

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1927

A TIMELY BOOK.

THE union of the British Provinces by the Hon. Edward Whelan, is indispensable to the student of Canadian Confederation. Says Professor D. C. Harvie, of the University of Manitoba, in a foreword to Mr. Whelan's book. Continuing, Professor Harvie says: "As a chronicle of the movement in its earlier stages, it is intensely alive to the inspiring conception of nationality, to the hold which that idea had taken on the Fathers of Confederation, and to its significance to the future Canadian who would attempt to recapture their vision, to understand and carry on their work." Professor Harvie's foreword, excellently and comprehensively reviewing the events touched upon by Mr. Whelan, will be a great aid to those who attempt to "recapture the vision" of the great men who laid the foundations of Canada. Mr. Whelan's book, edited by Professor Harvie, deals with the preliminary arrangements, the Charlottetown conference, the banquet at Halifax, and the speeches given there, the public meeting at Saint John, N.B., with speeches, the voyage to and the conference at Quebec, the journey to and the conference at Toronto—in short the whole history of the confederation movement as seen by Mr. Whelan, who took a prominent part in all the proceedings from beginning to consummation. The book gives an excellent portrait of the Hon. Edward Whelan and is finely printed and bound in cloth boards, and will be a valuable addition to any library. Professor Harvie is a native of Prince Edward Island, and one of its most brilliant sons. For this reason alone as well as for its historic value, the book should be in every library in the Province.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

WE have heard and read much in recent weeks of great men, most of them Canadian, and not a few of them natives of our own province. In looking at those distant mountain peaks the hills of our own day do not impress us as majestic, yet we are not without our mountain peaks. The Fathers of Confederation and the builders of Canada were moulded by the events of their day. There was a nation to build, the need of such building was one of the mysterious movements of history, the birth and development of a national spirit. Today we are building, not a foundation, but a superstructure, and the superstructure shall be built as firmly and heroically as was the foundation. We have great men today as they had in the years gone by; they are building industrially, commercially, scientifically. Their names will go down in history, not as the builders of a nation, but the builders of a nation's wealth and progress. We have much to learn from the builders of our nation, much also from the builders of its wealth and progress. It is possible that we shall place the emphasis too strongly on our material progress, on our wealth, on our luxury and ease. The great men of our Canadian history cared little for wealth except as it was useful in carrying out their national undertakings. Many of them were poor in purse and none of them had comforts or luxuries as these are known today. Their poverty was not regarded as a misfortune; they were greater otherwise than by the standard of wealth. They were great in spite of their poverty, great because they overcame the handicaps that poverty imposes. Let us learn from those great souls who recognized in its infancy the national soul of Canada, for

couraged it and fostered it, and let us not be too analytical in comparing our men of today with them. We still have hope, we have a great country still in the making, and we have the men and the material to make it with. Our fathers have handed us a great heritage; let our concern now be to pass it on to posterity greater, cleaner, better than it has been.

NEIGHBORLY TRIBUTE.

LABOUR," a weekly newspaper published in Washington, D. C., paid Canada a worthy tribute on the eve of the Diamond Jubilee celebration. The following is a sample excerpt: "Congratulations to Canada! On July 1 she will celebrate her 60th birthday as a free, self-governing nation. There will be speeches, and red fire, and parades, and the greatest carillon of bells in the world will ring to mark the event. Hook-ups are planned to let all North America and the British Empire hear those bells; and whoever hears them should lift his hat to Canada at the sound. She is worth it.

"In particular, organized labor in the United States should congratulate Canada, and wish her many happy returns of the day. The labor movement on this side takes little account of the Lakes, or the St. Lawrence, or the 49th parallel. It is a North American movement; and the same problems, principles and methods are found on both sides of the line.

"Canada has done much more than live through 60 years of the world's most interesting history. She has played a worthy part in the world's work during that time. Nearly a million and a half of her people are living prosperously in a region which a generation ago was reckoned a sub-Arctic waste; and five millions will live there before the end of another generation.

"Canada has joined with her neighbor on the south in maintaining a 4,000-mile boundary without a fort or a soldier. She has maintained peace and justice. She has made an enviable record of fair play and efficiency in dealing with her aboriginal population. She has rendered splendid service in the scientific field; her savants have given the world a wheat that will ripen closer to the North Pole than wheat ever ripened before. And as for her services to the empire of which she is a part, ask the late enemy. He will answer."

A WELCOME VISITOR

PROBABLY no man in the British Empire, outside of the members of the Royal family, would receive a warmer welcome than the Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister of Great Britain, will receive when he comes here on August 6th, and no man is worthier of such a welcome. Mr. Baldwin is one of the Empire's great statesmen, a man whose name will live in history. His was the cool head and the strong and steady hand which guided the country safely through the perilous times of the coal strike. Great Britain trusts him and the whole Empire honors him.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The North American continent enjoyed a warm wave during the past week, some of it hot.

The seaside hotels are filling up and sea-bathing is now the order of the day all along the coast.

Some of the hardest working Liberals during the recent election campaign are now wearing a coat of anxious expectancy, especially those of them who have discovered that some of their co-workers had received similar promises to their own.

Notes by the Way

IT was good to see so many Union Jacks, great and small, flung to the breeze on the days of the Jubilee celebration. For once the Capital City of this Island Province remembered that this is a British City and that this broad Dominion of ours is a British Commonwealth from ocean to ocean. It is to be hoped that this duty of showing our national colors, frequently neglected in observance in the public days of the future.

The Triple Cross of Saint George, Saint Andrew and Saint Patrick thus displayed is at once a symbol that this is a Christian land and a land loyal to our noble Sovereign. It tells that we as a people fear God and honor our King. Our children should be taught to honor the Flag, not merely because it is so old and for a thousand years it has braved the battle and the breeze, but because of those higher principles of which it is the emblem the reminder and the motive.

Our flag is also the oldest and the truest of the emblems of Liberty. Other nations while still perpetrating human slavery within their borders boasted of their freedom long after it was written "Slaves cannot breathe in England." Surely that is something to be proud of. And today, as for more than a century past the subjects of our British Sovereign are the freest people on the earth.

It may also be noted that our glorious Flag floats over sea and land in all quarters of the globe—over more ships at sea and over more land territory than any other national emblem. From beyond the Arctic Circle in the north to the most distant land under the Southern Cross it flies. India, with its hundreds of millions—a vast Empire in itself—and great Dominions east and west, north and south find shelter and repose beneath the one Grand Old Flag.

Barely has the Jubilee past into history when we are called to meet the Governor-General of the Dominion, the Viceroy of Canada as he has been Viceroy of India. Hitherto it had been the imperial fashion for the Governors-General of Canada when their official terms had ended here, to be appointed to the Viceroyalty of India. In Lord Willingdon's case the old-time order has been reversed, perhaps in honor of the great Canadian Jubilee, and promotion is given from India to Canada. "Canada First" appears now to be the decision of the Imperial authorities. Our brave soldiers well earned this new dignity for Canada by heroic and victorious service in the great war.

A long line of distinguished noblemen and statesmen have worthily filled the high position of Governor-General in Canada during sixty years past. All of them were constitutional Governors of signal ability and note, and all were entirely acceptable to the Canadian people. Lord Willingdon succeeds to the same exalted office as already one of the great and wise men of the Empire with equal prospects of a like faithful judicious and successful administration and of winning the regard and affection of the Canadian people. He is now passing from province to province accompanied by his worthy consort and making acquaintance with the Canadian people.

In according due honor to His Majesty's representative when he comes we shall be honoring our gracious King and likewise fulfilling a loyal and patriotic duty and setting a worthy example to the rising generation. Wherefore may the spirit of the Jubilee so happily displayed during the past few days, be again apparent in welcome to our distinguished guests as Charlottetown hangs out her banners on the outer wall to greet them at their coming.

DAILY LESSONS IN ENGLISH

By W. L. Gordon

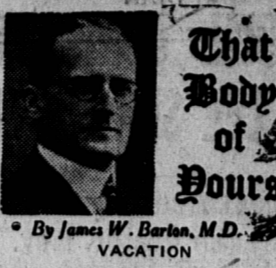
WORDS OFTEN MISUSED: Don't say "the board of directors have adjourned." Say "has."

OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED: bellies letters. Pronounce bel-ler, both e's as in "let," accent second syllable.

OFTEN MISSPELLED: apothecary.

SYNONYMS: alter, exchange, convert, modify, substitute, transmute.

WORD STUDY: "Use a word three times and it is yours." Let us increase our vocabulary by mastering one word each day. Today's word: HILARIOUS; boisterously merry. "Hilarious sounds indicated that they were enjoying the fun."



By James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Ours

EVERYBODY should be thinking about a vacation to be taken at some time during the year. There is no question but that the outdoors should be your aim, but just what to do and where to go is what causes you considerable thought.

Now as I said once before, I have as much right to tell you how to take a vacation as I have to tell you how to bring up your children. With one child you use the strap or the stick to get obedience, whilst with another you can reason and explain and no whipping is necessary. Similarly with a vacation. One family goes to the seaside or lake because the water appeals to them. Another to the hills, and still another on a motor trip. Now the seaside may not be the best place for that particular family, nor the hills for the other, nor the daily motor ride for the other. But what is the point about these different methods of spending a vacation? Each family, and also each individual, has a wish, a desire to spend the vacation a certain way. That is why so many of our young people come home so tired from their vacation. They swim, row, or paddle all day, and dance well into the night, with an insufficient amount of rest. It is a couple of weeks before they feel properly rested after a vacation. And yet they have no regrets. They didn't miss a minute of enjoyment whilst they were away. Furthermore do not go to a place where you have to be "dressed up" not only in the evening, but all day long also. Where you have to be "under observation" all the time means that you will be "censured" all the time, and a real vacation is one where you are free from all tension whatsoever.

Of course if this is what you wish to do then by all means do it. It is a real vacation, as mentioned above, is doing what you wish to do at least once a year. Now my suggestion is not a new one. It is that you wish to do for your vacation. But on arriving at your destination decide to rest, really rest, mentally and physically, for a couple of days. Then begin your exercise of walking, rowing, paddling, swimming, or dancing gradually. You will thus be in a condition to enjoy the rest of your vacation because you will not start "too things too tired. Then a couple of days before the end of your vacation begin to take things "easy" again. You will thus come back to your work feeling fit, and your work will not be a grind.

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

July 5, 1927

THE GLORY OF GOD:—Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things. And blessed be His glorious name for ever; and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Psalm 72:18, 19.

PRAYER: O Lord God, all kings shall fall down before Thee. All nations shall serve Thee.

PEONIA

Come peonies, blazoning June with their splendor, A pageant of color, enchantment and light. O'erwhelming the lowlier hosts of the garden. As opulent day overshadows the night.

Hail Festiva Maxima, regal, triumphant, In milky-white robes is her ladyship dressed; Patricia her form, yet softly alluring. Moulded as subtly as a maiden's breast. I am sure, as I linger to worship her beauty, Enthralled by the charm of her virginal grace, That deep in her heart lies the soul of a woman, Waiting, adream, in its trysting-place.

And when in the calm of the dusk her sweet breathing Falls soft on my senses; my lady I seek; In the softest gloom I seek till I find her. And press my lips deep in her satiny cheek.

I hold her, betwitched by her infinite sweetness— Nothing my moment of Paradise mars; But moments of rapture, alas, have their ending, And I yield her to Night and the shimmering stars. —Fred H. Byshe. Ottawa, June, 1927.

Four of the ten agricultural colleges opened for Mexico have been opened. Cotton is raised in practically every Chinese province north of the Yangtze river. Included in a new closet book for clothing is a receptacle for moth-repelling chemicals.

A Hero, a Saint, and A Coat of Arms

Reprinted from The Mentor, Richard Dean

BEFORE the ranks of immortal strong men and of imperishable names one strong man who had more than strength, one saint who had more than sanctity—St. George, fighting saint of Christendom. When the city of Seleucia (some say Beirut, Syria) trembled about the ravages of a monstrous dragon that, flew from the Libyan marshes, breathing fire and death, the citizens fled to the protection of the city walls, leaving each day two sheep to appease the beast. The flocks were devoured and there was none in the city to go forward to destroy the monster. Lots were cast among the children of Seleucia, and each day two of these were placed outside the city walls to slake the dragon's lust for blood.

Fair young lives had been fed each day for many days into the dragon's sulphurous maw when the lot fell upon the king's daughter. She was Cleodolinda, the beauty of the Seleucia. The king stood stubborn at this cruel cast of fate, refusing his daughter for the sacrifice. But his people rose against him, the mothers with their lamentations and the fathers in white anger. They had given their children to destruction for the safety of their city; their king should do no less.

For eight days the city mourned, and on the morning of the ninth day the princess was arrayed in royal robes and led forth to the city gates, where she was left alone. The sun struck down on the tragic scene—the dragon lifting his head in fire and smoke, on the people of Seleucia, whose faces were pale patches on the city walls, and on the slim white figure of Cleodolinda kneeling in prayer.

From the west there came a glint of steel. Riding from Rome to join his legion, George of Cappadocia came to the gates of Seleucia. The people on the walls shouted at him as he paused to speak with the princess. With spluttering fire and brimstone the dragon approached.

George of Cappadocia made the Roman sign, lifted his lance and charged at the dragon's scaly throat. From the walls of Seleucia a great cry arose as the monster reared at the impact, clutched furiously with its claws and lay writhing. Then George drew his sword and hacked off its smoking head. The scourge of Seleucia was no more.

The king and the people came out to meet the knight, and the citizens showered gifts upon him, which he distributed among the poor. He admonished them to believe in God, through whose might he had conquered.

Then George of Cappadocia, the story runs, rode with his legion to Britain, where his renown was great. And from Britain this Christian warrior of a pagan power went to Palestine.

While he was there the Emperor Diocletian, in a fury of fear, issued from Rome an edict against the Christians, commanding that they be destroyed. The emperor's scroll was nailed upon the temples of Judea and in the public market places. George of Cappadocia read the sign and he rode before his troops, and in wrath he cursed the emperor, tore down the sign and trampled it.

He was seized and taken before Daclian, the proconsul seated in the chair of Pontius Pilate, and because George was the son of a noble family, the knife was spared if he would retract. He spat the offer, so was put to torture. An enchanter was brought, who mixed poison. The knight of Cappadocia made the sign of the cross, drank the potion and no harm befell him.

FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

A SERIES OF LITERARY QUOTATIONS FOR BOOK LOVERS

Tuesday, July 5th, Mrs. Siddons born, 1755.

I am aware of the damp souls of housemaids sprouting dependently at area gates.—T. S. Eliot.

Mrs. Siddons never got out of tragedy even in common life. She used to stab the potatoes; and said, "Boy, give me a knife," as she would have said, "Give me a dagger!"—Sidney Smith.

Caution to Fundamentalists—It very often happens that there is some question as to the earth or the sky, or the other elements of this world... respecting which one who is not a Christian has knowledge derived from most certain reasoning or observation; and it is very disgraceful and mischievous and of all things to be carefully avoided, that a Christian speaking of such matters as being according to the Christian Scriptures, should be heard by an unbeliever talking such nonsense that the unbeliever perceiving him to be as wide from the mark as one from west, can hardly restrain himself from laughing.—St. Augustine.

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.

TWO GOVERNMENTS IN LINE

Sir—Now that there is a Liberal Government at Ottawa and about to be a Liberal Government in Charlottetown, may we not hope that the money obtained from the British officers upon false pretences on the part of an agent of P. E. Island who was recommended for that position by a member of the Government of Canada will be restored to them with interest? I am, Sir, etc.

LOVER OF JUSTICE.

HONOR VERSUS RIGHTS.

Sir—Accompanying the pleasure felt by men and women of all parties that the title of "Honorable," to be held for life, has been bestowed upon our excellent Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. F. R. Hertz, an honor well deserved—and Ex-Governor D. MacKinnon—is the universal regret that it felt because Prince Edward Island has no representative in the present Government of Canada. There is no doubt that at least one Liberal supporter of Mr. Mackenzie King secured his election on the strength of the promise that this Province should have a representative in office in the Executive Council of the Nation so soon as the Liberals obtained office and power. It was reported and believed by many electors that the Department of Marine and Fisheries would be divided rather than that Prince Edward Island should not be represented in the Government at Ottawa. But many months have passed since Mr. Mackenzie King took office—and the promise is yet unfulfilled. Prince Edward Island is the smallest Province of Canada. But the electors of the Island and their representatives ought not on that account to be treated with contempt and injustice. I am, Sir, etc.

A BYSTANDER.

his neck for the block, and with the words "I have fought the good fight," he died.

Such is the legend of George of Cappadocia, valiant Christian saint and warrior-martyr.

With the rise of Christianity the fame of St. George increased, the legend persisted and his votaries grew in thousands. Richard I of England, he of the lion heart, took the name of St. George with him and his armies, invoking him as protector when he marched to the Crusades. He became known throughout Christendom as the Knight of the Red Cross.

The people of England acclaimed him and he succeeded Edward the Confessor as patron saint of the English, his feast being ordained by royal command in the year 1223, a national holiday. But England is not alone in claiming him as patron. In Portugal and Tenth Vienna he is hailed as saint-protector.

He was also the favored Saint of Aragon, formerly a kingdom in northeastern Spain, now divided into three provinces.

No figure in Christian tradition and Christian art is more celebrated than St. George. In his honor Edward III of England instituted the noble Order of the Garter; and Raphael, the immortal, painted a picture of him as patron of this order. Tintoretto, Lucas Van Leyden, Carpaccio, Veronese and Rubens, the master artists of European nations, have taken as their subject this superb hero-saint and through him expressed the ideal of the Christian knight. In the galleries of the capitals of Europe his portrait is found, and in frescoes on

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HOUSEHOLD SCRAP BOOK

By ROBERTA LEE

A Reminder

On a small card, tacked to the kitchen wall, note all the things needing attention around the house, a broken lock, mending a chair, painting the furnace pipe, etc. To be referred to when a spare hour arrives.

Vaseline Stains

To remove vaseline stains from clothing, moisten the spots with a mixture of 1 part aniline oil, 1 part powdered soap, 10 parts water. Allow it to remain for 10 minutes, then wash with water.

When Wringing Clothes

To avoid breaking buttons when wringing the clothes, keep the buttons at the bottom. They break easily only when exposed to the top roller.

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What So Many Men Forget

Wives usually rely upon their husbands for the monthly income, with which they are accustomed to run the household. Widows often have to seek the advice of friends, relatives or strangers in order to obtain any income from the estate left to them. A great deal of life insurance money is lost through unwise handling and investment.

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