

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1929

NINETY TODAY

Congratulations are due to Mr. J. E. B. McCready, the doyen of active journalists in Canada, who celebrates his 90th birthday today, April 4, in the enjoyment of excellent health and still writing daily with effect and vigor a column of notes on current events, as he has done for the past seventy years. Mr. McCready is the sole survivor of the Confederation Parliament. As a young man on the St. John Telegraph he went to Ottawa in 1867 to represent a group of Maritime newspapers for which he rendered great and effective service. He was in the Press Gallery during twenty of the earlier Parliamentary Sessions and was President of the Press Gallery 1881-1882. Those were halcyon days at Ottawa, and Mr. McCready had no difficulty in receiving an official appointment as Secretary of Parliamentary Committees under the Clerk of the House and discharged those duties, in addition to those of newspaper correspondent. About that time also Mr. John Rochester, the wealthy member of Parliament for Ottawa, began an agitation in favor of the introduction of water and sewerage into the Capital, but was opposed tooth-and-nail by the then power-that-be. Nothing daunted he started a paper of his own, "The Free Press," and got Mr. McCready as its first editor. So vigorously did Mr. McCready carry on the agitation that within two years the vested interests capitulated and Ottawa obtained her sewerage system and water supply. He went from Ottawa to St. John as editor of the Telegraph, and subsequently became the first editor of the Moncton Transcript, where he again started a successful campaign for sewerage. Later he came to Charlottetown where he found, although there was no sewerage, so here also he started a campaign and was opposed by the other newspapers and the majority of the property owners. He fought to a finish and had the satisfaction of seeing a plebiscite carried in its favor two to one. He retired from the editorship of the Guardian in 1912 to become Provincial Publicity agent but daily since 1917 has contributed a column of Editorial Notes to the Guardian. Mr. McCready is as keen mentally as he was twenty years ago and physically enjoys excellent health, visiting the office almost daily, taking the liveliest interest in current events. Mr. McCready has been known personally to every Governor General and Prime Minister of Canada and has annually received birthday congratulations from His Excellency the Governor General, Rt. Hon. W. L. MacKenzie King, Prime Minister, Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, Ex-Prime Minister and Hon. R. B. Bennett, Leader of the Opposition and a host of others. Mr. McCready's son, Mr. Ernest McCready, is a well known member of the Editorial Staff of the Saint John Telegraph Journal. Mr. McCready is ably supported in his journalistic and public duties by his wife, Mrs. J. E. B. McCready, who is the regent of the Royal Edward Chapter Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, a member of the Women's Press Club, honorary president of the Prince Edward Island Women's Liberal-Conservative Association, and a leader in public life in the Province.

PUBLIC WORKS REPORT

The report of the Minister of Public Works, Hon. J. P. McIntyre, was tabled this week. At the outset the Minister deals with the introduction of power road machinery and the division of the province into 25 road districts, each district being in charge of a Road Superintendent and each county provided with a District Engineer. There are six double-unit machines, each consisting of a heavy road-machine drawn by a 30 H.P. tractor. In addition to these "18 single unit

motor-power machines operated each by one man, were procured so that with the 6 previously on hand each Road Superintendent is provided with a one-man power road-machine as well as with one or more horse-drawn road machines. There is also a motor expert for each county, who is provided with a motor truck with which he delivers gasoline to the various machines in his county. For the storage of these machines it was found necessary to purchase the McInnis property adjoining the Agricultural Hall, the latter not affording sufficient accommodation. The report states that the larger machines reconstructed and widened 312 miles of road, and the smaller machines regraded 1134 miles. With respect to the gravel-surfacing of roads a total of 29 miles was thus treated during the summer. A contract was entered into with Mr. H. J. Phillips to supply 60,000 tons during the next three years, at a cost of \$2.75 per ton for the first year, and \$2.65 for the two following years. The first 20,000 tons was delivered during the past season. The hope is expressed by the Minister that local gravel will be available in large quantities in the future. Eight new steel bridges were erected during the summer, making a total of 93 steel bridges in the province. Five of these of various lengths are in Prince County, namely at Indian River, Duck River (Carleton), Big Brook Bridge (Mont Carmel), Miminegash, and Norway (Lot 1). Wooden bridges were replaced by concrete to the number of 29, making a total of 656 of these structures in the province. Corrugated steel pipes replaced smaller wooden culverts to the number of 268, the total now being 1763. In addition, 74 of the larger wooden bridges and 276 of the smaller ones were rebuilt, and repairs made to 157, and 465 respectively. Details are given of work done on the public buildings and also on the wharves and ferries of the province.

THE HILLSBORO BRIDGE

The local Liberal organ in its zeal to protect the government from suspicion not infrequently becomes ridiculous. In its issue of April 1st (April Fools' Day) it declares as absolutely false, the Guardian's assumption that the government had abandoned the idea of rebuilding the Hillsboro Bridge. In its issue of March 23rd the Patriot published the official explanation, given to the Railway committee of the House of Commons, showing why the ten-mile line between Lake Verde and Pisquid was about to be undertaken. The Guardian had published this official statement some weeks previously. The exact wording of this statement, so far as it relates to the rebuilding of the Hillsboro Bridge is as follows: "To handle the freight business over the Murray Harbour Subdivision with standard gauge equipment would have necessitated renewing the Hillsborough River Bridge, just out of Charlottetown, with a much heavier structure, which it is estimated would cost about \$760,000."

No hint is given in this official explanation of any intention on the part of the government, now or at any time within the measurable future, to rebuild the bridge. At a meeting of the council of the Board of Trade last week, Messrs. Jenkins and Sinclair, the Federal representatives said, according to the Patriot's report, that the bridge will be rebuilt. When or about when, whether within five, ten, or twenty years, was not hinted at; but in the meantime the road from Lake Verde to Charlottetown, over the Hillsboro Bridge, is to be standardized and equipped for light traffic. What authority has the Patriot, or the Federal representatives, for assuming that the government has changed its mind since issuing the above official statement and why is it "deliberately false" to take the government at its own word?

Notes By The Way

The passing of Hon. Hugh John Macdonald, son of Sir John Macdonald, removes one of the few remaining links connecting the present generation with the Confederation era. Hugh John, as he was familiarly known and beloved, was nearly eighty years of age at the time of his demise. In his early years he was active in both local and federal politics. High tributes to his memory has since been paid by Sir George Foster, Hon. R. B. Bennett and many other eminent public men who were shocked by the news of his death. He was not only one of the "Old Guard of the Conservative party, but of the Wolsey expedition of which he was a member. Thus early in life saw Western Canada and having established himself in his profession in Winnipeg, he became closely identified with the life of Manitoba and the West for over fifty years.

It is also recalled that although he long escaped political life, he eventually yielded to the wishes of his fellow citizens, was elected to the House of Commons and he became Minister of the Interior in the Conservative Government which was defeated in 1896. Later he became Premier of Manitoba and when he resigned that office, found scope for his activities not only in the practice of the law but as Police Magistrate of Winnipeg. And he was a rarely good Magistrate. We get an idea of his high personal character from Mr. Bennett's words: "It was as Magistrate that he was afforded a real opportunity to exercise his truly great human qualities. He was almost uncanny in detecting the unthinking offender from the hardened criminal. Many an erring youth, now a useful citizen will think of Sir Hugh John as the instrument under Providence who gave fresh impulse and new direction to life. I recall that though weak, he attended the National Convention and received an ovation expressive of the esteem in which he was held by Canadians from every part of the Dominion. He was quite overcome by the warmth of his reception."

As lawyer, legislator, member of Parliament, Minister of the Crown, Premier of Manitoba and Judge he will long be remembered by the country he loved and served so well. It might be said in truth of Sir Hugh John that zeal for the greatness of Canada within the British Empire was the passion of his life. And those who knew him intimately will sorrow at the death of a great gentleman, a charming host, a man of human sympathies with a capacity for friendship unrivalled amongst contemporaneous Canadians.

The survivors of the crew of train 3, who are held responsible for the death of nearly a score of persons killed in the railway collision at Droccourt, are under arrest and await trial. It is just that this should be so. Doubtless they are already suffering mental anguish, perhaps greater than any punishment the court may allot to them should they be found guilty as charged. A great responsibility rests upon railway men that the ordinary citizen seldom realizes. Disobedience to orders, neglect of watchful alertness, forgetfulness or sleeping while on duty can no more be tolerated in the railway service than in the army in war time.

Many Prime Ministers of great ability have sat in the British Parliament, some of them endowed with a marvellous gift of impulsive eloquence which Stanley Baldwin does not possess, but he speaks words of wisdom and commands the close attention of all his auditory both high and low. He is a philosopher, possessed of good will for all, unafraid calmly genial and accepts defeat or victory with equal complacency. There is an exciting general election drawing near. "I remember only the other day," he said in a recent speech, "a lady of great distinction and of great power said to me, 'A man in your position can never retire—you may die but you may not retire.' I have not the slightest intention of doing either at present."

A man who owed a debt, long overdue, when pressed by his creditors, gave them an unsecured note, and then with much self-satisfaction said to himself, "Thank Heaven that debt is paid." Can it be that Premier Saunders is in like fashion congratulating himself over the settlement of his debt to the school teachers? Most sincerely do we hope that the case is otherwise with him, although to wait until after the next session of the Legislature for the actual payment may tax the patience of the many creditors.

Premier King is Minister of External Affairs. The "I'm Alone" is an external affair—very much so. We are told that the Prime Minister, who is temporarily absent from the Capital will "consider" Mr. Massey's



By James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Ours

BORROWING OXYGEN FROM YOUR TISSUES

You have run for a car and although you did not apparently get out of breath while you were running, after you reach it, you find yourself almost gasping for breath. After a minute or two you find that your breathing is normal again. Now, as you know, the oxygen you take in to the lungs purifies the blood so that the blood can continue to be used.

And so you breathe in enough oxygen to just nicely keep the blood purified, and this blood goes to the muscles and supplies them with oxygen. Even when the muscle is at rest it is creating energy which is caused by the burning up of this oxygen.

Thus while you are asleep you still need to breathe to take in enough oxygen to keep things going. If you are doing light work which permits you to sit down, you use up a little more oxygen than when you are lying down.

If you walk you need more, and if you run you need still more. Now it is possible for any one that is used to it, to walk practically all day, and some men have been known to run for hours at a time.

This means then that they are asking the lungs to pump in as much as ten times the amount of oxygen as when they are resting.

Drs. Henderson and Haggard of Yale University, from a study of the crew representing the United States at the Olympic games in 1924, tell us that in a race of 1-13 miles, these men expended from thirteen to twenty times the energy that is expended by the body under normal restful conditions. Now this means that training will give you the ability to do this much extra work when needed. And another point they record is that this tremendous amount of work required from thirty to sixty percent more oxygen than the lungs breathed in.

Now where did they get this oxygen if the lungs did not breathe it in? They simply took it from the muscles and tissues of the body for the time being, or as Drs. Henderson and Haggard put it, they drew heavily on their oxygen credit, and were in debt to the extent of 4 to 8 quarts, and this deficit is repaid by the rapid breathing that continues after the exertion is over.

The thought then is that training will not only increase your ability to continue work longer and harder, but lengthens and strengthens the oxygen credit of the body.

THE LAND WE LOVE BY FRANK YEIGH

THE SHANNON AND CHESAPEAKE

Q. What is the history of the Shannon and Chesapeake?

A. One of the memorable naval engagements during the war of 1812-14 took place on the 1st of June, 1813, off Boston harbor between H. M. S. Shannon and the U. S. frigate, the Chesapeake. After a fierce conflict, the latter was overcome and captured and towed as a trophy of war into Halifax Harbor. A bronze tablet was recently unveiled on the grounds of Admiralty House to commemorate this important historic event. The tablet is affixed to a cut stone granite monument, which was erected by the National Historic Sites Committee.

report thereon when he returns. Meanwhile Captain Randall of the sunken vessel is in England and has given his version of the affair to the British Government.

When before have the Maritimes had so many electric storms so early in the spring season? But Ontario fared much worse. Despatches tell of a furious storm throughout that province doing vast damage, electric wires down, whole districts buried in snow, highways blocked, telegraph and telephone communications disrupted. We are fortunate to escape such disastrous weather troubles.

Many inquiries from the Opposition benches have kept our provincial Ministers wide awake during the recent sittings of the Legislature and the end is not yet. Wellington at Waterloo is said to have prayed for "night or Blucher." The story may not be authentic, but there is no doubt that the Saunders Government is anxiously desirous to get the session over and no longer have to face a fighting Opposition.

Witches Win In New York

Condensed From the Nation Dudley Nichols.

(Dudley Nichols)

On Thanksgiving day in 1927 a farmer some 20 miles down the Susquehanna Trail from York, Pennsylvania, heard his neighbor's cattle lowing, and going to investigate found the stock unfeeling and his neighbor lying dead and charred on the kitchen floor of his solitary house.

Rural murderers are no great shakes as news, but this crime was to bring to light a medieval cloud of darkness which hangs over the country of those fine, thrifty, devout farm-folk, the Pennsylvania Dutch. Not much attention was paid to the murder at first. The real detonator of the ensuing publicity seems to have been William Bolitho's column on witchcraft in the World.

Within the next few days the town was marched upon by hordes of reporters from Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, and other cities, and though York first rejoiced at this countrywide attention the community soon began to wince when the stories and editorials appeared.

Here were the facts. In York, an amazingly prosperous and tidy city of nearly 50,000 population, a city with 70 churches and a million-dollar high school, the third city in the State in the diversity of its manufacturing interests, and a city not wanting in its proper proportion of speak-easies, here in York were at the fairest estimate a hundred powwows openly practicing. The editor of a local paper is my authority for the statement that in the countryside there are thousands of believers in powwows.

The methods of the powwows are various. Sometimes one will tell a simple-minded fellow he is bewitched, he is hexed, has a spell put upon him.

Lesson in English

By W. B. Gordon

WORDS OFTEN MISUSED: Do not say, "I am real glad to hear about it." Say, "very glad."

OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED: appreciate; pronounce third syllable shi, I as in "it," not ap-pre-si-ate.

OFTEN MISSEPPLED: humane (relating to man); humane (benevolent).

SYNONYMS: advise, admonish, caution, exhort, counsel, warn, remind.

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: INFLEXIBLE; rigid; firm; stubborn.

"It is a foolish and inflexible superstition."

The Poet's Corner

THE EAGLE THAT IS FORGOTTEN

Sleep softly . . . eagle forgotten . . . under the stone.

Time has its way with you there, and the clay has its own.

"We have buried him now," thought your foes, and in secret rejoiced.

They made a brave show of their mourning, their hatred unvoiced.

They had snarled at you, barked at you, foamed at you, day after day.

Now you were ended. They praised you . . . and laid you away.

The others, that mourned you in silence and terror and truth, The widow bereft of her crust, and the boy without youth,

The mocked and the scorned and the wounded, the lame and the poor, That should have remembered forever, . . . Remember no more.

Where are those lovers of yours, on what name do they call, The lost, that in armies wept over your funeral pall?

They call on the names of a hundred high-vallant ones, A hundred white eagles have risen, the sons of your sons,

The zeal in their wings is a zeal that your dreaming began, The valor that wore out your soul in the service of man.

Sleep softly . . . eagle forgotten . . . under the stone.

Time has its way with you there, and the clay has its own.

Sleep on, O brave-hearted, O wise man that kindles the flame— To live in mankind is far more than to live in a name,

To live in mankind, far, far more than . . . to live in a name.

—Vichel Lindsay.

Hex is but verb and noun, and comes from the German "hexenbesen" which is nothing more than the witch's besom which illustrators draw against the moon for November magazine covers. Anybody in York can give you names of powwows. Some are mountebanks and rich, some are self-deceived and poor. The richest powwow in York is "Doc" Lenhart, who is said to receive as much as \$50 for a treatment and whose home is a show-place of the town. A newspaper woman went to a powwow woman of the self-deluded type and was received in a small lamp-lighted room. "Take off your clothes," said the powwow, a poor shrunken creature. "Don't be afraid"—in answer to a look of doubt—"I'm going to cure you."

She laid the patient on a bed, and taking a string began to "measure her." When the division of the foot-length into body-length did not come out evenly, the powwow told her patient she had "openema."

"What do you mean?" "It's the takin'-off. The skins too tight across the chest."

There was no sense to be got out of this, and the visitor donned her clothing and paid her "gift" of a dollar. The law keeps powwows from taking fees. Later the same woman visited a rich powwow, but did not get through with the treatment when he began to blow down her dress and lay his hands upon her in an offensive manner. Nearly all the early reporters visited powwows and all came away with similar yarns.

The county medical society appointed a committee to investigate powwow, but no action has ever been taken. A person attending the witchcraft trials, pastor of the Church of God at a small town, told of his continual combats of "the Book of Books" against the black books of the witches and powwows. For they have their books, "The Long Lost Friend" and the "Seven Books of Moses."

Strange reading: "The heart of a bat with a red string to the right arm, and you will win at cards." And at front and back of "The Long Lost Friend" is this cross-guarded verbal charm: "Whoever carries this book with him is safe from his enemies, visible or invisible; and whoever has this book with him cannot die without the holy corpse of Jesus Christ, nor be drowned in any water, nor burnt up in any fire, nor can any unjust sentence be passed upon him."

When John Blymyer, a gentle, mild, inoffensive cigar-maker of 33 who six years ago escaped from the State insane asylum and never was returned, was put on trial for the murder of Nelson Rehmyer, a farmer powwow, on November 27, he told with intense sincerity and childlike candor the details of his sickly, persecution-haunted life. Obviously a psychopath, he told of visits for ten years to York powwows, paying out his five and ten dollars per visit, and receiving in return the statement that he was bewitched. Somebody had put a hex on him, and he was wasting away, slowly dying, from it. He took money to Mother Noll, an old woman who years ago had taught school but was now feared for her powers, and she told him Nelson Rehmyer was doing it. For further proof she took a dollar bill from the palm of his hand, told him to look, and there he saw Rehmyer staring at him balefully, in the palm of his hand.

There was two ways to break the spell; get Rehmyer's "book" or take from his head a lock of hair and "bury it eight foot underground." Theft of the witch's powers or symbolical murder.

Blymyer feared Rehmyer physically. Also he feared him as a witch, for apparently the 60-year-old farmer was as cracked on witchcraft as Blymyer himself. The cigar-maker recruited two boys, John Curry, a 14-year-old Tom Sawyer, "wanted to see some of the witchcraft performed." Wilbert Hess, 18, was told to go along by his parents, who believed Blymyer when he told them they were also hexed by Rehmyer. Blymyer set out to save his life, Hess to save his parents, and Curry to satisfy curiosity. . . . And then, at the fatal moment, fear blazed in the rabbit-hearted psychopath and he did what all fear-stricken people will do, struck in a panic. The terrified boys were sucked into the spouting flames of murder and in a short time the witch lay dead on his kitchen floor. Horrified, they tried like the juveniles they were to get rid of the gruesome evidence by arson. And two days later, on Thanksgiving, the unfed stock in Rehmyer's barn drew discovery of the crime, and a few hours later of the culprit.

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The community made great efforts to escape the limelight. Under the guise of preserving an orderly trial the judges did their best to exclude metropolitan reporters. All authorities collaborated to rush the trial through at vertiginous speed. John Curry's whole trial took hardly more than a day. The York courthouse did the fastest washing of hands that has ever come to this writer's attention. The commonwealth in the person of District Attorney Amos Herrmann, buried its head in the sand of self-righteousness against the powers of darkness, and refused to allow to the jury that there was any motive behind the crime except plunder, as represented in the dollar apiece the three spell-breakers carried off after ransacking Rehmyer's house or "the book" Blymyer and Curry were sentenced to prison for life, Hess to from 10 to 20 years.

The slain man, Rehmyer, was a sacrifice to the powers of darkness. The three boys (Blymyer has a mental age of eight) were the victims of a pharisaical society which suppressed the facts to protect its respectability. There is not a straw to choose between the bloody idols.

A VISION

I passed by the hills of learning, Where youth with restless feet, Hurried out to join the whirling On the world's wide rushing street.

Some faces were sad and serious, But their dreamy eyes bespoke A vision of future glory And a spirit still unbroke.

Others passed me with heads high lifted And a smile that lit their eyes, As if for the first time gazing On the world and its mysteries.

Some passed me by more slowing As if to them now free, Could come no greater freedom Than had been theirs to see.

And my thought as I watched them passing Ever onward, with anxious feet, How little they knew of sorrow And the hardship they must meet.

And a question seemed to press me How many, and how long, Will stand the world's great pressure And shun the madding throng.

Will those dreamy eyes keep the vision Or go down in the whirling throng Finding life but a shadowy mirage And losing the notes of their song.

Will the bright eyes lose their laughter That illumines the face And flood only tears of sorrow, Of ruin and disgrace.

And my heart went out to the teachers Who hold in their strong white hands The golden threads of destiny Of the youth of these glorious lands.

And I prayed that they might have wisdom And be guided from on high To start the young feet upward With faces towards the sky.

And behind the teacher the parent Stands with calm and trustful face Ever aiding and helping onward The destiny of the race.

And as I looked into the future I found no need to sigh: For what nation ever falleth With a vision so grand and high? NDISH

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