

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1929

THE TRANSPORTATION SERVICE

On Jan. 17th, a week ago yesterday, it was announced by the Railway authorities that the Car Ferry would proceed immediately to Halifax for repairs.

This was the arrangement, which if carried out would have enabled the car ferry to proceed immediately into drydock. If the estimated time necessary for her repair at that time was correct, she would be ready to take up the winter service now.

But something interfered with the plans as outlined above. That interference was in the nature of a protest from some politicians in Prince County, who demanded that Borden or Summerside be made a port of call, in preference to Georgetown.

This was the state of affairs on Saturday, January 19th. Six days have passed, and the latest report from the Stanley is that she is in difficulty with rafted ice in the Strait of Canso.

There is no question but that the Montcalm was available at the time of the accident to the car ferry, and that she was diverted from service here through the interference of politicians who have been more zealous than wise.

The car ferry is still at the Capes, compelled in her partially crippled condition to pound through heavy ice and probably sustain further injury. She cannot be relieved until the arrival of the Stanley.

WE NEED MONEY.

When projects of public interest are being mooted in this country, the usual cry comes up, "We can't afford it; we have no money."

It is the fashion, says an English exchange, to regard the Prince of Wales as a modern version of Prince Hal who must some day renounce his youthful companions and moderate his light-hearted amusements.

Like his grandfather, the Prince of Wales is a student of living people rather than of the written word. A keen interest in different types of manhood, and opportunities for meeting them immeasurably greater than those of other men of his years, have supplied the place of the textbooks of political theory.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"After all" writes a motorist, "speed is often a relative affair." The relative is the pedestrian's next-of-kin.

The woman who can read her husband like a book should know when to skip a few chapters.

Grim winter has struck his first blow, and right upon our most vulnerable point! Our "splendid isolation" is now nearly complete.

Notes By The Way

The difficulty that the S.S. Stanley is experiencing with ice in the Strait of Canso is the best answer to those who maintain that this steamer is capable of providing efficient service between Borden and Tormentine.

The news in today's paper that New Zealand butter is selling in Charlottetown at a price sufficient to undersell the home product will give our farmers and dairymen cause for serious concern.

The difference between the beauty of the Victorian girl and the girl of today is a somewhat difficult and even hazardous matter to define.

Modern Etiquette

Q. What is the correct way to introduce a young woman to one's mother? A. "Mother, may I present Miss Smith?" or "Mother, Miss Smith."

Daily Lessons in English

WORDS OFTEN MISUSED: Do not say, "I met you in Detroit some two weeks since." Say, "some weeks ago."

The Scotch In Canada

From Scotia old to Scotia new? Came thoughtful men, Scotch through and through.

The onward urge Ontarians feel of Scotchmen's energetic zeal, In Manitoba too, the man Of good Scotch blood moved in the van.

EDWARD A. EVERETT. Montreal. It is often said that Pictou Co. Nova Scotia (settled by Scotchmen) has produced more able men than any other country in Canada.



By James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Hours

BODY MORE THAN A MACHINE. One of the world's largest manufacturers said that it was very foolish to have machinery tested just because human beings had to rest, so he organized three shifts in his factory, of eight hours each.

And yet for many years our text books in physiology taught us to compare the body to a machine; more frequently to a steam engine. Both the body and the engine consume fuel and give out energy in the form of heat and motion.

However the fuel supplied a boiler never becomes a part of the boiler; in man the foods are absorbed and go to form a part of the individual himself.

Yet even if we considered the body a machine, no machine made by man can compare with it in the heat and energy it creates for the amount of food or fuel used.

However this idea of thinking of the body as simply a bit of machinery to be tinkered with and repaired, is passing away, and the physician now recognizes that in addition to the mechanical parts of the body, there is another part that must be reckoned with and that is the brain, the mind.

Anything he does for the patient, the examination of the blood, or urine, the X ray of teeth, examination of stomach contents, the barium meal through stomach and intestine, and all the other methods of examination and endeavor to make a diagnosis, are now explained to the patient.

Dr. Chas. Mayo tells us that the doctor who does not take his patient into his confidence, is not up to date, that's all.

In other words the doctor using his own mind must work upon the mind of the patient, and getting his confidence thereby go on with his treatment.

If he fails to do this, works in a mysterious or mechanical manner, telling the patient nothing, he will not get the co-operation of the patient and the co-operation of the patient is more than half the battle.

Q. What is the correct way to introduce a young woman to one's mother? A. "Mother, may I present Miss Smith?" or "Mother, Miss Smith."

Q. Should men stand back and allow the women employees first place in a elevator? A. Yes, a well-bred man will do so.

Q. Is it necessary to introduce guests at a small luncheon or dinner? A. Yes, by all means do so.

WORD STUDY: "Use a word three times and it is yours." Let us increase our vocabulary by mastering one word each day.

Today's word ALLURING; attractive; fascinating. "The alluring adventures of life stretched before him."

Between Two Worlds. Such ambition to shine was not mere egotistic vanity; automatic of a swelled head. He knew his merits; and it would have been a false humility, akin to the dishonesty which his soul detested.

But the two worlds, between which he was tossed like a shuttle-cock, were, on the one hand, that of laborious toil for daily bread, and, on the other, the equally toilsome labour for intellectual sustenance.

Household Scrapbook. Sewing Machine Belt. To tighten the sewing machine belt, slip one or more large rubber bands over the small wheel of the sewing machine and the belt will be kept taut until the work is finished and permanent repairs can be made.

Web Compresses. Scalding hot compresses can be wrung without burning the hands if laid lengthwise in the center.

How Burns Saved His Nation

The Rev. John P. Duncan, M. A., B. D., St. Andrews-Lanark, was the guest of the Elgin Burns Club at its anniversary dinner and to him fell the honor of proposing the "Immortal Memory."

The Rev. Mr. Duncan in the course of his address said: It is difficult, if not impossible, for anyone but a Scot to understand the veneration in which the name of Burns is held.

It is not simply that he is a great Scottish poet; there were great Scottish poets before his time, and there have been others since, poets with powers of invective and satire and wit quite as keen, and others that could strike the chords of pathos with no less skill and gentleness.

But while the poems and the songs of Burns possess a mastery and a witchery of their own, it is not for his poetry alone, nor perhaps even chiefly, that we keep his name in honour.

It is partly for his own sake as a man, largely for his benefaction of song, but principally because he is a National Symbol, in which are enshrined the characteristics of our Scottish life and ideals—those characters which have given Scotland its place in the world, and which have made Scotsmen often the arbiters in our Empire's destiny.

It is true that in the man there were mingled elements; our idol of gold had feet of clay, though the clay ought not so to fill our eyes that the gold should lose its glory, and to say that history has not always been kind to Burns is only to say that it has not been fair.

It is unnecessary to bring to the study of his life either a tar brush or a pall of whitewash. It is, unfortunately, true that the evil which men do lives after them, while the good is oft interred with their bones, and there is also a false sentiment which would make others say nothing but good about the dead and lead them to speak fulsome words of praise that are wholly false.

In the soul of Burns there was a two-fold personality never welded into a complete unity and he lived in a twofold world whose contradictions he was unable to harmonize.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—the makings of a sinner and the possibilities of a saint. He saw and approved the better even when he followed the worse. He felt like a blind Cyclops groping round the walls of his cave.

"Oh, for a man to arise in me, That the man I am may cease to be!"

Besides his dual personality—the angel and the devil within him contending for the mastery—Burns lived in a twofold world which tossed him hither and thither reckless of his comfort and regardless of his contrast. I do not so much refer to the contrast between his earlier and his later years of struggle and poverty on the one hand, and that brief interlude upon the other in which he was comparatively rich and widely lionized.

These did not affect him greatly, except that anything in the way of "patronage" stung his sensitive spirit to the quick, making him a very difficult man to help. Yet he wanted to shine; he was ambitious; to excel; and it was a matter of indifference to him whether the light of glory came from the evil-smelling wicks of a Masonic gathering, the guttering candle of a farm kitchen, or the silver candelabra of the "Enbrugh gentry."

Such ambition to shine was not mere egotistic vanity; automatic of a swelled head. He knew his merits; and it would have been a false humility, akin to the dishonesty which his soul detested.

But the two worlds, between which he was tossed like a shuttle-cock, were, on the one hand, that of laborious toil for daily bread, and, on the other, the equally toilsome labour for intellectual sustenance.

When his imagination's gifts and literary labours were harnessed to the needs of the plough, he was like a "spavied Pegasus," and limped with pain; he limped all through his life. Had the strength of will directed to attainment of excellence in poetry been similarly employed in moral endeavours,

our, the sweet singer of Scotland, might also have been its supremest saint. Or had the success which attended his literary genius not derided him in his toil for daily bread, he who can say how much our treasury of song might have been enriched by his freedom from carking care? It is idle to speculate; if poverty irked him, opulence might have starved his soul.

Symbol of Scotland. Where is it that we find his abiding worth? One can hardly tell, because the field is so rich and large. But, at the outset, I termed him a symbol. Symbol of what? Or all that goes to the making of a Scot, and the first thing and the last that go to the making of the Scot is his love of his country.

Burns fanned the embers of patriotism, and made them glow into a flame that has never since been—and never shall be—quenched; just at the moment when, but for his breath of inspiration they might easily have sunk into cold ashes. He came upon the scene when stimulus was needed. By the union of the Crowns in 1603, Scotland had become not so much the mistress as the handmaid of England.

Burns, if he did not force the wealth that lay in her soil when coaxed to render its gifts by better methods of agriculture, or that lay beneath when men should dig its depths for coal and iron, or that our open waterways and seagirt borders would endeavor when ships would bring their cargoes—if he did not have the prophet's foresight (and he did not have it) at least he had the lover's insight for the beauties of the Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon, for the mountains that were the home of Highland Mary, for the forest and the meadowland, the sweet sincerities of honest labour, and the homely joys of common life.

The songs he wrote in praise of these found an echo in every heart; made men believe it was worth while to be a Scot and to live in Scotland—a Scot with a noble inheritance of heroic achievement, in a country which, if not a land flowing with milk and honey, was indubitably the nurse of Freedom.

This campaign of the Scots' partly unconscious, was furthered by his deliberate use of the Scots vernacular as a medium for the expression of his soul. It was upon the point of extinction when Burns rescued and restored it. In his hands it escaped the reproach of provincialism, and became again the language of a people. Welded by one who was at once its master and a poet his use of the vernacular was a revelation of the power of expression that lay within it: of its picturesqueness of word and phrase, its capacity to give form to satire, humour, and pathos; its power to utter every feeling with verve and vividness. Men and women of culture were no longer ashamed but proud to speak it.

And, although it is not true to say that it also died with Burns, it must be confessed that not much has been done to maintain it in being.

More than that, and again as an integral part of his patriotic fervour, Burns taught both his own generation and the people of all time, the dignity of labour. In those days Tom Paine's book on "The Rights of Man" was working in the minds of tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor—cobblers, weavers, toilers of every sort—just such ideas as Karl Marx has set fermenting in the heads of Russian and German anarchists; a ferment that we do not need to go to the Continent to see at work. Some call it Democracy, and such perhaps it is; but Democracy may be a knell summoning men to heaven—or to hell; all depends upon the channels into which its energies are directed. Now, Burns saved his country—the other side of the Border no less than this—by giving the Democratic sentiments of his period a humanitarian impulse; directing them to safe channels by appealing to what was best, and noblest in the hearts of the people—to charitable judgment, kindly sympathy, contentment with little, homely sources of happiness and joy, rebuke of envy. Those were the things he stressed; not the actual oppression, injustice and tyranny of the moment. And because his appeals were known to come from the heart of an honest man, they bore good fruit. The toast was drunk in silence.

But the two worlds, between which he was tossed like a shuttle-cock, were, on the one hand, that of laborious toil for daily bread, and, on the other, the equally toilsome labour for intellectual sustenance.

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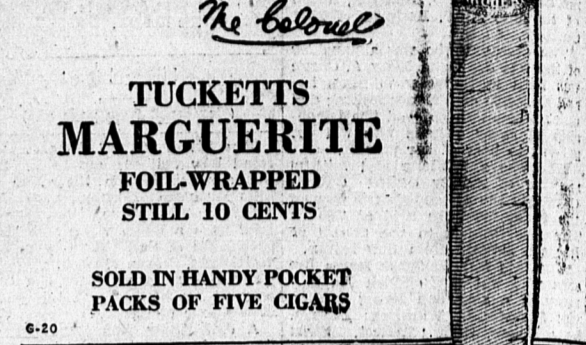
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Protected Cigars

"When you offer a man a cigar and then find it's broken—that's concentrated embarrassment. When you take a cigar from your pocket for personal consumption and it's cracked—that's waste and annoyance. So to protect against this Tucketts pack Marguerites in handy pocket packs containing 5 cigars. And each cigar is also foil wrapped. I've put many a man right on how to buy protected cigars."



TUCKETTS MARGUERITE FOIL-WRAPPED STILL 10 CENTS SOLD IN HANDY POCKET PACKS OF FIVE CIGARS



"What is Behind Your Investment?"

Securities recommended by us, offer you not only dependable income and adequate security of principle, but also offer you a wide choice of carefully selected issues, and personal contact with an investment house thoroughly equipped and well qualified to help you select the offerings best suited to your requirements.

Eastern Securities Co. Ltd. INVESTMENT BANKERS CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I. ST. JOHN MONTREAL HALIFAX

Preventing Tea Stains. A lump of sugar placed in the teapot before the tea is made will prevent it from staining the cloth if spilled.

While investigating the cause of a smoky chimney in his home recently, Thomas Leather, a postman of Bolton, England, found 62 sovereigns and 180 sovereigns, valued at \$769.

Minard's Linctament eases pain.

C. M. Lampton & Co., Limited. 64 Queen Street London, E. C. 4, England Public Auction Sales OF Raw Furs Shipping bags will be furnished without charge by applying to E. T. Holman, Ltd., Summerside, P. E. I. Represented by Alfred Fraser, Inc. 215 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

The Poet's Corner THE GUILF OF MARY I'll make a pot of coffee— Or maybe I'll make tea— And certainly when roasting, We'll drink two cups, or three, For I must learn how lettuce Is grown; and whether ducks Should snub a hen with chickens Or follow when she clucks.

And I shall have to ask you A lot of questions why My new-churned butter's creamy, And I can't brown a pie, Then when it's getting dusky And you arise to leave, I'll hold your beaded jacket To help you with a sleeve.

But carefully I'll gally 'Till you are out of sight, Before I bustle sagely With lamps to make a light To welcome John, who'll watch me For half a breath, and draw, "Well, Mary, now I have it: Aunt Martha's been to call!" (Sonia Rutehle Novak, in the New York Times.)

Help Check The Influenza Take time by the forelock and start protective treatment AT ONCE. Right now while FLU is prevalent every precaution should be taken, therefore procure immediately a Box of

Mac's Cold Tablets AND A Bottle of Mac's Syrup of Tar AND Cod Liver Oil

In the past they have given guaranteed satisfaction in the prevention of FLU and have likewise proved an excellent system builder after mild or severe cases. JUST CALL THE Drugstore AND your wants will be given prompt attention. Send Us Your Mail Order.

