

The Charlottetown Guardian

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MORNING EDITION (founded 1887) \$4.00 per year (in advance) delivered in City, \$2.00 per year (in advance) mailed to Prince Edward Island, \$4.50 per year (in advance) Mailed to Canada and United States.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1936.

Victoria Day

With all due appreciation of the value of Empire Day in stimulating enthusiasm for our heritage as British citizens, it must be confessed that this anniversary, falling in conjunction with Victoria Day and Arbour Day, has caused more confusion than all the other anniversaries on the calendar.

And so it becomes necessary, every year, to emphasize the fact that May 24—or May 25 if the 24th falls on Sunday—is not Empire Day in Canada. It is Victoria Day, so stated in the statutes. We have no day set apart as a holiday in Canada designated as Empire Day, and the fact that in England and Australia May 24 is observed (only partially) as Empire Day, should not lead us into the error so often made of saying or writing "Empire" for "Victoria" Day.

Nevertheless, Victoria is a name held in such love and veneration throughout the Empire, and is associated with so many glamorous achievements in Empire building, that it is but fitting that the patriotic note should be sounded in commemorating this anniversary. It used to be called "the Queen's Birthday" and older readers will recall the vim with which they sang, as school children:

"The twenty-fourth of May is the Queen's birthday. If we don't get a holiday we'll all run away!"

Imperial problems have increased tremendously since Victorian days, but the ideals have remained: these can be summed up as freedom of conscience and self-expression. Wherever the Union Jack flies, it stands for freedom. At no time in modern world history, perhaps, has this fact been more significant, or more necessary of being emphasized.

A memorial erected some years ago in England to Lord MEATH bears the inscription: "To him the British Empire was a goodly heritage to be fashioned like unto a City of God." That is the finest Empire message one can take for Victoria Day.

Full And Empty Churches

In the London Spectator recently an interesting discussion was carried on upon the subject of Full and Empty Churches, and the alleged causes and cures. One correspondent, evidently an experienced theologian as well as a practical student of present-day tendencies, makes the contribution, which is equally applicable to conditions here and elsewhere:

The assumption of many correspondents seems to be that the Church should attract people by interesting services—that the ordinary service is dull and uninteresting—that to use it is to be reactionary—that unless one can leave a church "happier and uplifted" that Church has failed.

But the duty of a Christian is to belong to some one Church, to work for it, to be regular in worshipping in it, to co-operate with the clergy in making that church a power in the district, to assist the work of the Church Abroad, and to help in all social and religious efforts of that Church at home. All this sounds dreadfully old-fashioned, and is quite out of favour with that ecclesiastical intelligentsia which looms so large in the newspapers, but the Roman Catholic Church has the same "monotonous" Service Sunday after Sunday, unvaried, and yet we do not hear all these wails from its members. Its churches are well filled with a loyal folk.

One great cause of the alleged emptiness of Protestant churches is the existence of a vociferous group who—in season and out of season—never cease from deriding their own Church. Their openly expressed contempt for their Church has given the younger generation the feeling that it is simply not worth while going to an "ordinary" church where they are sure to find an "ordinary" parson praying the "ordinary" prayers. This defeatism preached by these critics, clerical and lay, is a most pernicious thing. It is far easier to run up and down the country addressing large audiences on the shortcomings of the Church than to do the ordinary work of a parish, a humdrum task from which some of these critics seem to fly as soon as possible. If the records of these deriders of the Church were looked up it would be seen how little of the hack-work of the Church some of them have done. It requires unflinching courage to keep at parish work year after year, yet unless there is a supply of clergy who will do this "ordinary" work the Christian religion would soon disappear. For the Religion of Christ is not kept alive by emotional gatherings in which contempt for the "ordinary" is regarded as synonymous with spiritual life. Most of all life is ordinary, but it requires real vision to see the glory of the humdrum.

Where would the medical profession stand today if it were afflicted with similar unceasing criticism? If Dr. Arrogant and Sir Benjamin Belittle and Professor Sneerwell constantly informed the public that the medical profession was hopelessly out of date, the "ordinary" practitioner a dud who would merely prescribe the "ordinary" remedies? Such destructive criticism, given well-organized publicity for many years, would shake the confidence of the younger generation in the profession of Medicine. The British Medical Association would certainly know the difference between the two classes of doctors, but the Protestant Association would certainly know the difference between the two classes of doctors.

Editorial Notes

Boy Scouts Church Parade tomorrow.

Summerside was the centre of attraction last evening.

Victoria Day, Monday, was preceded by Empire Day, Friday.

The good weather is speeding, and still no permanent roadmaking under way.

It is too true that too many of our potential \$25 hospital subscribers are to be found in the 25c class.

"Hands off the Holy Land and Egypt" is the warning given by Prime Minister BALDWIN to all whom it may concern.

We are all anxiously waiting the outcome of Premier CAMPBELL's latest month's "picnic" to Ottawa. Will he bring home the bacon this time?

"The poor ye have with you always," and now the CAMPBELL Government seems determined to add to these, the unemployed.

Hope everyone, especially I. O. D. E. ladies and school teachers read Mr. G. J. MACCORMAC's interesting and valuable article on the Birth of Empire Day in our Thursday's issue.

Imports of farm implements in March aggregated \$1,162,519 compared with \$698,034 in 1935 of which \$1,104,581 came from the United States and \$27,557 from the United Kingdom. Cream separators to the value of \$23,318 came from Sweden.

The loss of reputation is much more than the loss of his job to Mr. KENNETH BUTT, son of the millionaire race-track owner and theatre proprietor mixed up in the Budget Leak Scandal in London. There, honour still counts more than the mere ability to "get away with it."

That the consumer must pay the Sales Tax was fully demonstrated by Mr. DUNNING in an amendment he moved and had adopted to his own budget. He moved that where any manufacturer or producer, prior to the budget, had made a contract for a sale, the purchaser shall pay the additional tax. That is, there is "no such animal" as absorption by the manufacturer or producer where MACKENZIE KING taxes are concerned. The consumer gets it in the neck every time.

Judge A. D. HYNDMAN, President of the Pension Appeal Court, giving evidence before the House of Commons Committee on ex-service men's affairs, showed that of the 280,000 surviving ex-service men, who had served in the Canadian Expeditionary Force and had served in a theatre of actual war, only about 80,000 received pensions. He thought the court should continue to be manned by men of legal training, since practically all of the questions that came before it were questions of fact. There was no difficulty with medical questions.

Mayor CAMILLIEN HOUE, C.B.E., fingering pages of MONTREAL'S Golden Book, signed by distinguished visitors to the City Hall, the other day, stared in amazement at one signature, scratched his head and burst out with: "Why, that's the man!" His discovery was that some time in 1928 Archbishop ANDRE DU BOIS DE LA VILLERABEL 72-year-old prelate who had defied a Vatican order deposing him as apostolic administrator of the Ruen diocese in France pending a personal appeal to Pope PIUS XI, had visited Canada, had been received at the City Hall by Mayor HOUE during his first term of office (the mayor was also Leader of Quebec's Conservative Opposition then) and had signed his name in the Golden Book. Mayor HOUE mused: "Time seems to pass!"

These are stirring days in the old City of Quebec. On Monday Mr. MAURICE DUPLESSIS, Opposition Leader returned from a week-end in Montreal and was met by over 5,000 people at the railway station who were up-in-arms against any coalition with TASCHEREAU. He told them there was no possibility of any such coalition and was cheered to the echo. The crowd carried an effigy of Mr. CHARLES LANTOT, assistant Attorney-General who appeared before the public accounts committee of which Mr. DUPLESSIS is a member. Banners carried by the crowd proclaimed "Down with LANTOT" "Down with BERCOVITCH, (PETER BERCOVITCH, Liberal member of the Legislature for Montreal St. Louis), "Elections at all costs" and "No compromise." The meeting was organized by members of the opposition party as a protest against what they termed "gagging tactics" allegedly being employed by the Government at the Public Accounts Committee inquiry.

Judge SHAW and other admirers of the poetry of Mr. ROBERT W. SERVICE will be interested to learn that the poet has turned from literature to music. Writing from Cote-du-Nord, France, where he now resides, to an old Yukon pal of his Mr. CLEMENT BURNS, Librarian of the Supreme Court at Ottawa, Mr. SERVICE said that he had abandoned literature but that, even though he plays the piano poorly, he has composed some songs and is thinking of publishing them. The letter reads in part: "I seldom think, I don't believe in it. I try to develop vacuity of mind and childlike insouciance. Also to cultivate my capacity for ignorance. I am of the opinion that mental obtuseness is a great factor in longevity. In fact, a certain cheerful idiocy is to be prized. I am afraid that now the memories of my Yukon days are faint and far away. The war seemed to blast everything else into insignificance. I saw so much hardship and horror and every second man was a hero; so that the ordinary man seems relatively unimportant."

Notes by the Way

It is difficult to appreciate the finer points of the verdict of French democracy. It is not a check for the Cabinet but it is clear that Socialists will dominate the next Chamber. Ministers or not, the leading party chiefs have been re-elected at the first onset, and their Communist or extremist allies have made significant gains. We must recognize in this proof that France desires peace, and that she is in no mind to encourage Fascist initiatives. However, there is nothing in this that indicates a defeatist movement. From the viewpoint of French foreign policy, it can be said that the Franco-Russian treaty is accepted as a means of warding off the German peril. As proof of her pacific intentions, the Front Populaire has demanded that Hitlerist Germany relinquish the fortification of the Rhineland.—Le Soir, Quebec.

I have watched the shifting of youth's generalized attitude toward life as expressed in its characteristic slang expressions. If we divide youth into generations into half decades, this is what seems to me to have happened: 1920-25: "Let's go!" Implication: Exuberance, recklessness, lack of direction. 1925-1930: "Oh yeah?" Implication: Distrust, lowered energy. 1930-1935: "So what?" Implication: Loss of purpose, disbelief, cynicism.—Edward C. Lendiman, in Surrey Graphic.

In the past few months we have witnessed a swift increase in international political tension; a recrudescence of that military spirit, which sees no goal in life except triumph by force; an expansion of standing armies; a sharp increase of military budgets, an actual warfare in some portions of the globe. Only as the world's economic health is restored will individuals and nations develop again adequate resistance to the psychological madness that makes possible internal and external strife.—Secretary Hull.

Miss Dorothy Evans, president of Women Clerks and Secretaries in England, believes it is high time that women should rule the world, because, as things are, with men in the saddle, there is an "utter inability of the rulers of the various nations to understand each other's point of view." This change in the political dominance of sex may take a little time, as at present in France women are voiceless, in Germany they are voiceless, and in Italy the mothers have just told Premier Mussolini that "our sons belong to you."—Victoria Colonist.

In 1887 a total eclipse of the sun swept across Siberia and Central Asia, throwing millions of peasants into a panic. On June 19 there will be another eclipse visible across Siberia, and the Soviet Government is preparing for it by issuing educational films and pamphlets, fearing another panic. Superstition is an offspring of ignorance, and it shows a slow process it is to destroy the latter.—Ottawa Citizen.

A San Francisco inventor charged with making false claims for his "death ray" machine brought the device into court and killed two termites in thirty-five seconds, a lizard in four minutes, and a snake in eight minutes. A nervous jury took four minutes to find him not guilty.

There are in our democratic countries men of another century (and alas! thoughtful young people) who did everything following the war to ridicule and scoff at the League of Nations. The only power of the League of Nations by which it can bring about the reign of peace lies in the good faith of the people who compose it. The League of Nations is a moral force, and no hinge else. The detractors of the League of Nations are for force only. It will be found that a great majority of them are ferociously attached to the traditional forms of society. And the society which they revere will be upset and ruined when they have succeeded in depriving the League of Nations of its only force, which is moral force, and when they have caused it definitely to fail in its work for peace.—Le Canada, Montreal.

Money is power, but brains have a greater power than all the money in the world. Their use may be purchased, but not their ownership. A single human being, with brains, ideas teeming within them, and with a purpose and will to do, can start at scratch and gain the power that money possesses. Independent brains, however, their vast possibilities never for sale, but for service, comprise a glory that nothing can dim. In a democracy, the humbles may rise to the highest fame—through the use of his brains. There are no limits to which a man or woman may aspire.

Westminster Abbey is to have a new organ which will cost \$100,000. The present famous organ has been in use for two hundred and six years and is said to be completely worn out. The next one must be completed in time for the Coronation next year.—Montreal Star.

Every fifth year a census of the Prairie Provinces must be taken according to the law, and this is the year. A census, costing \$750,000, seems to be the last thing the West needs, but it should be interesting as showing the shifting of population during recent hard years; also the social and economic condition of the people.—Toronto Globe.

Last year the Union of South Africa paid off \$100,000,000 of its debt, and aims this year to get rid of \$60,000,000 more. Because of its gold production the Union is prospering, and it presents an attractive field for Canadian exporters. A country doing so well will be willing to buy a great many things

That Body of Hours

By James W. Barton, M.P.

CHRONIC DISCOMFORT OR PAIN OF ABDOMEN IN CHILDREN

Parents and physicians sometimes notice that a number of children between the ages of 5 to 12 complain of discomfort or pain in the abdomen that seems to be present all the time. There is usually constipation, a tired-out feeling with loss of appetite. As a youngster at these ages should be full of life and always hungry there must be some real reason for these symptoms.

In attempting to find a direct cause for this chronic discomfort in the abdomen in children Drs. J. Signorelli and H. Rosen, New Orleans, state in the New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal, that the most logical conditions likely to cause these symptoms are inflammation of certain lymph glands in the abdomen, chronic appendicitis or the action or disordered action of certain flowers or vegetables in the intestine.

Their findings suggested that there were changes in the lymph glands of the mesentery—the part of the covering of the intestine by means of which the intestine is fastened to the back bone, and also that some of the growing flowers or vegetables in the intestine were uniting in their actions on the contents of the intestine instead of opposing one another.

With this thought in mind, knowing that hydrochloric acid in the digestive juice of the stomach prevents the inflammation of these lymph glands of the mesentery, they tried the giving together of these intestinal flowers or vegetables, these physicians prescribed dilute hydrochloric acid in doses varying from 25 to 40 drops three times a day, to be taken diluted in water at each meal.

Marked improvement occurred, with relief of all symptoms, except lack of appetite in four of the twenty-five cases.

After one to two months of such treatment the acid was stopped. Many of the children have now been without the hydrochloric acid for as long as nine months and have been entirely free of the symptoms. This simple treatment for this group of symptoms, in youngsters five to twelve years of age, should be worth a trial at least.

The Twilight Of Gandhi

(Toronto Globe)

It is strange word, and somewhat illuminating, that comes from Wardha, India. It tells of Mahatma Gandhi, deposed from the presidency of the Indian National Congress, now "sullen and disappointed," lamenting "betrayal" by his "best friends."

Five years ago Gandhi's name was on the front page of every newspaper in the world. With his civil disobedience crusade, his join cloth and goats and spinning wheel, his strange marchings and blending of mysticism with political agitation, he had captured the world's imagination; there were even those who spoke of him as a new "Messiah."

Yet this man, who had been an able barrister in South Africa, who spoke perfect English with an Oxford accent, was, beneath all his mediaevalism, a crafty politician. So long as the British Government, through its Viceroy Lord Irwin, made much of him (the midnight conference in Delhi is vividly recalled) he remained a power. But when Britain, realizing at last that "Saint Gandhi" possessed certain attributes not associated with sainthood, adopted a firmer attitude toward him, treated him as any other revolutionary would be treated, his prestige waned. Lord Willingdon, a gentle man, no tyrant nor militarist, dealt with him firmly, refused to stand for his tacit rebellion under the guise of "mysticism." The early consequence was that Gandhi ceased to be "front page stuff" throughout the world, and especially in the United States; his influence waned steadily.

Today, deposed, this man who was supposed to have held all India in the palm of his hand (actually he never spoke but for a small minority of his races and creeds), is abandoned by even his own disciples. India despite the supposed radicalism of its National Congress, is more peaceable than at any time within a decade.

Something of Gandhi's character or of his temperament, is revealed by what he now says: "India loves me. India trusts me. India needs me. I feel therefore that my life mission is not yet ended. I still hope to see India free from the domination of the foreigner."

There is the touch of the egotist here. Of the man who, lost to all humility or sense of proportion by years of adulation, cannot sense his own limitations. Incidentally, the rise and decline of Gandhi is a striking example of the world's capacity to be fooled—and to fool itself.

This Dominion wants to sell.—TORONTO GLOBE. Mussolini's silence on the League of Nations question has been a matter of surprise in Europe. Perhaps the Italian dictator believes that actions speak louder than words.—Montreal Gazette.

PUBLIC FORUM

This column is open for the discussion by correspondents of any subject of interest. The Charlottetown Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinions of correspondents.

Dictatorship of Finance

Sir,—Does your correspondent writing under caption "Money vs. Commodities" know that at the present time, a petition to His Majesty the King is being prepared at London, England—address, Petition Headquarters and Club, 23 Grosvenor Place.

The object of this momentous move on the part of the great minds in London, is to return to the Crown the right of sovereignty of credit and currency, which was given to the financial barons in 1844. The news, appearing in your issue of this A.M., and the small interest now being paid to the depository—the backbone of the country—is about the last stroke of the vested interests to kill the all too small purchasing power of the country, and what, Sir, interest do you pay for a bank loan, if you are by chance, in a position to borrow? Under the circumstances, one is not surprised to find the bonds in Alberta are in demand. However let no one imagine this is on the strength of Mr. Abernethy getting any funds from Mr. McKenzie King! The Dean of Canterbury bought these bonds when he was lecturing in Canada in the interests of the League to abolish poverty. The cause of the League has come to an end. "The mark of the beast" which is buying and selling, has passed through its silent revolution. Olive Kendrick, writing on "For all things are yours," says: "It depends then on how we behave whether we have in the Agro-biological and the power machine age a pair of devils to curse, or a pair of fairy godmothers to bless mankind."

I am, Sir, etc. A. CAROLYN BAYFIELD, Charlottetown, P.E.I. May 21st, 1936.

VICTORIA PARK AGAIN

Sir,—I have read with much interest and approval several letters that have recently appeared in the local press respecting the care of Victoria Park.

This Park was originally, and still is a beautiful one, but citizens must be blind indeed if they fail to see that it is now in danger of being utterly degraded, for several reasons, two or three of which I will here mention. In the first place, the natural state of the park has lately deteriorated, owing to the death of many trees, which have not been replaced. Secondly, the artificial construction for sports and games, and especially in this respect, by "tennis clubs," it may come as a surprise to these clubs to be told that in the construction of their courts they have grossly exceeded their share of space considering the smallness of their numbers, to say nothing of the disfigurement they have caused, for although the courts are good ones, and the fences are tastefully kept, still they are a disfigurement to a natural park, as everyone with a natural sense of harmony will admit.

And now the same sort of battle is being waged everywhere to maintain for the general public the natural state of their chief parks. Along with the tennis courts, there are the baseball and football grounds with their ugly scars and blotches. I am not condemning these sports. Wholesome games, in their proper time and place, are necessary for young people, and surely there are all sorts of suitable places on the outskirts of the city for these; but I still insist that the deplorable that the sanctity of Victoria Park should be violated by rough and noisy games, or by even such a refined game as tennis—at least this game used to be refined in the days when the female participants wore women's apparel or, at least, some sort of clothes worthy of the appellation. But perhaps now, the absence of these is a sort of "back to nature" protest; and so, "honi soit qui mal y pense."

In regard to automobiles in the park, the most casual observer can see that 80% of the dust and other objectionable features of these cars would be avoided if the drivers drove slowly through the park. And pray, who can tell us, just why an automobile gang wishes to dart through the park, like guilty fugitives, at 40 or 50 miles per hour? If they dread the park, or hate it, despite it, why on earth don't they give it a wide berth and speed on? Assuredly, these citizens who go out hoping to spend a restful hour in communion with nature, would heartily thank these speed worshipers if they did pass on, perhaps happily to find some hard-surfaced region of the earth where there are no parks, no horses, and no kids to take the joy out of life.

In conclusion, I would like to express appreciation of the splendid work recently done, and still being done by our esteemed Lieutenant Governor by way of beautifying the grounds surrounding the Government House, and which are really, geographically at least, a part of Victoria Park.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever: Its loveliness increases; it will Pass to nothingness; but still will keep A bower quiet for us, and a sleep Full of sweet dreams, and health and breathing. Therefore on every morning ear we wreathing A flowery band to bind us to the earth, Spite of despondence, of the inhuman death Of noble natures, of the gloomy days, Of unhealed wounds, and of obscure darkened ways Made for our searching: yes in spite of all, Some shape of beauty moves away to the pall From our dark spirits."

I am, Sir, etc. OBSERVE.

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A Gracious Gesture

(Sydney Post-Record) France has not forgotten the Canadian soldiers who fought so valiantly on the Western Front throughout the Great War. These veterans did great things for the French people, and this has been attested in many ways. Now, on the occasion of the Canadians' pilgrimage to Vimy for the dedication of a magnificent monument on ground donated by France, the Government offers to be host to the visitors during a week of their sojourn in the country.

This is a gracious, and typically French, gesture of good-will and gratitude. The Government will "take charge of the pilgrimage from August 1 to 6, and an extensive itinerary is being arranged that will enable the Canadians to visit several of the nation's great cities. The Canadian Legion has been asked to indicate the likely number of guests. Approximately 6,000 veterans—what a small fraction of the expeditionary force!—are going over; so that their hosts will have a busy week. The French are masters of the gentle art of hospitality, and during a notable week the Canadians will treasure up many new and lasting memories.

These memories as gallant soldiers, different from those that are taken by Canadian boys back to the old, familiar areas so vividly imprinted on their minds will, of course, be able to locate the bad spots in which they suffered, struggled—and won the victory.

French people in the war zone will be glad to greet again the men who became as valued friends. Canadians were popular on the Western Front, and everywhere were acclaimed as gallant soldiers. It will be an older and more sedate body of men that France and the French people will welcome this summer. But there will be revived something of the camaraderie of war days, and while old scenes will stir grim memories, the pilgrimage will have its bright and happy hours, and for these official and private French hospitality must be given a large share of credit.

Important study of mankind, and no doubt moderation is almost the only golden specific and universal prescription. It is really important that you should know if potatoes baked in their jackets are bad for you—and it is equally important that you know if they are bad for you, that the fault somewhere is in you and not in the baked potato.

The Modern View

Teacher—What did George Washington's father say to him when he cut down the cherry tree? Tommy He gave him a lecture on forest conservation.

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Don't Blame The Potato

(Vancouver Province) Julius Caesar seems to have had the right idea, but he did not think of it in time. He said he wanted men about him that were fat, "such as sleep o' nights." He trusted Cassius, with his "lean and hungry look," and he knew "such men are dangerous." But he did not do anything about it but talk to Mark Antony, and it resulted in the notorious affair on the Capitol steps, by all odds the most notable gang murder in history.

It is pleasant to observe, after a long, long while of the lean and hungry philosophy, that the western civilization is rather turning to the idea that a judicious use of food is not necessarily a business of miserably counting every calory apart and regarding good old-fashioned bread and butter and potatoes baked in their jackets as if they were so many doses of lethal poison. No less a person than Dr. J. S. McLeister, president of the American Medical Association, has lately come out with the declaration that the cult of breakfast on a cup of coffee and a slice of thin dry toast is very often foolish and dangerous proceeding.

Dr. McLeister is all for the reasonable use, of food. He is against the unreasonable abstinence as he is against the unreasonable indulgence. He says it is not true of most of us, as we have been told in behalf of ten thousand slimming regimens, that we eat too much. Many of us, he thinks, and especially when we are young people, would do better to eat more than it has been fashionable to eat lately. The doctor reminds us of what we might know well enough, if only we merely stopped to think, that there is no royal road to reduction.

The trouble about dieting, it seems, has not really been dieting at all. You do not diet when you starve, you only starve—and starvation, by any other name, is equally a bad thing. No doubt the proper use of food is a proper and

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