

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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THE TIME TO STRIKE

We note that amid the shouting about surpluses, appropriations for railway lines, reduction of taxation and other blessings, present and prospective, there has not been a dollar appropriated for the standardization of the Eastern Prince Edward Island lines. Nor does it appear that any one of our "solid four" has lifted up his voice in protest against the neglect. Appropriations have been voted for several wharves and breakwaters in different parts of the province, some of which had been made before but never used and are now re-voted for the benefit of certain constituencies but not a dollar for the most needed work in the province, namely the standardization referred to, the standardization required to unify our railway system and to give the farmers and the merchants of King's County an equal opportunity with those of Prince and Queens.

Now that Mr. J. J. Hughes is at home for a rest, doubtless well earned, would it not be an opportune time for, say a delegation of the Board of Trade to wait upon him and ascertain if he can do something towards getting this vitally necessary thing done? It would be less expensive to wait upon him while he is amongst us than to send a delegation to Ottawa and we have seen delegations sent to Ottawa on less important missions. Possibly Mr. Hughes might be inclined to wait upon the Board of Trade as he has done so when less important matters were under consideration. Anyway he is here, the narrow gauge railway is in his constituency and he would no doubt welcome an opportunity which, doubtless for good reasons, he missed while in Ottawa. The opportunity should not be lost; this is the time to strike.

ANOTHER LIBERAL SURPLUS!

Not since the Surplus song in Prince Edward Island died away into a hollow groan under the revelations of the External Auditor has there been such jubilation as has been heard in the last few days over the "surplus" shown by the acting Finance Minister of the Federal government. And it is the same old song that we had listened to here, sung in solo and in chorus for four years. Never were a people more blest with surpluses than we were between the years 1919 and 1923. Every year we were treated to the surplus chorus in our legislative sessions. At intervals between, the surplus song was sung in press and on platform until the External Auditor announced that not only had there been no surplus but that there was an average deficit of about \$100,000 a year during the four years of Liberal rule. Then the voices of the singers became mute, the harp-strings and the violin strings snapped and the tin trumpets became silent.

Now, there is another surplus song, this time from Ottawa. There is going to be a surplus of some \$30,000,000! Whatever may be thought of it elsewhere, it was recognized here when the first note was sounded. It was the same old song, the same old surplus arrived at in the same old way. By deducting some \$70,000,000 borrowed for the railway and as much a liability of the Canadian government as if it had been borrowed to pay the expenses of a Royal Commission on pulpwood, the acting Minister of Finance produced a surplus! And the country is to be treated to this song until the next election!

IRRESPONSIBLE

Hon. J. E. Sinclair, Federal Minister without portfolio, pleads that he is not responsible for Andrew Fraser Mitchell. On reading his narrative of the Mitchell affair, most people will acquit Mr. Sinclair of being responsible for anything.—Sydney Post.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Sir Lomer Gouin returned to Ottawa on Thursday last, called upon Premier King, Hon. Mr. Lapointe, his successor in the office of Minister of Justice and others of his late colleagues and resumed his seat in the House of Commons. Sir Lomer is quite in time to hear the entire Budget debate and nothing further has at this writing transpired as to his personal attitude toward the recent tariff changes. A recent Ottawa despatch from a reliable source intimates that very few Liberals or Progressives will vote against any of the proposed tariff changes.

The Conservative Opposition on the contrary, are expected to vote almost as one man, against those clauses which are justly viewed as an attack upon Canadian industry. The combined Liberal and Progressive vote will, under the circumstances be expected to give a very large majority in favor of the Government. This by no means disheartens the followers of Mr. Meighen who are confident that the country is with them. They recall as a historic parallel that when Sir John Macdonald introduced his National Policy in 1877 as the leader of a small Opposition in a House "overwhelmingly Liberal, his support was very small, but in the following year he and his policy of protection swept the country with a tremendous majority at a general election.

HON. L. O. David recalled those old times in a speech in the Senate the other day. The venerable Liberal Senator, now over eighty years of age, has played a prominent part in public affairs since Confederation. He was a friend of Mackenzie and Blake and a confidential adviser of Laurier. In his recent speech he told of Premier Mackenzie asking him shortly before the election of 1878, what he thought of the Liberal Government's chances? His answer was, "Well, you will be badly beaten unless you give us a protective tariff." Later he handed Mr. Mackenzie a letter giving extended reasons for his opinions. The latter read it in his presence and said, "Your letter is not encouraging, and your prophecy really alarms me, but what can I do? All my people, the members for Ontario, say they must go to the country with the tariff as it is."

Premier Mackenzie went down to defeat for refusing the wise counsel to adopt protection. Sir Wilfrid Laurier met a crushing defeat when he proposed in 1911 to throw down the protective policy which Canada had prospered under for 32 years and adopt Reciprocity. The King Government is now abandoning protection to please the free traders of the West. The tariff it proposes will abundantly please his American friends. It is a tariff that threatens Canadian industry and Canadian workers. It menaces the industrial future of the Dominion. Politically it is all a huge blunder, a repetition of the mistake of Mackenzie in 1878 and of Laurier in 1911.

While deploring the injury that Canada must suffer from the Robb tariff, the Conservative party welcomes the political issue. "Canada for Canadians" is a better slogan than "Canada for the Americans!" It is a cause that has already won six general elections in the Dominion, and saved it from becoming "a mere adjunct of the United States." Those were the words of ex-President Taft. Once more let the forces be set in battle array. Shall the implements of production for Canadian workers in the field, the mine, the forest and the factory be made in Canada or in the States? Shall we go back to the time when "there was no smith in all the land of Israel?"

"Now there was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel; for the Philistines said, Lest the Hebrews make their swords or spears; but all the Israelites went down to the Philistines to sharpen every man his spear and his coultter and his axe and his mattock." The Israelites had before made their own swords, spears and the implements of husbandry and handicraft, now they were not allowed to make, or to have swords or spears, or to make, or even sharpen their own farming tools and implements at home. Their Land of Promise had become a mere adjunct of Philistia. That had not happened in a day to them, but it did happen. And it is in that direction toward a like condition of dependence, humiliation and servitude that our present rulers are leading Canada.



That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

SLEEP

You occasionally find that you can't sleep and wonder just what is the cause thereof. Very often you can trace it to some business proposition that is on your mind. Possibly some family worry. It might be due to drinking some strong tea or coffee before retiring. When you can trace it definitely in this way there is of course nothing to do but put up with it for the time being, and try to be more careful thereafter.

However, you may perhaps find that you are getting the habit of wakefulness, and then it may begin to be a source of real worry to you. Now as a matter of fact most people get more sleep than they actually need, and many get more sleep than they think they got. There can be no question but that the continuous loss of sleep is a serious matter, because it means that with the brain active, and the body more or less active, that the fatigue products are not thrown out of the system, and therefore such a one is bound to be tired all the time, and utterly unfit for mental or physical effort.

The big point to remember is that if you go to bed at ten o'clock, and wake up at five or six, you've already had all the sleep you need. Perhaps after waking at five, you doze off a number of times, and about the time you should get up, you are quite drowsy. This gives you the impression that you have lost some needed sleep, because you have the feeling that just as long as you are in bed you should be sleeping. In a former article I said that many people could not sleep because they were afraid they could not sleep, and this very fear of what sleeplessness would do to them mentally and physically, was keeping them from sleeping.

Another thing for you to remember is that Nature generally tells you when you need anything. Do without food for a day or two and your appetite will come back. Do without sleep for a day or two and your sleep will come naturally. In the case of eating if you decide not to eat and just drift along without food, your appetite comes back because you've stopped thinking about food. With sleep however, you think about it, worry about it, try to coax it, and it is so much in your mind that it simply keeps you awake. Go to your physician. Have him go over you and question you. If there is no physical ailment causing your sleeplessness go home and forget about it.

Every person has occasional periods of sleeplessness during his lifetime. The suggestions given before should not be forgotten. Lie down as if completely exhausted with arms and legs slightly bent. Breathe naturally and deeply. Before retiring perhaps some light exercise, a bowl of hot milk. Sometimes warming up the feet will draw the blood down from the head. In any case don't worry about it. People don't die from lack of sleep.

Your Birthday

APRIL 17.—Your nature is affectionate, and you require much love, and give much in return. If you are happy, you are very happy, and if unhappy you are very unhappy. You are a great reader, and are ambitious to improve yourself. Show yourself friendly and good-natured, and curb any desire to be jealous of the wealth and prosperity of others. Your birth-stone is a diamond, which means innocence. Your flower is a daisy. Your lucky colors are red and yellow.

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

TIME

We count time by our heart-beats—the rapid pulse of Joy Records in fleeting moments delight without alloy; But ere we grasp the sweetness and claim it for our own, We hear the far-off echo of pleasure that has flown.

We count time by our heart-throbs—the pendulum of Pain. Moves slowly, slowly over—and travels back again, But in that long, long second so greatly overdrawn The sorrow of a lifetime between the heat has gone.

We measure time by action—the deeds we do to-day. Affect to-morrow's progress and make or mar the way; And God, the great Time-keeper, will finally make plain Why life is this strange blending—heart-beats of Joy and Pain.

By A. L. READ

Silk Hats Return Worn More Jauntily

SILK hats are coming back. But with a difference. A serious difference, too, to the plain, plodding fellow who plants his feet squarely on the ground, his hat squarely on his head. For the silk hat, say those who follow the subtler shades of changing modes, may now be worn a little on one ear, at a jaunty angle. Even the Prince of Wales, approval of the wearing of a high hat with a short coat does not entirely reconcile older arbiters of fashion to this seeming informality. To these a less decorous manner of wearing the sacred black "lid" will appear an added sacrilege. But squarely planted or jauntily tilted, the silk hat which has marked the gentleman for so many generations is slowly regaining lost favor, says the New York Times.

Said one maker of hats for men: "The war has had much to do with the informality of men's clothes. During those years when a large proportion of the world was in uniform it was considered inappropriate to dress up. Now all that is changed, and the growing popularity of the silk hat shows a renewed interest in more formal dressing." And where a predilection for informality still lingers, he added, it is perfectly proper even according to the most fastidious to wear a Tuxedo with a high silk hat.

Few Silk Hat Makers.

This man would not concede that the silk hat was either uncomfortable or unbecoming. Properly made, it was light in weight and at all times it greatly improved mere man's appearance. On the wave of this suggested popularity of the silk topper comes the question of a sufficient amount of craftsmen to make the chief d'oeuvre of hatter's plush and silk. Since 1845, when handworkers in this country numbered 600, the clan has diminished until, according to one of the oldest members, there are but forty-six silk-hat makers left in New York City and fewer than a hundred in the United States. "Young men don't want to learn the trade to-day," said William Jones, a skilled artisan in silk-hat making, employed by a "hat atelier" in Eighth Avenue. "There isn't enough money in it to suit them, and it takes too long to learn the fine points." Mr. Jones did not add the word "craft," but that is what it amounts to. A delicate painstaking craft, it would seem, from the amount of careful handwork that Jones and his old assistants were putting on the muslin models, which they were slowly shellacking, on the tables.

The Craft of Old Englishmen.

It is the craft of old men—old Englishmen, apparently. Jones spent seven years learning the trade in Manchester, England, where he was born. He then went to the town of Denton, six miles distant, famous for its hat factories, and here he perfected his art until he came to America, nearly fifty years ago. Yes, said the old artisan, his co-workers were all English, and most of the men who still followed the trade learned it in Great Britain. There was no reason, he said, why the young fellows should not learn to do the work as well as the older generation. Only, "they are in such a hurry to make money. They go to the machines." There was no crashing machinery turning out felt headgear at 100 dozen per day here in this quiet atelier. There was only the intelligent labor of a half dozen pairs of hands fitting imported muslin over the latest, wooden molds, shellacking the muslin and setting it aside to dry, pending the time when fine hatter's plush from France would be laid on the outside of the crown and silk on the brim, and the hot iron again applied by a master hand. Then the silk topper is passed on for feminine fingers to add lining and band—plainly considered a woman's job by the craftsmen who build with such minute attention to detail this important part of a gentleman's apparel.

The Latest Model.

In the old days captains of industry as well as less important men wore the stately beaver on the most informal occasions. An old print of the Sixties shows a prize-fight on the outskirts of New York City. Pugilists with bare fists (no pampering gloves them) are clinched in formidable proximity, and clustered around the restraining ropes are hundreds of eager spectators, all of them attired in frock coats and high silk hats. Ten men working steadily can turn out only three dozen silk hats a day, say the

hand-workers. Few, indeed, when compared to the hundred dozen of a modern factory. But these few are increasing in response to the new demand. Just now, the English block known as the Astor—it has several other names as well—has brought to this country a hat with bell-shaped crown a little higher than last year's dandies wore, with a slightly broader brim. "A hat for a big, finely-proportioned man," said one dealer. A hat, too, much favored by Englishmen supposedly the world's best-dressed men—although it is rumored that the American is now running his British brother a close second in the matter of sartorial perfection.

Cry for Formal Things.

For the whimsical a degree of latitude is allowed in the matter of the hat, according to a fashion magazine devoted to the ultra dresser. Says this authority: "The dimensions of the fashionable silk hat are 1 1/2 brim and 5 1/2 crown, and 1 1/2 brim and 5 1/2 crown. It is moire lined and has either the white or dark inside leather band. The outside ribbon may be either black felt or silk of varying depth, according to the whim of the wearer." Despite Fashion's vagaries, however, there will always be the man who glories in his silk topper of a ripe old vintage, who jakes it down lovingly year after year, has it reironed and with a beaming countenance announces, "Tenth year for the old stovepipe. Pretty good, eh?" Skeptics are hooting it down, the middleman as usual is on the fence, but a louder cry for formal living, coupled with a human desire for change, may win back the silk hat to its former station for the discriminating and for the man who knows what's what. Those who heed the designers of

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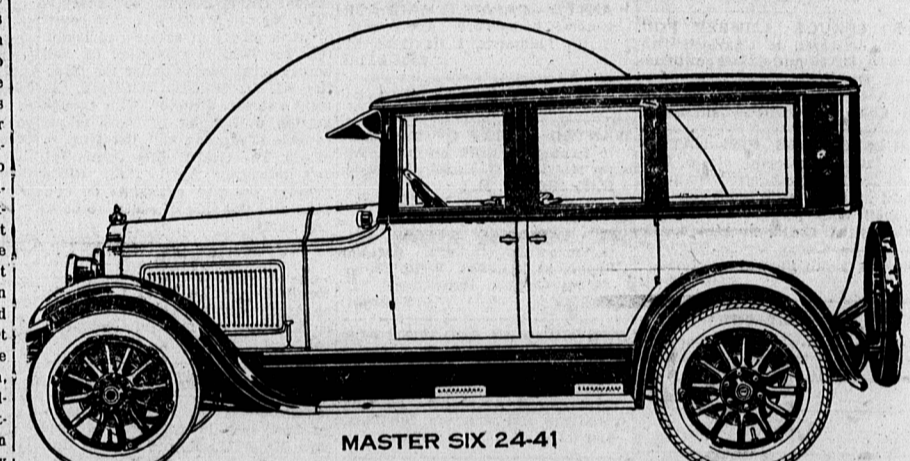


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English Novelist To Spend Year in Far North (British United Press.) LONDON, April 16.—Sinclair Lewis, novelist and writer of some of the best sellers is planning to go to Canada very shortly and intends to spend a whole year in the Far North absolutely beyond the bounds of civilization in the sub-Arctic region. He says that life in the cities of Europe is making him soft and he wants a new atmosphere for his next book which will be based on the results of his Canadian experience. Employ your time well and since you are not sure of a minute, do not throw away an hour.

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Memorial Service At The Scene Of Titanic Disaster (Canadian Press) HALIFAX, April 15.—Twelve years ago tonight the gigantic White Star liner "Titanic" while on her maiden voyage from Liverpool to New York, struck an iceberg in the north Atlantic and disappeared beneath the waves at two o'clock the next morning, taking with her 1,634 of her passengers and crew. Yesterday afternoon at three o'clock the United States coast-guard cutter "Moduc" held an impressive memorial service at the scene of the disaster in which all ships and stations within wireless range were invited to participate. He that has but one hog makes him fat, he that has but one son makes him a fool. An honest countenance is the best passport. There is no place like home, even if it is a cellar. Knavery may seem to succeed for a time, but honesty always wins in the long run.

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