

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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The Fox Show

All roads lead to Charlottetown on Monday. The ambitious objective set by the Fox Exhibition Association of Prince Edward Island for this year's show bids fair to become a reality. The entry lists indicate a large and exceptionally fine showing of animals, and the interest is lively and general. Elsewhere in The Guardian the reader will find feature articles on the show and the progress made in the industry in this Province, as well as advertisements of progressive ranchers and manufacturers of fox food and ranching equipment. All will agree that the publicity thus given to the industry is well merited. No enterprise in recent years has so caught the attention of the world as has the phenomenal development of the silver fox industry in this Province. Today, throughout Europe and America, competition in silver fox breeding is keen. We still maintain an enviable lead in quality production, and nothing could be better calculated to encourage this production than the exhibition which opens on Monday. It is to be hoped that the attendance, both of visitors and exhibitors, will be all that the association anticipates, and that the success of the second annual fox show will not only eclipse the initial attempt last year but will set a precedent throughout the continent.

A Brave Singer

Henley's fine sonnet on Lord Lister, reprinted on October 17 in our Poet's Corner, has revived interest among some of our readers in the work of a writer whose fame has been unequal to his desert. To the average reader of verse, W. E. Henley is known solely as the author of "Invictus." Indeed, the phrase which brings that challenging outburst to a climax: "I am the captain of my soul," is often quoted by people who are not only unaware of its source, but have never heard of Henley. A review of his life in the October Bookman, occasioned by the publication of a Memoir by Kennedy Williamson, throws an interesting light on the writing both of "Invictus" and of the Lister sonnet. The son of an impecunious and somewhat "fickless" father, Henley was not brought up in a bed of roses. A chronic shortage of money and almost equally chronic ill-health were his lot from childhood until manhood. When he was twelve he developed tubercular trouble which led to the amputation of the lower part of one of his legs. The other foot was also threatened, and the surgeons would have had their will if Henley had not chanced to hear of Lister, and made up his mind to trek from Gloucester to the Old Infirmary in Edinburgh where the since famous physician was working. Henley, then twenty-four, placed himself unreservedly in the hands of Lister, who was at that time reviled and scorned by his colleagues—and his foot was saved. While in the infirmary he wrote his "Hospital Verses" and "Invictus." Remembering the pain, the antagonisms and many other difficulties which beset him, this defiant shaking of the fist in the face of Providence cannot be dismissed as bluster or bombast, but must be accepted as the sincere outpouring of a young man who had grounds for asserting that although life had treated him unfairly his head was "bloody but unbowed."

Henley was visited, while in hospital, by Robert Louis Stevenson, and an intimate friendship sprang up between the two. They collaborated in the production of some plays, which, however, turned out to be commercially unsuccessful. Henley detested the sentimentalizing of "R.L.S." which followed upon Stevenson's death, and wrote, by way of counterblast, a rather ungenerous attack on his old friend and colleague. Perhaps he

was jealous of the fame which came to Stevenson, and which passed him by. Poets are like that. Nevertheless, the man who could sing bravely at death's door, who could retain the affection and esteem of his contemporaries, was inspired by other motives than mere vanity. Stretched on a bed of pain, almost within hearing of "the creak of Charon's carlock," Henley could write thus spiritedly and well: "Life—give me life until the end, That at the very top of being. The battle-spirit shouting in my blood, Out of the reddest hell of the fight I may be snatched and flung Into the everlasting lull. The immortal, incommunicable dream."

A Great "Absorber"

The difference between the attitude of the taxpayers on the one hand, and the Minister of Public Works on the other, toward the enormous expenditures for road machinery and gravel on roads in this Province during the past three years, recalls the story in Punch of an indignant litigant who demanded of his lawyer: "And do you mean to tell me, sir, that the whole sum involved in this action has been wasted in costs?" The imperturbable lawyer replied: "I did not say wasted; I said absorbed."

"Mad As A Wet Hen"

Our contemporary has evidently not yet recovered from the effects of Tuesday's by-election. Compare, for example, the following statement in yesterday's Guardian with the astonishing manner in which it is garbled in the Liberal organ of the same date: Guardian Patriot

"By importing the necessary ingredients and mixing the fertilizer in Charlottetown, the requirements of the potato growers could be met at a reasonable cost, at the same time, furnishing employment to local men. The doleful predictions of the Liberal press that our farmers would have to pay exorbitant prices for their fertilizer because of the increased duty on the American product are thus discounted. It is a poor case that has to be bolstered up by such stupidly obvious misrepresentation."

Believe It Or Not!

"Any man who sees any improvements in industrial conditions which can be directly traceable to the boosting of the tariff is what may be considered a 'dangerous optimist.'"—Patriot, Oct. 25. "This step (to establish a large fertilizer plant in Charlottetown) has been taken on account of the recent duty being imposed on the mixed article, and it has been decided to import the ingredients and do the mixing here."—Patriot, Oct. 24.

Prophets Without Honor

It was on October 3rd that our contemporary predicted: "He (Mr. Sharp) is fighting a losing battle, and when the election is over and Mr. Campbell takes his seat in the Provincial Legislature it is to be hoped that the Conservative party will in some manner fittingly recognize the sacrifices of time and energy which Mr. Sharp has made." Ambrose Bierce once described a certain type of political prophet as "an eel in the fundamental mud upon which the superstructure of organized society is reared. When he wriggles he mistakes the agitation of his tail for the trembling of the edifice."

Notes By The Way

"To the Dominions, each enjoying virtual independence under the proclamation of 1927, Mr. Snowden the Free-trade Chancellor of the Ramsay MacDonald government says, in effect: "Great Britain will go her own way and look after herself. You can do the same." What is to be the commercial and political future of Canada in such circumstances? Has Mr. Snowden considered this, or having considered it, does he regard the matter as of any importance to the Empire and its well-being? A magnificent attempt has been made by Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, Prime Minister of Canada, to bind the British family of nations more firmly together. The failure of that attempt may be much more far-reaching in its consequences than Mr. Snowden and his colleagues realize, particularly in view of the work done at the last conference.

"There are 700 branches of American industry in Canada and only 70 British. When I see the opportunities you have lost in Canada, I wish I had the power to arouse you to the possibilities of conducting a productive and profitable trade with us. Come over and help us. We will help you and find trade for your ships, business for your bankers, and homes for your people." This is an extract from the address delivered recently by Premier Bennett before business men in London, England.

Why do small town folk go down to railroad stations to see No. 6 pass through? To see who gets on and off? Well, partly, perhaps; but it is more probable that they go chiefly to get a look at the engine. The engine is more nearly alive than any other machine yet devised. It puffs and pants like any other living creature. When it labors up a long grade its labored breathing is the sort of noise that is made by a living organism. Its very whistle has a wild, eerie note that no other mechanical sound can ape.

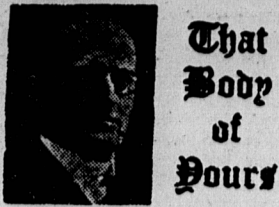
Does the pressing expansion of automobile runways necessarily involve tree-annihilation programmes? Must adequate highways necessarily be open gashes or wounds in the countryside? This question is being asked both in Canada and the United States to-day. If they do, then the gain will be hollow and unreal. Communities without trees are tawdry, ugly and sometimes actually repulsive. They are like a face without features. Nor are rural highways any better off without the border of trees. There are too many localities in which the widening of highways and roads is accompanied by the tearing down of many fine trees, without a first well-designed plan and adequate means for planting trees to take the place of those destroyed.

Away back in 1833 the General Assembly of Prince Edward Island had to wrestle with the bread question, and an Act was finally passed which enacted that the size of the loaf should be either in six pound, four pound, two pound or one pound loaves. A six or even a four pound loaf must have been family size. The Act stipulated that "the bread which shall be made or sold, or exposed to sale, shall always be made of good wholesome wheaten flour, to which no other preparation or ingredient shall be added except common salt, pure water, eggs, milk, yeast, and barm," and any journeyman baker convicted of transgressing this clause was liable to a fine of not more than three shillings or less than twenty shillings, or fourteen days in jail. That was how the offending servant or journeyman fared. Then came the short weight clauses. For every ounce under weight the offending baker suffered a fine of five shillings and not less than one shilling. All underweight bread seized was to be distributed among the poor.

Some further figures are given by the statistician of the Metropolitan Life, Dr. Louis I. Dublin, in regard to the cause of accidental deaths. These are increasing at a rapid rate in both United States and in Canada and the total of those killed in the former country last year was 97,000. Of these nearly one-third, or 31,000, were caused by motor accidents. It is estimated that there will be a large number for the current year.

As stated recently by Premier J. B. M. Baxter of New Brunswick in a course of a speech delivered in Montreal, every section of the Dominion should have its case stated clearly, emphatically and honestly. Then we should all get together, pool our knowledge and our brains and try to work out the best plans whereby a nation three thousand miles long and only some hundreds broad can function successfully as an economic unit.

About us is constantly going on the dictionaries.



TAKING AWAY THE FEAR OF OPERATION.

It is unfortunate that some of our older folk who have undergone operations in years past do not know of the newer methods now in use. If they could see the difference between their experience and those who undergo operations to-day they would be very much astonished.

As they remember it, operation might not be necessary. Finally after the individual was waiting for the prolonged illness and waiting he was prepared for operation.

He was scrubbed, painted with iodine, no food given for a number of hours, a strong purgative and an enema or injection as the final act.

By the time of the operation he was weak, in fear of operation and anaesthetic, and in a poor condition mentally and physically.

To-day the patient goes into hospital and the anaesthetist examines him carefully but in an apparently casual manner; the house doctor as he tests states that he is just checking up things. He is given plenty of water to drink and often water and sugar injected into him. He is given hot milk or possibly a small dose of a mild sleeping drug, and he gets refreshing sleep owing to the absence of any excitement or long suspense before the operation.

Thus as he has not been deprived of food for any length of time, he has not been worked up into a perspiration by fear of anxiety, he is not worn out before the operation commences.

What does this mean? That there is very little, if any, shock to the system, and to the patient's mind. He hasn't lost much weight. He has not that severe nausea and vomiting that sometimes follow an operation. He hasn't the days of weakness during which he doesn't care whether he lives or not.

He thus does not have all this to look back upon in after years, and another operation on himself or upon any member of his family will not excite fear of anxiety, because he remembers how well he came through with his own.

I have spoken before about the cooperation of the anaesthetist, the family physician and the surgeon in making an operation "safe."

The scheme now is to present the patient to the surgeon on the operating table with his mind well rested by refreshing sleep, and his nervous energy saved, by the absence of excitement and long suspense before the early morning operation.



APPARTION

(Pen portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson)

Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeakably, Neat footed and weak fingered; in his face—

Lean, large-boned, curved of back, and touched with race, Bold-lipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the sea,

The brown eyes radiant with vivacity— There shines a brilliant and romantic grace,

A spirit intense and rare, with trace of passion, impudence and energy. Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck, Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,

Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist; A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,

Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all, And something of the Shorter-Catechist.

—W. E. Henley.

Practically all the poultry marketed from Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta is now sold on government certificate of inspection issued by the department of agriculture, and the inspection work is gradually extending in Ontario, British Columbia, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

the migrations of birds and animals and fishes, the wonderful weaving of the spiders, the building of villages by gophers, yet we take it all as a matter of course. All life but ours we regard as commonplace and few take the trouble to think much about it, except to say smugly that it "just happened."

It is the mob that makes language. What the mob accepts today the erudite may be counted upon to pick up tomorrow and dignify in the dictionaries.

Right Hon. R. B. Bennett

(Montreal Gazette)

The Prime Minister of Canada will receive congratulations of all parties at home and abroad on the honor the King has conferred upon him on the occasion of the Premier's attendance at the Imperial Conference in London.

Appointment to the Privy Council carries with it the right to the title Right Honorable. It has been conferred already upon, and is borne with dignity by, a number of distinguished Canadians. The Privy Council consists of Ministers of the British Cabinet, present and past, and other officers of State; the two Archbishops and the Bishop of London; a large number of Peers, including those who have held high administrative posts at home and abroad; some of the highest judges and ex-judges; a number of overseas statesmen; and a certain number of persons whom, for political, literary, scientific military or other services the Sovereign, or his Prime Minister, desires to honor. Except on the demise of the Crown, and some ceremonial occasions, only a few members of the Council are summoned. The Council which met on May 7, 1910, to proclaim the accession of the ruling King, George V., was attended by over 140 persons.

The Privy Council has a great history behind it, and should certain Imperialist dreams be fulfilled, may have a great future before it. Canada has its own Privy Council, which is constituted on the English model. The title of the members is "honorable."

That the Right Honorable Richard Bedford Bennett merits the distinction he has now won none will gainsay. Right Honorable is the highest English title that may be accepted by a Canadian in Canada in accordance with a democracy that has satisfied this country, since the date Parliament declared that other English titles would be "odious" to the Dominion. The Prime Minister of Canada, we may be sure, will bear his added honor worthily, and everybody will hope that he may live many years to be addressed by his new title.

Doubtful Position

(Ottawa Journal)

A "constant reader" who is a would-be contributor to the din of city noises, believes that every pedestrian should be permitted to arm himself with a good loud horn, which, as he mowed the street crossings, he could blow in order to "shoo" automobilists out of his way. He insists that the motorist has no exclusive or special rights in respect of street traffic. In fact, he claims that the pedestrian has all prior rights, as he was here a long time first.

Although from a legal or equitable point of view, the suggestion may have sense as well as sound in it, we would hesitate to recommend it for favorable consideration. We were almost going to say that the death of an occasional pedestrian—that, of course, is merely a figure of speech—would be preferable to adding such a volume of noise to the already considerable din as to make life not worth living for the most of us. It may be added, too, that, as the result of recent intelligent propaganda, street noises have much abated of late.

Lessons In Rhymes

(Birmingham Post)

The little rhymes and verses by which we used to help our memories were not without their advantages. The swinging rhythm was so much easier to remember than carefully reasoned facts, and arithmetic was quite a cheerful lesson when we all chanted together in sing-song fashion:—

"Twice one are two
Baby's little shoe.
Twice two are four
Lying by the door.
Twice three are six
Let us pick up sticks."

In grammar, too, verses came to our assistance, and we recited glibly our parts of speech:—

"A noun is the name of anything,
As hoop or garden, school or swing.
An adjective describes a noun,
Small shoes, dark hair, new gloves,
green gown.
A verb tells us what people do.

They danced, he ran, she laughed, it flew."
Most school children of to-day would hesitate if they were asked to repeat the chronological order of the Kings of England, but we had them firmly fixed in our minds as children, and never forgot them:—

"William the Norman and William his son,
Henry, Stephen, Henry, then Richard and John,
Henry three and then Edwards, one, two, three,
Then Richard the second and three Henrys we see,
Two Edwards, one Richard, a murderer I ween,
Two Henrys, one Edward, then Mary was Queen,
Elizabeth, James, then the Charles Who was slain,
After Oliver Cromwell did second Charles reign."

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James II, then William and Mary stand forth, Queen Anne, Georges four, and King William the Fourth."

In some old history books the chief event of each reign was given with the date of the King:—

"The fierce Norman William in ten sixty-six,
Himself on the throne of the Saxons did fix.
By him to his son, William Rufus, was given
The English possessions in ten eighty-seven."

At the last Henry's learning the people all wondered,
So named him Beauclerc in one thousand one hundred."

The rhymes were often forced and faulty, as, for instance:—

"General Monk had his plans, and everything fixed, he
Recalled second Charles, sixteen hundred and sixty."

But this could scarcely be avoided when a date had to be introduced into every other line.

"Our grandfathers learnt the order of all the books in the Bible in a long poem beginning—
"In Genesis the world was made by God's creative hand,
In Exodus the Hebrews marched to gain the promised land."

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Dealers for Charlottetown

Bethune Hardware Co., Ltd

A Dry Military Dinner

The Last Dime

(London Free Press.)

The last time Sir Ian Hamilton was in Canada was in 1913, just before the war, and Sir Sam Hughes hurried him in a special train from Esquimalt to Halifax at break-neck speed. It was at Halifax that Sir Sam gave a famous dinner to Sir Ian. Those were the days when prohibition was unheard of, Sir Sam was an ardent and sincere prohibitionist. He ordered a dry dinner at the old Halifax Hotel. There was a perfect panic when news got out that it was to be a dry affair. As a result most of the guests prepared for the drought beforehand, while arrangements were made that whisky was substituted for ginger ale all except the head table. When Sir Sam discovered what had taken place he broke up the banquet and Sir Ian did not even have a chance to speak. Some of the offending officers were cashiered by Sir Sam and he refused point-blank to pay for the dinner.

(J. Butterfield in Vancouver Province)

One notes with awe that Mr. John D. Rockefeller continues the practice of giving away bright new dimes to people and that the people somehow seem to be flattered by that attention. Some day, perhaps, when the economists of the world have perfected a system of international trade that does not include the use of money as a medium of exchange, Mr. Rockefeller will be badly stuck for a method of expressing himself.

You can visualize the moment—it will probably be hundreds of years hence—when the emaciated but still breathing form of the magnate will stand disconsolate with the last dime in the world in his hand and hurl it feebly into the face of a silent and offended heaven in a final gesture of reconciliation before going to his long-delayed reward.

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