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You must have a dependable rod, a good line and a hook that won't let 'em get away.

In addition to these you must have patience. We can't supply you with the patience but we can show you the best in fishing tackle.

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1000 Bushels of extra choice Imported Banner Seed Oats.

Also Imported "Victory," "Abundance" and other varieties of Seed Oats the best we have ever sold. Ask for prices.

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When the upper arch of the eyelid forms a perfect semi-circle, it signifies goodness, with timidity, if not cowardice.

Those possessed of deep, sunken eyes are rarely to be trusted.

Almond-shaped eyes are regarded as the most beautiful.

Wards liniment for corns and bunions

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

TUESDAY, JUNE 2, 1925

President, W. Chester S. McLure; Secretary, Lieut. Col. D. A. MacKinnon, D. S. O.; Editor and Manager, J. E. Burnett; New York Representative—Ingram Powers, Inc.; Chicago Representative—K. J. Power

ORPHANAGE AUXILIARY

The report of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Prince Edward Island Protestant Orphanage appears elsewhere in this issue. This devoted band of ladies stood by the Orphanage since the organization and the report of their work is a most creditable one, a record of great work done, of helpless orphans cared for and of many serious difficulties overcome. As all know, who know anything of the Protestant Orphanage, Mrs. G. D. Wright is the President of the Central Auxiliary, which comprises all the Auxiliaries in the province. She has been not only the official president but the unofficial moving spirit of the Auxiliary devoting her time and her splendid talent for organization to the work of maintenance and oversight of the orphanage and providing a comfortable home and a potential future for its otherwise homeless and hopeless wards. Mrs. Wright enjoys the full confidence of and is being ably assisted by her co-workers in the Auxiliary and its branches throughout the province as well as officially by the members of the Executive. Mrs. W. K. Rogers as Vice-President of the Central Auxiliary, Mrs. Hooper Horne, as President of the Charlottetown Auxiliary with Mrs. Gordon Hughes as Vice-President, deserve the gratitude and thanks of all who are interested in the great work undertaken by the orphanage, a work requiring the direction and oversight that only devoted women can give.

The retirement from office of the Ladies Auxiliary at the close of their year, when they hand over their duties to the Board of Trustees to be appointed at the annual meeting next Thursday, is, we submit, a risky experiment and we trust that a way may be found to continue, by Auxiliary or otherwise, the service and attention that only women can give.

WHERE WILL IT END

The political situation in Canada today is unique among civilized nations and it is a grave question whether we are wilfully closing our eyes to the seriousness of it. It is openly admitted that the government at Ottawa is holding office, not by principle or policy, but by mutual agreement to hang on. Several votes, notably the vote on the Budget, gave the government a substantial majority, not because of concurrence with its policy but simply because the House was warned by the Prime Minister that if the government was not given substantial support parliament would immediately be dissolved and a general election called. The Progressives did not approve of the Budget proposals but by agreement among themselves, enough of them voted with the Liberals to give the government the support it needed to carry on. By this means they saved their sessional indemnities for another term, or were given to understand there was no danger of an election before another session.

The government thus supported goes gaily and merrily on spending the people's money "like drunken sailors," their office seeking supporters and their job-seeking press throughout the country merrily hallooing the greatness and the popularity of the King government.

Yesterday Mr. Robb, Acting Minister of Finance gave notice of a motion for \$5,450,000 to recoup the depositors in the defunct Home Bank, a thing unheard of in the whole history of Canada or indeed of any country in the world and almost dangerous precedent to set up for the future. Why this was done is well known. It is the price the people of Canada are asked to pay for the election of a Liberal member in West Hastings; the price the taxpayers of Canada are asked to pay in order that Mr. Murdoch shall get back the \$4,000 he was compelled to pay back to the Home Bank after he had withdrawn

EDITORIAL NOTES

What is so raw as a day in June is the way they quoted it yesterday.

Now for June weddings, June brides, June bugs, June holidays for the juniors.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. There are to be provincial elections in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick this summer and the tangible sympathy of the federal government is already being lavishly poured out upon both these governments in the shape of grants for public works, as they are about to take the dreaded plunge.

Notes By The Way

There is much anxiety throughout the civilized world as to the fate of Amundsen, the famous polar explorer who some years ago became noted as the first to visit the South Pole and is now away on a flying trip to the North Pole. He left Spitzbergen more than a week ago and has not since been heard from. The distance from Spitzbergen to the Pole in a straight line is only 690 miles, which under favorable conditions could be covered in a few hours in the aeroplanes with which the exploring party is equipped if no accident occurred. But many things may have happened before they reached their destination.

His fellow countrymen and many well-known arctic adventurers including Nansen and our own Captain Bernier, have not yet lost faith in his safe return, or in the success of his enterprise and will not abandon their hopes until a much longer time has elapsed or some authentic tidings from the far north shall tell of a disaster to the party. The anxiety and concern in the public mind will, however, doubtless continue until the mystery shall be solved and the fate of the bold adventurers is made known.

The Far North has long held a strange lure for adventurers and explorers. It was more than a hundred years ago that Sir John Franklin was engaged in his first endeavor to discover a passage through the Arctic Ocean to the Pacific, for which although unsuccessful he was honored with knighthood in 1829. He was given command of a second expedition for the same object in 1845 in the ships Erebus and Terror which never returned. He and all his brave companions were destined to perish in the northern wilds.

Seventeen costly expeditions were sent out successively, at first to rescue and later to learn all possible details of the fate of the party. It was not until 1857 that the last expedition, sent out by Lady Franklin who had spent all her fortune in the search, brought back the story of the tragedy. Franklin's body was never discovered as his ships had perished. Franklin had attained the rank of Admiral before he sailed on his last voyage. He had fought under Nelson at Copenhagen and Trafalgar in his earlier years. For his monument in Westminster Abbey Tennyson wrote these words:

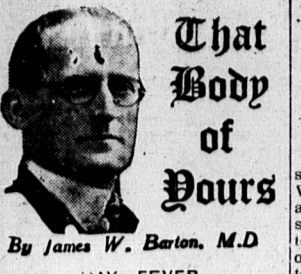
"Not here, The white north holds thy bones and thou, heroic sailor soul  
Art sailing on another voyage now,  
Toward no earthly pole."

As both the North and South Poles have already been visited by men it would seem to the ordinary mind that no great advantage to the world or fame to the voyager would now come from another visit. Even if Amundsen has or shall yet successfully reach and return safely from his objective, his exploit will lack the novelty and the kudos which attach to a first discovery. And at its best the adventure is a perilous one. We may ask, is it worth while? but be that as it may and whether Amundsen's venture shall prove successful or a failure there are others who intend to repeat the effort.

At or pretty near the true Pole of the North the Star Spangled Flag of the United States was planted by Admiral Peary some years ago. Canada was slow in capturing such fame, such distinction as attaches to that event and which now seems to have been easily within her reach. The exact spot where the Pole is situated seems however to be still somewhat in doubt and disputes may yet arise that may give us a chance to reclaim what ought to be ours. It is to be hoped that Amundsen still lives and has reached his destination and will return with fuller information on the subject.

Church Union will be an engrossing subject throughout English speaking Canada during the weeks to come. The venerable Presbyterian Church will be reorganized after the sad disruption it has undergone and the new and more numerous United Church will be called into being and its official organization completed. Much in the way of details will have to be worked out, including, as a minor incident, the building of some new places of worship, and the printing of a host of new hymn books and catechisms.

The attention thus distracted now going on is a growing conviction of the affairs of state to Church Union in the public mind.



By James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Hours

HAY FEVER

It may be a little early in the year to talk about Hay Fever, but it is in June that physicians like to take hold of you and investigate the matter.

It is now generally agreed that some irritant to the mucous membrane of the eyes and nose is responsible for the condition. This irritant may be from the air, from the various plants, or from the fur or hair of animals. The usual procedure now is to try out the various irritants on your arm, find out which one or more cause a reaction on the skin, and then inject the specific serum to counteract the condition. The physician likes to start this preventive treatment at least six weeks before the usual annual onset of the trouble.

One of our health magazines had a story about a man, in perfect health, who was suddenly seized with attacks of sneezing and copious discharge from the eyes and nose. He found it almost impossible to sleep, and finally had to go away for a trip. He immediately began to improve and was free from any eye or nose irritation. He returned home fully recovered, but the very evening of the day he returned, his old trouble returned. The family decided to move from this "bad" climate, and he went ahead to get things ready. While away he was again free from the trouble.

The family arrived bag and baggage, and the day after their arrival, he was again seized with his old attacks of sneezing, and watering of the nose and eyes.

The story continues in this manner, until finally a physician tried out the various irritating substances on his arm, and found that it was due to animal dandruff. Two very much petted household cats were removed from the home, and the chap was rendered free from a condition, that was ruining his health and his ability to earn a living.

Now if you are a Hay Fever victim, don't sit down and give up in despair. Go to your physician and let him try out the reaction of these substances on your skin. If you may not be able to find it, but in the majority of cases he will discover it for you.

There must be some cause for the irritation, and it is certainly worth some trouble to escape this miserable annual visitor.

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

June 2, 1925

HOW TO WIN:—Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass. Psalm 37: 3, 5.

PRAYER:—  
"He leadeth me! O blessed thought;  
O words with Heavenly comfort fraught;  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's Hand that leadeth me."

THE GREATEST OF THESE

Upon the rolling ocean's face,  
Where land evades the piercing glance,  
There at most seasons we may trace  
On wave tops, worthless wreckage dance.

But far below, in darker deeps,  
Where diver only may essay,  
Where Old ocean here his jewels keeps  
Secure from e'en sun's brightest ray.

And here, beneath the water's swirl,  
Revealed to those that seek alone—  
Rest treasure trove and priceless pearl,  
Deaf to the tempest's roar and moan.

So, in each heart of hard access,  
Where enters not the casual ken  
There lurks some gem in dim recess  
Set by God's hand—obscure to men.

Mere surface glance will often prove  
The life—the heart—to be but base;  
But Charity—broad, human love—  
Discerns in them some pearls of grace.

—H. J. Downey,  
Cookstown, Ont., May 20.

doings and undoings will at least be welcome to the plotting wasters of the people's money at Ottawa. It will enable them to sling away more and more millions in election bribes to Quebec Harbor Commissioners, Home Bank depositors, Peterson contracts and other steamship subsidies without attracting too much notice. What a riot of waste will develop in the last weeks of the session under conditions so favorable can as yet be only imagined. But that a general election is to follow the parliamentary debauch now going on is a growing conviction of the affairs of state to Church Union in the public mind.

TAGGING DAD

By W. H. GOCHER

After lunch when those who smoked were lighting their cigars, Walter T. Chandler asked the venerable Charles E. Cox, from whom his son Walter inherited the inclination to train and race horses. The old gentleman smiled and he turned towards the Georgian and said, "It must have come from a remote cross in the family pedigree. I never had horses that were fast enough to race and none of my people except Walter ever showed a disposition to get speed out of a horse. It is true that I used good horses in my business, but none of them were trotters."

"What's that?" snapped Walter Randall as he ran his fingers through a two-day stubble of beard and crossed a 7-20-4 into the corner of his mouth. "You never had any trotters? I wonder what you were doing at the Manchester race track very Friday morning from the day I was big enough to hold a whip."

"Why, Walter, you know I never owned a horse that was fast enough to be called a trotter," replied his father.

"I knew different," said Walter Randall. "You had as good as any of the butchers and raced them every Friday."

"On fish day," remarked an interjected Esterson.

"Sure," said Walter, "and I can prove it."

With that he was off on stairs and in a few minutes returned with a framed photograph of a horse hatched to a high wheel sulky and a boy on the seat.

"What do you call that?" said Walter Cox, handing the picture to his father from whom it was passed to the balance of the guests who had lunch at the Cox home in Chelsea, N. Y. "Looks something like a trotter, doesn't it? I am the boy in the picture."

The old gentleman laughed when reminded of the days in Manchester, New Hampshire, back in the sixties when the little gelding and his son, now one of the most famous harnessmen in the world, raced for oats or a few dollars and won in 3:05 to 3:08.

"That was some trotter," commented Walter. "I trained him, drove him, took care of him and father owned him. He could not get within a minute of some that I have had since but folks were not in such a hurry in those days. I will also say that no horse ever had better care than that one."

"What was his name?" asked a guest.

"Why, do you want to look him up to see if he was straight?" asked Walter.

"Oh, no! he was wrong it is longed by his time," answered the same party.

"Well, then, I will tell you," said the host. "It was Patten's Tom."

"What became of him?" asked another.

"Dad drove him into the country one day," reported Walter, "and returned with the handsomest gray horse I ever saw up to that time. He had made a trade and it looked like a good one for him. When I saw the new horse the once over I saw that he was wearing a set of three calk shoes, each of which weighed at least two pounds. He also had a long toe, something I had been led to believe a trotter should not have. I gave him a trial on the road hitched to an old Concord wagon and found that he could according to my idea trot fast. Father's knowledge of trotters in the rough moved up in my estimation five hundred percent."

"The next day I almost rubbed the skin off my hands scrubbing that gray horse with soap and water. He was as clean as a whistle when I finished. I braided his tail and mane with rags and as I tied each braid I was thinking what I would do to the Manchester butchers the next Friday morning."

"The new trotter was then taken to the shop to be shod. I had his shoes removed and feet cut down until the horse looked to be half a hand lower. For foot wear I selected a pair of too weighted shoes which were all the rage then and put on a light pair behind. Over a pound was taken off each foot. As I led the gray horse home I kept chucking to myself when I thought of what I would do with him Friday morning."

"When the day came I was at the track with the new horse ready to race. He looked like a picture with his mane and tail frizzed and his dapple coat glistening in the sunshine. Some one called him Gray Eagle and I smiled. As soon as I started him up I got a jolt in the new outfit; he could not trot or run. Some one said he might fly. I did not dispute it and drove him back to the stable. The next day the handsome gray wearing his racing shoes went out in front of a butcher cart."

"Oh, no, dad never had any trotters if you let him tell it. He started me and we're here."

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A WONDERFUL "SKIN SPECIALIST" IN A TWO-INCH BOX

50c ALL DRUGGISTS

WGY Program

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3

WGY (Schenectady, N. Y.)

General Electric Company

790 Kilocycles (379.9 Meters)

Eastern Standard Time

11:30 a. m.—Stock market report.

11:40 a. m.—produce market report.

11:45 a. m.—Weather report.

11:55 a. m.—Time signals.

5:00 p. m.—Produce and stock market quotations; news, baseball scores.

5:30 p. m.—Program for children.

5:45 p. m.—Program by Albany Strand Theatre Orchestra, Julius Boxhorn, conductor; Floyd H. Walters, organist.

6:30 p. m.—Feature from Child's Book of Knowledge.

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—not the plunger! And it's the steady saving through a life insurance policy that will bring assured comfort to your old age, rather than the occasional plunge in the uncertain field of investment. Life insurance protects your family too, as no other form of saving can do.

You can build up a comfortable estate in safety, and in a surprisingly short time, through Great-West Life profit-bearing policies. Write for particulars of actual results achieved under our various policy plans.

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MANAGERS—P. E. I.

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NESCO PERFECT OIL COOK STOVE

With intense heat—as much as you want, when you want it—the Nesco Perfect Oil Cook Stove fries, bakes, boils, or toasts.

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The Charlottetown Fox Breeders Protective Association

The following ranches are members of the above Association, which includes in its protective measures one pair of man tracking blood hounds, which will arrive in Charlottetown May 20th.

The members are also protected by one of the best detective agencies in Canada

All members pledge the resources subscribed for the purpose of effecting the arrest and prosecution of any party or parties who attempt to enter, or do enter or steal or molest the property of the ranches.

The list of ranches protected are as follows:—

- "Unionvale," MacLure and MacKinnon, Union Road, P. E. I.
- "Vimy," Provise and MacKinnon, Norwood Road, P. E. I.
- "International Foxes and Furs," W. Chester S. MacLure, Marshfield, P. E. I.
- "Bovyer Ranch," Franklin Bovyer, Bunbury, P. E. I.
- "North River Ranch," W. K. Rogers, North River, P. E. I.
- "Dalton Ranch," W. K. Rogers, Southport, P. E. I.
- "Bellevue Ranch," W. K. Rogers, Tea Hill, P. E. I.
- "Flood Ranch," W. K. Rogers, Southport, P. E. I.
- "Smallwood Ranch," W. K. Rogers, Southport, P. E. I.
- "Farquharson Fox and Fur Farms," P. A. Farquharson, East Royalty, P. E. I.
- "Lawndale Ranch," C. L. MacKay, St. Peters Road, P. E. I.
- "MacDonald Ranch," J. A. MacDonald, Southport, P. E. I.
- "Silver Sheen Ranch," Walter S. Grant, Marshfield, P. E. I.
- "Brow Ranch," E. R. Brow, East Royalty, P. E. I.
- "Newstead Ranch," Ed Saunders, Winsloe, P. E. I.
- "General Fur Farms Ltd., Mount Edward Road, P. E. I.
- "General Fur Farms Ltd., North River Road, P. E. I.
- "Charlottetown Silver Black Fox Co., Ltd., Mount Edward Road, P. E. I.
- "Hopeton Ranch," W. A. Much, Southport, P. E. I.
- "Jenkins Ranch," J. D. Jenkins, Ch'Town Royalty.
- "Green Acres Ranch," Ray Clark, Union Road.

It is the intention to mark all the ranches with official placards of the Association. This will be done as soon as placards are made.

John Agnew Fur Farms Ltd., Brackley Point, P. E. I.  
Wm. L. McEachern, Mermaid, P. E. I.  
John Roper, Sherwood, P. E. I.

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