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THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

Monday, March 6, 1922

POLITICAL SICKNESS

To its many other sins of omission and commission the Bell Government has added that of gross discourtesy to representative citizens from various parts of the Province. It appears that some time ago arrangements were made by the Premier to receive a delegation in order that they might lay before the Government their views on certain aspects of the education question. The working out of the compulsory minimum supplement for teachers is creating a hardship on the smaller school districts and it was proposed to lay this grievance before the Government and to suggest means for remedying it. There were other matters of educational importance of which the delegates wished to be heard, and so important did they consider the matter that notwithstanding the unfavorable weather and snow-blocked railways they made it a point of duty to get to the city on Friday in order to keep their appointment with the Government. One may imagine their surprise and chagrin then, when at three o'clock in the afternoon a messenger conveyed to them a verbal message that on account of sickness the Government was unable to keep its appointment with them. No explanation of who was sick (and the delegation had the evidence of their eyes that at least six of the eight members were physically all right) and about their usual business was vouchsafed and the messenger could throw no light on the subject. The delegation was left to form their own conclusions as to whether it was physical, mental or political sickness that troubled the administration, and reluctantly came to the conclusion after reviewing the situation that political disability was the source of the trouble. Whatever the cause the administration was guilty of the gravest act of discourtesy towards representative citizens of the province.

PRAIRIE CLAIMS AGAIN

In a letter to the respective Premiers of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, Mr. MacKenzie King lays down the policy of the Government on the question of the return of national resources to these prairie provinces. Premier King's proposal, in a nutshell, is that the prairie provinces relinquish the subsidies which they have received in lieu of their lands, and receive the resources. "The shortest and simplest way of quick results, would be to ignore the transactions of the past and make a fresh start," he says. The Prime Minister states in his letter that the question of returning the natural resources has been complicated in the past by objections raised on the part of older provinces, who have claimed that if the requests of the Prairie provinces were granted, now conditions would arise which would entitle them the older provinces to compensation. Speaking on behalf of the Government, he expresses the opinion that any claim on the part of the eastern provinces will probably be removed if it is understood that on receiving their natural resources the Prairie provinces will surrender the subsidies. Referring to this question in a recent issue the Halifax Herald struck the nail on the head. Politicians of the middle west, it reminds us, have been on every side of the question. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier was in power they did not want the resources. They preferred the special subsidies, and they got these. When the Borden Government entered office, the old ground was forsaken and the demands for natural resources were renewed, plus the subsidies and also plus an accounting for all the years of the

Notes By The Way (From T. S. Examiner.)

"No concrete proposal for bringing about a reciprocal trade agreement between Canada and the United States will be taken back to Ottawa by the Hon. W. S. Fielding, as a result of his visit to Washington." So runs the Canadian press despatch from the United States capital. In other words the mission seems to have failed. There is nothing doing, nothing to be done in the reciprocity line just now.

Several explanations and excuses are put forward to account for the failure. One of these is that Mr. Fielding did not really go after a reciprocity treaty or expect to get it now. He was merely sounding the opinion of the Harding administration on the subject. Mr. Fielding is well known to be enamored of reciprocity, but as in the case of other lovers sometimes, the darling of his heart was found not to be responsive. He had not been invited to Washington, before he went. He was not told while there that the fair object of his affections would even be a sister to him. He was not requested to "call again."

So much appears on the face of the story of his visit as far as it has been told. It was not always thus. It was different when he and Mr. Patterson went to Washington in 1911. Then they were cordially received, most hospitably entertained and brought back a concrete proposal, although it was one that Canada afterward rejected. There was "something doing" in 1911; nothing is doing in 1922. President Harding, we are told, would like to make the American tariff "more flexible" but "the American farmers, many of them near bankrupt, will not stand for any lowering of duties on agricultural products."

The American farmers say they want protection now just as the Canadian farmers wanted it in 1911. Mr. Fielding would no doubt, have been as willing now as he was then to pay any price even to make Canada a mere adjunct of the United States if he could have so purchased reciprocity, but even so the offer appears to have been spurned by the American yeasayers. In effect Mr. Fielding appears to have been told to take his reciprocity treaty to the junk shop and the "adjunct" along with it.

Under such hard circumstances what could Mr. Fielding do? No attempt hitherto made to capture the American eagle by putting out his tail has proved successful. He is a wary bird, if a little rapacious as well. To have tried to take Uncle Sam by the nose and so compel him to take the reciprocity medicine might have resulted unfortunately. That method, however it may be thought advisable in Bedouin, is not suited to the latitude of Washington.

We think Mr. Fielding did well to avoid any risk of a personal encounter with Uncle Sam. To suddenly run up against a brawny fist and "see the Stars and feel the Stripes" at the same instant might give a shock to even so great an admirer of the American flag as Mr. Fielding. By so much the Canadian envoy appears to have "saved his face" partly but not entirely. It will be found to be a little longer when he returns than it was when he went away.

Parliament will open at Ottawa but Mr. Fielding must report no opening for reciprocity at Washington. Premier King will be distressed, leader Crerar disappointed, seed, Liberal and Progressive alike will chew the bitter cud of meditation. Long faces and a majority that is short are neither of them exhilarating. But if Parliament opens under the shadow of Mr. Fielding's defeat it will be but a partial eclipse, but little realized in Ontario, and still less in Quebec and the East.

Our home market is saved for the producers and manufacturers of Canada. Our farmers are saved from a competition at their own doors for more dangerous and far larger in volume than that which threatened them in 1911. The Canadian people who saved themselves by their own votes in that year, showed how little they regretted their action by their votes in 1917. They will soon realize that they have lost nothing by the failure of Mr. Fielding's latest mission to Washington.

King Government and the political gods of our evening organ's worship, openly admit that they are still without a policy.

A PADRE IN THE GREAT WAR

Being the Reminiscences and Recollections of the Veteran Chaplain, Canon F. G. Scott (Copyrighted in Canada by F. G. Scott; Book rights reserved).

AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION (Continued)

The Quartermaster of the 3rd furnished me with a change of underwear for which I was most grateful. I felt quite proud at having some extra clothes again. The battalions were moved at last out of the area and were ordered off to rest. Our first stop was near Vlamertinghe. We reached in the afternoon, and I chatted with a bath. Murdoch MacDonald got a bucket of water from a green and slimy pond and put it on the other side of a hedge, and there I retired to have a wash and change. I was just in the midst of the process when, to my confusion, the Germans began to shell the adjoining field, and splinters of shell fell in the hedge behind me. The transfuge of the other side called out to me to run and take cover under the wagons. "I can't boys," I replied. "I have got no clothes on." They roared with laughter at my confusion. Though clothes are not all at all an impracticable armor, which made one extremely safe to the beauties of nature, I somehow or other you feel, there was nothing for it but to complete my ablution. I did so effectively in the cold spring air that I got a chill. That night I was racked with pains as I rode on the horse which The M. O. lent me, on our march to Baillet.

We arrived in the quaint old town about two in the morning, and I made my way in the dark to the hotel in the Square. I was refused admission on the reasonable plea that every bed was already occupied. I was just turning away, wondering where I could go, for I had hardly able to stand up, when an officer came and said I might go up to the room on the top floor, and he would need it no more. It was quite delightful, not only to find a bed, but one which had been so nicely and wholesomely warmed. I spent a most comfortable night, and in the morning I wondered if my batman would find out where I was, and come and look after me. About ten o'clock I heard a knock at the door and called out "Come in." To my astonishment a very smart staff officer with a brass hat and red badges made his way into the room, and started me by saying, "I am the Deputy Judge Advocate General." "Oh," I said, "I was hoping you were my batman." He laughed at that and told me his business. There had been a report that one of our Highlanders had been crucified on door of a barn, and the Roman Catholic Chaplain of the 3rd, Brigade and myself had tried to trace the story to its origin. We found that the nearest we could get to it was, that someone had told somebody else about it. One day I managed to discover a Canadian soldier who said he had seen the crucifixion himself. I at once took some paper out of my pocket and a New Testament and told him, "I want you to make that statement on oath and put your signature to it." He said, "It is not necessary." But he had been talking so much about the matter to the men around him that he could not escape. I had kept his sworn testimony in my pocket and it was to obtain this that the De-

puty Judge Advocate General had called upon me. I gave it to him and told him that, in spite of his oath, I thought the man was not telling the truth. Weeks afterwards I got a letter from the Deputy Judge telling me he had found the man, who when confronted by a staff officer weakened, and said he was mistaken in swearing that he had seen the crucifixion, he had only been told about it by someone else. We have no right to charge the Germans with the crime. They have done so many things equally bad, but we do not need to bring charges against them of which we are not quite sure.

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS The Brigade was quartered in the little village of Steenje. It was a pretty place, and it was delightful to be back in the peaceful country again. May was bringing out the spring flowers and the trees wore fresh green leaves. There was something about the ex-hilarating life we were leading which made one extremely sensible to the beauties of nature. I have never cared much for flowers except in a general way. But now I noticed a great change. A wild flowers growing in a ditch by the wayside seemed to me to be almost a living thing, and spoke in its contentment, and mocked by its humility, the world of men which was so full of noise and death. Color too made a most powerful appeal to the heart. The gleam of sunlight on the moss that covered an old thatched roof gave one a thrill of gladness. The world of nature pulling on its fresh spring dress had its message to hearts that were lonely and anxious, and it was a message of calm courage and hope. In Julian Grenfell's beautiful poem "Into Battle," he notes this message of the field and trees. Everything in nature spoke to the fighting man and gave him its own word of cheer.

Of course all the men did not show they were conscious of these emotional suggestions, but I think they felt them nevertheless. The green fields and shimmering waters round Steenje had a very soothing effect upon minds that had passed through the bitterest ordeal in their life's experience. One morning I held a service of Holy Communion in the open air. Every thing was wonderful and beautiful. The golden sunlight was streaming across the earth in full radiance. The trees were fresh and green, and hedges marked out the field with walls of living beauty. The grass in the meadow was soft and velvety, and just behind the spot where I had placed the altar a silver stream wandered slowly by. When one adds to such a scene the faces of a group of earnest, well-made and heroic young men it is easily understood that the beauty of the service was complete. When it was over, I reminded them of the twenty-third Psalm, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters." There too was the table prepared before us in the presence of our enemies.

(To be Continued)

Daily Selections for Guardian Readers

From the W. S. Louson collection

BULBS Safe in the earth they lie, serenely waiting; They never speak to north winds or to snow, Perfume and color in the dark creating. Fit for the sunlit world that they will know.

I held them in my hands, small bulbs of wonder, Purple and ivory and brown, I broke the soft, dark earth to fold them under, And pressed the yielding soil to hold them down.

know that in their hearts the rainbow lingers, Waiting until it bears a song it knows. Oh, strange, to hold a rainbow in my fingers! It lies there waiting for the melting snows.

And long before I hear the blue bird singing, Truth will be stirring in my garden beds, And oh, it will be early that I'll find there Small, green hooded heads!

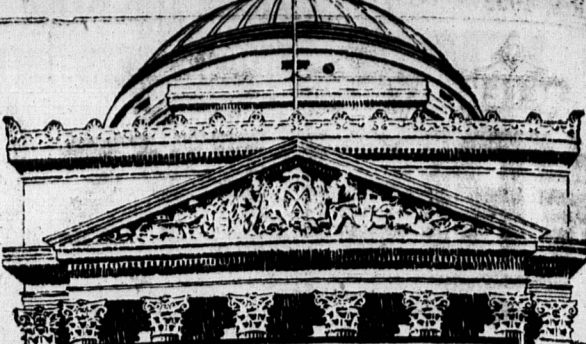
The little brown song sparrow that comes darning, To pour his heart out on an empty bough, Will linger in my garden to be sharing The seven colors that are sieving now.

LOUIS DRISCOLL

Others' View Points

Advance of Travel Quebec Telegraph

It is said that 33 years ago the average Canadian or American travelled a total of 192 miles in a year. Now the average is 456 miles. Some of us can recall a boyhood in a country town—and the thrill of going down to the village depot to watch "No 17" steam in with a shrill screeching of brakes. Out of yonder, beyond the horizon lay the Great Unexplored. You recall your envy of the village banker when he returned from a trip to New York or some other metropolis. To travel 50 miles by railroad a few years ago was a boyhood treat beyond the dreams of avarice. Today the boy yawns as he climbs into the Pullman for a trip of 500 or 5,000 miles. It's interesting, but not out of the ordinary. What he yearns for is to fly in that steel airplane overhead. Travel, "far from home" once was a thrill even for the grown-ups. Now it's rather a dull necessity of a blase age. In 1839, the thrill of railroad travel was somewhat deadened by a sub-conscious fear of "getting killed by the cars." In that year 472,000, 600 people were carried by the railroad, the chance of being killed in a smash-up was, one in 1,523,000. Now the railroads haul 1,300,000,000 passengers a year and the chance of getting killed has been cut to one in 5,673,000. Airplane travel will be similarly made safer and safer as the years slip by. The rising generation may be fated for airplane travel. That's where it's getting its thrill—watch the flying machine. It's a real thrill—probably not as much to youngsters as to us grown-ups, for the youngsters have so many tricks of magic, like the wireless telephone, that they must be getting beyond thrills.



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ROUGH-HOUSE AT LONDON CO. COUNCIL ELECTION LONDON, March 4.—The London County Council elections which are held every three years, are being held today. Municipal reformers, practically the whole Conservative party in wider politics are working the Socialist machine for all it is worth in their endeavor to retain a majority in the County Council. Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, minister of agriculture, who entered into the fray on the municipal reformers' behalf, was given a lively reception at Fulham last night. There was an attempt which caused him to lose his patience, and he shouted a tirade at the meeting. "You ought to get live in Bolshevist Russia," he said. Order was restored in a few minutes. The meeting broke up with the sections singing the National Anthem and the Flag at its same time. Reputation is a bubble, easily punctured.

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