

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

SATURDAY, OCT. 13, 1923

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PREMIER RETURNS

Premier Stewart and the Hon. John A. MacDonald, Commissioner of Public Works, returned from the conference of Provincial Governments at Quebec on Thursday night. According to the reports appearing in the Quebec newspapers, the Conference was a thoroughly successful and satisfactory one and the results are likely to prove beneficial to the respective provinces. The Premier and Mr. MacDonald left here last Saturday afternoon and proceeded to Montreal where they arrived Sunday night. The Premier had important business to transact with the Bank authorities in connection with the provincial finances, and, by arrangement, had interviews with them on Monday. On Tuesday morning the delegates to the Conference in Quebec met by arrangement and drove by automobile to the Ancient Capital where that night they were entertained at a banquet given by the Hon. J. L. Perron, Minister of Public Works. During their journey from Montreal to Quebec the Premiers of Ontario, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island discussed questions of interprovincial relationship and tentative arrangements were made for a conference of all the Premiers in the near future. Premiers Stewart and Venier also exchanged views on Maritime questions and decided to hold a conference at Moncton at an early date to arrange about pressing maritime claims upon the Dominion Government and discussing other matters of common interest to their provinces.

On Wednesday the Good Roads Conference was held when it was decided to endeavour to get the Dominion Government to contribute further aid for the improvement of permanent roads. Other matters discussed included the maintenance of roads and the regulation of automobile traffic. During an interval in the Conference the four provincial premiers were entertained at luncheon by the Quebec Rotarians where each spoke briefly on the furtherance of the movement for a better understanding and the further development of the existing friendly relations between the provinces.

In the evening, at the conclusion of the Conference, Premier Taschereau entertained the premiers and other delegates at dinner at the Garrison Club. Immediately thereafter Premier Stewart and party entrained by the Ocean Limited for home, arriving, as stated, by the midnight express Thursday. The Premier and Mr. MacDonald are entirely satisfied with the outcome of their visit to Montreal and Quebec, especially as it has laid a foundation upon which to build for the future prosperity of the Province.

THE WEST SCORES AGAIN

Announcement comes from Ottawa that the Railway Commission has granted a ten per cent reduction in freight rates from Edmonton to Vancouver. Some idea may be formed of the growth of the Pacific trade from the fact that up to four years ago the quantity of wheat shipped through Vancouver did not exceed a million bushels yearly. Last year this had increased to twelve millions and it is estimated that this year it will exceed twenty millions, while there are those who express the opinion that, with the vast improvements recently made at Vancouver for the handling of wheat, the quantity going through the port will in the near future reach 75 to 100 million bushels.

This is what the Maritime Provinces are up against. Every concession made to the Western provinces makes it more difficult for the Maritimes to procure concessions in freight rates. The losses sustained on the Western railways will have to be made up in the east.

A year ago the Railway Commission refused to grant any "mountain rate" concessions, declaring that no reduction could be made without loss to the railway. British Columbia refused to accept this verdict and sent its premier and its cabinet to Ottawa to intervene. This delegation went over the heads of the Railway Commission to the cabinet and the latter, fearing for its western support, told the Railway Commission to "do something." This latest reduction is the result.

The Ottawa correspondent of the Halifax Herald commenting on the matter says:—"British Columbia is given a rate which the railway commission itself held last year to be below cost, with the certain consequence that the chances of getting lower rates in the East become more remote. For, quite clearly, if the railways are compelled to lose money in the West, they have got to do their best to make up the loss in the East.

Another moral for the Maritimes is the value of aggressive united work at Ottawa. British Columbia's representatives in the House of Commons are nearly half Conservative. Nova Scotia's representatives in the same house are solidly Liberal. Yet, the British Columbia members, by sinking differences, and uniting for their province, are able to get heavy concessions, while the Maritimes get practically nothing."

The solid sixteen from Nova Scotia and the solid four from Prince Edward Island, to say nothing of the semi-solidity of New Brunswick, have done little for their respective provinces. They voted when the party whip snapped or when the Liberal leader gave the order to "stand to," and they voted with the party whether the matter in question was in or against the interests of the province they represented. The solid four from Prince Edward Island, when the supplementary estimates were being voted to build political railway branch lines, distinguished themselves by being absent from the House. They did not raise a voice or put in a word for Prince Edward Island. Nor did they do anything else for the province they were elected to represent. Four solid blocks of wood labelled Liberal and shipped by slow freight to Ottawa would have done as much for Prince Edward Island as did the redoubtable four and would have cost \$18,000 less.

A new two dollar note has been issued recently at Ottawa bearing a steel engraved portrait of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales. It will signalize his present visit to Canada, which is now almost over. The note bears date June 23rd, 1923, which was the Prince's latest birthday, on which date he had attained the age of twenty-nine years. Hon. Mr. Fielding did the honors by presenting Baron Renfrew with the first of the notes now being put in circulation. They are said to be very artistic in design and handsome in coloring. Better still, it has a very real purchasing power and for its face value it is as good as gold. This means much in these days of devalued roubles, marks, lire and francs. And some of our older citizens can remember the time when even Uncle Sam's two dollar note was worth less than one dollar in gold.

WITHOUT A PEER

As a popular orator, in capacity "to expound with perspicuity, to a mixed assembly, complicated measures and involved transactions," Lloyd George has no peer. Mr. Asquith is the scholar of capacious intellect, moulded in Jowett's Balliol, and impressing by the massive march of his periods. Mr. Churchill is the master of sustained and beautiful rhetoric, Lord Curzon, courtly of aspect, powdered, rapiers, and classical, is a delight to the ear. Lloyd George, lacking all these qualities, is yet, judged by the power of his eloquence in compelling the civilization in which he lives toward assigned goals, greater than all three. In his inexhaustible powers of imagery, in vividness of phrasing, in the subjection of the epigram to a continuity of argument, in that Celtic quicksilver which is his birthright, he stands supreme, alone.—Ottawa Journal.

Notes By the Way

It now appears that the imperial name, The British Empire, is about to pass out of official recognition, and the British Commonwealth of Nations is to take its place. It will be a long time, no doubt, before all public speakers and writers will come to think of the newly adopted name as greatly preferable to the older and shorter one, but it is more truly expressive of the combined states and nations of which the British Sovereign is the head and the relations they bear to each other. Since the war and the collapse of Germany, Austria, and Russia, the word Empire has rather fallen into disrepute. And neither in the strict sense of the word, nor in its common acceptance, were the countries over which the British flag floats ever entitled to be called an Empire.

It is true that since the days of Queen Victoria and Lord Beaconsfield British sovereigns have borne the title of Emperor of India. That innovation when it first took effect brought about the anomaly of an empire within a kingdom, which called forth some caustic comment at the time. But calling India an empire and making the British sovereign its emperor in no way changed the status of the United Kingdom, or of the other British Dominions beyond the seas. Together these are and have been grouped in a limited monarchy whose head possesses but few of the higher powers and prerogatives of an emperor. Imperialism is on the wane; the age in which we live is democratic and the word Commonwealth better expresses the Anglo-Saxon sentiment toward well-ordered liberty than does the word Empire.

The names by which the British over-sea states have chosen to designate themselves are milestones which mark a certain progress which has uniformly taken its course away from rather than towards imperialism. When the Canadian delegates were in London preparing the first draft of the British North America Act, the united provinces were designated "The Kingdom of Canada." Whether because of objection taken or from second thought this was changed, with general satisfaction to the Dominion of Canada. Thirty-odd years later the Australian provinces were federally united. They didn't quite approve of the "Dominion" name and called the new federation The Commonwealth of Australia. The South African provinces federated later as The Union of South Africa. And still more recently we have seen the Free State of Ireland set up.

Following the union of the British North America provinces there was much discussion of what was called imperial federation, which had many able advocates in Canada as well as in the United Kingdom. We hear but little of this now, partly because no plan that could prove acceptable all round was put forward and mainly because of the strong and growing desire of the dominions to retain if not to extend the full freedom of action which they had already gained. But, after all, what's in a name? Call the big Anglo-Saxon concern an Empire or a Commonwealth, it is still the same old Firm doing Big Business throughout the Big World, as strong in wealth and wisdom as it was before and none the less devoted to the cause of liberty and justice.

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Much interest has been aroused in medical circles as to the nature of Dr. Banting's new discovery, which promises better things for suffering humanity even than his famous insulin. If the promise shall be made good Canada will be placed in a leading position in the matter of recent and important advancement in medical science. So far the slightest intimation has been given as to the nature of Dr. Banting's discovery, but full information is promised very soon, and until it is given it will be awaited with impatience.

Happenings of the Week

The mornings are grey with haze and faintly cold. The early sunsets are the west with red; The stars are misty silver overhead. Above the dawn Orion lies outrolled.

The past week has been so wonderfully fine that anyone who possibly could enjoy the out-of-doors, has done so. The days were just cool enough for the exertion of tramping through woods and lanes, and "tramps" are quite popular, many of the younger people, and older ones, too, going far into the country, taking with them refreshments for a tasty out-door meal. The golf links is another ideal spot just now, while the longer drives through Bonshaw and the more wooded sections are a revelation. The exquisite tints of the turning leaves and late autumn weeds scattered in careless profusion everywhere gives one a delightful sense of well-being and leaves memories that will last to gladden the heart for months.

The tea hostesses at the Golf Links this afternoon are Miss Edith Brown, Mrs. W. Tidmarsh, Mrs. K. Rogers and Miss Marion Whear.

Sir Louis and Lady Davies, and Mr. and Mrs. A. A. McLean were guests at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, especially invited to meet Lord Renfrew while a guest of the Governor General and Lady Byng.

The engagement is announced of Lady Maud Mackintosh, eldest daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, to Captain The Hon. George Baillie, son and heir of Jas. Baillie and Baroness Burton of Inverness. The wedding will take place at Bakewell, Derbyshire, early in January.

Mr. Lloyd George, his titled wife Dame Lloyd George, and Miss Megan, arrived in Montreal this week for their long tour of Canada and the United States. It is interesting to note that the world famous statesman has preferred to remain plain Mr. Lloyd George, while his wife is a Dame of the British Empire, which corresponds in rank to the title "Sir" in Knighthood.

Mr. J. L. Tennant, who is so pleasantly remembered here, has recently been appointed Research Specialist in Rural Education at the University of Texas, Austin, Texas. Last year Mr. Tennant spent in graduate study for his Ph.D. Degree at Cornell University. He received his Master's degree from the same University. He has made a special study of Rural Education, Farm Management and Economics, and has held positions in New York, New Jersey and South Carolina along his special line. He is considered a man of unusual ability and has done much for the betterment of rural life.

Mrs. J. A. Bentley received on Wednesday for the first time since her marriage, at her home, 110 Hillsboro street. Mrs. Bentley gracefully received the many guests who thronged the rooms during the afternoon, assisted by Mrs. W. E. Bentley and Miss Carrie Haslam. Chrysanthemums in the yellow shades were used to add to the beauty of the dining-room, and pink sweet peas in the hall and drawing-room. Miss Amy Earle ushered to the tea-room, where Mrs. Wilfrid Taylor and Mrs. Ernest Coffin presided, assisted in serving by Mrs. Davenport, Miss Freda Hazard, Miss Lillian Earle and Miss Ruth Howard. Little Dorothy Bentley prettily performed the duties at the door.

Miss Williams, Sydney St., entertained on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Coleman, St. Stephen's, who is renewing old-time friendships while visiting the city with her husband, Mr. T. L. Coleman, who is now Inspecting Engineer for the Maritime Light and Power Co., Ltd.

Mrs. J. D. Stewart accompanied Premier Stewart on his trip to Quebec and will spend some time in Montreal.

Mrs. Thomas Morris and Miss Manjory, have returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs. Morris' home in Minudie, where they were the guests of Mrs. K. C. Seaman.

famous insulin. If the promise shall be made good Canada will be placed in a leading position in the matter of recent and important advancement in medical science. So far the slightest intimation has been given as to the nature of Dr. Banting's discovery, but full information is promised very soon, and until it is given it will be awaited with impatience.

The Public Forum

This column is open for the discussion by correspondents of questions of interest. The Charlottetown Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinion expressed by its correspondents.

What He Wants To See

Sir,—I agree with your correspondent "Watchful Islander." It has been published abroad that the finances of the government of this Province were greatly improved by the Bell Administration. We shall—in the findings of impartial outsiders see and know how much—and that beyond any doubt or question. Meantime, it is very pleasing to learn that the thirty 80,000 people of this Island were able to contribute to the latest Dominion Loan no less than a million dollars. It is to be hoped that the government of the province will not again be in the list of the few persons—800 or less—who are so improvident and extravagant as to be careless about their promises to the electors. What we want to see is economy combined with efficiency in the conduct of public affairs.

I am, Sir, etc. INDEPENDENT ELECTOR

Miss Adele Newbery has gone up to Boston on a short visit.

Mrs. (Rev.) George Millar, of New London, who has been so seriously ill in the Montreal General Hospital, is now able to sit up each day, and hopes to leave shortly with Mr. and Mrs. T. C. James for Toronto, to visit and recuperate with her family.

That the ladies can keep a secret notwithstanding statements to the contrary, was amply demonstrated last Tuesday evening, when a party of about forty friends called on Mrs. W. H. Prowse, at her new home, corner of Fitzroy and Euston Sts., and sprang on her what proved to be a genuine surprise, although those interested, her most intimate friends, had been anticipating the happy occasion for some weeks.

Mrs. MacKinnon, of Government House, after Mrs. Prowse had welcomed her guests, came forward and read a most complimentary address to the hostess, while Mrs. G. F. Dewar and Mrs. Charles Drew conveyed the mysterious gift, which, when revealed, was a valuable tea-set of Limoges China. Mrs. Prowse, whose lovely home and contents were destroyed by fire some time ago, was almost overcome by the kindness and gracefully thanked her friends for their lovely gift. A jolly evening was then spent in music, dainty refreshments, etc.

Mr. Sam. Harris, President of the Navy League of Canada, is among the prominent visitors here this week. He is accompanied by Mrs. Harris, and they are having a most enjoyable visit.

Mrs. Mathieson, wife of the Chief Justice, entertained most agreeably on Wednesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Harris.

Bridge has a popular rival just now in Mah-Jongg, or Chinese checkers, a game which is proving quite fascinating to a number of the city's card enthusiasts who are tiring of the unceasing Bridge.

Mr. A. R. Jones and bride, whose marriage took place in Ottawa, have arrived in the city to take up their residence.

Miss Jane Hartz and Miss Doris Judson of Mt. Allison Ladies' College, were week-end visitors at the home of Rev. Dr. Hartz, Amherst.

(Continued on Page Six)

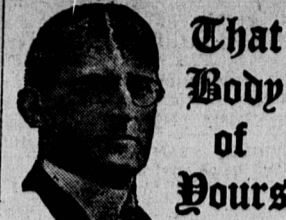
Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

A SWEET, ENDURING PEACE

There is a sweet, enduring peace Which Jesus ever gives The soul that chooses Him as Lord And in His service lives; A peace the world can not bestow, Surpassing all besides; A peace assured to every heart Wherein the Lord abides.

The passing storms of life that sweep Across our pathway here Cannot destroy the peace of God, Which shineth ever clear; For when the sky is overcast Our hearts o'ercome with grief, The Saviour speaks, the tempest still And gives us quick relief.

This peace was purchased by the Lord On Calvary's cruel tree, Where Jesus sacrificed Himself To ransom you and me. And now ascended from the grave, The Comforter He gives, Who fills with joy and perfect peace The hearts wherein He lives. —Fred Scott Shepard



By James W. Burton, M.D. WHEN WINTER COMES

You say that calendar winter is a joke. Why from December 21st, to March 21st, three months, is not the winter? The winter starts about the end of October and lasts till the end of May. Now what makes it long? Just the idea that you've allowed to creep into your mind. Sure enough when October arrives there is a tang in the air, and the house feels a bit more comfortable with a little fire in the grate.

Also in May sometimes the grate fire is not uncomfortable. But does this make it winter? Not by any means. Why the briskness of the air is a challenge to that body of yours to stir itself. To walk, to play the various games that abound in the Autumn.

You may be past that stage, but you are not past the walking or the golf stage. And then the matter of the underwear. It's a homely thing to talk about, but I believe that it is the crux of the matter just the same.

At the very first feeling of coldness in the air, out comes the heavy woolen underwear, and you are in its bondage till Spring. What does it mean? Well you must have your house warm and so you have to undergo all the oppressive feelings that come with the unnatural warmth and perspiration induced by the underwear.

Then, as I said once before, you go out in that hot perspiring condition into the colder air and one of these light mean colds in the head is your reward. Now what about it? Well don't be in a hurry getting into your winter underwear. Try and stand a little of the cooler weather of Autumn. The very coolness will invite a little action on your part, and you'll find yourself walking, perhaps almost breaking into a gentle run.

And then when the real cold weather arrives, the woolen underwear becomes a necessity, get woolen underwear, but get it light. When you go out, your body is not wet and ready to invite a chill. Put on a heavy overcoat or outer garment when you go out, which can be removed when you enter a warm room or building again.

Then when the warm days of Spring arrive, you'll not be praying for the day when you can remove your "heavy" underwear, because you will not be wearing such things.

Wells Will Return to His Earlier Manner

Undoubtedly the pleasant news that Mr. H. G. Wells has communicated for some time is that he intends to abandon the sort of writing that has given him almost a world-wide audience and return to the sort of writing for which he is very likely to be remembered when his political speculations are forgotten. He is going back to write about "Mr. Polly," surely one of the most delightful English types since Dickens laid down his pen. In the early days of the war a distinguished visitor to England met Mr. Wells and complimented him warmly upon some of his earlier creations like Kipps and Polly. The novelist listened to him with ill-concealed disgust and remarked that he hoped he would live down the reputation that his novels had fastened upon him. It appeared to him that it was almost criminal for anyone to even think of characters in fiction when there were such tremendous world problems to be solved. Mr. Wells seemed to think that it was part of his duty to solve them. Now perhaps he has come to the conclusion that he can best serve the nation by amusing it.

It was Mr. Brennecke, Jr., who interviewed Mr. Wells and learned his intentions. The interviewer was praising some of the little novels that first endeared Wells to the discriminating and the lovers of humor, and Wells agreed that "The Wheels of Chance" was a gay book but a bad one. He admitted that he thought Mr. Hoodriver a good study, a good character, whimsical, and well drawn, and that the Sussex scenery, too, was pretty good, "but the rest of the book was awfully bad." He continued: "But, 'Mr. Polly' was a good book and I did have an awfully good time writing it. I could have gone on with 'Mr. Polly' forever, I think, if it hadn't been for my publishers. I wanted to continue with the dear chap, to go on and on with the 'Adventures of Mr. Polly' through at least ten volumes. But my publishers wouldn't hear of such a thing. They made me finish the poor fellow off; marry him or something at the end of the volume. But I hated to do it." This does not speak more high-

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Fun Writing Novels. He spoke of some of his other books and said that he had good fun in writing them, which everyone who reads them will believe. Had Kipps or Polly or Beally been hard work nobody in the world could have produced them. Mr. Wells thinks it's about time he had some more fun, for obviously most of his books since the period that ended with "Tono-Bungay" have been written with little pleasure, but more from a sense of duty. His "The Outline of History," every word of which was first written in his own hand with a pen or pencil, suggests more real toil than is accomplished by ten average men in the course of their whole lives. Said Mr. Wells: "The world is at the present time drifting into an era of humor, an era of fun. We've had our fill of tragedy, and high seriousness and storm and strife for the present, and we're about to enter into a lighter period of existence. The world is now sick of wars and tumults and is looking for lighter entertainment, in order to forget the inferno it has just passed through. Immediate dangers are not so terribly pressing; we are all simply anxious for diversion. Between now and 1940 or 1960, when the nations will be tested by their next bloody tragedy, they will look chiefly for fun. So I am now at work on the sort of writing that I used to do, the sort of thing that provides me with the most fun."

His Hope is in Berlin. At the time of the interview Mr. Wells was about to leave for Berlin, where the interviewer, as he relates in the New York Times, saw him at the Hotel Adlon hobnobbing with German and Russian Communists, and so busy that he dared not break in on him. Wells thought that Berlin was the hope of the world at present and advised Mr. Brennecke not to spend too much time in Paris, which, he says, completely out of step with civilization, if there be any. Berlin was different. "If we deal intelligently with Berlin," he predicted, "they'll be talking English there within side of fifty years, which is as it ought to be." He again struck the light note when the interviewer told him he had just come from George Moore after a delightful talk. "You've been doing the studio stuff, I see," he observed. "I hope you called him, 'Dear Master.' If you didn't, my dear fellow, you didn't do the right thing." But because Mr. Moore had trotted out one of his pet insanities, his denunciation of Thomas Hardy as a novelist, Mr. Brennecke had done nothing of the sort, which we set down to his credit.

Where the cause is just, the small conquers the great. The man that hails you "Tom!" or "Jack!" And proves by thumps upon your back How he esteems your merit, is such a friend that one had need Be very much his friend indeed. To pardon or to bear it. —Cowper.

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