

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1929

Christmas Well Observed

This Province was highly favored in the matter of weather on Christmas Day. There was just enough snow to make good travelling, and a little tang of frost in the air made pleasant to be out of doors.

Christmas Day was signalled by the inauguration of a two-cent letter rate from Canada to all parts of South America.

This arrangement is not yet reciprocal, but Hon. Dr. Veniot tells that the South American countries have been invited to reduce their letter rate to Canada and it is hoped they may do so.

Miss Keller's Genius

Miss Helen Keller is world famous among the blind, and her account in her first book, "The Story of My Life," of the way in which, though deaf, dumb and blind, she learned to lead a normal mental life, was profoundly interesting and moving.

"It is annoying to a certain type of mind to have Miss Keller describe something she obviously cannot know through direct sensation," writes Miss Braddy in part.

Mr. Heenan's Bad Break

The Hon. Peter Heenan's statement in which he declares against an unemployment conference at the present time is criticised in the Manitoba Free Press, leading Liberal newspaper of Western Canada, as "inadequate."

"In the first place, some of the statistics Mr. Heenan uses are three months old, while the most recent were compiled seven weeks ago. In addition, the figures are quite inadequate to prove that there is relatively less unemployment in Canada this date than in any year since 1920, the Free Press maintains, is no use."

One Thing Priceless

If the British Empire, were to perish tomorrow, says Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in "Studies of Literature," the third series of which has just been issued by the Cambridge University Press, what cultural achievement would cause it to be remembered any more thankfully than Babylon or Egypt? Doubtless the British people will be famed for singular success in discovering and colonizing distant lands, driving roads, building bridges, substituting order for chaos, and all by the courage of men who, grappling with risks and dangers as a nation arose, had to ignore that any day would be visited upon them by governmental reproof, dismissal and the ruin of their careers.

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Quebec Opinion

There are many indications that the political situation at Ottawa is being followed with a good deal of interest in the Province of Quebec, and from a more independent point of view than has been the case in recent years.

"Notwithstanding declarations by Premier King that there will not be a general election in the Dominion in 1930, opinion throughout the country persists that there is a real possibility of an appeal to the people in the course of next year."

Editorial Notes

As a measure of farm relief, a New York Congressman has introduced a bill granting farm co-operatives permits to make wine, beer and industrial alcohol. It is contended that it would provide a market for millions of bushels of grain each year.

Notes By The Way

Charlottetown was more fortunate than Saint John on Christmas Day, having a morning paper as usual, while Saint John had none, morning or evening.

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The most striking thing about the British military position in America as it strikes the New York World is "not that there are trifling defences in Bermuda and Jamaica, but that there are no defences at all in most of the British possessions."

British women will carry muffs this winter, but the Manchester Guardian thinks the men will not do so. It mentions that in the 18th century it was common for the well-dressed man to sport a muff suspended by a ribbon round his neck.

The Bank of Nova Scotia in its December review deals with the aftermath of the great liquidation in securities that followed the collapse in the stock market recently.

The cheerful philosopher of Holywood makes some observations that are quite as applicable in other latitudes as in Calif. We subjoin a few specimens.

If you must carry a chip on your shoulder, get a job in a lumber yard where it won't be noticed. It's the little things that bother you—you can sit on a mountain but not on a tack?

Tell one short funny story each day, to every one you meet. But, above all, take it home to the evening meal. Thousands of unhappy homes have been restored by laughter.

Christmas Day was white and the temperature enjoyable. It was however unusual that three fires occurred in the city on that day, to disturb the accustomed serenity of our greatest winter holiday.

It is difficult, after all the festivities and interchange of happy greetings, remembrances and gifts of the joyous season, to go back again to normal conditions, but this is a work-a-day world and work must go on.

England has a movement for the standardization of confectionery, some manufacturers making 1,000 different varieties of sweets. American companies have been awarded contracts to drain the swamp near Saloni and the Struma Valley, both in Greece.

That Body of Ours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

A REAL TEST OF INSULIN

When you read that the number of cases of diabetes is increasing despite the discovery of insulin you may wonder whether insulin is really doing the work claimed for it that is that it makes sugar available for the needs of the body instead of the blood retaining too much and the kidney throwing sugar out in the urine.

A real test of what insulin actually can do is reported by Drs. Montier and Camus of Paris. They studied the effect of insulin in the sugar or glucose test in 120 persons (normal, thin, fat, or with diabetes).

An ounce and a half of starch was given to each patient on an empty stomach and the amount of sugar in the blood was learned. Forty-eight hours afterwards, the amount was given on an empty stomach as before, and in addition 20 units of insulin was injected beneath the skin.

This proves conclusively then that if your pancreas is working right it doesn't allow the blood to carry too much sugar.

Simply because more people are able to indulge their appetites with the good things of the table, and also because these same individuals do not have to do much physical work.

The lesson for all of us, if we wish to avoid diabetes, is therefore obvious.

The Poet's Corner

GREEN WAYS

When you and I come at the last To Paradise the blest, Think you our hearts shall find content, Think you our feet shall rest. Shall we not weary for the hills And green ways of the west?

Of crystal clear the streams that flow Beside the Living Tree— Is there in Heaven a stream more fair Than Severn's silver sea, Are there wide woods with hyacinths Like lapis lazuli? The heavenly ways are jewel set— O! fields along the world, Where meadowsweet and kingcup stand All ivory and gold, And kindly shepherds pen their flocks Into the friendly fold. —Joan Campbell.

THE LAND WE LOVE

By FRANK YEIGH

LAKE MICHIGAN

Q. What is the area, etc. of Lake Michigan? A. Lake Michigan is the third in size of the Great Lakes; its area, 22,480 square miles. Its name is derived from the Chipewa Mithi Sawyegan, meaning Great Lakes. It was discovered by Nicolet in 1634. That year he reached Green Bay and Fox river, and Radisson coasted around its northern shore in 1654. Marquette, Dablon and La Salle called it the Lake of the Illinois. Galinee in 1670 regarded lakes Huron and Michigan as one, and named them "the French Water Sea of the Hurons, or in Algonquin, Michigan Claude Allouez, who was out in 1676, gave it the name of Lac Joseph. Father Membre called Lake Dauphin. The present name found on early maps in a variety of forms. Under the terms of the treaty of 1809 Canada secured the free navigation of Lake Michigan.

Mrs. A. F. Broad, mother of Capt. Hubert Broad, the noted airman, has been nominated as the next Mayor of Waterford, England.

The 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.

LETTER FROM MR. S. VAIL

Sir.—Mr. Tanton has taken it very hard about his innocent son, but why should he seek to malign mine, who never was in trouble till he got mixed up with Tanton? I have evidence that Willard had been in the rum business for a long time before he induced my son to participate in it. In his letter he seems more concerned about being fined more than my son than about the seriousness of the crime of which his innocent son was guilty. I should have thought Mr. Tanton would have some consideration for the feelings of my boy's mother, and not attempted to blacken his character to show how spotless was his, and to gain public sympathy as the father of an innocent boy, who, he writes, lied to him until the Prohibition officers confronted him (the father) with incontrovertible evidence that he was lying. I can only say that my gully boy did not add to his offense by lying to me, his father.

I am Sir, etc. SOLOMON VAIL Charlottetown, Dec. 26, 1929.

PERCY VAIL PROTESTS

Sir.—Tuesday's Guardian contained a letter signed by "L. P. Tanton," in which he emphatically blamed me for inveigling his son Willard, into the paths of unrighteousness, so to speak. Now, Sir, in answer I wish to say that such is not the case, as Willard Tanton told me personally that he has been engaged in "Booze" peddling for some time. On one occasion I went to a dance with him and another chap and they both had run in their possession. I was the first time I ever knew he was engaged in the business. In conclusion I wish to say that I had nothing whatever to do with leading this "innocent" young man astray. Should Mr. Tanton wish any more revelations on this matter I will be only too glad to accommodate him. I am Sir, etc. PERCY G. VAIL Queen's County Jail, Dec. 26, 1929.

The Critical Faculty

Amongst the topics that are coming in for a large share of attention, just now is the question of literary criticism. What constitutes a sound judgment of the quality and artistry of any production? This is not easy to answer. An English professor has recently addressed himself to the task, and his conclusions, if vague at certain points owing to the immense scope of the subject, at least contain one dictum worth pondering. We are told that it is impossible to rightly estimate any literary work unless we can put ourselves mentally in the same circumstances and feel the self-same mood as did the author when he set upon his special task. There is much food for reflection in this caution. Criticism too frequently abandons its true function of impartial judgment and slants towards merely picking holes in the fabric. We know what Swift said about the critic. He "snarls like a dog, the more finding there are less bones to gnaw." The same writer has said the habit of the critic is a den in Nova Zembla. Swift may have had good reason for feeling ruffled. Allowing, however, for his epiletic outburst, it is still true that criticism too often shudders its various lights and shades. And it deserves to be noted that the duty of judicious praise is as much the function of criticism as the corrective process; whilst mere scolding is cheap, may have in it much cant, and can easily be overdone. The elder Keats once said of a chilly theatrical audience: "Such an audience would extinguish Elms." It is a curious fact that we are nicely recalcitrant about our emotions, and unco shy of giving praise even where it is justly due; and that the tendency is to rate the ability of the critic in inverse proportion to the good work he has to

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Silver Fox Farming In Europe

(Sir William Besch Thomas in the London Spectator.)

It is now established beyond any reasonable doubt that fur-farming will soon be extended into a British business of considerable dimensions. It is of some special interest to the Spectator, because, if properly regulated, it may mark a step towards the ideal of humane treatment of animals. It may lead directly to the diminution of the cruelties of trapping; and, on this ground alone demands our attention and insistence on wise regulation and inspection. The industry has peculiar interest also on its own account—to the naturalist to individual men and women who seek an additional livelihood, and to all who wish to increase production within their country.

To give a personal experience, I first came into touch with fur-farming just a generation ago, while travelling in Canada, where the regular trappers of wild animals had just begun to be jealously afraid of the silver fox farm established on a big scale on Prince Edward's Island. Fantastic prices were then given for

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THE HAZARD OF HUMOR

Sir.—Twice recently, by the methods of Socrates, offering suggestions and asking questions, I have endeavored through these columns to reach some understanding as to what constitutes a matter of interest. On each occasion "Humorist" has responded nobly, like a "David" to champion the cause of a greatly maligned people—against me, a rank outsider, as he says. Like the David of old, "Humorist" is a self-chosen champion, but unlike that David he is not nearly so skilled in the use of his weapon of battle—the pen. Just as in physio-logic combat, each duellist is obliged to parry the blows of his adversary before getting in a few offensive blows himself, so in rhetorical combat arguments must be answered, or at least acknowledged, before fresh arguments may be advanced.

This ultra-modern David has selected "humor" as the pebble most likely to pierce the armor of my arguments, and after I have shown him what ridiculous conclusions his statements involve he decides to ignore the whole question, thus beating the bush in preference to attacking the tree.

His excuse for writing anonymously is pitifully feeble. It would be superfluous for editors or staff correspondents to sign their regular work, but when they or anyone else presumes to dictate through the public forum, then the public is entitled to know, "who is talking."

So reckless has "Humorist" been in his replies and so free in his translations of my letters, that I fear he does not fully appreciate the has-sart of free translations—they they like women if they are faithful they are beautiful if they are not faithful. Since "Humorist" does not exhibit any polemical symptoms I must believe that he is one of those persons who suffers from a charming and magnetic ego-ity, and that he writes for the self-gratification of "seeing himself" in print. But even though "Humorist" has thus fallen a victim to his own entrancing personality, there is yet a forlorn hope that he may live happily, for it has been written that "to love oneself is the beginning of a life long romance." Now, sir, it pains me that "Humorist" has elected to make his literary splash in the sea of humor, for, as G. K. Chesterton has said, "the man who sees the inconsistency in things is a humorist," and thus

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