# THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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## A DOUBTFUL WEAPON

It is amusing to note the avidity with which Liberal newspapers throughout Canada have seized on the Jones (Nova Scotia) Commission report as political propaganda. The contention of the Commission was that Canada's national policy of tariff protection has been pursued persistently since Confederation to the advantage of Central Canada and the detriment of Nova Scotia. The London (Ontario) Advertiser quaintly interprets this as "a vindication of Liberal policy."

No doubt it was with the best of intentions towards the Liberal policy"—whatever that is—that the Commission prepared its report. But if Nova Scotia, as alleged, has been persistently discriminated against in the matter of tariff policy since Confederation, it means that this discrimination was going on under Liberal as well as Conservative rule. We fail to see where the "vindication" of Liberal policy comes in, even granting that the Liberals ever had a consistent policy. All that the report does indicate is that the Commissioners are confirmed free-traders, which neither Mr. Mackenzie King nor his provincial party leaders in this section of Canada profess to be.

Again, if the Commissioners are correct in arguing that the national policy has worked to the undue advantage of Central Canada, one would expect to find every Ontario and Quebec newspaper supporting it.

The fact seems to be that the Commision report has overshot the mark, and that those who seek to make political capital out of it will find it about as serviceable as an old fashioned muzzle-loader.

## THE POULTRY PROBLEM

The Egg and Poultry Market Review, published by the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, states that the greatest problem in marketing poultry is to find a way to make poultry a more frequent dish in the average home. England has achieved this to a larger extent than Canada through the wider use of a light weight well-finished chicken, which the retail stores can sell for the equivalent even in England of a dollar or a little more. But it is evident that there is much room for improvement in both countries. The Fish Trades Gazette, an English publication, makes the following comment on this problem:

"The Canadian system of feeding, grading and packing chicken, in fact all kinds of poultry, for export or otherwise, is very up to date, and in some cases our farmers would do well to copy their ideas. There is too much poultry being marketed in an unfinished condition. This is unprofitable to the producer, while the consumer is not pleased with what he buys, and therefore eats less. It pays to finish poultry. That so much of Canada's poultry is marketed in a thin condition is both a national and a personal loss. Extra finish and extra weight would mean increased returns to the farmers of Canada. The same applies to our own farmers, because some of the chickens that have been sent to market during the last few months lack that little extra feeding that would make all the difference to the prices returned."

The Fish Trades Gazette repeats that the proper finishing of poultry before marketing benefits both the producer and the consumer, and in addition is more profitable to the middle-man, for his losses on the poorer quality have to be paid out of the profits on the good.

## ORATORY AND SLEEP

Some interesting stories of sleep under the influence of oratory are related in the Manchester Guardian. Asquith and Briand are said to have slept through each other's speeches. John Stuart Mill, accustomed to go to bed at ten o'clock, could not keep awake in the House of Commons after that hour. Somebody one night arose to deliver a tremendous attack on Mill, and asked him a number of questions in rhetorical form. The House between amusement and curiosity watched Mill as his head jerked up and down in sleep.

There is at least one record of a politician sleeping through his own speech, or a good part of it. That was a French statesman who told his friends that on one occasion he had had a curious dream: "I dreamt that I was making a speech in the Chamber, and when I woke up—I was!" Hartington did not go quite as far as that, though h did yawn during a speech, and whe told of it afterwards remark that the subject had been "dull."

In the "sleeping Cabinet" of Melbourne it must have been quite common for members to sleep through each other's harangues.

To these may be added the story of the Frenchman who slept during part of a discussion upon which he was required to make an importan decision. He woke and promptly gave his vote. When he was asked how he could give an opinion upon a discussion which he had not heard, he said "sleep is an opinion."

## BRITISH MILLS BENEFIT

Owing to the Ottawa Trade Agreement, the Irish linen industry has enjoyed much better trade with Canada, according to information received by Dry Goods and Stylewear Review. The exports of linen to this country during the first nine months of this year increased 22 1-2 per cent. as compared with the same period last year.

In cotton goods the exports in the boom year of 1929 were 38,000,000 square yards. Last year the figures were 46,000,000 square yards. These, says the trade journal already quoted, are striking figures especially when it is considered that now, for the first time for many years, Great Britain has once more become the leading exporting country in the world. This is considered due entirely to the Ottawa Agreements.

## EDITORIAL NOTES

Those who cry out the loudest are not always the hardest up or the most deserving—as store keepers know full well.

From now on the main subject of our thoughts and topic of our conversation will be—"what on earth shall I give her—give him!"

Trade is booming everywhere in Canada, as the trade statistics and bank reports indicate. If the technicians at Ottawa find a new outlet for our surplus potatoes it will be a case of new found clover.

The "reformed" Senators of Mr. Mackenzie King's regime have had a hard time living up to their reputation, as Parliamentary investigations and law court proceedings prove.

Don't pity the store hands these days; they are revelling in the good times they are having behind the counter. Because of the unfavorable weather on Saturday they were a little discouraged, but Monday and yesterday they were in their element.

A wave of thefts of silver foxes has been rolling over the counties of Lotbiniere, Quebec, Montmorency and Portneuf, hardly a day passing without a theft being reported. The Provincial Police have organized a "flying squad," in an attempt to check mate the marauders, but fox ranchers are greatly perturbed and alarmed over the situation.

Additional money grants to aid the industry and the appointment of a regular breeding instructor were requested by a delegation of more than a dozen members of the Quebec Silver Fox Breeders Association, who called upon Premier L. A. Taschereau the other day. The Premier told the deputation he would take note of their requests and would present them to Hon. J. N. Francoeur, Minister of Public Works, Game and Fisheries, under whose jurisdiction such matters come.

Quebec municipalities have told the Quebec Provincial Government and the Ottawa Federal Government that they are "fed up" footing the relief bill, and feel inclined to go on strike. As the outcome of a Conference of the Provincial mayors presided over by Mayor Houde of Montreal, a resolution was passed to be forwarded to Quebec and Ottawa demanding that the cities and towns of the province shall be entirely relieved of the burden of the unemployment dole. It declared that the mayors foresee a widespread collapse of municipal treasuries in Quebec as a result of the cumulation of direct relief costs, and possibly default in payment of municipal bond issues. Consequently, the provincial and federal authorities are warned by the mayors that unless something is done about the matter, "we will go on strike." The intention is said to be to call a strike of municipal treasuries, so that after the 1st of January next no cities or towns in the province will vote any municipal money for relief, but all of them may "put the whole issue up to Quebec and Ottawa. It is a disquieting ultimatum, though largely due to emotionalism, sharing each others worries.

## Notes By The Way

Rumour has been busy in Dublin on the question of the Irish Government's financial policy and the possibility of a decision to separate the Free State pound from sterling, to which it was once linked by the Currency Act. The basis of the rumour is, firstly, a somewhat cryptic utterance by the Minister of Finance, Mr. Sear MacEntee, in which he anticipated attempts to create financial panic; and secondly, the announcement of a commission to inquire into Free State banking currency and cognate matters. The personnel of the commission is extraordinarily diversified, including civil servants, bankers, general business men, trade unionists, agriculturists, a bishop, and some distinguished economists, of whom Professor Gregory is one. The composition of the commission suggests that the intention is to proceed with caution.—Spectator (London.)

Lord Chief Justice Holt of England was, as a youngster, a member of a club of rather mischievous fellows. Later in life most of this gang got into difficulties with the law. One day, when his lordship was presiding at a session of Old Bailey, he recognized a man who had been arrested on a charge of highway robbery as one of his boyhood companions. Thinking that the prisoner had not recognized him, he began questioning him regarding some of his old associates. The prisoner made a low bow. "Ah my lord," he said with a deep sigh, "they are all hanged except your lordship and me." — Christian Science Monitor.

This constant reference to wars and rumors of war seems to keep the people of the world in an endless state of fear and excitement in which they consent to the most extravagant expenditures for armaments. The average individual will find it quite difficult to discover who it is that is so keen for national defence and offence. Those who constitute the bulk of the population throughout the world will be found to have a fairly uniform idea about war. They do not want it, and if they were consulted individually, it would be discovered that the citizenship of almost every nation would be unanimously for peace. What, therefore, is wrong in government circles that day after day, unendingly throughout the years, there is official reference to the subject of impending wars? It would seem that this matter warrants serious discussion by all civilian organizations in every country. It appears to be a case where cabinets have taken on themselves to direct policy in a way that is decidedly contrary to the wishes and inclinations of those whom they are supposed to represent.

Facts, not propaganda, can and must tell them and us about the causes of this inevitable war and its probable character. It is not too difficult to arrive at the truth about new gases, the danger to civilians, the probable destruction of our cities, if not our civilization, the use of airplanes, the value or valuelessness of billion dollar navies as peace instruments, the commercial rivalries which have always resulted in war and which are at work today. To the gentlemen who are engaged in smooth, cheerful propaganda, to General Carr of the Signal Corps who has suppressed the horror pictures of the last war, and to others who with him are suppressing all mention of the "unpleasant side of the war," the youth of America can say: "If the next war is worth fighting, the truth will not kill off American patriotism." — George Seldes in Harper's.

Hitch hiking as it prevails today is a dangerous nuisance which has been outlawed in several states and has been tolerated too long in Michigan. Occasionally a person in real straits finds himself on the highway and is deserving of a real "lift" from a passing motorist. But for every such one there are scores and hundreds who are out for adventure, or are trying to beat their way when they should be paying fare to some urban or suburban transportation company, or are criminals and are dangerous to the property and sometimes to the life of any motorist foolish enough to pick them up.—Detroit Free Press.

It is an old claim that Devon rhymes with heaven, most appropriately; and Devonshire people are beginning to protest against the growing habit of adding a syllable to their true name. Devonshire is a new location, little more pardonable than Kent-shire. The county was called from a people—so a learned Devonian argues—not from a place; and the home of the Damnonii is not more a shire than the home of the Cambrii. The plea is sound; but the application of "shire" and county is not altogether simple. In most cases shire is added where the name of the capital is the root of the shire; but there are exceptions: Durham is one. In regard to Devon the first culprit is said by one of the Protestants to have been William III, whose instruction in appointing a Duke was misread. He wrote Derbyshire and was thought to have written Devonshire. There is no more reason for pursuing the king's error than for adopting President Harding's ignorant innovation "normalcy." Let us all say Devon and Britain, not Devonshire and Britisher.—Spectator.

It is reported that the German Government is feeling growing concern over the isolation of Germany. Russia has entered the League of Nations. Italy is moving in sympathy from Germany to France. Great Britain and France are working together for European order. In all this there is no attempt to isolate Germany. It is Germany that is isolating itself, and it is encouraging to hear that its rulers are realizing the unwisdom of this course. It will be necessary to divert the enthusiasm of the German youth from war to constructive pursuits. There is no objection to their all aiming to be supermen and superwomen, provided hatred and destructiveness are eliminated. The skyrocket?—Ex.

## That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

### PREVENTING ATTACKS OF ANGINA PECTORIS

There are so many middle-aged men dying of angina pectoris that I find myself writing frequently about it. That the family and the world should lose these men in the prime of life seems most unfortunate and so what research men are learning about preventing these deaths should be known to us all.

Sir Thomas Lewis, physician in charge of clinical research work, University College Hospital, London, points out that as the bloodvessels are beginning to degenerate or break down in angina pectoris, the best treatment is to give them the least possible amount of work or exercise and yet have them do enough to keep them as healthy as possible.

As you know the first symptom is one of discomfort or pain on effort. This is felt first of all, and in mild cases, on doing some usual or accustomed act such as running or walking briskly uphill.

The pain or "gripping" sensation usually appears over the middle or upper part of the breast bone and so it is often spoken of as "breast pang." It consists of a feeling of pressure, of gripping or burning; it is smooth or continuous in the sense that it doesn't throb or stab, but is just a steady ache or gripping feeling.

Now exercise or effort is not the only thiny that will bring on an attack of angina. Excited conversation or anger provoked by a dispute may cause an attack.

In some cases exercise immediately after a meal or when the food eaten causes considerable gas in the stomach, may bring on an attack.

"A principle of treatment is that the patient live within the limit of his pain. When pain comes the patient should at once stand and rest and continue to rest for three times as long as it takes the pain to disappear; he may then proceed, but a little more slowly, so that the pain does not return."

The patient should walk and exercise to the point where the pain does not occur as this maintains his general health and actually strengthens the heart.

Easily digested food, plenty of sleep, with a rest after the big meal of the day is good treatment.

Amyl nitrite capsules containing 3 to 5 drops should always be carried for use during an attack. Nitroglycerine, 1/100 of a grain in tablet form when chewed and swallowed acts within one or two minutes.

## Harmful Gossip

(Exchange)

A contemporary writer discourses on the misery and mischief occasioned by gossip. He does not exaggerate the evil. Far more harm may be done by stories told and repeated by word of mouth than by newspapers. Editors are restrained by the libel laws, as well as by a sense of responsibility always present in the performance of their duties. Besides, a charge publicly made may be publicly denied There is no much protection against the whispered charge or insinuation. It may be said in excuse that the harm may be done without any deliberate malice. The story is told carelessly as affording a topic for conversation. The habit is sometimes evidence of an idle mind. The person who is not interested in national affairs or world affairs or the welfare of the human race, and who does not enlarge his range of thought by reading, is inclined to talk about the neighbors And unfortunately, the ill-natured remark is more likely to attract attention than the kindly one.

Having this is view, we may find reason for congratulation in some modern inventions that have enlarged the field of thought and interest. The automobile has made travellers of millions of people who were formerly tied to a narrow circle surrounding their homes. The radio puts them in touch with human speech and music coming over hundreds of thousands of miles The moving pictures have multiplied a thousand fold the opportunities for enjoying the drama. We have only begun to use this instrument, which may be made a powerful agency, not only for amusement but for instruction in art, literature, science and history. The circulation of newspapers today far exceeds that of a generation ago. And while they are by no means perfect, the matter contained in most of them is far above the level of all but the finest conversation. The daily news of happenings in Europe is distressing and perplexing, but even the honest attempt to understand it is more educative than talking gossip about your neighbors. By all means we should be interested in our neighbors, but only to the extent that we may sympathize with them and help then out of their troubles Unfortunately that is not the usual trend of gossip. The ill-natured kind has a more piquant flavor.

### WEATHERWISE

Hotel Clerk—Inside or outside room, sir?

Guest (from the prairies)—Inside, I guess. It looks like rain.

better Germans are, the better for the rest of the world.—Ex.

According to evidence given before the U.S. Senate inquiry into the munitions business, the manufacturers of arms all over the world are just one great, happy family. They exchange inventions, secrets and processes, making it possible as quickly as possible for weapons of war to be made obsolete so that they may be replaced by the manufacturers. What does it matter if new and terrible weapons are used against the people where they originated as long as profits continue to

## Dickens And The Children's Hospital

(E. Lytton Wybert, D. P. S. in the Montreal Gazette)

In 1852, "The Hospital for Sick Children" was established on the premises previously occupied by Dr. Mead, which was sold by auction and dispersed after his death in 1754. This house is said to have been the first academy of painting in London. (No.) 49 Powis Place)

Glancing over the record of this institution since its inception, we find that it shows a steady and marvellous progress. At its first opening, only one child, a little girl, came to be admitted as a patient, and at the end of a month only eight in-patients and twenty-four out-patients had applied.

For some years there was a struggle, not only for funds but for the very existence of the new institution. Happily, however, some influential people took up the children's cause. The Bishop of London Lord Carlisle, and Lord Shaftesbury said many a good word on its behalf. Charles Dickens, as brilliant as he was large-hearted, advocated it not only by word of mouth but by pen.

Who having read "Our Mutual Friend" will have forgotten "Little Johnny's removal to "a place where there are none but children; a place set up on purpose for children; where the good doctors and nurses pass their lives with children, talk to none but children touch none but children, comfort and care none but children?"

Notwithstanding all that was said and written in its favor, little money at first seemed to be forthcoming, but much sympathy and impetus that can be given to a real kind encouragement also, the best good and worthy cause, alive to its own true value—publicity.

In due course the first annual report appeared, announcing a patroness of the Children's Hospital none other than Queen Victoria herself, and stating the objects These were: "(1) The medical and surgical treatment of poor children. (2) The attainment and diffusion of knowledge regarding the disease of children. (3) The training of nurses for children." It had thirty-five beds, and in the first five years of its existence had given outdoor and indoor relief to over fifty thousand children, when lack of funds threatened to arrest its merciful work. A public dinner was given at the Freemasons' Hall; and Charles Dickens was requested to preside. From his speech on the occasion we get a picture of the hospital, drawn in his own masterly manner. After some preliminary remarks he proceeded as follows:

"Within a quarter of a mile of this place where I speak stands a courtly old house, where once, no douth blooming children were born and grew up to be men and women, and married, and brought their own blossoming children back to patter up the old oakstaircase which stood but the other day, and to wonder at the old oak carvings on the chimney pieces. In the airy wards into which the old state drawing-rooms and family bedchambers of that house are now converted are such little patients that the attendant nurses look like reclaimed giantesses, and the kind medical practitioners like amiable Christian ogres. Grouped about the little low tables in the centre of the rooms are such tiny convalescents that they seem to be playing at having been ill. On the dolls' beds are such diminutive creatures that each poor sufferer is supplied with its tray of toys; and looking round, you may see how the little tired flushed cheek has toppled over half the creation on its way to the ark or how one little dimpled arm had moved down (as I saw myself) the whole tin soldiery of Europe. On the walls of these rooms are graceful, pleasant, bright, childish pictures. At the beds' heads are pictures of the figure which is the universal embodiment of all mercy and compassion, the figure of Him who was once a child himself, and a poor one. Besides these little creatures on the beds, you may learn in that place that the number of small out-patients brough to that house for relief is no fewer than ten thousands in the course of a single year. In the room in which these are received you may see against the wall a box on which it is written, that it has been calculated, that if every grateful mother who bring a child there will drop a penny into it, the hospital funds may possibly be increased in a year by so large a sum as forty pounds."

That, night, three thousands pounds were added to the resources of the hospital and Dickens afterwards read publicly for the same charitable purpose his "Christmas Carol." Year by year the number of out-patients increased enormously whilst the inpatients were still limited by the want of sufficient funds. Nevertheless, as the list of subscribers increased and one or two bequests came in, the number of tiny beds was added to by twos and threes.

In an article in Dicken's "All The Year Round" (1863) we read: "Steadily as it has advanced generously and wisely as it has been supported it is yet but the small beginning of a work of duty. In the first five years of its existence, it received into its beds more than eleven hundred children seriously and dangerously ill, and gave the best help of medicine to more than thirty thousand who were nursed at home. The help is gratuitous; need of help is the sole recommendation necessary."

Since that period the borders of the hospital have expanded, along with its sphere of usefulness. First came the purchase of the house and garden adjoning that in which the hospital had been established then came the addition of rooms for convalescents; then the admission of women to be trained as nurses, and the institution of lectures on the diseases of children Truly, a noble and humanitarian work; the principles of which apply to all institutions of a like nature. even in our own necessitous times and era.

## The Poets' Corner

### DEATHLESS

There will be laughter soft as call of plover
In the morrow and the mid-days after,
And quiet mirth a-droning in the clover
And leaping flames reflected on the rafter.

Slowly our bark a-down an ancient river
Shall glide into the sunset, leaving sorrow—
A plaintive sea-gull with grey wings a-quiver—
Crying in minor tones the wind may borrow.

Only when echo of a bell comes stealing
Over the waters to our sacred isle,
Will the lone, wailing sea-mews start a-wheeling,
Like ghostly memories, forgot erstwhile.

—Mabelle Irene Rossell.

## Jorda Of Prince Rupert

(Exchange)

Even though it was a tangible and palpable carcass, the Monster of Prince Rupert did not imperil the prestige of the monster of Loch Ness A creature thirty feet long, with a "skin like sandpaper, partly covered by spines and partly by hair, and a head like a horse," did reign for a day, but the creature of Loch Ness of which no two descriptions or surmises agree has reigned for months. Canadians have called the carcass Jorda, a touch of familiarity never attempted in the case of the Scottish mystery. Jorda was said to resemble no known species of marine life, whereas the Monster of Loch Ness with superior cunning, has at times resembled nearly every known species, with occasional startling ventures into the unknown. Unfortunately, Jorda was merely a basking shark.

The history of the monster cast ashore a year ago on the French coast was enough to indicate what would happen to the recent pride of Prince Rupert. The French carcass was speedily identified, so speedily in fact that the life of this mystery of science was no more than three or four days. By the time a bevy of scientists was gathered to classify the skin and bones found at Prince Rupert public interest in the phenomenon was dead, but public interest in the mystery of Loch Ness continues strong and lively. The obvious lesson to survivals from the neolithic age need not be stressed: Don't let your public know too much about you.

## The Hen's Protest

(Ottawa Journal)

In the old days a hen was a hen, nobody paid much attention to a hen unless it were a chicken and well roasted, and an egg, generally speaking, was an egg until it became what now is known as a baby chick. The farmer didn't identify his hens as indivuals, never knew the ones that laid, seldom knew where they laid. Somebody every two or three days would go out with a pail to "gather the eggs" from odd corners about the barns. When "company" was coming for dinner the hired man caught and killed a chicken, and if it happened to give evidence of having been a "laying" hen it was too bad but how could anyone know?

Increases in the flock were more or less accidental. A wary old hen would find a hiding place under the barn or in a secluded corner of the straw stack, lay there a "setting" of eggs, disappear from the sight of men until she emerged presently with a following of fluffy youngsters. Thus the hen population maintained and all was well. Surplus eggs went to the store to be traded for oatmeal and sugar and other essentials, were a factor in the family's economies, but the farmer was rather condescending towards the whole business and pretty much left the hens to his wife.

There came a time, however, when the hen became a serious item in the farmer's calculations: when eggs reached a figure that made them potential factors in paying taxes and meeting the interest on the mortgage. The hen henceforth was treated with a new respect, and in the more scientific agricultural circles was named, numbered, banded and registered. The hennery gradually was equipped with incubators and patent nests, and hens once caught up by this regimentation no more might roam the barnyard foot-loose and fancy-free. Records were kept to sort out the non layers—the I Won't Works of the chicken ranches—and bp permitting survival of the fittest great strides were made in egg-production.

But even the lowly hen at last is making protest against the ruthless effeciency of the modern poultry farm. Officials of the Massachusetts State College have discovered from their records that hens bred for high egg production "wear themselves out" in a few months, live short lives and persumerably not very merry ones. Meek and inoffensive members of society, they yet resist the high-pressure propoganda of a mechanical age, make protest in the only effective means at their disposal. They have provided the Massachutetts poultry with a new objective—more vigorous hens able to lay at least 250 eggs a year and continue to live.

If there is any moral in this story it is that even a hen can be driven too hard.


::No Asthma Remedy Like It.—Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is distinctly different from other so-called remedies. Were this not so it would not have continued its great work of relief until known from ocean to ocean for its wonderful value. Kellogg's the foremost and best of all asthma remedies, stands upon a reputation founded in the hearts of thousands who have known its benefit.


## A Cheer For Mr. Dionne

(T.B.R. in the Winnipeg Free Press)

New York's wide-open welcome to Dr. A.R. Dafoe makes us wonder again if Canada missed fire on the news value of the Dionne quintuplets — Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie, and Marie.

The quintuplets, for some reason still obscure to us, struck a vibrant chord in New York from the very first. There are seven million assorted human beings in New York's civic wards, yet the production of five baby girls at a birth stirred the great warrens of Manhattan to their most vital depths.

Last summer, hot as it was, New York newspapers were printing special and enthusiastic feature stories about the Quintuplets, with pages full of illustrations showing Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie, and Marie, as they then were, which to the casual eye was not a lot.

Mrs. Dionne, too, was being hailed by the American scribes as a sort of twin sister to Joan of Arc, and it seemed at the time as though New York was aware of far more in the Quintuplets than we were in the land of their birth.

A few days ago Dr. A.R. Dafoe proceeded to New York on a little holiday, and the town received him like a conquering hero.

When Dr. Dafoe gave his lecture the huge Carnegie Hall was packed with an audience ranging from distinguished obstetricians to push-cart peddlers from the Lower East side; and from the Grand Dames of the Social Register to counter clerks in Macy's. Poets, peasants, policemen, and the clergy—they all jammed in to hear Dr. Dafoe tell what happened one night last May in the dumfounded town of Callander, Ontario.

Such an interest yet in quintuplets. Mrs. Hefflebaumer, as you never saw. New York took Marie, Emilie, Cecile, Annette and Yvonne right into its tremendous and palpitating bosom, and just loved them each and every one.

A similar eminence has been accorded to Mrs. Dionne, as we have indicated, She has been given King George's bounty of five pounds sterling. She has been hailed as the finest type of womanhood; and a broadcaster the other night linked her name with Madame Curie's as one of the benefactresses of the age. It is high praise and no one would call it in question.

Our concern is that all this recognition is American. Ontario, of course, has done the right thing by the quintuplets, and done it thoroughly, but has the rest of the Dominion lagged a little? The thought is a worrying one.

All the more so as the enthusiasm in New York seems to be a little incomplete, and not to spring from a proper estimate of the values involved in the phenomenon of the Quintuplets.

Mrs. Dionne has been given world-wide recognition, and a secure place in history, for her part in what took place.

Dr. Dafoe goes to New York, and is a big shot before he even steps off the train. He lectures to the elite and to the dimmer bulbs as well. He is taken to museums and carabets and shown ancient eggs and bare-backed chickens, for his part in what took place. All fair enough too.

But surely there is something missing in all this. There are two sides to every story; and the second side to a feat like quintuplets can be no slouch either. How much, in all that has been printed, has been said about Mr. Dionne? Little enough. And yet his part in what took place was supreme. Why not give a cheer for Mr. Dionne?

Without Mr. Dionne there would have been no Cecile, Annette, Emilie, Yvonne, or Marie, either singly, or in a bunch.

Mr. Dionne did something that the men of science have only partly elucidated. He made an extraordinary run with the low numbers in Human generation. Mrs. Dionne produced not only five children, but five children of the same sex, and the sex determinist experts would regard that as an event of sufficient interest to get a special rating of its own. And the credit for this, as we understand—(which is little) —these obscure and dark matters, must go to Mr. Dionne.

The odds at the crucial moment, the experts assert, are in favor of boys and against girls in the ratio of 105 to 100; and the event is decided, just as the toss of a coin is decided, by almost pure chance.

With the chances against him of begetting even one girl, Mr. Dionne by a perfectly amazing stroke, gets five girls at a simple throw: a reversal of the normal odds that is almost miraculous. We cannot go deeper into the science of the thing, but Mr. Dionne's contribution to Ontario's quintuplets is both capital and major. He is the only man to have got five of a kind in the most complicated gamble in the world.

When were girl quintuplets conceived and born before? Probably not in a thousand years. Perhaps never.

Mrs. Dionne bore them, and that is a feat worthy of all the enthusiasm displayed in New York. But please do not forget that it was Mr. Dionne who threw the dice and made the quincunx. A cheer, then, for Mr. Dionne.

True, neither Mr. Dionne nor Mrs. Dionne knew what they were doing. They were nature's modest instruments for a unique occasion Mr. Dionne, indeed, was reported to be dazed as Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie, and Marie followed each other into the Ontario daylight. Fame is often a stunning business.

But modesty can go too far, and the obscurity of Mr. Dionne should be lightened by a little appreciation now that New York is again paying tribute to the quintuplets. Canada at least can lead the way in that.

But then, of all the parties involved in bringing the five girls home, it may be said of Dr. Dafoe that he was the only one who really knew what he was doing. No wonder, as he now admits, he remarked at the time, "Gosh!" It must have been.

### "TRUTH IS MIGHTY"

Fisherman—I tell you it was that long. I never saw such a fish!

Friend—I believe you.

## PUBLIC FORUM

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

### PROFESSOR BROCKWELL'S CRITICISM

Sir,—Persons who speak so dogmatically as Prof. Brockwell remind us of the truth of the proverb that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." Though he speaks as if he "knew it all," it would be astonishing what he does not know if questioned by any of the world's great divines or scientists.

Anyway, what has a language professor to do with the schools of the Maritimes? His summing up of Creation is about as explicit as the old theory "everything from an egg." While ridiculing the Biblical genesis, he no doubt refrained from giving the details of Creation as laid down by his notorious forerunners, Huxley, Spencer and Darwin. How this Gospel of Dirt would have blessed the nations in darkness!

Had the professor been frank he would have told his hearers that evolution is like the moon, dark and cold of itself, shining only by the power of the great luminary of Christianity. We may as well close the churches if the children are to be inoculated with the virus of infidelity.

I am, Sir, etc.,
ANTI-MONKEYISM.

## Sir Simon Goes To Law

(Ottawa Journal)

Sir John Simon, England's greatest lawyer, whose fees used to run as high as $250,000 a year, has decided to "go to law." He has brought suit for libel.

For some months it has been bandied about—the statement has been made in a number of United States radical periodicals — that Simon, supposed to be seeking a curtailment of the armaments industry, had a financial interest in armaments. He was a holder, it was charged, of the shares of Vickers.

Somebody now is to be given a chance to prove the statement—or to pay for it. And as a super-lawyer like Simon would hardly be likely to go to law, with so much at stake, without being absolutely sure of himself, the somebody is likely to pay.

The outcome may do good. It may teach a lot of people the folly, and the danger, of believing and repeating all the nonsense they hear about public men in club locker rooms or in Pullman smokers; teach them also that all that appears about the world's statesmen in radical publications is not necessarily true. Such a lesson, taken to heart, would be much to the good.

## The Pride Of France

(Exchange)

Artificers and craftsmen are working overtime at St. Nazaire, fitting out the great ship Normandie, for the sea. She is the French entry in the new contest for the blue ribbon of the Atlantic, and the French have high hopes of her. She is to go on the Atlantic run early in May, all going well, and thus she will have a year's start on the Cunarder Queen Mary, her principal rival.

There is still some question of size between the two ships. The Normandie is 1029 feet long and 119 feet beam, and on those measurements she slightly exceeds the Queen Mary. It is tonnage which decides the relative size of ships, however, and how the two will compare for displacement is not known. The tonnage of the Normandie is given now at 79,280 tons gross. But the blue ribbon is held for speed not size. The Normandie's speed is officially estimated at 28 knots (31 1-2 miles an hour), but nobody knows what she will do until she has been tried and likely enough the French are keeping their forecasts on the side of under-statement.

Another forecast that is not being made, at least not publicly, is the probable statement of profit and loss. The ship that wins the blue ribbon will get the cream of the Atlantic passenger trade, but it may be a thin cream at best.

More of national pride than of unsentimental business reckoning has gone to the launching of these great ships. But we can understand that state of mind, and there is an excitement in the thought that the Normandie, even if she is a French rival, going down to the sea, with all her twelve navigating officers on the bridge, and her three ship's doctors, and her nine barbers, and her 628 stewards counting her 14,000 forks and her 15,000 spoons.


Gift Suggestions

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