

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1927

THIS WEEK.

THE PANTON MAGAZINE

THIS will be an important one in the history of the present summer. Following the visit yesterday of the delegates from the World's Poultry Congress at Ottawa, one of the most important delegations that have ever visited the province, one also of the most enjoyable, there will arrive tomorrow one of the largest excursion parties that have ever come to us from our sister provinces. We refer to the 225 excursionists from the province of Quebec. It will be a very representative body, including some of the most prominent citizens of the old historic province, including clergymen, college professors and prominent newspaper men. Preparations are being made to give them a warm welcome and we feel sure our people will respond generously to the appeal made to them to provide cars in order that the visitors may be able to see as much as possible of our province.

As previously announced the people of Summerside, under a competent committee, will see to the comfort of the visitors and convey them in cars to Egmont Bay. There will also be a visit to Rustico, where a picnic is being arranged for the reception. At Charlottetown also arrangements are being made for a suitable popular reception and His Honor Lieutenant Governor Heartz, with his usual hospitality, will give them a formal reception at Old Government House.

To make the whole affair the success it ought to be, seventy-five or eighty cars will be required and an appeal is being made for these. We feel sure the appeal will be generously responded to. It is important that everything possible will be done to make the visit a mutually pleasant one for in this as in many other instances it will be found equally pleasant to give as to receive. Our province is honored by this important and representative visitation, and we shall do honor to ourselves in making it pleasant.

PORK PROSPECTS

THE President of the Canadian Packing Company, of Toronto, Mr. T. F. Matthews, brings from England a rather pessimistic report concerning the prospects of the British market for pork products. He states that "there has been a drop in pork products; and the market is bad. There are heavy shipments going in from Denmark and the market is continually fluctuating. It is very unprofitable for Canada to ship to Britain just now." Those in whose interest it is to purchase at low prices are apt to look at the dark side of the markets, so that too much confidence need not be placed in their statements. Yet those who will have pork to sell in the coming fall will not be surprised if prices should be somewhat lower than those of recent years. But no one can now measure the supply or the demand for farm products in the coming fall and winter. If it should happen that pork and potatoes should both be low, the profits of producers of these edibles will not be so good as they have been in recent years. In any event the practice of economy and care is advisable. The thrifty farmer who is not constrained to sell early in order that he may obtain money to meet bills coming due, need not worry.

This is the name of a "Festival of Arts and Letters," organized and published by the Panton Arts Club, of London, under the patronage of the Right Honourable Earl Beauchamp, the Countess of Oxford and Asquith, and others. The Panton Arts Club was founded in June, 1924 with the object of "the encouragement of creative Art, and of co-operation between the arts;" and The Panton Magazine is its organ. After six months of existence, it is stated, this magazine has gained a widespread reputation for quality. Musical and art notes, poems, book reviews, concert notices and clever stories fill its pages. In the literary section of the number before us special mention is made of Lionel Hawes, the Librarian of the University of British Columbia, in Vancouver, and the winner of the bronze medal for authorship of a short story and author of a poem entitled "Isosquale," "The Corolichan Monster." Concerning the latter it says: "This remarkable poem deserves to rank with Hiawatha and The Ancient Mariner. The task of the author was not an easy one, and it is no small achievement to have caught the very spirit of Indian folk-lore and reproduced it through a European poetic form. The author has woven myth and fact together in such artistry that he breathes life into the chief personage of the old tale, which seems to have had some historic foundation."

The Panton Arts Club assists members who are elected on the quality of their work, in every possible way to obtain recognition. To this end a half-yearly competition has been instituted under the name of "The Festival of Arts and Letters," at which medals and certificates are awarded;—and Mr. Hawes is one of the winners.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

EXTRAVAGANCE is one of the besetting sins of the present day. The trouble is not that men and women have any love for spending money, most of them begrudge every dollar they part with regardless of what they receive for it. Most of them spend freely in order to show they have it to spend. Generally speaking extravagance is largely confined to those who can least afford it. The thrifty man or woman does not display their wealth, rather, they conceal it and explain their unwillingness to spend by an admission that they haven't got it to spend. The man or woman who desires to appear comfortably or well off pays out their money with a lavish hand. They are on the ladder that leads to the higher level in which the four hundred are basking in the sun of supposed affluence. Curiously enough the lavish expenditure of money, one's own or borrowed, is the open sesame to the coveted gallery of the presumably wealthy.

Extravagance is not only a crime against one's self but against society as well. In most cases it is a cloak worn to deceive and many men and women keep themselves in perpetual poverty by a foolish desire to appear rich. Common sense in the use of one's earnings is a virtue which needs to be encouraged. Honest poverty is an inconvenience but it is no disgrace and is the more easily borne if candidly admitted. If the appetite calls for champagne and the pocket says grudge beer, it will be the part of prudence to take the pocket's advice.

Notes by the Way

NEVER before was Canada so highly honored at home and abroad as in this year of Jubilee. Never before has the Dominion been so firmly established in the hearts of the entire Canadian people and the B. N. A. Act come to be so universally regarded as a "glorious and most timely charter" as in the present year of grace. And never before have so many distinguished personages—far too many to be mentioned here—visited the Dominion. It is sufficient that we name the Prince of Wales, his royal brother, Prince George and Stanley Baldwin, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, among the notables who have come to our shores, who have been welcomed with patriotic enthusiasm that has grown and increased since their appearance in this country.

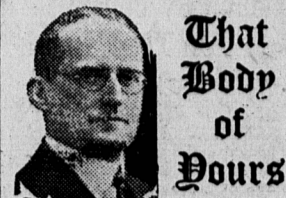
Never before has Canada received so much notice and such flattering tributes from the press of all civilized countries, British and foreign. And it seems to be equally true that the number of summer tourist visitors to every province has been greater than in any previous year. And never before has our own Island-Province received such unstinted and enthusiastic visitors as during this summer of 1927. It is a happy coincidence that our own Province and the sister Provinces have presented a flourishing and prosperous appearance to our visitors and they in their turn have taken note of the comfort and content which prevail throughout the Dominion from ocean to ocean.

The great tower of the new Parliament Building at Ottawa has been fittingly named the Peace Tower, and the international bridge at Niagara bears a like pacific name as typical of the peace that has so long subsisted between the two important English-speaking nations of this continent. It is true that we have had some squabbles across the border and a spirited tariff warfare as well, but otherwise there has been peace between Canada and the United States since the struggle of 1812-14, a period of 113 years. And with the assurance that any future difficulties that may arise between the two neighbor nations shall be settled by peaceful arbitration, both nations have come to regard any future armed conflict between them as unthinkable and impossible. Both nations are proud of the prolonged peace, without a fort or a garrison along 3,500 miles of their common boundary, which supplies a great example to all the nations of the world and of which the Peace Bridge at Niagara supplies the latest monument.

The abundant rainfall throughout Canada during the growing season has given the double benefit of an excellent growth of field crops and greatly diminished loss from forest fires. This has been especially noted in the provinces which are well timbered, such as New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario and British Columbia. In the last-named provinces down to a recent date there had been only 216 forest fires reported, compared with 570 of a much more serious character in general in the like period of last year.

Births in Canada last year totalled 232,205, the birthrate for the nine provinces being 24.8 per thousand of population. Deaths at all ages numbered 107,318, a rate of 11.4 per thousand. The excess of births over deaths during the year was 124,887.

There are few branches of manufacture for personal use in which the demand is so steady and constant as that of footwear. The item of boots and shoes with leather or fabric uppers, apart from slippers, moccasins, etc during the first five months of the present year totalled 7,372,268 pairs, an average of 1,474,453 pairs per month, a considerable increase over the average production of the like period in last year. The Dominion Bureau of Statistics estimates Canada's grain crop this year as follows: wheat 375,025,000 bushels, of which 300,052,000 bushels are allotted to the Prairie Provinces. The total yield of oats is estimated at 389,758,000 bushels, of which 226,297,000 bushels is assigned to the Prairies. Of barley the total estimate is 88,830,000 bushels, of which the Prairies are expected to produce 71,724,000 bushels. The estimated crop of rye is 12,169,000 bushels, of which 10,664,000 is allowed to the Prairies. Of flax-seed, 5,319,300 bushels, all but 107,000 bushels is credited to the Prairies. From this statement it would appear that of the estimated total crop of wheat, oats, barley, rye and flax-seed about 870 million bushels, 618,949,000 bushels are expected to be produced in the Prairie Provinces and only 251,179,000 bushels in all the other provinces of the Dominion. In other words, more than two-thirds of this year's crop of grain in Canada is expected to be produced between the great midland!



By James W. Barton, M.D. THE HEALING SCIENCE

Some one has been saying recently that the practice of medicine should not be spoken of as the "healing art," but as the "healing science." In other words before a patient undergoes treatment, a number of things must be figured out. What does the doctor find when he makes the examination? Pulse, temperature, breathing, attitude and appearance of the patient's body, blood pressure, quality of the blood, condition of the urine and so forth.

Then also what the patient tells the doctor; nature of his pain, its exact location, how it started, his appetite, food eaten, intestinal movements, and so forth. What does the doctor have to know before he starts to treat the patient? He must know his anatomy, that is the structure of the body as he sees it with his eyes, and by the help of the microscope. He must also know his physiology, that is how the different organs and various tissues function, that is what they actually do in the body. This includes a knowledge of chemistry and physics.

He must then know his pathology, that is how an organ or a tissue works when it is in a disturbed condition, that is when it is sick, as it were, and just what is the nature of the cause of its disturbance. Thus when he knows the structure and function of the parts in health, and when they are not in health, he is in a position to give treatment. The above knowledge takes years to acquire, and yet a physician must acquire it before it is considered safe to give treatment. One of the forms of treatment he may apply is drugs. What drug will do in small and large doses. Why a certain drug should or should not be used in a particular ailment. Other forms of treatment are heat, electricity, massage, bathing, rest, exercise, and so forth.

What is my point? That if your doctor does not give you much in the way of medicines or pills, do not think you are being neglected. With his equipment of knowledge of the body in health and illness, he is in the best possible position to apply the correct treatment of your ailment, because only this knowledge can render any form of treatment safe. The practice of medicine then can be rightly called a healing "science."

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

August 9, 1927 OUR DWELLING:—Lord, Thou has been our dwelling place in all generations. Psalm 90:1.

PRAYER:—O God, may our lives be hid with Christ, in God.

IF ONLY

If only I'd a friend to give me greeting, A hand outstretched to help me on my way, A whispered word of cheer to ease my burden, A little smiling glance to light my way.

If only I'd a friend to wish me courage, To urge me on that I might do and dare, If I but knew that in the crowded highway, Just one was there who'd understand—and care.

If only I'd a friend who for a moment Would step out from the hurrying, bustling throng, He'd bring to me the heart's-ease and the gladness That I have waited for—so very long.

Won't you pause for a moment in your happy, busy day To cheer the sad and lonely folk who chance to pass your way?—S. A. Maycock, in Pearson's

DAILY LESSONS IN ENGLISH

By W. L. Gordon

WORDS OFTEN MISUSED: Don't say "at the final completion of the work." "Final" is tautological.

OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED: juvenile; i as in "hill," not as in "mile."

OFTEN MISPELLED: bouillon (a word that very few spell correctly).

SYNONYMS: indolent, idle, lazy, inert, slothful, inactive.

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: IMPERTINENCE; that which offends propriety; impudence. "I could not tolerate his impertinence."

lakes and the mountains.

Good days for hay making over the last week-end. And a full moon coming next Saturday to enable the farmers to carry on their work till midnight!

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND AS A TOURIST RESORT

Some Interesting and Delightful Locations Described For "Guardian Readers."

CAVENDISH—BAY VIEW

By Harold Messervy

There is one more event of tragic interest to be recorded at Cavendish. This is the "Yankee Storm." It took place in 1851. The name sounds rather strange; but you must know that in those days many American fishing vessels used to visit our North Shore for a share of the rich hauls of Cod and Mackerel that the sea hereabouts yielded to its toilers. But times have changed, and no sail of Gloucester fishermen is seen off these coasts any more.

One October evening in that year, the sunset light lay very red upon Cavendish Capes. It had been a calm, quiet day—one of mild Autumn days so like, in their atmosphere of mellow and serene contemplation, to the closing years of virtuous and honorable life. All day a fitful breeze had teased the gulf into tiny ripples, just giving steerage way to the hundred sail of Yankee fishermen, which could be seen now from the shore dotted here and there far out toward the purple horizon. But the little breeze had died, and all lay becalmed, their sails flapping idly, in the surge of the ponderous rollers, which, coming out of the evening darkness already spreading from the North East, hardly seemed to disturb the dead, oily surface of the waters, though the roar of their breaking reverberated dully along the shore, like the booming of far off cannon.

And there was something sinister about the sunset, too, notwithstanding the superb beauty of its barbaric coloring. Low down toward the western horizon hung a black and sullen bank of cloud, edged at that moment with a ribbon of fiery

FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

A SERIES OF LITERARY QUOTATIONS FOR BOOK LOVERS

Tuesday, Aug. 9th. Walton born, 1593; Dryden, 1631.

HEROICUS.

Humanity would seem at an early period to have wrenched comfort from prefiguring man as the hero of the cosmic romance. For it was unpleasantly apparent that man did not excel in physical strength, as set against the other creatures of a planet whereon may be encountered tigers and elephants. His senses were of low development, as compared with the senses of insects; and, indeed, senses possessed by some of these small contemporaries man presently found he did not share, nor very clearly understand. The luxury of wings, and even the common comfort of a tactual appendage, was denied him. He walked painfully without hoofs, and created naked as a shelled almond, with difficulty outlived a season of inclement weather. Physically, he displayed in not a solitary trait a product of nature's more ambitious labor. . . . He, thus, surpassed the rest of vital creation in nothing except, as was beginning to be rumored, the power to reason; and even so, was apparently too magnanimous to avail himself of the

But to acknowledge such disconcerting facts would never do; just as inevitably, therefore, as the peafowl came to listen with condescension to the nightingale, and the tortoise to deplore the splashdash ways of his contemporaries, man probably began very early to regale himself with flattering narratives as to his nature and destiny. Among the countless legends among cringing plebeians to browbeat a frightened dinosaur was dully scratched upon the cave's wall, and art began forthwith to accredit human beings with every trait and destiny which they desiderated. . . . And so today, as always, we delight to hear about invincible men and women of unearthly loveliness—corrected and considerably augmented versions of our family circle—performing feats illicitly beyond our modest powers. And so today no one upon the preferable side of Bedlam wishes to be reminded of what we are in actuality, even were it possible, by any disastrous miracle, ever to dispel the mist which romance has evoked about all human doings; and to the golden twilight of which old usage has so accustomed us that, like nocturnal birds, our vision grows perturbed in a clearer atmosphere. And we have come once more to believe in the existence of men everywhere, not as in fact they are, but "as they ought to be."

—Jas. Branch Cabell.

red. The sun had sunk half his bulk behind this, while from his upper limb a stream of wild and ruddy light flowed forth upon the earth and sea, staining all a weird and startling crimson. Soon he had gone, and the night shut suddenly down, leaving only a dim, lurid patch in the west, like the reflection of some distant but terrible conflagration.

Toward morning the dwellers near the shore were awakened by the wild howling of a rising gale, whose violence was such as to make even their substantial houses tremble with every blast. The thought of the Island fishermen whose boats were resting snugly in the harbors—to which it was their custom to return each evening after the days toil was done,—few to their brethren of the sea, fighting for their lives out there beneath the rim of that dawn of wrath. But no help of man could avail them now; each little ship must wage its lonely battle with the tempest. Hourly the wind increased, and the towering waves fell upon the shore with a fury which carried huge pieces of debris up into the fields in the low places and caused the sandstone rocks of the head lands to crumple away before the eye. The crews of the schooners hoisted small patches of sail, and tried to beat to windward. It was a vain effort. Their sails were blown to ribbons before they had them set, or, if perchance one held, no progress to windward, away from the white fanged terror of the shore, could be made in the teeth of the breakers. Nor were the anchors any use. They dragged, or the cables snapped, and each vessel, swiftly or slowly, was born to her end.

Lucky were those whose fate it was to drift early in the storm upon a sandy beach. Willing hands were there to help, and most of their crews were saved. But those who struck upon the rocky headlands were smashed to pieces in a few minutes, and every one on board was lost.

"The Ornament," Oscar Coles' and "Lion," we are told grounded on the sand hills which lie to the westward of Cavendish. The crews of the first two were saved, but that of the "Lion" perished to a man. Several bodies were taken out of this vessel after she had come ashore. The "Ornament" did not prove to be a total loss; she was taken off and repaired, and it is said engaged in the coasting trade for some years. Our Chronicler, Mr. Simpson, writing in 1899, states that the remains of the "Lion" were then to be seen upon the beach. Whether they are still visible or not, I do not know. The "Mount Hope" came ashore below Cavendish, and all were saved. At McLure's Cape, further east, the "Franklin Dexter" struck on the rocks, and all hands perished. At Arthur's Cove the "Mary Moulton," and at Robinson's Island the "Ship Jack" foundered and not a man was saved. The "Liberator" went to pieces at Park Corner; while no less than twenty five other vessels were stranded in Malpeque Harbour.

Many ships managed to escape by running along the shore to the westward; the skill with which they were handled, or, it may be, the hand of fate enabling them to work enough to windward to clear the intervening points of land, and finally to round North Cape, or perhaps to make their way safely into Malpeque or Cascumpeque harbours. A vessel, hailing from New London under command of Capt. Benjamin Bell, and with an Island crew, made such a hairbreadth escape. They just managed to reach North Cape, and no sooner were they clear of the treacherous reef that stretches from its end far out into the gulf like a finger of death, than the wind blew their sails into ribbons.

In all, about one hundred seamen lost their lives on the North Shore in this terrible storm. Many of the dead were buried in Cavendish Cemetery. Some of the bodies were later claimed by relatives and were taken to their homes for final interment, but many still lie in the cemetery with no stone to mark their resting place, nor any inscription, so Mr. Simpson states, to tell the story of their death.

From Cavendish our road runs through a beautiful, park like country, to Bay View. One is never out of sight of the sea for long; between the trees the eye continually catches glimpses of the blue gulf, of the grey dunes that lie across the mouth of New London

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Bay, or of the dark promontory of so clearly against the green of the Cape Tryon, which lies silhouetted in purple distance against the contrasting blues of sea and sky. Should you tire of watching this beauty roll by on either side of the car, and prefer instead to let the eye linger for a while on the ever changing color harmonies of earth and sky and waters, there are near this place two excellent inns to which you may repair. They are "Sunny acres Farm" and "Sea Side Farm." At either you are assured of a splendid vantage point from which to view the loveliness of the country side, and, if you wish to stay for a little while, here is a matchless sandy beach on which to bathe, or when you will, lounge lazily in the sun among the grasses which grow upon the dunes. And of course, on the table will be the best that our Island gardens, fields and waters afford. What more could be said? Continuing along the shore road not far from these two hospitable inns, our car descends into a little cutting. The bank on the right is high, and from its summit the fields slope up to the crest of the ridge, which is crowned with a dark grove of spruce. To the left the bank is quite low; one looks down over its rose fringed brink, into a little wooded valley, where, between the growth of spruce and fir we can see at times the silvery gleam of the small river which flows through it. Ahead, the road seems to lead straight onto a wharf which juts out into the languid blue waters of a lovely estuary, the full extent of which is as yet veiled from our sight by the hills and woods to either side of the road. As we go farther on the bay opens out before us, till at the bottom near the foot of the old wharf, it lies revealed in all its beauty. Toward the western side the high rounded hills raise their lazy shoulders against the sky. Over some of the more dull colored of the chequered squares of green with which these hills are clothed, we can see, if we watch small objects moving slowly, one to each little square, along their sides. A binocular will reveal these to be mowing machines busily at work in the ripened hay fields. Off towards the north, the smiling waters of the basin are sharply cut off by the range of gray sandhills which protect them from the fury of the north east gales of Autumn. On the western end of this natural barrier is the little harbour marked by the white lighthouse, which stands out

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