

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1925

ARE WE GROWING

We are no doubt growing in Canada but still very young and, may I say it? quite childish as compared, say, with Old England. The other day, for instance, the Conservative government there conferred a peerage upon ex-Premier Asquith who for the past thirty years has been a leading Liberal who, in Parliament and out of it, had fought the Conservatives tooth and nail.

What would happen in Canada if the Mackenzie King government should hand out a senatorship or even a clerkship in the Civil Service to a Conservative? We should think of it. Every Liberal in the country would voice his indignation in tones terrific and the wires connecting Ottawa with every farthest corner of the dominion would be kept blazing hot with protests.

In England they have long since learned to respect merit wherever it may be found whether in friend or foe. In war and peace this is the British way. The body of the enemy slain on the battlefield is given respectful soldier's burial.

With us in Canada, so far at least, we acknowledge merit and fitness for office only in those who can pronounce our shibboleth. And we often make a sorry mess of it. Perhaps we shall grow out of it in time; perhaps we shall elect as our representatives and appoint as our officials the men best fitted to perform the duties assigned them.

HOLLOW

"A marvellous Providence fashioned us hollow in order that we could our principles swallow" said the immortal Josiah Bigelow. There is a good deal of swallowing of principles these days and the capacity of the hollowness appears to be ample. Undoubtedly there will be more of it before the coming session of parliament closes.

Mr. Mackenzie King has given us a sort of indefinite idea of what the parliament, any programme is going to be, or rather what he intends it shall be. If he can keep it within the prescribed limits. There is not going to be any further reduction in the tariff, he has announced, and railway freight rates are to be so adjusted that they will satisfy east, centre and west. These are the two items on which the Progressives have been and still are dictating, two items which have caused practically all the trouble, the demoralizing of industry, the unemployment and the exodus of the past three years. The Progressives alone are demanding a reduction in the tariff. It is not the policy of Liberals or of Conservatives. The tariff reduction, promised at the beginning of the present regime in exchange for promised support from the Progressives, was finally achieved and the Progressives acclaimed it as "the first step in the right direction" while a jubilant Liberal hailed it as the "death knell of protection." When they find that the "first step in the right direction" is the last, the Progressives will no doubt make a noise and also some further demands.

The wily Premier has made provision for this by promising such an adjustment of freight rates as will satisfy the west and, presumably, be satisfactory to the rest of Canada. On this adjustment Premier King is building his hopes and there will be something doing when parliament gets under way.

The only real question the Premier will have to face is how to hold the Progressive support and they have, or think they have, some real grievances.

The balancing of the budget will be an easy matter. A hundred millions or so taken from the expenditures and charged to the railway will fix that. If Premier King's programme is carried out, as laid down by him in his Massey Hall speech, the session will be a smooth one but there are unlimited possibilities and we shall see what we shall see.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The second month already. And cars still running.

Hear Rev. G. C. Taylor had great reception in Halifax yesterday, crowded congregation and most appreciative.

As soon as hockey has lost its intense interest hear a lady intends opening a much needed class for boys dancing and general deportment.

The prolonged spell of cold weather has played havoc with the coal bins. Hear Miss Earle of the Dispensary is at her wits end to know what to do in the case of many poor people. The Patriot's fund is still open through languishing. A dollar each from a hundred people will go a long way to bring relief.

That studying the requirements of the people and catering to their tastes bring reward is instanced by the Prince Edward Theatre. After the long run of legitimate theatricals there was inclined to be a slump in ordinary patronage. Mr. Gallagher immediately applied his brains and training to the situation, saw what was wanted, and now "business as usual" is the slogan at the Prince Edward the programmes of which are much enjoyable.

The agitation over the discrimination against the Maritime Province shippers in the matter of express rates has now entered the fish territory, and Halifax Herald says it is the subject of vigorous protest registered with the C. N. R. management. The following table gives the express rates, per 100 pounds of fish, at present in force on shipments from Halifax; also the rates as they should be figured on the same basis as those from Prince Rupert:

Table with columns: Halifax, Present Rate, On Prince Rupert Basis. Rows include Winnipeg, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Chicago, Boston, New York, Philadelphia.

Notes By The Way

The Peace River country, lying in north west Alberta is occupying space in the Liberal press of Ontario, the Prairie Provinces and British Columbia. They tell that there is a vast tract of excellent land, in extent some 30,000,000 acres, that while the winters are, of course very cold still excellent wheat of the hardier sorts can be grown and there is abundant grass and forage for live stock. There is also the fact that all these lands and whatever oil, gas or minerals lie beneath them are under federal control and hence should be at once opened up by a National Railway in order that the lands may be colonized, settled and developed.

The Liberal papers also tell us that the King Government is impressed with the importance of opening up and developing the Peace River country and that the building of a line of the Canadian National from Edmonton thereto will probably receive mention in the speech from the Throne at the opening of Parliament to be followed by the necessary bill to authorize its construction—with borrowed money, of course. Of course also there are members of Parliament from Alberta and British Columbia who want the road built, and there are engineers who want jobs and contractors who want contracts and a Government that likes to spend money all behind the project and urging it on.

It so happens, however, that the Canadian Pacific Railway is already in possession, being the lessee and option holder on the Edmonton and Dunvegan Railway, which taps the Peace River District. As yet the settlers on Peace River are so comparatively few that one railway should supply them with a sufficient outlet. The project therefore is that the National Railway shall build a new line to compete with the Canadian Pacific Railway and divide the latter's business with the probable result of having two roads that will not pay their operating expense in place of one that is barely paying its way.

This is the sort of extravagance and waste to which the King Government is committing the country. Whatever extravagance it proposes its Liberal supporters will vote for, and its Progressive supporters will vote for as well provided the money is spent in the west. Here in Prince Edward Island we send four Liberal members to the House of Commons. Was it ever yet known that any one of them ever voted against any expenditure of public money proposed by the King Government? Never! Voting with and for the Government every time and all the time, they have voted to build railways in every province but their own and have been quite content apparently that half our railway mileage should remain of the narrow gauge for four years.

These four gentlemen have voted to spend in all many hundreds of millions of Canadian tax-payers money, including some millions contributed by the tax-payers of Prince Edward Island. Where has the money gone that they have voted away in their servile and cringing support of the King Government? One might better ask where it has not gone. It has gone to build railways on the Prairies and beyond the Rocky Mountains. It has gone to fatten nabobs of the civil service at Ottawa with salaries unheard of before in Canada—salaries of \$15,000, \$25,000 and \$50,000. It has gone to buy a Scribe Hotel in Paris at a cost of \$3,000,000. It has been spent in hundreds of thousands on commissions on travelling expenses of ministers sent over the seven seas to the end of the earth.

In all this extravagance and waste which our Island members have voted for how much has been of any special benefit to the province they misrepresent? A salary was got for Andrew Fraser Mitchell in order that some good Liberals might sell their lands at a big profit to some brave officers of the British military service. We all know the result. Has it not so besmirched the reputation of our province as a home for settlers that it is the last place on earth that a British immigrant will seek as a home?

These four gentlemen members have done pretty well for their own pockets but we cannot believe that the voters of Prince Edward Island will elect them or any of them again. They seem to be of that opinion themselves. When the Governorship was vacant one or more of them were applicants for the position according to common report. Now that a Senatorship is open two or more of them are hot-foot

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By James W. Barton, M.D.

VALUE OF A "CHILL"

A chap walking down the street one day felt unusually "chilly," and as the weather was not cold, he was at a loss to account for it.

As he continued on his way he felt regular "chills" throughout the body, and he decided to go home. Arriving there he announced to the family that he was going to bed, because he thought he was going to be sick.

And he was an unusually healthy individual this caused a laugh, but after taking a dose of Epsom Salts he got an electric jolt in bed with him, and covered up snugly.

He then took out his watch, and had a clinical thermometer brought to him. In spite of his chilliness his temperature registered about 103 degrees, or four degrees above normal, and his pulse was beating very strongly, at about 120, or forty over his normal rate.

He hadn't a pain, nor an ache. He then sent for his physician who admitted that some infection had attacked him, but was unable to locate the cause.

The patient's pulse and temperature remained up for nearly a week, he felt rather depressed, but was really in no pain. He remained in the house for two or three days longer, then got about his work, but felt very weak for a couple of months thereafter.

What was the matter? Was he wise to go to bed as he did? The underlying cause was never really discovered because the physician was frank enough to admit this. But something had entered into his system that roused all his powers of resistance.

The severe chills were direct evidence that all his forces, his blood stream, were being called upon to fight something inside his body thus leaving the surface of the skin "chilly." Then the heavy fast beat of his heart told him and his physician that his heart was doing its "bit" to ward off the intruder by working harder and faster.

Further, the increase in temperature likewise showed that there was trouble because extra heat was necessary in the battle, as his blood corpuscles work better when they are warm.

In other words a real "chill" told this man that something was on his way, and he had sense enough to get ready for it. A real chill then is a blessing in disguise, because it tells two things.

First, that something is on its way, and second, that your system has found it out, and is putting up a fight for you.

WHERE IS YOUR TREASURE? Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. Matthew 6:21. PRAYER:—Gracious God, we would surrender all to thee for thy keeping and service.

FRIENDSHIP When I have crossed the heavenly sea, To join the great majority, I only wish that here below Some friend may miss me as I go.

I hope that sometime in my life, Amid the trouble, care and strife, I may have been a friend in need, To one, at least, a friend indeed.

My pictures grace no hall of fame; No honor rolls contain my name; The recognition that I craved Was ever spoken—not engraved.

Nor wealth, nor learning, my desire— To friendship did my soul aspire; A friend, to me, was worth far more Than untold gold, or ages lore.

This thought then, shall I take with me, As I sail o'er that heavenly sea— "May one friend, left alone below, Feel sorry that I had to go." —J. Hubbell.

after it. Hankering for office and fear of the people when combined are powerful motives. To get office they must continue to support the King Government. So we expect them to go to Ottawa and vote for the railway to Peace River, or to Hudson Bay, the Arctic Ocean or the moon, if the King Government proposes such works, and let Prince Edward Island shift for itself.

NAMES ARE NEW NEW YORK, Jan. 29—Here are the new shades in hosieries—see if you recognize them, naturally, horse, poodle, phantom, jennette, Park avenue, discretion, footlight romance. None is new. They range from the flesh tones represented by "chairs" to a rosy beige for "romance" to a silver grey for "phantom" and to a dark tan for "discretion."

The Public Forum

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

P. W. C. HALF HOLIDAY

Sir,—I am addressing you a few lines to draw your attention to Prince of Wales College. Now the case is this. Students go in there from the country and are naturally quite lonely and homesick, possibly never being away from home before. They have school every day, whereas they used to have Monday a holiday and students got a chance to spend their week-ends at home. If they must have school every day why not have it on Monday afternoons and give the students a chance to go home Saturday and back Monday a. m.?

I believe they will do better work for I believe a large percentage of failures at Christmas is due to the fact that they didn't put forth their best endeavors so thinking if they fail they can stay home.

I am, Sir, etc. PARENT.

Former College Boy Wrestling Champion

Less than a fortnight ago, the daily papers announced under significantly moderate headlines that the world's heavyweight wrestling championship had been lost by "Strangler" Lewis to Wayne Munn in a Kansas City bout. The moderate headlines indicated that the sporting editors did not think the matter of much general interest, and that if it was a matter of only relative importance who was the heavyweight champion of the world in what they so aptly call the "mat game." The sporting editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, a paper that has distinguished itself in the sporting world by its hounding of fake wrestlers: received the following telegram from J. C. Marsh, manager of Marin Plestina, a contender for the championship:—

"All wrestlers know that the Lewis-Munn match was the bunk and that both men are managed by the Bauman Brothers. There are at least 50 men in America who can easily defeat Munn. In all history of sport there has never been anything so cheap, so uncalled for and so brazen as this so-called match. I am willing that you publish this wire over my name."

What has been suspected and even flatly charged against the leading heavyweight wrestlers is that they are in a kind of trust or combination, managed by the same people. Jack Curley had a stable of them. In Canada the late Geo. Kennedy had a stable of them, all apparently bitter rivals, but all managed by the same man. Just who is the champion at any given time is something that even well-posted sporting men might be ignorant of because the title has been so frequently switched around among Stetcher, Lewis, Caddock and Zbyszko. The theory was that each should hold the championship for a time, tour the country or invade the movies or the stage for a certain time to accumulate the money that the title would bring and then lose it to another member of the troupe. Those who hold to this theory say that the reason that Munn is now the champion is because he is just the sort of athlete to give the game a fillip toward popularity. The old champions were played out. The public is ready for a new one.

Another Jess Willard It the match was on the level then Munn won by superior strength rather than by skill. He stands six feet six inches and weighs 260 pounds. He played on the University of Nebraska football team in 1923, which might indicate that he has some speed. Otherwise, he is a physical duplicate for Jess Willard. After leaving school he took part in several boxing bouts, but made no headway, and his photograph shows that his jaw is not the jaw of a fighter. It is not the sort of jaw which powerful fists would bounce harmlessly. His strength is in his arms and shoulders and also in

The Wrestling Trust

Later accounts of the match prove that it was a rough one, and tend to show that it was not fixed in advance. If it was, Munn double-crossed the fixers. He treated Lewis very roughly. In the first fall when Lewis butted Munn several times, his lower teeth were shaken loose. This surely did not indicate an amicable understanding. It was shortly after this that Munn picked up Lewis and slammed him to the mat. He afterwards told his manager that Lewis' butting started the rough work, and his manager told him to sail in the next time and take the fall. He did so, for twisting free from a headlock he lifted Lewis high in the air with a body and crotch hold and hurled him outside the ropes on the uncovered floor of the platform. Lewis hit the boards with a terrific thud and rolled to the concrete floor. His manager protested that he had been fouled, and the referee awarded the foul to Lewis. Then there was a wait of twenty minutes, and Lewis was assisted through the ropes. Again he was hurled to the floor and the match ended.

After the watch it was learned that Lewis has suffered a strain of the sacroiliac, which connects the spine and hip bone. He will have to wear a supporting belt for a month, and should he resume wrestling the injury will continue to hamper him. The unexpected end of the bout caused Lewis to cancel bouts booked for Europe, but so far it has not led him to hand over to Munn his championship belt. Lewis' manager says that Munn ought to have lost the match on a foul, instead of losing only a fall. The referee contends that when Lewis came back he conditioned the foul. Had he refused to continue he might have retained the title on the ground that Munn had fouled him. However, Munn is now accepted as the heavyweight champion, not that it means a great deal. He could add greatly to his prestige by consenting to meet Plestina, a Serb, who says that he has been boycotted by the wrestling trust and who has become hoarse shouting his challenges to one world's champion after another for several years past.

The correspondent adds: "The tablet is surmounted by the arms of the Mother Country, surrounded by those of the Overseas Dominions. These are the dead

whom all peoples of the British Commonwealth bear in memory. Never in the annals of this country's wars has death laid so fierce a hand on one generation, and the number of those who fell is so stupendous that it conveys no clear meaning to the ordinary mind.

"A map of the world, on which are marked the 700,000 graves of those who received known burial, illustrates forcibly the magnitude of the sacrifice. In France and Belgium there are not fewer than 900 British war cemeteries and churchyards, in which numbers of British soldiers are buried. The Via Sacra may be traced to Switzerland, to Italy, where there are 93 burial-places, to Macedonia, where there are 21 then to the chain of 31 cemeteries on the western shore of the Gallipoli Peninsula, at Ypres "To the Armies of the British Empire, who stood here from 1914-1918, and to those of their dead who have not known graves." The great archway has been designed to bear the names of 50,000 missing who fell near Ypres, most of whom have no graves, some only a grave marked: "A soldier of the Great War. Known unto God."

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Your Birthday FEBRUARY 2.—You have a powerful character, capable of great good or evil, but you are inclined to be a dreamer. Do not let your powers for good be wasted by idle habits. Constant and active employment should be your method of life. You are an excellent conversationalist, and love to entertain. Your big desire is to revenge. Your big stone is an amethyst. Your big desire is to revenge. Your flower is a primrose. Your lucky colors are light blue and yellow.



NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

HEAD OFFICE TORONTO, CANADA.

THE excellent results achieved by the North American Life Assurance Company during 1924 were gratifying alike to officials and policyholders. The substantial gains shown by the following figures will be a source of continued satisfaction and confidence to all interested in the Company.

Table with columns: POLICIES ISSUED AND REVIVED, AMOUNT OF INSURANCE IN FORCE, ASSETS, PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS, SURPLUS. Values range from \$26,239,954.00 to 4,659,745.81.

THESE records are an indication of the solid financial position of the Company to-day and, showing as they do, greater strength than one year ago, they point the way to an even more successful year in 1925. In the North American Life, policyholders' interests are the first consideration, over 99% of the profits earned being allotted to them. In considering further insurance, you will be well advised to call in a North American Life representative. The attached coupon will bring you a more detailed report on the Company's 1924 operations.

"Solid as the Continent"

Please mail me your complete Report for 1924, also "Solid as the Continent" Booklet. Name, Address, Age.

L. GOLDMAN, President. W. KERR GEORGE, D. McCRAE, COL., Vice-Presidents. Charlottetown Branch Office 140 Richmond St., Charlottetown, P. E. I.

The Empire's Dead

A correspondent of the London Times writes that when in Paris recently he visited the Cathedral of Notre Dame and noticed that the groups invariably stopped groups of tourists before a tablet on one of the columns near the Jeanne d'Arc statue. The tablet bears this inscription in English and in French: "To the Glory of God and to the memory of One Million Dead of the British Empire, who fell in the Great War, 1914-1918, and of which the greater part rest in France."

his legs, but not in the spot where the boxer needs it, namely, in the jaw. He took to professional wrestling only last Spring, which is another romantic fact that the press agents may well exploit. But does it seem reasonable that a husky college boy should in the course of a few months become wrestling champion of the world? Is there nothing in the game but strength? If so it is not surprising that recently Ned Pendleton, one of the leading wrestlers in the United States, drew only forty-eight people who paid to see him perform in New York.

Later accounts of the match prove that it was a rough one, and tend to show that it was not fixed in advance. If it was, Munn double-crossed the fixers. He treated Lewis very roughly. In the first fall when Lewis butted Munn several times, his lower teeth were shaken loose. This surely did not indicate an amicable understanding. It was shortly after this that Munn picked up Lewis and slammed him to the mat. He afterwards told his manager that Lewis' butting started the rough work, and his manager told him to sail in the next time and take the fall. He did so, for twisting free from a headlock he lifted Lewis high in the air with a body and crotch hold and hurled him outside the ropes on the uncovered floor of the platform. Lewis hit the boards with a terrific thud and rolled to the concrete floor. His manager protested that he had been fouled, and the referee awarded the foul to Lewis. Then there was a wait of twenty minutes, and Lewis was assisted through the ropes. Again he was hurled to the floor and the match ended.

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