

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

President—W. Chester H. MacLure... Secretary—Lieut. Col. D. A. Mackinnon... Editor and Manager—J. H. Burnett

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1930

Race For A Judgeship

In connection with the coming vacancy in the County Court Judgeship, which falls due on Feb. 13, a lively three-cornered contest is reported to be under way.

An Unenviable Record

Prince Edward Island under the Saunders regime has achieved the unenviable reputation of having more of its people in jail in proportion to population than any other province in the Dominion.

that they held in all forty-three prisoners, an average of three prisoners in each of the fifteen county jails of the province.

The question will soon have to be faced as to the provision to be made when the three county jails overflow. The jailors' quarters, like the six condemned cells in Queens County Jail, may have to be requisitioned for the accommodation of extra inmates.

Making of a Piper

How long does it take to learn the bagpipes? As long as it takes to learn the violin or the piano, said the pipe-major of the Canadian National Railways to the Governor of Massachusetts the other day.

Nor is this cause for surprise. Before the MacCrimmons College of Skye recognized a student's ability to play the pibroch alone he had to study at least six years, and then he usually spent further time on marches, strathspeys, reels and quicksteps.

But once mastered, the bagpipes are capable of producing most inspiring music—the humorists notwithstanding. Who that has heard them by the side of a loch, on a road through a glen, or from a distant hilltop can forget the strains as carried on the breeze?

Editorial Notes

The proposed embargo on the importation of parrots, suggests an exchange, may affect the cracker market.

Of the King Government tariff policy, as variously expounded by its members in different parts of the country, an Ottawa exchange cynically remarks: "You pays you money and you takes you choice."

Notes By The Way

In the early days of the Dominion telegraph rates were very high and the messages sent over the wires were brief and insignificant in number compared with the vast development that has since taken place.

Maritime newspapers were wholly dependent upon the mails for anything like a full and fair report of what was going on in the capital.

There was no stenographer in the Senate for years after Parliament first opened. What did service as a sort of Hansard, was made up of clippings from the leading newspapers pasted in a scrap book, and this is said to have been destroyed by fire when the Parliament Building was burned a few years ago.

Prince Edward Island had but a very limited and primitive telegraph service when it entered the Dominion in 1873. Long after that date, and down to 1896 it was still very limited and unsatisfactory.

The reader of these lines can readily imagine how insignificant was the value of the telegraph service to a morning paper in Charlottetown in those days. The writer vividly recalls having reported to the President of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company in England, the conditions of the service in this city and Province in February, 1896.

To the late Mr. Horace Haszard, both as a citizen and a member of Parliament, this Province is deeply indebted for his very valuable, persistent and successful efforts to reform and extend the telegraph service between the Island and the outside world.

From Saskatchewan comes the strange tidings that thousands of horses have been starving to death from lack of fodder and intense cold weather. Published reports tell that many farmers have shot numbers of their horses to put them out of their suffering.

The proposed Royal Commission to study unemployment, endorsed by Hon. R. B. Bennett, is objected to by the Toronto Globe on the ground that it would delay immediate action which seems to be needed.

Russia has again become an exporter of wheat, and the price of wheat has declined to a new low level. But this decline in wheat prices has but little effect in reducing the cost of flour or bread in provinces where little or no wheat is grown.

Ottawa despatches tell of a new type of motor truck invented by the British War Office and recently tested in clearing a snow-blocked road in the Gatineau hills near the capital.



By James W. Barlow, M.D. REMOVING CAUSE OF THE AILMENT

One of the things that does not seem logical is to treat an organ to make it work properly, without trying to find out why it is not working properly.

Now if that organ be the heart it is certainly wise to treat or protect it immediately so that it will continue to work.

However, to have a patient rest daily because the heart is working too fast due to an infection from the teeth, without doing anything to remove the infection from the teeth, doesn't seem like good sense.

Giving digitals or other drug to steady and 'slow' the heart is good immediate treatment, but while that heart is being steadied and the beat strengthened, there should be no delay about getting rid of any infection that is interfering with its regularity and strength.

If the trouble be due to emotional disturbances these should be treated, as with an infection, by an effort to remove them.

Because after all although the heart has its own 'reserve' of strength its condition really depends upon the condition of the whole body.

If no exercise is being taken, the heart muscle diminishes in strength. Eating food that causes too much gas formation will cause pressure on the heart that interferes with its action.

This gas may accumulate in the upper left hand part of the stomach, or part of large intestine, causing pressure against the floor of chest, and thus against the heart.

Too many stimulants may likewise be causing the heart to beat too often.

My thought then is that as the heart has to do all the pumping of the blood to all parts of the body, every effort to rest and steady it is of course right, but if you can remove from the various parts of the body and mind the little or big things that are causing it to beat rapidly or irregularly that would be the common sense thing to do.

Why try to relieve the heart of some of its work by rest, or drugs, when by lessening the work, that infection or other conditions are making it do, you may not need the drugs, as the heart will regain its own reserve strength, if given the chance.

And this same idea applies to other organs of the body. Why treat the organ itself without trying to remove the cause of its trouble.



THE STARFISH

Triangles are commands of God And independent lie Outside our brains as wild geese show Travelling down the sky.

And this five-pointed thing that sucks Its slow way as it can Has as sure a hold on God As great Aldebaran.

It has as large a power to please Any eye that gazes Upon its harmony of lines As ancient Attic vases.

Pentagon for Gawain's shield, Five points of chivalry, In ancient laws and musical It creeps below the sea.

Its fingers are on God's own hand, Its just name is a star, Through aeons it remains as right As birth and dying are.

—By Robert P. Tristram Coffin in the New Adelphi.

have to travel over. after the manner of a tractor, but ever so much easier, with less splutter and fuss.

Says the Mail and Empire: For 97 miles the new six-wheeled truck, armed along loaded with two tons weight ploughed over hills of 5 per cent gradients; it waltzed through unbroken tracks, where snow buried it to the hubs, and did the distance in 14 hours.

With fair conditions it can do 40 miles an hour. It is not able to climb trees, nor is it guaranteed to beat a train to a level crossing, but for the general wear and tear of travel over bad roads or no roads in winter it is claimed to be a world beater.

Down on the Farm

(T. B. R. in the Manitoba Free Press)

This is the rather sad story of Mr. Willet and the potatoes he paid for but never got. It is a simple rural tale, approximately accurate in its details, and it discloses the sort of inadvertent mischances that befall even the most careful men.

It was a lovely autumn evening with the sun sailing down through emerald sky-lakes and crimson cloud islands to his setting behind the dark serrated peaks of the Rockies far across the Alberta plain; we were pottering about the barn door enjoying the color and the allures of the evening glow and tasting the sweetness of the air, when we saw a wagon come over the hump on the south road a mile away.

On a busy day as many as half-dozen would pass; and yet as they rose into sight out of the hollow they always were objects of interest, drawing slowly nearer along the rutted road, and passing and as slowly vanishing a mile or so farther north.

Horses tugging in the heavy traces; wagon boxes bleached and battered by weather and use; and the driver on his seat the reins loose in his fingers, watching the endless trail slowly flowing in under his horses' feet. The wagon, on this special evening, came over the hump and came steadily on and we presently saw it was Mr. Willet's turnout.

With Mr. Willet himself driving. He wore a large coat—the nights were rather cool—and an astrakhan cloth cap. He stopped his team at the gate waved a greeting and got down. We did not know Mr. Willet very well and when he came over we saw he could be doing very nicely with good close shave. But that was no of course, the matter in hand, or any body's business.

The matter in hand turned out to be potatoes. "I believe you're growing Anderson's potatoes," said he at last after we had gone round the usual ring of preliminary observations, "have you more than you will need?"

"On yes; a lot more; good gracious we should hope so."

"They're a nice white variety ain't they?" asked Mr. Willet. And we agreed they were: very nice and white indeed. "And dry, too."

"So I've been told," said he; "and you might have some to spare."

"Indeed we will," said we. "Lots." Mr. Willet had a reputation. We knew but he never used money to buy with. Trade Mr. Willet did his exchanges by barter. Six hens for a pigling; an old grindstone for a second-hand axe; a decrepit mower for a middle-aged cream-separator. And so with the potatoes. No coin.

"Now look," said he, "you've got your team, and them cows there, and them calves and you need oats, don't you? Now look, we'll make a trade, oats for potatoes; then we're both suited."

He was right. We did need oats. The animals he mentioned could eat oats with the most heart-breaking persistence. The more they got the more they ate. Mr. Willet didn't know it—yet perhaps he did too—but at that moment our need for oats was aggressive. So we listened to his little proposition: more than that, we agreed to it.

What the details were we do not—all this happened in the olden, the golden, days before the War—now remember. It was so many bags of oats—immediate delivery—for so many sacks of our potatoes, when they were dug—which was a week or two distant. Mr. Willet had the oats in his wagon. And he carried them into the barn there and then, and drove off slowly into the splendors of the north-west sky.

The potato harvest duly came. The brittle white tubers were dug and gathered and stored. Most of them were sold; some were put away for seed; and so many sacks—as per agreement—were set aside for Mr. Willet. Nice ones, too. Late autumn and winter descended on the land, but Mr. Willet didn't come for his potatoes; the oats had long, long since been horse and cow.

Mr. Willet never came. Spring came again, and brought great changes. It carried us far away from the potato-field and the mountain view, and the long thin ribbon of road, and endless sweep of the green prairie. And he never came. His sacks of potatoes were an embarrassment to us; and when we left they remained in the room cellar, and someone—not Mr. Willet—in the ordinary course of nature bolted them in a pot and ate them.

To the quick-thinking mind the answer to all this is immediate. Poor Mr. Willet expected us to make delivery. It came to us on another lovely summer evening, in a city far distant from the prairie foothills, and Mr. Willet had long been dead.

Wise mothers who know the virtue of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator always have it at hand, because it proves its value.

Annual Statement (Condensed) Year Ending December 31st, 1929. New Business Issued - \$ 85,236,853.00. Business in Force - 592,370,122.00. Assets - 118,923,990.02. Liabilities - 114,585,711.37. Income - 28,098,058.00. Gross Surplus Earned - 5,753,797.30. Provision for Future Profits to Policyholders - 10,440,324.00. Unassigned Profits and Contingency Reserve - 4,338,278.65. Of the 75 Million Dollars paid to policyholders and their beneficiaries since the Company was first founded in 1892, over 48 Million went to living policyholders, while 27 Million went to beneficiaries as death claims. HYNDMAN & CO. LTD, Provincial Managers CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I. THE Great-West Life ASSURANCE COMPANY HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

The Public Forum This column is open for the discussion by correspondents of questions of interest. The Charlottetown Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinions of correspondents.

A PARK AND SANCTUARY Sir,—I was interested in reading "Nature Lovers" comments in The Guardian recently and would hasten to add my word. Why can we not have a Park in P. E. I. as well as our sister Provinces? I understood that it is the intention of the powers-that-be to establish both a sanctuary and Park, but why wait for a time in the far future? There are several areas of wood-land and also scrub and barrens that could be purchased and converted into a park or wild life preserve. We scarcely realize the interest our people both old and young take in watching wild life in its native haunts, a privilege, however, which few of our people enjoy. If we wish to see a deer, moose, bear or many of our Canadian fur and game animals we have to spend much money and travel to some preserve in Ontario or farther west in order to see these animals in their semi-wild state. Consequently only a favored few of our people can enjoy these pleasures. Instead of our people spending much time and money in order to see these things many tourists would flock to our Island and leave a surplus here for our people. The policing of such a preserve would not be a great matter as far as expenses are concerned as one good forest ranger could keep fair order and also guide tourists through such an enclosure. Once such a park was well established a small fee could be charged and thus could be used to pay for patrolling such an area. No firearms would be allowed in such a place, but if Beaver were introduced they would soon make dams in which trout could live and these would provide fine sport. These dams would also make ideal havens of rest for ducks which are shot at so much in our marshes. The winter has seen hundreds, possibly a thousand or more, ducks come to one of these dams in a single night. What of course we have no large areas like the national parks of Algonquin or others, but we could have one in proportion to the area of our Island. Several persons have spoken to the writer about such a proposition, but no move has ever been made in earnest. Could not our Fish and Game Association take this matter up, if necessary enlarge it to include all fair-minded nature lovers and sportsmen on the Island, and we would thus have backing enough to make such a scheme possible. This would be no wild-cat venture, but I believe that nearly all our people would enjoy such a park once it was firmly established, and the sight of our wild Canadian animals in their haunts would more than repay for the time and energy spent in creating same. I am Sir, etc., WILD LIFE PROTECTOR

THE LAND WE LOVE By FRANK WEIGER GOVERNOR CHARLES LAWRENCE Q. Who was Governor Charles Lawrence? A. Charles Lawrence was it is claimed largely responsible for the expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia. He was an English officer who came to Nova Scotia in 1747 and engaged in the war with the French from 1749-50 and was a Brigadier-general under Amherst at the siege of Louisbourg in 1758. He became a member of the Council of Nova Scotia when it was given self government, becoming lieutenant governor in 1754 and governor in 1758. He died in Halifax.

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