

THE WHITEST, LIGHTEST

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

CONTAINS NO ALUM

Silent Funeral

(By Dominion News Service)

LONDON, Aug. 4.—Silence in tensified the solemnity of the funeral of Dr. G. Gray, for 25 years a member of the Hastings Town Council.

The coffin was lowered at once into the grave without any ceremony and without words being spoken. By the graveside stood the Archdeacon of Hastings with his watch in his hand, and after a few minutes a little earth thrown on the coffin concluded the ceremony.

From start to finish not a word was said, the Archdeacon nodding his head now that the service was ended. The strangeness of the last rites was, it is understood, in accordance with the wishes of the doctor.

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1924

HISTORIC ANNIVERSARY

Yesterday, August 4th, was the tenth anniversary of the declaration of War on Germany by Great Britain, the tenth anniversary of the greatest war in the history of the world. Much has been forgotten since then, much of what happened during the following four and half years, much also remembered and still shuddered at. The war's scars have been, at least partly concealed; the grass has grown green over the millions of graves, over the blood stained and shell torn earth. Nature has mercifully hidden the evidences of human cruelty and human agony.

The devastated countries are being rebuilt and re-habilitated, and men and women have resumed their quest for food and raiment, food and raiment to take the place of all that was destroyed by the hurricane of war. And much had been destroyed. Almost all the accumulations of all past ages had been destroyed, all but the will to live, the will to be free, the will to live under one's own vine and fig tree, one daring to make them afraid. This has survived the world's greatest war up-to-date and, in one nationality or another, shall survive all future wars.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS

Although, as recently as a hundred years ago, this fair island of ours was little more than a forest wilderness, much of the rest of the world was well advanced in many of the arts and inventions which constitute the civilization of today. And yet, from the viewpoint of today, what a barren, inconvent world it must have been! How few and inadequate were the conveniences which enabled them to earn a livelihood, how few their opportunities for enjoyment, how impossible, from the viewpoint of today, even to live in the world of only a hundred years ago!

There was not a railway in the whole world the first having been built in England in 1825 and chartered to carry passengers and freight at a speed not exceeding ten miles an hour. Compared with the accommodation afforded by that primitive line the often abused Prince Edward Island Railway coaches are palatial and its speed that of a comet. The first railway on this side of the Atlantic was the Baltimore and Ohio Railway built in 1828 and was just as primitive as its predecessor in England.

They had no steamships in those days. In 1838 the first steamer, the Sirius, crossed the Atlantic from London to New York, in 17 days. Some small boats had been propelled by steam power for several years previously and a ship called the Savannah had crossed partly by sail and partly by steam in 1819 from America to England, in 26 days. Ocean liners which could carry several of those early ships on their decks without inconveniencing the passengers, now cross the Atlantic in four days. They had no electric light in those days, indeed they knew little of electricity beyond the fact that it existed. Its development covers a period of years centering largely around the middle of the century. Electric lighting was first used commercially in 1881 although for several years previously experiments in lighting had been sufficiently encouraging to keep scientists hoping. The real marvels in electric development began to manifest themselves during this period and since that time miracle has been added to miracle in the electrical world. The telegraph, the telephone, the radio followed each other in rapid succession until today the ends of the earth are in constant and instant inter-communication, the human voice can be

projected around the world and photographs are being taken of persons and objects thousands of miles away. This development has occurred within the past fifty years, much of it within the past ten years.

They had no photographs, the first having been discovered in 1839 by Daguerre. Photography developed slowly and has become the great art it is today only within the memory of many now living. Anaesthetics were unknown. The use of ether and chloroform in surgery was discovered in 1847 by Sir James Simpson. Previous to that time surgical operations, great and little were attended with inconceivable agony and seven cases in every ten were fatal.

They had no automobiles in those days, the first road machine of this class having been built in Paris in 1902, when a man named Angleros of Paris, France, built a machine which attained a record speed of a mile in 48 seconds. The machine, like all other inventions, developed both in speed, comfort and general usefulness. Up to 1911 the highest speed recorded was a mile in 25.40 seconds. The merest tyro in automobiling can now beat this record on our country roads, if not on our city streets, and the speed is increasing.

They had no friction matches. When a man wanted to light a fire or his pipe he did it with flint and steel, the occasional spark finally if not later starting a blaze in a piece of prepared tinder. The lucifer or friction match was invented in 1827.

Space and time forbid the enumeration of the utilities, the indispensable necessities, to say nothing of luxuries, which we enjoy today and of which our grandparents of a hundred years ago and our fathers of even fifty years ago knew nothing.

Every implement on the farm of today, thresher, binder, mower, manure spreader, hay loader, hay fork and, in short, everything that we cannot do without, was unknown fifty years ago and many of them 25 years ago.

Yet, with all the things they did without they lived; many of them made more money than we are making today.

They had their difficulties, no doubt, they had their joys and their sorrows and they moved slowly towards the level upon which we stand today. A hundred years hence our successors will look back with amazement upon the inconveniences and the privations which we of today endure. So, slowly, but with ever quickening pace we are moving along, to what height or depths—we know not.

A MILLION DOZEN EGGS

Little Prince Edward Island, set in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is by far the smallest of all the Canadian provinces, and, as its affairs are less spectacular than those of the larger provinces, it is less in the limelight. Nevertheless, it is one of the most quietly prosperous parts of the Dominion. It was in Prince Edward Island that the fox-breeding industry—which led to the development of "fur farming" throughout Canada—originated. But diversified farming, with all its branches, is the mainstay of the island. This year the Prince Edward Island Co-operative Egg and Poultry Association expects to handle no less than one million dozen of eggs. Last year the association handled 780,593 dozen, and of this quantity only 14.8 per cent, graded below extra, the average price realized being 23.70 cents a dozen. The association last year exported to the United States 104,120 dozen eggs and 153,666 lb. of live and dressed poultry.—Ottawa Journal

Notes By The Way

Some thousands of Canadian exiles have returned from the United States and we are told that more are coming. This is in no small measure gratifying. It would be more so had the old-time exodus southward across the Canadian border entirely ceased, which is far from being true. The return movement would also be more pleasant to contemplate were it not that many who returned to the States and returned to Canada have come back poorer than they went. It costs money to move a family to a new home and get settled again, more money than in the old days when our fathers framed the proverb, "Three moves are as bad as a fire."

The returning Canadians are very welcome. The contention of one leading newspaper long has been that one native born citizen is worth ten immigrants. Be that as it may, there are now a million people of French Canadian stock residing in New England aside from the thousands that are scattered throughout the other states of the neighboring Republic. So many are they in numbers that a writer in the World's Work speaks of them as a menace to the American nation and argues that any further influx should be prohibited.

This writer admits that as a class the French Canadians that are settled in New England are peaceful, thrifty and industrious, but captiously adds, "So are the Japanese." His chief complaint is that like the Japanese they fail to become United States citizens. They keep themselves apart speak the French language exclusively among their compatriots and cherish French traditions rather than those of the States. Even what we might consider to be their virtues come under this writer's censure. For, contrary to American custom, they all have large families!

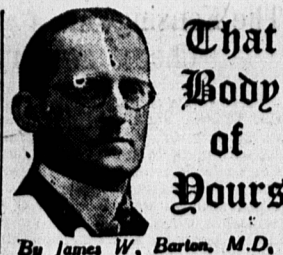
And they multiply apace and are building up French-speaking communities so rapidly that if the process is permitted to continue unchecked they may within a few decades in the future dominate the entire section of the Republic east of the Mississippi River. We can hardly think that this new peril has aroused any widespread alarm as yet across the border. The truth lies between the two extremes of an exodus that will depopulate Canada on the one hand and a French Canadian influx to the States that may yet dominate the eastern half of the Republic.

Our point is this: If four or five thousand Canadians are now returning per month more than are still going, it will take a long time to restore the balance in view of all our losses by migration in the past. And what have our Ottawa rulers done to keep our people at home and give them employment in Canada. They have given American producers and manufacturers easier and cheaper access to the Canadian market to the detriment of our home industries and greatly to the advantage of American industries. They have put thousands of Canadian workers out of employment and transferred their wages to American workers now manufacturing and producing for the Canadian market. This stimulates the exodus instead of checking it.

Let those of our city readers who may think that the tide has turned in our favor look about them. There are a large and increasing number of vacant houses in Charlottetown which a year or two years ago were occupied. This is not as it should be and there must be some cause for it. The cause cannot be found in any failure of crops for Providence has been as bountiful to Prince Edward Island in that regard as to any other section of the Dominion if not more so. We must look elsewhere for the cause.

Liberal Government propaganda sent out from Ottawa minimizes the movement outward and emphasizes the number who return. The object is political; careful observation of any intelligent citizen must convince him that if thousands of Canadian exiles are now coming back it is not to Prince Edward Island nor to the Maritime Provinces that they are coming. Most sincerely must we all wish it were otherwise. Most regrettable of all is the fact that the imbecile waste and extravagance of the King Government and its fatuous tariff policy tend strongly to promote and accelerate the outward movement.

A new process of manufacturing synthetic marble has been devised in which the marble is made by wet method, in place of the fire method. The product has the same high lustre as marble.



That Body of Yours

WHERE IS YOUR STOMACH?

If you were asked to put your hand on the part of your abdomen under which you thought your stomach was located I just wonder where you would put it.

Well, your stomach may be right up underneath your heart or it may be away down at the lowest part of your abdomen, a foot or more away from your heart.

The exact location of any particular stomach was rather hard to find previous to the advent of the X Ray.

Skilled physicians were able to locate certain portions of it, but it was an unsatisfactory method. When the idea of filling the stomach with gas so as to get an outline of it was tried, this likewise was unsatisfactory.

But with the use of a mixture that would throw a black shadow on a photographic plate—some bluish milk—the complete outline of the stomach was secured.

Positions were then shown that were a revelation to physicians. Some showed the stomach right up under the heart, or on a cross ways position, others a perpendicular position right at lower part of abdomen.

What does this mean? That your stomach will try to do its work from any position in the abdomen. Can it do its work as well from the very low down position? Not by any means.

You see the simple matter of mechanics enters into the realm of that body of yours, and although the stomach throws food into the small intestine slightly up hill by means of its muscular walls, there is such a thing as asking it to do too much.

Thus if the lower part of stomach is away down in the abdomen, and the upper part which enters small intestine is away up at a point near where the ribs meet the breast bone, you can see that there is going to be some difficulty in getting the food from the stomach into the intestine.

Now what about it? Well if you are feeling in good shape, no indigestion or stomach pains, it can't make much difference just where your stomach is located.

However, if you have much disturbance in your stomach, ask your doctor what he thinks about a stomach meal in your case.

If your stomach is not in its proper position and there is no growth or other condition, then a good wide belt will help you until you get your own abdominal muscles developed sufficiently to hold your organs in their right place. In the meantime sit erect and stand erect.

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

A ROVING TO THE FANCY

One loves at first by chance, Through seeing in a glance A possibility. To many girls I've heard Men use the self-same word With much facility!

Another love's confessed By one who is possessed Of curiosity. Some find in sharing news A shelter from the blows Of animosity.

The proud man loves because, If a maiden him adores, 'Tis no enormity. And he himself who loves Her perfect taste approves. In full conformity.

And many who commence Just keep up a pretence In their duplicity. For by the stars above, Of those who are in love, None end felicitly. —B. Tress.

Lived For Hours Without Breathing

(By Dominion News Service)

LONDON, Aug. 4.—An astonishing case in which a woman's heart continued to beat for four and a half hours after her breathing stopped was described at a Westminster inquest a few days ago on Mrs. Emily Elizabeth Rodwell, aged forty-five.

Mrs. Rodwell was taken ill on a London railway station platform while on her way to the British Empire Exhibition.

Dr. Dorothy Parsons, of Charing Cross Hospital, said that cerebral hemorrhage was diagnosed when Mrs. Rodwell was admitted to the hospital.

"She stopped breathing at 4 p. m.," said Dr. Parsons, "but the pulse continued to act, and three hours later I called two members of the honorary staff to see her."

"The heart beats continued for four and a half hours and despite the application of artificial respiration for three hours, and the administration of oxygen and other remedies, she died without breathing again."

A verdict of "Death from natural causes" was recorded.

A Night With The Lions

Major A. Radcliffe Dugmore, F. R. G. S., who has been after big game with a camera in Africa, relates the following adventure in World Wide:

It was after a long spell of disappointment that I set out, one glorious May morning for the Thika river, in which neighborhood lions, I had heard, were fairly numerous. On our way we happened to spot some vultures in a tree—a sign of the presence, more often than not, of meat, most likely a lion's kill. Hastening ahead, I searched for the kill, but for an hour could find nothing of the kind.

Finally one of the "boys came up and, aided by a keen sense of smell, located blood in some grass not far away. The trail led us to a bank, at the foot of which was the dry bed of a stream. Here we found the remains of a partly-eaten hartbeest, which had undoubtedly been killed by a lion.

From the point of view of getting flashlight pictures, which were what I was after, no position could have been more suitable. The background provided by the bank was excellent, while some overhanging trees made a splendid place for the erection of a "hide-up." This was accordingly built, three cameras being placed in different positions, so that photographs could be got from three totally different angles.

At six o'clock that night I had a hurried meal, after which we crawled into the "hide-up," carefully closing the opening through which we entered with the lopped branches of a tree. Half an hour later, dusk having fallen, a slight sound came to our ears from outside the "hide-up," and presently we were able to distinguish a shadowy form making its way cautiously through the grass. Very soon the shadow was followed by another, and yet another. That they were lions there was no doubt at all, and I was keyed to a pitch of intense excitement at the prospect of securing what proved to be really excellent photographs.

Eyes Gleamed Like Diamonds

By way of making sure that the kill had not been dragged away without our knowledge, I presently switched on my little electric pocket lamp. Three lions there were, sure enough, but only one was close enough to photograph satisfactorily. In the light of the lamp the animal's eyes gleamed like diamonds—a really striking revelation, which for the moment riveted me intensely and left me unwilling to disturb the magnificent creature. However, it was evident that the lion was on the qui vive, so I pressed the button and, with a blinding flash the pictures were taken.

Once more I pressed the button, and again the flash went off, this time so loudly that both of us, our nerves on edge, jumped perceptibly. The lions, however, did not rush out of sight, but merely slunk away, obviously enraged at being cheated of their meal.

With fear and trembling we ventured out into the open again, to reset the cameras, the roaring of many lions seeming almost to shake the ground as we walked.

LLOYD'S AGENTS

ORDERS FOR MARINE INSURANCE SENT IN TO THIS OFFICE ARE PROMPTLY UNDERWRITTEN IN COMPANIES WITH WORLD-WIDE ORGANIZATIONS THAT PAY YOUR LOSSES PROMPTLY. GOODS ARRIVING IN THIS COUNTRY IN DAMAGED CONDITION CAN BE APPRAISED AND CLAIMS SETTLED HERE.

Our next task was to reset the cameras and the flashlight. Both C—and myself went out, crawling back to the shelter with feelings of relief when the job had been done. An hour later a loneliness appeared on the bank, and slowly made her way towards the kill. When she was within a dozen yards of us I pressed the button again.

Former Convict Returns To Prison, is Pardoned

(Canadian Press)
LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Aug. 4.—The tragedy of Jean Valjean has found a counterpart in the story of Jim Pikey, an escaped convict from the Arkansas Penitentiary. But Pikey's story has a happy ending.

Pikey lived for six years without detection. He became a trusted employe of the Oklahoma City water works. He married and became a father. He built a home, made a garden and planted flowers. He adopted the name Chester Moore and became known as honest and industrious. He almost forgot he was Jim Pikey.

Then he was recognized, black-mailed and finally exposed by a former fellow convict. He returned to the Arkansas Penitentiary ready to complete his sentence.

Then came the happy ending of his story. Instead of a commitment papers to the penitentiary Governor McRae issued the sixth pardon of his three and one-half years and freed Pikey from all consequences of the judgment against him and restored him to citizenship.

Three lions came into view this time, striding majestically to and fro before descending the bank to the kill. Then, to make us more alert and uncomfortable, a fourth lion, giving vent to bloodcurdling growls, approached the scene from directly behind us, and for a few palpitating moments we seriously thought we were about to be attacked. At one time this lion was only three yards from where we crouched, hardly daring to breathe, and I began to reflect that perhaps after all wild animal photography was rather a foolish sort of game.

Once more I pressed the button, and again the flash went off, this time so loudly that both of us, our nerves on edge, jumped perceptibly. The lions, however, did not rush out of sight, but merely slunk away, obviously enraged at being cheated of their meal.

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Your Birthday

AUGUST 5.—Your judgment is good, you are quick-witted, capable, and observe, and have the knack of always appearing to good advantage. You are neat and fastidious, fond of travel, and popular in your circle of friends. You don't show your love, but you make your home life happy. Don't be too fond of outside interests, and never listen to spiteful tales.

Your birthstone is the amethyst, which means a happy married life. Your flower is the poppy. Your lucky colors are orange and red.