

The Charlottetown Guardian

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Greater Burden On Municipalities

MR. ROGERS, the Dominion Minister of Labour, recently announced that the Dominion's contribution to the provinces for direct relief would be substantially reduced—and "all governments, Dominion, provincial and municipal, must accept their full responsibility to reduce relief costs during the present year."

It is a simple matter for Mr. ROGERS, comments the Ottawa Journal, to make this cut: he has no direct relations with the problem of administration of relief. It will be just as easy for the provincial authorities to pass the cut to the municipalities. They make the rules under which the municipalities must operate, and they can be very stern and sharp about extravagance, but they too refuse to take any hand in administration.

It is agreed that relief is a national problem, which makes it remarkable that while three parties contribute to the cost the administration should be saddled upon the member of the trio least competent to deal with a national problem. Certainly the municipalities have carried, and carry today, far more than their fair share of responsibility for the maintenance of families impoverished through no fault of the municipalities.

In few municipalities is there any assurance that relief costs will be reduced sharply this year. If the governments pay less towards the cost, the municipal taxpayers must pay more—they will have to assume a still larger share of this national responsibility.

The provinces, suggests the Ottawa paper, ought to take over relief, as they have taken over old age pensions administration; at least so far as the "employables" in relief population are concerned. Such a reform would bring about lower civic tax rates, reduced levies on property, an impetus to the building trades, uniformity in the relief scale, and in some cases also a marked and immediate reduction in the lists through the detachment of administration from municipal politics.

The New War Technique

Notwithstanding reports received by the French and British governments of activity of German troops both in Spanish Morocco and on the Spanish Peninsula, HITLER has announced that he has no intention of "invading" these territories.

This recent Canadian Press news item might stand as a characteristic specimen of many that have appeared during the past few months. Unquestioned evidence crops up of activities of armed forces of Germans, of Italians and others in parts of the world in which they have no legitimate business—followed promptly by statements officially repudiating any hostile intentions. This is what a London journalist describes as "the new war technique." Under present conditions it seems to be undesirable to wage formal war; the new technique has made it unnecessary.

All rulers now realize that a war officially identified as such is a costly affair. It means disruption of trade, restriction of the movement of the nationals of the belligerent countries, the pitching of population against population. Chiefly, however, a mechanized war under modern conditions has become impossible to paint in romantic colours. It is a thing to be shunned officially, even by its most persistent agitators.

The difference between the old and new technique of making war is the difference between the present succession of European crises and the crisis precipitated in 1914 by the assassination of the ARCHDUKE FERDINAND at Sarajevo. Had the new technique then been in existence, Austria, instead of mobilizing and marching into Serbia, might have caused international strife in Serbia and subsidized some revolutionary party or another to attempt to overthrow the government. Whereupon France, anxious to check the growing power of Austria, might have lent assistance to the Serbian government. Then Germany might have joined Austria in helping the revolutionaries. Eventually, Europe would have been politely and ambiguously at war without war having been declared, and with the various warring powers still maintaining ambassadors at each other's courts and still trading with each other.

In other words, war has become more or less a "bootleg" industry. No nation wants to be associated with it openly. All pay lip-service to its prohibition. Perhaps this is a necessary evolution in the abolition of warfare altogether. At any rate, though the defense of the new policy would be difficult on moral grounds, its results do seem to be less disastrous to humanity.

Crumbling Niagara

Niagara Falls—unless science takes a hand—is doomed. Heavy falls of stone from the top of the famed cataract have changed its shape and the rate of detrition is reported to be progressive. The prospect of continual erosion, with the ultimate decline of the falls to the status of a gorge, and the destruction of the picturesque grandeur which is now such a magnet to tourists, is occasioning anxiety on both sides of the Boundary Line.

A New York state congressman, Mr. Alfred F. Beiter, suggests an international commission, composed of members from Canada and the United States, to study the situation and to obtain the best engineering advice. One suggestion is that the flow of water be diverted, by suitable pillars erected above the falls from the centre, where the pressure is greatest, towards

the sides of the channel. This, it is believed, will protect the sections most exposed to danger and arrest the crumbling process. If these hopes are justified the expense involved, borne jointly by both nations, would be small in comparison with the importance of the ends attained.

Notes By The Way

A strange thing about hard times and high taxes is that they seem to go together. Since the depression hit us there have been more social service endeavors started than ever before and each one of these adds to the tax burden. As the tax burden increases more and more people are unable to pay their taxes. They are relieved of this added burden, to the tax burden that must be met by the remaining taxpayers.—Ex.

Sir:—Referring to the article regarding Mr. Ford's patent for an engine over the rear wheels of an automobile, I desire to say that the idea is not a new one. In 1899 I purchased a Haynes Apperson car. It was a one-seated buggy with small hard rubber tires on the under of seven horse power, situated back of the seat. It was started with a crank and steered with a handlebar.—New York Sun.

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When Germans determine to say it with their navy the world feels uneasy. People remember that at those times such events as the Lusitania and the unrestricted submarine warfare.—Hamilton Spectator.

Says the Windsor Star: "We in Windsor maintain a fine department. It cost us a good deal of money. We are proud of its efficiency. We would all be delighted, however, if it were necessary for a single piece of our fire equipment to leave the halls. So with Britain's forces. Britishers hope it will never be necessary to use them. But if it is, Britishers want those forces to be the last word, to be capable of meeting and whipping any foe daring to disturb the world's peace. The well-behaved, conscientious, honest nation need never fear Britain."

Much history has been written in the past year's record. The Empire has proudly survived a great and grave constitutional storm. Canada has seen the backbone of her economic depression broken. Business enterprise is increasing, profitable activities are spreading. Canadians may walk forward, therefore, with confidence reinforced that at the end of the year conditions in the Dominion will be found much better and more generally prosperous than they are at this auspicious beginning.—Montreal Gazette.

A Columbia University professor has just announced the discovery that money worries are the chief cause of nervousness. Fine work, he said, we discovered that a long time ago. We didn't do any research on the subject, we just made the payroll, the rent, taxes, interest and various and sundry other expenses.—Ex.

Cal Tinney calls attention to the fact that William Randolph Hearst's public eulogy of the late Arthur Brisbane contained eight sentences, all but one of which started with "I" and there were inside the sentences five more "I's" for "myself" and one "me." Maybe Mr. Hearst is on the way to becoming a columnist himself.—Windsor Star.

The fiction that the Spanish war is a domestic quarrel between two political sections of Spanish nationality is no longer entertained by anyone. The brutalities of the fighting on both sides is being maintained by foreign troops, by fighters of the class known in the middle ages as imported "mercenaries." There is no question that the defence strategy at Madrid is in the hands of foreign experts. The aircraft which is the strongest fighting arm of the insurgents has been supplied, and kept up to strength, by Germany. All the sinews of war which are keeping the conflict alive are coming from outside. Spain is the battlefield for a showdown between European Fascism and Communism the one a travesty of capitalism, the other a perversion of democracy. Both are the enemies of freedom and neither fit to rule a Twentieth-century, civilized people.—Sydney Post-Record.

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We have today a complete system of government in regard to education, fiscal affairs, social services, and other vital matters is wholly different from that of the Free State. If in an access of emotional sentiment the people of this Province decided to merge themselves with the twenty-six counties, the results of their folly would soon be manifest. Our administrative system in short, could not be fitted into that of the Free State without irreparable injury to our best interests. The plight of the unlucky travelers who, according to the old Greek fable, were forced to occupy the bed of Procrustes would be paralleled in real life. The record of successive governments in the Irish Free State is in itself a conclusive argument against that "union of all Ireland" which is advocated by some politicians.—Belfast Telegraph.

The Wall Street Journal tells the following of a new reporter whose last paragraph of a murder story read: "Fortunately for the deceased, he had deposited all his money in the bank the day before. He lost practically nothing by this life."

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Mr. Tea Pott Says: For a Delicious Cup of Full Flavoured Tea Use BRAHMIN Orange Pekoe Tea

That Body of Yours By James W. Barton, M.D. VALUE OF HEALTH AND PHYSIQUE OF THE PROTECTIVE FOODS

While we think of the League of Nations as a "getting together" of the nations to try to prevent war, there are many other things it is trying to do for the world that are often forgotten. One of these is the nutrition or food problem.

Speaking generally, the quantity and quality of food necessary for life can be obtained in most countries of the world, yet the physique or build of body and its proper nourishment are much below what they should be even in countries where the most nourishing food is available for practically all its citizens.

A committee of agricultural, economic, and health experts, appointed by the Council of the League of Nations reports:—"The evidence of improper or deficient nourishment is widespread. Malnutrition or improper nutrition is evident by the great number of cases of rickets, scurvy, poor musculature, teeth of poor structure, anemia (thin blood), chronic fatigue, poor condition of the skin, growth and weight below normal."

"In no country does the standard population attain the standard scientifically desirable in the interests of health; defective nutrition is to be found among large sections of the population even in well-to-do countries, with the result that there is deficiency and the unsatisfactory standard of the physique of the population as a whole."

Now what particular class or group of foods is necessary to raise the standard of health and of body structure of the boys and girls, men and women of any and every country? What are known as the "protective" foods—a name given by Prof. McCollum of Johns Hopkins University—fresh milk, fresh vegetables, and fresh fruit are the important foods for building and maintaining the build of the body.

This seems simple enough—just adding milk or milk products, vegetables and fruit to the diet,—but these foods are expensive in some countries and in certain districts of other countries.

The Poets Corner

WHIM ALLEY Whim Alley once led into Danger Court Loud with the raucous talk of cockatoos, Where bearded Jews a-squat in alcove shops Sat waiting like royal falcons in a mew. Softly as rain the dove-ed Portuguese Fell from their red-ripe lips with eastern news Of galleons whose names were melodies— Softly—between the shrieks of cockatoos. Who cared for royal navigation laws In Danger Court—for what the Sol-dan said— Or papal lines between the east and west— Abram ood-Shylocked Isaac with applause, And clutched the sweated doubloons to his chest, Whose late lamented owners were scarce dead For there were smugglers' bargains to be made Where leaping arches looped along the walls, While sunlight smouldered down the long arcade And dizzied into flame on Spanish shawls, And what the sequin brought in Louis d'or Was news,—and rumors passed from Trebizond. While Rachel clinked brass anklets in a door With a straight glimpse of blue sea just beyond. Dark sailors passed with tang of wine and tar, And merchants with wide hats and wider fringes, And two black Sambos smoked the same cigar Upon a chest with three locks and five hinges. Vanished in air! Those arches roof to parrots' rings the frowny hens resort; Whim Alley leads to less than nothing now, And on y' shadows dwell in Danger Court.

DR. L. B. EVANS Dr. L. B. Evans, noted physician treated successfully and obtained permanent cures of stomach conditions such as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Gas, Bloating, Distress and many other ailments peculiar to the stomach with a prescription which we have secured and sell under the name of Evans' Stomach Mixture. We alone have the sole rights in this prescription and since selling it have received numerous testimonials from satisfied purchasers. Don't fool with your stomach, because conditions are likely to arise if you allow yourself to lapse into a chronic state of gastric trouble. Get a bottle to-day. PRICE 85c. Mail orders receive prompt attention. Phone No. 315. THE 2 MACS DRUGSTORE

JOHN BUCHAN AS POET

(Ottawa Journal) John Buchan the poet is not so widely known as John Buchan the Novelist, essayist, and historian. But as far back as 45 years ago he gave indications of surpassing promise in that province of literature.

I have among my cherished possessions two translations in verse of passages in Ovid which he very diffidently gave to me, composed in the short interval between the reading of the passages in class on a Saturday morning and our re-assembling in school on the next Monday. He was then a boy of 16. They are extraordinarily good in diction and in metre and recapture in their entirety the spirit of the original.

His successes in the field of fiction were too instantaneous and too great to allow him to cultivate the poetic muse except in very odd moments, if we except the fact that at about the age of 21 he was worthy winner of the Newdigate Prize for Poetry at Oxford. But I wish that I myself at any time in my life had been able to write verse of such surpassing merit as these early translations.

John Buchan would be the last to claim rank among the great poets of our literature. He is definitely a "minor" poet. But his verse as exemplified in the volume now before us is of no mean order. For here are many of the qualities of great poetry that are made. He stands on the Penland Hills in his beloved Scotland. Looking seaward, his fertile imagination carries him past the busy port of Leith with its outgoing ships. He follows the rich argosies to the limits of the visible horizon. Outstripping them, he is borne in fancy to other and more distant horizons, both of land and sea, till he comes to the fabled lands of Prester John, for long to his eyes the Ultima Thule of fable and romance.

Or looking southward over his own Borderland he sees the fertile

fields and wooded slopes at his feet gradually extending in one long vista through a land filled with romance and chivalry of days gone by, until at last they merged in the distant woodlands where one w'ho had the hearing ear can listen to the "horns of Eifland faintly blowing." For Arcady is here, around, in lit of stream, in the clear sound of lark and moorbird, in the bold Gay glamor of the evening gold. And so the wheel of seasons moves To Kirk and market, to mild loves And modest hates, and still the sight Of brown kind faces, and when night Draws dark around with age and fear. There's the simple hope to cheer. A land of peace where lost romance And gleams shine of helm and lance Still dwell by castled scarp and lea And the lost homes of chivalry, And the good fairy folk, my dear, Who speak for cunning souls to hear.