

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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A CHANGE OF HEART

One of the bitterest critics of the Bennett Government in its negotiations at the Imperial Economic Conference was the Winnipeg Free Press. The Free Press predicted the Conference would be a failure, and it cannot be said that it did much to help it succeed. Nevertheless, this great western free trade journal now realizes that the Conference has opened up great possibilities for Canadian agricultural producers in the British market, and in a recent issue it devotes a leading editorial to the recently concluded agricultural conference at Toronto and the emphasis placed at that conference on the necessity of quality production as a means of realizing the benefits obtainable from the treaties signed at the Ottawa parity. The Free Press editorial reads in part:

"With an assured market in Great Britain for her agricultural products as a result of the Imperial Economic Conference, Canada would be sacrificing a great opportunity if she did not undertake, forthwith, to improve the quality of her farm products, to increase the exportable surplus and to improve her marketing methods. This was the purpose of the National Agricultural Conference in Toronto, when plans were laid for more effective co-ordination of the efforts of all who are seeking to promote the development of agriculture in this country.

"Great Britain, with its small area and great industrial population, is the best market in the world for farm products. She imports more wheat, meats and dairy products than any other country, but only a small proportion of her food supply comes at present from the dominions. Canada is a large agricultural country with great possibilities of increased production. Britain is now inviting her farm products and offering them a preferred position. But our agricultural leaders know that the full advantage of the opportunity cannot be gained without a united and sustained effort on the part of all agricultural interests in this country.

"An assured market, alone, would be an advantage to the Canadian farmer, but the premium that is always paid for products of the first quality would increase that advantage, as would the practice of marketing in the manner most acceptable in Great Britain. The farmer has every reason to co-operate heartily in this effort to put more money in his pocket. And meeting the demands of the market in regard to quality and otherwise, will be the sure way to get a firm and permanent hold on that most desirable of export markets. There is not the slightest doubt that Canada can do it, with the proper co-operation between the various agencies and with the farmers themselves rising to the opportunity.

"It is a matter, of course, in which the whole country is interested. Every business man knows how the returns from an increased and stable export trade in farm products would stimulate every other business."

It may be noted that before the Imperial Conference met, the Free Press ridiculed the proposed parity in an article purporting to represent the "Empire on Parade," in which the representatives of each Empire unit, and particularly the Canadian delegates, were lampooned. The "parade" according to the Free Press, would include such specialties as "Economists Walking in Sixes and Sevens," "A Squadron of Customs Brokers mounted on Rebates," "The Dominion conglomerate of tariff experts," "The Dominion Government's," "Ninety-three Dump Duties on horseback, three and three," "A pack of Exchange self-government."

Hounds, running free, noses to the ground," and the British Preference "on a pair of crutches." The Canadian Prime Minister was represented as being "attended by a squadron of Trick Economists, led by Professor Leacock, reading his Book aloud." The British delegates were depicted as being followed by "a troop of Rebates, Drawbacks, Dump Duties, and Treaty Rates, four and four," and "the Gold Standard in a Wheel Chair." Further on in the procession were described "shoals of Currency Sharks conveyed in a Bimetallic water-tank, accompanied by Investment Brokers and Bond Brokers walking three and three, in Diving Suits," these in turn being followed by "Bankers, Brokers, Economists," assorted companies of Briefs from Boards of Trade, Chambers of Commerce, Labor Unions, Provincial Governments, four and four," the whole brought up by "a section of the Great Wall of China on a truck."

This kind of propaganda was continued throughout the Conference proceedings. Now, in the article above quoted, the Free Press admits that as a result of the Imperial Economic Conference, Canada, if the opportunity is seized, will obtain "an assured market in Great Britain for her agricultural products." This was one of the great objects which Premier Bennett had in mind, and it is interesting to note that his success has been such that it can no longer be ignored by even the strongest partisan critics.

NEW BOOK IN INDIA

It is noteworthy that since Lord Willingdon went to India this last time, and since Gandhi was once more imprisoned, the so-called saint seems to have pretty well disappeared from the picture of Indian affairs. Mrs. Patricia Kendall, author of a new book on India, gives ample documentary evidence to show that Gandhi is more of a pretender than saint. It is obvious that he inaugurated his passive resistance campaign knowing all the time that it would lead to violence and bloodshed. If he had his way he would destroy the 44,000 miles of railway and other improvements with which British initiative and British money have provided the country, thus facilitating the internal trade of the country and rendering it easy in cases of local shortages of food to convey supplies to the needy districts.

Mrs. Kendall opens with a description of the Khyber Pass, through the Himalayas on the north-west frontier by which conquering armies for centuries (and until the British arrived) poured out upon the Indian plains carrying slaughter and destruction as they advanced. She deals with the whole caste system; with the suppression of the 60,000,000 Untouchables with the place of the Mohammedans in the Peninsula; with the role which first the East India Company and then the British Government have played in the development, protection and advancement of a vast sub-continent. There are chapters on the cities of India; on the vast peasant population; on the constant conflicts between the various elements in the population; upon the fact that but for the stabilizing influence of the British occupation, the population would fall back once more into bloody internecine struggles; and upon the truism that but for the British, India would have been subjected to further cruel raids from the Khyber Pass.

The author, who is an American lady, concludes with the emphatic pronouncement that British rule, British guidance and British protection are absolutely necessary to the development, through the years that are to come, of a workable system of representative government.

NOTES BY THE WAY

Addressing a large meeting at Calgary on the evening of Labor Day, Premier Bennett, referring to the Imperial Conference, said among other things: "We are going to blaze the path to progress—show the world it can be done. It is a great experiment but it will not unfold itself today, nor tomorrow. I will not see it, but the children who entered this room tonight will witness it. We have a great responsibility. We have said we would be able to provide the goods if we only had the chance to deliver them. We have got the chance—now deliver the goods."

It cannot be called reprisal when we are still willing to buy as much from the United States as they buy from Canada. But, as the Vancouver Province says, we weary of buying too much from a country which erects a hostile tariff against our farmers and our forest products, particularly when that country discounts the par value of our currency.

There is memory in a garden which strikes on the tenderest chord of human relationships; and in an educational way reminds how each of us should obey the urge to become part and parcel of the communal life in an uplifting, cheerful, and serviceable fashion. And if man in times of serfdom, oppression, battle, slavery, and poverty prays for sparks of comfort and some sort of heart-balm, thank heaven the garden flowers can always give it. They bespeak an eminence of grace in which we all can share and share alike.

The luscious Ontario peach, ripened yesterday on the tree, has now taken possession of the stores; and the Ontario tomato, whose juices contain more vitamins than oranges is coming into its own in the home circle. Perhaps the upswing in commodity prices generally will soon be felt more widely in the articles the farmer has to sell. Ottawa already reports the index number of prices of field products in Canada rose from 40.6 in June to 41.8 in July. Canadian farmers have suffered long from low prices. When encouragement comes back to them their course in buying what city industrial plants have to sell will induce a new sense of confidence and business activity which will be widely felt.

An American educationalist says: "The school was made for the pupil, not the pupil for the school. The educational system exists for the benefit of the child, not the child for the system. The child is a personality and his welfare is the object. It is not merely a peg to be thrust into a certain hole, or a sausage to be turned out by a sausage machine." He cites the case of a pupil compelled to repeat a whole year in school in the same classes, because he failed in one subject. This is nothing new, yet it is simply foolish. It means not only that a year of the pupil's time is wasted, but it means also that the cost of that year's education, which the taxpayers pay, is thrown away for nothing. What is to hinder the pupil being advanced in the subjects in which he is proficient and sent back to the one class which he had not mastered? That is what a parent does with his child at home. The parent teaches the child what he does not know, he is not so foolish as to waste his time going over and over what the child does know, time which would be worse than wasted.

Instead of making the world safe for democracy, the upshot of the war has been that so far there has been no particular safety for anybody. Italy has a dictator, so has Turkey and Austria, and Germany is in a fair way to have one, while from Siam in the far east to Chili on the other side of the world, there is hardly a country between in which commotions have not broken loose and of such a character that in many it has overturned the fabric of the State. Mankind has a long way yet to travel before it creates the perfect state, and it is well to realize that whether under king, dictator, Fascist, democracy, or any other form, the perfect state can never come about without perfect citizens out of which to make it. And where are they?

The United States Children's Bureau finds that thousands of boys of all ages are aimlessly roaming the nation's highways and riding the freight trains. Some of them have left the grammar school, others have finished college. Investigation proves that mainly they come from homes in which, owing to hard times, they can no longer be supported. They are swiftly becoming idle, shiftless and dishonest. Appeal is made to organizations and to undertake to save those who are on the move from becoming hardened hoboes. Professional tramps are not to be envied, say

Treasures In A Bookshop

(S. L. Ricardo in Great Thoughts, September.) "Dear Ellen, I scribble one hasty line just to say that after a pleasant enough journey we have got safely to Conway; the evening is wet and wild, though the day was fair chiefly with some gleams of sunshine." So wrote Charlotte Bronte the night after her wedding. Of course the evening was wet and wild. How could it be otherwise on such a notable Bronte occasion? The letter, together with a lock of Charlotte's hair and a pair of minute slippers, are in the possession of Mr. W. T. Spencer, the famous bookseller of New Oxford street.

He has another letter, too, in which Charlotte shows great concern about a bonnet which is being altered to suit her. But the most personal of the Bronte relics is a book, a finger long, in which as a child Charlotte translated Voltaire's "Henriade." All the opportunities withheld from her, all the energy and pain of great projects are cramped into these narrow pages. Paper was a luxury and Voltaire not a young lady's author, but somehow she obtained them both.

A happier woman than Charlotte Bronte and less in stature, Elizabeth Barrett, has left something of herself in this London bookshop. Writing to her dear Miss Mitford, she describes Tennyson's descent on the Browning household:

"He dined with us, smoked with us, opened his heart to us (and the second bottle of port) and ended by reading 'Maud' through from end to end and going away at half-past two in the morning. If I had had a heart to spare, certainly he would have won mine. He is captivating with his frankness, confidence and unexampled naivete. Think of his stopping in 'Maud' every now and then—'That's a wonderful touch! That's very tender. How beautiful that is!' Yes, and it was wonderful, tender, beautiful, and he read exquisitely in a voice like an organ, rather music than speech."

It is a long step from Tennyson's organ notes to his old pipes, but Mr. Spencer once purchased a collection of these from a gardener and entered them in his catalogue under colored prints, the postcard smoking equipment that so pleased Elizabeth Barrett after having tinted the pipe bowls.

A tortoise-shell trinket-box, given by Nelson to Lady Hamilton, is the sort of thing that American dealers describe as "romantic link with past," but it is Dickens who has left his heart all over the shop. There are dinner-plates from Gads Hill which must once have held mighty rounds of beef, rivers of gravy and magnificent helpings of pudding. There are letters, and although Dickens said he never had time to write any letter he would like to write because he had to turn out fifty a day he did not like, yet some that lie here are written with relish. In one from Broadstairs he describes how he persuaded a sculptor named Fletcher to bathe and how the sculptor "set up a shriek which pierced the air. You never heard anything so horrible. And then he splashed about like a fleet of porpoises, roaring most horribly all the time and dancing a maniac dance which defied description. Such a devil—such a bold, howling, fearful devil in buff I never beheld."

In another seaside letter Dickens says: "I am working, walking and seawater here, and only going into the great Oven for Household Words' purposes and coming away again as soon as I have baked that weekly bread." He was editor of this publication, and Mr. Spencer has an old speaking tube, with whistle and fittings, which once hung near the editorial chair in the "Household Words" office in Wellington street, and down which Dickens must have bawled many orders for galley proofs and more ink.

The most treasured Dickens relic of all is a small New Testament found in his travelling desk at the time of his death, and sold to Mr. Spencer by Miss Hogarth, Dickens' beloved sister-in-law. It contains an inscription in Dickens' hand, two or three piously gaudy old book-markers and a forgotten Christmas card from an equally forgotten admirer.

Meredith was perhaps more careless about his MSS. than any other author of Mr. Spencer's acquaintance. He frequently lighted his pipe with a discarded page, a more expensive habit than lighting it with a bank-note. Once, when his nurse accused him of mock modesty, he ordered her to make a bonfire of his MSS. at the end of the garden and only reluctantly yielded

the knowing ones. Forever moving, they are not actually going anywhere—they are only trying to get away from themselves.



By James W. Barton, M.D. WHY SO MANY DIABETICS DESPITE INSULIN

"With insulin it is possible to raise diabetic children who formerly were doomed to die—to prepare them thoroughly for an occupation and to make them worthy heads of families."

This is the statement of Prof. Umber of Berlin, where there are 8000 cases of diabetes. He finds that severe illness, tuberculosis, and surgical operations are withstood by diabetic patients, properly treated with insulin just as well as by healthy persons.

If insulin can save the lives of children afflicted with diabetes, and can keep alive adults despite the damage already done to the pancreatic gland, why is it that so many people still die of diabetes? The reason is that many are unwilling to follow the diet rules and also use insulin in the manner prescribed. Dr. Elliot P. Joslin, Boston, says there are three to four times as many diabetics now as there were fifteen years ago due to the newer knowledge of diet, upon insulin, and the dependence of these two on exercise, which have greatly prolonged the life of the diabetic.

Unfortunately the diabetic patient is still compelled to inject the insulin he requires. Insulin by the mouth has practically no effect. Most of these patients learn to use the hypodermic needle properly and have no trouble from its use.

It is now possible for those unable to pay for insulin to receive it free from the province, state, or city, so that no diabetic patient need die from lack of it.

As you know it is the starchy food—potatoes, bread and sugar—that must be eaten in small quantities by the diabetic, and as Prof. Umber points out, this makes the increased need or use of vegetables, fat, and meat, somewhat expensive.

The point to remember then is that there are more diabetics because lives have been prolonged and there are naturally more deaths because of this increased number of cases. The number of cases has increased about fourfold over the records of fifteen years ago, and before the discovery of insulin.

Remember then that deaths from diabetes can be prevented if treatment is begun within a reasonable time, and the patient carries out the treatment as to diet and the use of insulin after he no longer visits his physician.

Drs. Leonard F. C. Wendt and Franklin B. Peck in a series of 1073 cases found insulin necessary for about one-third, had to be used temporarily for another third, while the remainder got along without it.

when she begged for keepsakes. A few days later Mr. Spencer stood in the bare room with its iron bedstead where Meredith had died, and was taken down into the vegetable garden to see a heap of ashes, all that remained of the priceless MSS. sheets.

Each visitor to the shop makes straight for the thing that interests him. Lewis Carroll, whose real name was the Rev. C. L. Dodgson, was fascinated by a collection of old puzzles stored in a corner, and whenever he wrote to Mr. Spencer afterwards, drew a riddle in diagram in the corner of the page. Sir Henry Irving often came to look for old editions of Shakespeare, and among souvenirs of him are the dagger he used as Hamlet and Shylock's knife. Lady Tree wanted help in making her Trollope collection. Lord Rosebery specialized in drawings and prints of Eton, his old school, and his daughter, Lady Sybil, came in search of old drawings of parachutes. Lord Curzon bought views of India and caricatures of Napoleon, and Dr. Truman, Queen Victoria's dentist, came for more and yet more Cruikshank drawings.

That Body of Hours



BALLAD

Into the wood the old king went And greeted an ash and touched an oak. Out of his sore soul's discontent He sighed and spoke:

"Children I had, and they are dead. A wife I had, and she is lost. What do you do, good trees?" he said, "At the hour of frost?"

The oak trees sighed, the ash tree sighed, But never a word they gave that king. The crow in the ash tree cawed and cried, But did not sing.

The old king shut his two eyes fast, And leant his forehead against the tree, And thought of all the dead leaves past— A marvelous company.

They came, they came, like waves of the sea, These ghosts of leaves came round that king. They hushed, they whispered, ceaselessly, And he heard them sing:

Children and bright-eyed wives we were, But Time forgot us, and no one grieves, Who remembers us? Who will stir The ghosts of leaves? . . .

The world is a world of forgotten things; It is better so, far better so. Wives and children, even a king's Are as brief as snow.

And who can be happier than the dead, By all forgotten, forgetting all? Come with us—King!—the dead leaves said— The year's at the fall.

—Conrad Aiken in Poetry.

tion books he had given her. In "An Island Voyage" he had written: "My dear Cummy, if you had not taken so much trouble with me all the years of my childhood this little work would never have been written. Many a long night you sat up with me when I was ill. I wish I could hope, by way of return, to amuse a single evening for you with my little book! But whatever you may think of it, I know you will continue to think kindly of the author." Later Miss Cunningham arranged for the disposal of a heavy gold brooch containing a lock of her hair, flanked with two curls from Stevenson's baby head.

A letter from him acknowledging the receipt of some old Scotch pamphlets contains the rhyme: I thank you, Spencer, courteous chap,

For many a volume quaint and neat, Which would not have been mine perchance, Had I not known New Oxford Street.

Miss Large, Stevenson's last nurse, the "little spectacled angel" he wrote of in the Valhalla Letters, brought many relics to the shop, including a prayer written by Stevenson for his Sunday school in Samoa.

This prayer reveals the man more cruelly than any other lines of his writing: "We beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with favor, folk of many families and nations, gathered together in the peace of this roof, we men and women subsisting under the covert of Thy patience. Be patient still: suffer us yet awhile longer—with our broken purposes of good, with our idle endeavors against evil—suffer us awhile longer to endure." Here is the miserable worm philosophy at its worst. For once Stevenson has thrown aside his lifelong pose of "the strong man" and shows himself as the school-boy decadent who could sigh "shall we never shed blood."

A \$500.00 Car Free! We have on hand ten guaranteed cars, all re-conditioned and painted which we must sell this year. One of these cars will be given away free. The list is as follows: A 1928 Dodge standard six sedan 17000 miles, \$350.00, a 1928 Dodge standard six sedan 12000 miles \$450.00, a 1929 Dodge six sedan 12000 miles \$500.00, a 1931 Willys six coach 13000 miles \$450.00, a 1930 DeSoto six sedan 6000 miles, \$450.00, a 1930-31 Dodge eight sedan 8000 miles \$750.00, a 1930 Marmon eight sedan 17000 miles \$650.00, a 1931 Buick eight sedan 17000 miles \$750.00, a 1930-36 Chrysler six 22000 miles \$550.00, a 1929-30 Ford 1/2 ton truck 13000 miles, with covered body, one foot longer than usual \$275.00. Our plan is, that as soon as these ten cars are sold we will call the purchasers together and they will make the decision as to who gets his car free, we handing back the settlement given us and allowing him to keep his car. This is up to \$500.00. The decision of the ten purchasers may be made in any way they desire so long as it is a fair way. Should they not be able to agree, then we will decide a method to be employed. But you can be sure that one of these ten cars will not cost anything to the purchaser up to \$500.00 as we will hand that amount back to him if his car costs that much. All these cars are priced 20% below Montreal or Toronto prices for the same cars and at least 50% below their real value. But we must sell in order to pay our debts. We will tell you as each car is sold. W. B. PROWSE & SONS 5899-9-14-wfs-31.

Nebraska And Shakespeare (The Edmonton Journal) One does not usually associate the state where William Jennings Bryan rose to political prominence with the greatest figure in English literature. But a member of the staff of the University of Nebraska, Dr. Charles W. Wallace, who died last week, had to his credit the greatest Shakespearean discovery in recent times. Dr. Wallace's story is a fascinating one. A decade and a half ago he came to the conclusion that if he studied the oil business thoroughly he could make enough money to pursue the Shakespearean researches on which he had set his heart. In a few months he succeeded in amassing a fortune and resigned his university post. Delving among the documents in the record office in London he came across some that enabled him to locate the spot where Shakespeare lived during the time that he was producing his greatest plays. The papers had to do with a lawsuit. A maker of wigs, Christopher Mountjoy, lived at the corner of Silver and Monkwell streets in London. His household consisted of his wife and daughter, an apprentice named Stephen Bellot and a lodger, William Shakespeare. Bellot married the daughter and afterwards brought action against his father-in-law for a promised dowry. Shakespeare's deposition was an important factor in the case. It showed that he lived with the family for six years previous to the date of the wedding, which took place on November 19, 1604, at Saint Olave's Church, directly opposite Mountjoy's house, and that he probably was still living there when he wrote his plays. The papers had to do with a lawsuit. A maker of wigs, Christopher Mountjoy, lived at the corner of Silver and Monkwell streets in London. His household consisted of his wife and daughter, an apprentice named Stephen Bellot and a lodger, William Shakespeare. Bellot married the daughter and afterwards brought action against his father-in-law for a promised dowry. Shakespeare's deposition was an important factor in the case. It showed that he lived with the family for six years previous to the date of the wedding, which took place on November 19, 1604, at Saint Olave's Church, directly opposite Mountjoy's house, and that he probably was still living there when he wrote his plays. RARE OPPORTUNITY Motor Car Salesman—Are you interested in any particular make of car, sir? Pedestrian—No! I just came in here to enjoy being among a few that I didn't have to jump away from.

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