millions of dollars each year in "get rich quick" schemes. They do not sufficiently investigate. Out of each hundred dollars "invested," the portion that is put into life insurance does good work, because 87% of estates have only life insurance to show in the end. Most people find it impossible to create an estate in any other way. If all were to learn this lesson early in life, the comfort and success of many families would be vastly improved. Why not secure all you can of Life Insurance—the safe, scientific method of building an estate? —Life Insurance Service



The Love that never Dies



CHARLES GRASS

He is a grandson of Captain Michael Grass, at whose suggestion seven ship loads of United Empire Loyalists sailed from New York, conveyed by the brig "Hope" on September 8, 1783, bound for the Bay of Quinte district, where the place was a wilderness.

The magnitude of this work can be surmised by the hundreds of cars parked here, which carry the workmen to and from their work. While here I visited the cemetery where I have a brother buried. It is large with splendid drives and walks, with restful seats in avenues of beautiful shade trees. There is a crematory in this cemetery through which we were shown, and four bodies were being consumed, or cremated at that time. The process is by great heat, without any visible fire. We were told that for one hour and thirty minutes the body is subjected to eighteen hundred degrees of heat, which leaves only a little ash, which are deposited in urns and laid on shelves. The inscription is made on the urns, which are deposited on long rows of shelves in this beautiful marble building. Later in the day we went for a drive to Kearney Park outside the city limits, about eight miles.

The driveway is a paved avenue, lined with stately palms, alternated by Australian gums. These gum trees shed their bark every year instead of their leaves, and grow rapidly to an enormous size. Many of the orchards through which we pass are one mile square, and over one gateway we read the following inscription, "The Folkers fig orchard containing twelve thousand acres." Kearney Park is laid out after the fashion of an English park, with a fine stone lodge at the entrance. Many of the trees are covered by climbing rose vines of the Bank's Tea Rose variety, completely encircling the tree.

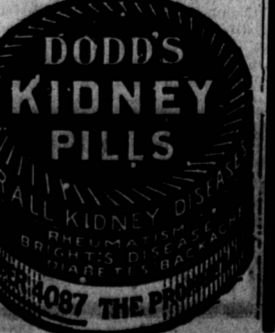
thirty or forty feet in height, just a mass of bloom, making the whole atmosphere sweet with the odor of roses. The winding driveways in this park, with its ornamental trees and shrubs and beautiful flower beds in full bloom of every color make this a delightful place to spend an afternoon. My next will continue south from Fresno via Los Angeles to Denver. I am Sir, etc.

W. G. Y.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7
790 Kilcycles (380 Meters)
WG Y (Schneclady, N. Y.)
General Electric Company
Eastern Standard Time
11.30 a. m.—Stock market report.
11.40 a. m.—Produce market report.
11.55 a. m.—Time signals.
5.00 p. m.—Produce and stock market quotations; news bulletins; baseball results.
5.30 p. m.—"Adventure Story" (courtesy of Youth's Companion.)
SILENT TALKING.

Migration Is Not Hurting Great Britain

(Canadian Press)
LONDON, May 5.—Since the creation of the Overseas Settlement Committee 44,269 immigrants have been assisted under the Empire Settlement Act; 31,235 to Australia, 6,539 to New Zealand, 6,195 to Canada. In the light of these figures and tendencies the report says "It is at least safe to assert there is no prospect of migration reducing the number of population of Great Britain in a manner injurious to posterity." As a matter of fact the total migration from this country last year though substantially larger than the previous year, was less by 133,000 than in 1913.



FRANCE TO BUILD BATTLE CRUISERS. BREST, France, May 6.—The keels of two battle cruisers provided for in the French naval programme, drawn up in accordance with the Washington Treaty, will be laid today, one of them at Brest shipyard and the other at

Going to Extremes Solved Sylvester—He's a bad character, an' I wash my hands of him. Everett Wreast—He must be de limit to get you to wash your hands—Exchange. Minard's Liniment For Coughs

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