

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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OUR GREATEST ASSET.

A magnificent compliment was paid to Prince Edward Island by Senator Meighen when he said that our tourist advantages did not require to be advertised. There is, however, another Prince Edward Island asset of which we are still prouder than our tourist attractions or the products of our farms and fisheries. It has been said many times that the Province's greatest export is its brains. There is scarcely a Province in Canada, or a State in our sister Republic, where Prince Edward Islanders have not made good and are today occupying leading positions in the churches, in politics, in business or in the various professions. And this supply of trained intellect and initiative shows no sign of diminution. Almost daily during the past week there appeared lists of Island students who have distinguished themselves this year in various universities and colleges on the mainland. In this connection we might refer to the splendid achievement of Island students at Dalhousie, especially of Mr. Malcolm Birt Dockerty, Cardigan, who tied with another student in winning the Dalhousie University medal in medicine, both students' marks being the highest ever attained at the College. Another Island medical student Mr. Fred Henry Wigmore, Bradabane, son of Mr. Thomas Wigmore, M.L.A., is winner of no fewer than three important prizes at Dalhousie this year. Again, at the University of New Brunswick, the Lieutenant Governor's bronze medal for fourth year forestry was won by Mr. Ernest Arthur Smith, of Pownal, and another Islander, Mr. James E. Dodds, of Summerside, won the Noel Stone memorial scholarship in third year chemistry. At the Nova Scotia Technical College, Mr. L. J. Taylor, Acadia, won the Alumni medal. At Victoria University this year the graduating class includes six Prince Edward Islanders. At St. Francis Xavier, Mount Allison and other institutions Island names also figure prominently in the lists of successful students.

It will be recalled that only recently Mr. Cedric Boulter, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Boulter, Charlottetown, now a student at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., United States, won a coveted fellowship in the study of Greek architecture which entitles him to a year's course of study at Athens. Another Islander, Mr. John Denny, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Charlottetown, recently took the highest marks on the honour list in Canada in the Bankers' examinations. Many other names might be cited in this connection, of Prince Edward Island students who are achieving splendid success and bringing credit to their Province as well as to themselves.

It should not be forgotten, either, that both Prince of Wales College and St. Dunstan's University afford splendid opportunities for the hard-working student, and that the high standards prevailing in these institutions are an educational asset of inestimable value. The Convocation at Prince of Wales College takes place this year on May 25, and the St. Dunstan's University Convocation on May 29. There is the keenest public interest being taken in both these functions, and it is this spirit which indicates, more perhaps than anything else, the fact that higher education in Prince Edward Island is regarded as a subject of increasingly vital importance.

ABOUT GARDENS

History records beautiful, walled-in gardens as existing in Egypt nearly 5,000 years ago. These were cases of shade in a sun-baked land. Many such gardens have been represented in wall-paintings in Egyptian temples, showing symmetrical arrangements of paths, alleys of palms, pools, building and pergolas. In those days gardens were neatly formed, unadorned nature being looked upon with suspicion. As far back as 600 B.C. King Nebuchadnezzar had built his "hanging gardens" where tropical plants grew on the pillared terraces watered by sparkling fountains. Persian gardens contributed much towards the achievement of the garden of to-day. Their influence was felt in Europe in early days across the Aegean Sea; and later, in the eighth century, coming through Africa directly into Spain with the Moors. Sardis in Lydia, Asia Minor, was famed for its beautiful garden known by the Greeks as the Paradise of Sardis. Xenophon speaks admiringly of the great trees and the regularity of their planting. The Academy near Athens, where Plato taught, is described as a beautiful grove, full of statues, and temples and a sate of trees.

EDITORIAL NOTES

It seems, for all Hitler's racial inquisition, it is easier to be a true German Aryan than to be a true German dog. Professor Hiltzheimer, curator of the Maerische museum, has been investigating German dogs for their racial antiquity, and what he has discovered is said to be disconcerting to the most fervent believers in the Aryan tradition. There is no dog so German as the dachshund, dackel or badger dog, but, alas! the professor has to report that the dachshund is not very ancient after all. It seems that the dachshund originated only in the Roman period. Whereas, the Great Dane (Deutsche Dogge) and the Spitz go back two thousand years beyond the Roman period, to the dark forest of the Huns, and are undoubtedly to be considered by all good Germans as the original German dogs.

Notes By The Way

An audience of women in London cheered Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin when he asked them to trust the Government's disarmament. Evidently the infection of pacifism has not fastened on the women of the Old Country. Neither do they know that nations may be attacked, countries overrun, populations subjected to arson, pillage and rape for no fault of theirs of their own save that of being powerless to repel an assailant. Belgium was very close in 1914. Nor is the spirit of nations changed, if the treatment of Jews in Germany means anything.

These are the days when people who don't have to work are tried to know whether they should go fishing or golfing. Of course they do not have to study the alternatives; they take naturally to the golf or to the pole. Constant work saves one from a lot of indecision and expense.

The outlook for democracy is brighter than a month ago. Here at home people may still differ on how now narrowly President Roosevelt escaped being supplanted by a dictator, but even the who viewed with alarm will concede that things are much better since Dr. Wirt led the light into hitherto dark places. Things are brighter in the British Isles. Recovery is moving forward in Great Britain. Taxpayers are going down a bit, but the popular grumbling is allayed by the cancellation of earlier cuts in unemployment pay. The late "hunger march" on London passed off quietly. Much less is heard of Sir Oswald Mosley and his sudden convert to Fascism. — New York Times.

POULTRY OPPORTUNITY

The Dominion Department of Agriculture Egg and Poultry Market Review points out that there is an opportunity for both Canadian poultry producers and shippers, which if taken advantage of now, could be made effective for the present year's business. The striking and most worthwhile feature of the market poultry situation is the unusually keen demand for export which has opened up beyond the expectations of even the most sanguine Canadian shippers. This situation has been brought about by two factors: first, the very favourable reception which Canadian chilled poultry shipments of the past two years have received, and second, the fact that the British tariff on poultry against foreign countries has directed more attention to Canada for supplies.

Hitherto it has been the impression that there was not very much light weight poultry available in Canada, but when the demand really developed it was surprising how much could be found, as is indicated by the inspection reports coming to hand. While there is undoubtedly a considerable market for the heavier weight chickens, yet it is clear from the information already received that the big demand is for the light and medium weight birds. It would appear, therefore, that both Canadian producers and shippers would be well advised now, early in the production season, to take stock of the situation. It requires initiative and lead, and that lead must come from the shippers and exporters.

JUSTIFICATION?

"Justification," says our local contemporary, "of the stand taken by the Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King and his followers at Ottawa in regard to the Marketing Bill now before Parliament is shown by the very important amendments which the Government have been compelled to make in many of the objectionable features contained in the original Act."

How much of truth is there in the foregoing statement? The latest issue to hand of the Winnipeg Free Press, leading Liberal newspaper of Western Canada, supplies the answer. It says emphatically: "The clarifying amendments to the Marketing Bill, announced by the Minister of Agriculture, do not change at all its outstanding features." In other words, it is still in principle the same legislation against which Mr. Mackenzie King and his followers announced that they were prepared to fight "to the last ditch!"

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It's great weather for yawning gazing out of windows, looking up the price of tires and scanning the brightly illuminated pages of the seed catalogues. Conditions are ideal for discussing the baseball situation with friends or overhauling the beloved fishing tackle. But please, let's not talk work. Why couldn't someone introduce a law to provide for a week or so of convalescence for the whole world at this time of the year when spring fever, a delicious but deadly malady, sweeps us all off our feet and lists all among its victims. Ho

Chat Body of Hours

By James W. Barlow, M.D.

ANGINA SYMPTOMS MAY BE DUE TO IMPURE AIR

An attack consists in the sudden onset of agonizing pain in the region of the heart or under the breast bone, accompanied by a feeling of constriction (tightness) and in severe cases with a sense of impending death. The pain extends to the back, the shoulders and the arms, particularly the left. The patient is pale, haggard, motionless, and often bathed with cold perspiration.

I am again giving the usual definition of what is known as angina pectoris or breast pang. The most common ailment in middle aged or elderly individuals. Various causes are given—alcohol, infections, rheumatism, kidney disease, influenza and others. As exciting causes may be named: physical exertion, mental strain, profound emotion, and digestive disturbances. Something interferes with the flow of blood to the small vessels supplying the muscular walls of the heart with blood. As these muscular walls do not get enough blood to nourish them properly the heart cannot do its work of pumping blood to the lungs and to all parts of the body. Hence the tight, vice-like feeling.

This would account for the anginal attacks of emotional and digestive disturbances. Recently Drs. M. A. Rothschild and M. Kissin in the American Heart Journal tell us of causing a lessening of the amount of oxygen in the blood by having a number of individuals rebreath some of whom had true angina pectoris, and some were normal healthy individuals.

It was found that rebreathed (stagnant) oxygen air caused symptoms exactly like true angina pectoris. The thought then is that with a pain in the region of the heart or under the breast bone, simple gas pressure from indigestion is the common cause; and even when it is not indigestion and resembles true angina pectoris as described above, the pain may be due to breathing impure air—air with insufficient oxygen.

The Poet's Corner

By Thomas Sulkie in the New York.

Crouched on the river bank, Elbows on hand knees, Sits an old fisherman Under the willow trees, Flipping the stippled trout Up with a sudden pull: Writings of the shadowed stream, Rose-mud, beamed in air, Like a graverled Creel: River god with the stream, Or if you saw him there, 'Till might this silver hook, Something the golden curled Ladies and gentlemen, From the blue world.

The Insull Case

(Mail and Empire)

We some time ago expressed the fear that the Insulls, who have been taken back to Chicago for trial, because of certain financial transactions in which they were engaged, might fall a victim of political influence in courts which are political in character because the judges are elected at the polls. But we learn from the latest despatches that already there are signs of a reaction of public sympathy for the aged and comparatively impoverished man. According to a Chicago despatch there has been no demonstration of the vindictiveness that was widely expressed immediately after Samuel Insull fled from the throne which had toppled him off in the wreckage of his empire.

"Then the stern resolve to bring Insull back was greeted with general applause. Even so, the popular resentment was not sufficient to re-nominate the State Attorney who sent his great haste to capture the fugitive. He overdid his eagerness and the voters put it down to politics, and began to wonder if the former utility magnate was not justified in making a hasty escape. That marked a turning point in public feeling. As the chase proceeded and the Federal Government joined in it, following the older man across Europe to Athens, thence to the Mediterranean and the Dardanelles, the pursuit became in many minds a sporting event, a game of hare and hounds, and sympathy increased for the loser. According to a New York Times despatch there is a hope that he will raise the curtain on the greed of politicians who, with much reason, are supposed to have been corrupt parasites on his great enterprises. That hope has been vigorously voiced by at least one big Chicago newspaper.

The hypothesis that Insull may be a scapegoat for others who no less merit prosecution arouses sympathy for him. Such comments as "Why don't they go after the other fellow?" are heard repeatedly. Time has taken the edge of public anger with Insull.

Maytime, Then And Now

(Montreal Gazette)

What delightful associations cluster about the oldtime festival held in honor of the "merrie month of May." It is the theme of many an ancient ditty penned by the poets who, from Chaucer to Tennyson, have paid due tribute to the manner in which our ancestors gave themselves up heart and soul to making May Day a joyful holiday. To the sound of labor and pipe, their emotions in gleeful song and dance around the Maypole, what time the trees are fresh put on their green robes and the dandelions, daffodils, cowslips and primroses in the meads spread their gold. Now comes the season when the bluebells spread their azure and the violets nestle in the grasses, and the hedgerows are white as snow with perfumed hawthorn, and the crimson-tipped daisies sprinkle the fields, whilst the sweet smelling trailing arbutus, surnamed the Mayflower, comes over the mossy turf and the tree roots in the woodlands, which are also alive with fair clusters of anemones, those wind-blown blooms which capture the secret dyes of the stars and look as though the April showers had turned to fair blossoms where they fell. It is the springtime festival of May with its myriad charms, even as the poet Thompson says—

"Among the changing months, May stands confessed The sweetest, and in fairest colors dressed."

And Shakespeare himself could find no more befitting simile of the month in the fullness of its finest impulses and high emotions than to speak of—

"Love, whose month is ever May."

Which epigram in six brief words is about as complete a summary of the Maytime festival as ever we are likely to get. So, at least, thought the folk who in the time of Spenser and Shakespeare made May Day a season of rejoicing throughout the length and breadth of the land. Anyhow, they fled off to the woodlands to get "bluebush and scented briere" with which they decorated the oxen hitched to the wagon on which was placed the Maypole to be set up on the village green. And having decorated their leafy arches with green-bough leafage they built a bower under which the "lowlives" were made to be crowned Queen of the May. Then these rustics dressed up as Robin Hood and his merry men and amongst them Maid Marian and a host of attendants, weaving the Maypole with the gay ribbons, and then, with much lands crowned, tripping the measure of the "light fantastic toe" as only gleeful merrymakers can. Even in old London Town the Maypole was erected, the smoky gables were festooned with garlands, and dressed in green, the arbutus and Phyllis were introduced in a make-believe costume. "Gone are the days of Gamelyn!" All the same, it may be admitted that there was something poetical about the custom, wherein rich and poor, high and low, masters and servants, all joined together to catch something of the spirit of Maytime, green upon the hillsides, and of rosy countenance upon the dew-drenched dewdrops. It may be that these folk had keener sense of joy and of beauty than obtains generally in a civilization which is packed with din and fluster and hurry and vexed problems that irk the soul. It is civilization upon getting on in the world, and in all the progress of the things really worth while of life, ever making for our highest good one we can't into commercialism with what someone has called "the spirit of the age," that is to say, those influences which make their constant appeal to us in and through the faces of the flowers and that "truth is beauty and beauty is truth." And in this commercialized age when these oldtime expressions of festive observance are being killed off like weeds by salt, and when our souls are obsessed by the pressure of false ambitions and by the smoke-dried actualities of a civilization which much resembles a smouldering volcano threatening eruption every time May comes round, it might be well for us to consider how much better it would be if only we all could get closer and more vital touch with the true spirit of a hopeful and genuinely productive order of progress, born of sunshine as the flowers themselves are, so shape our goings as to make for the increase of human happiness and the welfare of the community and its highest interests. And this is the true spirit of a good countenance at this hour as at any time in the whole cycle of human activities.

Canadian alike is regarded in Britain as the best available, and since the limited Kingdom harvests very little of its seed as a crop, the bulk of the requirements are drawn from Canada.

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.

COTE FAMILY

Sir,—Every one should get acquainted with his family hero and heroine, who have lived their life in beauty, and whose example must inspire their own life. 1933 will mark the tercentenary of the arrival and marriage of the first Cote in Canada. To commemorate this event a monography of the Cote family is being prepared. All the members of the aforementioned family and all those who could supply any biographical or genealogical information are kindly requested to communicate with the Reverend Father Samuel Cote, O. F. M. 800 St. Maurice St., Three Rivers, P. Q., Canada. I am Sir, etc. FATHER SAMUEL COTE, O. F. M. Three Rivers.

OUT OF DATE

Sir,—State out-of-date editorials are as nauseating as stale bread even before they are mouldy. The Gyrator organ can't wiff this in its olfactory funnel. Benefit of the sense of vision, it should at least have some sense of smell.

The Globe, with only Mr. Stewart's (the tobacco witness) statement before it, might be excused for accepting and commenting upon as if it were truth. But a week later, after Mr. Stewart unconditionally withdraws and declares his evidence to be without foundation and apologizes for what he said, and after that letter of repudiation and apology has been broadcast in the press all over Canada, and after Premier Bennett has the gentlemen recalled to make his withdrawal under oath, people of common sense and common honesty even the most ardent Liberals will view with supreme contempt the publishing of the cancelled evidence and the Globe's comments in their official organ.

But the Gyrator organ is starving for political propaganda stuff. Anything no matter how fabulous, is glib for its mill. Is it possible that the Patriot really imagines its readers to be stupid enough to swallow such ridiculous doses of exploded buncombe? What kind of an estimate can it have of the intelligence of its readers? Has it nothing better to trot out than something more plausible than this veriest balderdash to hand out? If it has not then its plight solicits sympathy.

Sir,—The fence on the Marston Bill is of course embarrassing. Its local leaders on one side, and its federal contingent on the other, is perplexing. The "red herring" refuses help. Scheming to lay blame on Premier MacMillan and his colleagues for not wasting the time of the House in useless gabbling doesn't take it out of the bill. The bill was before the House, introduced and supported by the Government. Its provision said all that was needed. Why talk to no purpose for all concerned.

That wise prescription—"Keep in line with Ottawa," also bothers the Gyrator. It pinches hard when local Liberals and Federals are in direct opposition to each other, and the party organ crushed as between the local and Ottawa. What a pity! No, don't keep in line with Ottawa, or with the local, or with common sense. "Fight you devils, fight!" is the approved motto. Obstruct everything, cavil at whatever is proposed for the country's good, but don't try to contrive anything better than the country's progress.

MORAL IN THE INSULL CASE

(Baltimore Sun)

The aged traveller has not yet been tried, and the moral, if any, must be confined to factors other than Mr. Insull. Many former investors recall the reverence with which their investment bankers were wont to assure them of the soundness of a public utility outfit by murmuring with something like awe in the voice, "This is an Insull property." Music lovers may be moved to one side to allow this successful magnate to take charge of the arias and choruses at the Chicago Opera Company. Maecenas is the real pre-trial moral of the Insull saga: That the American people themselves have a lot to do with the creation of such fiascos through their fatal habit of making an idol of any man who manages to tack together a lot of holding companies and pile up a fortune. If the Insull episode can cure us of that notion, it will better its cost, even if Sam never spends a day in jail.

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Forged In Hell. (Winnipeg Free Press) The world is informed by a French Senator that France is not really prepared to consider limitation on armaments in Italy. It is agreed, is of the same mind. It might be said that this has been quite apparent for a long time; but the senator's information is not without value. He proceeds to observe that in the condition in which the world now finds itself, the best safeguard for peace is that each country shall provide itself with such armaments as it thinks its circumstances call for. We are thus back to the policy embodied in the old Roman maxim: "To safeguard peace, we must prepare for war." Twenty years ago or more, before the Great War, Israel Zangwill made some observations upon that blood-enriched saying that we reproduce for their times: "I know that maxim; it was forged in hell. This wealth of ships and guns inflames the vulgar; it makes the very war it guards against. The god of war is now a man of business, with vested interests. So much sunk capital, such countless callings, the army, navy, medicine, the church—to bless and bury—music, engineering, war, the best, armaments, commissariats, stores, transports, ammunition, coaling stations, fortifications, cannon foundries, shipyards, arsenals, rangers, drill halls, floating docks, war loan promoters, military tailors, camp followers, engineers, war artists, inventors, horse breeders, armorers, torpedo holders pipe play and medical vendors, big drum makers, gold lace embroiderers, opticians, buglers, tent makers, banner weavers, powder mixers, crutches and cork limb manufacturers, balloonists, mapists, heliographers, flying men and diving demons, Brezelbun and all his hosts, who, whether in water, earth or land, among them pocket money trade is brisk, a million pounds a week!"

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