THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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PROGRESS

Mr. J. J. Gibbons of the advertising agency of that name in Toronto, has issued a most enlightening "barometer" of the progress Canadian trade has made during the past year.

The chart shows that in three directions, the line of average national prosperity has been overreached; textile production is shown at 141 per cent., electric production at 140.5 per cent. and mineral production is far up with 184.8 per cent. from what it ever was before in Canada in average years.

In two directions, there are notable decreases. Bond interest rates are down 115.9 per cent. and commercial failures have fallen off 68.2 per cent.

The percentage of advance is shown in the following: Exports, 50.5 per cent.; exports to Empire countries, 53.2; imports, 36.8; imports from Empire countreis, 53.2; physical volume of business, 64; industrial production, 67; manufacturing production, 75.6; iron and steel production, 53.1; automobile production, 61; construction, 17; car loadings, 35.6; employment, 62.6; farm product prices, 28.7; wholesale prices, 23.9; retail prices (118 chains,) 27.7; common stock prices 40.1; preferred stock prices, 36.6; bank debts to deposit ratio, 33.3; per capita purchasing power, 17.7; basic factors combined 48.7.

ONTARIO MASSACRE

Ontario under Liberal rule is thus described by the Financial Post, a non-political paper:

"Only the 'oldest inhabitant' can remember a time when hiring and firing on such a large scale, so brutal and so callous, has ever gone on before in Canada.

"Whether or not, in the end, Ontario's new government will have weeded out many incompetents and replaced them with able men; whether or not it will have actually reduced the cost of government; these things remain to be seen. Taxpayers will hope that all of these dismissals and changes are not purely political; that enough of them are based on sound administrative ideals to merit the conclusion that there has been a net benefit to the taxpayer despite the distressing number of purely political appointments that are being made. But it is daily becoming more difficult to retain any vestige of faith in Mr. Hepburn's "economy" policy.

"Many of the dismissals are not even honestly effected. Take the case of V. A. Sinclair, chairman of the Workmen's Compensation Board. Here was a capable administrator, holding the confidence of employers and workers of the whole province. Not only was he dismissed with such discourtesy that he heard of his retirement through the newspapers before he was told of it by the government, but he was subjected to an utterly unforgivable insult from the premier in the form of an insinuation that he was secretly accepting a private legal retainer while drawing a large salary from the government..

"The Sinclair case is typical of many. To justify the dismissal the premier trumped up an abusive allegation of misconduct, when the real truth is that he was merely waiting to give a good party supporter—who may indeed be a very able man—a good job.

"The same thing happened to Fred A. Gaby, "general manager" of the province's Hydro enterprise, a man too "inefficient" for Mr. Hepburn but apparently competent enough to be selected as assistant to the president of Canada's largest business concern.

"The Ontario massacre has long passed the point where it can pass as a measure of economy and a weeding out of civil service misfits. It is patronage in a disgraceful degree; the spoils system at its basest."

At Ottawa, the Post continues, patronage in jobs has, over the past generation, gradually been reduced. Both the Liberal and the Conservative governments have kept out of the jurisdiction of the Civil Service Commission many bureaus that properly should be there. But in a large degree, the Civil Service Commission has been given a free hand in the appointment of minor officials and routine staff. It adds: "To the credit of Mr. Bennett, let it be said that he has promoted many capable men who had first been appointed by a Liberal administration; that he has sought to recognize merit and has made some excellent appointments during his term of office."

EDITORIAL NOTES

The black surfacing of the Square is a tremendous improvement.

Another Remembrance Day has come and gone with all its sad, glad associations.

The successful Fox Show just concluded is a feather in the cap of Mr. W. R. Shaw, the Secretary, who has been so enthusiastic "since befo' time," in urging the value and necessity of keeping the industry in the lime-light by such annual exhibitions.

In a letter to the London Times on juvenile delinquency, Lord Baden-Powell emphasizes the fact that it is only the lack of funds which prevents the Boy Scouts Association spreading its powerful moral and uplifting influence into the poorer parts of the cities.

Adversity has its compensations. Canada's death-rate has decreased during the past four years of economic stress until now it is the lowest in the history of the country, according to Dr. Grant Fleming, director of the department of public health and preventive medicine at McGill University.

Wonder how many of our farms are worth a quarter of a million dollars. A farm property in the vicinity of Brockville, Ont., owned by Senator A. C. Hardy has now been incorporated as Avondale Farms Limited, with a capital of $250,000. Incorporators are Senator and Mrs. Hardy, their son, A.S. Hardy, and T. J. Davison, manager of the farm.

The London Times does not think, the present is the time for socialistic experiments of a radical description and the undue interference with private business enterprise. Commenting on the U. S. A. election results it says: "The returns made it plain that the alternative in the United States is not between the New Deal and a return to the old order of things, but between President Roosevelt's reform programme and the revolutionary programmes of extreme radicals. President Roosevelt is laboring to make the system of private profit and private enterprise workable by purging it of abuses. Leaders of business and finance, if wise, will bow to the inevitable and co-operate with the President in making the system workable as the only means of preserving it. President Roosevelt's difficulties in the future are likely to be less in persuading them to accept the necessary reform than in resisting the pressure of the new Congress for more drastic measures."

The Farmers Union of Quebec and the Provincial Government is at loggerheads. At the annual convention last week, the President, Mr. Albert Rioux hoped the Quebec government would not stop at voting $10,000,000 for colonization at the coming session, but would prepare a long-term back-to-the-land scheme involving special grants in addition to its regular subsidies. The Minister of Agriculture, Hon. Adelard Godbout, cold shouldered the idea. He reminded the President that last year he had invited the union to send delegates to visit him and offer suggestions during the year but had not heard anything more on the matter. He told listeners the union did not try hard neough for co-operation between farmers of the province and the Dominion and Provincial Governments. The minister also said rural credits would be abused if the system was established by the province. Mr. Rioux retaliated that the union was trying to have the Government establish a system of credit for farmers and said if this was not done the matter would be carried to Ottawa.

Commenting on Mr. H. H. Shaw's Presidential address at the Educational Conference in Toronto, the Globe says: "The Island has not run wild in regard to education—or anything else; and its people are blessed with a particularly sane outlook on life. The rural school pupil who is fortunate enough to fall under the guidance of a capable and zealous teacher really enjoys many advantages. The wise teacher in the Little Red Schoolhouse is the friend of all his pupils, and between him and his young capacity of its own."

Notes By The Way

What do you think some Austrian scientists were doing in strife-torn Vienna whilst troops and rebels were fighting in the streets? They were actually engaged in calculating the age of the earth. We were interested in this enterprise for various reasons, one of which, naturally enough, was the fact that computations were made from a careful study of the radio-activity of old Canadian rocks. The earth, these savants say, is approximately one billion seven hundred- and- twenty- five million years old! We were not quite prepared for the "billion" part of this staggering computation, but as the planet is probably long past the stage of shyness at the mention of her age, and may indeed have reached the boasting mood, her children needn't worry over the gossip in Vienna. And we cannot but feel that if Mother Earth is "running down," as the physicists have been warning us, it is really nothing to be ashamed of—at her time of day.—Exchange.

In the laudable campaign—now happily nation-wide—to safeguard the beauty of the English countryside, the local authorities have not always pulled their weight, and Truth has more than once had occasion to criticize certain of these bodies for not making use of the powers granted to them by Act of Parliament to prevent the disfigurement of the natural beauty of the landscape by hoardings and other unsightly advertisements. All the more reason, therefore, is there to congratulate the Somerset County Council upon having approved new by-laws of which the effect will be to prohibit entirely the exhibition or erection of any advertisement within a distance of 200 yards of each side of the principal main roads in the western part of the county.—Truth (London).

Signs are multiplying that radio advertising faces a rising tide of public resentment. Average sponsors may not realize to what extent receivers are becoming silent, when strictly commercial programs are on the air. One needs only the witness of his own family circle, or the testimony of numerous friends to know that a sort of revolt is on. The fact was revealed as a nation-wide movement during the recent hearings in Washington before the Federal Communications Commission.— Christian Science Monitor.

The religious situation in Germany is without any modern precedent. In its essentials it recalls some of the scenes which marked the enforcement of the Act of Uniformity in this country. The battle is definitely joined, and its end is not in sight. If the Reichsbishop seizes the churches he will have to provide some 800 new pastors for them, and his nominees will preach to empty pews. A defence fund is being raised, and it is stated that both Roman Catholics and Nazis are among the contributors to it. The Foreign Minister, Baron von Neurath, is himself a Lutheran, and he is not the only Protestant in the Cabinet. In such political circles as they represent there is profound uneasiness, but the Reichsbishop and his henchman, Dr. Jager, have so identified themselves with the Nazi Party and certain State departments that their surrender now would mean a rebuff to the regime.—Spectator (London).

General Smuts touched the right place when he spoke of the "decay of the individual's "responsibility and share in government." Any member of the free democracies who declines to understand and share in the issues of his own government, who "takes no interest in politics," who puts his work, his money, his family, or his amusements before his political duty is a traitor to his democracy and the civilization that made him. "Little man, what now?" In every country the issue of the twentieth-century fight is in the hands of its ordinary citizens.—Manchester Guardian.

The building of a locomotive may be a far easier problem than the organization of a time-table which will enable every line and every train to be fully used and every demand to be met. And the organization of the whole world's economic system is a myriad times more complicated than the organization of a single time-table. Is there really any wonder that the price mechanism has not yet solved the problem to perfection? Is it not really more wonderful that it has ever come near to solving it at all?—The Economist. (London).

Myths And Weather; Some Old Falacies

(Charles Fitzhugh Talman in the Nature Magazine.)

What "everybody" says is not necessarily so, and men of science are devoting much zeal to the arguing away of popular fallacies, particularly those concerning traditional happenings of the Autumnal season.

Longfellow, a man of parts and a Harvard professor, wrote in all seriousness about the mythical "storm-wind of the equinox," and took the reality of Indian Summer for granted. He had no suspicion that he was helping perpetuate a bundle of foolish superstitions when he wrote in Evangeline:

"All the signs foretold a Winter
long and inclement;
"Bees, with prophetic instinct of
want had hoarded their honey
"Till the hives overflowed; and
the Indian hunters asserted
"Cold would the Winter be, for
thick was the fur of the foxes."

The Autumnal equinox falls on or about the 23rd of September, and according to our American tradition an equinoctial storm is due about this time. Not only are popular ideas elastic about the date of this storm, but there is also much uncertainty as to whether it is a windstorm or a long, soaking rain, or both.

The tradition was reasonable enough before there was any science of meteorology, and especially before meteorologists had begun to draw daily weather maps, from which it is possible to see just where and to what extent stormy weather prevails at any particular time. These maps show that universal storminess never happens. Despite this fact, the tradition of the equinoctial storm might still hold good in certain localities if the storms that always occur somewhere on the equinoctial dates were usually found in the same places on these dates; but this is not the case.

During the warmer months in Canada and northern United States, most of the strong winds and hard rains come in the form of brief thunderstorms and squalls, but a change comes in the Fall.

Because of the southward shift of the main storm tracts crossing the continents the spells of bad weather then begin to be of longer duration, because they are due to the passage of widespread storms. They often begin with protracted rains and end with persistent high northwesterly winds. The first of these cold-season tempests frequently occurs near enough to the equinox to be popularly identified as the "equinoctial."

In some cases this storm is the "tail-end" of a West Indian hurricane. One of the most memorable storms in the history of New England arrived here from the West Indies exactly on the date of the equinox in the year 1815. Besides wrecking thousands of buildings and taking vast toll of woods and forests, it carried off a pair of breeches belonging to a six-year-old boy named Oliver Wendell Holmes, as he related later in "The September Gale."

"It chanced to be our washing day,
And all our things were drying:
The storm came roaring through
the lines,
And set them all a-flying;
I saw the shirts and petticoats
Go riding off like witches;
I lost, ah. bitterly I wept—
I lost my Sunday breeches."

Indian Summer is another myth; though Indian Summer weather is not. It is perhaps the loveliest weather to be found anywhere on earth. The days are sunny and warm for the time of year, but not too warm for vigorous outdoor exercise. The air is calm, or gentle breezes blow from a southerly quarter. The landscape is veiled in a soft haze ,and a smell of smoke and leaf-dust prevades the air.

Some years we have little or none of this wonderful Indian Summer weather, while in other years it occurs at intervals through the Autumn and even in the early Winter. A familiar criterion for settling the question of which is the "true" Indian Summer is furnished by the belief that a mild Autumnal period is not really Indian Summer unless it is immediately preceeded by a brief "squaw Winter," with cold, grey skies and snowflurries.

The authorities have not yet been able to decide how the word "Indian" came to be used in connection with a period of mild weather in Autumn, whether it was because this period was a favorite hunting season with the redskins, or a time propitious for their attacks on the whites, or the season when Indian corn was harvested; or whether it was because the smoke in the air during Indian Summer was caused by fires set by Indians, or because the pleasant weather, which was likely to change without warning, was regarded as sharing the Indians' proverbial characteristics of treachery and deceitfulness.

November is the month when, in roaming the countryside, you will glean from rustic sages a great deal of entertaining, conflicting and worthless information about the character of the coming Winter.

There is a long list of time-honored portents—all perfectly unreliable—from which the prophets draw their conclusions on this subject including the thickness of corn husks, onion skins and animals' fur the height of hornets' nests above the ground, the dates when migratory birds take flight and beavers build their homes, the amount of food stored by squirrels, the coloration of caterpillars, and, above all, the appearance of the breastbone salvaged from the Thanksgiving feast of roast goose:

"If the November goosebone be
thick,
So will the Winter weather be:
If the November goosebone be thin,
So will the Winter weather be."

Besides the forecasts of Winter weather actually made from such indications by farmers, hunters, and others, a good many are concocted every year by newspaper correspondents and put into the mouths of purely imaginary rural oracles. The most remarkable exploits of this sort were performed for a number of years by a talented Munchausen at Reading, Pa., who invented a whole flock of Pennsylvania-German weather prophets and regaled the country with their fictitious utterances through the columns of New York and Philadelphia newspapers.

These seers were said to hold a convention every Autumn, at which they decided by a two-thirds vote what kind of Winter was on its way

Scientific demonstration hardly seems to be necessary to prove that animals and plants, though they are much affected by the weather of the past, cannot be influenced in any way by that of the distant future. If millions of people nowadays believe—or do not positively disbelieve—that various manifestations of the organic world afford clues to the weather of a coming season, it is merely because the belief has been handed down from an age when it was entirely logical and was accepted by the wisest philosophers.

It was logical because it was consistent with the idea, which no science had yet arisen to refute, that future vents of all kinds affecting the welfare of mankind were announced by omens, placed before men's eyes through divine intervention rather than through the operation of natural law. No physical relation was assumed between an omen and the event it was supposed to portend.

charges there is a relationship that rarely is found in more prententious and more crowded city classrooms. He has opportunity of studying the pupil and discovering his aptitude for special lines of work, or his weakness in some particular branch. The one he may encourage; the other he can help." Another refreshing view on the question of teaching was expressed by Hon. Dr. L. J. Simpson, Provincial Minister of Education, in his address welcoming the delegates. Declaring that there must be a halt to the erection of palatial new school buildings, the Minister added: "What money we have must be conserved to take care of the imparting of knowledge and the training of our children." Referring to the "mental indigestion" induced by present methods of education, Dr. Simpson said: "We have taken it rather for granted that the children who are coming to school are possessed of equal capacities, forgetting that each child had a different mental

That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

GIVING SICK PEOPLE FOOD TO HELP FIGHT THEIR AILMENT

"Twenty-five years ago the popular medical practice, in treating a seriously ill patient, was to limit or lessen the diet rather rigidly. In diabetes, Bright's disease, stomach ulcer and typhoid, and even in tuberculosis, these "low" diets were quite the vogue. The starved typhoid patient of thirty years ago was a very sick patient; while the well-fed one of to-day is less seriously ill."

I am quoting Dr. James S. McLester, Birmingham, one of the outstanding food authorities of America.

"Instead of hunting for foods we can forbid, we are now making active efforts to find ways in which we can increase the nourishment and thus the nutrition of sick people and thus enable them to make a more adequate or better fight against their disease."

That good nourishing food is necessary to strengthen the patient so that he can fight the ailment is now so well known that in some hospitals considerable time is spent in teaching nurses how to prepare the tray of food in such an attractive way that it will appeal to the patient's eye, and then to his appetite. This is called the "brain appetite" because the sight and smell of the food act upon the brain and cause it to send word to the mouth, stomach, and pancreas to pour out their digestive juices before a single morsel of food enters the mouth. And these digestive juices pour out in these increased amounts for a full forty-five minutes.

Following Dr. McLester's suggestion then it would be well for those in charge of patients in the home or hospital to study the food likes and dislikes of the patient, because the development of a good appetite not only means that more food will be eaten but that it will be more thoroughly digested and absorbed into the blood.

This idea of "feeding up" the patient is certainly a change from the old days when food was cut down so as not to give the body processes too much to do while they were fighting off the ailment.

It is only good sense to give the body good nourishment so, as Dr. McLester says, "to enable it to make a more adequate fight against disease."

The Poets' Corner

THE VOICES

Here in the wind's brief silences are
heard
Voices beyond the bourne of this
vast wood,
Voices whose words are echoes blown
and blurred
By the great gusts that shake this
solitude.

Yet one sharp voice we clearly can
divine,
The last lone lyrist of a vanished
throng,
Who from the pillar of a tarnished
pine
Defiant shoots the arrows of his
song

Into the din of tossing trees that
grind
Their mighty limbs together, beam
on beam,
The rainy sound of leaves rushed
down the wind,
And sleepy murmurs of the half-
hushed stream.

Above all sounds his voice rings
sharply clear;
Above the voices, too, of those far
friends
Whose words are only echoes in our
ear,
And who await us where this for-
est ends.

—J. C. M. Duncan.

Suspicious of a basket a coolie was carrying into a local jute mill, in Calcutta, police investigated and discovered three bombs and a quantity of chemicals for the manufacturer of bombs. Eight men were arrested.

How Insull Got That Way

(Ottawa Journal)

Samuel Insull, whose liberty is at stake in the Chicago trial now approaching a conclusion, is the name Samuel Insull who lorded it over the Middle West for years as the uncrowned king of the public utilities industry, multi-millionaire patron of the arts, the financier who could do no wrong, the Midas of the speculators.

Questioned about the stock issue which cost its purchasers a small matter of one hundred millions, Insull said: "They used to say that if we issued a piece of brown paper with a signature on it we could raise all the money we wanted." This, he said, was because the people had confidence in his integrity—"and still have." he shouted. Furthermore, declared the ex-financier, he had believed his course to be "absolutely honest," and presumably he is still of that opinion.

The Insull edifice was built on the unstable foundation of boom times and stock-market prosperity. Had the experts been right who predicted back in '28 and '29 that a new era had dawned and the markets could go nowhere but up, by this time Insull propably would have ranked with such pre-eminent families as the Morgans and the Rockfellers, the Astors and the Vanderbilts. So long as his securities persisted in selling higher and higher there was an unlimited market for pieces of paper with his name on them. He was to make everybody's fortune; he had the golden touch.

Largely it was public adulation which made a great figure out of Insull, as it has made great men out of such tinsel stuff as Kreuger, the "match-king," Horatio Bottomley, Jabez Balfour, Ponzi, and a long succession dating back to the South Sea Bubble. Not all in the line have been swindlers. Many were honest men led astray by a degree of hero-worship which builds supermen out of very ordinary mortals.

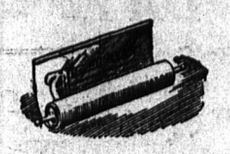
Undoubtedly Insull had qualities which approached positive genius in the manipulation of stocks and companies—the sort of business which passed as high finance back in the late twenties. He made money for many people, and they began to acclaim him in superlative terms. "Everybody says."

It is not difficult to see what happened. Insull succumbed to the mass opinion of those who called him a great man. What was one man against so many! Presently he was sincerely convinced of his greatness, devoutly believed what "everybody" was saying about him, sat as a king on his pinnacle of grandeur. And as a king can do no wrong it followed that what he did was right, so it was quite possible he believed himself "absolutely honest" in all the maze of transactions which went into the building of his house of cards.

Now Insull is in the pathetic plight of a monarch deserted by his once-loyal subjects. When he no longer make money for them they turned on him in wrath. He had deluded them, they said, and they professed utter horror at his iniquitous methods. They put him off the throne which they had elevated him, threw him into jail. But Insull declines to follow this shifting opinion. Almost alone, he still believes in the legend of his own greatness.

Whether now Insull s convicted does not matter much. He is a broken old man without further capacity for harm. Probably the historian will say of him that he was a characteristic product of abnormal conditions, neither genius nor criminal but rather a willing victim of mass delusion.

Caught when breaking into a shop, a Muslim, in Thana, India, stabbed three police officers and inflicted wounds on three bystanders who attempted to apprehend him. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.



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