

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

President—W. Chester H. McLure. Secretary—Lieut. Col. D. A. Mackinnon, B. S. O. Editor and Manager—J. H. Burnett. Associate Editor—D. E. Currie.

FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1930

The Attorney Generalship

Mr. Thane Campbell is to be congratulated upon his appointment to such a responsible position as Attorney General of the Province. Mr. Campbell has had a brilliant scholastic career, and holds the degree of Master of Arts from Oxford University. His experience as a practicing attorney, however, is limited to the brief period of three years, he having been admitted to the bar in 1927, later becoming a law partner of Hon. Mr. Saunders, the retiring Premier. Mr. Campbell is not yet a K. C., nor has his political apprenticeship been so arduous as that of other members of the profession whose services to the Liberal party extend over a period of years. There is, for example, Mr. J. J. Johnson, K. C., former Attorney General in the Bell Government and Liberal candidate for Kings County in the last two federal elections. There is also Mr. S. S. Hessian, K. C., a former Liberal member of the Legislature who, it will be recalled, was promised the Attorney Generalship by the late Premier Bell if he won his election at that time. Other names that might be mentioned are Mr. D. Edgar Shaw, K. C., County Court Magistrate; Mr. R. N. McNeill; Mr. Mark R. McGuigan; for many years secretary of the Liberal Association of Queen's County; Mr. K. M. Martin, Stipendiary Magistrate for Charlottetown; Mr. George J. Tweedy, Prohibition Magistrate; Mr. McCullum and Mr. Morley Bell, Summerside. The reason for Mr. Campbell's selection over the heads of these gentlemen is naturally the subject of considerable speculation. The Government has not yet announced its intention with respect to the filling of the vacancy caused by Hon. Mr. Saunders' retirement from the Legislature. The Attorney General, of course, can perform his duties without having a seat in the House, but it has been customary in recent years for this official to be a responsible Minister of the Crown.

Masefield's Inspiration

It may gratify Canadians to believe that it was the reading of Dr. Duncan Campbell Scott's poem "The Piper of April" which inspired John Masefield, the new Poet Laureate, to devote himself to poetry. It is reported that during the days of his vagabondage in New York Masefield chanced to read in an American magazine this exquisite lyric, which made a singular personal appeal to him. Through the publishers he communicated with its author at Ottawa, expressing the hope that he might some day write like that himself. The result, we are told, was a correspondence in which Masefield further unfolded his ambitions and submitted to Dr. Scott his virgin attempts as a writer. The Canadian poet discerned the rare gifts of the younger man and cordially gave him advice about his manuscripts, and as to how he might develop his style and talents. Under the first literary friendship that he had known Masefield's inspiration and power of lyric expression expanded until within a few years he had become England's most intimate poet of the sea. This report, complimentary as it is to a fine Canadian writer, is scarcely sufficient ground for the statement, now circulating widely in Canadian newspapers, that Dr. Scott was thus "directly responsible for the spiritual birth of the art of the new Poet Laureate." Masefield, in the introduction to his Collected Poems published during the War, specifically mentions Chaucer's "Parliament of Fowls" as the poem of his literary conversion. This was in 1896, and he was then living in Yonkers, N. Y. "I read the 'Parliament' all through one Sunday afternoon," he writes, "with the feeling that I had been kept out of my inheritance and had then suddenly entered upon it, and found it a new world of wonder and delight. I had never realized, until then, what poetry could be." It was then, he

tells us, that he began to study English poetry "with passion and system." Doubtless among other sources of subsequent inspiration Dr. Scott's poem played its part; but the misguided enthusiasm which would exaggerate this part does ill service to Canadian literature and must be extremely distasteful to both the authors concerned.

Observing The Day

Some years ago Lord Rosebery, when unveiling a memorial in St. Paul's to a great Canadian public man, declared: "The British Empire is the greatest secular agency for good now known to mankind." This is the spirit behind the celebration of Empire Day, Arbor Day, which is being observed this morning in the schools jointly with Empire Day, emphasizes the value of tree planting and gardening. Saturday, May 24th, is usually known as Victoria Day and is a public holiday. The school programmes for Empire and Arbor Day are entertaining and inspiring to pupils and visitors alike, and it is expected that this year as on other occasions there will be a large attendance at these functions.

Fishermen's Organization

The organization of a Maritime Fishermen's Association, undertaken by Rev. M. M. Coady, of Antigonish, who is now in the Province, is a venture of far-reaching importance and will, it is hoped, react most favorably upon this industry so important to these provinces by the sea. The objects of the proposed Association as outlined in the interview with Father Coady published in yesterday's Guardian should commend themselves to careful consideration, especially by those of our citizens directly concerned. There is no class more deserving of encouragement and assistance than our fishermen. They work harder than most people have to do and their earnings are dependent upon market conditions and seldom offer adequate compensation for the labor and hardship endured. Any effort towards bettering these conditions is therefore a step in the right direction, and will commend itself to all.

Editorial Soliloquy

That staunch Liberal advocate, the Toronto Globe, in a fit of abstraction makes the following editorial comment on the election prospects of its party. Read in the light of the King Government's somersault on the tariff issue and the Prime Minister's double-barrelled explanation of his attitude towards Conservative provincial governments it is more than significant; it is prophetic:

"Perhaps it is just as well that circumstances are showing the voters how far the game of bluff pretenses into the ordinary political profession of loyalty to the people's welfare; now far the policy of 'anything to win' influences the conduct of the campaign. It is doubtful that the electors have ever had such an opportunity in the past as they are likely to have on this occasion to size up the parties and their policies and to judge for themselves which is more sincere in seeking to promote the country's interests."

Editorial Notes

The historic peak of Ben Lomond which is partly situated on the estate of the Duke of Montrose, is to be sold at auction. Following the usual custom it will become the property of the highest bidder. There is at least one consolation; if the purchaser is an American millionaire he won't be able to carry his trophy out of the country.

Postmaster General Veniot has been little heard from during the present session of Parliament. He made such a mess of things last session, suggests the Moncton Times, that his colleagues did not attempt to excuse him and possibly they have put the weights on him this session to keep him on an even keel.

Notes By The Way

Legislation to make it criminal to give tips at horse races is being considered by the Federal Government. But to bar the giving of tips would take almost as much joy out of the sport as to bar the horses.

The business of magistrates and policemen in some cities issuing summonses against themselves for various trifling offences has become a commonplace. If one of them wants to cause a real sensation he will serve himself with a summons and then, like an ordinary citizen, proceed vigorously to defend himself.

The growth of the tobacco industry in Canada is indicated by the development in that line in Norfolk, Ontario. The industry, it appears was introduced into the county in 1914, when four acres of land were planted with burley tobacco. In 1920 some 320 acres were employed in the growing of the variety of the plant and a small acreage was used in the production of flue-cured tobacco, which is used in the manufacturing of cigarettes and to some extent in the making of plug tobacco and mixtures for pipe use. In 1925 the area of land in Norfolk County devoted to the production of flue-cured tobacco was seventy-five acres. It was quadrupled in 1926 and again in 1927. In 1928 the area was 5,000 acres. In 1929 it was 10,000 acres, and this year Mr. J. K. Perrett, a special representative of the Ontario department of agriculture estimates it will be 15,000 acres. The amount of capital invested in the tobacco industry in the county, Mr. Perrett calculates, will this year reach approximately three million dollars, of which a considerable sum will have been applied to the erection of kilns for the curing of tobacco leaves. Of these kilns there are now about two thousand in Norfolk and seven hundred more are now in course of erection.

Quebec Government figures show that the return of Canadians to that province from the United States is most marked at present. 150 families having come home from the New England States in April alone. The returned citizens are living evidence in support of Premier Taschereau's advice to Canadians generally to remain in Canada. There are some other places not so good.

What are the other provinces doing to encourage their alienated citizens to return to Canada? The provincial election in Alberta is scheduled to take place on June 19. It may be interesting to note that the standing of the parties at the last election was: U. F. A., 43; Liberals, 7; Labour, 5; Conservatives, 4; Independent Labour, 1; Total, 60.

The age of miracles may be past, although there are persons who doubt it, but the age of wonders has come. The Prime Minister of Great Britain has been exchanging the time of day and holding interesting converse with the premier of Australia, with a space of twelve thousand miles between them. The great gulch was bridged by the telephone. There was not even wire connections between the parties who saluted and talked, but the voices were as distinctly articulate as if the parties engaged in conversation had been sitting in one room. But we are told that television also is in the air, and that before very long distance will be merely an illusion, for conversations will be conducted with the parties conversing face to face.

No sympathy will be felt for the reckless auto driver, whether drunk or sober, who finds himself fined in the police court for violation of the traffic laws. Nor will any sympathy be wasted on the purveyor of milk or other food products who violates the pure food laws. The public have a right to at least comparative safety on the public highways, and to pure food when they purchase it and pay the price. It is encouraging to note that inspectors, police, and the police court are as carefully as is possible protecting the public in respect to these matters.

"British Columbia's coal output for 1929" says a Vancouver exchange "was a million tons below that for 1928. The output for the first quarter of 1930 was below that for the first quarter of 1929. In 1929 British Columbia imported 189,000,000 gallons of fuel oil. A great home industry, it appears, is being sacrificed to build up a great foreign industry. While there is jubilation and prosperity in the oil fields of California and Peru, there is gloom and unemployment in the British Columbia coal towns. The money that should be going to feed British Columbia's own children is being diverted to feed the children of the foreigner."

Summer will come eventually, as it has always done in the past, but a little patience is sometimes necessary while waiting. Spring never comes as early as it is expected to, the fault however, is not with the spring, but with those who let their expectations loose too early.



By James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Ours

IMPROVING THE ORDINARY DIET.

It is unfortunate that so often only a part of a man's speech or written articles is used or quoted, with the result that he is credited with statements very far from what he intended.

Dr. E. V. McCollum of Johns Hopkins University is one of the world's outstanding food experts.

He has frequently stated that the trouble with the diet of most people to-day is that it is made up too largely from white, meats sugar and potatoes. He points out that the world to-day eats more cereal foods than our ancestors, that white flour has replaced whole wheat flour, that the use of sugar has increased from 10 pounds per individual to about 100 pounds during the past 100 years, and that meat, mostly lean meat, forms a very large part of the average diet.

The point he makes is not that you shouldn't eat the above foods, because as a matter of fact, they are all good foods. Meat is a tissue builder, and nothing is quite so good in building up worn out body cells and increasing the quantity and quality of the blood; sugar, bread and potatoes are all starchy foods and therefore capable of giving the necessary heat and energy to the body.

And the two food stuffs that he would add to make a complete diet are milk and leafy vegetables. The reason that the Orientals keep well, although they eat so much cereal food, is because they eat large quantities of leafy vegetables.

Now why are leafy vegetables, greens, of such value in the diet? They contain vitamins which are the same as those found in fats, and are what might be termed a protection food, and also a food that enables other foods to give more of their food value to the system than they otherwise would.

Green vegetables can be likened to sunshine in their effects upon the body tissues; they stimulate circulation, and circulation is life.

The thought then to secure the ideal diet is not to do without white bread, meat, potatoes, and sugar, but to decrease the amount of these used, and to increase the leafy vegetables—lettuce, cabbage, spinach, and so forth.

That is all Dr. McCollum had in mind.



THE GALLEY-ROWERS

Staggering over the running combers The long-ship heaves her dripping flanks, Singing together, the sea-roamers Drive the oars grunting in the banks. A long pull, And a long long pull to Mydath.

"Where are ye bound, ye swart seafarers, Vexing the grey wind-angered brine, Bearers of home-spun cloth, and bearers Of goat-skins filled with country wine?"

"We are bound sunset-wards, not knowing, Over the whale's way miles and miles, Going to Vine-Land, haply going To the Bright Beach of the Blessed Isles."

"In the wind's teeth and the spray's stinging Westward and outward forth we go, Knowing not whither nor why, but singing An old old oar-song as we row, A long pull, And a long long pull to Mydath."

—John Masefield.

THE LAND WE LOVE

By FRANK LEIGH

MONTEBELLO

Q. Where is Montebello? A. Montebello is an historic old estate situated on the Quebec bank of the Ottawa river midway between Montreal and Ottawa. Its historical interest lies in the fact that it was many years the home of the Papineau family and especially of Louis Joseph Papineau who was the French Canadian leader of the uprising of 1837-38. The manor is an imposing structure and its interior is filled with art and other articles of interest. The mortuary chapel on the estate contains tablets commemorating the five generations of the family who lie buried within its walls. Montebello is a treasure house of Canadians and may be converted into a great club house and park.

AND SO TO BED

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

On Monday night, or was it Tuesday night? not that it matters; because every night brings the same event; we picked up our book and prepared to step into bed. As we did so we remembered we had finished the book on the night previous, and we turned round to pick out another volume with which to end the last few minutes of waking consciousness for that day.

As we stood looking at the volumes we thought once again, what we had so often reflected upon before, that books suitable for reading in bed, last thing before sleep comes are indeed few and far between. It is only a very special sort of book that suits this occasion. There are precious few people who would allow in your room to prattle at your pillow before you slept; and when you pick out a book to read in bed you are really picking, however vicarious and remote the connection may be, a man, or it may even be a woman, with whom to have the last intimate colloquy of the twenty-four hours. At the moment we can think of only one woman who converses with us through books, in bed. All our bed-books save for hers are by men; and not many either.

We stood looking at the shelves, and presently picked out Stevenson's "Treasure Island," which we carried into bed, settled ourselves under the clothes, put the lamp at the correct angle of radiance, and read forward to the scene where Jim Hawkins and his mother hear the tap, tap of Pew's stick on the lonely road, just before the pirates attack the inn. We had read it before a dozen, or fifty, times. Robert Louis had stepped quietly in, on many and many a night, dressed in his velvet jacket, with his long roguish shaggy hair, and had spun his old pirate yarn, and neither he nor we had ever wearied of it "by thunder, and you may lay to that," to quote our mutual friend, Long John. Some days having passed since then, we will this evening, in all likelihood help to shoot Israel Hands and search the good ship Hispaniola of the sands of the hidden cove on Treasure Island. And so it goes—night following night, with our storyteller in the lamp-glow and the street asleep.

Stevenson is for us an ideal bed-book writer. His appeal is to the fancy; and it is clear and blowing; we lean with our dear companion on the green hill-side of memory, and look across the valleys of summer sunlight to the distant highways with their passing caravans; while at our feet the tide beats on the sand, and the gulls circle and scream incessantly above the little island; sending us to sleep with their harsh music.

Quite ideal, but we have some other writers who come at bedtime too. Conan Doyle has the bed-book gift. We are on terms of extreme intimacy with Mr. Sherlock Holmes on many nights of the year between the moments of drowsiness and dreams. The room in Baker Street is as familiar as our own. A dozen times a score of times, we have gone down to the sister house in the country and sat in the dark ess waiting for the coming of the speckled band. A hundred times have we surged down the Thames in the wild chase after Jonathan Small and Tonga, with his poisoned darts. The turbid river breaking in silver, surge under the rushing bow of the cutter. Doyle, being a doctor, has the perfect bedside manner when he comes with his story. "What shall we have tonight? The Croxley Master? Or the narrative of Rodney Stone? Or shall we go to the old wars and tilt in France with Chandos?" Anything you like, doctor; you have a fine hear; we fall asleep lulled by such cadences as these— "Bug the years pass; the old wheel turns and even the thread runs out. The wise and the good, the noble and the brave, they came from the darkness, and into the darkness they go . . ." The lamp burns steady time ticks by in silence. The fern still glows russet in November, the heather still burns red in July. So

led within its walls. Montebello is a treasure house of Canadians and may be converted into a great club house and park.

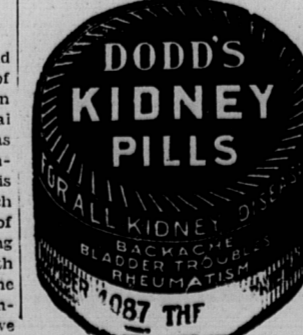
How Are You Spending The 24th.

E. A. Foster Central Drugstore

FISHING SUPPLIES FOR THE 24th

We have just received a new shipment of fishing gear, baskets, flies, lures, hooks and all accessories. Everything of the best quality and at satisfactory prices. THERMOS BOTTLES are a necessity for your lunch basket. See our stock in this regard. A Kodak should be a part of your equipment. We have some fine Cameras at attractive prices. Get your Cigarettes, Cigars and Tobacco here and make the day a complete success.

The Two Macs DRUGSTORE 149 Great George Street



Le the dead leaves; but they a d such as they nourish for ever that great old trunk of England. . . Armor is clashing from long-forgotten battles. It is the late cars rumbling on the street. And the morning with its young leaves and spring sunshine is at the window for another day.

You don't want a bed book that asks you to do any think g; or that excites or awakes you. And it cannot have tricks of style, but has to be straightforward and simple, yet full of prosody and insight. "The Time Machine" is one of our bed-books. Selected scenes from "Jane Eyre"; the Scottish dialogues in any of Scott's novels. The violent passages in "Lorna Doone"; "The Food of the Gods"; and the Musketeer stories of Dumas—the great room in the Palais Royal and old Mazarin warming his thin Italian blood at the leaping fire in the grate.

There are few bed-books. This is why we re-read them till we have a drowsy difficulty in separating their scenes and people from reality. A recent discovery was one of Somerset Maugham's stories: Ashenden, which has a good deal more than the rudiments of the business in it.

A BELOVED CANADIAN (By Venetian Press)

TORONTO, Ont. May 20.—"Bobby" or "Happy" was the pet nickname of students of the Ontario College of Art for the late Robert Holmes, held in great affection and esteem. "That is not exactly happy, is it?" was one of his frequent comments on the work of some luckless beginner. How he came to paint wild flowers was a characteristic decision by Mr. Holmes. "I wanted to give my students as much Canadian inspiration, as possible. I asked them to base their designs on wild flowers as something native and characteristic of their country. I made drawings of a great many of our wild flowers, and that led me on to painting them seriously and excitedly," he said.

Since then Mr. Holmes has painted a beautiful series of wild flowers. His pictures, though in water colors, have distinction and dignity, and yet theclusiveness of the shy things of the woods. His paintings of hepaticas, bloodroot, lady slipper, Indian pipes, and other flowers have become a part of the authentic records of Canadian nature, and will always earn respect for the art and public service of the painter.

How Are You Spending The 24th.

E. A. Foster Central Drugstore

FISHING SUPPLIES FOR THE 24th

We have just received a new shipment of fishing gear, baskets, flies, lures, hooks and all accessories. Everything of the best quality and at satisfactory prices. THERMOS BOTTLES are a necessity for your lunch basket. See our stock in this regard. A Kodak should be a part of your equipment. We have some fine Cameras at attractive prices. Get your Cigarettes, Cigars and Tobacco here and make the day a complete success.

The Two Macs DRUGSTORE 149 Great George Street

FISHING SUPPLIES FOR THE 24th

We have just received a new shipment of fishing gear, baskets, flies, lures, hooks and all accessories. Everything of the best quality and at satisfactory prices. THERMOS BOTTLES are a necessity for your lunch basket. See our stock in this regard. A Kodak should be a part of your equipment. We have some fine Cameras at attractive prices. Get your Cigarettes, Cigars and Tobacco here and make the day a complete success.

The Two Macs DRUGSTORE 149 Great George Street

TUCKETTS MONTREAL 5c FOIL WRAPPED CIGAR

FERTILIZER Our Steamer with Fertilizer has arrived at Charlottetown and we want those who have orders booked with us for delivery by steamer to call for same as quickly as possible. A. HORNE & CO.

Gyproc Plaster Board Just received direct from Factory— One full carload GYPROC PLASTER BOARD 3-8 and 3-16 thick 4 x 7—4 x 8—4 x 9—4 x 10. Prices Right. L. M. Poole & Co.

Prince Edward Island's "Golden Future" A Booster Feature To Stimulate Business and Business Conditions in Prince Edward Island, published by The Charlottetown Guardian We are Soliciting the Cooperation of the Business Firms and Leading Men of Charlottetown, Summerside and the Province. Mr. Frank Walker, Assistant Editor of the Guardian is editing this Special Feature Edition, which is now in the course of publication, and Mr. J. M. Kirkland is in charge of Publicity. Boost for a Greater Province

Man! Look up at this skyscraper, the size of the good twist you swap a few cents for when you ask for HICKEY NICHOLSON "BLACK TWIST" CHEWING